

Those words cut through the still of  
the day  
Like the blade of a sharpened knife.

I haven't seen you since that day  
Of snow and warming cold,  
But no matter how new my new love  
is,  
It will never blot out the old.

There is always a feeling down deep  
inside  
Of a half reluctant bliss.  
You don't want to remember—you  
can't forget  
That exciting first love kiss.

If you ever returned, and I know  
you won't,  
For you are fighting across the sea,  
My heart would jump—then settle  
down.  
What was, can never be.

But if it could, by the hand of Fate,  
And an untold prophecy,  
I would turn away and tell the truth  
That my new love is all to me.

## A Winter on a Western Ranch

VIRGINIA TERRETT

I think our ranch is the most wonderful place to be both summer and winter. Of course, winters are cold and sometimes, not very often, we did get snowed in for a couple of months. Perhaps to some people that previous statement would sound dry and colorless, but, to me, it brings back pictures of my childhood, especially the last winter I spent on the ranch, when I was in the seventh grade.

That particular winter we were snowed in, and I wasn't off the place for two months. We only got our mail once a week, and every Tuesday morning, about ten o'clock, I eagerly watched the bend of the road to look for the mailman, either horseback or on snowshoes.

There was never a dull moment, and although some mornings it was sixty below zero, we who could stay in the house never suffered, because my fa-

ther had kept the fire up in the furnace during the night, and it was warm and comfortable when we got up. The men did freeze their faces one fiercely cold, windy day while they were out on the hay wagons, stacked high with pungent smelling hay, which daily in winter is fed to the large bunches of white-faced Herefords.

Many Saturday mornings my sister and I, and sometimes our teacher, would go out with the men to help feed and call the cattle down from the high, snow-covered hills to the waiting hay. It is really a beautiful picture on a bright morning, with the sun making diamonds on the crystal white snow, to see the cattle so peacefully eating their daily meal.

During the week my sister and I went to school in our own home to a private teacher. Although the enrollment was extremely small, our school and discipline was conducted much the same as a larger school. Each afternoon, after school was over and Priscilla and I had finished our piano practicing, we went out to play for about an hour before it turned dark. While there was snow, we skied or went tobogganing. On the warmer afternoons we either rode horseback or went for long walks, climbing hills and looking for interesting rock formations. When we came in, we could smell supper in the process of being cooked. Often I would help Mother cook. When we heard the bell of the separator from the back porch we knew supper should be finished, for the men were through with their day's work.

I think the evening was the most looked forward to part of the day. After we had finished the dishes (and, oh, how we did hurry with the dishes), the whole family, including teacher and maid, would gather around the fireplace and radio to listen to our favorite program or to have Mother read to us. No one with the weekly picture show to see could ever enjoy the radio quite as much as we did. It has seemed to me that programs have never been as good since that last year I spent on the ranch.

Saturday nights were eagerly waited, for on those nights Daddy allowed the boys from the bunkhouse to come over. We had wild and exciting ping-pong games out on the back porch, played never-ending monopoly games, or perhaps made fudge or had taffy pulls. Daddy is an expert taffy puller.

Sunday was a kind of lazy day. We rose later and always had an extra special breakfast of pancakes, eggs and bacon. Although the men had to feed the cattle in the morning, they had a long, restful afternoon. Daddy's whole week is upset if he doesn't have that particular Sunday afternoon nap.

Some people might think themselves terribly deprived if they had spent more than half of their lives on a large ranch, some sixty miles from town, had a private teacher and only a sister as a playmate, not I, though. I feel that I am one of the extremely lucky to have had the experiences that I have had, and to have formed such a close companionship with my sister. My only hope and wish is that I may have the opportunity to spend many more or at least one winter again on the ranch.

## Sure I Love Him

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course, he'd been through a pretty tough time. It's hard to end up as a pilot in the Air Force. You have to have brains, spirit, intestinal fortitude, and mighty good health, but Birdog came through. I might add—with flying colors. Naturally, he was a little cross and bearish, after such a strain. Still, he was cockier and more conceited than ever. He started ordering me around, and, like a goose, I jumped quicker'n lightning to do whatever he said. He called up girls to go out, and they broke dates for him. He knew they would, but, just the same, it put the final touch on his already highly inflated ego.

Ha. Funny thing—one night he called a girl (she was engaged, by the way) to ask her for a date. She had already gone out. That irked him.