

# LIGHTS AND SHADOWS

## "A Little Bit of Everything"

**ROBERT SENGSTACKE ABBOTT**  
 He was a man who heard the first, faint,  
 tuneful knock  
 Of opportunity upon his cottage door,  
 And hearing it arose without the clock  
 To bid him by alarm to cease to sleep and  
 snore;  
 But like a soldier brave upon the battle field  
 He forward marched and made a timely vow,  
 And from that blessed hour his great success  
 was sealed,  
 Although he marched with crimpson drops  
 upon his brow.  
 He read the signs inscribed upon the times,  
 And he interpreted those dazzling signs  
 aright.  
 Ten million lines of prose and verse and  
 rhymes  
 In print, or script or typed on paper pure  
 and white  
 Could never tell the story of this man;  
 He was as pure as any one on earth can be,  
 In fact, we think, he topped the holy plan.  
 With this, yea, countless will agree.

—WILLIAM HENRY HUFF

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### AN AMERICAN SPEAKS

Because I love America  
 More than all other lands,  
 I do not want the world to say  
 That we have unclean hands.  
 I want to see the Stars and Stripes  
 Wave proudly from the sky,  
 Always the symbol of the truth  
 And never of a lie.

I want to see Americans  
 Of every race and creed,  
 Displaying true democracy,  
 In every word and deed.  
 I want to see real statesmanship.  
 Free from the stupid tricks  
 That certain men in Washington  
 Would label "politics."

I want to see Americans  
 Make war on poverty,  
 And all the other ills at home  
 And not across the sea.  
 I want to see a decent roof  
 Above the poor man's head,  
 And every worker get a chance  
 To earn, not beg, his bread.

Because I love America  
 I want to see the day  
 When every man upon her shore  
 Can stand erect and say:  
 "We, of these great United States,  
 Can well afford to teach,  
 Our Constitution really works,  
 We practice what we preach!"

—ANDY HAZAF

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### HUMILITY

One of the hardest lessons for mortals to  
 learn is humility. We are prone to be proud,  
 conceited and vain. There is no earthly rea-  
 son for it but yet we poor finite beings strut  
 across the earth like peacocks in the face of  
 the marvelous miracle of the sky. We learn  
 no lesson from the grandeur of nature, which  
 we cannot understand, any more than we  
 understand the life that quickens us. Oh,  
 why should we be proud? A few more years  
 and what are we . . . who really knows?

—MARY STRONG

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### "THE TRANSIENT"

He stands at the side of a lonely road  
 Minus money or place of abode,  
 And signals the passing cars to stop,  
 Fearful lest one of them be a 'cop.'

His clothes are shabby yet withal neat,  
 And shoes too large encase his feet.  
 Hopelessly points, and waves his hand,  
 There must be a lift in God's own land.

He beats his arms and blows on his hands  
 And longs for some coffee from a can,  
 The wind gets under his thin old clothes  
 As he wipes his eyes and blows his nose.

Tramping the highway out of work,  
 Show him the job that he will shirk,  
 Stomach all empty, hope all gone,  
 Where will he be tomorrow morn?

His face grows blue; he shakes at the knees,  
 If I don't get a lift right soon I'll freeze.  
 Oh, why don't they stop and give me aid,  
 Can it be possible that they're afraid?

I've walked for miles; my feet are sore,  
 I don't believe I can walk much more.  
 Oh God in heaven, look down on me,  
 I have no other help but Thee.

The great procession passes by  
 Nor heeds his hand, his anxious eye.  
 They do not pause to let him ride,  
 And soon will be the eventide.

You motor people with warm bright cars,  
 Speeding to greet your homes and fires,  
 Pause as you measure each lonely mile,  
 That transient boy is somebody's child.

—ANNIE G. MORTON

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### BLESSED DEATH

Let me, too, lie with those who are blessed  
 In that shady valley where waters are stilled;  
 Beside the cool streams of perfect rest,  
 In the composed chamber of tranquil death.

Let me there to her breast be fold,  
 And be embraced with arms of iciness;  
 She will speak peace to my troubled soul,  
 This frigid creature—tranquil death.

Let me from the gaudy shores of life  
 Be borne to the isles of mist and hazy gloom,  
 Where my bark may float on the ebbing tide,  
 In the quiet sea of—tranquil death.

—DELIECE MINGO

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### TO THE LATE MR. ABBOTT

Good day, but not good-bye,  
 My sincere and tested friend;  
 For all of your great deeds,  
 Will console me to the end.

You, who have reached the goal—  
 With hardships from the start;  
 Kept on with courage bold,  
 And God deep in your heart.

I, who with each hardship,  
 Grow so tired of the bitter cup,  
 May remember men like you, sir;  
 And decide to never give up.

—ARGATHA ESTLINGE