

Here I lie, lonely,  
My spirit downcast,  
Hearing my partner  
Go whistling past,

Missing the dance  
And the whirl so gay;  
Till a snow-star falls  
One winter day.

Now my play-partner,  
(Once Harlequin),  
Tucks a star blanket  
Under my chin,

And blends his song  
To a lullaby  
That softly ends  
With a sigh—"Goodbye."



# SOLITUDE

By Don Boland, '39

**A** "DESERTED VILLAGE"—no, the college campus between August twenty-seventh and September twentieth.

Central, the green-domed administration building, looms majestically over its dominion, defied by none, for the halls and rooms remain deserted. Long, shimmering, bare walks, sweeping between buildings, divide the campus into plots of smoldering grass, burned brown by the unmerciful sun. Striped ground squirrels dart quickly here and there between their holes during their summer sessions. Pairs of pigeons "coo" peacefully from the roof of Morrill Hall, interrupting the deathly stillness. Every fifteen minutes the mellow bells of the campanile ring out, trying to end this unaccustomed inactivity by rousing imaginary students to their classes.