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**THE SEARCHER**

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A dusty corner, a cluttered nook,  
A chair, a table, an open book.  
A worn page, a marked line,  
A phrase, a thought, a hope in time.

Bent over the book, two peering eyes  
Searching for words, the bond that ties.  
Down the page the searcher goes,  
And then he stops: this line he knows.

He reads it once, his senses reel,  
Then once again, the tremors feel.  
Words Divine, sharp as a knife:  
"I am The Way, The Truth, The Life."

—D.S.M. '52

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**THE BETTER PART**

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It was one of those brisk May afternoons when my better half had persuaded me to go shopping with her. Not knowing that she had planned to visit the Millinery Shoppe, I consented to accompany her on the tour. When she entered the above-mentioned establishment I agreed to return later in the evening to make an appraisal of her choice or choices, then strolled nonchalantly along the block.

When I came to the Sportsman's Paradise I stopped and, pressing my nose to the plate-glass show case, I became absorbed in the contemplation of the displayed fishing tackle. Contemplation before a plate-glass window still held a fascination for me, no doubt a carry-over from the days of my childhood when I would drool for hours over the appetizing candy display in our local store.

I was gradually called back from the world of reels and streams by the flippant voices of two, apparently well-meaning, ladies. I glanced furtively at the pair, and, as accurately as possible—disregarding the modern camouflages—I adjudged their chronological ages to be that of thirty or thirty-one.

Any description of their ensuing conversation would be very inadequate, and would fail miserably in conveying the proper atmosphere. Instead I choose to make a mental recording of the conversation and to pass it on to inter-



ested listeners. The salutations were gay, as I recall, and the voice inflections indicated sincerity, or, at least, much practice.

"Elizabeth dear, isn't this just too divine! I was hoping I would run into you."

"Dorothy, I'm so excited to see you! I was just planning on giving you a ring tonight, to have you and 'hubby' drop in and watch T-V with us. Oh, I see you've got Bobby with you! Well isn't he the little darling? I took Belinda along, too, the lamb wouldn't hear of staying home alone."

"Isn't she sweet! But would you believe it Dorothy? I'm almost frantic with Bobby. We're just coming from his doctor again, and I don't understand it; he says his blood is still low. I tell you, he's so listless he doesn't want to do anything except let me carry him around. This is the eighth trip we've made to the doctor this spring, and I've given him more pills—but nothing seems to help him. If he would only eat his carrots! I even mash them up in his dessert, but he won't take one 'itsy-witsy' bit of them. (Elizabeth smiles lovingly at Bobby cradled in her arms). The sweet thing is shivering. Had I know it was so chilly, I would have put on his warmer coat."

"Well, isn't that too bad dear! I made Belinda wear her rubbers and winter coat today. She sneezed five times last night, and we had George up keeping on a good fire. But did you hear the latest Dorothy? You know Mary Carters—she lives right across the street from my house, and her husband works for George down at the office. Well she's gone and had another baby."

"The little nit-wit! and I thought she had a few brains but all she's got is those four dirty little faces plus a lot of work and expense. Imagine! not even a car or a T-V set. But doesn't she look young, even though her hat is not the latest and she wore the same coat last spring."

"George and I are planning on having a baby when we can afford it. But the cost of everything is so high these days, I just don't know how we will ever manage it. There are so many things to be rounded up first."

Having a very active interest in people, I decided I would like to see the homes of these two ladies, as well as that of Mary Carters; but first I must go back to tell my wife about my plans. I found her sitting and standing before a full-length mirror, twisting her head from one



side and cocking it on the other; and showing signs of fatigue and an approaching charley horse. She asked me how I liked her choice of hats. I told her they were lovely—all twenty-five of them, and that I would return in a couple of hours when the field would be narrowed down a bit, and after I had done a little exploring on my own.

When I returned to Sportman's Paradise I found that Dorothy and Elizabeth were starting for home, so I strolled along at a suitable distance. Their homes lay in a very pleasant and well maintained section of the town. Through the window I could see Elizabeth tucking Bobby, her little cocker spaniel, into his crib; while from next door came a most vicious sneeze. Bobby's sister, Belinda, was going to give George another sleepless night. But from the house across the street danced the joyous laughter of little children mingled with the soft strains of a mother's lullaby.

—EMMETT ROCHE '53

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### WINTER

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Low, hov'ring clouds obscure the sun from sight;  
The morning comes too late; too soon the night.  
From out the North cold winds with fury sweep,  
Cross plain and hill and down the valleys deep;  
Searing and blighting all things in its path  
With frigid blast and all too wicked wrath.  
The lakes and rivers fast with ice are bound,  
A fleecy mantle covers all the ground.  
And trees once garbed in green now naked stand  
Unlovely in this sun-forsaken land.  
For Old Man Winter, cold and grim and white,  
Now rules this Northland with his icy might.

—B. F. '52

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A sonnet is a moment's monument—Rossetti.

Who will believe my verse in time to come.

—Shakespeare.

The love of a wife is as much above the idle passion commonly called by that name as the loud laughter of buffons is inferior to the elegant mirth of gentlemen.

—Sir Richard Steele.