

his eyes trying to cut off the picture that rushed through his mind.

What was it Steve had said—"I just gave up." Funny, he felt that way, too, somehow, but it wasn't giving up. After a while, he realized, you get too tired to think.

Wearily, he got up and walked to the stairway. There was a muffled talking in the parlors. He put out his hand for the rail and took the first step. He wondered irrelevantly how a machine gun slug feels when it first hits you, and flinched when a car roared outside.

"Come on, Craig," Stan Robb shouted from below.

"Coming." He took a second step.

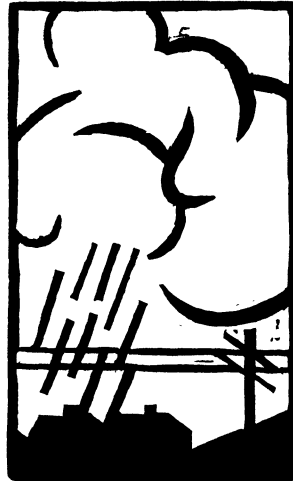
"Well, hurry up. You can't poke around in the army." He laughed uproariously. Others chimed in.

Jon stiffened momentarily and then took another step. Haltingly he continued his way down the stairs.

The Rain
is a
Washer-Woman!

Betty Rice

H. Ec. Jr.



The rain is a washer-woman!

She rakes the clouds in thunders
Upon her scrub-board;
The sun and moon flash lightning-gleams
When polished by her suds.

She cleans all black and dirty things on high
And pins them with a star
For wind to dry

Then she rinses off her hands
In clearest blue,
And gently touches them
To flower and tree.

She throws a dipperful upon the hill,
And, laughing, watches it run down
In little streams.

She tosses friendly handfuls
On the street,
For little bare-foot boys.

She soaks the fields;
Where farmers stand and watch
With anxious eyes.

She moves, with earnest sympathy,
Along the cemeteries **bleak**,
And washes white each earth-framed stone,
Mixing her teardrops with their soil . . .

Then, satisfied, she lets her washtub
Drain into the sea,
And strings her suds in graceful arc
Across the sky—
Where they reflect each color of the sun.

The rain is a washer-woman.

❖

Question

Maurine Park

H. Ec. Sr.

Oh, how can I explain
The sound of aspen leaves?—
Like quick, soft summer rain
Tinning on roofs and eaves?
Or the dry, delicate clatter
Of gossipy goblin chatter?