BELIEVING

Tonight I am thinking of Christmases gone,
My heart with each memory lifts.
A radiant spirit would somehow adorn
Our home and our games and our gifts.
We knew why the Day was both holy and glad—
A Saviour was given to men.
And O, what a glorious season we had!
I believed in a Santa Claus then.

Indeed it was bliss in this magical time
Mid gay preparations to dwell:
The rustle of paper; "Don't look!" The sublime
Ineffable holiday smell!
At last, Christmas Eve! And the carols we sang!
(We children could sit up till ten)
And bedtime excitement. A stocking to hang.
I believed in a Santa Claus then.

O joy! Christmas morning! A stocking arranged
With goodies! A noble supply!
Glad greetings and breakfast, then presents exchanged.
No child was as happy as I—
A doll in my arms and an orange to suck;
A puppy outside in a pen;
Roast turkey in nearly two hours (with luck).
I believed in a Santa Claus then.

Now years hurry by—how the years used to creep!
And Christmas is coming apace.
Yet somehow December has managed to keep
A sparkle, an infinite grace—
The Holiest Birthday has given us, in truth,
Fresh courage and faith and goodwill
And so, while enjoying my newly coined youth,
I believe in a Santa Claus still!

Wake Forest, North Carolina

EDITH EARNSHAW
By EDITH EARNSHAW.

This is the second in a series of four articles by Mrs. Earnshaw on a summer vacation spent overseas.

On the ship going over, I asked an attractive Scotchman where he was from. "Madam," he replied, "I belong to Edinburgh." And those four words were packed with pride and "pity-pride" because he "be-leaguered," pity because I didn't. And after I'd been there I couldn't really blame him.

From my title you're probably thinking I'm going to tell about the old and new sections of the city. No, for I really did see two Edinburges—or perhaps I should say one Edinburgh in two distinct moods.

My first Edinburgh made me think of a grave, beautiful lady; with her head held high; with lines of suffering on her face, also angelic sweetness. Gowned simply but perfectly and standing in a garden. The complete opposite of Glasgow, which suggested a healthy, by-the-day wench—Glasgow is a Martha among the cities.

I was traveling with my friend Ann, and we emerged from Princes Street station on a bright June morning. And we were lucky to encounter sunshine for Edinburgh is said to have nine months of winter and three months of very bad weather.

There's always a thrill about arriving in the capital of a country, especially Scotland's capital, which promises so much and then keeps every promise. Naturally we were wild to begin our sightseeing, but first we had to find a place to stay. Ann had picked up a funny little guidebook which gave the lowdown on boarding-houses—"private hotels," as they are elegantly called. We had already decided to look up one "ecstatically recommended" by the writer.

Our taxi took us a little way down Princes Street, considered by many to be the most beautiful street in the world. It is beautiful, and of course having been presided over by a castle for more than a thousand years does place a street in a class all to itself. Still—the most beautiful in the world? I couldn't be quite that superlative.

Now we turned into a residential section, and found a pleasant dignity in the tall stone houses. These are built close to the street and walls from six to eight feet in height hide of the city in a bus, getting a bird's eye view and after that it was simple to go back to the places we liked best and stay as long as we wished.

After I took that first bus ride I could hardly be kept out of the things. Buses in Edinburgh are grandly comfortable; the top rolls back to let in sunshine and give a better view, and a warm Scotch rug is provided for each passenger in case of chilly knees. What I liked best were their steadiness and their moderate speed. You could see the landscape as you went along, bit by bit, instead of all scrambled.

So my first Edinburgh offered bountiful entertainment, and we were treated with unceremonious Princes Street and went to picture galleries and museums and sat in the gardens and listened to band concerts; I longed perfectly in the old part of the city, poking into antique shops on the historic street known as the "Royal Mile"; visited the Zoo, one of the best in the entire world; it has a "wolf wood" and it has ferocious lions that seem about to spring at you over a little wall, and you have to look carefully to see that a chasm lies between you and them. And of course we wanted to go back to the Castle, and weep again in silent appreciation of the War Memorial.

A few days cannot begin to show a visitor the true meaning of this beautiful, wonderful city. So before I returned to America I went back and then it was that I found my other Edinburgh.

Ann had drifted out of my ken and I was alone and just a little perturbed because I had no place to stay. I had expected to climb Pike's Peak again but there was a mix-up about dates and the woman in charge wrote me a postal card saying she was very, very sorry. I, too, was sorry, but not very. I remembered that lonely walk from Holy Corner past the Practical Furrer's, also I remembered the hotel.

Half the people in Scotland seemed to be getting off my train at Waverly Station and the other half were there to meet them and the streets were literally packed with people. The traffic made one think of New York.

You've guessed it! It was the week the Royal Family was there! But where 0 were my grave, beautiful Lady Edinburgh? "Dear, I noticed an enormous crowd across the street so after I'd paid my bill. I went over to see what was happening. A girl with a thin neck and thick ankles told me they were watching the people come out of the hotel—"You know—toffs that are going to be presented at court!"

I joined the neck-stretchers and saw many a bright vision come out to a waiting Rolls-Royce—women in thrilling evening gowns wearing three white plumes and a short tulle veil and men in glittering uniforms. The policemen grew crossed and crossed and the rain grew rainier and rainier. My feet were soaking wet; I felt sneezy; my "fish tea" wasn't doing anything. But I kept saying to the crowds: "Git along! Git along!" until in all in I felt like a little dogie headed for the last round-up.

The tram was one of those double-deck affairs and I had to ride in the upper part, hanging on a strap the whole blessed way. When I got back to my room and saw myself in the mirror I looked just like my passport picture—in other words, awful! So I decided I needed doctoring, and poured some liquid into a glass, added a little water and swallowed it. The next moment I realized I'd taken two tablespoonsful of my new face lotion instead of the medicine! The bottles were just the same size.

My husband says that when he'd have called a doctor and called him quick, but it never occurred to me. My nurse-hostess looked at the lotion and sniffed it and said she didn't think I needed to worry. She gave me a glass of warm milk and tucked me in bed and the next thing I knew I was wandering about the hotel and her cheery voice was saying: "Are you settled up?" Sleepily I felt under the pillow for my purse, then realized she was reading my tummy—not my board bill! I told her the lotion hadn't improved my face one bit but it must have worked wonders with my innards for I felt marvelous.

She had waked me early because she had heard me say I wanted a shampoo and fingerwave and had been expecting enough to make an appointment for me but it had to be at 8:30 or not at all, for the hairdressers were busy with court customers, beautifying them for Holyrood Palace.

So pretty soon I was through.
you've guessed it! It was the week the Royal Family was there!

But where O was my grave, beautiful of Edinburgh? Dear, dear! She who had been faultlessly gowned was now tricked out in furs and feathers. Banners, gaudy fests of crepe tissue paper, slightly faded by the flowers, too, but of the flowers I heartily approved. It was a beautiful way to greet a home-coming queen, with flowers. And certainly all Edinburgh was in bloom. And the banners weren't so bad, but the rest of the decorations seemed an affront.

One department store had a life size portrait of the King and Queen in the main window and all around them, in formal designs of red, white, and blue, was a fancy assortment of bunting. Evidently the proprietor was on patriotism bent, but had a frugal mind!

I presented the door skis even more than I did the hunting and crepe tissue paper. How stupid of the weather-man to send rain that week! But the rain was there, and more of it coming, and I had no umbrella. So I went to a shop and asked if they had any that could be packed in a suitcase. "Ah," the salesman said, "what you want is a chubby." So I bought a dear little rotolo right down into my bag when it isn't need to keep the rain off.

I can't imagine needing an umbrella to keep the rain off—not in the British Isles! Though when the sun comes out all the way, they run for theirs and complain of the heatwave. And on the train when I was having a gander, the waiter handed me a fan. Ye gods! I needed a hot-water-bottle more!

Well, anyway, with a brown silk roof over my head! I was ready to brave the elements and went to the American Express and asked if they could suggest a place to stay, only to be told that Edinburgh was full. "Madame," they said, "there are twenty-five conducting with little private ones," I wonder if you Americans could do the same for President Hoover!"

This was the day the Queen was made Dame of the Thistle and following this ceremony she and King George and the Princesses visited the Castle, more than any other the people on the street as having to content themselves with the crowds and the elaborate decorations for the Royal Family. She replied: "But I feel sure you Americans could do the same for President Hoover!"

I had a good place next the curb and store, and the people on the street were at their best, and were kept. And finally I saw beside a door a genial way of waving the pedestrion. But I was worth and were finally there. The light was in bloom. And the band and rang the bell, yes, we could!

"Tomorrow," Miss McPhail said, looking up from the printed schedule, "they are going to Athol Street and we can see them from our upstairs windows!"

It made us feel quite superior to sit grandly in the dining room and watch anxious crowds gather below. Several friends had been invited in to see the show and meet the lady from America and we found that the place was good as a vaudeville. Directly under the windows were three of the naughtiest brats imaginable; they scratched and bit and pulled hair while they were laughing and trying something long and blue. At stated intervals she would cull them all well and for a moment peace would reign, then the riot would begin again and last until the next slapping.

Across the street a little boy was welcoming friends to his birthday party: every child in red coats—was given a flag and a place on the front steps. Just before the street was closed to traffic a group of several grown-ups leaned out of windows and gesticulated and the little boys watched hungrily. The ice cream cart was there too.

Widest excitement all up and down Athol Street—-the police escort! We shrieked for Miss McPhail, who was buttering whole-meal scones in the hairdressers were busy with court customers, beautifying them for Holyrood Palace.

So early soon I was through my breakfast and gone. The shop's booklet promised that "the moment you cross our threshold you will find yourself in a world of cushions." It told the truth about the quiet for I was the first customer, but I hadn't seen the cushions. For my shawl I had to creep my neck over the bowl while the operator doused my head in the water and scrubbed. But he gave me a nice wave and was with every person. I myself person. I myself person.
300 feet in height. Then the gardens along, Princes Street, gorgeous gardens in which used to be the bed of a loch. These gardens are always at their best and are kept so by burying in the flower beds fresh pots of snapdragons, hydrangeas; geraniums; lilac, chrysanthemums and innumerable other blossoming plants as soon as the others begin to wither. And the floral clock not only keeps time, but comes back to America on many a postcard.

We were impressed by the light traffic and polite motorists, who had a genial way of waving the pedestrians to go across; by the kindness of policemen and shopkeepers—and everybody else, for that matter; by the deliciousness of the cakes, by the shininess of the dogs; by the demureness of the children—little girls in long plaited and black cotton stockings, little boys in school uniforms—dark trousers and bright red or blue or green coats with caps and stockings to match.

I don't know why it is that Americans are recognized as such the moment they enter a shop. "It's our spectacles," someone said. "No, our teeth," another compatriot insisted, and a third was sure it must be our shoes. I don't know how they spot us but they do. Often when I'd price an article, the clerk would say: "In your money, it's thus and so." And how their eyes do gleam, for they consider all Americans Yankees and all Yankee millionaires!

One afternoon we made a tour and found Christine McPhail, the rain, and finally found Athol Street. We went slowly past a row of tall, forbidding greystone buildings and finally saw beside a door the name of Christine McPhail. I pulled a silver bell and in a little while the door swung open in ghostly manner. Timidly I went up a thin circular iron stairway and at the first landing found Christine McPhail's name again—and pulled another bell!

Immediately the door flew open and a small, eager face peered out. It was the McPhail and—O joy!—she could take me. I liked the room for it was enormous and beautifully clean and the mattress seemed stuffed with pink clouds. But most of all I liked her small, twinkling face. She had been a trained nurse and was once matron of a nursing-home—maybe that was why she knew so well how to make a body comfortable. Now, nearing 70, she took "paying guests." She was a darling, brought my breakfast to my bedside every morning and I had to restrain her by force from cleaning my shoes.

After depositing my bag, I went to Princes Street to get something to eat and decided I'd have a "fish tea." I was asked if I wanted chips with it; I said I did, but when they came they were French fried potatoes. The fish was excellent and I had a bowl of strawberries, larger and redder and sweeter than any I've ever tasted before, and half drowned in thick cream. And tea, of course.

Several friends had been invited in to see the show and meet the lady from America and we found the people on the street as good as a vaudeville. Directly unbuttoning whole-meal scones in the scullery, then all of us hung over the window sills and waved our ruh kuh and, as the darky said of the time the President passed through: "Opened us's mows like alligators an' jes' roared!"

"Did you see her pearls?"
"Were the Queen's gloves grey or were they blue?"
"She's bonny—bonny!"
Bubbling with excitement, we gathered around the table.

Someone said Queen Elizabeth must be a sensible mother, for those darling little Princesses had on the same hats they wore yesterday. And then I told them a story I heard in England about the children:

It seems that Margaret Rose was getting tired of the big parade and on one of the trips through long lanes of cheering crowds she slipped down in her seat and said to her sister: "I can't keep on smiling and bowing to all these people. I can't!"

Little Elizabeth's Spartan reply might well serve as a life motto for anyone: "Margaret Rose," she said, "the more you can't, the more you must!"
About English Customs, Cars, Cathedrals and Complexions

By EDITH EARNSHAW.

This is the third in a series of four articles by Mrs. Earnshaw on a Summer's vacation across the Atlantic.

I had never seen the car, but had an idea it was small. Anyway, since there were to be four women in the party, I felt sure that the less luggage I arrived with, the gladder my friends in England would be to see me. Their one admonition had been to come prepared for rain and cold weather.

Winter clothes are simpler than summer clothes; you can carry them as a small carries his shell—on your back. That is, if the weather permits. The day I sailed was desperation hot and the very thought of Winter rain was enough to induce sunstroke. So I went up the gangplank with my arms piled with wooly garments; I must have looked like the runner for a dry-cleaning plant.

The remainder was an object lesson in subtraction, but even then I managed to carry six dresses, two blouses, a knitted suit, a negligee, four pairs of shoes, toilet articles, undies, and an evening hat. And practically in a brief-case.

Really, I did manage with one small suitcase and one little zippering bag. It can be done if you know how to pack. I used so much tissue-paper my frocks came out as smooth as the face of a freshman.

Over there it isn’t possible to check baggage on a ticket, so the day before I left Edinburgh I took my suitcase to Waverly Station and when I made my want known was escorted upstairs and down a corridor, and after I had filled out a blank almost equal to an income tax report, they gave me a receipt and took my suitcase. It came under the head of “delivered luggage.”

Next morning I took a train called the Flying Scotsman. I was there half an hour before it left but had a hard time finding a seat. My mistake—I should have paid a shilling and booked a seat the day before. As it was, I had elbows jabbing me on both sides and my neighbors’ newspapers between me and the windows.

I was glad to leave the crowded carriage and go to the restaurant car for my luncheon. I was shown to a sumptuous green leather chair at a table for two and asked whether I would have the three-and-six or the two-and-six. Feeling that 90 cents was enough to joyous and delightful, and I almost forgot that on my landing-card, just before I reached Glasgow, I was classed as an “alien.” Certainly I didn’t feel like an alien now.

Freda looked at her watch and said we’d better get started. “Yes, I thought; sightseeing takes loads of time and it’s such a large cathedral.”

The next moment they were asking about my luggage and I was going across to the station to get it and by the time my porter and I came out they had the car by the curb.

It was an Austin! And now you’re having visions of the doll-carriage varieties we see on American highways. I’ll have you to know this was a new, shiny, grown-up Austin. I got in now, Freda, who was driving. “It’s comfortable!” I exclaimed. “Yes,” she replied; “it’s a well-sprung car and has a jolly-good engine. Nine horsepower!”

Nine horsepower! But I had perfect teamwork among those horses and we had all the speed we could want. And inside the saloon, as they called it, there was plenty of room for all of us. Once we carried five grown people and a dog. The car had so much space for stowing luggage I began to wish I’d brought a trunk. Sure enough they carried a good-sized steamer trunk, one very large suitcase, two smaller bags, at least two dozen books, an extra tire, the inevitable English tea-basket, and last of all my own luggage and Chubby. You see, the door behind the seat is locked and made a platform to step luggage upon, an addition to the space under the back seat, and a large mackintosh was fastened over all in case of rain.

We were off, and when we were about five miles out of the city Audrey said: “By the way, what do you think of the cathedral?”

I suppose they are wondering why I gave such a start. To tell the truth, I’d been so excited over seeing the Austins and helping to get my “delivered luggage” on the train that it wasn’t until that minute that I realized that we were going away from York Cathedral as fast as nine horses could pull us. But I wasn’t going to let on I’d never put toe inside.

Not at all! Marvelous!” I replied in throaty, thrilled tones.

“We arrived at 3 and went to it at once; we thought maybe we’d meet you there. What a pity so many of the windows were covered,” Audrey went on. “I should have liked seeing the Five Sisters. We were at one time and a thousand years ago we were one. They said they were waiting for me at the next stop, but I must say that for the first five miles, I knew already that cars turned to the left when meeting and to the right when passing, but I must say that for the first five miles, I knew already that cars turned to the left when meeting and to the right when passing.

Gas—petrol—isn’t the equivalent of 40 cents a gallon, but they use the litre measure, so their gallons are more generous than ours. Eight English pints equaling about 10 of our pints, and this helps considerably. It helped also to find that our Austin had a dainty appetite. We made from 38 to 40 miles to the gallon, thus we seldom bought more than a gallon or two at a time. Only once did Freda grow noisy and ask for four whole gallons.

I learned several things that afternoon about motoring in England. I learned that there are two great organizations for motorists, one being the Automobile Association and the other the Royal Automobile Club. Our Austin is a member of the former and pays two guineas or about $10.50 a year. Many are its advantages. The roads are patrolled by men in khaki uniforms over which they wear yellow oil-skins on rainy days. These men carry a first-aid kit in their side-cars, also materials for minor repairs. If one of these patrolmen does not happen along at a crucial moment, a member of the A.A. can send him word by a passing motorist or cyclist or phone from one of the boxes along the road, situated every few miles—each member has a key. Such friends in need as petrol, maps of the district and hurricane lamps, etc., are available in the boxes.

Learning English.

If the patrolman does not salute when he meets a member, the A.A. said member must stop at once and ask why—not to reprove him but because his failure to salute means he has something to tell the motorist. For instance, that there is a police trap ahead, so be careful to cut down speed! No wonder the A.A. has about a million members.

I knew already that cars turned to the left when meeting and to the right when passing, but I must say that for the first five miles, I knew already that cars turned to the left when meeting and to the right when passing.

windows.

I was glad to leave the crowded carriage and go to the restaurant car for my luncheon. I was shown to a sumptuous green leather chair at a table for two and asked whether I would have the three-and-six or the two-and-six. Feeling that 60 cents was enough to spend I said the two-and-six would do, and the empereur at my place was turned coldly down.

Along came a waiter with a tray of small-breads (rolls) saying, "Please, madam," I took one, but realized later it was a faux pas, as the small-breads were the sidepartners of the soup, and soup didn't come with the two-and-six.

I leaned hungrily back and watched the three-and-sixers, enjoying canned grapefruit, soup, and boiled turbot. At last the waiter advanced, and asked in low cultivated tones whether I wished the hot or the cold. It is a bleak day. "The hot," I tell him, hastily.

Roast Beef

A large plate with a lavish portion of roast beef set down before me. Roast potatoes are passed—huge, oblong ones, peeled and buttered in butter sauce. The best potatoes I ever tasted. Then French beans, green and slim—but middle-aged. I start chewing one and immediately seem to have a mouthful of tennis net! Thinking this was one the cook failed to "string" I try another, which is just as bad. Then I take lessons from the man across the aisle—he tells me that the beans on his fork and with a sharp knife drag off the strings and the stem. Now I can do myself, but it takes me a long time and it is a good thing I have plenty of time.

I dawdle over my cheese and crackers, water-cress and radishes, and return to my crevice in the third-class compartment just before we get to York.

By this time it was 2 o'clock, and the plan was for me to meet my friends at the Afternoon Hotel at 4. It was just across the street, and I left my zipper bag and Chubby, my brown umbrella, with a hall-porter who looked like a college president. In the meantime we had a wonderful time rambling around the cathedral.

"Around" the cathedral is correct, for I didn't go inside at all, and pure left in touch with the right, for sure we should remain in this fascinating town for a day or two, and had visions of setting out after tea, all of two grand old Minstrels. How dampening to their enthusiasm if the American friend should say: "But I've already seen it!"

It took self-control, you may be sure of that for the more I saw of the glorious exterior the more I wanted to go in. Finally I couldn't bear it any longer 'round and 'round like a wheel, so I went entirely away and had to satisfy myself with a walk through the quaint, crooked old streets, and close to 4 o'clock I went back to the hotel.

I hadn't seen Audrey Incline lines so I was elated yet a little fearful. Time is so ruthless—would she recognize me? More devastating thought: Would she recognize me? For 18 minutes I sat and watched my entourage door, then a woman came in, very English as to her clothes and with a threadbare sort Not II "Marvelous!" I replied in throaty, thrilled tones.

"We arrived at 3 and went to it at once; we thought we'd meet you there. What a pity so many of the windows were covered," Audrey went on. "I should have liked seeing the Five Sisters window. I suppose they told you the death-watch beetle is destroying some of the woodwork.

Are death-watch beetles the same as termites, I wondered, parenthetically. I couldn't help being glad of something important I should have missed seeing, even if I'd gone in, and comforted myself further with realizing that there is a definite distinction in the fact that I am probably the only American tourist who ever went to York without going inside the cathedral!

Anyway, after experiences with ship, train, tram, and bus, it was delightfully pleasant to be in an Austonian hotel, and with such darling people. My spirits bounded up and I felt elated that we had embarked upon a grand adventure.

Fifty Miles an Hour

The Yorkshire roads are well paved, but winding and at times narrow, and very steep. But we had many straight stretches which enabled us to increase our speed to a breathtaking 40 miles an hour! I was glad I had on a heavy suit with a shaggy tail, and a shawl over it for it was December-cold and all the car windows were opened wide. Then we had a gleam from the grey skies and we stopped and pushed back the panel in which the waiter called a sunshine roof.

On and on we went, then suddenly we turned a corner, went up a steepish incline and saw ahead of us a long line of hills tinted a most lovely lavendar shading to violet.

"The moors!" they cried in a chorus.

We had a discussion one day as to how we should describe the moors to someone who had never seen them. I should say they are long, high hills, bare except for heather and bracken and an occasional patch of woods, with isolated farms here and there. Even when the heather is not in bloom their color is indescribably beautiful, for it seems to have a changing mood. They smile, they are pensive, they wrap their heads in old-lady shawls of grey fog—but most of the time they sit and pout with their brown cloaks shading to shadows, transmuted as though, laid cool cheek on the heather.

This heather will not be at its best until September, but we found blossoms here and there—enough to bring home. And bringing home the heather reminds me of the bayberry episode:

Last December I visited Connecticut friends in their cabin on Mt. Carmel, and gathered some bayberries for Christmas decorations, and for safekeeping on the homeward journey, I put the berries under the Pullman berth.

Across the aisle there was an old lady who spent a pleasant day with her knitting. When I began to collect my baggage just before getting off the train, I took out the bayberries. Part of the paper had come off and a number of the berries were on the floor. "Well!" the old lady said, tartly frowning at what I had in my hand, "so that's what they are! I've been picking up little gray things all day and saving them. I thought I'd sell them to a motorist. For instance, that there is a police trap ahead, so be careful to cut down speed! No wonder the A.A. has about a million members!

I knew already that cars turned to the left when meeting to the right when passing, but I must say that for the first few miles I thought our Austin belonged to the Suicide Club instead of to the A.A., for it seemed to be rushing headlong into every car we met! I was beginning to relax just a little when tremendous noise arose, a man was walking beside him tugging at a bridle. Instead of turning to the left Freda swerved to the right. I thought surely we were gone, but they explained when they saw me wiping cold sweat from my brow. That a car must always turn to the right when meeting a lead horse.

I learned then that should the road be called the verge—a detour is a roundabout, a belt-line is a by-pass. That a large "L" on a car—front and back—means the driver is a "learner." We saw L's on motor-bikes (motorcycles) and push-bikes (bicycles) as well as on automobiles.

I learned that the red numbers we saw on cars indicated dealers' licenses—many of these were on old cars being taken to the north of England. That the tax on cars, formerly a pound per annum for each horsepower, has been reduced to approximately $3.75 per year per horsepower. Probably the explains why one sees so few large cars.

I learned with infinite approval that billboards are not allowed—only necessary highway markers and occasional warning signs such as "Open road—beware of sheep!" or "Don't pass on a corner!" (By "corner" they mean curve.) It was on the Scottish border that we saw the sign: "Please hoot!"

I learned that trailers are called caravans, and trucks are called lorries, and that the brain was filled to capacity and I feared to add another feather of information for fear of a blowout.

In that part of England it doesn't get dark until eight o'clock. I couldn't sleep, so I had a wonderful time rambling around the countryside.

"Almost there!" Henry went on, "I should say they are, to be responsible. I'll be back in a few minutes, and will tell you how to get there."

Naturally I snatched out my compact and expected to see the others do the same. But it was too late. However, I went right ahead with the powdering, for I refuse to arrive with a stop-sign nose. "You're lucky," I said—they were gazing at me with interest—"none of you seem to need this sort of thing."

"Well," Audrey said, hesitantly, "our English motorist does give us rather nice complexion!"

Freda gave something half-way between a snort and a groan: And rheumatism!"
It took self-control, you may be sure of that. For the more I saw of the glorious exterior, the more I wanted to go in. Finally I couldn’t stand it any longer, going ‘round and ‘round like a wheel, so I went entirely away and had to satisfy myself, with a walk through the quaint, crooked old streets, and close to 4 o’clock I went back to the hotel.

I hadn’t seen Audrey in nine years, so I was elated yet a little fearful. Time is so ruthless—would I recognize her? More devastating thought: Would she recognize me? For 15 minutes I sat and watched and entrance door, then a woman came in, very English as to her clothes and with a threadbare sort of face. Heavens, could this be Audrey? My heart sank. The next moment the door opened again, and a woman came in, very English as to her clothes—but a beautiful face like a Radiance rose! Audrey! China or India.

By the time her sisters Freda and Gay joined us, we had become articulate. We sat down at a table in the lounge. Before they ordered tea they asked me whether I drank China or India. I use Orange Pekoe at home, but they fancies China tea, and I found it so good I never ordered anything else. We had sandwiches and fancy cakes and lots of crisp ‘biscuits’ (crackers). Everything was interested in me with interest—none of you seem to need this sort of thing.”

“Well,” Audrey said, hesitantly, “our English climate does give us rather nice complexion.”

Freda gave something half way between a snort and a groan: “And rheumatism.”
Moral of This Travel Chapter Is Be Nice to Dour Old Ladies

Also Ailsa Craig, Stern And Ghostly, Gets Shock Of Its Alkaline Life In Early Morning Greeting From Tourist In Night Cap And Cold Cream

By EDITH EARNSHAW.

It was the letter that started everything, a thin letter with the Duke of Windsor’s profile on the stamp, and it came on a busy morning in late spring, a rainy day.

My English friend Audrey writes interesting letters but they’re mostly about her gardens and the plays she has just seen and English politics and usually I wait until I can get off to myself and enjoy them quietly. However, some occult impulse made me open this one right away, I read:

“Freda and I have just been looking at the calendar and find we are to leave for our vacation exactly five weeks from today. Instead of spending it all in one place we are going to motor about—first we’ll spend a week in Yorkshire, then we are going to the Roman Wall for a few days and last of all to Bamburgh on the North Sea.

“We’re taking three weeks this year instead of two. We have an extra seat in the car. Why don’t you come over and go with us?”

kilt is about the most romantic sight I know. It only I’d been chummy with those two dour-looking ladies I might have been rated at least a handshake from this lovely laird. I determined on my next voyage to make a special point of dull middle-aged ladies with false teeth.

It was not raining in Glasgow but the skies looked low and dirty and all the best dressed men were carrying neatly furled umbrellas. We noticed the traffic cops wore long white dusters. I hope they had raincoats handy.

“Pinch me, please,” I said to my companion, who shall for brevity’s sake be known henceforth as Ann. “I’m afraid I’m dreaming this. Can it be that I am really in Scotland?” It didn’t even seem possible, couldn’t get over the idea that I was wandering about in a Waverley novel.

We left our bags at the station and called another taxi and told the driver to take us to the American Express Company. The deaf old driver said aye, he’d take us, but was being shown for us from the deck—up and down and all around. The sunshine was bright by this time, and we were able to slip off our heavy coats.

In less than two hours we reached Inversnaid and regrettably left our darling blue water: as we went up the hill I heard Ann singing sentimentally:

“But me and my true love will never meet again.

On the bonnie, bonnie banks of Loch Lomond.”

I punched her. “Look, I cried, “there’s our coach-and-four!”

And it was! There sat on a high perch in front a red coach and four with five rows of seats for passengers behind him. I was glad the horses looked strong and capable for I saw the mountain towering above and realized the poor things had to tug the whole coachload of us up that steep, steep road.

Ann and I, our bags and umbrellas were safely stowed, all the seats were filled, our sporty driver chirruped to the horses and they walked slowly upward. These coaches are said to be the last ones left in Scotland and I feel sure even the horses must have realized how picturesque they were, not to mention the driver. I hope they’ll continue to transport passengers for many a day—think of the banality of exchanging a coach for a motor bus!

The road was narrow and we had a perfect view. I feasted my eyes on the wild flowers. There were masses of pink rhododendron and the May (or hawthorn) trees were clouds of white and pale pink. I saw bluebells—I did, honestly! Well, one, anyway! And the grass was embroidered with English daisies. The sun-warmed air was filled with delicious flower scents—then all of a sudden there was a perfume so marvelous I turned impulsively to ask the woman behind me what it could be. I was a trifle taken aback when I found she had opened her compact and was powdering her nose, and it was the powder which had well-nigh moved me to poetry!

It was a charming ride and I hope the horses didn’t get too tired. After all, it took only an hour and we went very slowly. At length we reached Stronachlachar and...
amplified from there on, saying at the very end: "Just cable us you are coming."

Over went my mental filing-cabinet, scattering my neat summer plans in every direction. I jumped up and laid the letter on my husband's desk, right under his nose.

About three minutes later he was standing beside my desk. "Well," he said, "why not?"

In one of the galleries—The Louvre I think—there hangs a picture called "The Last of England." A band of emigrants are turning for a final, wistful look at their native shores.

I wasn't concerned with the last of England, but after I'd gone to bed, I lay out right out, a friend bpped at my door, calling: "Look out, quick! We're passing Alsca Craig! The first of Scotland. So I poked my head out of my port-hole, my hair in a pale green sleeping cap day's trip for us, beginning that day. We had both of us been something of a shock...

Alsca Craig is a mountain—of rock rising sheer out of the Irish Sea. The dictionary says it is made of "an alkaline microgranite containing sericite," but now you know all about it. It certainly looked ghostly when the curtain of fog, which all day had wrapped the lovely Irish coast in a brown haze, called "grey fanning," parted suddenly. I wondered if Scotland was going to be like this, aloof and wet and grey, and not very glad to welcome us.

Alaska Craig is a mountain—of rock rising sheer out of the Irish Sea. The dictionary says it is made of "an alkaline microgranite containing sericite," but now you know all about it. It certainly looked ghostly when the curtain of fog, which all day had wrapped the lovely Irish coast in a brown haze, called "grey fanning," parted suddenly. I wondered if Scotland was going to be like this, aloof and wet and grey, and not very glad to welcome us.

When we got our landing-cards I found that everybody who wasn't a British subject was classed as an alien, and that the word itself made me feel like a puppy on the way to the pound. I wished Audrey had planned to meet me in Glasgow, or any-\(\ldots\)I could join her right away, instead of waiting five whole days. As I was waiting to disembark, a very nice woman was standing just in front. I had seen her once before, when we sang out of the same hymnal at service the third day out. I thought at the time she was a real person, but somehow hadn't been thrown with her since.

The weather is like some people—always getting talked about. We blackened its character a little more with a sudden squall of driving rain and cold, and some were looking out, without being quite sure why. We were in a very nice place: "And yesterday was a wail: his face very red. Her voice was almost a wail: "I ate almost no breakfast and that soup we had on the way fell off."

"No, I'm going to get my money's worth.

"I'm starved, too," said the waiter, "and see back to earn ＄0,000 by a shock..." And he told me that whatever we found outselves at Trossachs Pier."

A sunshiny afternoon, but the boat was a little hollow. But the smell of gas brought us back to earth, and warmth whisked up a winding hill. I must mention the men in highland costume stationed along the way, playing on their bagpipes while their woodcarved hands for coins from the passing motorists. They must have known those pipers, how perfectly they fitted in with the wild mountain scenery.

The waiter came with all the paraphernalia. He was followed by another waiter laden with good things. Sandwiches and biscuits (what we call crackers) and scones and bannocks and oatcakes and a dozen different kinds of fancy pastries.

I meant to make a good meal," Ann told me in low tones as she set it up on her plate. "If I'm eating gold I'm going to get my money's worth."

It was a charming ride and I hope the horses didn't get too tired. After all, it took only an hour and we went very slowly. At length we reached Stirling and there we boarded the Loch Katrine steamer. We were now in the Trossachs and Loch Katrine is as beautiful as a Loch will ever be. It seems to be the same thing should rightly be. No wonder "The Lady of the Lake" had adventures! We went in and out among the islands, gazed up at the densely wooded shores and gazed down at the pale blue of the water. Now and then we saw what it could be. I was a trifle taken aback when I found she had opened her compact and was powdering her nose, and it was the powder which had well-nigh moved me to poetry!
Meanwhile, Mrs. L. Col. also was entitled to a seal from America's First Lady, to be her twin sister. With her, I felt I should be Cook's Tourist and American Expressed in other words, perfectly safe.

Pretty soon we were going down the gangplank. The customs officer asked me conversationally if I had any tobacco or perfume. I said with my best smile that I had one tin of Lucky strikes, a teacupful of Coty, and a small box of Chesterfields. He chalkmarked the going on my luggage and turned his attention to a girl who had just ordered to open an enormous trunk. Poor child; she started to cry, and her hands shook so she couldn't fit the key in the lock. I suggest the officer thought she had practically exhausted the perfume and all the perfumes of Araby.

On our boat we saw the two middle-aged Scotchwomen I had put down as being the most unfrequented passengers on the ship. They were hugging and kissing a sinfully handsome young Highlander and let me say here and now that a good looking man in a group of passengers—only the two of us to represent the whole of the U. S. A. An old man played wild Highland tunes on an accordion; we skinned along, and collected penguins from us just before we landed.

Wooded hills were rising from the water's edge; these and the blue skies were reflected in the clear blue of the water. Now and then a stone farmhouse, painted white, and standing, was deep in flowers, smiled a welcome, or a village would run pell mell down one of the steep hills and we would stop, panting, beside its wharf to take on or discharge a passenger or two.

A bell rang below. Ann and I went down to the dining room, a large, friendly place with windows all around, with coral, bells, and lavender iris on the spotless tables. We had Scotch broth, full of savory vegetables, and scones—scones, of course—and some very good cheese. A rather sketchy luncheon, but we couldn't allow ourselves to stay below but a few minutes, because of the lovely moving picture that I saw and expected to receive only a little change in return. To her surprise the waiter handed her a ten shilling note and a good deal of silver. She gazed at him. "Haven't you made a mistake? I think you've given me too much change."

"O no, madam, I think it is quite correct."

"Then—how much was our tea, anyhow?"

"One and six each, madam. That is, about 37 cents. Ann, forgetting she was no longer in America, and overhearing the words "one and six," thought he said "one sixty!"

"We gave him a pretty grand tip and sallied forth feeling a little confused, quite a bit dumb, but extremely well fed. Ann said she thought Scotland was charming, the whole world was charming. As for me, I had only one cause for pensiveness. I knew in my heart of hearts that"

"Me and my umbrella would never meet again

On the bonnie banks of Loch Lomond!"
Eighteenth Hundred Years and Tea

By EDITH EARNshaw.

The man at the petrol pump (filling station) said it was quite simple. All we had to do was keep a straight road until we came to the Bunch of Grapes Inn, near Chester. It was then a long time before we arrived, but worth the wait.

We thanked him, treated our nine horses to a gallon of petrol, and rolled on.

You see, I was motoring with three English men friends in Northumberland. We were close to the border of England, and our aim was to keep out of the beaten track of tourists and at the same time see many unusual and interesting things. Just now, we were going to Chester-le-Street, Tamworth, Lincoln, Doncaster, and the North Ridgeway.

And there was the Bunch of Grapes Inn, tempting us, but it was too early for lunch, and anyway, we had ours with us in the tea-basket, so we turned our heads north and found a time the landscape was typically evocative and pleasing. Then we seemed to go all at once from the Promised Land into the desert! We had reached the "distressed areas".

Houses had a tumbledown appearance and there wasn't a flower anywhere. And the people! The poor darlings looked as if they were living in basements and wasn't on them they couldn't have had a nice clean tubbing since last Whitsun—England's favorite time to date from. Factory chimneys are unsightly enough, even when they're busy carrying smoke away, but a cold factory chimney is both ugly and sinister—a sooty monument to misery. I don't know which was more distressed that day, the famous "areas" or our little foursome and when 1 o'clock came, and we got out of the car and snuggled down under a hedge to eat, the wind was so cold, too. I think it must have had nothong cough. We had slices of Yorkshire ham, buttered aces, and strawberry jam. Since you may not know what a flan is, I'll tell you it is a kind of tart made with plenty of butter and eggs and sugar, filled with a waft of whipped cream on top. And just think, we were too low in our minds to want a mouthful!

So we were glad when we got to Chester. The Cathedral had made us forget everything else. Durham is a dear, funny old town, and I had to be dragged away from that, of the "Robe-makers for the University." (I gave up in the shadow of a college and love the pageantry of academic processions. Once there was to be an especially grand one and our new president's little boy had it all mixed up in his mind with the parade. At least, I think that.

And we turned out and made arrangements, and while we waited outside for the kettle to boil inside, we tried to get him to talk to us. He had such a romantic face. But he was so busy looking at his watch until Freda offered him a cigarette.

Just then the young man's mother called us in. She had spread the tea on a table by the door and I'm sure we used the very best dishes. He followed us in; he had fired-up his cigarette and between puffs a regular Niagara Falls of words gushed forth. Audrey said afterward she was afraid he'd talk the curl out of our hair and the varnish off the ceiling. My comment was: "Well, if he was all gabby for one cigarette, just be thankful it wasn't a cigar!"

The countryside continued to improve and did the weather. We by-passed Hexham, and realized that the Roman Wall must be near. I kept looking for it, but when I rose in my seat and shrieked: "Look, there it is!" the others glanced pityingly at me and said it was nothing but a sheep-fence. I subsided, but the next moment all of us were realizing excitedly that we had reached our dear darling moors again! These were wilder and more barren than the ones in Yorkshire—quite different really, but with a difference we couldn't define.

And here were glorious trees, groves of chestnut and oaks. Now and again we rode through avenues of copper beeches; these are said to take "a thousand years to grow, a thousand years to blow, and a thousand years to go!"

And then—and then—we saw a sign-post which read: "Wall-upon-Tyne."

Aye:"

"Veni Vidi Vici."

Wall up to the North Tyne. We entered a fort, imagined a row of barracks, came to a courtyard with a well in it, left this by a chapel, went down into a cellar, into the store, where the pay-chest was kept, and into the regimental offices. Thence to the commandant's house—where he seemed so grim that they said he was the moulder's赶 up.

All this of course as we had gone to a house that had just had its foundations laid and walked with the builder and his men and had him tell us: "This is the living-room and this is the study and this is the bathroom"—and so on. The only difference being that in these Roman times, baths were houses, and wondered as many before we have done what the seven niches in the bath-house were for.

But all of this was somewhat as if we had gone to a house that has just had its foundations laid and walked with the builder and his men and had him tell us: "This is the living-room and this is the study and this is the bathroom"—and so on. The only difference being that in these Roman times, baths were houses, and wondered as many before we have done what the seven niches in the bath-house were for.

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I grew up in the shadow of a college and love the pageantry of academic processions. Once there was to be a parade and our professor's little boy had it all mixed up in his mind with a circus parade. At breakfast on the big-day his old eye was on heart, by thinking there were going to 'be any elephants in the parade.' But this nurse took him in, anyway. He was a rather heavy child, weighing all of 300 pounds, sporting a scarlet doctor of divinity's robe, he was perfectly satisfied.

Finally they prized me away and we toiled up a steep hill and at there to the very first thing. The window was full of toffees and ginger beer and we were named the One-eyed Cyclops. Gay and I were shown to adjoining rooms, mostly huge doubles. Bed and a little one after hanging the door down; their room was larger but they had the un-welcome prospect of sleeping together.

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Drinking our tea by the road they passed us on their way to the castle. We could imagine desolate the region must be in the early, half buried in snow, with neighbors within miles. Prob'ly that explained the look in the v'n's eyes. We gave them some chocolate but I've never had a little more than that, even holiday. After an unprofitable noon, Freda sat down with a map before her then exclaimed: "Come on, we're going for a ride." Somewhat disapprov- ingly, we got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride." We got into the car, then at a sudden thought said: "We're going for a ride."
Afterward we went down to St. Cuthbert’s tomb, which was giving us quite an uplifted feeling until Freda, stepping back to see it better, nearly fell through an open trapdoor into a horribly yawning pit, so we left without further ado and went across the greensward for a hurried glance at the Castle.

This is now the main building of the University of Durham and a pretty girl—evidently a co-ed—showed us around. The great banquet hall to the right has become the university refectory, but today the tables had been taken out and the electric lights covered with bright yellow tissue paper—gay, but startling. “You see,” she explained, eagerly, “we’re having a dance tonight—and we are going to eat dinner in the scullery!” We thought it a very human bit. The portraits looking down from the walls were a pale lemon color because of the lampshades but it seemed to us they, too, were pleased over the dance and didn’t really mind looking bilious.

The tourist group grew larger and larger. The castle is worth spending hours in, but Audrey whispered to us she couldn’t live any longer without a spot of tea. She had heard there was a good shop near the bridge, so we went on out, down some steep stone steps, and when we got to the bottom we turned and looked up at the Cathedral. From this point it is truly majestic—Cathedral. And we say, “Fogon Nicks of Tuirwall” (Openings in a range of hills or mountains are called “gaps” in the South and “notches” in New England and “nicks” in Britain. Whether gaps, nicks or notches, all seem to mean the same thing.)

At any rate, we were quietly losing our minds over the wildflowers, so forgot all about the time until Gay looked at her watch and told us it was 11 o’clock!

Next morning, Freda and Audrey said something had to be done about their bed. A fat person had evidently been sleeping in it and left a canyon in the middle and all night they had kept rolling together with a bang. Finally they had to put the bolster—called a “dutch husband”—between them. Fortunately, some guests were leaving and single beds were provided and after that Hadrian’s Hotel was perfect.

There is no luxury method of seeing the Roman Wall. One must walk, but walking was no hardship to us. We had clumsy shoes and wool stockings and rough tweedies, also berets to keep our hair tamed. And so, danc- ing the weather to do its worst; and took us back to the kitchen. The floor was of stone flags and the walls were smoked. We asked if she liked living here. She hesitated then replied: “Aye, but it’s cold when winter comes.”

All of them wore wooden clogs on their feet and later, as we sat and see her bathroom? And baby:

We called that the Inspired Ride.

On our last afternoon, we took another drive. This was over the highest road in England, and though we have been another inspired ride with marvelous scenery, but we ran into a fog and could hardly see anything; for a while, much less the view. Coming down, we had to pass through a region formerly famous for its lead mines, over a bleak plateau kind appropriately at Kill Hope Moor.

It must be another distressed area from the looks of it, but as we were passing the saddest cottage of all the door opened and out came a girl. She was making tea for her father and other, much less the view. Coming down, we had to pass through a region formerly famous for its lead mines, over a bleak plateau kind appropriately at Kill Hope Moor.

"Is she real?” Freda asked breathlessly as we drove slowly on.

"Certainly she’s real. She’s some girl from up Newcastle way, her a visit.” But then, Guy is always literal.

"No such a thing” Audrey cried indignantly, “It’s a scarlet tanage.

“Are you wrong?” I told them in my emphatic way, “do you mean to say you didn’t recognize her? She’s the Water Nymph Convent..."
Bursar E. B. Earnshaw and his wife Edith, who was his assistant, conferring with Dr. Tribble.

was lived in our midst. He will live on. No one, I believe, had more friends. That friendship will continue to be a blessing to all who knew him.

Mrs. Earnshaw, who was a poet and worked with her husband, retired from the Bursar's Office in 1953 after a forty-year association with the college as an employee. She died on July 14, 1962. At that time the Board of Trustees took note of Mr. and Mrs. Earnshaw's expression of purpose recounted in Chapter 1. The trustees said:

It was the lifetime intent of Mr. and Mrs. Elliott B. Earnshaw to return to the college whatever material possessions they had accumulated during their long association with the institution. Their devotion to the college is reflected in the fact that their combined years of service at Wake Forest totaled approximately eighty-four. Mr. Earnshaw served as bursar from 1907 until his death on January 3, 1952. Mrs. Earnshaw, a daughter of President Charles E. Taylor, began her service with the college in 1913 as secretary to President William Louis Poteat, transferring shortly thereafter to the Bursar's Office, where she remained until her retirement in 1953. After her retirement she maintained her home in Wake Forest, North Carolina, until her death on July 14, 1962.

Their ambition was to provide a sum of $50,000 which would be available to the college upon their deaths. This hope was realized when the
terms of the will of Mrs. Earnshaw directed that $10,000 from the sale of
any assets of the remainder of the estate be added to the $40,000 they had
already given. The living example of this couple is one of the finest in the
college's 128-year history.5

Shortly after Earnshaw's death, Worth Copeland was elected bursar and secretary of the Board of Trustees. A native of Ahoskie,
Copeland was a 1930 graduate of Wake Forest and earned a master's
degree in mathematics in 1941. With time out for military service,
his career included teaching in the Mathematics Department until he
joined the Bursar's Office as assistant to Earnshaw in 1947.

In June 1958 the trustees consolidated the offices of bursar and treasurer, and Copeland's title was changed to treasurer. T. W.
Brewer, who had been treasurer since 1947, was named treasurer emeritus. Before the change the Treasurer's Office had been located
in Raleigh and worked with a committee of the trustees in managing the permanent funds of the college. That function along with the
day-to-day financial operations would henceforth be the responsibility of the merged Office of the Treasurer.

As assistants, Copeland had James B. Cook, Jr., a Virginian who
had been with the college since 1944 except for a year's absence for graduate work at the University of North Carolina, and John G.
Williard, a Carolina graduate and CPA, who came into the administration in 1958. In the early sixties Copeland, who also was serving
as secretary of the Board of Trustees, had health problems, and
Cook was made secretary pro tem, then acting secretary of the board. In October 1965 Copeland left the employment of the college.
Cook, who held the title of acting business manager, was elected secretary of the board at that time. When it became clear
that Williard was the choice of the administration to become treasurer, Cook resigned to accept a position with the Virginia Division of the Budget in Richmond. He had served the college faithfully as an excellent steward of its funds, and his friends were sorry to see him go; at the same time they welcomed Williard, a highly capable man, to the upper echelons of the college management.

Grady Siler Patterson was the first full-time registrar the college
ever had. Appointed during the presidency of William Louis Potent,
he served through the administrations of Francis Pendleton

Gaines, officer until

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O Freshmen, most gladly we welcome you here,  
And give you a greeting heartfelt and sincere!

Boys, some of you live near the tossing Atlantic,  
Where gallant coastguardsmen keep vigilance frantic;

Some hail from the Sandhills or great Coastal Plain,  
Where long-leaf-pines flourish and good soldiers train;

Some, from the State's center - best section by far,  
(At least, that's what WE think, for that's where we are!) 
And some from the Piedmont, where factories run,  
And constantly turn out war-goods by the ton;

And some from the mountains, where gallant folks strive  
That faith may continue and freedom survive;

And some of you come from a neighboring State,  
And some from a distant one - little or great.

Regardless of whence you came, why you came, how,  
Remember you all are WAKE FOREST BOYS now!

WAKE FOREST BOYS - yes! - and do not be dismayed  
To learn we have students of varying shade!

Some always are homesick - won't last long, it's true,  
But always does make the poor sufferer BLUE!

And some - though of course quite infrequently seen -  
Are vividly, oh, undeniably GREEN!

And often when starting his first college quiz  
A freshman is WHITE as a drift of snow is!
And some are bright-RED, like the freshman named Jack
Who quite by mistake slipped a WAC on the back!

But this I can say of each Wake Forest fellow,
From freshmen to senior - he never is YELLOW!

Dear boys, are you lonesome? at times do you home
To have in Wake Forest some folks of your own?

Then quickly get this - before anyone stopped you -
A LOT OF US HERE WILL BE GLAD TO ADOPT YOU!

And just for example - and this is no cant -
I think I should make an acceptable aunt!

(Or "aunt", as Virginians up north of us say,
But AUNTIE or ARNTIE, it's true, either way.)

And some would be gladly your fathers or mothers,
Or jolly uncles, or sisters, or brothers;

But boys, I advise you to run for your life
Whenever a girl says: "I'd make a good wife!"

For many a girl is a charming help-MEET,
But many another is just a help-EAT!

A word to the wise is sufficient advice,
Do let us adopt you - it sure would be nice!

The heart of Wake Forest is big, warm and true,
And in it we have a place waiting for you!

This town is your home till your college course ends,
But we - for the rest of your LIFE - are your FRIENDS!

Aunt Edith Carnehaw
Edith Earnshaw

An
Affectionate
Remembrance

By Olin T. Binkley

ON THE HUMAN pilgrimage we feel the sting of death, especially when it strikes those who are dearest to us, but we are undergirded and sustained by the assurance that neither life nor death can separate us from the love of God and that we can trust our loved ones to His care.

In these moments of affectionate remembrance, it is appropriate for us to state four facts about Mrs. Edith Earnshaw whose creative mind and gentle heart have enriched every dimension of life in this community and whose friends across the nation and overseas have been influenced affirmatively by the greatness of her soul.

First, she was born and reared in a home characterized by superior intelligence, interpersonal competence, and religious faith. In the fellowship of the family she learned to speak thoughtfully, to listen graciously, and to enjoy life to the full.

Second, Edith Earnshaw and her husband, Elliott Earnshaw, were colleagues both in marriage and in vocation. They were colleagues in the home where they lived as "heirs together of the grace of life." They were colleagues in this church...

DR. OLIN T. BINKLEY is dean of the faculty at Southeastern Baptist Seminary, Wake Forest, N. C. He was graduated from Wake Forest College in 1928 and was once head of its Department of Religion. He delivered the above remarks at Mrs. Earnshaw's funeral.

where he served for 21 years as clerk and she was leader of the Sunbeam Band. They were colleagues in Wake Forest College where he was bursar and she was secretary. They combined the firmness of convictions derived from a spiritual heritage with the flexibility of mind essential to an understanding and appreciation of each succeeding generation of college youth. They served Wake Forest College with a sense of mission, a relaxed efficiency, and a devotion to Christian education rarely equaled and never surpassed in the history of the school.

Third, it is to be remembered, also, that Edith Earnshaw had a perceptive mind and knew how to express ideas precisely, clearly, and persuasively. She participated in stimulating conversations; and she had dash, fire, and intellectual depth. The discriminating reader of her verses finds a coherent interpretation of life, including an awareness of beauty, insight into human nature, and profound reverence for Almighty God. In harmony with the fundamental purpose of her life, she cared deeply for the people with whom she lived and worked and treated every individual as a person.

And, finally, there is ample evidence that she had the courage that springs from faith in God. She was delighted by the rising sun, the falling snow, and the flowers that grew in her garden. She liked blue skies and favoring breezes, but she knew how to take the wind in her face and to fight out the storm when it came.

"Blessed are the pure in heart: for they shall see God."
MRS. E. B. EARNshaw.

Poet Earnshaw Dies At Home

WAKE FOREST—Funeral services for Mrs. Edith Earnshaw of Wake Forest, who died early Saturday morning at her home on West Pine Avenue, will be conducted at 3 p.m. Monday from the Wake Forest Baptist Church.

Active in civic and church affairs, Mrs. Earnshaw has also written and published much poetry. She was a frequent contributor to The News and Observer "Today's N. C. Poem" column.

She was the author of "Versus", by Edith Earnshaw published in the fall of 1961.

She was the youngest daughter of Dr. Charles E. Taylor, who was for 20 years president of Wake Forest College. She was married to the late Elliott Earnshaw, who served as bursar of Wake Forest College for more than 40 years.

Mrs. Earnshaw was once quoted as saying, "I suppose that my greatest single achievement was in being born in Wake Forest, North Carolina."

In 1943 she and her husband pledged their estate to Wake Forest College. At that time it amounted to about $44,000. They said in their pledge that "there is nothing that money can buy which is worth more to the world than Christian education."

She became affiliated with the college in 1938 as secretary to the then president Herbert M. Poteat.

Funeral services will be conducted from the Wake Forest Baptist Church of which she was a member at 3 p.m., Monday by the Rev. Ben Lynes, the Rev. John Wayland and the Rev. Olin T. Binkley. Burial will be in Wake Forest Cemetery.

Surviving are four sisters, Miss Mary P. Taylor of Wake Forest, Mrs. C. C. Crittendon, Mrs. W. D. Duke and Mrs. Aubrey Hawkins, all of Richmond, Va.
That First Christmas

Precious Lord God of Christmas, what must You have thought
Of this world on the night of Your birth?
Of the rude stable-shelter, by clumsy hands wrought,
Of its carpet of dark, mouldy earth?
Of the rough, jostling beasts and the clamor they made?
Of the shepherds, uncouth in their awe?
Of the splinterly manger in which You were laid?
Of Your pillow of ungentle straw?

Upon seeing and feeling and hearing all these,
And perceiving the scant welcome given,
Did You not then desire to go back to the ease—
To the joyous perjection of Heav'n?

Cherished Mortals, I saw but the beauty of love,
And I felt but the peace it could bring;
And I heard but its voice when the choir above
Bade the angels and morning stars sing.

Now you ask if I longed on that night to return
Unto Heaven, its glorious acclam!
O blind mortals and frail, will you never then learn
I brought Heaven to earth when I came!

EDITH EARNSHAW

Wake Forest, North Carolina

1957

Christmas! Speak not the word if with bitterness stirred,
Nor yet cry "Commercial!" with scorn;
There would be no display and no fanfare today
If Jesus had never been born.

No dear myths would abide nor would Santa Claus ride,
Nor would stockings the mantels adorn;
Christmas trees would not bloom bringing glory from
gloom
If Jesus had never been born.

Silver stars would not shine with a message divine
Nor the rose triumph over the thorn.
We would have, to remember, no mystic December,
If Jesus had never been born.

Not a homefire would glow. All the blessings we know
Would be lost to a people forlorn;
And we mortals would grope in a world without hope
If Jesus had never been born.

O then Christmas bells, ring! And ye morning stars, sing
Together, to herald the morn!
Let all christendom's voice cry "Rejoice! O rejoice!
For our Lord, our Forever, is born!"

EDITH EARNSHAW

Wake Forest, North Carolina

An angel and a child met on a hill.
The child exclaimed: "Above the place we are,
See, something shines! Bright and yet brighter still!"
The angel said: "It is the Christmas Star!

It ornaments the lives of mortals more
Than jewels on the breast of royalty;
Its points are five — their names you've heard before:
Faith — Courage — Hope — Endurance — Loyalty;

Out from the center each point draws its strength.
O Little One, look carefully above!
The seeking eye always discerns at length
The center of the Christmas Star is Love!"

EDITH EARNSHAW

Wake Forest, North Carolina
De goun’ all white for Christmas Eve — a mos’ unseldom snow;
Br’er Malachi say “Rabbit hunt!” I ‘clar’ to him “Le’s go!”

But jes’ as we wuz settin’ out, it got norated ‘roun’
A pickaninny done got los’ — jes’ natchelly mus’ be foun’;
An co’se, we boun’ to jine de search. It kinder hard to see
Which one wuz disap’inted wusst — de dogs or him or me!

Well, me’n my pardner took out wes’, a-headin’ for de bay;
De yuthers scatterated off jes’ ever’ which-a-way.

De sun drop low on’ my, ’twuz cale! We bofe wuz mighty grum;
We still repined dat rabbit-hunt, jes’ couldn’ see how-come.

We reach Sis Tribulation’s barn. “Br’er Malachi,” I sez,
“Le’s step inside on’ git thawed out, for I is all but frez!”

So in we go’d an’ lawsy me! It might’nigh made me weep —
Dat pickaninny-chile wuz dar, curled up an’ fast asleep!

Yes, in de manger on de hay! Br’er Malachi he smile
An’ den he kinder choke an’ say: “De little Christmas chile!”

We fotch him home. An’ when we laid him on his mammy’s knee
She couldn’t find no words to thank Br’er Malachi an’ me;

But mos’ de neighbors wrang our hands; dey gather all about;
“You oughter be presentified wid gif’!” Sis Tol’rance shout.

Br’er Malachi he say O no, bekaze he reckon it
A heap mo’ blesseder to gib dan what it is to git;

I sez: “Dem sentiments is mine — wid dis-here added, too:
It wouldn’t be no Christmas ‘t all widout sech frien’s as you!”

Edith and Elliott Earnshaw.

Wake Forest, North Carolina

1936
Br'er Malachi, we's proud you's here—an' co'se Sis' Tol'rance, too, 
For 'twouldn' seem lak Christmas-time widout sech frien's as you.
Real glad it's comin' on to rain, to bluster an' to blow—
Now interrupted folkses won't be botherin' us fo';
Dis season's jes' for us an' you, nobody else allowed,
I feels lak sayin' (does dey come): "Fo's comp'ny, mo's a crowd!"
Uh-huh, de cabin's lookin' peart, de f'arlight make it shine,
De Christmas declinations, too, de holly an' de pine;
Sho! sho! de supper do smell nice! (De possum kinder small
But plenty 'nuff for jes' us fo', me'n Mandy an' you-all.)
I hears a knock! It Widder Jones, a passel young-uns, too!
What's dat? Yo' cabin burnded down? Lawd he'p us—we an' you!
(Dat mean we's got to 'ny urse'fs, de vittleses so scant,
Dese chillun dey so hunry dey's as hollow as a ha'nt!)
Dar now, dar now, you's done an' et, you's stuffed out nice an' roun',
An' now you's actin' yawny-like; mus' spread some pallets down;
But wait! Hang up yo' stockin's, fust, ole Santa's on his way!
(Gwine fill 'em up wid goodies Mister Johnny brung today));
Dat's fine! An' now le's sing a song, fo' Christmas comin' soon—
'bout shepherds watchin' flocks by night; Sis Tol'rance, raise de chune!
Dem chilluns 'sleep! De rain's holt up! An' look, a star all bright
Dar in de Eas'! 'Spec' it knows it Christmas Eve tonight,
I knows it, too! An' Widder Jones, I hope you unnerston's
We's one big fambly here tonight, a-jinin' hearts an' hands;
Sho! reckon dat what Christmas for —no vittleses an' fuss,
But jes' to thow dese frez-up hearts dat stays inside uv us;
An' who's it for? Who's Christmas for? De bells uv midnight call:
'Tain't jes' for me; 'tain't jes' for you; praise Heab'n, it's for ALL!

O Lord, it Christmas Eve, de chu'ch all bright,
Dey's gwine to do a heap fo' Thee tonight,
—All 'cep'n me, I isn' got a dime,
Jes' unfinancial, seems lak, all de time.
I aimed to sell some mistletoe today
An' earn my Christmas off'rin' dat-a-way;
But li'l' los' nigger stop me at de stile—
I brung him home an' fed de hungry chile.
Went on a piece. A stranger come along,
Right nervous-headed, shambly—somep'n wrong!
I fotch some water kaze he gittin' worse,
He seem all right soon as he squinch his thirs'.
I see'd some smoke—Br'er Pompey been burnt out!
His cabin gone, he naked, near-about; 
Wuz wrap up in a quilt he'd save' by chance—
I carried him my yuther pa'r uv pants.
An' den I hear'n de news dat ol' Br'er June
He mighty sidk, gwine be deceased soon.
Felt 'bleeged to visit him, dough it right far;
He say it hap to hab me settin' dar.
An' hour b' sun—an' yet, it wa'n't no use—
Got word to come straight to de calaboose!
I drop my mistletoe—an' dis'am why;
De one in prison wuz Br'er Malachi!
So, messin' wid sech leastest ones as dese
De time got by—don't think hard uv me, please!
I's empty-purse-ted still, an' boun' to pray
An' splanify how-come I dat-a-way.

An now jes' dis! I craves one favor so!
(Ain' axin' nuffin fa' myse'f—no, no!)
But please Suh, bress my each an' ev'ry frien'
Dis Christmas—sho!—an' on beyont. Amen.

Wake Forest, N. C.

Edith and Elliott Earnshaw.
LILIES FOR REMEMBRANCE
(To Mrs. Cullom)

We do not need reminders on this day
To make your image clear;
You are enshrined within our hearts for aye
And thus forever near.

And yet, to you our special gifts we brought
In days of long ago,
So here are lilies as a special thought
Because we love you so.

Perhaps today you walked the shining fields
And gathered with delight
The Easter lilies that your Heaven yields
- Fragrant and full of light;

Then on God's Altar just at Easter's birth
You laid them with a song
In memory of us who, still on earth,
You've loved so much, so long.

— Edith Earnshaw

Easter Sunday, 1949
I thought of sending flowers —
They last, though, but a day.
I feared to send you presents,
They might get in your way.

And so I bring affection,
Which fades and clutters never;
And MY type of affection
Stays bright and lasts forever!

Eddie E.

January 18, 1957
October 27, 1947

Dr. Cullom, I am sending this letter from Margaret Gulley Bonaud because I know you will like to have it. I have answered it, so it need not be returned. Incidentally, I sent her one of these GREETINGS, hoping it might give her a smile, poor dear. I understand her husband is not any better and probably never will be.

GREETING FROM WAKE FOREST

to dear Dr. Cullom

The top of the morning, and HORDY!
I like to instruct and amuse
So thought I would seize a few moments
And furnish some items of news:

Enrollment is now eighteen hundred,
With various problems we grapple -
For instance, our sea of young people
Almost overflows the new chapel.

Just half of the group are civilians
With girls some 300 of these;
The rest are our Veterans worthy
Whose records continue to please.

Some Freshmen have seventeen summers,
One student - alert and alive!
Collegiate, one of the fellers -
Is happy to boast seventy-five!

The girls have a new dormitory
And Hunter reverts to the boys;
A number of students built houses
Near golf course - away from the noise.

The registrar, also the bursar
Both needed some offices new,
So each took a classroom adjoining
And cut a connecting door through.

New faculty members are many
And some of them have to commute -
They cannot find homes in Wake Forest.
(We hope we don't lose 'em en route!)

Fall costumes are slowly appearing,
The style-makers' manner is curt.
They don't ask "How green was my valley?"
But simply "How long is your skirt?"

We now have a brand-new police force -
He's handsome and competent, too;
The folks who drive cars, trucks and busses
Have learned they must watch what they do;
A prof got a ticket one morning. 
On hearing, his wife made reply: 
"How awful!" did YOU get a ticket?
Then added: "Oh well - so did I!"

And football? We make no predictions 
For seldom are things as they seem; 
Our schedule is simply terrific - 
But truly we have a good team.

In closing - our good wishes always 
Are with you, whatever betide. 
We hope you will soon come to see us;
The latchstring is on the outside.

Edith Earnshaw
(In the Bursar's Office)

Fall 1947
LILIES FOR REMEMBRANCE
(To Mrs. Cullom)

We do not need reminders on this day
To make your image clear;
You are enshrined within our hearts for aye
And thus forever near.

And yet, to you our special gifts we brought
In days of long ago,
So here are lilies as a special thought
Because we love you so.

Perhaps today you walked the shining fields
And gathered with delight
The Easter lilies that your Heaven yields
— Fragrant and full of light;

Then on God's Altar just at Easter's birth
You laid them with a song
In memory of us who, still on earth,
You've loved so much, so long.

— Edith Earnshaw

Easter Sunday, 1949

When nations bicker without end
And troubles seem to worsen,
Sure, Providence is good, to lend
Our Dr. Cullom for a friend—
A dear, delightful person!

Sincerely and gratefully,

— [Signature]
O Christmas again, and my garden all bare!
No trace of the bloom which in summer was there.
No fruits and no flowers! This garden of mine
Can offer no gifts on the Birthday divine.

Like April’s own sunshine, with goodwill aglow,
Encircling the lily pool’s rim, cowslips grow;
A wonderful wine they would make, sweet and mild,
For the little Christ Child, for the blessed Christ Child!

My banksian rose blossoms golden in May
With never a thorn on its shining green spray;
And out of its gold, what a crown could be styled
For the little Christ Child, for the blessed Christ Child!

While hummingbirds hover and bees drone a tune,
Clove pinks are as dazzling as snowdrifts in June;
And O what a pillow—perfumed, undefiled—
For the little Christ Child, for the blessed Christ Child!

The berries that ripen in ardent July
Are lustrous as jewels, delighting the eye;
And think what a gift, in a silver dish piled,
For the little Christ Child, for the blessed Christ Child!

But Christmas again, and my garden all bare!
No trace of the bloom which in summer was there.
No fruits and no flowers! This garden of mine
Can offer no gifts on the Birthday divine!

This morning a woman—an outcast, God knows—
In passing gazed long at my banksian rose
Then asked for one green, curving branch—one,
no more—
To fashion a wreath for her humble front door.

At noontime a wee, homeless kitten I found
Curled up in my garden—but not on the ground;
The clove pinks’ grey foliage made a warm nest
And there had the poor little creature found rest.

The whole livelong day—for I watched them, and
A flock of small birds winged their way to and fro.
O yes, English sparrows, drab, wary, despised,
All seeking the seeds which they mightily prized.

And just as the sun slipped away o’er the brink
There came a stray dog to my garden to drink;
He lapped up the water, inviting and cool,
Till stars bright as diamonds looked up from the pool.

Tonight, as I waited for Christmas with awe—
Half waking, half dreaming—a vision I saw:
My banksian rose was a crown of pure gold;
My clove pinks were pillows of whiteness untold;

The seeds were transformed into fruits rare and fine;
And out in the pool was the water all wine!
A Voice said to me: “Are you not then aware
A garden is not—and can never be—bare!

It gave Me no gifts? O but that cannot be:
What it gave to those creatures it gave unto Me!”
Then the Christmas star glistened and all Nature smiled
On the little Christ Child, on the precious Christ Child!

EDITH EARNSHAW
Wake Forest, North Carolina
TO THE DYING YEAR

Old Year, Old Year, do you mind very much,
As the sands of life run low,
That soon you must turn your lined face to the wall,
And close your eyes, and go?

Old Year, Old Year, does it hurt you because
Soon the waiting world will hear:
"The Year is dead!" Then the clamor of bells;
Then shouts: "Long live the Year!

Old Year, Old Year, you were anxious and sad,
And yet generous and true;
You brought sombre heavens and pitiless rain -
But brought me rainbows, too.

Old Year, Old Year, you bequeath in your will,
To be cherished till life ends,
The look of my garden when April was here,
And FRIENDS, Old Year - my FRIENDS!

Edith Lamshaw

Wake Forest, N. C.
January, 1953
To Everett Gill, Jr.

Death took his share, and it was his to keep --
That finite part of you we cherished so
And miss the more as long days come and go.
Death took it in exchange for dreamless sleep.
Your spirit, though, that set stars in your eyes,
Kindled your smile, and made your heart and mind
A sanctuary for a lost mankind:
That made you brave and generous and wise --
Your spirit was life's share. And this, life gave
Into God's keeping. Mortals cannot see
Where God's eternal treasure-house may be.
We only know that it is not the grave.
And our part? Oh, a precious, priceless thing:
The lone hearts' bittersweet -- remembering.

-- Edith Earnshaw

Wake Forest, North Carolina
April 25, 1954