for the grueling routine of the day. Loaded
with the whole gang, he roared down the
asphalt road, screamed around the last
curve, and hurled himself and all his
crew at top speed onto the “double Z,”
a terrifying, one-lane, viciously rutted
old cow path which served as a road
through the cabbage patch to the club.
Every day as we hurtled along we uncon-
cernedly risked our necks, throwing our
weight against every curve, scarcely
avoiding decapitation by low-hanging
branches, and crashing to a stop at
exactly the same crazy forty-five degree
angle.

After days of carrying milk-cans,
fishing tackle — and fish, bathing suits,
tennis raquets and sneakers, sweat shirts,
wet towels, paint, glue, and all the para-
phernalia necessary to a summer day, the
Red Devil’s rumble reeked, at first with
a small, inoffensive, rather companionable
smell, but gradually with a smell which
grew to the proportions of a stench. As
we procrastinated about washing him, we
were often spared the job. Parked as
usual while we read and played cards in
the clubhouse, the Red Devil would get
caught in the rain. Without a top, he
was at the mercy of the sudden squalls
which came without warning and with
blinding force and gallons of water. The
Red Devil filled up to the top and ran
over like a bathtub more than once. After
the storm it was a simple matter to
turn
him over and dump the water out, set
him back on his wheels, mop up a little,
and go on our way. We delighted in his
comparative cleanliness and always made
excursions to civilization then to exhibit
him.

The Red Devil hated Sundays, be-
cause we were constant companions
except — and here our parents drew the
line — at church. He always looked lono.
when we left him on Sunday morn-
ings.

Grace

MARGARET BYRAM

I stood upstretched upon a mountain peak
And flung my being toward the rising sun,
And with a loud voice cried, “That which I seek
Is found! My soul is lost in Universal One.”
—“What a lovely pose.” A small voice spoke.

The night flowed darkly in a velvet stream,
Wrapping my soul in the soft velour of sleep,
When through my tear-drenched heart there stabbed a dream
Of light revealing the mysterious Deep.
—But someone slammed a door and I awoke.

And so, my dear, in endless search I strove
For that which others said would make me free,
But when I lost my all in that great love,
Demanding neither joy, nor light, nor anything but thee,
My soul had peace, because I wore thy yoke.