THE POET'S CORNER

Prison

By LUCIA TRENT

THE prison stands upon a hill, Ominously bleak and still;

And every stone we know to be Mortared with hypocrisy;

Chiselled in the bitter name Of our cruelty and shame.

We, who herd these prisoners Like a pack of beaten curs,

We have made the world where they Have been lost or gone astray.

Our failures glare like hideous scars From these ugly prison bars.

Ours is the sin of those who wait By the never-turning gate.

And ours the shame of those who sway Lifeless in the faltering day.

Heritage

By DOROTHY KRUGER

T HE Accusation. Beauty means more to you than any

And makes you tremble like a windblown reed.

When fields of grass reveal the lily's A lighted lamp seems hung behind your

And sends you on the pathway of a star

Seeking the face of Jesus, yet you are A heathen and your heart a crumbling

Of savage rhythms . . . far from Christian Wine.

The defense of the Poet. I do not know, my soul is torn in two. At times I am a bud that drinks the dew Of sanguine love the Christ has left And sometimes like a bird the sun made

I fly into a cloud and sing and sing To ease the raven breast and red-tipped

wing Of beauty tendrils that have crept and curled

Around me, in this pleasure giving world . . .

Long lives ago, I heard the martyr call And bore a cross outside a City's wall, Wearing but sandals and a piece of sack, Listen And scourged with briar rods my naked The whole night is whispering

Deep in the desert, praying day and

I lived with hermit faith my only light. The whole night is whispering to you 372

Having so long to all but Christ been

A love for Him still lingers in my

But in an older life than that, in a land Where locusts flew in clouds above the

I knew a God they carved from pure black stone,

And in an ebon temple on a throne Of ivory he reigned, in part a man, With ape-like head beneath a peacock

His long thin tail aflame with ruby fire. Six Abyssinians in blue attire Burned laurel berries and the like per-

While solar stones and rubies pierced the gloom.

The king, enchanters, nobles each in IVI Ripened grains which gayly bloom

Addressed a serpent curled within an urn And if the reptile answered, feasts were There beneath the sun at noon

A studded crown was placed upon the Betrayed the flesh with laughing lips and

I was a slave to worldly things so long My heart still echos rhythms of that song . . .

Lullaby

(For A Flute and Violin) By E. MARSHALL DAVIS

ISTEN The moon is whispering

My baby My black baby The moon is whispering to you "Come and take me baby Fondle me with little fingers Kiss me with sugar lips I was made for such as you, baby."

The wind is whispering

My baby My soft body's baby The wind is whispering to you "I will go through all the world,

will bring the gold of rich per-I will weave a garment of strange harmonies I will bring all to you, baby."

My Baby

"A blanket of black silk for your crib, baby

A blanket of silk embroidered with The sky for your blanket, the world

tor your crib The night for your nurse-maid,

The moon The wind The night Whisper, baby Whisper your lullaby.

Autumn

By MARJORIE MARSHALL

MELLOW sunlight, soothing, warm, on the hills. Swaying stalks like graceful arms

round and bright. Maple leaves turned richly brown-Of this my God, and Negro dancing girls Save where deep blush pink is seen near the edge-Wafted gently, softly down

To cool stones moss-grown and green,

Russet apples braving cold Sulking 'neath protecting leaves from the sun; Burnished skins hide hearts of gold. Such enticing loot for thieves, fit for gods!

nestle there.

Knoll and copse now redly tinged Quivering in the amber air yield their fruit. Autumn's almoner, the wind, Scatters them like blessings rare on the earth.

Want

By MAE V. COWDERY

WANT to take down with my hands 1 The silver stars That grow in heaven's dark blue meadows And bury my face in them.

want to wrap all around me The silver shedding of the moon To keep me warm.

I want to sell my soul To the wind in a song To: keep me from crying in the night.

I want to wake and find That I have slept the day away, Only nights are kind now . . . With the stars . . . moons . . . winds and me. . . .

THE CRISIS

The Little Page

By EFFIE LEE NEWSOME

Calendar Chat

HAVE written many times about the Norway spruce hedge on the north side of a yard that was so long 'home" to me. The hedge was planted there in the same year that the American soldiers were sailing off to fight in Cuba. That was in 1898, a long time ago. But the hedge is barely more than five feet tall, for it is cut every spring. June and July of this vear found the catbirds nesting and hovering there, though I have always consigned this hedge to the song sparrows in my mind. They used to monopolize it. But at this autumn season more than the birds are finding refuge there. The rabbits are diving under it to get away from the hunters.

These little creatures of all those wonderful tales, far older than Uncle Remus's, have had joyous gambols over through the seminary yard." Yet it people's yards and gardens this sum- seemed such a convenient route, espemer and had many terrible crimes cially when one was a little late for They used to trail through the woods charged to them by the farmers. Indeed school. So we frequently used the in great hosts and dine upon tender they were in the sweet pea beds at the small path beaten by many another young frogs and grass and grain and home place nibbling and shaking off the trespasser to speed through the open- seeds and fruit. The fledglings endainty scarlet and lavender and pink ing in the osage fence that marked the joyed cockle-burs. The wild turkey's would catch them there end of the trail. early in the morning when they

dreading mankind.

walnuts. Some of the black walnut His legs were so long and purposeful. wood had furnished gunstocks for the We would be hurrying through the rabbit hunters, by the way. We used yard when he would strut out with to take the green husks off without any powerful strides and aim straight for thought of stained fingers and lay the use. He would spread his great fan nuts out in the warm autumn sun to tail and swing it slightly while his season. When they were ripe and wings brushed the ground. Worst of rich we would make candy of them as all was his "Gobble, gobble, gobble." Mexicans make their pecan candy and as people of South Carolina make what they call "pinder cakes" of peanuts.

Turkeys

IV/E knew that it really wasn't the VV right thing to do, to "cut

thought the world belonged to them pleasant adventure. A turkey lived and the quail. But autumn is hide in the seminary yard and grazed about and seek time and the hunted life is as though he owned the grounds. He would charge upon travelers at his Autumn meant for us children nut pleasure and keep children in constant hunting. We would go after black dread. To us he seemed immense.

The "last" bell would be ringing for school; our hearts would be fluttering, for often we had forgotten to bring twigs with which to meet Mr. Parker's terrible gobbler. Mr. Parker was a cook in the seminary and owner of the dreaded turkey.

The wild turkeys that the Pilgrim Fathers feasted upon in New England were larger than Mr. Parker's fowl. nest, a mat of dry leaves in some out But often the short cut meant un- (Will you please turn to page 386).



The "health story hour" at a clinic where medical treatment and health education keep these youngsters at par physically. This and other phases of the campaign of the National Tuberculosis Association is financed by the annual sale of Christmas seals.

November, 1928