tions of *The Boy’s Book of Engines, Motors, and Turbines*, he appeared at the head of the basement stairs. He had a sad expression on his face. The toy electric motor had failed to work!

One day a great change came over my brother. It was not that he had stopped worshipping Bugs Bunny or that he had at last discarded his prize possessions—two Dick Tracy badges and a Captain Midnight Secret Squadron Decoder. It was something altogether different and amazing. On this most unusual of all mornings he came downstairs to breakfast as usual, but that was the end of all things usual that day. We noticed a startling change in Barry’s appearance. He was wearing his second-best trousers instead of the dirty, patched jeans which he insisted on wearing every day of the week in spite of mother’s violent protest. He also had on a clean white shirt. He was scrubbed till he shone. It was unbelievable. This could not be Barry! There was something strange about him, and then we realized that he had made an attempt, however unsuccessful, at combing his hair. He left for school and did not return until five o’clock that evening. When asked where he had been since the close of school, he replied, “Oh, just around.” He then went down to the basement to finish tearing his bicycle apart. In the kitchen above we heard strains of “Mule Train” drifting up through the register. At dinner-time he appeared and ate half of his food, the other half being divided between the floor and the dog. After spending hours on the telephone upstairs, talking to his boy friends we supposed, he came down to tell us something of great importance. It seemed that he wanted to go to the show Friday night. This great change in my brother’s life had been something called SUSIE!

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An Experience of Reverence

Barbara Bugg

I was spending part of my summer vacation at a small church camp situated in a scenic spot by a beautiful lake in northern Indiana. Being quite young, I readily absorbed everything new and different, and I was easily impressed with even the most trivial aspects of church camp living. It was the night before my departure from camp, and we were assembled on a
high hill above the lake. I was witnessing my first mass baptismal service, and it was an inspired sight to behold.

A full moon rose just above the water's edge to the east, and it cast a shimmering soft glow across the lake. The water seemed peaceful despite a breeze which slowly increased its velocity, and silently began tossing the pine boughs above our heads. The unusual tranquility of the night made the insects and commonplace night-noises sound like a rising chorus, and far down the lake a faint singing was barely audible as it intermingled with the rustle of the water. God himself must have witnessed this diminutive service, because I have yet to see an equal to this night. After the closing prayer, the confessors emerged from the water. They fell in with the silent procession leading back to camp. I knew I had experienced a feeling of great exaltation, for I was appreciative of my entire surroundings. The ceremony was peaceful and simple, but I was all afire inside. I saw the trees, and they were no longer trees. They were living things with long-reaching arms beckoning us to God; the water was no longer a lake surrounded by greenery, but a deep blue carpet leading from earth to heaven. A child's imagination is a marvelous thing!

My High School Dance

Gene Mangin

It was a clear chilly night, as I recall, clear with the freshness of late fall. The moon shone ever so brightly as I approached the long, low brick building which housed the school cafeteria. It was late in October of my junior year, and I, at the age of sixteen, was still slightly shy around girls but even more daring—to compensate for this shyness—with the group of boys with which I associated. It was the night of the annual Freshman Mixer, and I, as a worker in the cafeteria, had been asked to assist in the serving of refreshments to the even more shy freshmen and their guests.

The boys—what more can be said of them—and I were jokingly anxious to see if there were any "frosh" girls at which we would bother to look. Could we, of such superior intelligence and "know-how", and we of the finer techniques, possibly stoop to such a low level as to give a young, still growing, freshman girl a second look? Ah, Fate!