

# Love Makes A Sacrific

Elizabeth Clodfelter

A black limousine drew up in front of a fashionable society cafe. The doorman opened the car door and greeted the newcomers. A tall, well-dressed young man stepped from the car and waited patiently for his lovely companion to follow him. Brad glanced around anxiously. "I hope Anne is not here tonight," he thought.

"Oh, for goodness sake, Brad. Will you please hurry!" demanded Rose. It was plain that she wanted him to see no one but her.

Brad flushed and gave her a slightly dirty look which luckily she didn't see.

A waiter led them to a table and took their order. Rose turned to watch the floor show but it must be admitted that Brad never let his eyes leave the door to the cafe once he knew Anne was not already there. He was taking a sip of his drink when Anne appeared in the doorway. He paled. "How beautiful she is tonight. And to think I would be her escort if it were not for that silly quarrel." He forced his eyes from her loveliness and tried to concentrate on the floor show and Rose's stupid remarks.

Anne was led to her reserved table and it was then that Brad noticed that Sandy was with her. There were smothered laughs from the other people in the cafe. Sandy was uncomfortable among so many strangers and forgot his manners. He had bumped into Anne and nearly knocked his chair over as he sat down. It was at this that the people had laughed. Brad shook his head slowly. "She shouldn't have come with him," he thought.

Just then Anne glanced around the room to see if there was anyone she knew. Her eyes fell on Brad. "Of all the nerve!!" she exclaimed aloud. Regaining control of herself, she thought, "He knew I would probably come to Uncle Stan's tonight and he brought that silly Rose just because he knows I don't like her!" Little glints of anger pranced through her eyes. "I won't pay any attention to him," she thought. "Then he'll see where he stands with me."

Sandy noticed Brad watching Anne. He liked Brad except when he teased him. It had been hard at first to accept the fact that Anne intended to spend most of her time with Brad instead of with Sandy. Brad had been rather nice to him while monopolizing Anne's time but still Sandy had felt envious and acted rather ill when Brad called for Anne and whisked her away just when he and

Anne were having some fun. Sandy stopped paying any attention to Brad. After all Brad and Anne had quarreled and Sandy had her to himself again, so why should he worry?

Their dinner was served and Sandy began eating contentedly. Anne shook her head slightly at him and he slowed down a little on getting the steak to his stomach. Anne smiled. "It is rather nice having Sandy with me. At least he never picks a quarrel." Thinking this, she turned a wrathful glance at the table where Brad and Rose were sitting. Brad caught its full force and squirmed uneasily. His partner kicked him under the table and demanded in a low voice that if he would pay a little more attention to her he would not notice Anne's looks of contempt.

Finally Rose grew tired of Brad's inattentiveness. She got up and left the cafe angrily. Brad's face turned dull red and he became so uncomfortable he could have gone through the floor. After a few minutes he gathered up his remaining courage and walked slowly over to Anne's table. He reached the table and bowed slightly. "May I talk to you, Anne?" he implored.

"I suppose you may if you hurry," responded Anne, her heart beating furiously. "Mustn't let him think I'm too anxious," she thought.

The cafe's employees were watching. They knew Brad and Anne had quarreled, but they hoped it could be smoothed over, as Anne's uncle wanted it to be.

Brad and Anne talked quietly for a while. Suddenly Brad beamed broadly and reached into his pocket. He slipped the ring on her finger and everyone in the cafe relaxed. All was well . . . if Sandy didn't make a scene.

Brad stood up before Sandy and said, "I'm sorry you are the loser, but I'll do my best to make her happy, old man."

Sandy looked first at Brad, then at Anne. He understood that this was what she wanted. What could he do to let them know he didn't mind as long as Anne was happy? His brain reeled and then he knew. He threw himself at Brad, knocking him down. "Sandy!" cried Brad, while the people in the cafe laughed loudly. "Anne, get this dog off me!"

Anne just smiled. She knew Sandy was welcoming Brad into the family as only a dog knew how . . . by licking him in the face.

## "Little Jesus"

—Jean Rollins

Among my favorite poems, "Little Jesus" by Francis Thompson ranks near the top. This poem is the prayer of a small child to Jesus. Just how a grown man could write such is explained by the character of the author. Thompson was one of the most innocent and child-like of men.

When I was very small, "Little Jesus" was first read to me by my mother. Since I was quite young, it was not understandable, being nothing more than a poem to me. As I grew older, though, this piece of poetry began to instill in my mind a very human conception of Christ.

Throughout the poem the small child asks Jesus various questions comparing his home with that of Christ. He asks about his toys, whom he played with, and most explicitly about how he prayed as a child.

"And Thou know'st I cannot pray  
To thee in my father's way—  
When Thou wast so little, say,  
Could'st Thou talk in Thy Father's way?"

This selection to me pictures clearly Jesus as a child and more clearly the fact that the Son of God came to this earth as a mere mortal.

The last stanza and couplet are the best to me both for their thought and expression. They are well chosen words for such an ending.

"So, a little Child, came down  
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;  
Take me by the hand and walk,  
And listen to my baby-talk.  
To Thy Father show my prayer  
(He will look, Thou art so fair),  
And say: 'O Father, I, Thy Son,  
Bring the prayer of a little one!'

"And He will smile, that children's tongue  
Has not changed since Thou wast young!"



The snapshot above pictures Bonnie Leonard, and Harriet Leonard, both of whom had poems accepted in the National Anthology of High School Poetry now being published. Congratulations to these two LEXHIPEP staff members, and L. H. S. anxiously awaits copies of the anthology.

## "Let It Be Forgotten"

—Don Bishop

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,

Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold,

Let it be forgotten forever and ever,  
Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten  
Long and long ago,

As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed football

In a long forgotten snow.

—Sara Teasdale

One of the best ways to keep friends is to forget their thoughtless deeds toward us and show them that we want to do the right thing by being friendly. Then they will come across and try to do the right thing also.

Some people hold grudges against their friends until death. They can't forget the bad deeds their friends do, but they don't remember the good ones. One of the best ways of life is to forget what is unpleasant to talk or think about, and look forward to the future. The future is where success lies for most of us.

In all walks of life we should be able to forget and forgive. If we don't learn to do these things, we may soon be as some people that hate certain people to the extent that they murder their former best friend or someone else. These people usually have some small reason for not liking the person. Sometimes this causes the

# Cinquains

Working  
Hard, but aimless  
When life's work is not known.  
A lifetime gone but all too soon  
Comes death.  
—Juanita Smith

Daybreak,  
With thoughts of you,  
A day is born of God.  
The care and wonder of it all  
Lives on.  
—Juanita Smith

At autumn  
The leaves and flowers  
Fall lightly to the ground,  
A silvery snow covers them.  
'Tis winter!  
—Alene Staton

Alas!  
A twilight star  
Fell toward the ocean blue.  
Beholding the magic of some hand  
It lands.  
—Joanne Koonts

Sitting  
In moonlit park,  
With light hearts young and gay,  
Looking into each others' eyes  
With love.  
—Jeanie Cross

Skipping  
Down the bright street  
With sunbeams shining down  
Was the dear child of innocence  
And love.  
—Jeanie Cross

## IT'S UP TO US

—Mary Nell Lopp

"I am the master of my fate;  
I am the captain of my soul."  
—From "Invictus," by William Ernest Henley.

This quotation may mean that a man feels his independence. He realizes that he and only he can control his fate. He knows that his soul is his own ruling. If he leads the wrong life, it is his fault. A man may also follow the straight path, and he should be thankful that he is the captain of his own soul and follow that path.

This quotation holds true in the lives of great men. For example, Abraham Lincoln was the master of his fate and captain of his soul. He became the president of a great nation when it was in a crisis, and he enabled a great people to become captains of their souls.

death of both of them. These killings usually start by people not forgetting the bad deeds done against them. Time changes everything, so "Let it be forgotten," when we meet our enemy again.

