

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.

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