

"Goodnight, JoAnne, I'll always remember this night." Then he drifted off and was lost in the crowd.

"Did you have fun, Honey?" Dick asked as they danced to the muted strains of the last dance.

"Oh Dick, it was a wonderful dance."

"I hope I didn't neglect you, Darling, but you know me and dancing," he grinned. "Anyway you seemed to be enjoying yourself. Joe's brother is a nice guy, isn't he?"

"Yes, yes, Dick, he's a nice guy." She could have said, "I'll never forget him," but Dick wouldn't have understood. She knew, though, that something had happened to her tonight, something important. For the first time in years, she had felt like a woman again—beautiful, desirable. I've been so busy being an efficient wife and a good mother that I've forgotten all about being a woman, she thought in astonishment. Tonight I remembered again, and it's a good feeling. I won't let myself forget again, ever.

She brushed her husband's cheek with her lips, and his arms tightened about her.

Treasure Room

Caroline Yakey

MILTON'S room is a jumble of old furniture and exciting treasures. These treasures, which are more important than the furniture, can be found in corners, sticking out of drawers, hanging from lights and on the tops of things.

In one corner there are many different sizes and styles of bats and toy rifles, and various items used for dog torture. In another corner of the room there is a wastebasket. It is not really a wastebasket though, but a target into which Milton throws rolled-up socks. On top of his monstrous antique dresser he has only the most necessary items: a comb and a brush, a picture of Jesus, and a gun. Sticking out of the dresser drawers are old ropes, tee-shirts, arithmetic papers, and string. The scratched up bookcase is another place where he keeps valuable things. This is the home of his flashlight, "precious" rubberbands, and children's books, battered and torn.

Two walls in his room are bright blue, and the other two are a cheerful yellow. They were painted these colors at Milton's request. On closer observation one will find that the walls are covered with small patterns of dirty fingerprints, childish scribbling, and ball marks.

There are several throw rugs tossed casually about the room. For about fifteen minutes after the room is cleaned each day the rugs are spread out neatly and orderly as rugs should be. But because of the whirlwind manner of the vast number of little men who visit this room, the rugs always end up twisted into little heaps.

Milton's room is a hodge-podge, a museum of many items that most people would classify as junk. But Milton tenderly and proudly cares for them because this is his storeroom of treasures, his private world of happiness.