

there is no wind to rustle the trees. It may still be dark and the world may be enveloped with the cloak of night, or it may be bright and then the myriads of glistening gems in the snow are made to surrender their brilliance to the sun.

Have you ever seen the beauty of a morning in June and been caught by its spell? Have you acknowledged its serene majesty? Its beauty may remain throughout the day, but it is the stillness and silence of the morning that make you stand in awe and reverence.

The silences of the day are indeed beautiful, but the silences of the night are perhaps even more potent in their power to penetrate the soul. While this is true of all nocturnal silences, there is a particular one to which I wish to refer. It is the silence of a church at night. Go into a church where only a few lights are burning, and there in the darkness relieved only by the flickering candlelight you will find the peace for which your soul has been seeking. Take your troubles, your disappointments, and your cares with you, and the stillness and silent beauty of the church will invade your soul with the healing balm of tranquillity. But there is something other than silence which gives the church its very special power of healing the soul. It is the presence of One whose voice long ago spoke comforting words of reassurance to His people when they were burdened with disappointments and cares. He is still with us, and it is His love and merciful protection radiating from His humble throne in the tabernacle which allow us in a moment of poignant silence to commune with the God of a troubled world.

Yes, silences are wonderful. They seem to have been made by God as a means of solace to the soul when all else has failed. They cannot be adequately replaced by anything, for their value is limitless. Peace of the soul cannot be measured, and it is silence which above all floods the heart with the beauty of a soul in perfect accord with man and God.

—ALICE McCLOSKEY '49

ANOTHER PAGE IN HIS OLD DIARY

While the nurses were busy wheeling her away from the operating room, he threw away his gloves, took off his bloody gown, and walked out. In the hall a number of actors who were waiting in agony for the result of the operation gathered around him. He did not say anything, or rather, they did not hear anything. He just whispered something and hurried to his office, slamming the door after him. He lit a cigarette which his nervous fingers grabbed from the package, and smoked hungrily; then he rang the bell and a nurse entered his office.

"Tell Dr. Markos to give information to these men about the operation" said the surgeon, "then give the patient another 500 gram injection."

A few minutes later the assistant-surgeon told the actors in the hall that the operation had been successful but that the condition of the patient was still critical. Madam Olga had lost a good deal of blood from internal hemorrhage caused by a bursting artery. One of the artists asked: "Is there any hope, doctor?" "Yes, of course," the doctor said. Then the men in the hall left.

Silence dominated the private clinic of Dr. Paul Veros. Now and then one could hear the light steps of the night nurse and the groan of some suffering patient. Alone in his office, Dr. Veros, who was a famed surgeon in this province, was smoking the last cigarette.

The night breeze was coming into the office through the open window, bringing the aroma of roses from the garden. Against the clear sky the moon looked magical on this spring night. After pacing rapidly back and forth for some time, he threw himself into a chair by his desk. On the desk there was a pile of papers, medical books and journals. There were also two small vases filled with roses. On the wall in a big painting by Vicato two elders were reading their newspaper. Another framed picture of Delbêt, an oilpainting by Faure, and a sketch by Fokas from the selection, "Noir", were hanging on the wall.

His head resting in his hands, he whispered, "Olga, poor Olga." Then he opened a drawer on his desk, and his fingers reached an age-worn diary. On the first page he read: "April 3, 1925." He paused for a while then said: "1925. Well, twenty years have passed" . . . He continued . . . "I received her first letter; it was a short letter, it read: "I'll meet you tonight by the gate of the Royal Garden at seven. Olga."

"April 4, 1925. What a beautiful thing love is! Olga my darling. How sweet were your eyes in the silvery night. We walked among the blooming flowers holding hands. We did not say anything . . . We exchanged our first kiss under a blooming acacia. Do you remember, Olga, that just then a nightingale hidden somewhere started singing?

"October 10, 1925. Olga, you have grown up during these few months I was home on my holidays. I'm so glad I am back in college and near you. You told me yesterday that you would like to become a famous actress, to hear the applause of the crowds. I told you that I would like to become a famous doctor.

"January 1, 1926. Yesterday we pushed our way laughing through the crowds celebrating New Year's Eve. You were so happy. Did you like the inexpensive bracelet I gave you for a

present? Oh! Olga, when I am a great doctor and have plenty of money, I'll cover your fingers with diamonds.

"April 3, 1926. Months had passed without my seeing you, Olga. Why? I do not think it was because you could not get away from college. You have stopped loving me, perhaps. But if you did not love me why did you come yesterday?

"May 20, 1926. You made me sad yesterday, Olga. You told me that you hated medicine. You like the theatre; you would love me more if I were an actor, a tenor, or the like . . . Olga, I think your love is becoming weaker as time goes by. Your soul, like an adventurous bird, is getting tired of its cage and has started to beat its wings against the bars, for it longs to fly elsewhere to some new lands. On my desk among the medical books I see your portrait smiling at me the way you smiled that April night when we first kissed under the blooming acacia. That acacia will bloom again this year, Olga, but do the flowers of love bloom again after they have withered?

"September 10, 1926. Olga, I haven't received an answer to my last three letters. I do not know what you are doing. Yesterday evening you passed smiling in a convertible with the tenor of the National Opera. I wish you, dear, a great success on the stage; that will agree perfectly with your dreams.

"June 1935. I have been looking through this old diary after ten years. It is a warm night here in the city. My head is heavy. The other day, two days after I came back from Vienna, I went to the theatre with some friends. I saw Olga. She was the first soubrette of the cast . . . The audience applauded and admired her. I was carried back to the past. I went to the theatre again and I sent her gardenias with my visiting card. This morning I found in the hotel her card with the words: 'I'll be waiting for you after the show on the corner by the "Olympic" '. But I have heard rumors that her life has been quite gay since I saw her last. I will not go. No, Olga, I'll keep the memory of the young girl of my young dreams, and the sweetness of an innocent kiss under a blooming acacia. Good-bye Olga . . ."

Here the diary ended. The surgeon lit another cigarette, took his pen and wrote on the age-worn page: "May 1944. Olga, though I remember our first love as if it were yesterday, I found courage and strength to draw my surgical knife into your flesh. You, my dear, did not recognize me when they laid you on the table. How could you? Some twenty years ago you knew a vigorous young man with wavy black hair, and today you saw a bald man with wrinkled face, a white goatee, and gold-rimmed glasses. And I, Olga, did not know how you could be in this small town of this small province, disappointed and away from the applause of the large cities. When I leaned over you to take your

pulse you opened your eyes. I saw your anemic face, and then I recognized you. I had to confirm it though by asking one of the artists who were waiting in the hall. Olga, for the first time in my career my hand was shaking during an operation. I pray you'll be all right soon.

I tremble at the thought that when you recover you'll come to my office to thank me because I saved you. Poor Olga . . . I know that you'll continue to go on in the rural towns and villages without youth and beauty, working in the small cafes just for your daily bread. And I shall be here in this small town wrestling with death, smoking, when the gloves are off my hands, the soothing cigarette of solitude.

Aprils will come again, Olga; the roses will bloom again but, in our frozen breasts our hearts will never bloom again with the blossoms of love. Slowly we'll drift towards the long winter without finding a blooming acacia under which we'll kiss again. We will then be old with crooked bones and wrinkled skin, and we'll wait for our turn to be transported to another world."

The pen in the hand of the surgeon stopped. From the corners of his sad eyes behind the gold-rimmed glasses, a tear rolled down his cheek, and fell on the page of the old diary with the fresh ink just next to the last letter of the last word . . . and marked the period.

—GREGORY ATHAN. LAMBROS '51

THE RAILWAY

Have you ever watched a little boy's face as he looks into a store window at a model train shooting around a track; or have you ever watched the face of a little boy's father playing on the parlor floor, maybe with that same train shooting around that same track; or even an old man's face as he takes a walk and stops to watch a passing train? Yes, you probably have, and you have noted that exact expression on their faces as you would find on your own if you could see it; a look of deep fascination.

Do you remember your first trip on a train? Well that was something, an experience you won't forget in a hurry. You were probably looking forward to it for days and then when the time came you were frightened to get on or at least a little nervous. There they were, all the people standing about so unconcerned as if it were nothing, the kind conductors, the porters and baggage men. That was nothing, however, when you remember the big engine that passed by at the head. Oh sure you've seen engines going, but not nearly so close, almost on top of you; then there was the steam hissing out, the huge wheels clanking along and the big dangerous looking driving rods slashing about angrily, but then