Thoughts of a Senior

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I sit here by the window and watch a leaf drop slowly, slowly to the ground. The quietness of my room is so intense I can almost see my thoughts as I create them. It is good to rest like this—good to think, to plan, and perhaps to dream a little. I have come to look forward to moments like these in the last three years; they come all too seldom when one is always busy. My dad gave me the idea when I was just a freshman. "Thinking," he said, "is God's gift to men. There's always a place for a man who knows how to think." He was a wonderful man, my father. Even when I was a kid in high school, he would say to me, "Spend your time wisely, my son. You only have one life; try to do something with it." And so I did try—all through high school, and three years in college. Gratefully, gladly I gave up so much of the fun, because I believed firmly the things my Dad had told me—that there is a future, and a good one, for a man who sincerely applies himself.

IT WASN'T so very hard, for I was proud of building up a good record for myself, and if occasionally I missed not being in the laughter, and longed for a little of the gayety to come my way, I knew deep down inside that the things I had missed would begin the day I graduated. Each time I sacrificed trading my books for a good chat with the fellows, I promised myself that after graduation, I'd give myself all the things I'd missed: the pride of having a pretty girl go to the movie with me, that warm feeling of being "one of the gang," oh, so many good things I promised myself—after I graduated. Until then, no sacrifice was too great. If I worked hard enough, I'd have my fun, and then some—after I graduated, next June.

IN THE slowly darkening room I reach out my hand and turn on my study lamp. Headlines shoot at me from a newspaper on my desk. "Showdown Expected in Far East," "Axis Powers Warn U. S. Not to Interfere," "Continued Aid to Britain Guar-
anteed," "College Students Exempt from Conscription until after Next June."

My eyes turn again to the horizon, and as I watch the colors fade, I see a leaf drop slowly, slowly to the ground.

NOWBOUND. Marie looked up from her book of Whittier's poems to gaze thoughtfully out of the window. How romantic the thought had always been; yet today, how real. She pulled her sweater closer about her shoulders. The air in the schoolroom was still cool, and the floor! —Some water she spilled froze almost immediately. She had been crazy to think some of the children might come to school in this wild snow storm. If only these farmers would realize how much worry a few phones would prevent! Still, she had smiled this morning at Mrs. Thompson's sober face and the huge sheep-lined coat they had forced over her own heavy coat.

The half mile sleigh ride had been an adventure, but she had felt a vague uneasiness when the horses snorted up to the white

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