of the snow flakes blown hard against her face. She pulled the door hard behind her and ran down the hill to the highway. Already the snow had buried the tracks of the last automobile.

She stepped cautiously onto the slippery surface. Suddenly she realized she was going to pass the place where Amanda's parents had been killed. She wanted to cut away up the hill, but her feet kept on moving slowly toward it. When at last she reached the broken place in the railing she stopped and felt the cold, jagged edge. She stared at the ground by her feet and then slowly looked down the steep hillside. Halfway down she could see the wreck of a black car caught on the slope above a clump of thick hawthorn bushes. Snow was sifting in through the broken side windows, and the door hung partly open. Camilla forced herself to turn away from the edge of the road and begin walking along the highway again. She barely noticed the bitter wind as she plodded on with her head and shoulders hunched forward. Once she grew tired and stopped to rest a moment before going on. All thoughts of finding Mr. Herring had flown from her mind.

"Amanda's dead," she thought. "She's dead in the cold and the snow, and they've taken her away." She walked on, snow stinging her eyes. Each step sounded the words, "She's dead." Camilla stumbled down the hillside and sank on her knees in the snow. "She's dead," she choked and covered her face with her hands as the rush of wet stinging snow carried away the sound.

Junior E. B. Chaney envisions an illumined . . .

**Quiet**

*By E. B. Chaney*

White warm and white soft  
Shines the altar candle;  
Gold warm and gold soft  
Waxes from the cross;  
Music, the white pearl  
Rolling on black velvet  
Down an open aisle,  
Makes candles flicker,  
And ghosts of gods  
Begin an upward climb.

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Freshman Barb Haupt, in this award winning essay, defines mankind's constant search.

**A RE-EXAMINATION OF FAITH**

*by Barb Haupt*

"Till the gossamer thread you fling catch somewhere, O my soul."  
*Walt Whitman*

The question “Can we have a religion without God?” sounds preposterous to many people. Religion seems to be rooted in the conviction that God is, that He is primary and transcendent. And it seems almost as natural to assume that He must be known in a historical figure—a Jesus, a Buddha, or a Mohammed—who is God Himself or His sole spokesman. Yet for almost everyone there must come the frightening experience of real doubt, and out of this doubt comes a re-evaluation of faith and a broader perspective. Like all growth, this new experience may be painful; and it is often impossible to return to the comfortable confines of a static faith.

Everything we do is prompted by values—physical, intellectual, and spiritual. We work to eat, and our daily bread seems to be an obviously objective value, solidly material. We are driven to think and to inquire, and the universe seems to hold the rationality and order that we seek; but even modern science challenges the objectivity of these values, by recognizing that the apparent “laws of nature” are at least in part imposed on reality by the human mind. Geometry and causation become relative, practical formulas; and we lose the security of scientific absolutes. From here it is but a step to the realization that every value is relative to the valuer. As spiritual beings, we seek a greater Something which contains all life and in which we can lose ourselves. God, our highest value, is the reality of our wish for order, meaning, and security; and His existence is assured by the affirmation of our other values. But if these values are relative and subjective, what can God be?