talent and energy and, of course, you WILL NOT BE ABLE TO PLAY ON THE GIRLS' SOFTBALL TEAM FOR THE REST OF THE SEASON."

Estelle was crushed, but after all, she could never admit that the faint was all dramatics. Miss Hildebrand insisted that during physical education Estelle should stay in the Principal's office. So Felice Pangrell triumphantly bore home on her beanie the blue ribbon, P. S. 61's Softball team with Helen Schwartz substitute pitching was smashed in the championship, and Estelle spent a sticky spring answering the phone in the Principal's office. And the cataract never did get down to Lodore.

Miss Hildebrand, however, did grant Estelle one boon. She was to be allowed to memorize and recite for her the poem which hung on the wall, "Ain't God Good to Indiana."

This, of course, was a great consolation.

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AUNT JANE

Aunt Jane looked through her window
And saw only finger smears,
Instead of gray-barked beech trees
Which had grown two hundred years.
Her children were to her cut knees,
Wet pants and broken vases.
They left her strangers, she had never
Seen beyond their faces.

She fled the striped throat lily,
Afraid it was a sneeze,
Passed by the black wild honey,
Her sight was on the bees.
She cursed her fate, beshrewed her mate
And spent her season fuming
While by her door a perfect patch
Of violets was blooming.

Aunt June cast pearls beneath the feet
Of swinish passing years,
Refused the bread of hope to dine
On sour and tasteless fears.
And so, she passed away from us
And sleeps in unbenightedness.
"Here lies a lifelong victim of
Her own-imposed nearsightedness."

NANCY N. BAXTER