DITEIS

For the month of Ma XXX Art Department is show

And Rosebuds

She was a very little girl and few of the bustling late-evening shoppers noticed her standing quietly beside her mother before the display of handkerchiefs. Her dress was clean if worn, and her hair was neatly braided and tied with bows. A casual observer would suppose that mother and child were from a family of ordinary means with perhaps only a few more difficulties than most families.

Hill College

n. March

The

Mars

The mother was appraising a pile of men's handkerchiefs on sale. The child saw another handkerchief, tiny, edged with dainty pink lace and embroidered with rosebuds. It was not a thing most children would want; yet it awakened within her soul an unnamed longing to possess a thing of beauty for itself alone.

"Twelve Handkerchiefs for One Dollar. A Bargain."

"One Handkerchief for a Dollar. Handmade Imported Lace."

The two signs were designed to attract customers of all types: rich or poor, extravagant or thrifty, seeing or blind.

A hope was suddenly conceived within the childish heart. It grew

Not Wanted

(Continued from Page 16)

throw off suddenly our European customs and become Burmese in habit, dress, and sentiment overnight? That was ridiculous for anyone to expect of us, but everyone did. Though I speak Burmese like a native, I can no longer bargain with the shopkeepers or chatter with the children playing in the court; everywhere I am greeted with hostile looks. Now this hostility has brought a crisis to our lives. Daddy had worked for the government since I was a baby. He was an agricultural inspector under the British and had been reappointed as a civil servant under the new regime. Mother has just told me that Daddy has lost his job to an influential Burman. There is no future for us here. We are to leave for Australia in two weeks on a ship

HILLTOP-PAGE TWENTY

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NANCY HAYES

and grew and in one moment of sudden courage was born into a word, a question. The mother nodded absently and waited for the clerk to come. The child could scarcely still her heart for over and over again its beating said, "It's mine. It's mine. It's mine."

At last a clerk appeared. The mother handed her a bill and reached over the counter to grasp twelve hankerchiefs, and not the one of lace.

The beating heart did not die; it did not die completely, for young hearts are always strong. Yet some small part of it would never again be able to nourish hope or give it birth.

Few, if any of the busy crowd rushing home to supper took note as mother and child left the store. And none saw into the heart of pain through the hungering eyes fastened upon a tiny mass of pink until the door swung shut to blot it out.

that will be filled with people like us—people without a country.

A golden sunset fills the city with a warm glow. I can see the Shue Dagon pagoda in the distance; its gold-leafed shrine is crowned with the richer gold of the sun. From the tower of a mosque nearby a crier is calling all good Moslems to prayer. The people are peaceful. Isn't it strange how your little world can completely fall apart, while the worlds of those so near to you are completely undisturbed? I am to leave soon, and though I shall never again hear the mosque crier or the swift patter of the feet of the rickshaw puller, life will go on here as though nothing had happened. But life will go on for me too Life is a never-ending stream of jovs and sorrows, heartache and elation. A storm came and the quiet stream of my life became turbulent. I pray that in a new land the stream may flow peacefully again.

The Cydventu

Well, here I am, anxploring was utes late, too . . . I de other boys aunt anywhere . . . Sh home. The r meet me here at 10:30 stains of Mary the right place-inforand West Virg first floor, Thalhimer Bne caves. On The entire population nd on other fr turned out today fore into a truck shopping . . . I don't a cave. Son though . . . Surely, thit tramp throu season of more generouseks and rivers Hope I get a lot this yes and likely lo that mouton coat I walliffs of old q there's Agnes-that give location of to be in my homeroomook in the p Has she ever gotten fatists the location that with her? . . . I reave in the sta face . . . Oh, I remembalso contains s name's Helen . . . Nexploring is, didn't know her . . . She mountain c : it is inside t hair color again.

There goes one of myzes we came laden down with bundle thirty feet, s der whom he's playing breams, and ve Glad it isn't me . . . He so some of th a bore ... Where is my formations su be her watch has stoppalagmites, flo thing . . . Her presents id cave coral. worth waiting for, thousummer we vi here comes Io Ann Millswelve differen in the world is that drinree trips to ... He must be seven f lack of equi That nose! . . . And hocave of its si glasses . . . I never thou is a twenty a cute girl like Io Ann we descended b like that . . . Oh, horrolis a narrow n introduced him to that lot of hard, m her brother . . . How didned another p manage to get in the safck there bec ... Where is she?? ... is at the first to leave in just about re returned w What is it? Who, or rascended both is that bile of fur under of the secon strous looking hat! Tast We explo where hast thou fled! ... ig through t ing around now ... Oh, we came to it's my own dear aunt! The formati it's my own dear aunt!

eek we wen O for the ships that ride xploring the Or more, the wind that o mapped th free; e.