

MEMORY PICTURE

JOHN GUMERSON

It is a delicate, fragile picture — that first memory. It must be handled carefully like an important aged document lest it crumble to dust. Swiftly, silently it must be viewed, for too much revealing of it fades into an obscure mist which defies definite outline. Yet transparent it stands — that Christmas of my fourth year. Details hide among endless passages where thoughts may stray. Fading, then gleaming, is my memory of such a toy dump truck humiliating the tree which dwarfed the room. A dump truck contrasting against the tree; a mechanical device which must have sorely taxed the ingenuity of the inventor. The joy which was called forth as each gift was examined from this

special seat should only be viewed at special occasions. Even now I have faint recollections of a complete day traveling from width to breadth of an immense, imaginary world. Such a gift has never been molded which spread such cheer among so many. Still shining against a constantly varying background are my mother and father who had risen to catch a bit of such overflowing warmth expanded by childish joy. Can you see it? I hope so for now it must be placed back among cob-webbed memories only to be discussed when Christmas joy reigns supreme. Back it must go for I fear too much handling will destroy forever such a valued picture.

FLAMES ALONG THE THAMES

RICHARD H. JOWITT

A thousand flames ascend on high;
A thousand voices shouting cry,
"Oh, God, why must you now deny
our homes!"
A thousand people, homeless, know
Not where to turn, or how to go.
They wander aimless, humans tho they are!
The still air booms again with hate
Of Germans thinking they are Fate,
That British must no longer wait to die.
The flames along the Thames are bright
And as the day they make the night;
Everything that meets one's sight is dead.