Looking Toward The Dawn

igh foreglow and first-light, est idea eil of night collapsed like a they tharment into the slate-grey ray from ood on a steep coast's timenight bittlements. In haunted, lovewe coulce, those first rays melted w," rem, the bleached mist, transnis heels; its tattered and shredded going t into a shimmering crystaldiscussif gown.

king to heart was empty and as cold act sca fog which swirled damp were kmy solitary form. The ocean to the d a sigh, and its cold breath d in me all feeling and nk weit. Only the thundering of by novaves could be heard as they themselves against the shore's , as he e crumbling walls. In broken and is 5 the cry of an unseen gull e how d my ears, almost swallowed surf's cannonade, like the find a tate creak of oarlocks in an

helming gale.

n enougarled wind-bent trees began to plasted heir eery silhouettes along the ig slopes of a small inlet just uys wo my vantage point. The black s turned to deep purple, and ht. Wite aluminum flux adorned 'll get crests. All tumbled through l laughove, spilling their beauty into hadows of the sheltered beach. ie startling events of the past and a days began to form a pattern in ee tisemind while I gazed at the ned to ring sea. The Al Bolt logging was another world, cruel,

ig, and fearful, to a young man had just stepped out of a clothver—astore to seek his fortune among fallers, sawyers, green-chainers, ng in kers, and pond-monkeys. As a stop to I used to play at war and death, nere w many of the stanzas of their ads were, from radio serials, nic books, and the enchanted en, woven into my insular life. the hat warning I had, therefore, g ago'ne only through the foresight of ght ahertile and adventurous imaginaose ligh. Now it was all about me:

ries of years past living on berystal their holds holds on what JIM OTIS



cause of their horror and livid reality. Those loggers'-tales were validated too frequently by fresh bloodlettings. And the day previous, a near miss of my own had added to me an understanding new and appalling. I had tasted of the apple, though only a taste, and, finally, my eyes were opened wide to my nakedness before such forces. How could I face the heavy chains, lashing like coach whips when a link snapped, or the tumbling, thirtyfoot logs that if prematurely released, gave no other warning of their crushing descent from the towering log-deck than a few bloodjelling thuds before they pounced upon one's back?

Then, as I looked toward the east, where dark precipitous ranges of snow-capped clouds rose out of the golden maze of terrestrial foot-hills, I sent forth a prayer on the wings of the morning. And as I stood on the brink of that wild tormented coast, entreating the Lord who had, at the first dawn of creation, placed this new day in the womb of the earth, I came to realize more clearly the relation between this brief pilgrimage and life everlasting. I could see how, when the time of transition comes, memories of unnumbered adventures in faith and those companions with whom they were shared, along this trampled maze of footpaths, would bring a suspended sadness to one's heart.

This was the only life I had ever known, the only world. As a creature conceived and reared in a selfish place of continual beginnings and endings, it would be difficult, at first, to look down that splendored corridor of timeless love. Yet this I knew, for me the door of death would swing on easy hinges; there would be no "Inner Sanctum" noises grating in my soul.

Today, far removed from that thundering land where the wind ceaselessly torments the scudding sea and prunes grey limbs from the needled green hair of towering redwood giants, this one thought preeminent remains. I shall look into the black abyss of Night and, with one quick sigh, step off the steep precipice of that Great Divide in one last triumphant act of faith. A stride across the brink and I shall see that the bottomless chasm was only a thick shadow of fear cast by the cloud of my unknowing. Standing on a vast luminous plain, I shall, overwhelmed with joy, embrace the Friend who has long waited there for me; and together, now for aye, we shall go to join the enraptured hosts, in the glowing dawn of a new, unending day.

Abstraction

The whole is its parts— The universe, man, and the indi-

And if these things be so, then Within the whole is development.

As we think, so develops the whole. Therefore the universe is thought. The cause of all things is the will of the thinker.

And as we think, so is it what we know.

Similar then is the universe to my own ideas.

The combination of the ideas of the motley generation

Are the causes of the Universe; Therefore of what things shall we think?

JIMMY HUNTER

HILLTOP—PAGE ELEVEN

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