A Star In The Sky

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A Star In The Sky

S. Patricia Maveety

H. Ec. '39

Last night there was a blue-white, crystal star
Suspended in the velvet black of sky;
A brilliant, shining spot of light, and far
Below, the singing carolers passed by.
A holly wreath; the chiming bells with slow,
Deep chords; a gayly lighted, cone-shaped tree;
A candle's wavering pattern on the snow;
These brought the peace of Christmas close to me.

Tonight the street is silent, chill, and dark;
Devoid of lighted trees, or bells that chime,
Or joyous carols far away to mark
The promise, hope, and love of Christmas time.
With heavy, aching heart I watch and sigh,
"Is Christmas gone?"—The star is in the sky.

Are You Listening?

Robert Morgan

S. '40

"O H, HELLO, Dennis; on time, I see."

"Anne, dear, I'm awfully sorry. You know it's..."

"Oh, yes, of course, I know. You had to be at 232 at three o'clock, you just had to get that book on materials in the library before four-thirty, you have a paper to write—and then you met Bob Hill and that awful hag he goes with, and you had to be social, of course!"

Snapping blue eyes brimming with icy verve met, and held for a moment, soft, brown, sincere ones—deep-set beside a thin, firm nose. Dennis opened his mouth about to speak, then looked at Anne appealingly, almost child-like.

"Oh, but, Anne; after all, I have some things to do—you shouldn't mind, really you know."