

MAGIC OF THE WOODS -- By M. W.

I walked in the woods with my God today,
And He showed me His beauty in many a way.
He spoke to me through rustling leaves
And whispered His messages o'er the breeze.

With Him things had a more glorious look,
Untold or read in any a book.
My mind was as clear as the bubbling stream,
And I felt I was deep in a wonderful dream.

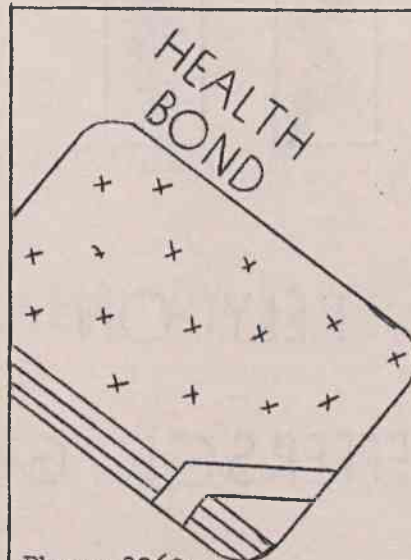
How delightful it was, this haven of escape
From the world of bitterness and confusion and hate.
But now I could return with a heart so gay,
After walking in the woods with my God today.

A Girl's Character by D. Tapp

A girl is no bigger than
The way she treats her friend.
Since time began,
This has her measure been.
She isn't measured by her creed,
As high-sounding as it may be,
Not by the money she puts aside,
Or by her sincerity.
She isn't measured by her social standing
When character is her test.
Not by her act or show,
Displaying wealth possessed.
She's measured by her justice, right,
Her fairness at her play;
Her fairness in everything she does;
Her honest straight way.
These are her measures, always near,
To serve her to the end
For a girl is no
bigger than
The way she treats
her friend.

STUDENTS ATTEMPT POETRY

Scattered throughout the Bugle are specimens of poetry written by high school students of B. H.S. The writers and teachers realize that the poetry is not perfect in form, but it is a sample of their attempts to express themselves in poetic manner.



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