

# LIGHTS and SHADOWS

## CAUGHT IN THE DRAFT

Are you physically fit for the army?  
Are all your bones in place?  
Or do you think your bad, flat feet  
Will slow your draft board's haste?

You may be blind in one eye,  
Or be deformed of spine;  
Yet you'll be drafted when your turn comes.  
Along with the other kind.

A year ago they only took  
The healthy ones, 'tis true;  
Today you may be a total wreck  
But the army will take you, too.

Are you overweight or underweight?  
Deaf in one ear (or maybe two)?  
You may be hard of hearing  
But brother, you're going too.

Have you a wife and family?  
And bills galore to pay?  
Forget them, pal, you might as well  
'Cause the draft will come your way.

Now here's the way they draft yiu,  
(They barely use time to begin)—  
They just feel your body and if it's warm,  
THAT'S ALL BROTHER, YOU'RE IN.

It doesn't matter these trying days  
Who's drafted according to plan;  
The draft board's only trying to get  
EVERY ABLE-BODIED MAN.

—MARY ELOISE THOMAS

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## JOE LOUIS

Joe Louis is a man  
For men to imitate—  
When his country needed him  
He did not stall or wait.

Joe took up the challenge  
And joined up for war.  
Nobody had to ask him,  
"What are you waiting for?"

As a private in the army  
Of his talents he gave free  
Two mighty boxing matches  
To raise funds for liberty.

That's more than lots of others  
Who still try to jim-crow Joe  
Have either heart or mind to do—  
So this is to let them know  
That Joe Louis is a man for any man  
to imitate.

If everybody was like Joe Louis, there'd  
be no

"Too little" or "too late."

—LANGSTON HUGHES

(For The ANP)

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## PERFECT YOU

I tip-toe from beside you in the cold grey  
of the dawn,  
And rush downstairs and put the coffee  
pot on.

Then after a swift shower hurriedly dress;  
I drink my coffee and read the press.

You, darling, are curled so snugly in bed,  
With curls tumbling about your pretty head.  
I'm late as usual when I snatch a kiss:  
While you tell me how my presence you'll  
miss.

The bus, I just make, the boring thing:  
Work's just a lull till I again hear you sing.  
I hurry home with flowers in my hand,  
Your lips with fire wait my command.

Delicious dinner is special for me,  
Come and relax, darling, upon my knee.  
We will linger and caress as lovers do,  
When night covers the world in a blanket  
of blue.

On this solar, there's no happier guy  
Nor one with a wonderful wife as I.  
When I put out the cat and say my prayers;  
As I again follow you to bed upstairs.

—By ARGATHA J. ETLINGE

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I am a student of the Baha'i teachings and  
am much impressed by what the words and  
teachings of Abdu'l-Baha are doing to har-  
monize the races in this country and all  
over the world.

Undoubtedly you have seen the great  
Temple of the Bahai's at Wilmette, dedicated  
to all peoples. As you may know, their  
main principle is: "The earth is but one  
country; and mankind its citizens."

As a writer of song lyrics, I felt moved  
to write the following in appreciation:

## BLESS THE WORDS

God bless the words of Abdu'l-Baha,  
Put on this earth to never die;  
Words that bring joy day by day,  
Words that will help you on your way.

God bless the words of Abdu'l-Baha,  
Words on which you can rely;  
Words that will lead someone home,  
Words that point toward heaven's throne.

—CHESTER LEON WYATT

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## CIVILITY

When we are old we learn many lessons  
that would have been most beneficial in our  
youth. Among them is the lesson of civility.  
Often, we find that we have forfeited a pos-  
sible good by giving an uncivil answer when  
we might have been more diplomatic to ad-  
vantage. But somehow, the tongue is a most  
unruly member and we have said the unhappy  
word before we are aware. It behooves us  
to take thought always to say only the kind  
and courteous thing always as it always  
pays. We find when all is said and done that  
"Civility costs nothing but buys everything."

—MARY STRONG

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## TRIFLES

Consider nothing as too trivial to consider,  
for great issues depend so often on small  
things. The Pyramids were built day by  
day and with single stones. Habits that make  
or mar a career are begun by small trifles, in  
short, life is made up largely of trifles.

## WISE SAYINGS

"What you are speaks so loud, I cannot  
hear what you say."

"Her voice was ever soft, gentle and low;  
an excellent thing in woman."