

How can I tell you,
 I, who am so young?
 How would I know . . .
 Is not my mind as clear glass to yours?
Nevertheless I claim to have seen and known . . .
To see and know
The most beautiful thing in this world.

If it be false
It is a thousand times cursed.
 If it be genuine
It is a thousand times blessed.
Have you never known
Love?

—LEDONNA BOUKES

I Couldn't Call

Sandra Cheney

IT'S A beautiful Saturday night. Snowflakes pepper the windows and melt almost instantly. The earth looks white and fluffy like a chocolate cake with white frosting. Outside the trees glisten mysteriously. Sleek cars slide by on glassy streets! The world is as silent as the fieldhouse an hour after the game.

Last Thursday was a night just like tonight. After our victory over Podunk Center, the fellas and I called the evening quits by celebrating over cherry cokes and pretzels. We had finally beaten Podunk. It was a close one. The coach used me throughout the game 'cause two of the regular players were ill. Everyone said that I played a terrific game. I tried to play my very best because I knew she would be watching.

She was there! I hoped she would be impressed by me. I sighted her immediately in the midst of the crowd. She always looks like a doll. I can tell she brushes her hair a lot. It always looks so shiny and fluffy as it lies softly on her shoulders. She's about the best dressed girl in the whole school, too. Maybe she noticed that I played a lot in this game.

The fellas thought I was out of it 'cause I didn't want to hash over the game, so they left. I was too excited to hit the hay so I decided to go skating. She might be there; that's why I wanted to go. I had put on my new red wool ivy leagues that Mom bought the other day. They'll feel good, I thought, 'cause it's almost a mile to the old shanty, and the winter wind can nip like a playful pup. I couldn't find my red ear muffs, so I had borrowed Dad's Sunday-best wool neck-scarf. I knew I would be home before he was; I pulled it tighter around my neck.

Hustling down the sidewalk, I felt the ashes crunch beneath my feet. It's a good thing the ashes were there or I'd have slipped for sure. Mom always cautioned me to take it easy. "You'll go pell-mell," she said. "Someday you'll get hurt rushing across the streets without looking. When you have your mind on something, you don't see or hear."

Mom was right; I had only one thing on my mind and that was to hurry-hurry. I wanted to see her if she was at the shanty. That's where I first saw her! She's a real dream. I had known other girls before, but they were never like her. I know you think I'm kind of dumb 'cause I'd known her for almost a month, but I had never even spoken to her. I guess I was afraid I wouldn't say the right thing.

I was worn out when I finally reached the shanty. The place isn't so neat looking, but it is friendly and just tops for skating. I guess that's all that matters anyway. I looked all around but couldn't find her anywhere, so I just skated around and around. Then I saw some of the fellas. Everybody was having fun.

Then—she came in! She glistened all over; her hair, eyelashes, and eyebrows were covered with tiny flakes of snow. Even her nose, a little red, looked cute. It matched her bright red car coat and earmuffs. Her skates, flung over her shoulder, swung back and forth with every move. She paused at the door as if looking for someone, and then I saw her wave at a girl friend. I was glad it wasn't a boy. I watched her change from her dripping shoes into her ice skates. I wanted to help her, but I knew it wasn't the opportune time. Then I saw her glide onto the ice with the gracefulness of an angel. I felt jittery inside. I had already had one break tonight; I had played a winning game. This was my lucky night, and I had to make it two in a row. I skated right up to her although my heart was pounding like a hundred congo drums beaten by wild natives. I slipped my arm around her waist. She felt so warm and close. She just said "Hi" in her soft, kind voice. I asked if I might skate the rest of the evening with her. We talked and talked. I don't remember what we said. She felt so close now; before she had been so far away. In my heart I could almost call her mine, but she hardly knew me. She would never know how long I had noticed her. She just skated 'round and 'round and laughed and talked. Pretty soon we were laughing all the time and at nothing at all.

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She thought it had stopped snowing—I really wanted to have her alone awhile—so I said, "Let's find out." We went outside and I pushed her gently onto a snowbank. She sat there on the snowbank along the pond. I threw a handful of snow at her. It landed on her head in a soft white mist. She laughed and I leaned over to brush it off. Her big, brown eyes looked into mine; I felt warm all over!

Then I said, "We'd better start home." I hurried back into the

shanty to get her shoes and put them on her tiny feet. I remember that, as I came out of the shanty, her face was all aglow and her eyes still sparkled in the moonlight.

We started to her house, her hand so warm in mine. She laughed and talked as we trod through the icy snow. The night was so still. When we reached her house and were standing at her door, her eyes looked into mine and mine into hers. I said, "I'll call you," and then we said good-by. I don't know what else happened that winter night—I just woke up a few hours ago.

As I lie in this hospital and look out upon another beautiful winter eve, such as it was only two nights ago, I realize that I shall never have the chance to call and tell her how I feel about her. Mom and Dad and Doc are afraid to tell me that I have only a few hours to live, but—I know.

Reaction of the Distaff Side to Mr. Wylie's Essay

("Science Has Spoiled My Supper")

Frances Baird

MR. WYLIE, I admire your scientific interest, education and background. You are an integral part of that world of science and knowledge that has made possible those controversial modern foods and their eye-appeal packing. But let's not rationalize, Mr. Wylie: it was not science that spoiled your supper. Science was only the tool in the hands of the real culprit, woman.

As one gourmet to another, your reflections on the foods from the era of our (we are contemporaries) "Momism" reactivated taste buds that had long lain dormant. The mention of jam, particularly, called to my mind the incomparable goodness of real apple butter. Did you, Mr. Wylie, ever have real apple butter? The kind that is short on beautiful, smooth texture and exciting color, but oh, so filled with a wealth of the flavor of freshly picked apples and unrefined spices? The kind that makes it a sacrilege to call the canned stuff on the super-market shelves by the same name? You did? But did you ever have to rise at dawn, gather apples—bushel baskets full of them—sort them, wash them, peel them, quarter them and, added insult, wash them again? Did you ever have to carry arm loads of wood to keep the fire at the correct temperature for constant simmering? (Of course, Mr. Wylie, I don't doubt that you realize that food cooked on a good, old-fashioned wood stove has an immeasurably superior flavor to that cooked with gas or electricity.) And do you remember those delicious little noises made by those millions of tiny bubbles breaking the surface as that wonderful concoction, in those enormous kettles, slowly and aromatically became apple butter, perfect apple butter, the kind you haven't tasted since?