

he should attend an indoctrination course after his R. O. T. C. training. This course should be designed as a basic course, patterned after those attended by enlisted men. It should compel the future officer to serve a period as a private and perform the duties and live in the surroundings of a private. Then, after completing the indoctrination course, he should receive his commission. In this manner, he would be a better qualified and prepared officer—one who would understand his men and probably be highly respected by them.

## The Trio of Diminutive Porkers

Alan L. Taylor

THERE ONCE was an elderly female hog who was perceived to have a litter composed of a trio of diminutive porkers. This matron, of whom we speak, had not the sufficient amount of funds to retain them at her lodging, so she dispatched them to go in quest of their opulence. The foremost that advanced came in contact with a personage who was transporting a parcel of thrashed culm. Being an anthropomorphist, the infantine expostulated:

"Kind sir, pray relinquish your encumbrance so that I may construct for myself a domicile."

The individual with the culm was overjoyed at this solicitation by the junior Marco Polo, and readily relieved himself of the burdensome article. The fugitive from the dinner table then proceeded upon his undertaking, and in less time than it takes to work a trigonometric function, completed his abode.

Pending this interim, the secondary wayfarer encountered a representative of the male species who presented the appearance of being fatigued from his drudgery of conveying a freightage of processed timber. Also exhibiting the characteristics of anthropomorphism, the relative of the proprietor of the culm habitat supplicated:

"Do me the favor of tendering me your impediment so that I may be at liberty to fabricate myself a place of residence."

Wholeheartedly subscribing to this proposition, the humane individual supplied the porker the necessary material to consummate his acknowledged laborious chore.

Not many measuring units away from this scene, the terminate of the trio was proceeding upon a discourse with an artificer shouldering a hod containing rectangles of fired earth.

"How's about youse givin' me them bricks to build me a house with." (Our third constituent was not possessed of the adroitness of higher cultivated intellectual faculties which his kinsmen boasted.)

Acquiring that which was proffered, the unlettered element of the Suidae family set about the task of erecting a shelter for his private use.

Following a period of amicable, harmonious existence in their woodland grove, the trio was threatened by an imposing, pernicious *Canis occidentalis* which instituted an exploitation of the surrounding weald, but soon penetrated the hinterland.

By and by this carnivorous quadruped encroached upon the domain of the culm abode and challenged:

"Minute porker, minute porker, suffer me to penetrate through your portal, or I will be vindicated to direct a current of air upon your upright planes; and by such spontaneous process, I will have the occasion of utilizing you to satiate my palate."

Hearkening to a negative retort, he executed his declaration, but ascertained that his anticipated repast had departed to the residence of compiled processed timber.

Pursuing an improminent route, our rapacious villain fell upon the residence of the intermediate feast and reiterated his monologue to which there were two negative responses. Becoming infuriated, he proceeded to introduce this construction to the fate of the previous. At the termination of his transcendent production, he scrutinized the remnants, but discerned that the pair had formulated a determinative retreat to the shelter of the remaining householder. Apprehending this elusive stratagem, the twice outwitted bestial traced his antagonists to their station of final defense.

Without an utterance of admonition, he besieged the fortress with all the tempestuous flurry he could emit from the ramifications of his trachea. However prolonged, it was incompetent to conclude his onslaught against the lasting durability of the construction.

Accordingly, he surmounted the dwelling, advanced down the chimney, and gravitated into a container of liquid which had attained 212° Farenheit. The trio of victorious consanguinity consumed the remains and subsisted auspiciously.

## MMMM! It Smells Like Fall

Kay Moore

WHEREVER I go, indoors or out, the pungent odors of these November days come to meet me, as a constant reminder that winter is coming. The crisp, tingling air nips at my nose as I trudge to school each morning; and not a day passes that I am not met and nearly suffocated by the thick grey smoke that rolls off burning leaves, city ordinance or no city ordinance. But fall would not be complete without these associations, good or bad.

There is something exciting about all of these fall odors. When I get out of the car and open the garage door, an especially tantalizing fragrance wafts out, assuring me that Mother has not forgotten to lay in our supply of winter apples. I saunter across the yard, sampling