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NEW AMERICAN POETRY

NEW AMERICAN POETRY

VOLUME

I



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TEACHER'S LAMENT

ALICE ANN ABELOVE

Blessings on thee cherubs all,
Whether you be large or small,
Sitting in your respective places,
Peering from your upturned faces;
Staring with a vapid look
Instead of looking at your book;
Mind off—the Lord knows where—
Work not done—but you don't care.
Ask a question and I bet
A grunt or "Huh" is all I'll get,
Try to put a point across,
Find that you're a total loss.
Rant and rave, fret and frown,
Many's the knave I'd like to crown—
Then you smile so unaware—
The little man who's not all there.

Hand in work—sight to behold.
No better no matter how much I scold.
Dash in tardy, leave room fast,
Action shown when classes pass.
Spoiled little brats, mother's pet,
Never remember, always forget;
Don't know the score from the word "Go,"
And if you do, you're so slow.
Impossible ever to get you working,
Prize students when it comes to shirking.
Yes, as I sit and gaze at you
I know why I'm glad when day is through.

THE CHURCH BY THE WAYSIDE

DELL K. ABRAHAM

A quaint little church by the wayside stood,
And beckoned to all, the bad and the good;

Its sweet toned bell seemed to say
"Come in, weary ones, and rest today;
If burdens be heavy and the world unkind,
Just tell it to Jesus and sweet comfort find.
His love will sustain you, through life to the end,
Come in and meet Jesus, your Saviour and Friend."

And all who came within that door
Were given a welcome, whether rich or poor:
The pastor told of God's great love,
And of a home for all in Heaven above,
While warm handclasps and friendly smiles
Made the discouraged feel life was yet worthwhile.

A stranger left with head held high
And hopes lifted upward to the sky.
For him life had taken on something new,
Like flowers refreshed by morning dew.
Friends marvelled, but to him it wasn't odd—
He had only renewed his faith in God.

INTERLUDE

DORIS ABRAMSON

Love sought shelter from the rain
And dried her golden wings.
The trees forgot that they'd known pain;
She made them think of little things
That escape as half-lived dreams.
The trees recalled the summer sky,
The shade-dappled, playful streams.

They could not say exactly why
They chose to remember little things,
But bright was the sun and clear the sky
When love had dried her golden wings.

ORIGINS

Impressions upon looking down upon Kakabeka Falls, Ontario

EUGENIA ADAMS

Can it be
that many starfish
are frozen
into glaring whiteness
from the dancing frosty tentacles
of the pounding, roaring waters,
rushing
pell-mell
down one-hundred-nineteen feet
at Kakabeka Falls?

FOR LOVE OF MANKIND

GERRY ADAMS

Off goes the alarm with a noisy jangle,
Out of bed I so sleepily scramble.
Yawningly I'm dressed and ready at last—
Only time left for a bite of breakfast.

Rollcall and off to work once again,
Give medicines and morning care, and then
Three hours off, or perhaps two and a half,
It flies, and I'm back with the staff.

Temperatures to take, treatments to give,
A baby delivered—please, God! let it live.
I give thanks as it draws its first breath
Or pray for it if He wills it death.

Lights to answer, wash water to pour,
Supper trays—oh! but my feet are so sore,
And I'm so tired, but all the while
I wear the same professional smile.

Now everything's done by the same routine,
Over a weary face my tired eyes gleam.
I'm off duty at last, but the very next day
I'll be doing it over in the same old way.

Although discouraging and hard to take,
Not one of us would it forsake.
It's in our blood—we all love it,
No other work could go above it.

CONFESSIO GRATA

CORA L. ADLER

When I delight in Autumn's gold and crimson trees,
And watch the birds' unerring flight to southern homes,
When fruit is stored and roses swathed against the bitter
 cold,
And firelight warms the heart when winter comes,
 Then I am truly thankful.

When I behold Old Glory fluttering in the breeze--
The Stars and Stripes of Freedom, precious gift--
When all my prayers entreat for guidance in the way
To serve my country best, the burden of mankind to lift.
 For its protection I am grateful.
When from the blight of War's destruction I recoil,
When by deceit's dark cloak the light of truth is hid,
Then I remember men who challenge wrong and champion
 right,
And strive with voice and pen the world of sin to rid,

 For these brave souls I'm thankful.
If ever from the scourge of strife and hate
Should come a world of peace and harmony,
If doubt should yield to hope and all men's good be sought,
If every soul could be in tune with Nature's symphony,
 Then what a grand Thanksgiving all mankind
 would know.

LULLABY

MARIA ADOLPHUS

The sun is tired, the day is done,
Sleep my baby, sleep.
The moon and the stars are shining above,
Sleep my baby, sleep.

The calves and the colts are asleep in the barn,
Sleep my baby, sleep.
The puppies are sleeping down in the shed.
Sleep my baby, sleep.

The little chickens have gone to sleep
Under their mother's wings.
All the kittens are sleeping now.
Sleep my baby, sleep.

The she-bear has taken her little cubs,
And rocked them to sleep in a cave.
The little foxes are sound asleep,
Sleep my baby, sleep.

The fishes and frogs are asleep in the pond.
And all the birds in the woods.
The moon and the stars are shining above.
Sleep my baby, sleep.

HEAVENLY COMFORT

MRS. ALFRED AHLBERG

Christ speaketh often, in quietest of hours
When twilight o'ertakes the light of the day:
Then doth He whisper heavenly comfort—
He gives me strength to walk in life's way.

Often He leads me to groves, in the woodlands,
Bids me to tarry, kneel down, and to pray;
There in the stillness I pray, oh so softly,
There I find rest from the toils of the day.

He bade me so surely, go drink from the fountain,
The waters of life, till full and refreshed;
My crushed wounded heart was healed by the waters,
There was I comforted; there was I blest.

Often while walking by rivers of waters
There, by the murmuring streams, I find peace;
There I rejoice in the plan of salvation,
Christ brought redemption; Christ brought release.

SPRING SONG

PATRICIA S. ALBRIGHT

There's a tiny cloud of cotton
 caught and held
 by the new and feath'ry leaves of Springtime trees.

And a sunny flower shadow
 gently swayed
 by the fondling of the subtle southern breeze.

There's a swelling in my heart
 and a surging in my breast
 for the longing, loving laughter of the Spring!

(There's a dark-clad troop of soldiers
 with a bleakness in their eyes
 marching passively to battle for their king.)

THE PATIENT'S SONG

GLADYS ALLEN

In a bed so high,
Just pain and I
Waiting for the day
When time and skill
Will cure the ill—
And I shall go away.

The time does come
That both are one
And I rejoice to find
My health returned,
The release I yearned
For body and for mind.

And grateful I
Shall always try
To give due credit to
The ones that strive
To keep alive
A life—and win, for you.

A MESSAGE FROM MARS

MABEL G. ALLEN

Oh, thou who art weary and sad at heart,
Tired of Earth-born toil and strife,
Cease for a while thy care and toil,
Oh, ye workers of market and soil,

And, as the soft fading twilight
Blends into the deepening night,
Look not downward but upward,
Into the blue above, and see God's signs of love.

Behold the planet Mars
Up there amidst the twinkling stars,
Like a clear cut diamond in the night,
Giving to us of its warmth and light.

Ever changing from white to red and gold
With its hidden treasures untold.
Nearer, now, to earth in the heavenly highway,
Than it will be for many a night and day.

Gaze on this miracle of the skies
For time, which waits for no man, flies.
And soon this planet among the stars
Will seek some new field afar.

Then dream and let thy fancies roam
Far into that blue arched dome.
And be comforted, oh weary of heart,
Be faithful in doing thy humble part.
Knowing that an unseen infinite hand
Is guiding the destiny of our land.

READY?

RUTH ALLEN

When the last day cometh and we hear our name,
Are we ready to answer the call?
When we see Jesus coming with hands outstretched,
Are we ready to answer the call?
Are we ready, are we ready,
Are we ready for the Judgment day?
When we hear Jesus calling our names from the list,
Are we ready to answer that day?

REMEMBER?

JOHN M. ALLERA

Remember when you crawled around
And turned the place right upside down;
You dallied in the flour bin
And bruised and bumped that little chin;
You'd take it all and keep your smile
When you were hurting all the while;
Remember?

Remember when you started school,
Things seemed so strange and rather cool;
You couldn't wait to hurry home
To tell your Mom and Dad alone
The things that Sister Mary did
And how the teacher spanked that kid:
Remember?

Remember when you reached the stage
That people call the awkward age.
You'd blush, then kid the girls along,
And everything you did seemed wrong:
The night you asked about the car
For your first date with Carrie Farr.
Remember?

Remember when you told your Dad
About the ring that Carrie had.
You thought that you were then a man.
You'd get along as best you can.
But Mother said you were too young,
That you were still her baby son.
Remember?

Remember what a talk we had.
'Twas quite a job for your old Dad
To shake your hand and say good-bye
And watch your Mom and Carrie cry.

I felt that way because I thought
Of happy moments you had brought.
Remember?

Remember now in all those years
The ups and downs, the joys and tears.
No super race, no vengeful hate,
No shackle chains to seal your fate.
Yours is the life we fed and nursed,
Ours was the hope the Axis cursed.
Remember?

We bow our heads and pray the day
When all the world will see our way.
Hold high the torch, spread far the light;
May God be with you through this night.
Unfurl the flag, long let it wave,
You are the free, you are the brave.
Remember?

CONCHAS DAM

LILLIE GERHARDT ANDERSON

Where cattle roamed and slaked their thirst
Throughout so many years,
A massive wall of gray concrete
A solid phalanx rears.
A Gordian knot that welds two streams
To form an inland sea:
For man in God's own image
Creator with Him shall be.

The waters of this new born lake
Shall make the desert bloom,
And thus dispersed, will curb the floods
That scatter deepest gloom.
The lake will smile on arid land,

Reflect the azure skies,
While beneath its waters, a fathom deep,
Tin Aja line camp lies.

Here cowboys rode the rugged range
As round-up time drew near,
And spread their beds beneath the stars
To sleep without a fear.
But so the ceaseless change of time
Is constantly unfurled.
We bear the imprint of the change
And so does all the world.

KEEP THE CHILDREN HAPPY

MARTHA ANDERSON

The world is war torn
And people are tired,
But let's keep the children happy.

Our nerves are worn
And emotions are fired,
But let's keep the children happy.

Let's give them gay dances and games and songs,
For although we're trying to right the world's wrongs,
Let's keep the children happy.

We all have sorrows, it is true
There are so many things to make us blue.
And so many things we ought to do,
But let's keep the children happy.

Let them not know our dreads and fears,
Let them not feel our sadness and tears,
Let them be gay for a few more years,
Let's keep the children happy!

A PATIENT'S PAIN

(With apologies to Robert Loveman)

MARY HELEN ANDERSON

It is not raining rain to me—

It's raining doctor bills;

The first of every month I see

A sight that gives me chills.

I dread the day that I must pay,

In tears I almost drown;

It isn't raining rain to me—

It's raining statements down.

It is not raining rain to me,

But floods of deepest gloom,

For I must pay my nurse's fee

Beside my bed and room.

My health would make me happy

Except for these regrets—

It isn't raining rain to me—

I'm *swimming* in my debts!

REVANCHE

MAY ANDERSON

Some day you will know

What inward grievings you have given me.

Some day you will know

That although my granite face did not quiver

With your cruel lashing of words,

The sting in my heart has set ruffles astir

In my inner chambers

And the circlet of disturbed emotions

From the stone which was my heart,

Will rise to the surface and roll outward

Enveloping you

And you will know the torment of drowning tears.

A MOTHER'S PETITION

GRACE MCCULLOUGH ANGELL

What e'er I do, where e'er I go,
There's someone watching me I know.
I must be careful of my tone,
Lift I my voice in speech or song.
I must be careful what I say
For someone's listening all the day.

Two bright eyes so clear and blue
Watching everything I do;
Two sharp ears hear all I say--
Let my words be what they may;
One small voice is patterned after
Mine in speech, in song, in laughter.

Father, hear my one request—
Keep me always at my best.

MY NEIGHBOR

MARY M. ANSON

She isn't alluring,
She's never had a permanent,
A finger wave, or manicure;
And I'm quite sure
Her dresses are home-made;
They never have that perfect look,
They never seem quite like
The pattern in the fashion book.
Her hands, work-worn and red,
Her shoes ill fitting,
They make her clumsy as she walks;
Even her words come faltering when she talks;
This woman—this woman is my neighbor.

Her soul is beautiful,
She's lived a life of service,

Been at her family's beck and call—
And that's not all—
Most everyone in the whole town
Who has felt the need of a helping hand,
Of a loving presence near,
One to take a situation in command.
Her hands can smooth a troubled brow,
Her gentle voice
Is like the cooling water of the woodland brook,
The peace and understanding of Him is in her look;
This woman—this woman is my neighbor.

YOUR SON

MARY APPLEGATE

You had a son for thirty years—
He went away today.
The tears are streaming
Down your face,
I think you should be gay.

The Lord has taken what he lent
For thirty years of fun.
If tears you have, shed
Them for me
Who never had a son.

RETURN TO EARTH

ALOHA L. ARANCIBIA

Ah, death so kind—
An end to pain and fear.
The brow relaxed,
The tired eyes closed,
The world no more to know, nor feel,
Nor care.

Come, cool sweet earth,
Fold o'er the lifeless clay
And cradle it
Within thy breast
And let it be a part of thy great strength
Until that day.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN

JULIA E. ARGES

Once they stood proudly on the heights
With branches outstretched
To catch the sunshine and the rain,
Yielding gently to the breeze
Or wrestling with the gale,
Muffled in scarves of snow
When winter came.
Now deep in the mud they stand,
Shorn of every limb,
Bearing, Atlas-like, colossal burdens,
Teredos gnawing at their hearts—
Stripped of everything.

MY DAD

IVADEANE M. ARMSTRONG

Quietly smoking his smelly pipe,
Reading the paper beneath the light,
Audibly quoting news from abroad,
Loudly denouncing much of their fraud.
For he, himself, a prince among men,
Before injustice would not bend.
Charitable, kind, merciful, just,
He is a man whom mankind can trust.
My Dad.

THE CRUMB-TAKER

ETHEL ARNOLD

With your own lipe you kissed my hand;
I had the grace to see
That you were meant for higher things—
Too good you were for me.

You had stooped, and you were proud;
You noticed me no more;
Yours the road to destiny,
With fame in mounting store.

Those who pause to pity me
Do not understand;
I'm loveless, yes, and colorless,
But—you kissed my hand.

BOSTON COMMON

F. B. ARNOLD

I saw Jesus in Boston Common.
A crowd had gathered . . .
I went to see what it was about.

Loafers and bums, disappointed, disillusioned, down on their luck.
. . . A bath, a shave, a change of clothes—not a chance! A
bed to sleep in at night—not for them!

Hungry, bleary-eyed, bitter, they had gathered to hear the argument.

He was one of them, but poised and self-sustained.

Facing his questioners, one foot on the park bench where they sat,
men all around . . .

In his clear, mystic voice, his deep earnest soul laid bare, this is what
he said: "There is good and evil; man must choose the one
he will" . . .

Pricked in their hearts, they made to cover their confusion by argument and questions. And one burly listener, touched in the quick unknowing, turned away and profaned the word of truth bitterly: "He don't know a god-dam'd thing!"

But in Boston Common before a park bench
I saw Jesus and heard him speak.

LEGEND OF POINT MUGU

GERTRUDE THOMAS ARNOLD

Gloomy it stands,
A fortress bold,
Where tumbling waters
Long have rolled.
"Moo-hoo, moo-hoo,"

At dead of night
The savage heard
And waked in fright.

"The voice of God,"
The red man thought
And deemed the mount
A holy spot.

In canyons far
He chased the deer,
But Point Mugu
He held in fear.

The waves lashed in
Like a serpent long
And e'en by day
Was heard their song.

"Moo-hoo, moo-hoo,"
From mountain side
The answer came
With every tide.

The white man now
Has broken through
The rugged headlands
Of Point Mugu.

But still the echo
Gives warning true:
"Beware the surf,
Moo-hoo, moo-hoo."

SYMPATHETIC WATERS

MELVIN S. ASHWILL

I stood by the river and was sad and the river was sad
with me.
Its gurglings and bubbles were soothing words to my soul.

I stood by the river and was joyful and the river was
glad with me.
Its gurglings and bubbles were expression of happiness
unlimited.

I stood by the river and was afraid and the river, too,
was afraid.
Its gurglings and bubbles were warnings of terrible,
unseen forces.

I stood by the river and drowsed and the river was at rest.
Its gurglings and bubbles were sounds of peace to a
free soul.

ABIDING FAITH

EVELYN ATKINSON

My daily life, at its contented noon,
Is filled with precious hours, whose quality
Of sweetness is as tangible to me
As honey, tasted from a silver spoon.
But of my gifts, I count the greatest boon
Infinite love, whose wisdom veils from me
My future path; for should I there foresee
Great wealth, or lordly eminence, too soon
Ambition's searing flame would peace destroy.
Or, should life's lengthening days hold much of ill,
Or griefs my faltering heart may scarce withstand,
Let them not dim the glow of present joy!
My God, who blesses now, will guide me still,
With love benign. My times are in His hand.

ON FRIENDSHIP

CAROLINE PATIENCE AUGUR

What is there in the human soul
That makes one yearn to find someone
Who shares the self same awe for life—
Who feels the joy of early spring
And must burst forth in songs of praise,
Who likes the smell of wood fires burning,
Whose heart is touched by stirring music,
Who's moved by poets' singing words,
Who enjoys the stimulus of sports,
Who keenly feels the wants of others,
Who attacks life's work from joy within,
Who understands these things and more!

What makes one want to know that soul
With whom to share these joys around
And in that sharing form a bond
That draws souls close to sense and find
Some of that love which moves the world!

AUTUMN FIRES

DOUGLAS AYRES, JR.

How like a fire in autumn
Burn bright the forest leaves,
Still clinging to tall treetops,
Though their mission is fulfilled.
How they flare up the mountains,
And light with mellow glow,
Winding stream courses, flowing
Far below—and splash
In gypsy pattern
Staid spruce and balsam fir.
Here maples' molten banners
Like slow embers flutter down
To float in gaudy colors
On many a mountain brook,
Quenched in icy waters
But with neither steam nor smoke.
The forest fire is spreading,
Beech is scorched, birch pure gold,
Oaks aflame, poplars yellow
Scatter sparks about together,
Till, fanned to highest pitch
By autumn winds cavorting,
Leafless trees alone remain
To mark such conflagration.

A WHIMSY

F. V. B.

I look beyond the mountain peaks,
I look beyond the sky,
I wish I were a cowboy gay—
On hill tops riding high.

I gaze across the sagebrush gray,
I sniff its pungent air;

I wish I were a graceful fawn
With ne'er a hint of care.

I see the firs on sloping ridge,
The clouds above them white;
I would I were the gypsy wind
That stirs their dreams at night.

LITTLE FISHERMAN

DORIS JEAN LEWIS BABKA

Freckles shining on his nose,
Specks of mud upon his clothes,
Sleeves rolled up, a line of tan,
He's my little fisherman.

Sits all morning, feet are bare,
Insects bite, but he doesn't care,
Waiting, hoping for the time
When a fish will nip his line.

As the sun sets in the west,
Trudging home he's at his best,
Whistling, happy as a lark.
He has caught a *four inch carp*!

TO WALTER

MARGUERITE DIGGS BAGBY

A colored leaf you brought me,
A shiny rock or two,
And now a home-made valentine
Which begs me to be true.

It doesn't have my name on,
It simply says "To you."
It might say, "To my Teacher"—
If you could spell that, too.

THE UNATTAINABLE

ANNE HOWARD BAILEY

Before the spears and cuirasses of war
Are flung aside, and false shouts of peace
Resound down corridors of weary Time,
May one low whispered thought presage hell's surcease.
Vic'try—the world knows it is a simple thing:
It costs but gold, and blood, and human life,
All soon these easy things are overpassed,
And sacrifice forgot, in peace's strife.
It is too easy—triumph over wrong,
Ascendant good—what price to those who live?
To those who suffer none, truth is negative,
Its attainment lies with the dying throng.
Men must quest to find a conqueror's whole,
Vic'try lies only in a selfless soul.

TO FRANCE

BETTE BAILEY

To you, who in the midst of battle strong
Fought hard the gripping steel of Nazi thrust,
To stain the whetted knife with human rust
Until oppression seized your cause, and pawned
At reckless price your toil of freedom's song,
Thank God for battered helmet in the dust,
And blood-soaked boot, for of that death unjust
New hope will come; in vain men are not gone.

Above the trench, furl high the flag to meet
A challenged world. Release your heart to find
In broken soil a struggling liberty.
Treat not unkindly all despair, defeat.
Depend on future wills of space and time,
And trust in God shall bring you victory!

THE MOUNTAIN

FISKE BAILEY

I climbed all morning, up and up—
Kept climbing, weary chill.
And still the peaks before me rose
Unchallenged, higher still.
My glance went up to those great peaks.
I longed to reach them so
My head felt giddy from the strain,
My steps were very slow.

Noon came, I knew I dare not go
Much farther toward the skies,
For I must leave some time to take
The path that downward lies.
By chance I faced the way I'd come—
Then, much to my surprise,
I'd climbed so very high I saw
The world before my eyes!

THE COUNTRY CHURCHES

ROSCOE J. BAILEY

I have traveled into the mountains,
Up and down through greenish sides,
I have gone into the hamlets,
Where the little cities lie.
I have seen the little churches,
Upon yon distant hill,
And oh, they look so lonely,
So quiet and so still.

I wonder as I pass them,
No matter where they stand.
That's all the folks who live about,
Have left the guiding hand.
I have peeped into their portals,

Around their weathered sides,
And thought of those so long ago,
Whose ghosts may be inside.

I look around and see the graves,
The weed covered graves of men,
And think of the years that have passed
When they were fresh and green.
If their dear souls could only see,
The life beyond their sides.
Then they would know without a doubt,
Their church has died inside.

Let us build back our temple,
And carry our burning torch,
Oh, please, dear God, just give us back,
Our little country church.

THE NATIVE RETURNS

(*An Old Man's Reverie*)

JOSEPH H. BAIR

You beech-tree on this bank have stood
Since I was a care-free, prattling child.
I saw you bending by the flood
As its graceful ripples around you smiled.

That was four-score years ago, at least.
The time I recall ever so well.
You have since to your stately size increased
Till now you are *monarch* in this dell.

The swift waters at your feet still run,
As they did in memory's days of old.
With vines your banks are over-spun,
And rocks and stumps they yet enfold.

This is still a very lively stream,
For its source is in a living spring.
Its frettings that in the sun-light gleam
Many early recollections bring.

As a child I sat upon this bank,
With both feet bare set in this rill;
Or on all fours from it I drank
Its savory nectar to my fill.

You are the same tree as of yore:
The self-same brook, I ween,
But are your waters that *now* roar,
The same I have in childhood seen?

You sentinel of all these years,
Who all the while observant stood,
The waters that this stream now bears,
Are they those known to my boyhood?

I have been away since early years,
And have lived in many a town and state,
There witnessing Life's cares and tears,
Mostly caused by love, and greed, and hate.

My coming back here recalls the one
With whom I waded in this stream.
I am all alone now—she is gone!
Her death has foiled our youthful dream.

Today I sit here on your roots,
Thinking of those days once more:
Your stately limbs (once tender shoots)
Knife-carved initials then they bore.

Ah, there they are—her name and mine,
On the lowest limb, in gnarled tattoo!
Each letter I can still define,
In the circle that I around them drew!

When we last sat here—she and I,
These great roots had not yet put forth.
Our names I carved as she stood by,
And then we pledged eternal troth.

But soon distress and tears we bore:
Her folks went West in Forty Nine.
As cruel Fate her from me tore,
It broke our hearts—both hers and mine.

Father refused to let me go
To where my loved one went before.
My spirit sank to grief and woe
At the thought that we shall meet no more.

Next spring an impulse came up strong
To set out for the Sun-Set Land,
And I did not resist it long:
I soon was on the Western Strand.

It was fall when I reached the Golden Gate,
Where anxiously I sought my own.
But disappointment proved my fate,
As year-by-year my search went on.

I then decided to turn back,
To seek along the toilsome way
For information of her track:
Learn if foul work led her astray.

I soon recrossed the Great Divide,
And looked, afar, across the plains.
Hope gradually within me died;
Expectation frustrated for my pains.

At length I reached Fort Leavenworth,
And there I learned the sad, sad news!
May God set on such fiends a curse:
My loved and folks were scalped by Sioux!

And then in grief I vengeance swore:
I became an Indian-hater there.
And arms long since against them I bore:
Each one I met her fate would share.

Though she is long gone, my troth I have kept:
I was faithful to the vengeance sworn.
For her all through these years I have wept:
My belt has many a scalp-lock borne.

Where her *bones* rest, I cannot say,
But I know where her *soul* has gone,
And very soon will come the day
When I shall be no more alone.

Our names, inscribed, with this tree will rot:
All things we knew will disintegrate.
But disappointed we shall be not,
When I reach that *other* Golden Gate!

FAITH

ELMIRA EVANS BAKER

Faith lives and grows on little things.
Such scanty fare as would suffice
That tiny bird with whirring, gauzy wings
Who, singing in a flower's heart, from it doth entice
The one clear drop of sweetness
Hidden there, no more, no less.

Earth's face at early dawn,
The light in a mother's eyes,
Kindness-banished fear in a wild fawn,
A man both strong and wise—
Though Life seems beckoning only to deceive.
Fed thus I still can say—I do believe!

FLOWERS IN THE HOSPITAL

BELVA L. BALL

Adelia brings me flowers every day.
Yesterday it was three dandelions and some leaves,
Today a little cactus in a pot;
Once it was a tiny bunch of violets
In a little bottle she had found somewhere.
How does she know, she is eight years old,
That I need these small blooms to light my way?
For I am eighty and my race near run.
Now, when the way seems dark, I look to see
Adelia's blossoms on the table here
And I can smile, for I am very sure
There will be flowers on the other side
And I shall not be lonely over there.

GHOST TOWN

AGNES W. BALLARD

In the shadows of rugged western hills,
'Neath the scorching desert sun,
Stand the sad remains of a mining town
Where money was lost and won;

Where each evening the shacks were ablaze with light,
Where life was carefree and gay
But the empty hole of a mining shaft
Soon turned the sky to gray.

And now down the street runs a prairie dog,
The only life left in the town.
The roofs are sagging and doors are gone
And shanties are tumbling down.

And at night through paneless windows
I see the moon as night settles down
On the long lost wealth of many a man
In the ghost of a mining town.

PURSES

LYNNE WILLIAMS BALLARD

Purses, purses, purses,
I adore purses.
Old dilapidated purses,
Red purses, green purses,
New purses, small purses,
Large purses with plenty of room.
Tapestries from the loom.
Vanity boxes, and zipper kind,
Italian leather purses fine.
Even carpet bags so big
Do my very soul intrigue.
Alligator pouches grand,
Plaid ones from a Scottish Clan
Persian brocades smart,
Brought from a foreign mart.
Lovely beaded bags so fair,
Silk embroidered ones rare,
Little coin purses too,
Treasured jeweled ones few.
'Tis my whole heart's desire,
Purses to have and admire.
Purses, purses, purses.

WE MUST GO ON

SUE ELLA BALLENGER

No matter how we fail or blunder
As through this world we roam,
There's one clear call resounding from the ages—
We must go on!

When dire distress mounts about us,
And in our hearts there is no song,
When the world may seem against us,
We must go on!

Though devastating wars may strike us,
And we must depart from our beloved homes,
Still there comes to us the echo—
We must go on!

Look not back to mistakes and sorrows,
For our way is not very long;
There shall soon be a new tomorrow—
We must go on!

Lift up your faces to the morning,
For behind the dim unknown,
Stands God looking down on his children
As they go on!

REMEMBER WOODROW WILSON

BERTHA M. BANTON

With Scott we remembered the Alamo,
With Dewey we remembered the Maine,
With Pershing the Lusitania,
And now we remember again.
For the Japs have bombed Pearl Harbor,
Manila has fallen, they boast,
While Singapore struggles on bravely,
And Hong Kong to the British is lost.

And while we remember Pearl Harbor,
The defenders of Corregidor,
And forge for our fighters the weapons
To end the aggressors' war,
There's another we all should remember
With a plan to make wars cease—
Woodrow Wilson! A League of Nations!
To insure for us all world peace.

Let us remember a broken dreamer,
And his dream of a peaceful world,

With a powerful League of Nations
And a banner of peace unfurled,
With a law—the Ten Commandments,
With a slogan—World Brotherhood,
With no man fearing aggression,
And humanity working for good.

ACROSTIC

DAISIE BARCLAY

Registered Nurses, we answer the call
Eagerly waiting to aid one and all,
Going where others would scarce understand
In a remote and a warfaring land.
Striving relief and good cheer to impart
Trying to comfort some grief-laden heart,
Ever our purpose to heal and to bless
Radiate sunshine to those in distress.
Eve, morn, or midnight, it matters not where,
Death, grief or tragedy, all these we share.

Never too weary, God's helpers to be
Unto the least, ye have done it to Me,
Riches and glory hold such a small place
Sacred the smile on a pain-ridden face.
Easing life's burdens, afflictions and pain,
Surely such service is not all in vain.

TIME WAS

IRMA L. BARNARD

There was a time when I knew I
Could catch the stars, if I should try,
Or walk across the milky-way—
But that was in another day.

There was a time, when I could live
For life's uncompromising sieve,
And find what I might deem worthwhile,
If I but used a little guile.

There was a time, but long ago—
And I have changed with time, you know;
Life's left me hard, embittered, sad,
I wish I had the dream I had.

RECIPE FOR A ROMANCE COCKTAIL

ETHEL THORNE BARNES

Take a very dark piazza
And a ray of golden light
In which there sits a couple young and fair.
He must be both brave and manly
With a pair of loving arms
Strong enough to clasp the maiden sitting there.

She will be enough attraction
So don't add another drop
But just sprinkle lightly o'er with sweet romance,
Add a gently whispered question
And a strong decided "No"
Followed by a little maiden's doubtful glance.

There need be no folly here
For this tiny maid in ruffles
Has a mind all set on what she'd rather do.
But amidst a stubborn silence
Add a tiny bit of strength,
Manly Independence knows what he wants, too.

Add a less decided "No"
And a bit of hesitation,
And a whole lot of resistance you will need.

Then dissolve all this resistance
In a bit of manly strength,
And to some slight scream pay not a bit of heed.

After some faint sign of yielding
Add some color to her cheeks,
Also add a kiss or two if she agrees.
Do not use them all up here—
For her rosebud lips are near,
And there never was a pair as sweet as these.

Use this recipe but once,
And you'll never be in doubt
As to who, or what, or when, or where, or why.
It will serve in any climate
If you're sure about your rules—
For it's certain that *True love will never die.*

PEACE

FRANCES BROOKS BARNES

Peace, O heart! Be still
And wait upon His will.
He knows your needs before you ask;
All Power! All Knowing! Give Him your task.
Whatever your trouble or your pain,
He's waiting to help you to Life again.
Feel His presence, His boundless power
To solve your problems hour by hour.
O heart, lift up and know that thou
Art part of God—forever—now.

REVELATION

AUDREY JANE BARRETT

I walked among the clouds.
Their silken fleece made slippers for my feet.
The raindrops splashing 'round my head
Were drops of wine: intoxicating, sweet.

I did not know that leather shoes
Would cause me less regret.
I woke to find the nectar only rain
And found it very wet.

THE GUARDIAN

JOSEPHINE C. BARTON

Where once the wings of silver
Plied in the morning sun,
Budding airmen training
From dawn till day is done;

Now lonely against the heavens
Patrols a bomber lone,
Up and across the valley,
Keeping an even tone.

A sense of comfort it gives us,
To know that high above,
A cruising plane is guarding,
Protecting all we love!

MY CREED

ZOE E. BASHLINE

God help me day by day
To do thy blessed will;
That I may never fail,
With the divine ray
Each little child to fill,
As he onward sails.

THRASHING

DONALD R. BASHORE

Dust in my throat,
Dust in my eyes.
Dust everywhere.

Dust, the tractors whining.
Dust, the feeders coughing.
Dust, the thrashers roaring.
Dust, dust, dust.

Dust, my hands are cracked.
Dust, sweat in the cracks.
Dust in the motor.
Dust, yellow and gray.
Dust, all the day.
Dust, dust, dust.

Sweat in my eyes.
Dust in my throat.
Aches in my back.
Chaff in my shoes.
Oh Lord, such agony.

Damn the dust.
Damn the motors whining.
Damn the thrashers groaning.
Damn the sweat.
Damn the wheat.
Oh Lord, have mercy!

SALUTATION

MILLER C. BASNIGHT

How then forget,
 When every hour
Is wrapped with oneness
 As its dower?

When constant vigil,
 Memories keep,
Their wakening slumber
 'Round my feet;

When every thought,
However small,
Demands importance
‘Midst it all;

While waking hours
Memories keep,
And dreams invade
My slumber deep.

How then pass on
To other days,
When still my heart
Must tread this maze?

BLACK MAN

MARGARET BAUMEZ

He's a black man—
Got run-over black-man shoes,
Got shabby, baggy breeches,
Black-man style.
If he were to wear a new suit
He would be above himself.
He eats alone, standing,
Awkwardly, eyes sad,
Black-man conscious.
He walks a clumsy, shuffling gait.
He thinks it good to find a smile
Charitably granted.
Why should I care if his shoulders droop?
He's a black man,
And black men get that way.

GOD AND A GARDEN

MAY BEAHM

When God created man in His own image fair,
He made for him a garden with naught but beauty there.
He walked among the flowers, made friends of every beast,
Communion with the Father made every meal a feast.
At even, when the day grew dim,
The Lord God came and walked with him.

Now I have made a garden—wilt Thou, Lord, make it fair;
May it be for me an Eden with naught but beauty there.

As I walk there when the sun sinks low,
Lord, make me in Thy image grow;
As there at eve I wait for Thee,
Wilt Thou, Lord, come and walk with me!

PEACE ON EARTH TO MEN OF GOOD WILL

EILA HANCOCK BEALER

Angelic hosts are ever near;
Let human hearts be tuned to hear
The praise to God that angels sing;
They glorify the new born King.

This Christmas night may all men hear
The angels' message loud and clear.
Peace in the earth! It is God's will!

Peace on the earth! Ours to fulfill!
Come! Join angelic hosts, oh Earth.
Praise Christ who gives us second birth..
Bow down, oh every land and nation!
Bow down in simple adoration!

All bitter hate and fear and greed
Will vanish and our souls be freed.
With good will in each heart toward men
Will come peace on the earth again.

ON BEING AWAKENED FROM
EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

WILLIAM BEAUMONT

On first glancing through your sonnets
pressed from the sweetness of your mind,
I felt soft beauty starting on its
brow, beauty of the kind
as when in Winter's breath is felt
the touch of Spring on frosted fields.

I was alone, alone—enchanted
on the quiet sea, hearing your words
for the first time, soft slanted
against the summer sky as slants the bird—
When starting from some dark corner
of my mind, an airplane's gutted roaring
broke, pressing flat against your
lips. Thoughts of you fled soaring.

I LOVE YOU SO

MILDRED BEELER

I love you so, I can not rest
Unless you're resting too.
You're just so much a part of me
In everything I do,
That when your heart is burdened
With a cross that's yours to bear,
It really isn't yours alone
But mine with you to share.

I love you so, your very smile
Within my heart inspires
A happiness that is expressed
In all of my desires,
And every time you kneel to pray
For others to be true,
I'm whispering a prayer that God
Will love and care for you.

I love you so, I sometimes think
That in God's gifts to man
He gave the best of all he had
When your life he began.
You're like the lovely flowers
That with beauty grow and grow,
I guess that God has planned it thus—
That's why I Love you so.

THE EMPTY HEART

HELEN BEERLINE

Alone,
Alone 'mid the teeming millions.
Always alone since love's gone from my life.
A shawl of joy I can drape 'round my shoulders at will.
Happiness—just a veneer to show to my friends.
My heart once knew love—'tis a cavern of loneliness now.
I know no pain; there is no pain but this—
Love has gone from my heart
And I am alone.

DEMOCRACY

MARY BEIER

Democracy! Behold, the Man!
The new-born King with earnest mien,
Cast eye afar, to a distant day
When man amid his peers shall be
An individual entity.

Thought free; soul free; master of his destiny!
A king in his right to ever serve
His day; his time; his fellow-men;
So shall the human mind e'er stand;
Democracy, its safe retreat.

No mad ravings from tangled wild
Shall from a twisted brain e'er flow;
Nor strife, nor bickerings of hate
Enthrall the home of heavenly kind;
For love, divine, shall reign complete.

How far the day, how far the hour,
When man shall win that sacred power,
None can discern, nor prophet be.
We only live to give our all
That man this gem of peace may find
Within his heart, Democracy!

ON OBSERVING AN UNUSUAL CHILD

DORIS P. BELL

He has the beauty of quiet fields at dusk,
Serene, remote in tranquil reverie.
How many striving souls have shed their husk
To form that oval face, the poetry
Of liquid grace that marks his slightest motion?
How much of beauty, choked in a past age,
Long fallowed in its narrow earthly portion,
Now lives again in his reflective gaze?
Those brooding, wide-spaced eyes, not quite aware,
Have looked on glories of another clime;
And some unprinted page is kept to bear
His trace of being, his life pulse set in rhyme:
For Genius, driving her bright silvered prow
Down through the eons, has stopped to touch his brow.

TILL ONE

MARGARET E. BENGSTON

Music I heard was music till you came,
And now it is a haunting rhapsody;
The tunes I sang before mean not the same,
Since first your eyes with favor smiled on me.

The roads I traveled were just roads until
I journeyed down them with you at my side;
And now the roughest path is fair and still
And strewn with roses, wonderful and wide.

Each day was like the day that passed before
And nights were lit by moons for other lips,
Until the day your hand unlatched the door
Into my huose and heart and sank my ships.

For I had lived and laughed and thought I loved,
And given of myself and asked no more
Than to be glad at times. I am reproved
By wanting only you forevermore.

GREAT IS YOUR REWARD

RUTH BENSEL

They are not alone
Who are sick of shadows;
I would not have you
Think that it were so.
Across the shadows
Of the unknown,
Across the chasm
Of the dark,
Eager hands
Reach out
To clasp their own;
Be we are not alone:
We have a courage
And a faith,
Though stubborn we may be,
That shall someday help us find
Our love and peace and security.
And who would mock your simple plea?
And who would have the right,
So long as you have faith and strength
To stand up there and fight?

SACRED SCULPTURE

ZYLPHA ALBRITTON BERLIER

He lay so still, so peaceful and serene,
An innocent babe called home to God.

His body seemed carved from pure white marble,
Carved by our Creator and not by man.

The sacred young soul had been set free from earth
And ushered into immortality, still pure.

I reverently straightened and smoothed his brow
And humbly whispered to myself,
"The Lord giveth and he taketh away."

THE SPIRIT AND THE FLESH

ROBERT A. BERNARD

"How can I serve the Master?"
Inquired the spirit of the flesh.
"That is easy, companion spirit,
Come, let us the joys of life enmesh
Within the walls of my good temple;
Let us feed this mortal man.
We will satiate his earthly cravings,
And we will join life's happy band.
We are the victims of cruel torture,
And it was not intended so.
Here I am loving life,
With you in me filled with strife,
And to everlasting hell must go,
If unguarded you are found
By Satan's imps and garish clowns.
What a happy pair we would be,
If you would join me and be free
From this devilish constant care
Of obeying laws one can not bear.
Yours is a hard task, good spirit,
Don't you see?
Come, let us live; let us be free."

Left unguarded spirit stands
Within the flesh of mortal man
Thinking deeply of his plight.
"What a team we do make
As the flesh of life partakes,"
Spirit thinks with all his might.
"A part of God here I stand
Within the flesh of mortal man
As he satiates his fleshly cravings.
If I lead flesh to more light,
I will be saved by the Master's might
And be serving Him by saving.
If I am lead by his misleading,
Bad example and false pleading,
Then eternal life I have waived,
To be bound by Satan's might
In the darkness of hell's night,
And forever, forever lost to God.
Then, I will lead flesh to more light
From the dark of darkest night,
And the paths of righteousness we will tread "

Like a flashing, blinding light
The flesh at last receives true sight,
From the spirit's ever-living God.
And bowing in submission,
Penitent flesh in deep contrition
Embraces spirit to his heart.
"Good friend spirit now I see
Why the cross of life should be
A part of every human life.
If I, in all things had my way,
I would in turn my friends betray
Into ceaseless never ending strife.
Now, we will work with main and might
Giving joy to all on sight.
That will be our earthly task.
Giving joy and hope and faith,
Leading through life's pitfalls safe
Weary travelers of the night.

And now I know by intuition,
Love's true depths, life's full fruition;
And of others' faiths and sorrows too.
If my flesh no spirit contained,
I would be dead though my body retained
Semblance of the living.
Good spirit, you are the beauty which shines in me,
That touches strong men and sets them free
From the sins of mortal man.
But, evermore there will be
A stark spectre that is not free,
Inhabiting the flesh.
Embattling us in deadly fray
As we struggle from day to day
From victory on to victory.
And this hydra headed will of flesh
Our wills will still endeavor to enmesh
With that of fear and mystery.
When our path of life will have run,
Spirit and flesh joined will have won
Life's eternal victory."

SKY MAGIC

BERTHA BERRY

I don't know when, in childhood days,
I first caught sight of tall, blue sky;
I only know my awe of it
Will never die.

I only know, where'er I go,
Or near or far, I will not care,
For always, always overhead
It will be there.

I don't know why this bit of sky
Can set off magic in my heart;
I only know that if my life
Be set apart

In tangled ways—drab, sordid, cold—
My heart will like a vine reach up,
And drink there deeply, eagerly
Of beauty's cup.

ETERNAL BLISS

MRS. MARION R. BERRY

When I kneel and pray to God,
I ask that my prayers may bring
Not wealth, joy and happy times,
I ask for a deeper thing.

The gifts I seek lie far within
My conscience and my soul,
I ask God to guide me near
To Him who is my goal.

I do not get discouraged,
When I do not get all this,
For it shall take a lifetime,
To gain my eternal bliss.

ILLUSION

STEPHEN BLACKHURST

Listen, Experience,
I'll teach you a lesson.

See Venus—
How she glows
With sardonic satisfaction?
She knows;
She was there.

When I awoke from dreaming
She was there,
Laughing,
Because she knew.

I thought she only smiled,
And the dream, I thought, was real.
So I dreamed beyond my sleep
While Venus laughed.

LIFE'S GARDEN

VIVIAN EVERHART BLAIN

I chanced one day when walking
To see a garden fair,
Where roses bent their stately heads
While I was passing there.

I gazed in wonder at the flowers
Each little one so sweet,
And thought the plan behind it all,
That great and small should meet.

And while the flowers all summer grew
To shed their perfume rare,
I thought how like, in life's strange way,
We find our heart ease there.

MY TRYST

W. A. BLANKENHORN

I have a tryst with my Saviour,
A rendezvous deep in His grace.
When earth-ties grow rife with disfavor
I hie me away to some place—
To some place that is quiet, secluded,
And there in the arms of my Lord
I tell Him how I've been deluded,
How tried friends have broken their word.
He tells me how He was betrayed,
How tried friends had broken His heart;

And then it seems that He holds me
So close that we never shall part.
And oh, how I thrill when he whispers,
"My Grace all sufficient shall be."
And oh, how His will seems to urge me
To live just as lowly as He.
And so as we go down plain pathways
I'm aware, everywhere He's with me,
A smile from His face, a moment's embrace,
Is to me: harmony, victory, ecstasy.

They tell me my Friend's a delusion,
My tryst is a fancy self-wrought.
That this love can but end in confusion,
That the pleasures of earth are all bought.
Yet I know 'tis not so what they tell me,
For I've bartered, bought greatly withall,
Still my tryst with my Christ and my Saviour
Is much finer, diviner, than all.

FAITH

MARIE BLECHERT

Only a candle burning low
And a quiet hush in the air;
Only this flame to let me know
There's a Greater Light "Over There."
Only my hope to urge me on—
One Truth, to light the way.
Only my Faith—and if it's gone—
How can I walk each day?

THRENODE

HONORA MARY BIBAUD

And when the leaves by wind of autumn turned,
Sing to my heart the songs of things they knew,
When woodpaths where we wandered have grown sere,
And merged with wailing, swaying ghosts of trees,
[56]

—Dim weary ways for pilgrims' aching feet—
Wound 'round eternal roods of rock-strewn hills,
Beneath the chill of waning cloud-chased moon,

O then I think 'twas scarcely yestere'en
That sunshine tinged the laughing, elfin leaves
With glinting light—and that long shadowed road
Which in the end leads to thy hillside rest,
Was but a violet path for dancing elves,
That timed their steps unto our joyousness,
When all the woodland haunts were sweet with song
Of lilting redbird, thrilling from his nest,
Where mellow waters mirrored sycamores,
And willows, dripping fingers green and long
Into the placid silence of the lake—

Ah God! how hopeless, when November winds
Re-echo to my heart, across thy grave.

MAN

AMELIA STEFANO BIDDLE

Oh soul crying in the lonely night,
Oh flesh that burns and finds no ease—
Oh vain question and no answering,
Oh beat of heart that will not still;
Oh deeps within, vain useless questions,
Oh stars above, beyond our grasping.
Oh Man! beseeching, unavailing atom of eternity.

GOODNESS?

ANITA BIELMAN

Sometimes I wonder how much good one can do
But no book can tell; it is all very true
Because a kindness here and a kindness there
So often is accepted unaware.

The teacher does sacrifice her time no doubt
But who can know what her pupils are about?
It may be that just inspiration put in
Will start ideas which later will win.

This world of ours is great and wide
And many men and women do here abide,
But nevertheless as the old saying goes
"The worthwhileness of good one never knows."

A DRIFTING THOUGHT

MILTON BIERSCHWALE

A force beyond my surest control—
This thought—takes dominion o'er me,
Making my imagination swell and roll
Like waves of the foaming sea;
Then like a storm that leaves it quiet,
This surging thought ebbs away,
Leaving behind a fading light,
And jolting me back to day.

THUMBS UP

JEANNE BIGHAM

There will always be an England
Dear to every British son;
And her flag will wave on proudly
Till the days of earth are done.

Her planes will weather stormy skies
Her ships sail o'er the sea,
Each British heart will bleed a bit
To keep her people free.

Her men may die in glory
As the tides of battle roll,
But you can not conquer England
Till you've conquered Britain's soul.

A prayer for British victory—
“Thumbs up”—she’s sure to win:
There will always be an England
For the English won’t give in.

BLOSSOM TIME IN CALIFORNIA

RICHARD CARLYLE BIMSON

Ere winter storms have reached their height,
While blizzards rage in colder clime,
Beyond the Rockies, all is bright—
It’s California’s blossom-time.

Blossoms, blossoms, everywhere,
Pink and white upon the trees,
With now a clump of green, then bare,
Vast fields, caressed by gentle breeze.

A carpet rare in brilliant hue,
Far richer than the Kurdistan,
Is formed by flowers gold and blue
To fascinate the eye of man.

Along the highways to the hills
Flow’ring orchards flank the way;
The valley with their fragrance fills,
Resplendent in the light of day.

Yet far more beautiful the scene
In subdued light of setting sun,
As o’er it casts a golden sheen,
Announcing that the day is done.

MOTHER

VERA BINFORD

This is my mother’s home.
Do not try to take her away.
She is sinking her roots in this garden plot—

Building her dreams on the house's foundation.
Her hopes and her children both are here.
She can not leave this place.

She is erecting her plans on this soil.
If she moves she must tear them down,
And try to build them on new ground—of new material,
And that is wearing, soul-deadening work.

She has done it too often.
Each time she is a little more tired—a little less certain.
She must pause now—she can not move again.

CREDO

VINCENT J. BIONDO

There comes a time into the life of man
When creed is not enough; 'tis then his mind
Disrupts the slender bond of faith which grows
Oppressive to his aching soul, and, doubting,
Gropes amid the pathless universe,
An alien spirit seeking out fond hopes
And empty dreams. It soars above yet can
It not transcend mankind, and by so doing
Reach affinity with God: so to transgress
His law were mockery—the stars do sound
Their symphonies beyond mere mortal ears
So long attuned to earthly strains. How drab
And sullen seems this cosmic void to which
We turn for comfort! Yet we know that soon
The emptiness we feel within our hearts
Shall be no more. If this be faith—and yet—
'Tis dusk and ever lower sinks the sun
Into its copp'ry grave, and floods the world
In its departing glow: frightened, each ray
Of shimm'ry light recedes on padded feet
To where the earth and heavens join
In silent adoration of their Lord;

The very silence seems to breathe a prayer
Of solemn quietude and calm repose;
And though the sun is gone we feel no loss,
For in its stead has come a greater peace
To soothe our wayward senses. The light is gone
But shall return again: resplendent, it
Shall inspire in us a stronger faith,
A greater affirmation of our God.

A MILLION MILLION

DOT PRINGLE BIRKINBINE

The star embroidered sky above a hill,
A breeze that sings from tree to tree,
The feel of grass beneath my feet,
The scent of hay, new mown and sweet,
A quiet, pure and blessed and free . . .
My home! I'm now a man on this, my hill.

Tomorrow, I must go and learn to kill . . .
A hell will torture land and sea . . .
The dead be tramped beneath my feet . . .
The pagan pulse again will beat . . .
A tangled task is set for me . . .
My war! With fangs and fire, I'll learn to kill.

The star embroidered sky above a hill,
A dirge, from taps to reveille . . .
The sullen sound of tramping feet . . .
The scourge of war, and no retreat . . .
A sodden sigh for liberty . . .
"My God! My soul, for home . . . for my own hill!"

IF I COULD DIE FOR JUST A DAY OR TWO

ANN BISHOP

If I could die for just a day or two,
Escape from all this monotone of life—
Life reflected in a flawless net of sky,

A maze of stars that dazzle out of reach,
The dull eternal drone of voices,
Pierced only by the blood-stained blade of screams,
Then the ceaseless drone again—

If I could die for just a day or two—
Not sleep, let me die!
Sleep: confused fingers twisting and tangling
Bits of today and yesterday into disfigured dreams.
No, I want death, like space and untracked snow—silence.

Let me die for just a day or two
And then come back—come back
To see beauty in the blueness of the sky and
The sparkle of stars, to hear music in voices,
Feel pain in screams.
Let me die for just a day or two
And then come back again—to live.

HEART SEASONS

FRANCIS HERBERT BISHOP

Death is
A foreigner
Who rides a black horse,
And lives in a country far
Away—he will never pass here,
I will never
See him.

Death is
Not a phantom
He does not live far away
Yesterday he came—but he
Was walking slowly and
He turned in at
My house.

A NIGHT NURSE'S PRAYER

INA E. BLEVINS

Lord, help me to close my eyes with conscience clean,
Knowing as I go to sleep, that I have not been mean;
Knowing that Thou in Thy goodness and in Thy great Love
Have been watching over me from Thy Throne above.
Help me, Lord, to be kind to those who come under my charge,
Help me, that toward them my wisdom may be large.
May I never alone, without Thy aid, direct and choose
And cause some poor soul needless pain or abuse.
For, Lord, I'm only a night nurse.

Lord, I ask Thee to give me an unconfused brain,
That I may surely and gently ease the patients' pain,
That I may never in the darkness of the night
Omit one thing that should be brought to light.
Cause my superiors who have charge over me
To direct me honestly, that I too may be free
To help and to guide others in Thy own sweet way.
I thank Thee, Lord, as on my knees I pray.
Make me humble, Lord, for I'm just a night nurse.

TRAVELLING HOME

MARY BOATMAN

Speeding along the highway
On your way to that place you call home—
It's, oh, such a wonderful feeling,
You resolve you'll never more roam.

Speeding through towns and through cities,
Riding o'er hills and through vales,
Just dreaming of those who are waiting
And whose love for you never fails.

When your trip covers quite a long distance,
And you ride on the bus quite a while,
There is plenty of time for thinking
As you travel on mile after mile.

Then you think of that beautiful road
On which busses have never been,
Where you hope to meet all of the worthy
Regardless of kith or of kin.

Then why shouldn't all types of people
On their way to their home here below
Give a few minutes' time to thinking
Of that home where we all hope to go?

MORNING PRAYER

DOROTHY M. BOELTER

O gracious Lord, we turn to Thee
As we behold the morning skies;
For loving care throughout the night
We give Thee thanks before we rise.

When nights are wakeful, long, and dark,
Oh, how we welcome morning light!
But sometimes darkness lingers, Lord,
Within our souls from night to night.

We pray for wisdom, faith, and love,
And Thy protection through this day;
We often fail, but lead us on—
Forgive our sins of yesterday.

Within our souls let Thy light shine
And help us live each day for Thee;
That earthly life may soon become
A foretaste of eternity.

DRIFTING

MAE ELLA FAULKS BOLES

Like ships far away from home
Wandering minds often roam,
Helpless in sin's awful snares.
Jesus will help, for He cares.

Yes, Jesus we need Thee
To help our eyes to see.
Save us from sin's woes—
For they are our greatest foes.

Pilot our lives each day
In Thine own Holy way.
Help us our trials to endure,
Help us to think things pure.

Like storm-tossed ships at sea
We must ever look to Thee.
Yes, Thy great strength alone
Can safely guide us home.

EVENING SYMPHONY

JUNE BOLMEIER

The night is a symphony of stars
With deep tone-shadows written through,
And composed on the velvet score-sheet
Of His Majesty's royal blue.

The musical fantasy starts
As the light beams grow faint and long;
The moon breaking through a dark cloud
Is the prelude to an evening song.

The mantled curtain parts—
The magnificent hear and see—
Look! God put Himself in the splendour
Of His evening symphony!

DREAM SAILING

LEAH BORDNER

I never sailed the blue seas,
Yet in my Dreamland Boat,
I've often gone a-sailing
Upon a starlit night;

Old Lady Moon smiled on me
And seemed so very gay,
The trips were very pleasant,
Much nicer than by day.

The stars winked—oh, so slyly—
I winked right back at them!
I turned around and saw you,
My heart was happiest then,
For you got in the boat, dear,
And sailed along with me,
Along the midnight deeps, dear,
Sailing the starlit sea.

RECONNAISSANCE

IDENA WALSTAD BORGESON

I wonder when my call does come
To cross that mystic sea,
Will my soul cry, in anguish wrung,
"What have you done to me?
You kept me hidden all the while
You played with life alone.
Earth's joys you let your heart beguile.
'Tis I who must atone!"
Or will it speak, in accents low,
When part some day we must,
"Life's work well done. To God I go.
In Him you've put my trust."

DECEMBER

LUMAN R. BOWDISH

Keen is the clear deep vault of night,
Far aslant at noon hangs dull the sun;
From an avenging shadow sprite
The daylight Nymphs seem forced to run.
Tense frost the brooks of the mountain hold,
The valley is smothered, enshrouded the lake;
Wild blares the wind from Northern Pole,
Warning winged stragglers the marsh to forsake
For a sunnier clime. In tones of awe
The shrill night voices carnival keep
With the pale moon. Now Nature will draw
Slumber robes hastily 'bout her form,
And while she yields to the angel Sleep,
Boreas molds the sullen storm.

THE MAGIC TOUCH

MIRIAM BOWMAN

Great is the man
Who sees greatness in another's soul
And sets it free with his magic touch.
He's like the sun
That lifts the bud up
To unfold in rare beauty;
That's the great man's duty.

A SONGSTRESS SANG

ESTHER BOYCE

Within a crowded concert hall
A songstress sang; I soon forgot
All the woes I thought I had.
How small indeed they were
Compared with all the never-dying lyrics
That she so kindly gave us there.

I laughed, I danced, I sang,
I watched the foreign campfires glow;
I sat in pensive mood, resigned,
Then up to win what should be mine.
A maiden died before my eyes:
I slumped and sighed, tears near the brink;
A tempest raged, the billows rolled;
A lover to his lady crooned;
A baby heard a lullaby
As evening shadows hovered near.

'Twas done too soon; but when 'twas o'er
I went beneath the stars to stroll alone.

PEACE

MARY BENANDER BOYLES

Peace is on a hillside,
Where contented cattle rest,
'Neath a giant shade tree,
Where the brown thrush builds a nest.

Peace is in the woodlands,
Where nodding flowers bloom,
Mirrored in the waters
Of a sleeping blue lagoon.

Peace is by a brook-side,
Where the bull-frog pipes a song,
Where minnows dive and dart
As they move along.

Peace is in a cornfield,
In the rustle of the leaves,
Swaying in the sunshine
Whispering in the breeze.

FAREWELL FROM BATAAN

REVELA C. BOZMAN

You did not say good-bye—

You were not there

Yesterday when I left to meet

My Saviour in the air.

God has said in Heaven

One thing I may not do:

Just for while we're parted,

I may not speak to you.

I'll ask your guardian angel

To protect you and then

Smooth the wrinkles from your brow

Until we meet again.

But He's promised I shall meet you

As He opens Heaven's gate,

And my darling, I am lonely

As for you I watch and wait.

A PRAYER FOR TEACHERS

REV. A. E. BRADOW

We pray for strength to teach Thy Word,

For grace to learn of Thee, O Lord,

How best to show Thy Holy Way

To those we teach from day to day.

We ask for patience, Lord, that we

Thy little lambs may bring to Thee,

Well fed and nourished by Thy Word,

Believing what through us they've heard.

We pray for pow'r to seek and win

Each soul ensnared and gripped by sin.

To loose them from the fearful hold,

And safely bring them to Thy fold.

We ask for grace to show Thy love,
And by our lives to point above
The dross, and lust and earthly strife,
To shining hope and endless life.

REMEMBER PEARL HARBOR

CORA RHODE BRADY

Remember Pearl Harbor
On that cold December day
When hordes of earnest worshippers
Prepared to mark the day
That Christ was born in Bethlehem
To save the world from sin.

Remember the treacherous thunder
That roared from a cloudless sky.
Remember it was the Sabbath—
A holy day—and why—
Such evil forces gathered
A loved country's peace to mar
And cast upon their nation contempt
Forever, a heathen nation's share
In God's own righteous judgment
On a day to enter fair.

A SUCCESS?

LYDIA ACREE BRANDON

Who dat? Why, dat's Mistuh Brown.
Didn' yu' know he de riches' pusson in town?
Yas suh, yas suh, he own dat great big sto;
Yas suh, de one wid de monstr'us glass do.
Naw suh, dat aint all he got;
Why, he own all de town up tuh dis spot.
Yas suh, yas suh, he sho am uh big success.
Why I scratch my haid? Well, he sho am, I guess.
Yas suh, he jist boss evuhthing;

Yas suh, he de haid uv de pulitikil ring.
Yas suh! He sho make yu toe de mahk.
Effen yu doant pay de rent, out chu go in de dahk.

Who dat? Why, lawsy, effen dat aint Mistuh Jim!
Co'se, evuhbody know him!
Naw suh, he aint what chu mout call prospus,
But he sho' am mi'ty good tuh us!
Yas suh, yas suh! dis niggah sho say postiv'ly.
Dat he sho am quality!
Naw suh! Aint no pusson evah tuhned down by Mistuh Jim,
But chu see his paw was quality befo' him.

DARK WANDERING

RUTH BRANDON

Somewhere between infinity and earth
I must have failed to find
The thread of human fellowship
That binds all humankind.

For a moment I poised frightened,
Alone, a stranger on the reaches of the world,
Without a star to guide me
In a friendless chaos hurled—

Alone, uncertain, frightened
In a vast and pathless world,
With the years so dim before me
Like a sooty serpent curled—

And then, full silently, I went
Dark wandering down the years—
A solitary figure all intent
Upon my icy pilgrimage of tears.

THE TRUANT

TOMMIE BRANNICK

I ran away from my mother,
And played all night by the sea.
The wild waves chased each other,
And the stars shone down on me.

The mermaids whispered their secrets;
The shells sang me strange, sweet songs;
The wind wailed wild sharp stories;
And I listened all night long.

My mother came in the dawning,
When skies and sand dunes were gray:
She seemed all frightened and worried,
And led me back to the day.

REST

JULIA BRASHEAR

There's rest in the hills of the west,
Where the pine trees whisper,
And the silver streams rustle by;
Where the sun blesses all with its golden rays,
There is the rest of the ages.

Out in the west where everyone is a friend of man,
Where the coyotes howl in the desert night,
Where the gun is a symbol of law,
Where stretches the golden desert sands,
At the foot of the mountains tall.

There in the west go and seek your rest,
And you'll find it among the mountains,
Across the desert's golden sand,
In the coyote's howl and the
Pine trees; whisper, you'll find a rest sublime.

PRELUDE IN C-SHARP MINOR

(Written after hearing Rachmaninoff play his composition.)

EVELYN WYNN BREHM

Hate! Vengeance! War!
Wounded men, dying men,
Cringing, crawling, lying men,
Guns and gas, blood and blast—

Civilization's iconoclast!
Wage! Labor! Strife!
Machinery roaring; commerce teeming;
Ceaseless sirens screeching, screaming;
Whirling, whistling, whizzing wheels—
Civilization's harvest fields!

Silver—money—gold—
Gleaming eyes and grabbing schemes,
Greed and graft and sickening scenes,
All for money—silver money—gold—
Civilization's corroded mould!

Fiercely, wildly, it goes 'round and 'round;
It's civilization in which mankind is drowned.

SPRING IS HERE

HAZEL G. STAGG BREMM

Spring is in the air; and on the ground
Apple blossom petals blow around.
Pretty April idly strolling through the trees
Invites the sleeping buds to waken and be leaves.
Graceful willow trees hang delicate green laces
Before rain-washed lake windows; many places
The earth, not content with carpets green,
Used the blue of lupine and in between
The gold of poppies. Baby lambs

Flipping their tails, ignore the rame,
But nuzzle their mothers as they kneel.
Baby pigs with curly tails grunt and squeal,
And walk with the mincing steps of fat ladies
On very high heels. The drone of bees,
Mixing with the ache of lovely things,
Is swelling my heart until it sings
Of God's own promise of future cheer.
Spring is here! Spring is here!

FORTITUDE

HELEN MARIE BRENNAN

Into combat now
I shall enter straight
Confident
Of a gracious fate.
How lags my soul
When it surely knows
It can only go
Where my angel goes?
How can I yield
To rebellion wild
Who am forever
Mary's child?
Though fighting evil
That sears and taints
How can I fail
Who know the saints?
And however sharp
Temptation's prod
Need I ever fear
Whose friend is God?

REPRESSION

ELIZABETH BRYAN BREWER

In the soft sad glow
Of a brave blue candle
Sits one who
Pens lyrics
To a forgotten love—
Romances of swift abeyance.
The light of lost youth
Feverishly haunts
The too sad eyes.
The brave flame
Etches shadows—
Shadows that show
What youth expressed
Might have been:
What youth denied
Will be.
Brightening it
Illuminates brave revolt—
Sinking it shows
Desperate despair.
But shed no tear.
Nature is no egoist.
Life goes on--

GOD BLESS CHRISTMAS

MILDRED BRICKELL

God bless Christmas!
God bless the day!
God bless the prayers of those who pray!
God bless *all* men—wherever they be!
God bless Christmas—
And God bless me!

God bless Mary—tender and fair—
God bless the Baby, sleeping there—
God bless the manger, and every beast—
God bless the Wise Men, who came from the East.

God bless Joseph, and fathers all—
God bless the children whose needs they call!
God bless the Star and the Christmas tree!
God bless Christmas, and God bless me!

God bless the Shepherds, watching by night—
God bless the Angels, and God bless the Light!
God bless the Carols that flooded the sky!
God bless the Bells, that pealed on high!

God bless Christmas!
God bless the day!
God bless the hearts of those who pray!
God bless *all* men—wherever they be!
God bless Christmas—
And God bless me!

THE GREAT ARTIST

CULA BRICKEY

He lays His crystal canvas
Across the earth's broad easel.
In lively strokes
He swishes and swirls His paint
Here and there—
Deftly, swiftly, rhythmically,

He works in tones of light and shadow.
The trees are feather-edged in snow,
Twilight hangs like neon daylight in a glow,
Brightening nearby hill and sky above;
The miracle of darkness, reflecting light.
On silent feet, the antlered buck and his doe
Quickly come and go,
Unafraid

Of the Artist as He gaily works
With flickering shadows, thrown by trees
Across a winding road, that leads to neighbor's door.
Beyond the door, the soul of man

Is warm and safe.
So, the Artist smiles
Now on His finishing strokes,
And rolls His lamp wick up
To shed its silver rays
Unbroken—
Upon His legacy bestowed!

I WAS ONCE A WEARY PILGRIM

MARY BRIDGERS

I was once a weary pilgrim
In the dreary walk of Life,
Traveling downward toward conclusion,
To a failure of a life.

I was once with sorrow laden,
With a heart as cold as stone,
When a gentle arm came round me
And a voice, "Thou art Mine own!"

Then the weary load fell from me,
And my heart had ceased to fear,
Knowing Satan had no power
With my blessed Saviour near.

And I know that when He calls me
To cross Death's dark swelling tide,
I shall have no cause to dread it,
Jesus will be by my side.

MEMORY

ANNE S. BRIGHAM

I

I tried to stop remembering you at first,
And it was hard; the memory was so new,
Clear like a woodland pool which mirrors true
Each feathered branch till the reflected tree
Seems much more real than bough and leaf above.
It had the brightness of a summer's day.
How then remembering every word you said,
Yoru face, your voice, could I believe you gone
Forever from me?

And then the memory dulled.

The image in the pool grew dim as if
The skies above were overclouded now
Or passing ripples stirred the pictured calm.
The memory dulled perhaps because I had
Gone over it too much—for memory is
A treacherous, vanishing thing.

II

I longed for peace and shelter from the storm
And thought that I could find it if once more
I saw the sea—its crashing on the rocks,
And never people who might say your name.
I sought the field where grew one gnarled tree
The grasses windblown on a hill. But you
Were everywhere I went in field and wood.
For here we sat to watch the stars and clouds,
And up upon the hill path by the lake
I half expect to meet our very ghosts
Who walk together in the summer dusk
Where now I touch the crisped-up edges of
The reddened leaves.

EMPTY PRAYER

CONSTANCE STARR BROCK

What good are tears,
They go so quickly.
They can not
Cover all my hurt—
Or even feel like
Cooling water
That makes dry leaves
Grow green again.
This time
You are not all to blame.
The weakness lies on
My side now.
I wanted to believe
Your love
And so I saw no other thing.
Now I must
Feel the heavy sadness
Of losing what
I wanted most.
And I must wait
Like quiet water
And you will
Never know my pain
For after all you promised
Nothing—
And nothing is an empty
Prayer.

A GHOST STORY

ALICE DENNIS BROCKLEY

There are ghosts abroad tonight!
So plainly do I see them,
I can almost reach and touch them.

The hills are black,
The moon is white,
There are ghosts abroad tonight.

They cluster 'round the sunken drift:
I know that they are there;
I sense their presence in the air!
There is so much of death,
For here with gasping breath
Hope died in the sunken drift.

Where is he who gave it birth?
Is there a buried heart and soul
In this sunken prospect hole?
Are those knotted hands at rest
Folded on a boney chest?
Did he get a just reward on earth?

The ghosts don't want to tell!
They flutter 'round the silent tomb
And the air is filled with gloom.
The trees and streams won't say a word--
Like as not they never heard,
And I will never know! Just as well!

AUTUMN REVERIE

BUBBLES BROWN

Haunting odor;
Lonesome feeling,
Yet a consciousness of peace,
On a quiet autumn evening
Memories that never cease.
As I sit and think with longing
On the happy days gone by,
It is as the summer evenings,
Others will be lingering nigh;

Others who fill the vacant places
Of the friends who now are gone;
Yet as I gaze upon new faces
Memories of old ones linger on.
Some are sad and others happy,
Some are poignant, others faint,
And as I gaze upon them mutely,
Put them away with some restraint
'Til some other Autumn evening
They come like an old refrain,
'Til at last I've gone to join them,
Free at length from toil and pain.

MY DREAM

FLORENCE REED BROWN

I sat down in my old arm chair
To pause for a moment from worry and care.
And, as I sat there, I fell asleep,
Then suddenly I began to weep.

A hand laid gently on my head,
And a voice I well remember said:
"Why those tears, and why so sad,
You who were always so merry and glad?"

"Oh! Mother you have come back to me,
You always could help and of comfort be,
So I'll tell you why I shed these tears,
Tell you of all my sorrows and fears.

"My children have grown and gone away,
And they won't be with me on my birthday.
The things of the world absorb their time,
They seldom think of their childhood's shrine."

Unrestrained, I began to cry,
And her sweet voice said, "There's no reason why
You should grieve and feel so sad,
Things are really not so bad.

"With aching heart and weary feet
I've gone to work with nothing to eat.
Often without food I'd do
That there'd be bread and milk for you."

Another spirit entered the room
And said, "Why all this sorrow and gloom?
You have paid the penalty, as many another
For the privilege of being a mother."

Then the great Mother said, "I have stood beside
A cross where my son was crucified.
Great nails were driven through his hands and feet
A heartbreaking scene for a Mother's eyes to meet.

BLUE HERONS

GAYE BROWN

Blue herons
Flying over a lake
At dusk
Bring sadness to my heart.
And my soul grieves
For all the countless times
They flew this way—
And no one saw.

STALINGRAD

JEROME KING BROWN

Deep etched within the hopes of all mankind;
Writ down in human blood and sweat and tears;
Cried out by men whose deeds transcend the years;

By deaths of countless men forever signed;
Above all thought of men to valor blind
Through prejudice to baseless hopes and fears;
The works of whom the enemy reveres,
And can not to oblivion be consigned:
For you, who stood 'gainst might of tank and plane;
For you, to whose glory man can never add;
For you, a symbol that can not be slain;
For you, in freedom's matchless courage clad;
For you, who staked your life that peace might reign:
For you we pledge our lives, Oh Stalingrad!

LESSONS FROM LIFE

MAUD MONTGOMERY BROWN

The roses are red by the garden wall—
One by one they fade and fall,
Each one seeming to represent
The Will of the Maker by whom it was sent.
The swallows wheel slowly around the old barn,
Seeking for seeds o'er hill and tarn.
Knowing full well He will supply
Everything good as the days go by.
Our lives clearly show a slow design
Patterned by years in tracery fine—
A tapestried web of joy and sorrows,
Of sad todays and gay tomorrows.
Ah, do they really represent
The Will of the Father by whom they were lent?

WHO COULD KNOW

MARY JOHN BROWN

She walked sedately down the street
A thin gangling girl with short brown hair,

And eyes too big, in a face too drab.
But who could know,
As she did know,
That she rode a gallant charger
Behind a wonderful prince,
And her hair was long and golden,
And her eyes were filled with mists.
Her clothes were silver and satin
And her voice the sound of a flute.
But who could know,
As the little girl knew,
That all these things were true,
For she walked sedately down the street,
A thin, gangling girl with short brown hair,
And eyes too big, in a face too drab.

I PRAYED

R. VERNON BROWN

I prayed tonight,
And from my soul arose the heartaches of another day
To drift away
Like giant clouds which pour forth showers of billowy peace,
'Twas sweet to ask forgiveness . . .
'Twas joy that did not fade . . .
Tomorrow will be beautiful,
Because
Tonight, I prayed.

MY LAMP

STELLA CLARK BROWN

I looked to the hills one morning in May,
With a song in my heart, and I wanted to pray
And thank God for this beautiful earth,
With life's joy and gladness, its laughter and mirth;

And, too, I would thank Him for sun after rain,
Joy after sorrow, peace after pain.
These thoughts came to me while cleaning the lamp,
That we might have light at our summer camp;
And I said, "Is the lamp of my life shining bright,
That others may know I have found that true light
Which shines on our pathway along life's long road,
That leads us at last to that blessed abode?"
So, away to the hills I looked once more
And said, "Father, forgive where I've erred before,
Help me keep my lamp bright forevermore."

DEFINITION

PHILIP L. BROWNE

To me,
Morning dew,
Bright sunlight through my window,
The happy chirping of the robins
Are you.

To me,
Afternoon,
The glint of golden tresses,
Clinging lovers, hand in hand,
Are you.

To me,
Quiet dusk,
The rustle of the cedar,
And distant bleat of baby lamb
Are you.

To me,
Hushed evening,
The warmth of your lips,
And a thousand twinkling windows
Are you.

To me,
Still night,
The lovely chimes of Beaumont,
And my sweet sleep of soft exhaustion
Are you.

ILLUSION AT SUNRISE

ANNE DODSON BUCK

Looking wistfully through her window,
One clear morning in June,
She was filled with wonderment,
With sheer delight,
To see sprinkled near her door,
What seemed diamonds of white, pale blue,
And amber shades—each one ablaze
In the early morning light.
What had done this magical thing of the night?
Sown jewels at her door,
And transformed grass into diamond sprays?
Nature had done this wonderful thing.
She steals softly to our grounds by night,
Sprinkles the grass with sparkling jewels,
Or perhaps opens a blossom,
Showing its color,
Sprinkling each petal with dewdrops,
Leaving us to our amazement, admiration
And moments of keenest delight!

SWAN SONG

VERA CALDWELL BUFKIN

I know that there will come a day
When life will cease for me.
I'll miss it all—each little part—
But so the world must be.

I'll miss the snow, the soft warm rain,
The wind that mussed my hair.
And there are times, I must admit,
It doesn't seem quite fair.

I'll miss the flowers, the songs of birds,
The spring in early May.
But even more than this I'll miss
The smell of new mown hay.

I'm sure I'll miss the sun and moon
And too, the great North Star.
And then, as now, I know that they
Will still seem much too far.

I'll hate to leave the sea, the streams,
The lakes that lap the shore.
It's hard to think I'll never see
The mountains any more.

But I suppose I'll miss the plains
Just every bit as much.
I can't forget the desert land
For it's another touch.

It's true I'll miss the arts and science
And things that I've been taught.
I've lived, I've loved and haven't spent
My life for simply naught.

The reason though, I'll hate to go
To make that one last train
Is just because I'll never see
Chicago's towers again.

AFTERTHOUGHTS

LOIS BURCH

I have loved always
The velvet of moth wings,

The fluffy white of falling snow,
And the voice of a bird that sings.

I have loved always
Wild daisies growing by a brook,
The powder of buttercup gold—
Purple violets hidden in a nook.

I have loved always
The feel of mist and rain,
The wind's early morning caress;
Meadows of clover and fields of grain.

I have loved always
The blooming of phlox in May,
And the friendly twinkling of stars
In the twilight's gray.

I have loved always
The sweet memories of the years;
And my cherished faith in a just God,
Who calmed my life fears.

PUSSY-WILLOWS

INA FLOSSIE BURDETT

Do you remember the pussy-willows sunning
On bare branches among birds in the early spring air?
Do you remember their silvery gray furring?
Then you would know what the fairies will wear!

But if you forget all the magic of springtime
For you there will be no bluebird of happiness.
A King Midas enchantment enshrouds your poor heart,
And yours is a case for the May Queen's redress!

CONFESSIONS

MILDRED BENNETT BURLEW

I start the day off happily
By springing out of bed.
At the kitchen door, I'm gay no more—
I forgot to order bread.

A part of me just me be gypsy—
The lure of roads does so appeal.
And new spring air makes me so tipsy,
I take strange corners on one wheel.

I got a red hot tip today
About a certain pony,
But when the evening paper came
It made the tip look phony.

I go to piano recitals,
I listen to one, two, or three,
But when my own darling's through playing,
The show is all over for me.

I'm sitting by the telephone—
Why won't the darn thing ring?
Just one quick call, a certain voice
Would make my whole day sing.

I'm learning how to drive a car—
A husband's teaching me.
I'm doing fine, you'd be surprised—
'Cause he's not mine, you see.

I ought to be up and doing
With a heart for any fate,
But I love the 'stravagant feeling
Of bed, at half past eight.

PORGY AND BESS

LOUISE K. BURPEE

And there are mists above the city and smoke below
The people pass and time stands still
And the steeples of the churches reel in the mist
The square buildings lose their strength
And the drifting, coral mist flickers above New York.
There are yellow lines of light on the pavements
And white streaks, moving, shifting in the street.
And the city lies oppressed and breathing heavily
Strangled by the coral mist.

Now the push of the crowd through doors too narrow—
The feel of fur, satin, heavy tweed against damp hands
The rush of human smell
The secret being unfolded
The curtains lifted and faces singing:
“Summertime, when the livin’ is easy—”

And the faces blur in a dull brown
And fall into each other, moving in wild truth
And figures plunge with oaths and knives and songs
Killing in their hands and melodies in their souls.
And the heart is torn and figures become double

When seen through tears.
Then the strong end, with hope
With uplifted head, with sweaty brows
With music that hurts too much.
The press of the crowd again
The streaks of white light.

The window is opened and the mist rushes in
Entangling its heavy fingers in my hair.
The sky is coral and the buildings disappear in mist
The places are dark
The light places dotted geometrically
And the mists hurts my heart.

And a person speaks and asks—
But no answer—the mind has left the shell
Becoming the whirlpool of the soul
Thinking, thinking, rotating.
And they talk about how miserable it is
And close the windows:
“There’s been no snow and I’m glad.
I hate the mist.”

The poor laugh, the rich cry—and I—
I weep for the troubles of people
The troubles of people, the troubles of people—
The rich cry and the poor laugh
And the gallant face with the brave eyes
Swims in the mist.

But the people forget that he swims there
So quiet, for only me to see
And people forget the melodies, the killings
The heart thrillings of the secret.
They know it now; it’s exciting no more.

And the brown faces fade
The face sinks in the mist
Yellow lines streak the pavement
The talk continues
And time begins once more.
And the mists above the city are coral.
The smoke below the city is gray, dull.
And we continue in its pallor.

MY HERITAGE

ZELMA E. BURRIS

The gorgeous sunsets ever will recall your smiling face
As you stood beside the kitchen range and coaxed me
To leave the household cares and go with you
To stand in adoration of the glorious ending of the day.
But I refused!

I was a Martha then,
I had not learned to be a Mary and to choose the better
things of life.
Now you are gone!
I never can leave petty things of life behind
And hand in hand with you behold the wonders of God's love.
But I shall profit by my past mistake, dear friend,
Your message shall live on!
For now that I have learned the better way
I'll take my little son, your namesake dear,
And hand in hand from yonder hilltop we
Will watch the sunrise, God's promise of another day.
And as the pastel colors change through all the rainbow hues
To burst at last into the glory of the day,
We'll look beyond the beauteous handiwork
To Him whose gift to humans here below
Bids us "Look up."
Then as we turn and face the downward slope of life
The glorious sunset in all its rosy hues
Will beckon us on.
And though we know the perfect day will soon be ended
And that our humble lives are nearly done
We'll march triumphant to the door of Heaven
Knowing full well we'll hear the Master say: "Well done!"

SKILLFUL HANDS

MAYRE DALY BUSICK

I watched an infant newly born
In the gray shadows of early morn;
I heard its first feeble cry,
And the mother's happy sigh.
I saw a school-boy's broken arm;
I told the mother there was no harm:
The fearful pain wouldn't last,
The arm would soon mend in a cast.
I watched a patient's labored breath
As she came from the shadow of death
And echoed the prayer of many lands:
God bless the doctor's skillful hands.

TO T.

AUGUSTA FOSTER BUTLER

Oh! I would shake the stars from out the sky
If by their falling I might blind
My eye to this mad vision that I hold!
In desperation cause the winds to blow,
And bring from every branch on earth the leaves,
In hopes their rustle might become a roar
To drown the whisper of my heart to yours!
From East to West, I'd level hills, and call
The waves to leap the shore, and sweep the land
From pole to pole! But out of chaos there
Would rise another world! The broken bits
Would weld again, re-shape, and form anew
A world that is of nothing but the sight,
The sound, the brightness that is you!

LIFE

CHARLES REDDEN BUTLER, JR.

When I behold the flowers of the earth,
The twinkling stars at night and moon on high,
And seek to know whence came their mystic birth,
And ponder o'er the blue within the sky,

And seek to understand the song of spring,
Know the last flake that falls upon the wall,
Number the flocks northbound upon the wing,
I can but thank the One Who made it all,

Thank Him and rest content within the thought
'Tis not for me to question God but in
His love to live at peace with all He's wrought,—
Thus having lived to know Him as my Friend.

BOOKS

MARIE M. BUTLER

If you only knew, when the sun goes down,
What we boys in a far-off land
Would give for the look of a friendly book
Like the clasp of a friendly hand,
You would search through your attic, your libraries fine,
You would choose of your books the best,
Tales that stir with an upward touch,
Stories we'll read with a zest.

Those boxes of books that the children sent
Were as roses from heaven above;
They're scattered from Iceland to Singapore,
And they come from the kids we love.
In arctic cabin, in jungle hut,
On a winding road 'neath a tree,
On the sand of the desert, in China's hills,
The books are hailed with glee.

Perhaps some books that you've prized too much
Would bring you far more joy,
If you'd pack them well and send them away
To be shared with "somebody's boy."
For when we know that the hearts at home
Are "with us" in every campaign,
We'll fight to the finish, and see the world free,
And then we'll be home again.

MUSIC

RUTH ANN BUTTLER

Soul penetrating, unfathomable
Mystic blendings of sound
Inspired by some inner being
That moves the heartstrings—
Ethereal notes in sublime succession
That vary with the Maker's mood—
Music, to exalt the spirit of mankind.

WEIRD ISLE

ROY A. BYERLEY, SR.

I'd wandered many a lonely, weary mile
Alone with Psyche my soul all the while,
Crossing many weird valleys
And sailing on phantom galleys,
When all at once I came face to face
In a lonely valley of Trace
With a ghoul from Weird Isle.

He was tall, lean and gaunt,
His eyes seem to want
But missed the beauty in the evening light,
And his hands were as cold as a winter night.
This grim, ungainly, ghastly ghoul
Haunted my very soul,
And I cared not to follow him to my goal.

I knew not the night of the year
When I was placed upon the bier,
But we sailed on through the night
On a sea of mystic light,
On past the moon,
On through the Valley of Gloom,
On by the door of an enchanted tomb.

My heart was ebbing all the while
We were sailing toward Weird Isle,
The land of shrouded lore.
But I reached not her shore.
For o'er the way there came a gleaming,
And I knew that I was dreaming—
Dreaming, and nothing more.

No dreaming will there be
When I embark upon the Mystic Sea.

THE TENTH BEATITUDE

RUBY BRYAN BYERLEY

A friend came into our midst,
Who heard, who saw and realized
A battle being fought—
And came a blessing in disguise.

He was fearless of the cost;
Much sympathy he gave.
His reputation was at stake,
But a life he fought to save.

Kind Angels, when he is called
From his earthly home to one on high,
Let him always minister
In the land where they never die.

And if he seems a little tired
And wanders off to a haven of rest,
Fold your wings o'er his tired and happy life—
He was tried and found to pass the test.

Blessed is he whose light doth shine—
For it was said in olden times,
"Cast thy bread upon the waters"—and see
All returned, even through eternity.

LA MUSIQUE

RICHARD HARDING BYRD

Music, like rippling water,
Music, like rustling leaves,
Music, like bellowing cannon,
Music, like dripping eaves,
Music, like lengthening shadows,
Music, like bursting morn,

Music, like waving wheat heads,
Music, like tassling corn,
Music,, mind's shining dream,
Music, a throbbing creation,
Music, rising from heart and soul
To be man's exaltation.

POSSIBILITIES

MARY CAIN

They said that Bill was bad, an awful boy;
Of pranks and scrapes he never seemed to tire:
To try some brand new joke was half his joy,
And nothing could his hapless soul inspire.

Yet underneath that rough and wayward mien
There dwelt a spirit rare, a subtle charm;
A strength whereon his buddy, weak, might lean
To brace his courage for the coming storm.

He'd never do a mean and sneaky trick,
Those clear gray eyes would blaze in scorn at such;
Though there were scores of boys that he could lick,
He never was the one to boast so much.

The years passed by, and Bill grew up—they say,
To me he'll always be a little boy.
I saw him at the time he went away,
A volunteer, his country's pride and joy.

Across the sea our Bill has gone to fight;
Unflinchingly he'll face the desperate foe:
He'll do his share to press the cause of right,
Our little school boy of the long ago.

Dear Lord, we tremble in this fearful hour,
For childhood's precious possibilities—
The Bills, and Toms, and Sues, oh, by Thy power,
Watch o'er and keep them for Thy use and praise.

ECSTASY

PEARL CAREY

"MIRANDA!

Come let's walk to the top of yon hill and view the sun.

'Tis like a ball of molten iron, gleaming forth on the

brink of the horizon,

Glaring, streaming, dripping huge tears of burning ore."

Miranda came, knowing too well that she dare not spill one thought
that was begun.

Following the tall trance-enclosed figure, she stumbled
over ravines that his elevated Spirit seemed to soar.

"What is its power?

Miranda, speak."

"'Tis perhaps the throne of God, my love."

Her voice quivered, as she spoke of things so Divine—

yet, the rapture that radiated from his face, was quite enough.

"Ah! 'tis so.

Is it not said that he shines forth such radiance that man can not
behold?

Then it must be He.

God the Divine, the Light, the source of all things,

God the son, Sun?

God is God, the Son is God,

God is Sun—

MIRANDA"

"Yes, my love."

"That is its power."

His limp figure slowly settled to the ground, and he looked about
him as if bewildered, then—

"MIRANDA!

the ground, it's covered with flint, look, why they're arrows, millions
of them.

A battle must have been fought upon this hill."

"Yes, many years ago, my love."

"'Tis a tragic thought, Miranda.
The Indian peoples, free, happy, in a world of peace;
Then to have that world shattered—stolen, and destroyed by the
progress of man?
'Tis not just, Miranda."

"That is true, my love."
"Then why?"

"'Tis the natural law of man. Man is forever seeking better things
—'tis a restless Spirit that drives him, and inspires him to move,
to create, to acquire and destroy."

"Then Miranda; man is a cell through which God works; when in
harmony, there's peace.
When diseased,
God stirs him to restlessness, as a warning perhaps,
Miranda?"
"Yes, my love."
"Then, that is Faith."

IF FOR SICK NURSES

(With apologies to Mr. Kipling and hopes of pardon.)

MARGARET VICKREY CARLSON

If you can lie quietly in a hospital bed
While other nurses are rushing to and fro;
If you can follow strictly the doctor's orders
And never ask why and when and so and so,
If you can breathe deeply under an ether cone
Yet retain a professional dignity and the manners you
learned at home;
If later when the thrilling "gas pains" rage
You can keep smiling and really "act your age"—

If you can take all your treatments, every one
Pretending that nothing could be more fun;
If you can see splints and plaster paris headed your way,
And refrain from telling the student nurses just what to
do and where to stay.

If you can have the murphy drip
Served in place of your dinner tray,
And say, "Oh never mind, I rather like it that way"—
When you go for a metabolic test
In the wheel chair or on the "cart,"
If you can act as though chewing rubber
And having your nose pinched are of the highest art;

If you can take your wash water,
When the night and day divide;
If you can wash a while, take a nap,
If you can lie "perfectly quiet" like dead,
While the electric cardiograph buzzes at your head—
If when in the middle of a nap
The laboratory "tech" comes breezing in,
You can grin and say "Sure go ahead,
What are a few cc. of blood among friends—"

If you can greet a stranger as a caller with a smile,
When you long to give a groan of woe;
If you can accept the left-over flowers,
From the dead—or who knows;
If you can listen to the wonders of faith cures,
And "stat" swallow the bitter dose or perhaps a pill;
You are sure to get well my dear,
And never doubt you will.

TWO PATHS

MR. REX CARR

There are two sides to every question,
You hear each person say,
As there are two paths to travel—
The right and the wrong way.

I wonder which path you follow,
Or do you stop to care?
Have you forgotten our Saviour
And the place in His heart that we share?

He is waiting at the end of one path—
Satan is at the end of one, too.
Both will greet you with open arms
When your days on earth are through.

The Lord will make you happy forever—
Torture is the promise of the Devil.
It will be too late to change your path
When your body lies beneath earth's level.

THERE SHALL BE A LIGHT

DOROTHY C. CARRIER

As darkness descends upon the world,
And Right is threatened by Might,
There is no need to feel despair,
For there shall be a Light.

See it softly shining
In the Watchtower of the world
In the very midst of war's dread gloom,
The Torch of Light is hurled.

Its gleam is like a challenge
To the dreaded Prince of Night.
Don't give up hope, the Dawn will come,
And there shall be a Light.

There shall be no night to daunt us,
The Dove of Peace will alight.
The blackness of war will fade away,
And there shall be a Light.

THIS TOO SHALL PASS AWAY

DORIS CARRINGTON

I am a bomb.

Today I shall destroy a great cathedral.

My brothers, likewise, will destroy

Hospitals, churches, schools, and homes.

Only worthless fragments remain

When our work is done.

I am a bomb.

I should be proud that I am able to obliterate all things

No matter what the size or worth;

That ancient edifices shall be no more

When my work is done.

I am a bomb.

I laugh to think that so much faith is placed in me.

For I can not conquer all—

One adversary still remains untouched, unharmed,

When my work is done.

I am a bomb.

I know that I have only temporary power,

For there is something in the heart of man,

Something great, something strong—

Some call it love of God,

Some love of beauty, or freedom.

But by whatever name—I only know

It enables man to rebuild the pieces that remain

When my work is done.

It constantly defies me,

It rises against me

And plainly shows the futility of my labors.

That is why I laugh when you place faith in me.

I am only a bomb.

GOD'S HAND

LUCILLE JUANITA CARROLL

Awake, thou child of God
To see the gentle beauty of nature;
Grass, dew-pearled with droplets,
Water mumbling within peaceful brooks,
Trees reaching their mighty arms outward
Protecting insects, tiny flowers.
Awake, thou beautiful dreamer
And see how perfect is Thy Maker.

THE BROKEN CHAIN

MARY E. CARROLL

Another chain in my life is broken,
And again I must say good-bye.
To you I leave the link as a token
I hope we meet again ere we die.

Friendship is the link I leave you—
The happy days I'll never forget.
Though saying good-bye makes me blue,
I will never be sorry that we met.

Looking over the links in after years,
I can see you in my dreams.
Though I know that it will bring bitter tears,
It will be like the golden sunbeams.

KWAN-YIN
(*Goddess of Mercy*)

DOROTHY CARTER

I hold a bit of cherry-wood
Carved with infinite patience
By an old man in China—
An old man with seamed face
Whose beady eyes see a vision
As old as his ancient race.

It fits easily within my hand,
The Goddess of Mercy from that far-off land.
With thrilling, mystic rhythm
Her miniature figure seems to sway—
Gently, tirelessly as a mother would
Who—quieting her frightened babe—begins to pray.

Oh, Goddess of Mercy, and you, Old Man,
What secret do you know—
You from that tortured land?
Tell us! Reveal it, now, I plead,
That we, too, may know
And about our daily tasks continue to go,
Forgiving and undismayed,
Confident that in time this war will cease,
And all races of man will live together again in peace!

HILLS AWAY

MANFRED A. CARTER

I climbed the leaden hills
That reeked with dusty sage;
I yearned for living trees of green
Where rivers mark the desert page—
I hated all the rising heat;
I wanted just to wash my feet.

Until I rode away
I used to think them blue;
But now I see the hills afar,
Gold, green, and purple too;
God's hills as far as I can stare—
God's purple cloak for evening wear.

STARDUST

SUSAN E. CARTER

I dreamed I roamed among the stars with you,
Through magic, unseen pathways hand-in-hand,
Celestial stardust made the only clouds,
Our brightest dreams shone clearer, close at hand.

That night the great Omnipotence had shared
With us his countless worlds of golden fire;
The singing stars, majestic planets, all
Swung to our will, obeyed our least desire.

When radiant morning touched the depths of space,
The heavenly wonder faded at her light;
And we, dethroned kings, went winging down,
The vision glorious vanished with the night.

And now the stars are very far away,
A-twinkle coldly in the distant skies.
Yet surely it could not have been a dream,
For, dear, I see the stardust in your eyes.

SIMPLICITY

ROSALINE KIRKPATRICK CASSIDY

I could not bear the weight of dragging years
That overflow in sighs and salty tears;
I could not brook the thrust of crowding joys

To pierce the passive shield my mind deploys;
I could not in the current keep afloat
In my own, all too fragile, boat;
I could not at the close of earthly life

Lie down and say, "Come, Death, the knife!"—
I could not at the utmost face the grave,
Had I not faith in God my soul to save.

DARK HOURS

STANLEY CAST

The night, the blackout, then the raid,
We've shed some tears, are we afraid?
Are we afraid of the sullen roar
Of enemy bombers near our shore?
And screaming sirens that foretell
Shocking destruction and imminent hell?
No, for our eyes though wet with tears,
Can see the answer to our fears
In the answering eyes of those we love,
Who pray to the powers there above
To love and protect us through this strife
And give the reward of eternal life.

NIGHT THOUGHTS AND MEMORIES

B. ELISABETH CAVAN

The memory of yōu comes like a gentle refreshing wind that relieves
the stifling of my heart which has long felt the need of clean
fresh winds.

Remembering is no effort. So many lovely things to recall—
Your voice, your songs, your presence alone gave peacefulness to
many hours.

With you I could be free—no pretense, no being cautious no
afraid.

Even in silence I felt you understood my mood.

In silence our very hearts did mingle and dream together; no words
were spoken, yet, each knew what would have been said had we
given voice to our thoughts, our dreams.

*Better than the minting of a gold-crowned king
Is the safe-kept memory of a lovely thing.*

IT HAS BEEN NICE

THOMAS A. CHADSEY

It has been nice

To dwell upon the earth;

To love and honor those,

The ones who gave us birth.

To rise up when

The sun begins to peep

Upon a lush, green earth,

Where people lie asleep.

To see the days

Pass swiftly from our sight,

And stars appear above

To welcome in the night.

To see life pass

Before our wondering eyes;

The figures on the Stage,

With sorrow, laughs and sighs.

To see the sights

Of Nature and of God;

The glories of the sea,

The wonders of the sod.

The wonders, too,
That man alone has made,
To better man and life,
With science as an aid.

And then I saw,
That while I mused on men,
So had Life mused on me
And there appeared the end.

And now my soul
Shall take its place with God;
While my poor shell of life
Rests calmly 'neath the sod.

THE PAINTER

ALICE J. CHAFFEE

As I look at the sky to the westward,
A beautiful picture I see—
There are islands and beautiful cities,
There are mountains and rolling seas;

There's a wonderful glory transcending
The whole of the scene I behold
And the tress in the forest I picture
Have leaves that are outlined with gold.

'Tis surely a marvelous painter
Whose brush can make colors so grand,
That glow with such mystical brightness,
Changing all of the picture at hand
Into one great conception of Heaven
As we can imagine it's planned.

But look, how the scene is changing—
A gentle wind seems unfurled
To make over all of my picture
And change scenes in my sunset world.

The mountains become a deep purple,
Fluffy ships sail away on the breeze;
Cities melt in the mist of the cloudland.
Who's the painter o f scenes like these?

I watch till my picture has faded
And feel in my mind I have trod
In a beautiful picture of Heaven
Whose maker and painter is God.

OUR FLAG

MARGARET CHAMBERS

This is our flag, the grand old flag,
That flies to make men free.
May we earn the right,
Through freedom's fight,
To keep it the land of liberty.
We must all get in
With the will to win,
The sooner the victory to be.
We have God to thank,
For the file and rank
Of our great democracy.
His blessing to us he gave,
Our duty it is to save
This freedom from forces far over the sea.

EMPIRE

NAOMI CHAPPELL

The bees were building empire
When Solomon rode by,
And white-frilled mushrooms hold their court
Though Louis Seize may die.

The ants in their dim galleries
Work on and on and on,
When courtiers are choked with dust
And all their brightness gone.

An oak outlasts a Pharoah
A willow mourns his fool;
While human kingdoms totter,
Earth holds unchanging rule.

THE ROSE

LEROY CHARLES

A sprout came forth from the good Earth,
The stem was green and strong.
The leaves were as fresh as the dewdrops,
It laughed with the breeze's song.

From out the sky's deep blueness,
The Master looked from above,
And gently caressed the bud's fragrance,
And gave to it of his love.

The pedals, so slowly they opened,
With beauty as fresh as snows,
The angels gathered about it
And softly called it the rose.

FUTILITY

MARY E. CHEDISTER

If wanting and doing without
Is learning to live,
Is character building,
Then I have lived poignant centuries,
Have forged
A character as strong as
Blue-blade steel, and as true.
But what to me are truth and centuries?

AMBITION

MARY VIDA CHEEK

Make your plans to fit in
With your castles in the air—
It's a very simple thing to start,
But hard to keep them there.

When jobs look big and failure
Seems to stare you in the eye,
Remember then those plans you made
And be glad you made them high.

THIS IS WEALTH

JESSIE ANN CHEFFEY

This is Wealth—
To know that you
Unto each duty
Have been true.
This is Wealth—
For you to know

That seeds of gladness
You can sow.
This is Wealth—
For you to see
Joys afloat, to gladden
You and me.
This is Wealth—
For you to hear
The melodies caught
By a listening ear.
This is Wealth—
For you to be
Contented and Godly
That folks may see,
There are many joys to bless
When they value money less!

PRAYER FOR THE FIGHTING MEN

FRANCES BARBARA CHERELLI

Eternal Father, Judge of all, Ruler of destiny,
Guide and protect our boys for us on land and on the sea.
They're thinking not of themselves out there, alone and far away—
They're thinking of the friends they left behind just yesterday.
They're hoping that we have done our part,
As we pledged from the very start,
For the ultimate victory to be ours
Will be attained only through hard wrought hours.
By them, by us, yes, everyone,
United, perservering, Your will be done.
Faith everlasting, in You so high,
King of the earth and of the sky.

ROCKED IN THE CRADLE OF THE WEST

ALTA BROWN CHITTENDEN

Mother sang *Sweet Clementine* out on the Utah Trail
As we gathered 'round the evening campfire bright;
Prairie train had halted as the moon rose silvery pale
And the desert lay behind as black as night.

Covered wagons rolled again just at the break of day,
Weary miles along the trail they slowly trod;
Every heart was filled with hope, and courage marked the way—
With each western song rang out their trust in God.

Chorus

Rocked in the cradle of the west,
I lay me down in peace and rest.
Rocked in the cradle of the west,
I dream the dream I love the best:
I'll hear again the lullabies my Mother used to sing,
I'll hear my dear old Daddy say we'll reach there in the spring.
Rocked in the cradle of the west,
The memory hours I'll always love the best.

THE NORTHER

CHARLOTTE CHITTICK

Fair April's sunshine lulls the Lone Star State,
So sweet with orange blooms—all life in tune.
The quiv'ring air, in silence, senses hate,
Then madly rushes upward, none too soon.
The gale, close censored in the ice-capped zone,
Comes pouncing, unawares, on stream and spring
With freezing breath. Winter crops lie prone.
It leaves us stunned—confused—no creature sings.

Away, the Norther scatters death and woe
In swirling sweeps of angry sleety clouds.
The blast in fury, like a frenzied foe,
With stinging gritty spray, all life enshrouds.
The fiend, insensate, heeds not weal nor woe;
But loss reveals the truth we need to know.

REFLECTIONS

CLARA BIRGITTE CHRISTENSEN

Summer sings farewell again
With a tender sad Amen
And a benediction sweet
Blessing harvest days so fleet;
Days that did our hopes renew
And our hearts with love imbue;
Days that did our thoughts uplift
By some rare gift and set adrift
A prayer for faith
And will to trust
In God above,
With strength to run till setting sun
And we life's golden ball have spun,
And life's cycle glows complete
Like the harvest moon
O'er the golden wheat.

DREAM LADY

ZOE BRANEGAN CHRISTIN

There in the Land of Poppies
Where all our dreams come true,
You came as a vision to me
And I fell in love with you.
You were dressed in cobweb laces,
Moonbeams glistened like jewels rare,
Your hair was unbound and flowing,
Holding red poppies fair.

You spoke and your voice was music,
Like the chime of a silver bell,
The soft murmur of summer breezes,
Dancing in a perfumed dell.
Your touch, light as a snowflake falling,
Melting in a gentian's blue,
Soft, tender and loving,
Giving the spirit of you.

A PORTRAIT

WILLA DAISY CHRISTY

There he stands with outstretched hands, as though in benediction.
While fingers clutch at the throats of his wretched victims.
First with honied words he woos his foes (the road to Hell is paved
with good intentions).
"Our New Order will remake the world," he shouts aloud and the
crowd replies "Heil Hitler!"
"The time must come when men must bow unto the mighty
German."

* * * * *

And brave men, silent, rise to make the world free again.

OLD SANTA FE

B. F. CLARK

Santa Fe, how old, how old,
How nobly you lie
Beneath a field of silver stars
That adorn a turquoise sky.
How interesting your crooked streets,
Your historic vine-clad halls,
And the names of your daring men
That built those heavy walls.
Old Santa Fe, old Santa Fe,
I walk your streets with pride,
Where'er I go day or night

Walk spirits at my side.
You say they're dead?
It isn't so—
It was only flesh that died.
Santa Fe, so old and gray,
Long may you nobly lie
Beneath that field of silver stars,
That adorn a turquoise sky.

A CHRISTMAS SONG

MINNIE MASON CLAYBAUGH

It is Christmas. The sleigh bells are ringing,
The moonlight is bright on the snow;
In the chapels glad voices are singing,
Now jubilantly swelling, now low.

This Christmas my heart has a feeling
That as never before I now know
How He felt who came to bring healing
To His perishing creatures below.

He left His glad home with the angels
To bring us His radiant light,
The glory of all the archangels
To set His bright star in our night.

The One who had never known sorrow
Took on the marred form of a man,
To suffer on many a morrow,
As only humanity can.

He chose the way of the scourging,
The mocking and insult and jeers,
And when the ways were diverging
He followed the one through earth's tears.

He knelt in the garden of Weeping,
And prayed while the faithless ones slept;
And while the traitor came creeping
Great tears of His life blood He wept.

In calmless His own cross He carried
To die as a sinner might do;
In a drear place of tombs was He buried—
But He rose for me, and for you.

His Star shines tonight in its glory.
We see it from near and from far,
And sing in glad anthems the story
Of Baby and angels and Star.

GIVING

NORMAN CLAYTON

He asked for bread and I gave crumbs;
He asked for alms and I gave none;
He asked for blood and I gave wine;
He asked for love and I gave mine.

Or did I give him love at all?
Through me there runs a dreadful pall,
For I must use these other things
To share the love that His life brings.

LOST DESIRES

DONNA CLEM

Lost desires—
Floating like dreamy clouds

On the horizon
Of Eternity.

Tormenting faces,
Countless ones—

In many places,
Smiling—then frowning,—

Always frowning
As they leave
me ALONE—

ALWAYS ALONE!

Mellowed years
Spent in endless

Searching—

Amid hopeless tears—
Thrown to the winds

Of ETERNITY.

TWO-POINT RATIONING

H. M. CLEMENTS

It's mighty aggravating when you're chilled most through and
through,
To have the ration board inform you that there's nothing they can
do.

Just take your little problem into O. P. A.
For all our decisions must depend on what they say.

I'm getting madder and madder with every one of the lot
Who call the items shortages that I'm satisfied we've got.
They tied up all my rubber and they skimp me on my sweets,
And soon the new point rationing will take away my meats.

And wifey hit the ceiling when they cut her gasoline
And forced her home with sonny, whom she had hardly seen.
We've talked the whole thing over and decided what we'll do,
Just fold up all our businesses and bid the boys adieu.

Last night my eyes were opened as I peeped across the sea
At an old Russian woman down on her bended knee.
She was leaning over her husband, who was lying in the snow
Frozen like a mummy in the tombs of long ago.

I found myself in England amid the bombed debris
And sailing in the ocean, with Rick a-cussin' me.
Soon my dream was over but the thoughts in me were stored
And now I am a member of the local rationing board.

GOD WOULD SMILE

MARGARET E. COCHRAN

If we could banish hate and greed
And harbor only love,
When friend or foe we chance to meet
In shop or church or school or street,
Then God would smile above.

If we would lend a helping hand
To some forsaken brother,
And others' faults would understand,
Spread kindness throughout each land,
Have faith in one another.

If jealousy was never felt,
To crime we closed the door,
And every day we meekly knelt,
Communion with our Father held,
Then peace would reign forevermore.

PHANTOM COMPANION

BELLE CODER

I see footsteps in the snow beside me every place I go,
And though I turn and see but two, I surely know that you're there,
too;
For space and time and form are naught, but conquered by a
lover's thought,
That travels in an unknown way, and so I feel you here today.
Beside me in this lovely place, I see again your eager face,
That defies forgetfulness of time and eternally still sublime,
On memory's dusty pages where you're still mine through countless
ages.

YOU

LENA COHEN

Within the flickering, firelight's soft glow
I watched the lissome, lightsome forms of flame
That leaping upward laughed, and sought to throw
A silhouette, as though in joyous game—
How warily, how wantonly they danced!
On floor of brilliant blue and dusky red,
As if a Persian potentate, entranced,
His prayer-rug for their tiny toes had spread.

And then one flame, far brighter than the rest
Resolved itself in shivering, shimmering rays,
As when the sun, of halcyon mood possessed,
Upon a dew-drenched meadow softly plays.
And laughter heard in all the lands again,
It glimmered, glistened, formed itself anew,
Then rose with undulating grace—'twas you!

AFTERWARDS

DOROTHEA E. COLEMAN

The peace of which we dreamed will come again,
Now that dear hope is ours around the earth;
In winter's shroud dare we despair of spring? Rebirth
Is God's—whether of nations or of men.

We ask Him for the quiet day now spent,
The warmth of sunlight on the opening leaf,
The lingering note of dawning in the sky
To heal our grief.
We ask the tender touch of those we love,
The swift caress, the precious smile, the kiss—
We can forget the steadfast pain, the unshed tears,
Remembering this.

The music that was hushed must holier rise,
And laughter heard in all the lands again,
And we must build with hearts instead of hands
Cathedrals in the souls of broken men.
The sweeping tides, now crimsoned at their source,
Shall flow forever free of sorrow and of pain;
The only bit of heaven we ask or need—
To hear the robin singing in the rain.

Unheralded by light this dark must pass
To dawn. So from the deep abyss of death
We daily rise. Life is so sweet, so good for us who died!
The blood of millions earth's last ransom paid—
But One was ransomed for a dying world before—
Love is the final weapon forged in life
That can defeat all war.
Vanquished the slave, the bond, the serf;

Now freeman all,
Unshackled on earth's clean and holy sod.
The love and blood poured out for us
Now recompensed by God.

TAD

LORRAINE E. COLLINS

God gave him little sturdy legs—
He learned to walk.
God gave him the baby words to say—
He learned to talk.
God made him sweet and lovable and gay—
But God forgot to let him stay.

TO A SINGING STAR

EVANGELINE COLWELL

It isn't who you are,
The way you look, or where
You live, that changes each
Small room in which I live.
It isn't what you say,
Or whether you are gay
Or sad, or rich or poor,
Or right or wrong, or good
Or bad. This doesn't mean
A thing. But oh, the strange
And lovely feeling in my heart
Whene'er you sing!

FIRE PICTURES

NORINE B. CONNELLY

Did you ever sit near the chimney
When the fire was burning low,
Half close your eyelid curtains
And see the embers glow?

The flames make little creatures
In the fireplace so black.
I like to play it is a cave
And chase the animals back.

THE WHITE PARADE GOES MARCHING ON

BARBARA HOPE CONWAY

With courage undaunted and spirits high,
The white parade goes marching by—
In wind, in rain, in storms prevailing
True angels of mercy never failing.
Never failing in far Bataan, Australia and Corregidor,

Tending the wounded, the weary, and sore—
In spirit and body as well—
Keep up the morale through the terrors of hell.

In the midst of the fighting, as the wounded fall,
Works the Red Cross Nurse—'tis duty's call.
Ready and willing to do her best,
To reduce the suffering, aid soldiers to rest,
And to forget their pain for a little while,
Still never forgetting a friendly smile.

She asks not why, or where, or when—
She tackles the job that fate may send.
Though weary and spent as she may be,
Not a word of complaint or of wanting to be free
Of war's desolation and its thundering din,
The nurse with our soldiers is ready to win.

Ah, mothers praying for fighting sons,
Forget not the nurse behind the guns.
For it may be your boy she gives new life
To return to you when all the strife
Is over and peace comes—to stay—
And life shall go on—the American way.

IF I GO

RACHEL CONRAD

If I go before the sun has set again,
you'll watch it for me, won't you, Jim?
And listen to the hymn the pine trees sing at night

when the wind blows through them?
And feed the squirrel when it gets so cold?
You will, Jim? If I should go? . . .
I'll slip away, Jim, soft, and maybe you won't mind
so much, but you'll remember when the fire in
the stove burns low—the way we used to love.

You'll remember, Jim, if I should slip away?
And don't forget the blucness of my eyes is there above,
when I am gone, and just the sky is left . . .
and I am not . . .
And if the sun should never warm my heart again, you'll
still remember it is yours, dear Jim? Although
I've gone away and you are here alone? . . .
You won't forget—if I should go?

FIRE

VIOLETTE INEZ COOK

On before the wind it races,
Never tiring seemingly;
But enjoying the pursuit
By the wind.

Always it is eating;
Lapping with its hungry tongue;
Forced ever onward
By the wind.

It is greedy and inhuman;
Destroying everything
In its eagerness to be o'ertaken
By the wind.

DOWN BY MATAGORDA BAY

JULIA COOPER

The acres here stretch to the tree-line,
The grass is new green from much rain,
The cows graze in multiplied clusters,
And golden flowers pattern the plain.

My mind sketches in the bright picture,
Then a bird sings anew an old song—
“See! The Lord God planted a garden
The highways of Teaxs along!”

HANDS IN THE DARK

ALWYN CORISTINE

While rubble scatters under scream of shell
And walls and bridging roofs go tumbling down—
Even in shelters, relatively well—
The small ones clutch to them their fears, and moan . . .
Lord! Take their little hands in Thine, a spell;
That, comforted, new confidence be won.

Where aged ones lie abed, hospitalized,
When sirens wail like banshees, bringing fear,
Extend Thine Hand; so it be realized
If dark should blanket, their relief is near.

COMPENSATION

VIOLA C. CORLEY

To have known this strangely beautiful earth,
Smelling radiant vapors from a refulgent soil,
Seeing the mystery of growing things in birth,
Being a part of majestic creation in our toil;
To have been, to have drunk deeply of life,
Knowing the wondrous warmth of the sun,
The tang of the wind in its eternal strife
With the changing moods of the season's run;

To have looked beyond the horizon's far line,
Hearing above the plaintive whispering trees
Deep sounds of the dashing waves beating time
To elemental hymns of God's voice on the breeze;
Watching the guardians of the worlds on high
Weaving long golden chains that flash and glow
A bright pathway for all the children of the sky,
Eternal deathless beauty, the God of life bestows.

To have known and walked this witching earth,
I fear not the stately tread of death passing by.
It was for His reaping that God gave birth;
So I will answer the summons without a sigh.
Gladly flinging back the gifts that life gave,
Asking for only one living glowing gem,
That one good deed I may have done to help pave
A path for the fearing to pass over to Him.

TRIBUTE TO POLAND

VIOLA CORY

On a purple mounted hill I stood
And watched the world pass by—
A world of sorrow, conflict, fear, and shame,
That made my soul within me die.

Disease and hunger passed by first,
And my thoughts went wandering to where lay
A conquered Poland, all bloody and torn,
Where once had been a land of wheat and hay.

The people with a soul depressed,
But a heart that says, *Fight On, Fight On!*
No matter whate'er may happen,
They keep courage and strength to say—*Fight On!*

LONGING

CATHERINE L. COWLES

Sometimes there comes into your life
A moment of such perfect peace and happiness
That you long to keep it always as your own.
It is as if you held within your eager finger tips
A fragile bubble of some shadowed loveliness,
Which swiftly flying seconds soon will shatter
Into broken bits of memory.

COUNT NOT YOUR DEAD

H. THEODORE COX

Count not your dead among the bodies only
That sprawl inert on fields of battle lonely,
Robbed of the promises that life extended,
Their talents dissipated now—expended.

But think: Here Music died, and Art, and Poetry.
Had these, whom Death has maimed, lived to maturity,
How shall we count the tale of song that might have thrilled
From lips that here and now forever have been stilled.

That brain, already less than dust—it might have given
Those answers for which man through centuries has striven;
Those hands, now taloned by decay, still might have made
Machines which have not yet been dreamed, much less essayed.

And so we count our dead, and in the counting
Let's number too the toll of genius mounting;
For life at most is short, but art is long;
Much more than blood he sheds who kills a song.

THE FLOOD

NAOMI DIGMAN COX

The mighty river is angry with me.
I stole the trees from the timberland,
Blasted their roots to eternity.

I stole the river's expanding breath.
Stole the leaves that soaked up flood,
Let rich soil wash to its death.

I am thoughtless humanity.
I've turned the river from a friend
Into a fearful enemy!

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALES

VIVIAN POPE COY

My sisters march where they have marched before—
Inside the battle zones! On questing feet,
With hands of mercy, faces set once more
To pattern of the army and the fleet.

Shadowless they go. Their lamps shed light
Before, behind, to left of them, to right;
A crimson cross against a field of white,
The standard they have carried to the fight.

They march with men—defenders of the Way,
Their loyalty, ideals, and valor share;
But their compassion is—in bloody fray!
A mantle covering all who suffer there.

TWILIGHT AND YOU

DOLLIE BENTON CRAIG

When twilight shades come stealing
Just at the close of day,
And night bird songs are pealing
As shadows cross my way;
When all the world is singing
Her Nature's lullaby
And the moon throws out her silvery beams
Across the starlit sky,
It makes me think of you, dear,
And wish that you were nigh.

When crickets hopping from their beds
Begin their evening song,
And fireflies flit in forests deep
With glaring lanterns strong,
When busy little feet have stopped
Their travel for the day,
And buzzing wheels of progress
Have ceased their tune to play,
It always brings a thought of you
That holds me in its sway.

It may not be the day has brought
With all its toils and cares
A thought of you serenely sweet,
Of how you are, and where,
But when the night time gently comes
And bids the day adieu,
It matters not where I may be,
It brings me thoughts of you.

KING OF SPACE

BERNICE CRAWFORD

Great bird with flashing wings of silver hue!
You go to all the realms of air there are,
Where stars afloat in misty, magic blue,
Befriend the stranger from the earth afar.

Your horizon grows wider, wider still,
Views I call mine are small; the world you own.
You bring to all the hearts of men a thrill,
Adventurous! Yet calm, your motors drone,
A painting from the Master Artist's hand
You see from where you are, O king of space!
The air, the sky, the sun, the sea, the land,
Perhaps the gleaming star; your wings are grace!
Soar on to burning heights we can not see,
Let truth arise to set the bonded free!

Call me from that majestic flight and tell
Just what romantic spires your eyes behold.
Do traffic cops of skyways treat you well?
Or do you seek the rainbow's pot of gold?
Ah, no! You have a mission to fulfill,
Your quest is peace,
When warlords' minds and hands, yes, hearts are still,
World strife will cease.
Your mission done, the skylaners you can roam,
O king of space, romantic you can be!
And when the march of time can send you home
Perhaps you'll bring a souvenir to me.
Then pinions in repose again will rise
To sing of epic progress in the skies!

MY DIAMOND

MYRTLE BRODIE CRAWFORD

The one who rocks a cradle in the wee hours of night,
The one who teaches little ones how to pray,
The one who walks in His footsteps day by day,
The one who leads youth in the path of right,
The one who comforts and serves as a light,
The one who faces troubles, come what may,

The one who gives much, takes little on life's way
Is Mother, my diamond, so clear and bright.
The one who gave the only son she had,
The one who willingly answers her country's call,
The one who lives above the things that are sad,
The one who knows the sweets, as well as the gall,
The one who lauds the good, forgives the bad
Is Mother, my diamond, and I am her lad.

SYMPHONY OF THE SEASONS

ANNIE LEE SMITH CROOM

To yellow, gold and orange hues
The garden's changed from summer blues,
To greet the autumn with days of gray,
And in the wind waves colors gay.
E'en though the days are growing short,

The heavy dew of night is caught
On each flower-face and stalk of green,
Which all day long unwilted seem.

When warm days change to sleet and cold,
Bright berries then the shrubs will hold
To hail the robins from the north,
And cheer the wayfarer back—and forth.

The winter soon will pass as night;
Comes spring which lifts all dreary blight
With narcissi, hyacinths and daffodils slight;
Brave crocus and tulips will bless the sight.

INSIDE OUR OLD BARN DOOR

ELEANOR G. CRUM

Hundreds of cob-webs under the eaves,
Intricate, dusty and gray;

A swallow's nest on the center beam,
With eggs just laid today.
Two paint-spotted ladders against the wall,
A sled of "old-fashioned" make;
A lobster pot and a fishing pole,
A line, a sinker, and rake.
Some coarse brown ropes coiled on the floor
Beneath the deep-scarred bench;
And musty old boxes and coffee tins,
A broken saw and wrench.
The mash barrel in the corner still
Contains an empty measure;
Beside it now a canvas tent
That once gave sporting pleasure.
A bit of hose, the rubber stiff,
One watering pot and pail;
Ten strawberry baskets, a rusty chain,
Nuts, and bolts, and nails.
Covered with dust a bicycle seat,
A muskrat trap and tag;
One old boot and overcoat,
A mat, and torn red flag.
The garden tools lie in their place,
Beside a broken chair:
The spade, the hoe, and rusty trowel,
—Condition only fair.
Mildewed reins, a horse's collar,
Buckles, and a saddle;
Oarlock, painter, oar, and anchor,
Homemade sail, and paddle.
Figures chalked upon the wall,
Almost erased from sight;
Initials carved by youthful hands,
Marks for measured height.
A small boy's cart—wheel-less now,
Feathers dust the floor;
What friendly things of yesterday,
Inside our old barn door.

A QUESTION

NANNIE MAE CRUSE

I asked a flower—it was o lovely thing,
A wayside joy that made the sad heart sing—
I asked how come that winsome grace and light
That kept it fragrant, its face forever bright.
For tossed by wind or drenched by chilling dew,
It scents the breeze, its smile still glimmers through,
Brave cheer diffusing to weary souls who run—
It said, "I lift my face up to the sun."

I asked a man—he was a noble one
Though not by birth or through fame's guerdons won;
Nor by much wealth or sophist lore of mind –
And yet on wings he soared above his kind—
I asked how, minus these and sword or pen,
He stood—an oak—above all lesser men.
He said, "By lifting my face up from the sod
And gazing on the great stone-face of God!"

PRAYER

WARREN A. CULP

Give me Faith,
That I may lift my head
Above this tangled web.

Give me hope,
That I may see beyond
This mortal realm.

Give me charity,
That I may not condemn
Another's groping search.

I SAW DEATH

EVA BELL CUMMINGS

I saw Death.

She came into the room wherein I sat

Beside the one so dear to me;

He waited for her—weeping,

For we knew that Death must come.

She came. So gently that we scarcely heard her—

Yet, we felt a sudden stir and knew that she was there;

I cringed; afraid to look upon this thing

About to rend my happiness—becloud my days,

But, suddenly, as though by caprice held, I turned

And saw her! yet, could this be Death?

She seemed something ethereal! Effulgently, she stood

And smiled, apologetically, I thought.

Death beckoned to my dear one—and then

I saw them at the door—about to leave;

But, in a moment's time, I, too, was there,

Groping for words that never came; for needless words—

Death knew my every thought!

Again she smiled and shook her head,

"Some other time I'll come for you!"

I hardly breathed. I waited—hoping—

And, then, I saw her hand—Death's hand—

Thrust slowly toward my own.

I touched the hand of Death!

But, it was soft and warm and very like my own;

We went. We three: my loved one, Death, and I.

We walked where utter beauty reigned.

We climbed the huge green pillows that were hills,

Befringed with soft, shy flowers peeking forth

To see what manner of marauder this might be;

Listening, we heard the tongue of Nature speak;

The trill of bird—the sigh of stately grass,

The hastening of a brook, unbosoming its load;

The brooklet stopped and as a trick photographer

Stood still, took aim, and snapped our picture as we passed!

The whole world laughed. I, too, felt gay,
Where but a moment sooner I had wept.
"If this is Death"—my voice was strange and quiet,
"If this is Death, how beautiful to die!"

And, then, we stopped; somehow, I knew my walk was o'er;
It seemed I dare not look beyond—
I knew 'twas not for me—not yet—
I stood and watched them go—and felt content.
I turned, retraced my steps with purpose fresh,
Picked up my tasks which I had left
And, singing, started all anew!
Afraid of Death? Ah, no!
Sometimes afraid of Life—but never Death!
Someday, I thought, someday, perhaps
When many years have sped, I'll go again—
Go even farther than I went today—
But, I shall have no fear, for
I have walked with Death!

ROASTING EARS

J. B. CUMMINS

When the summer sun is beaming,
And the heat gives torrid test,
Bringing yearnings for vacation,
Visioned trips and time to rest,
Then there is one consolation
Staying home and on the job:
Pleasures that we find at meal time,
When there's corn-upon-the-cob.

Recollections trail long pathways
Far remote to childhood years,
When at grace, the eyes were focussed
On a plate of steaming ears.
Season's feast with second helpings;
Memories that time won't rob,
Home, and home folks 'round the table,
Eating corn-upon-the-cob.

We have scanned the gilded menus,
Listing foods from seven seas,
Feasted where the camp fires flickered,
Sat at banquets, ill at ease.
Only luncheons, family dinners,
Here and there through passing years.
Hold a place like homey serving,
Luscious golden roasting ears.

PRAYER

ARNOLD CURRY

Dear God, I know not how to pray
So far my feet have gone astray,
So deep my soul has sunk in shame
I dare not speak Thy Holy Name.

And yet, my soul so much afraid
Cries out, O God, I need Thine aid;
I can not live and dare not die—
This is my soul's despairing cry.

But He who made the leper whole
Can touch and cleanse my tortured soul,
Can bid my darkness turn to light,
Will guide my feet the path aright.

Send down Thy truth and power and might,
Give Thou my Godless eyes true sight,
Wash from my heart each sinful stain,
Let not one trace of shame remain.

Teach me to rise and fight again—
Let Thou my soul surmount all pain,
Build Thou my hope, when Jordan's past
My soul shall dwell with God at last.

HIDDEN PLACES

BRONSTON LOVING CURRY

It's to little hidden places
Where the noisy world can't go,
Close beside some limpid streamlet
Where cool waters ebb and flow;

It's among wild woody flowers
Underneath the leafy tree
Where unseen a million voices
Blend in matchless melody;

To such little hidden places
Weary souls should often plod,
Where in silent meditations
They come very close to God.

THE PLAIN SEWER OF WORDS

DORIS H. CUSHING

She wove a heavy quilt of words,
Of knitted words in spreads;
Crocheted them into counterpanes
To cover wide, old beds.

She could not twist French knots with them,
She could not tat with a phrase;
Nor could she draw threads of lacey thought—
She was plain in all her ways.

THERE WILL BE OTHER SPRINGS

PAULINE CUTLER

Hope is not lost, my heart,
 Ours still is spring,
Cherry blossoms on low green hills,
Soft silken petals floating to the earth;
Ours the bird songs at eventide,
 The soft night rain;
Ours the cool quiet of May mornings.
War can not destroy these;
 They will go on.
Though blossoms may die and birds be stilled,
This mad nightmare of hate and death must end,
 And better springs will come.
Beauty is not dead;
As long as wild cherries blow,
And trees grow green, and skies blue,
 Hope is not lost;
There will be other springs.

MANHATTAN

EDNA DANIEL

The city is an outstretched arm
To give and take as it receives
The wealth of many continents,
The ships of many seas.

Its well-trained muscles work mechanically;
It feels the pulse of the nation, a regular beat;
With grip of steel, it holds with tyranny
The nation's marts and stocks which here compete.

The blood of many races feeds its arteries
With Herculean strength that gives it much prestige;
It rocks that ship, the cradle of all Democracies,
Which seeks nor serves no lord save its own liege.

Ships here like great winged gulls in hand
Are plucked of feather and caressed with love;
Here comes that raven from a troubled strand
To return with the branch of peaceful dove.

SANDS

RUTH LEMACK DANIELS

Quiet solitude.
Thin, hazy, distant hues;
Circling wings seeking clues to repletion;
Distant grays changing, purpling, glowing;
Shifting brightness blowing; bowing with petition
To the arching blue above.
'Tis my desert. And I love.

Quiet solitude of age.
Distant, luring glimpses
Of the gently nearing future promised those
Who calmly live their gray and purple days;
Waiting for the happy joy fulfillment ever knows
In the heavenly blue above.
'Tis my life. And I live.

CREATION

MARY LOUISE DARGAN

"I made it!" said the man, with accents of pride
As he looked at the flower garden against the old wall.
"See, there are blue violets and marigolds beside
Gray dusky miller and pink hollyhocks tall!
See what color—gold, gray, blue and pink—
And say, man, I made it! It's lovely, I think!"

"I made it" said the woman to her admiring guest,
"Yes, the chocolate, the cocoanut, the caramel, the spice,
The fruit and the spice—yes, and the rest—
You say they're good? Well, they do look nice!
I made it, you know. Yes? Isn't it nice?"

"I made it, oh muvver, an' all by myself!

See, that's where the fairies stay in that castle of rock!
And the teeniest door is for the teeniest elf
And that shell in their hall is their grandfathers' clock!
And, oh, muvver, doncha s'pose they'll sleep there tonight
An' know that I made it so snug and so tight?"

"I made them!" said God, as He smiled from above
Upon His creations, all spread down below,
"And to my new wonders, I'll send them the love
Of creating—a plenteous store!
They'll love to create, I made them. I know!"

APRIL IN THE WOODS

MARY KATHLEEN DARNALL

I know it's April, by the woods,
New-dressed in misty green
Of soft, yet bright, young leaves
Still timid with the fear of frost.
I know that if I venture in
Among the shadows cool,
I shall discover, nestled close
To some tree's friendly side,
Some violets that March has left,
Forgotten, in her haste.

PRAYER

NOREEN I. DAVEY

Dear God, don't let me be afraid
When it is time to die.
Give me the faith to understand—
To know the reason why—
I do not mean to have these thoughts,
These fears that strive to cling
Down deep inside--I want to hide
That cold, relentless thing.

And then again I think of you,
All fears I leave behind;
I know that when the time arrives,
You'll be there—helpful, kind.

PRAYER

ETTA DAVIDORF

Help me to help myself, dear Lord,
That I Thy strength might know;
Thy glory and Thy might might reveal.
In all their loveliness.

Teach me the way, O blessed One,
And guide me by Thy light,
To seek Thy face, Thy presence rare,
In all humility.

VALENTINES

EVAH BOONE DAVIS

Valentines in grand array,
Colorful and rainbow gay—
These I saw in town today.
Did I say beyond compare?
I was wrong—for there never
Could be found one half so fair
As this token cut with care:
One big heart tied with twine,
With no intricate design—
Letters sadly out of line.
But no costly Valentine
Could compare with this of mine,
Fashioned by a boy of nine.

MY PRAYERS HAVE BEEN ANSWERED

GRACE VIOLETT DAVIS

I prayed for contentment and peace after pain,
For rest when the long day was through.
Then from the Heavens, God sent the rain,
And the whole of the world seemed new.

I prayed for love unending and strong,
For beauty to live through the years.
My love grew out of an old, old song,
And a child smiled up through its tears.
I prayed for joy and I was sincere,
For heartease and true happiness,
And I looked around, you were near,
Your smile was a gentle caress.

CHARACTER

JEAN DAVIS

The muddy pool of water
Left by the morning's rain
Reflects with inner beauty
The heaven whence it came.

THE MOON'S BLACKOUT

SUSANNAH DAWSON

We're going to have more blackouts,
They are coming very soon,
But the thing that has me puzzled
Is, who'll black out the moon?

When the sirens start to wail,
And the lights are low and dim
There'll be one shining light on high
And we can't cover him.

But if the real test comes some night
And the moon gleams in the sky,
I know who'll drape the clouds across
Like curtains in the sky.

Then when the danger passes
And the scare is o'er,
The fleecy clouds will travel on
And the moon will shine once more.

NIRVANA

FANNY P. DAY

Lord! Lend to me the eagle's wings,
That I may soar to better things
High in the clouds, away, away!
To greet the glorious dawn of day.

Help me to reach Nirvana, Lord,
Give me Thy understanding word;
Teach me, dear God, to dry my tears.
May I through all the coming years.

Hear not the things which vex my soul;
May I ascend to meet my goal,
As on eagle's wings, Lord, let me fly,
Take me with Thee to realms on high.
High! High! Above the petty things—
Lord, lend to me the eagle's wings.

MY AUTUMN SONG

LOUISE ELEANOR DENKELBERG

This is my autumn song:
You may have heard the rustle of the wind
Whistling through the trees—the crackling leaves.
The chestnuts popping as they strike the earth.
And you have watched the climbing ivy twine
Turning from green to multi-colored hues;
The birds winging their way to warmer climes
And church-bells ringing out their welcome chimes.

This is my autumn song:
You may have seen small figures scurrying
Along—to school and afterwards to play.
Proud fathers, weary with long hours of toil,
Their footsteps homeward bound—the end of day,
Cheered by mother's welcome at the door
And baby's bubbling laughter, mother's joy.

Oh, who can tell what season more abounds
In harmony, symmetry of design?
Nature excelled herself when she portrayed
A time of year so beautiful and fine—
This is my autumn song.

FROM A HOSPITAL WINDOW

MABEL F. DENNETT

The sun is sinking in the skies,
The traffic roars along the street,
Edged by procèssionals of trees.
Life flows about my still retreat.

A distant bell prolongs its sound,
Folk hurrying homeward round the bends
A swift fire-engine dashes on.
Evening descends.

Without my inner door lies pain,
And healing's finger seeks to balm
Sick souls; while, at my window, I
Have found a need of health and calm.

And now the skies grow luminous
As, jewel by jewel, flash the stars.
The paper boy has made his rounds.
Dark hides life's scars.

THOUGHTS ON EVENING

JEANETTE DERICKSON

I liked the sound of the thunder,
I liked the sound of the rain—
That fell with sputtering patter
On my window-pane
Last night!

This morning the walks are muddy,
This morning the sky is gray—
This morning the folks are cranky—
Could they be any other way?
This morning!

Now tonight it is snowing and sleeting,
The walks are white with snow—
But my room is cozy and comfy
And my heart is all aglow- -
Tonight!

FIRST BEAU

FRA C. De SHAZO

I went to church; I caught a beau.
Mom laughed and said, "I told you so,"
Just like she had read my thought,
And knew exactly what the day had brought.

I tried to look bored, in the same old way;
But my mind refused, I acted too gay.
I wish I had looked a bit more precise,
And not let my enthusiasm show in my eyes.

So going to church now suits me fine;
I can study my lesson and be on time,
It seems so essential and reasonable to go,
For the minister there is also my beau.

MY IRISH PRINCE

JANE DE WALT

One day as I sat alone
In the shade of an old oak tree,
And rested my head upon its trunk
As contentedly as could be,
I thought I saw you coming
Up the old stone walk;
I saw the smile upon your face
And I heard you talk.

And then I thought you took my hand
And we ran to the top of the hill,
Where all that we could see
Was beautiful and still,
Save for the sound of the rushing wind
As it whistled through the tree
And made a ripple on the grass
And the bird that sang for glee.

Over the meadow and down by the brook
We laughed and played together,
Where the brook and river meet,
Where the cattle are tethered,
And watched the ripples rise and fall;
We watched the gay birds fly
Soaring over tree and hill,
My Irish prince and I.

But, alas, 'twas only a dream,
A dream both dear and gay,
But still I love to think
Of it coming to life some day.
And always I have thought
That saying may be true,
That anything can happen
When you really want it to.

MAY

EDNA LOVETT DEWBERRY

Trees are green, the grass is too,
Birds are flying, skies are blue.
The wind is blowing, bidding good-day,
Flowers yield to its musical sway.
The birds are singing—
It's May! It's May!

EVENTIDE

ANNA MARY DICKSON

At dusk when all the chores are done
I find a quiet place
Where restful pictures groom the walls
And books take up a space.

The softest rug yields to my tread
And a turquoise clock ticks low,
While over all a candle dim
Gives out its gentle glow.

Here, too, a lily lifts her head
With fragrant, star-like grace,
From a lovely bowl just made to rest
On a bit of hand-made lace.

But more than outward circumstance
I prize the inward peace
That soothes my soul—an incense rare
In hours of sweet release!

HARVEST

MARIA MESSURI DI VALENTIN

Tear, kill, hang, crush
The frail bodies of men's children.
Let life from out them rush,
Mix their substance into earth, then
Plant oppression in each row
Nurtered by the leader's iron fist.
The buried marrow will not grow
A new race for him but will twist
Within its forming shape
The avenging sons of them
Whose lives the aggressors rape.
The new conception marks the stem
With hatred and born in slavery
They shall use those very chains
In acts of foresworn bravery
To cleanse the rooted stains.

NORTHERN LIGHTS

ELEANOR CONLEY DIXON

Converging dome-like in the sky,
Trembling in the shivering air,
White streamers streaked to die;
Flashing from everywhere.
Thus the mystery of the north
Flashed across our starlit way,
And untold beauties burst forth,
Myriad lights took the place of day.
Until the green and purple curtain
Pausing a bit uncertain
O'er our dark lake horizon
The lights of the north her eyes on—
Silently stealing across the ceiling
Then suddenly, wasn't that a sigh?
It dropped away from out of the sky;
The Northern Lights mystery unrevealing!

A COLLEGE YEARBOOK

MALOISE STURDEVANT DIXON

This is our saga, this the record of time's ruthless flight
During that little interlude of yesteryear called college. For, today,
Those moments are no longer ours to fashion—only to recall.

Once, we were children; nothing lay behind (within our ken);
hence, we never glanced
That way, but always forward, visioning years to be. Closer they
came.

We thought ourselves full grown, commencement day—that first
commencement!

Standing on the threshold of the future, the halo of our adolescent
years

Diffusing 'round our head the glowing colors

That blazoned on the banners of our school, and symbolized the
troths we pledged!

We now looked either way, forward, or back; and so, we dreamed
two dreams:

One, of the past—we thought ourselves so old—and one, of our
tomorrows.

College loomed: Utopia. A lottery. A fad. A privilege. A duty. A
dull task.

Amusing. Grim. A place where dreams came true. A place hopes
died.

Its halls revered. Its very portals scorned. With dread, with joy untold
Each of us fashioned his concepts. Each would reap

A different crop, according to his seed. Then, life began.

Or did it?

Who can say? For once again we cross a starting line—
an epoch passes.

Nostalgia, like a magnet, draws our thoughts to things gone by,
While toward the other pole a new attraction swings our dithered
minds

To times ahead; times that we can not glimpse with clarity, yet
vision, as before,

Each through the spectacles of his own character. Will all life be like this?

Always, new endings? Always, new beginnings? Always, new poignancies of grief,

New thrills of hope, the deepened scars of fear? Always, fresh serum of faith?

Is change the sole unchanging fact of life?

Today, the altitude of our new status takes our breath:
the two horizons,

Yesterday, tomorrow, fuse in one. Conflicting loyalties befog our course. Knowing life

Has much to give to us, and we to it, we know not how to get, nor how to yield.

We long to stay the course of time, procrastinate maturity, get better set

Upon our mark! But no—the challenge signals, and our feet move on.

Now, distantly, we glimpse remote tomorrows: strange days when we may truly bear

The mark of age; when we shall yearn to gaze only at bygone scenes.

Then, a new youth must scan the years ahead, and dream tomorrow's dreams.

In this our book, against that day, we store young tinder for the fires

Of memory. Each to the hearth bringing a different fagot, each from the blaze

Will draw a different torch to light the future's way.

Our fire is kindled. Reader, feel the warmth of its bright flame!

WHITE ASHES

RUTH DODGE

Light as the breeze that is dancing past,
White as the glow when the die is cast.

Beautiful ashes to me.

Thin as a coverlet o'er me spread,
Soft as the down of a feather bed.
Wonderful ashes to me.

Minerals rich now exposed to view
Glistening bright in the morning dew.
Genuine ashes to me.

Telling the tales of a friendship fire,
Fanned by the hopes that young hearts aspire.
Marvelous ashes to me.

Burning and glowing far into night,
Vying with stars for the last of light.
Radiant ashes to me.

Beautiful glow as it fades in death,
Lighting afresh as it gains new breath.
Leaving its ashes to me.

Proof of the joy that was once our own,
Changed now and changing fore'er to stone.
Bury these ashes with me.

FOR A. W.

PHYLLIS L. DOE

Hands that have touched my hands
Will touch mine never more.
Lips that have touched my lips—
We're parted forever more.
Eyes that have sought my eyes—
Now mine will seek in vain.
The love that throbbed within you
Has stopped like the blood in your veins.

IN THE GARDEN OF HEAVEN

MYRTLE VEST DONNOHUE

The tiny seed of the flower garden
Sprang forth under her tender care;
The flowers were bigger and brighter

Than those you could find elsewhere.
The child of her church and school
Was helped by her guiding hand;
The men and women were better
Having known a character so grand.

And now in the Garden of Heaven.
So free from all toil and care,
She dwells with the flowers and angels,
God having need of her there.

MY REVERIE

MARGARET DONOVAN

While twilight came one eve in May
I tried to throw my cares away.
As I passed by a new-filled lake
My dormant soul did then awake,
For stretched before me in the gray
Were miles and miles of endless bay.
Protecting mist did o'er it rest
As a new come but welcome guest;
The hills in the horizon seemed
A bulwark where the waves had leaned.
But soon the darkness took the light;
My peaceful lake was out of sight.

PEACEFUL VALLEY

J. R. DOOLEY, JR.

In the valley of colorful peaks that boldly reach so high
 Into a glorious sunset sky,
Standing out like sentinels guarding the valley below,
 Casting a silhouette that's aglow
With a faint blue of merging mountains
 Like the rippling waters of spreading fountains,

The trickling waters softly ripple over pebbly beds
 As though reluctant to leave the mountain's brushy webs.
And the great silent trees
 Swaying gently with the evening breeze --
The whispering notes of a sluggish brook
 Murmuring of the ripples in the nook.

Far up a deep ravine a wolf pours forth his haunting plight.
 Near the water's edge a deer retreats in silent flight;
The rabbit scurries into the brush,
 Awaits the wolf's cry to hush.
Birds spread their wings in uncertain flight,
 The squirrel climbs swiftly with fright.

As eventide gently falls
 The whip-poor-will softly calls—
The sweet scent of fragrant flowers
 Brightened by the heavens' showers
As the soft breeze fills the air
 With scented blossoms growing there.

The air is filled with a mystical light
 As the moon soars into sight
And the cool mountain breeze
 Sings a melody through the trees—
Across the star studded sky
 A peaceful cascade hovers nigh.

TO JANE

HILDAGARDE DORMAN

I have a friend who loves the wind
Blowing in her hair,
Who hoeing weeds in the garden,
Calls it prayer.

A friend who loves the twilight,
Running, bubbling brooks,
Reading verses, planting seeds,
And quiet shady nooks.

A friend who loves great silences,
Trees against the sky,
The smoke against our chimney-roof,
Rising straight and high.

I have a friend who kneels to pray
When day is done,
And God's great world is silent
At the setting of the sun.

TRUE ART

GLADYS E. DOUGLAS

To mould in bronze
I can't a spire,
To carve in marble,
Or create in fire;

To build in wood,
Or e'en in stone,
Or fashion crudely
In plastic tone.

But day by day
I'll slowly make
Lasting impressions,
For Freedom's sake;

On childish minds
Pure motives press,
Teach them to *live*
And do their best.

HANDKERCHIEF HEART

DIANA DOYLE

Romances that I might have had
With every handsome passing lad
Fill me with remorse.
Oh, what is this, my faulty Fate
That drops my handkerchief too late?
My bad good sense, of course!

AGAIN COME SPRING

LUCY DUKE

The lilac hedge will blossom out again
And be the bluest thing I know,
And once again against an April sky
The apple trees will wave their boughs of snow.

Again come spring I'll press white violets
Against my face, oh, very hard,
And weep because they are too beautiful—
And once again I shall believe in God.

ADVICE

D. D. DUNANN

Only a few years to find
The strings behind puppets.
You have watched the action long enough.
Leave the audience. Go backstage.
Dismiss the play and the little costumes.
Hunt for what you know is there.
Take your time. Use your own eyes.
There is nothing to lose except the seat
You left and will never want again.

CHRISTMAS

C. BLANCHE DUNCAN

Memory weaves a glowing strand
Here and there across the land,
Ties each new Christmas with the last,
Paints for us a picture vast
Of many a jolly Christmas day.
(A few of dull and sober gray.)
Loved ones and friends, both new and old,
We cherish you far more than gold.

For you may we propose a toast—
“May all the joys which heaven can boast
Surround you daily on this earth,
And fill your Christmas day with mirth.”

LINCOLN

SAMUEL DUNIEVITZ

I

A Portrait

Is the unique form and physiognomy the reflection of the inner man?
I stop before the painting of striking figure of a great man.
Strikingly taller than the average,
Lean in flesh, bony with an enormous large forehead, reaching a thick
crop of coarse, black hair.
His thoughtful, wise, gray eyes appear like open gates for observa-
tion, and entrance of fairness, wisdom, and truth.
This intelligence with large chin and brow and expressive mouth
tells of the higher understanding of the greatest hero in American
history—
Abraham Lincoln.

II

The Emancipator

In all time past
The note of leaders great
Was the soul of the peoples' faith;

The emancipation and liberation
Of slavery and slave,
A people and a nation to save
Was the liberty and master sound,
Voice of Lincoln.

From the masses of the people he arose;
He knew the faith within,
The love that weaves and spins:

Hope and progress for those
They oppress, and deprive
Of all things human and worthy in life.
This disgrace to erase was the
Task of Lincoln.

The mind, the soul of the people
With patience to uphold and admire,
Human and noble aim to inspire.

For realization of freedom,
The struggle for right,
Was that noble fight
That led the path to conquest
And fame for Lincoln.

The aim accomplished,
Free is the slave;
This Nation is safe

From crumbling under the weight
Of an unfair state.
Fate, through an assassin, has robbed
The Nation and the world of Lincoln.
So—this master of mind and soul
Was the martyr for Freedom to fall.

III

A Soul

A soul is a heavenly vault,
Wherein a goal to retain;
When Time solves those truths,
They in books compressed remain.

And as light reflects in water,
So a soul in souls is seen;
Man there finds his solace,
When compared the past has been.

OUR FLAG

ALTA H. DUNLAP

I thank God for the land of morning stars,
Flag of red, white and blue—
Red of restitution, and constitution;
White in purity of purpose and foundation;
Blue of the firmament of individual liberty—
Banner of safety over our ship of state,
Undeclared in life's battle.

Right is might;
God is the only Power,
He rules Supreme!

NOCTURNE

GOLDIE BEARD DUNLAP

A silvered moon against a cloud of gold,
A gentle breeze—a robin's last call,
The crooning frogs—the night bugs' chant
E'en to the cricket, cheeriest of all.
Beyond the stretch of pastures green
Myriads of trees reach up to touch the sky;
All this: to see, to hear, to feel,
When day is done, a time for solitude—
Before we seek repose in the arms of night!

A TEACHER'S PRAYER

ISABELLE M. DUNN

God, dear God, you willed me clay;
Yet, 'tis I must show the way
To a group of brave young souls,
Eager eyes fixed on their goals.
Make me worthy, Lord of mine,
Give me just a spark divine;
That, with the celestial fire,
Those clear minds I may inspire.
Give me patience, also tact;
Let me not in anger act.
They search my soul with candid eyes:
I must not, Lord, the truth disguise.
Never distant must I stand,
Always near, with outstretched hand.
I must know no race nor creed,
But satisfy each pupil's need.
Let me not by rule just teach,
I must "practice what I preach."
I have, Lord, a garden rare;
Grant me, please, a harvest fair.

REVERENCE

JEANETTE DISSMEYER DUNK

God built His own cathedrals
Amongst the stately pines,
Where flower faces all turn up
To view a Heav'n Divine.
'Tis here that we, a favored few,
Are privileged to be,
To adore His own creations
And escape reality.

MY TWO DREAMS

VICKI DURAND

(a son)

A partner in life to help a load,
One button that's gone after thrice having sewed,
Two eyes showing mischief when cookies are missed,
And when "good-night" comes, he longs to be kissed.

A head that's been wet and the hair that's slicked down,
After swimming a spell in a hole that's unfound,
Two hands that are clean, for a dinner, when called,
Or when reading a book, on a chair he is sprawled.

A soul that is free from all evil and sin,
Two gifts from a heart, no matter 'tis tin,
A day that's well spent, with all kinds of good fun—
Is a dream that I prayed for, and God sent a son.

(a girl)

A door softly opened, avoiding a creak,
One wee little kiss on a wee pink cheek,
Two eyes tightly closed, with their curtains pulled down,
Is a treasure no pirate has hidden, or found.

A little pug nose, set in a small face,
One tiny heart beat, giving life to each pace,
Two arms slightly crossed over one's tiny breast
Is a picture no artist could paint at his best.

A head full of curls that tangle when combed,
One tap on a hand, to teach fingers, that roamed,
Two places to kiss after taking a whirl
Is a dream that I prayed for, and God sent a girl.

HAVE YOU WALKED WITH THE KING?

MURIEL E. DYHRMAN

Have you walked with the King as your partner?
Have you taken Him with you each day?
Can you say that your life is much fairer
Since He is the Guide and the Way?

Have you walked with the King in the garden?
Have you looked on His loveliness there?
Has your soul overflowed with His beauty
As you whispered His name in prayer?

Have you walked with the King in the valley
When your eyes have been blinded with tears?
Have you felt His kind hand laid upon you
In sorrowing sympathy dear?

Can you say you've been bought by the Saviour?
Are you saved and redeemed by His blood?
Then love Him, Oh love Him forever,
Praise God for His wonderful Word!

TREES OF THE RIVERSHORE

MARY DYSART

Narrow's the shore and steep, the stream beside
Bends here, bends there, the yellow waters slide,
Meander from their ancient, quaggy mere,
Pass the high precipice and the forest marge,
Far woods, fields near;
Wash deep this shore, where are the trees thick set,
Great sycamore, grows high, low, dry or wet;
And willow, maple, birch, the stream oft near;
Some aged in beauty, 'midst the sprouts stand yet;

And 'midst them, the wilding violets bloom,
And thick beflower the southward steep beside,
Save, 'neath autumn chill, have the sweet buds died.
Trees, aged in beauty, their high tops o'er tower,
There tender garlands green, the lofty branch embower,
'Gaint the blue summer sky brightly they gleam;
Each bole out-thrusts their tree-large, bending bough,
Far o'er the river-wave, in the bright flow,
The birch-leaves dangle 'neath the dancing beam.

Vine-girdled, ample trunks,
Lichen and moss adorn, 'midst them dark stains
Where from old, fissured ark, oak vinelets grow
Thick leaves 'neath frost and slow down-drip of rain;
Close creeps the lycopod to the farther bough,
Timeless and strange, encircles branch and stem;

The massy boles uprear, iron-rooted they,
Stout as Pentelian stone, for e'er to prop
The meadow o'er, of kine and fruitful crop;
Plastered these pillared forms in the ivory clay
Washed by winter flood, here long it lapped them 'bout,
By Time and Nature's change to beauty fraught.

A PRAYER

MARY MCCOY EBERHART

Lead on, O blessed Master,
We put our hands in Thine,
For all along life's highway
We need Thy power divine.
Hold fast! O blessed Sabiour,
Forbid that we let go,
If tasks and trials beset us,
If pain and suffering flow;
Enlighten us, Redeemer,
To ever do the right,
And may our humble efforts
Be pleasing in Thy sight.
And when the year is ended,
With many victories won,
May we then have the inner joy
To hear Thy praise—"Well done."

TO A ROSE

ANNE EICHHORN

Each rose it is so beautiful,
That God at morn must cry
To lure such velvet from the earth
For common eye to spy;

His tears cling tight with arms unseen
To every lip of red
Till some ethereal prince descends
To carry them o'erhead.

The lips he gathered one by one
While maidens slept beneath,
On tiptoe through the amber sod
He slipped them on a wreath;

Within the bud he folded love,
A heart did he bequeath,
So when the sun doth bid to rise
Love flees to souls that breathe.

A SNOWY EVENING

LUCILE ELDRIDGE

Snow flurries flying thick and fast
Falling and drifting from the sky—
Snownig as if it intended to last
Until roads and hills in drifts do lie.

Blocking all traffic for several days
Forcing the schools to be closed for a time,
Till snowplows and shovels can clear the way,
For the young, the old, and those in their prime.

Then on the morrow when all is quiet,
Old and young, we see them all—
Kids on their sleds, and the girls who will diet,
A-sliding and sledding, forgetting the falls.

When birds once more will sing away,
And cows are glad to be out again,
And the snow is all gone, in a way—
I find myself longing for snow again.

AUGUST 1941

WILLIAM ELDRIDGE

The path of sunlight spreads across the floor
Swaying like a spector through the shadows
Now speckled nonchalantly to the door
With a throng of sunbeam desperadoes
Stealing through the window to invade my room.
The leaves' reflections in the sun assume
Elusive, dancing patterns on the rug.
A breeze disturbs the curtain's hanging poise
Before the open window and a bug
Walks up the pane until I make a noise
That sends it flying toward the sun's decline
Deep in the yellow-pink horizon's line.
The twilight settles on the afternoon
Serenaded by an early cricket
Harmonizing in the neighbor's thicket
With the evening's lazy August swoon.
Over cast, a passing freight train flashes
Screeching through the wind's resistless sighing
In a swooping wave of iron crashes
Mounting to a swift crescendo, dying
In the swiftly covered distance. Quiet
Suddenly returns as now the distant air
Digests the smoke clouds added to its diet.
A dog starts whining down the street, somewhere,
To ease the impact of the freight train's screech.

A radio goes on and from its reach
Of kilocycles comes a heavy voice
That beats upon the atmosphere nearby.
The laughter of a child rings clear and choice
Upon the peaceful street, and list'ning I
Am seated on the sofa gleaning,
Probing, searching for a meaning.

MEMORIES OF THE SEA

LOUISE ELLIS

A stretch of beach—
A span of sky—
A horizon out of reach—
A star on high.

A ship in full sail
With wings wide spread,
Riding out the gale
That howls o'erhead.

Water whipped into a foam
By the ever restless sea.
Birds that are far from home
Resting safely in the lee.

These are my memories
Of the place I long to be.
These are my thoughts of
The ever changing, restless sea.

MEMORIES

BETTY MARIE ELLIS

Memories are houses
Along the way of life,
Little inns of cheerfulness,
Or hovels built from strife.
Memories are vessels
Upon the foam of dreams,
Galleons of adventure,
Or freighters, so it seems
Memories are churches
Within a town of sin;
The doors are ever open:
Come, let us enter in.

A NURSE'S TASK

WINIFRED ELLIS

To work is not just to do to have it done,
But to labor hard until the battle is won.
Each deed must be to lessen another's burden.
Remember, each task done is only a prayer answered.
From your Nightingale pledge be never swerved.
When the sun behind the clouds has gone,
Let on your lips a new resolution be born.
Kneel, and to God say, "Today my task has begun."
Tomorrow each step shall be a ladder's rung.

POWER OF THOUGHT

ELIZABETH

Loving thoughts from quiet moments
Grow like trees to Spirit skies.
Heaven's light amid their branches
Bids the weary soul to rise.
Thus from many a humble hamlet
Comes a force that never dies,
Reaches forth for broken heartstrings,
Soothes some weary wanderer's cries.

Everyone may have this power,
All can send forth thoughts that cheer,
Cause the plant of hope to flower
In some life that's sad and drear.
Kindly thoughts will cheer and bless
Tender hearts that hard words sere.
Thoughts that cost the sender naught
Often are like gems most rare.

Evil thoughts may cause disaster,
Blight some earnest, hopeful soul.
Will you ever be the richer if you
Cause a soul's downfall?
Evil thoughts will travel far
With power that would appall.
Likewise helpful thoughts will grow
To blessings rich for one and all.

SUNSET

RUBY ENER

If I were a painter,
I'd take my brush in hand,
And paint the lovely sunsets
All up and down this land.

God has used his colors
And blended them in the sky,
As a sign of courage
To the weary passers-by.

When their day's work is over,
And they've done their very best
The sunset is a promise
That soon will come rest.

When I see the dark clouds
On which the sun is shining,
It's then I know every dark cloud
Has a silver lining.

How it makes my heart rejoice
When the beauty I behold,
And know the paint brush of God
Has touched it with His gold.

MY TRUST

GENEVA EPPES

God, I've made an awful mess of things!
Each hour elusive opportunities brings:
Opportunities too wonderful to clasp
Within a mere mortal's grasp.

Yet, Dear God, at birth of day,
(With no doubt in my mind
As to what I would find
At eve's end of the way)

I mixed Your colors gay--
And made a dingy gray!
I missed and muffed each opportunity--
And got by with impunity!

Impunity? Yes, except from me!
I know the hopes of each hour,
The loveliness of each flower,
The cherished plans of Thee!

I knew—but did not stop to think
That You use indelible ink;
That the prints our actions traced
Can never, never be erased.

But for one thing I pray:
With the help of Your guiding hand,
And a vision of the way You've planned,
Let me make a worthwhile day:

Because, God, I ruined Your yesterday.

WHOSE FAULT

ANNA MAE ERDMANN

Whose fault is it? That we do not have
Great spreading wings of purest white,
That surge with us on an upward flight,
Above all this taint of mortal strife,
Into the fulness of a perfect life?

Whose fault is it? That our thoughts should lead
To darkness, woe and black despair,
To dull unending care and need,
That blends our backs and dims our eyes,
And fills our life with tears and sighs?

Whose fault is it? That we do not say,
Dear parents, this is your job, that God has set apart
To teach reverence for freedom, life, liberty and pride,
To battle for human rights, yet always strive,
That freedom always shall survive.

REVERIE AT EVENTIDE

CHRISTEL M. ERDMANN

The time of day that I love best,
Of gracious calm and solitude,
That never fails to give me rest
Is eventide, when none intrude.

Before the rising hills I stand
Revelling in God's wondrous work:
Beauty, spread o'er all the land,

A task that Nature can not shirk.
Homeward-bound in reverie,
The firmament with stars aglow;
Complacency steals softly o'er me,
Setting the world aright below.

CALL OF PEACE

BESS GRATZ ERICKSON

There's a call of peace in the heart of man,
Through the spirit hear it sing;
Now the busy days, now the days of rest,
And we hear sweet music ring.
To the tune of joy in the universe,
When the course of hope is true,
With the heart of man warm in radiant light

Under skies of heavenly blue.
There's a call of peace in the heart of youth
As he whistlês and works and plays,
Through the busy hour he finds a joy
As he lives through happy days;
In the spring of life as the body grows,
And the mind is frank and clear,
Then the lessons of right are chosen to keep.
From within there is no fear.

There's a call of peace in the heart of love
As it wanders through human life,
With its wistful hopes and joyous moods,
Through the days with endless strife;
From the heart of love comes that joy and song,
And the harmony it brings
Tells of highest hopes in the human heart
As throughout the earth it sings.

There's a call of peace in the heart of earth,
With a firm hand over all;
In the human heart and mind is heard
The clear, firm, gentle call.
The message heard is the voice of peace,
From all earth and rock and pool,
Listen human heart, and youth and love
To the words of the Golden Rule.

CLIMBING

BEATRICE GRIFFIN ESBORG

There are times when life is a climb
And the top of the hill far away,
And sometimes it's dark, no morning in sight,
And you long for the sight of the day.

And yet if you climb each upward step
You know that you must reach the height,
And over the hill comes the morning's bright beam
And your way will be flooded with light.

Oh, the sky is so big and the valley so far
You'll forget the hard climb to your goal
And you'll walk in the radiant light of the day
With peace and content in your soul.

TO A YOUNG MOTHER

SISTER MARY ESTELLE, O.P.

You hold within your arms, my dear,
Heaven's loveliest gift to earth—
Flesh of your fashioning,
A fragile, yet divinest thing,
For 'twas the Breath of God which gave it birth;
And all the beauty of summer skies
Are naught beside the hidden glory,
Sweet hints of immortality
Which shine from out a baby's azure eyes!

ENGLAND IN SEPTEMBER

PATRICIA ELY FALLON

I know that England must be white like this
Upon a mid-September moonlit night,
When all the fields are blanketed in mist
And earth lies still in reverent quietness—
Spell-bound; hushed, before God's holy sight.

I've never been in England, yet I know,
That this same velvet air breathes on the hill,
And touches lightly where the sumacs grow.
In this, my land, I've loved the autumn so,
Yet on another smitten shore I feel I'd love it still.

SILENT SERMON

DEL FAMBROUGH

I watched sunlight through stained glass
Today in church.
It fell in little rainbows on the brow of a sleeping child.
It pooled its rosiness on a lover's absent face
And kissed an old man's faded head
Again to gold.

I watched until his mother woke the child,
The lover rose, startled, and the old man fumbled
for his cane.

I had not heard the sermon,
And I was ashamed . . .

Yet, walking away, I remembered the touch of sunlight
Through stained glass,
And I went back and stood alone
In the crimson silence there,
And watched the rainbow-filtered sun
Lie on the empty pews.
And somehow, solitary there,
I was strangely near
To God.

ALL FOUR

RITA FANELLI

Summertime is stillness,
Laziness of warmth,
Songs that echo throbbing;
Gold from sky to earth,
And on the earth full bloom that reaches up to sky.

Autumn is a quick-gold,
Laughing of the wind,
Leaves in falling flightfuls;
Momentary respite
Before the bitterness of cold shall touch the earth.

Wintertime is ice-blue,
Clearness of the cold,
Snow to frost black branches;
Silence with the snow—
But still a roar of firesides and still the ring of bells.

SCENES

RUTH FARLEY

I shall remember my days here,
The dull classes, the people I met,
Memories that will always remain dear;
Scenes that will be with me yet.

And when I live only in the past
Such scenes will come back to me—
The chapters in my life that have been cast,
But only the pleasant things shall I see.

The sad, unpleasant words shall go unread
As I turn each old, worn, and tattered page
Of my life here, but yet are dead,
Gone, and sunk in the depth of age.

AUTUMN BEAUTY

FLORA FARNSWORTH

A blending haze that grays the color
Through forests where a murmuring mystery
Pervades their mystic serenity;
Over reaches of hill and dale
Softening scars of many a gale;
To mountain heights against the sky
Where blues and purples often lie
Cloaking distant green with blue;
Awaits all the nature lovers
With analogies in lovely colors.

INCONSTANCY

RAY McCONNELL FAUGHT

A faded note,
A rose or two,
That's all that I have left of you.

A memory
Of love long past,
And happiness that could not last.

How beautiful—
Our hopes so high,
How sure we were they would not die.

What bitterness—
Those months apart,
Your photograph deep in my heart.

It's over now,
And I am glad
Because I would not have you sad.

Though once I thought
My heart would break,
Our love was just one big mistake.

How clearly now
I see 'twas wrong.
I never knew till you were gone.

You've found another
Love, I hear,
And now I know I did not care.

I love anew
Also, you see,
I'm *glad* that you've forgotten me.

But, oh, my dear,
I'd lose all gain
To hold you in my arms again.

FINIS CORONATOPUS

OLIVE J. FAULKNER

A sense of pain and anguish,
A writhing in the dust,
A struggle to keep living
As the humble know they must;

Then a touch of some secretion,
And the pain is less to bear—
Some call it Natural Instinct,

And others call it—Care.

A yearning for affection,

A need to work for pay,

Eagerness for the future

Hard earned along the way;

Then the toil that's done for merit,

Yet the needy have their share—

Some call it Faithful Duty,

But others call it—Care.

A spark of love—then action,

A need, and the will to do,

A kindness born of suffering,

And a vague desire come true;

Then the hope of all the ages

Mingled in a fervent prayer—

Some say 'tis Love and Knowledge.

And others say, 'tis Care.

CULTURE

HARRY JAMES FAZZINA

I am the pollen grains of life,
Blown about by the jealous winds of fate;
And where I linger, the flower of faith blooms.
For I am the esthetic, the artistic, the sublime.

Where I am not, there is strife,
And the ominous cloud of hate
Bathes all mankind in its murky cloak of gloom;
And death drinks deeply of the slaughtered mind.

THEY SLEEP

MARY G. FERGUSON

They sleep beneath the shadows of the clouds,
Careless, alike, of sunshine or of storm,
Each in their windowless palace of rest.
They sleep while the cold gray funeral shroud
Clothes all that remains of each earthly form.
Hands, that once served so well, folded across each breast.

Reposing beside shaggy headed peaks, where mountains touch the
sky.

They feel not the mystic kiss of rain, nor beaded drop of dew.
Nor do they see the blushing sunset glow, the twilight, or the dawn.
Unmindful of the rumble as thunder speaks to the clouds that
tremble by,
They sleep, eyes closed, in peaceful slumber 'neath heaven's blue.
Lips are sealed to speak no more, but are they gone?

Yes, to join the happy throng; they become immortal.
They dwell in the sun that shines on yonder hill.
And keep faith with those who trusted in Thee.
Their spirits rejoice, as they enter Celestial portals.
'They are risen, the Saviour's promise has been fulfilled.
They sleep, but the voice cries out, arise, awake, for thou art free

To dwell in the house of the Lord
Till the tide shall bring the body to the eternal shore.
To be united with the soul and bid them enter the Shepherd's Keep.
They will sing with the Heavenly Host in sweet accord.
Hallelujah! We live again in God forevermore.
They sleep, ah, how peacefully our nurses sleep.

A RENDEZVOUS WITH LIFE

BEN FIELD

I have a rendezvous with life
In that envisaged sphere
Where we are done with war and strife
And bitterness and fear.

On some high hill among the stars
I shall exultant climb,
To know the deeds of avatars,
Inspired, sublime.

I'll keep that dazzling rendezvous
When death comes beckoning—
And one I know will keep it too,
There on the verge of spring.

THE BIRDS WILL SING

LYDIA FISHER

The birds will sing alluring lays,
When spring returns again and plays
Her harps in tops of emerald trees
And woos the flowers with whispered breeze
Through lovely, long, light, lazy days.

When thoughts are chill like wind that stays
And makes us long for balmy Mays,
Do not forget, after the freeze
The birds will sing.

Though breasts may burn with pain that flays
All thought of joys and happier ways,
Yet Faith has schooled us, each believes
That after ache of heart that grieves,
Sweet peace will come, and roundelays
The birds will sing.

JUST YOU

MARY W. FISHER

Autumn's crimsoning on the highway,
Autumn's skies, cerulean blue,
Make me glad that I am living,
And have known and loved
Just you.

Wavering hearts may wander widely;
Life has varied roads for all;
But from youth to ripened manhood
I have loved you;
That is all.

Now I know my country calls me:
I must answer, I must go;
If I fall in foreign countries,
I have loved you,
This I know.

BALM FROM MY GARDEN

ANNA L. FITTEN

My garden does such things for me!
Intrigues me into reverie
When troubled, hurried, or obsessed—
Invites me to slow down and rest.
I note that butterfly and bee,
Wild flying past me, feel the call
Of garden sweetness—poise and sip.
I read the purpose of it all.

I breathe the pungency of herbs' balm;
The wafting breezes bring me calm;
Honeysuckle's languid sweetness
Brings relaxation near completeness;
The sky o'erhead so heavenly blue!
In the wondrous magical melting hue
My mental clouds of somber gray
Have lightened till they sailed away.

As sunlight pierces vaulted skies
Over my garden, I realize
Its guiding power: my strength from above
Unfailing, e'erhealing, Our Father's love.
Nevermore hopeless or in despair
But trusting in His tender care.
My toil is but a simple fee!
My garden does such things for me!

OCTOBER

ANNIS FLETCHER

Fling to the wind your every care
And fill your soul with pleasure rare—
It's autumn and the woodlands ring
With music only thrushes sing.

The trees are decked in lovely tints
Through which the golden sunshine glints.
Spreading fields of brown and green
Are softened by a mellow sheen.

Rivers and lakes sparkling and clear
Reflect the colors far and near.
Drink of this beauty while you may
For it may vanish in a day.

When you've glimpsed this bit of heaven,
Hold it for tomorrow's leaven
'Twill warm the heart and make it light
And you will feel that life's still bright.

HOME

MARGARET REED FLOREY

Dirty little shoes
Tracking up my floor,
Chubby dimpled hands
That forget and slam the door;
A ball, a doll, a little chair,
Toys scattered everywhere;
Measles, mumps—a sleepless night,
Ceaseless worry, sudden fright;
A baby face, a curly head,
An ivory chest, a cradle bed;
A little child upon my breast—
With all these things I have been blest;
No other joys with these compare
For they make a home a place so rare.

SONNET

DOROTHY SWEET FORMAN

Does one laugh still when laughter melts away?
Does one live on when sun and stars are gone?
Will happiness a memory become,
And love a relic of the past away?
I wonder if God's hand holds time today
Or if the hours only seem too long?
When will I know if I am right or wrong,
A dreamer, or a potter of the clay?
Can this be but beloved memory,
A melting snowflake on deep drifts of mind?
Let love continue through eternity,
If happiness and worship that we find
Be love; and if but passing fancy holds us now,
Let joy claim us today—this us allow.

WORLD WAR II

MABEL FOSLER

Unseeing mobs go hurrying by,
Step by step they march side by side;
None heed the danger signal or the cry—
No light ahead!—There is a pitfall wide!
To reason or to think brings pain,
So on they must—"Bah, bah!" as dumb sheep will,
Never to travel back again—
"Victory", you say? All is still!
A quest for Peace—none sees it in the home,
So put on boots and shoot—you'll do it anyway.
It does not do, *to think or stand alone,*
Do what others do—bound hand and foot, you are today!
No quest for Peace! No goal! Not done!
Until—We have no Pope! No King! No Gold! No Throne!

BURNING PASSION

LETTY FRIEDLANDER

Burning passions within me
Surge about inside
And pound upon my heart
Which slowly turns to rock—
Intense feelings which pierce
My igneous heart
Like the diamond's cutting edge.
Cold chatter about me,
Carefree as a sunny day.
Yet within me
The strongest of electric storms
Hails icy pangs into my heart.
With such contrast
Between fair chatter
And stormy emotions,
There should be a rainbow,

A beautiful escape for me.
Think—to be able to
Climb the thin strands
Of golden threads
Which reflect the colors of the sun
And tread lightly up
And over the cold chatter
Of tongues that just clatter
For the mere hearing's sake—
Monotonous, cold, cruel chatter.

SUNSET

LOISCLAIRE FRIEDMAN

The sunset glows between the trees,
The leaves are rustled by the breeze.
The red and green and gold and blue
Sing sweet songs to me of you.

WE WHO LOVED THE SEA

ADDIE FUNDERBURKE

Feel no sadness at the sight of waves
That rock us gently in our graves.
Feel no grief as the billows sweep
Above us in eternal sleep.

By sod and stone we are not bound;
We lie beneath no marbled ground.
No crusted clay binds us there;
No solemn shroud do we wear.

There lie above no dying flowers
That mark the end of mortal hours.
No epitaph stands at our head,
A cold reminder of the dead.

No mournful dirge as on the day,
When dust to dust is laid away.
For us the sea sings a lullaby
As everlasting as the sky.

In death we lie below the waves,
As do those noble Indian braves,
Who have with them their roans to ride;
So we have ships on every side.

It is not for us who loved the spray
To be sealed in steel and put away
From all the things that brought us cheer—
Things seaman and sailors want to be near.

We were followers of the foam,
Who made the sea our adopted home.
And now that our watch on deck is ended,
We've gone below—by death attended.

THE MOUNT

AUDREY GANN

I struggled mob-ridden up Calvary
With bitter, burning heart,
The weight of the cross laid upon me
Was more than due my part.

I reached the brow of Calvary,
My spirit was crucified;
And on the cross a creature of life
Outnumbered but unconquered died.

I awoke. Calvary was a dream
Of a struggling soul mob-ridden,
And a quickened heart responded
To a truer heavenly vision.

'Twas Herman's side I mounted,
Reached a most glorious goal,
And brought to the life that waited
A radiant transfigured soul.

THIS FAITH

EDDIE GAONA

Faith has fought many a fight
And never one was lost,
Faith is light on the darkest night
And of our destinies faith is boss.

As faith grows love is manifested,
By faith our love for God is tested.
If our hopes are big and faith is small,
We might as well not hope at all.

For you are beaten from the start
If you venture forth with a doubtful heart.
But if you're armed with faith in God
And in your fellowman,
You are armed with a weapon
No earthly force can withstand.

LISTEN TO ME

LYTT I. GARDNER

Listen to me, you Americans!
Your misguided brother
Across the sea
Is led by one who beats his breast
And swears to crush you.

Listen to me, you Americans!
You have the strength of the hybrid
And none of his sterility.
You are the superior race
Because you are all races.

Listen to me, you Americans!
You are the Tower of Babel
When Babel has ceased.
You are the giant of many tongues
And many sinews.

A PUNCHER CHOOSES

BEULA M. GARLAND

I am a young cowpuncher
And my home is in the west;
I've heard of glorious cities
But this prairie suits me best.

I like to sit by the campfire
And strum my old guitar,
Turn my eyes to heaven
And fix 'em on a star.

I'm a-humming and a-singin'
"Home on the Range",
A-hopin' and a-wishin'
Things will never change.

At night between my blankets
I lie and blink my eyes,
Wonderin' if I'll ever go
To that home beyond the skies

My bed is in the desert sand,
My pillow is my pack;
My gun lies close beside me
In case of surprise attack.

So I dream and wonder—
Life is but a book.
Never mind your language
Nor how you're gonna look.

So take your gals and cities,
Night clubs and a car,
But give me a western campfire
And my old guitar.

NEW YORK
(To Aimee and Carroll)

HARRIET GARRETT

Would the magic in its name become reality
When I should see at night its myriad gleams?
Would sight confirm the vision I had conjured up
Since childhood days, the city of my dreams?

But there it lay in early morning mistiness—
More wondrous than the beauty I had sought!
An ache was in my throat as I beheld through tears
This miracle that God and man had wrought!

The Hudson with its bridge and lofty Palisades;
Liberty Enlightening the World;
Skyscrapers; graceful spires; great ships upon the sea;
Humanity before my eyes unfurled!

Though I should see no more this city of my dreams,
I hold a part of "little old New York!"
For etched upon my heart and soul, Fifth Avenue,
Times Square, and Thirty-fourth have left their mark!

LEGACY

RUTH IVES GARRETT

Since you have gone, they wonder why I find
My joy in time *beyond* the dusk, in this
Severe, dim hush, and not in any times
Which they believe, should help me to forget.
With grieved hearts, they still sigh that I prefer
This solitude, these long nocturnal hours:
Oh, they would *like* to keep my mind awake
With light, with gay discourse, with late tumult,
And leave me no small moment for myself.
Dear, thoughtful, worried friends! Not one of them
Can realize I love the silent, private dark,
Because you left me jewelled memories
Whose brilliant facets sparkle, live, against
The muted, ebon velvet folds of night.

OLD WYOMING

ALICE M. GATES

Come out to old Wyoming,
Where air is fresh and clean.

Where rolling plain and towering peak
And great stone faces seem to speak.

Where ranches nestle here and there,
And coyotes linger in their lair.

Where dinosaurs of long ago
Lie buried in the ground.

Where fossils large and arrowheads,
Are scattered all around.

Where trees are lying petrified,
And agate fields are broad and wide.

Where cowboys tall and straight and slim,
Chase down the cows with shout and din.

Where old stage coaches of the west,
Traveled the route of the pony express.

Come out to old Wyoming,
Where wonders still abound.

SONG OF THE BROOK

HELEN M. GATES

The brook goes tumbling along, along,
Down brook through the wooded ravine.
It lilts a tuneful, gay sweet song,

Of rocks and of trees that lean
Over its noisy, rollicking self—
Hovering over the stream,
To hear what it sings, the wayward elf,
As catching the sun's bright beam,
It shimmers, dances, and does not cease
Chanting its glad refrain
Of birds and blossoms and Spring's release,
Over and over again.

TO JEAN

IRENE E. GATES

Sonny Scarlet Fever Bug had reached the adult span,
So he laid his chin upon his knees
And said, "Now I'm a man.
My future I must ponder,
May love be my only fate.
So he picked his chin up off his knees
And went searching for a mate.

In a dusky, dark, damp corner
Of a contaminated room
Sat Suzy Scarlet Fever Bug.
Her heart was full of gloom.
For Suzy Scarlet Fever Bug
Had reached the adult span.
Her only lonely, girlish thought
Was, "Gee, I want a man."

So fate was kind and their paths crossed,
Sonny their troth did plight.
So hand in hand the two bugs went,
In love, out in the night.
Their steps were light with love's young dream,
Their happy feet did roam,
Until their wanderings found them
Upstairs in the Nurses' Home.

Sonny looked into Suzy's eyes—
Her love passed every test.
So all they needed to find just now
Was a home for a love nest.
The closest door to the top of the stairs
They sneaked under cautiously
And gazed about in utmost awe—
Their hearts were full of glee.

For here in a lovely square-cornered bed
Lay their future home and more—
A warm and dampened trachea
And a pink throat to make so sore.
They scooted hand in hand up Jean's smooth chin
And down her throat so free,
Started housekeeping then and there
And raised a family.

They sent out warning signals
That they had squatter's rights,
And whatever person interfered,
These bugs would start some fights.
The oldest Scarlet Fever child
Was appointed as a guide
He'd holler every p.r.n.
"Scram! Here's Sulfanilamide."

And Sonny Scarlet Fever Bug
With chin upon his knee
Would pound his hairy chest and rave,
"They can't do this to me.
I bought this property called Jean,
And want just home and peace.
For twenty-one days here we'll abide
Then I'll tear up the lease."

YOU ARE MY MUSE

JOHN STUART GATES

If Sidney's Muse came from its realm
Saying, "Fool look in thy heart and write,"
If Cupid Spenser's own Muse was,

Why not to me of lesser might?
You are my Muse, my consolation;
You are fair in my estimation.

If Jonson's Celia moved his pen
To sweet love's tender supremacy,
If Silvia Shakespeare's song did cause,
Then, Amourette, you can move me.
You are my Muse, my purest desire;
You are the one my pen to inspire.

Before Poe's Annabel Lee tuned him
To high poetic majesty,
Helen of Troy stirred countless pens
So you who are my Muse, move me.
My own pen is artless without throne;
You are my Muse: my words are yours alone.

Your starlit eyes are stainless, clear;
Your noblest gift a spotless heart.
Your nectar did a vow incur;
Yourself of me became a part.
You are my Muse, my last fame to be;
You have proved immortality.

FAITH

SUSAN RUTH GEORGE

"Dear Lord," I prayed, "direct my feet."

The day was fair and calm.
The path I trod seemed right and sweet.
Then suddenly an unseen hand
Reached out and drew me back.
I could not understand.

Blindly I stumbled, for my day
Had suddenly grown black.
"Dear Lord," I prayed, "direct my way,
I can not see, I do not know,
The darkness blinds my eyes,
I fear, I dare not go."

Then in the dark I placed my hand
Within His strong sure one,
And though I could not understand,
I prayed, "Dear Lord, direct my way."
The clouds rolled back and there,
A yawning chasm lay.

AMERICAN SOLDIERS AT WAR

(December 7 and 9, 1942)

CARL GUSTAV GEORGI

A year ago three nations
From far across the sea
Sent word from short wave stations
That we in war must be.

And now the ships are flying
And steaming south, east, west,
Colossal bombers vying
In war's gigantic zest.

And soldiers by the millions
Are on the way to shoot;
Arms, worth two hundred billions
And more, want work "en route."

No war has yet affected
Our country's total toil
As this war, now enacted
On foreign globewide soil.

Thus backed, with heads victorious
And hearts prepared, we fight
To win things that will free us
And others from this plight.

But when the war is ended,
We rest and breathe relief
And hope that soon may be mended
The agony of grief.

And trust that peace be lasting
Like Lincoln's, made of yore;
That nations be not blasting
Each other any more!

THE SEASON'S ENDED

KATHERINE GERDES

Flowers dying,
Sere leaves lying,
Here and there.

Birds are winging
Southward singing,
Everywhere.

Shy suns glowing;
Days are growing
Short and cold.

What's the reason?
It's the season—
The year's old.

Bronze days reigning;
Shadows feigning
Life is done.

The world's at peace
For life has ceased.
Benediction.

DEATH

BETTIE GEREN

I often pause and wonder why
So many people fear to die.
When life is harsh and full of tears,
Why should we dread the coming years?

If life is full of toil and pain,
In life we lose, in death we gain;
If all our efforts bring no fruit,
Then why not treasure death as loot?

If you have kept your honor bright,
Await with joy the coming night.
If you have labored long and hard,
God will be generous with reward.

THE IMPONDERABLE

GEORGE F. GETTY

Within this dreamland fantasy of love
And passion, hate and chill remorse, we roam
Like goal-forbidden, lonesome children of
A vagrant dream; sad beings without home
And yet belonging to eternity:
Sad minstrels of a short, chaotic tune,
Sad jesters of the drab fraternity,
Sad champions of the bright but waning moon.

Lost, mist-enshrouded phantoms bound between
The topless chasm walls that hem our years
And hide the stars; along a common mean
We clash immortal destinies with mortal fears.

Mere dreamers in a void of dreams, and yet
Mere dreamers that may wake—and then forget.

EASTER MORN

MAE GIBBS

'Tis Easter morn, beneath the trees I stand,
And watch the glowing pageant in the skies,
For some day through the clouds of beauty grand,
A wondrous sight will greet my straining eyes;
The Lord is risen, exactly as He said,
The prophecies concerning Him are filled.
He lives! He lives! The Saviour is not dead;
He is risen—my trembling heart is thrilled.
And since He lives and forevermore shall reign,
The prophecies concerning Him are true,
He will keep His covenant with men;
I repeat His promises anew,
And always watching is my hungry heart,
Unsatisfied with things of earth or main,
Until sweet music waves the clouds apart,
And He keeps His promise and returns again
So mute beneath the silent trees I stand,
And look into the glowing eastern skies,
For some day through the rose-pink beauty grand,
A wondrous sight will greet my straining eyes.

A STORY AT TWILIGHT

ELA MAYE GILL

It is night and the firelight is shedding its beam,
Upturned childish faces and shining eyes gleam,
Cheeks tinged with pleasure while mother sits by,
With words of old stories in soft lullaby.
Every home has this hour when busy day is o'er,
As twilight steals in through the half open door.
Entertainment as well as a moral to teach,
So vital its object the young heart to reach.
'Twas begun when old bards went from door to door,
Full stock of old ballads and with legends galore
To recite for the asking—a most popular trade.

The minds of the youths were thus musically made.
Deep influence on lives their shining rays cast,
In visions of eye these characters last,
The scenes conjure up in real life rare,
All succeeding events imagination to share.

In the heralds of Heaven I think I can hear,
Near the throne soft voices as twilight draws near.
Sainted mothers will always their duties pursue,
Their children gather 'round and enjoy it, too.
God's approving smile will rest on the scene,
His ear catch the moral, His loving eyes beam,
Perhaps back in Nazareth at His old home once more,
His memory goes back to that half open door;
He can see His old home in those days of old.
Then He thinks of the stories His mother once told.
Childhood days are the sweetest; though years have flown
He has never forgotten His parents and home.
Inscribed on heart walls it will always remain—
Memories travel back to that old home again.
Though years have flown by with women and men,
Tonight up in Heaven they are children again.

SATISFIED

BURL H. GILLUM

I may not realize my brightest dream,
I may never reach the top of highest peak,
And in my hands may never really gleam
Rare jewels that I seek.
But may I happy contentment find
And ever press towards that goal
That brings to me peace of mind
And satisfies my soul.

I've searched through all my fruitless years
For joy to abide and compensate
The loneliness and bitter tears
That crush me with their weight;
But now to faith I gladly cling
And know that I will surely find
By working daily for my King
A wondrous peace of mind.

PUSH BACK THE NIGHT

GENEVIE GOFF

Polish bright our swords and shields,
Wash clean our festered wounds,
Bind up our sore and bleeding hearts
With words, such as a mother croons—

Tell us, oh Lord, just once again
That God and good in man remain;
That there is singing still of liberty—
A word now in disuse;
That somewhere men unchained and free
Hold fast their own integrity—
Their minds not seeking ways to give abuse.

Give us the power to believe
That truth and beauty still are strong and good—
Not nets of lies and hatred which deceive.

Give us the glory of a steady flame—
A lantern held aloft with light.
Lead us at length from out this awful wood!
Though drenched with tears and sweat and blood,
Help us, we pray, burst through this night.
Give us, oh God, we deeply pray,
The faith that through this bitter dark
There dawns a fairer, brighter day,
And higher and more free will soar the eagle and the lark!

And for this—
Hallowed ever
Be Thy Name—

GRACE

DAISY MARIE GOLDEN

I found myself alone with God,
Prostrate before His face;
I begged Him long and earnestly,
"Oh, Lord, please give me grace."

At first I asked for happiness
To make the burden light,
And then I begged for peace and love:
I thought that I was right.

But while I prayed a still small voice
Spoke gently in my soul,
"'Tis not my love nor joy nor peace.
But grace that makes thee whole."

The tears began to fall like rain,
My soul gave way with grief,
I fainted, I revived again,
But did not get relief.

Just then I somehow raised my head.
And Lo! Gethsemane!
I saw my Saviour struggling there
For poor unworthy me.

So now I ask not love and peace
To sweeten the cup to taste,
Nor do I beg for happiness
While adversity I face.

I simply pray, "Thy will be done,"
In me and every place.
I've found the joy and happiness—
'Tis asking God for grace.

INCIDENTS IN THE LIFE OF LINCOLN

ESTELLA GOLDSMITH

Can you picture his pioneer parents in a cabin rudely built,
With a bright and happy baby cuddled 'neath a bearskin quilt?
And in childhood see him listening by his mother's side
As she reads the Bible stories with a saintly pride.
Then see him in the forest where his alert mind could
Gain knowledge from the animals.....
The children of the wood.
Oh, see the boyish pride as he views the new-built hut
Made of rough-hewn logs that he and his father cut.
Next, he's writing to a minister about his great grief,
Asking for his mother's memory a service if only brief.
See the boy trudging mile upon mile, a meager education to get,
Then in sprawling posture before the fireplace more knowledge he
may net.
Visualize the lawyer as both beast and man he assists
From the enthrallments of the sticky slime and the criminal lists.
Ever forging forward until he gains the legislative seat,
Here his wisdom and clear vision could never meet defeat.
When in the throes of great distress our nation sent out a call,
He responded and the people put him in the Presidential Hall.
Oh the greatness of that soul on that day in sixty-three
When he signed that great decree which set a people free!
Oh such a great loss his untimely death was to the nation!
And yet how gloriously he has been revered by each generation.

WILLIE'S DREAM

LUCY GOODENOUGH

Willie's on the garden gate
Swinging to and fro,
Gazing long and lovingly
At the garden row.
There's a mighty pumpkin
With green and crooked neck,
"I'm saving it for Hallowe'en,
I'll scare you, too, by heck."

Yes, Willie gazes longingly,
And plans within his mind.
Of huge and fiery goblins
With witches to combine

Soon mother comes a-tripping
In through the garden gate.
Directly to that pumpkin
And there she hesitates.

Willie's heart is sinking fast.
His eyes are large and round
When mother stoops and plucks the thing
That lies there on the ground.

Dropping from the garden gate,
His lips begin to pout,
He gives a stone a vicious kick
Then throws his small chest out.

"Oh, what's the use of dreaming
Of witches flying high,
When ma takes my pumpkin,
And makes it into pie?"

THE ARMY NURSE

DAISY SALOME GRAVES

All hats off to her,
This woman who without fear
Leaves home, friends and all
To answer her country's call.

No matter to what lonely spot she's sent,
She accepts her orders without comment.
Though 'mid shot and shell she works
Never a task she shirks.
With patience and with skill
She nurses the wounded and ill.

She is nurse, mother, and sister to the Boys—
She shares with them their sorrows and joys.
Though her heart is low
Her face must be kept aglow;
With a smile and a word of cheer
She strives to comfort her patients in hours most drear.

WHEN PEOPLE SAY

VICTORIA L. GRAVES

When people say I look real nice
I feel so good because I know
That they are really praising you,
Since you are my best friend and beau,
And when I dress I dress for you
And hope that you will be well pleased.
I do not mind if jokes are made
Or if I'm continually teased.
When people say I look real nice
A sparkle makes me gay,
Because I know that you are proud
When such things some people say.

DREAMS

VERENA C. GRAY

I wonder when you are asleep
All cosy in your beds,
What little dreams go dancing
Through your pretty, sleepy heads.

Now when as tiny babies
You smiled as you slept,
You were "playing with the angels"
As they their vigil kept.

Dear little son, are you dreaming
Of your blocks or soldiers bold,
Of your gun or ball or arrow,
Of a story you've been told?

And "Sister", now that you're fifteen.
Too old for little toys,
Do you dream of high school parties.
Of happy girls and boys?

Go on dreaming, my sweet children,
Just of pleasant, happy things,
And your hearts will be much lighter
Filled with happy childhood dreams.

A TEACHER'S LAMENT

LULA LEE GREENE

I can not do the things I like
For I teach school.

Can't put on shorts and ride a bike
As I teach school.

When things go wrong, I dare not swear.
Nor do I often tear my hair
When I teach school.

The children think I am a saint.
Don't I teach school?

They try to make me what I ain't
Since I teach school.

No bar-hound offers me a drink—
Goodness! what would the parents think?
I teach their school!

I would like to be myself
Though I teach school.

Must I be put upon the shelf
If I teach school?

No knight comes riding to my aid.
Who wants a plain neurotic maid?
So I teach school.

CONFLICT

MAUD GREENWOOD

It is a truth that deep within
Can be hidden the throbs of joy.
The pangs and thorns no longer therein
Are trampled and tossed ahoy
As the flotsam and jetsam of the sad lost ship
Of the foe no longer to be.
For never and never to part from the lip
Aught but rapture and glee.
This strain to ope the sinking hatch
And free the profound light
Is really a task of due match
In this world of storm and blight.
Downed once with failure is only to rise
With greater hopes of venture to surmise.

WHY LOVE?

RITA GREY

Love is such a funny thing.
It breaks a heart or gives a ring;
Sometimes it is returned with care;
Sometimes it isn't even there;
You find it in the oddest places
And always on the strangest faces;
It never acts just the same;
I wonder at its name.

Love acts in the queerest way.
Sometimes it only lasts a day;
Again it may a lifetime last;
Some see it as it goes past;
Some find it not at all;
Others somehow always fall;
Why doesn't it stay the same?
It only has one name.

A dozen meanings for one word;
The oddest thing I ever heard.
Feelings, thrills, hugs, kisses,
Comely lads, and dainty misses;
Each has a different thought
And yet—only love is sought.
Why can't it behave the same
When it only has one name?

NIGHT BEAUTY

IMOGENE GRIFFIN

Lovely flowers dream
Where south breezes gay
Garden ferns caress
By the placid bay.

So the stars above
Gleam on each red rose
To add charm it seems
To this garden close.

Lovely flowers dream
While south breezes blow
Where mid swaying ferns
Moonbeams glide just so;

While shadows gay
Gambol here and there,
Music soft but sweet
Sounds clear on the air.

HE RESTORETH MY SOUL

ENID S. GRIFFITH

Thank God for quiet places, breathing cool
Refreshing winds upon our fevered brains
Distraught by life and all its daily strains—
Places apart: as by a sheltered pool;
Or little nooks where rivers gently flow
And sunlight weaves with shadows on a loom;
Or tranquil spots where tiny flowers bloom
Unhurt by feet which tramp and gales that blow,
Or where the blue, clear mirrored in a lake,
Beholds the sky, whose image it would bear;
Or just the silent room and couch for prayer
Where deep realities become awake—
Thank God for quiet places far removed,
Whose strength the toiling ones of earth have proved!

FACE EAST

DOROTHY R. GRIGG

Face east, my soul!
The night and yesterday are fled
Down corridors of time to be forgot.
Behold the light!
The day is here—untried, unspoiled;
Effulgent glory of new things to be,
Undreamed, or only faintly dreamed before;
Given to thee like a new birth
To make—by thine own will—God-worthy.

SUNDAY FISHING

E. J. GRIGSBY

Sometimes I fish on Sunday in some stream
And angle for the crappie and the bass;
I may lie down for one whole hour and dream
On nature's velvet carpet of green grass.

Above, the clouds with everchanging shape
Would chase each other through the cool blue sky
Reminding me of soft and silky crepe
Hung on God's silken clothesline thread to dry.

The sighs and sobs of vagrant breeze,
The murm'ring brook, sweet Nature's lullaby,
Had soothed frayed nerves and set my mind at ease;
I slept 'neath shadow blankets of the sky.

When I can spend an hour alone with God
In some secluded spot where angels hide,
Forgetting all about my reel and rod,
I'm happy and my soul is satisfied.

When I return at eve with well filled creel
My conscience with the world has no discord,
Instead of feeling that I've sinned I feel
That I have had a visit with my Lord.

