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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-