

and was forced to keep off my feet for five or six weeks, I found I had no better friend than Cecil. He came over to see me every day after school, and even though I was seven years older than he, we became the best of pals.

Since I have started to Butler I have seen very little of "Little Caesar"; but I know he is one fellow I can depend on, and that he will grow up and continue to be a "swell guy."

## The Rabbit Hunt

Leland Bass

The first day of the rabbit season comes to this region of the country on about the tenth or eleventh of November. Hunters all around take leave from their business and work in order to rise very early in the morning and drive fifty or sixty miles for the best hunting. The first day of the season generally falls among the rains just before the first winter snow. The winds and rain are chilly, but hunters do not seem to mind for they have high-top boots and warm hunting outfits to protect them from the elements. After they drive to the section where they intend to hunt, they get their shotguns and shells, button their coats well, and step off into the mud of the fields anxiously waiting for a shot at the first rabbit.

The hunters make their way slowly and carefully to the haystack in the middle of the field, but before they have quite reached it, a young cottontail runs out of his little nest of grass and tries to make himself scarce as quickly as possible. This rabbit probably has never witnessed a hunting scene before, and so for that reason he is running to keep out of reach of the men. The men have

finally spotted the little cottontail; up come the big barrels of the shotguns, and scores of buckshot halt the progress of the rabbit through the field and through life. The buckshot has literally torn him to pieces, for his head and forelegs are entirely mutilated; but the men stuff him in one of the big dark pockets in their coats and proceed toward the haystack. From the stack they scare two or three more rabbits, one of which is a big rabbit in his second season. The men will never take him, for he runs in a zig-zag line with speed urged on by extreme fear, and will not to stop at the cost of his life. The buckshot has broken two of his legs, but this cannot stop him and he drags himself into some hole where the men can do him no harm. In this way the hunting proceeds on the first day; shooting many times, killing many rabbits, wounding many, and allowing many to escape in this condition.

The twenty-first day of the hunting season is quite different in many ways; first, the weather has changed, for instead of a drizzling rain there is a snow storm; second, the Thanksgiving Day festivities are on, and the men go hunting mostly for sport; third, the rabbits have for the most part learned of hunters and their ways. After the usual drive to their hunting spot, the men start out much the same way as before. There are no rabbits in the field; there are none in the haystack for it has dwindled down to nothing. There may be one or two rabbits in the cornfields, but they are sitting so tight that they can be neither seen nor moved. The rabbits are in holes and brushpits where they can get the most warmth and protection. Finally, the men "jump" a rabbit in a brushpit. He leaves the brushpit like an experienced rabbit for he runs zig-zaggingly and with a fear that helps

him to escape. So the men are satisfied after their tiring day without a rabbit, and go home to their comfortable chairs by the fireplace and to tables filled with Thanksgiving dinner.

## Caprice Of A Cavalier

Lucile Throckmorton

An Autobiography

### Prologue

How weary I am of wars and plunder and duels and valor. England has established her power, and London has become stuffy with ease and conservatism. The trend of the times has changed, and there seems to be no place in the twentieth century for a seventeenth century cavalier.

Ah, but wait! I have an idea. I shall try a new experiment, something wholly unlike any of my previous conquests. I shall have more fun than I had on the day I slit the Scot's kilt in the Tavern Chanticleer. The twentieth century shall yet know the gallantry and prowess which once were mine.

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### At Sea

Nov. 5, 1935.

Dear Diary;

I have been asked to write a chapter on my ancestry. It might be tragic if it were not so funny, for you see, Diary, the professor does not know that I am almost bereft of family, not to mention ancestors. Often I have the strangest feeling that some place in my ancestry there must have been a cavalier, a soldier of fortune, or perhaps a scoundrel, who mischievously decided to leave an unidentified strain. He must have cocked his knowing head and winked a merry eye as he said, "There shall

finally come a generation which shall stand alone. If a boy, he shall be a leader, a conquerer; if a girl—bah! perish the thought; but, at any rate he will strike out for himself; there will be no family fame to back him." He must have made his decision in the early twentieth century, because by the time I had made my entrance into the world in 1905 my ancestors seemed to have come one at a time and disappeared one at a time. My father had no brothers or sisters, and his family connections were removed from earth before my recollection; his own demise occurred in 1909 when I was four years old. My mother had no brothers or sisters, and with the passing of her family seemed to have no further descendants. I am an only child, and together with my mother remain today as the sole survivor.

I studied a book of family chronology to see if I could trace some venerable ancestor, but I found no mention of any names familiar to me. I did learn that the history and name of the family date back to England at the time of William the Conqueror, and that there were two branches which emigrated to this country. One settled at Salem, Massachusetts, in 1630; the other settled in Gloucester county, Virginia, in 1660. Whatever connection any of this data has with me I cannot know, but it is much more comforting to have had William the Conqueror as an ancestor rather than Ivan the Terrible.

What a disappointment I must have been to a family that was expecting a boy, for I have been told that the name David William, after paternal and maternal grandfathers, had been carefully chosen for me. When it was evident that this name would not do, my mother suddenly remembered an appealing story she had read entitled "Lucile," so I received my name from this book.