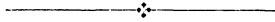


watch in his palm. His heart slowed, then beat furiously, joyously. They had made it! They had finished several lengths ahead of his wildest dream!

As the checkrein was loosened, a rough, calloused hand slid down a silky mane to stroke a wet, black neck. She hadn't let him down. They had won. He knew the answer.



The Grill—Summer Session

(10:00 A. M.)

Jane Sproul

H. Ec. '39

Strangely empty in the gloom
Of yellow half-light. Hushed . . . the room.
Loud . . . the sound of dishes' clatter.
Low . . . the murmurings of chatter.
Wilderness of vacant chairs
Grouped around the barren squares
Of tables . . . stoutly built of oak.
No dense, blue pall of choking smoke—
No solitaire. No noisy sessions
Of discussion. No confessions
In privacy of sheltered nooks—
No earnest poring over books.
The distant corners of the room
Are shadowy with silent gloom.

