

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

one, and open the back door. Again a familiar, sweet, tart aroma meets my nose head on. Mom is just making jelly, and I know that again this year our breakfast toast will be spiced with our favorite spread.

With the first cold days comes the exciting scent of wood smoke from our open fire, and I think "It's time for our annual taffy pull." One day, as I walk upstairs another altogether different fall smell penetrates my nostrils. It is the acrid vapor of moth crystals from the clothing recently taken from summer storage; and I think with a pleasurable shiver that winter is almost here.

Although every season brings its peculiar odors, some way or another, the ones that come with autumn seem most stimulating. Maybe it is the exhilarating, tangy coolness in the air or maybe it is that, as far back as I can remember, it means that Christmas is on the way, with all its excitement, joy, and lovely sentiment. Whatever it is, fall reigns again, and I love it.

My Favorite Person

Betsy Ross

MY favorite person is the dentist. This statement may seem strange, for I realize that the supposed sadistic tendencies of dentists are well known. I, however, count the hours till that glorious day when I go to him. I admire his office, his tools, his methods, and his ability.

Settling down comfortably in a straight-back chair in the dentist's spacious, six-by-nine waiting room, I begin thumbing his magazines. These are highly instructive, for through visual aid I learn more about the mode of living and the styles of the early nineteen hundreds. To encourage this educational pastime, the dentist allows me to spend a good part of the day looking at the magazines.

Proceeding to the inner confines of the office, I am given the privilege of exercising my dormant muscles by climbing up into the chair. After inquiring about such world-shaking matters as the weather, the deft oral genius inserts an attractive foot-long hypodermic needle into my gum, saying pleasantly but erroneously that I will not feel it. With the gentle, soothing sound of a B-29, his drill then cuts away my tooth; meanwhile, my whole body is vibrating rhythmically. This process goes on endlessly, punctuated only by the strangling spray of pink liquid which he administers.

Finally, my mouth a size bigger than before, I leave my favorite person's office, but not until I make an appointment for my next visit. Yes, he, the admirable explorer, has found another cavity.