

ing. The holder was about one-third full when we went down, and we had a sensation of being swallowed by a large whale as we slowly sank into the dark and shadowy interior. We got out of the elevator and walked around on top of the piston. It seemed like miles up to the little hole at the top where we had entered. There were eight pieces of pipe, cut into different lengths to form musical tones when struck,

which were suspended from a girder. One could play a tune on them which would echo back to him for five minutes. When the chief electrician was through inspecting the inside, we again rode the elevator, which swayed and rocked like a drunken man going up stairs. I was glad to see daylight and fresh air again as we stepped out of the elevator onto the top and took the other elevator to go to the ground.

Vignettes

The pine trees, like soldiers, had marched to the very edge of the lake's sandy beach and afforded the deer and other wild life that came to drink a perfect camouflage.

from *Her Majesty*
by Gene Miller

Has man's time not come to have peace settle over all the world? We were chosen to be born in this age, and we will die when we must. Has not our time to kill, to break down, to weep, and to mourn surpassed its appointment? Is it not now time to do some healing, building up, even a little laughing, a little dancing?

from *To Every Thing There
Is a Season*
by Jean Farson

It (love) will always exist in some form. It is the cogwheels of a nation, the orb of the universe, and the blessedness of the world. From the little child, who lays his sleepy head on his mother's breast and drowsily falls to sleep, to the tough little bear cub, which crawls up

to its mother for protection and warmth, love is the mainstay which makes life worth working for, worth fighting for, worth dying for, and above all, worth living for.

from *Pertaining to Love*
by Joan Schumacher

Though in my fits of temper I say much which is better left unsaid, I sometimes feel that I am more fortunate than those people who believe themselves tolerant because they are masters of their tempers. I hold no grudges, and while my intolerance causes many quick blazes, there is no bed of coals where a smoldering flame may be nourished.

from *Tolerance*
by Jane Butler

Her character seems to indicate conviction that her place is as a guiding hand to fate. She feels horribly cramped that a lifetime is only one hundred years, and wants her epitaph to read, "Died of extreme old age."

from *Dynamic Dorothy*
by Winifred Ham