

## Favorite Ghosts

*Jean Austin*

S. '39

When I am blind I shall be always seeing  
The vivid ghosts of scenes my mind has kept  
From days when I first knew my sight was fleeing:

The ragged glory where the wind has swept  
The leaves in bordered patterns, brown and green;  
My mother's hands, so skillfully adept

That everything they do comes firm and clean;  
The triad formed by star, and cloud, and moon,  
With just a tiny piece of sky between;

A drooping moth, not long from its cocoon;  
The magic in the sky, when I can find  
Arcturus, at his height in early June.

These pictures from the past shall be combined  
With darkness, for my solace, when I'm blind.

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## The Trapper

*Arnold Skromme*

A. E. '41

**L**ITTLE Lefty—he was proud of that nickname—rested his head in the palm of his hands and listened intently in his small bed. Streaks of gray light peeped dully over the high east window-sill in his room and blotched themselves sloppily on the ceiling.

From the room below he heard his father give the rattling grates in the kitchen range a last comforting shake before he picked up the clanking milk pails one by one and strung them over his left arm. Then he heard the thin clink of the strainer against the heavy pails as it, too, was deposited on that curved left arm. A soft, woody sliding sound told him his father had just eased the outside door shut.