Several yards across the campus stood the main building in which was located nine-tenths of the classrooms plus the combination auditorium-gymnasium in the east wing, as well as the teachers' quarters in the west wing. The campus, and I use the term loosely, was nothing more than an asphalt parking lot connecting the fine arts building with the main building. In the southeast corner of the campus were several handball courts, and farther down one end was situated a lone, rough, basketball court.

The gymnasium-auditorium-dance hall was brightly lighted and decorated this fine evening. Streamers hung from the ceiling to a bright-colored cellophane tape centerpiece. The tables, arranged in neat rectangular order, were covered with clean white cloths as were the chairs. The tables were used not only for seating couples at the dance but also for bunco games. Bunco—and we laughed—seemed such a childish game, but still that joking anxiety remained among us and became more and more just plain anxiety.

Before refreshments were served and about midway through the dance, that anxiety could no longer be checked. We then stole our way across the campus and into the dim corridor leading to the dance floor. We looked at all the girls in general, but one in particular caught my eye. Stop! Could it be that I had taken a second look at a mere youngster? Yet there she stood while something strange happened to me.

After that we served the refreshments, and we "grown ups" spent our time serving, speaking, and flirting in our own silly, childish, inimitable way. Somehow I made it a point to meet this girl, and fate began its wonderful work. Someday soon I hope to marry that—"youngster."

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Snow Flurry

The howling wind, brisk, biting,
Blows with rage, dashing, hurling,
Flakes of snow, whirling, swirling,
About the earth, cold, chilling.

The howling wind blows hard,
Driving, ever driving,
Tiny crystal flakes of snow
Before it in its rage.
The wind lets up its mighty blow,
Then drives again,
Forming puffs of snow
With each puff of wind.
**Clouds of blowing white**
Swirl this way and that—
Straight, straight up,
Then all around.
Light flakes, almost dry,
Come to rest upon the ground—
Settling upon the earth
Only to be swept up again
By the brisk, biting,
Driving, ever driving wind.
The land is bare,
And then is white.
This great snow flurry
Is the wind's delight.

—Martha Wise.

What I Like About A Small Town
Shirley Jo Waltz

One of my childhood desires was to own a pony. When I would express this desire, my father would patiently set me on his knee and proceed to explain to me just why I could not have a pony. "First," he would say, "a pony costs a lot of money; second, a pony eats a lot of food; third, the city is no place for a pony." So I would sigh and reconcile myself with glorious dreams of a pony and the country. I seriously believe that my desire to live in the country grew from this dream. I have always loved to go visit on a farm. The simple life of the country folk for some strange reason just appeals to me. I think this strange because I was born and bred in Indianapolis. Many of my friends have chided me by saying that the country is much too lonesome for a city girl. Perhaps they are right. The country might be too lonesome, but a small town sounds ideal. There one is more or less in the country, and yet one has neighbors within call.

I love to drive through small towns when on trips. There seems to be something of interest in every small town. It