

Less conservative are the middle class buttons which sport bright and varied colors and are of different sizes and shapes. These flashy buttons amuse themselves by playing follow the leader on pretty blouses and dresses.

The aristocrats of the button clan are often made of gold, silver, crystal, and other precious substances. They try to out-do one another by adorning themselves with rhine-stones and pearls which flash and sparkle on chic, high fashion clothes.

Members of a dying generation are the shoe buttons. The dictates of fashion occasionally bring them back into existence as members of the fashionable clan, but their number is steadily decreasing.

Other members of the button tribe are the collar button, the elevator button, and the black sheep of the family—the Dewey button.

Buttons, like hobos and children, are very fond of wandering. They also like to play games. Some of the buttons' favorite games are called "Popping Off," "Hide and Come Seek," and "Who Misses Me?" Buttons most enjoy their playtime when the button-wearer is already fifteen minutes late for an important engagement. It is at such times that buttons are often replaced by safety pins.

To the unobservant, safety pins are safety pins. But to those who know them. . . .

Spring

Carol Manwaring

SCENERY is no longer ethereal. The pleasant mystery of the white is over. There is an awkward stage of transition everywhere. There is no heraldry of summer. Not yet. There is no cheery promise of that which is to come; only the ugly reminder of that which was beautiful a few days ago. White crystals are now black mud, unpleasant and inconvenient. Trees, whose branches had been laid barren for the explicit purpose of receiving the bounty of winter, are barren now without purpose. Their branches hang limply, overcome by the weight of the struggling sap. A few bilious yellow crocuses try to shout the message. Lacking the volume needed to make themselves heard, they surrender to their environment. The brown, patchy grass surrounding them wilts their exuberance. Unhappy robins and cardinals, dirty, muted in color and voice, pick their ways distastefully across mires that once were lawns. They find food scant and tasteless. The dingy grass, insulted by its aggressors' appearance, is impervious to making itself more desirable. Earthworms, tricked by the concealing beauty of the night, lie listlessly, pink and bloated on sidewalks. This is the beginning of Spring.

Then, suddenly, the grass seems to resent the tweaking of the birds. Its color rises, and its blades bristle upward. The silt of the puddles finds a certain affection for the rocks at the bottom and

clings to them. The remains furnish little mirrors in which the birds realize their sad condition. They preen because the social life of bird-dom is quickening its tempo. More visitors from the South arrive daily. Song fests have more volume. The olive-drab forsythia, wishing to attract these desirable tourists, turns a brilliant yellow. Realizing the new amicability of old enemies, tree and sap unite in a common purpose. Delicate green sprouts grace rain-washed branches. Curious crimson tulips venture a look around, followed closely by shy hyacinths, who can no longer compose themselves.

NEVER LAND

Walter R. Miller

Before me glows a studded sky,
A shining star, a journey of a day.
An isle of joy, of trees, of birds,
Of golden suns which never set,
Of silver nights which never die.

Beside me hangs a tiny bell,
Which tinkles softly in my ear.
The sound commands my loyalty,
My everlasting adoration.

Across the sky
A graceful ship sails by.

Before me steams a musty swamp,
A pit of mire, a journey of a day.
An isle of sadness, sin and toil,
Of suns which never set,
Of nights which never end.

Around me hangs a brazen bell,
Which clanks and jangles in my ear.
The scream of horn,
The wail of sax,
My blood pounds within me.

I glance back toward the studded sky,
The shining star, the journey of a day,
The isle of joy, of trees, of birds,
Of golden suns which never set,
Of silver nights which never die.

And as I gaze,
Across the sky a graceful ship sails by.