

# They Lived Happily . . . .

Mars Hill,  
 most important  
 years in which  
 develop, out, a  
 are formed, heard  
 ded. To you, her  
 we commit the  
 and inspiration  
 de in the onl  
 k a richer, full  
 stepping stone  
 us to great  
 aspirations. In  
 talents that lie  
 with wisdom  
 with zeal and  
 endure depth  
 as well as th  
 told us that  
 bert Browning  
 to remake m  
 absolute best o  
 ng much."

that said nothing but  
 everything simply because  
 se being said. She listened  
 listened to their voices—  
 ttle preoccupied and pain-  
 different. Hers, forcedly  
 l careful—tediously careful  
 he were edging blindfolded  
 e irregular rim of a cliff.  
 w that he had called "just  
 and satisfy himself that he  
 a right, that she wasn't for  
 et me say the right thing.  
 " And yet their voices  
 d on—the hot weather—  
 ng—saw Mike—never say-  
 immediately point  
 the voice kward moment as an an-  
 the way it ben the unspoken question in  
 a meadow, inds. He never mentioned  
 e lies. o her, but she was in every  
 a rock in a pece avoided saying, every  
 e all its own.  
 fallen log  
 below the big  
 e. It has its vo  
 as a voice, and  
 at one,  
 hose who lister  
 ne voice of the  
 voice that the  
 soft that I hav  
 rs  
 an hear.

## He Ho

wanted to crash her fist  
 the awkwardness and shatter  
 wanted to say, "Roy, I  
 know. But please don't let  
 e this. Not you and I."

NDRA HICKMAN

—Doug

She never knew who said it—the  
 word or words that had broken  
 through. It was a blur. She only  
 knew that now there was a hand  
 groping through the jagged pane  
 and opening the door. And then  
 they were laughing, at first separat-  
 ly and hesitantly—then as one, and  
 without restraint. It was as if the  
 uncertainty of all their months to-  
 gether was finding its climax in this  
 laughter. Months and months and  
 faltering months—but they had  
 been happily laced with laughter.  
 It somehow seemed appropriate that  
 the two of them should be laughing  
 now.

With every word that tumbled  
 out and with every laugh that en-  
 gulfed it, she knew. The laughter  
 was still lurking in her throat as  
 they said good-bye, each word cal-  
 culated for reminiscing—and they  
 were laughing. Each farewell sen-  
 tence careless but careful—and she  
 knew.

"Good-bye."

His click on the other end of the  
 line! She didn't hang up but sat for  
 a long moment. Then, slowly, she  
 unclenched the hand that lay in her  
 lap, and brushed the tears from the  
 receiver.

# Broken-Bone-Rose

Rise oh rose of death  
 Show your face clear  
 Rise oh rose of hate  
 The hater will know your call  
 Rise oh rose of white alabaster  
 Let me see you gaze  
 Rise oh pink incumbent night of  
 thorns  
 Let me see you gray  
 Oh alabaster of life's way  
 Let me see your face  
 Oh, God!  
 It's whisted and fine  
 It's whisping fineness white and  
 broken  
 Like this crushed broken-bone  
 Of this rose.

—David Holman

*Lost, yesterday, somewhere be-  
 tween Sunrise and Sunset, two  
 golden hours, each set with sixty  
 diamond minutes. No reward is  
 offered, for they are gone forever.*

—HORACE MANN

# Fortune Seeker

I packed my bag and left my home;  
 To seek a fortune I began to roam.  
 I went to the city in search of life,  
 But found naught else but din and strife.  
 Then to the mountains in search of fame  
 I followed my way, but nothing came.  
 I turned my eyes then to the sea,  
 But what was there—a reflection of me.  
 I trod the paths; I walked the roads;  
 But no where could I ease my load.  
 My mind was troubled, my spirit bent.  
 Then back to my home I hurriedly went,  
 Seeking the peace I'd left behind,  
 Forgetting the fortune I'd wanted to find.  
 But I found more than just a house there,  
 I found my fortune and wealth to spare.

—Polly Osteen

HILLTOP—PAGE TWENTY-THREE

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