

from the bright sun. Then he looked down at the little girl and said, "Well, Janie, how did you like 'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs?'"

The little girl's eyes twinkled mischievously. "I didn't understand it," she giggled, thinking of how she had caught her grandfather napping.

Dr. Bruhn frowned. "Your mother will explain it to you," he said rather quietly. The irritation in his voice was scarcely discernible.

Portrait

B. E. Vanderbilt

I SAW her standing on the ruined wall of the old mill site. She wore black slacks and a plaid shirt. One hand was in the pocket of the slacks, the other touched the white bark of a bending sycamore for balance.

For minutes she stood motionless looking along the winding stream as though to remember for always the bare white branches interlaced above it. I looked at the slow-moving water below and saw on its dark, clear surface, framed in rich brown sycamore leaves, the wall and the girl mirrored against the deep sky, white clouded. There was no sound save the small breathings of the woods and the invisible birds twittering somewhere in its vastness.

The girl moved slowly along the mossy wall and back onto the overgrown trail from the mill site. Both hands were in her pockets and her head and shoulders were bent forward. What did she see among the ferns and old ginger leaves? Searching and halting she turned toward a large oak where earlier I had seen an owl sleeping. She saw it now and straightened, both hands retrieved from her pockets and tensed slightly away from her. She stepped toward the owl and stood rapt with the discovery. An instant, then she laughed a low soft laugh. With her foot she turned a lichen-covered stick and started again more quickly along the trail.

She came quite near me and I saw a radiance in her upturned face that puzzled me, a something delicate yet strong. Her dark shining eyes looked up at the sky. They seemed to gather all the world in that sweeping gaze, uniting the far high ridge with the thickets beyond the stream.

She passed with an easy measured rhythm in her noiseless motion which belied the swiftness of her walk. Softly she sang a marching tune, so softly, so clearly, I could scarce believe I heard it. Away down the path a flock of tiny birds rose in front of her to the tree tops. One hand tensed away from her side, the other rose half-way in greeting to them. She smiled but never broke the cadence of her song, "Semper Fidelis."