

"Funny I can't place him."

"Had a litter of swell pigs and—"

"Oh! Sure I know him. Poland-Chinas, weren't they? Took 'em to the fair? Three sows and eight hogs? Weighed around 200?"

"Yep, that's him. Too bad about him, wasn't it? And all that family."

"Yeah. Wonder what he ever did with those hogs?"

"Don't know. Well, got to get to town. So long, Eb."

"So long. Hear anything about them hogs being for sale, let me know."



I Am a Leaf

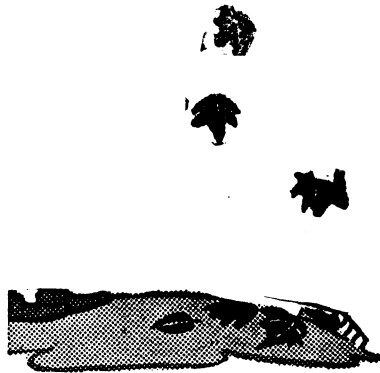
By Betty Gaylord, '39

I am a leaf
And I tumble along,
Head over heels
To a carefree song

Sung by the wind.
Each playful gust
Musses my garments
Of gold and rust;

Whirls me ahead
Like a rolling hoop
Pushed by a child.
Each roguish swoop

Adds to the madness
Of prancing glee;
Till the dancing stops
By a sheltering tree.



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.