

try with no success to bomb the enemy with passes. Every time we passed the fifty, we were penalized five yards for illegal procedure. I wanted to run through the enemy on the ground, but Coach Johnson would not let me. So, I stuck to the original game plan, and the result at halftime was the Bullets 0 and the Reds 0.

The score was not the only result of the first half. As we ran off the field at halftime, the crowd showed its disapproval of our strategy by booing the players and coaches. It was also demoralizing to the players because they were not ahead of one of the weakest teams in the league. Here we were, the best team in the league, and we could not even kick a field goal. It was also demoralizing to hear those shouts of disapproval because they continuously came from a major portion of the crowd. Even in the locker room we could hear the anti-Bullet yells growing louder all the time.

As I walked into the locker room, I took my helmet off my head and sat down. Suddenly, I realized the type of ball they are playing in Southeast Asia.

If I could see his tired body lying still,
With one thin blanket in cool, darkened room;
If my eyes touched his, closed in tender rest;
His limbs easily lain; his black hair mussed;
Then—if I could see him such—
I could not say, "I do not love."
For I would lay my nightgowned-self on his
And surely clasp his warm, soft-beating breast.
Then lying quiet face to his, if he
Slept on, I would, gazing mild, love his peaceful face—
Love so much his gentle breathing, I could not leave,
Nor cease to share our lives.
Dear body—never sleeping seem; loved by me,
Yet lying faithfully apart—I could not view you long,
But gathering hope, would bless togetherness.
Dear home—who warm enfolds his spirit good,
As I would him—gentle calm my fears,
And for love of what I have not
Let me live as though I had.

Diana Day Harrison