

for the grueling routine of the day. Loaded with the whole gang, he roared down the asphalt road, screamed around the last curve, and hurled himself and all his crew at top speed onto the "double Z," a terrifying, one-lane, viciously rutted old cow path which served as a road through the cabbage patch to the club. Every day as we hurtled along we unconcernedly risked our necks, throwing our weight against every curve, scarcely avoiding decapitation by low-hanging branches, and crashing to a stop at exactly the same crazy forty-five degree angle.

After days of carrying milk-cans, fishing tackle — and fish, bathing suits, tennis racquets and sneakers, sweat shirts, wet towels, paint, glue, and all the paraphernalia necessary to a summer day, the Red Devil's rumble reeked, at first with a small, inoffensive, rather companionable smell, but gradually with a smell which grew to the proportions of a stench. As

we procrastinated about washing him, we were often spared the job. Parked as usual while we read and played cards in the clubhouse, the Red Devil would get caught in the rain. Without a top, he was at the mercy of the sudden squalls which came without warning and with blinding force and gallons of water. The Red Devil filled up to the top and ran over like a bathtub more than once. After the storm it was a simple matter to turn him over and dump the water out, set him back on his wheels, mop up a little, and go on our way. We delighted in his comparative cleanliness and always made excursions to civilization then to exhibit him.

The Red Devil hated Sundays, because we were constant companions except — and here our parents drew the line — at church. He always looked lonesome when we left him on Sunday mornings.

Grace

MARGARET BYRAM

*I stood upstretched upon a mountain peak
And flung my being toward the rising sun,
And with a loud voice cried, "That which I seek
Is found! My soul is lost in Universal One."
—"What a lovely pose." A small voice spoke.*

*The night flowed darkly in a velvet stream,
Wrapping my soul in the soft velour of sleep,
When through my tear-drenched heart there stabbed a dream
Of light revealing the mysterious Deep.
—But someone slammed a door and I awoke.*

*And so, my dear, in endless search I strove
For that which others said would make me free,
But when I lost my all in that great love,
Demanding neither joy, nor light, nor anything but thee,
My soul had peace, because I wore thy yoke.*