

Sketch

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Birdsong

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Barefoot brown boys slowly waved leafy branches over small ox-carts containing curious assortments of vegetables and shouted, "Nice fresh vegetables from the country." . . .

A life-size ferocious bull, exhaling gusts of fire from his nostrils, chased a slender, bespangled young man across a billboard that advertised a forthcoming bullfight. . . .

MANY peddlers showing rings made from cows' horns grinningly approached us and said, "Pretty rings—only twenty-five cents American money." . . .

Hot, tired, and very disillusioned, we were pleasantly surprised when confronted by the white wall of a monastery. Looking through the aged wrought-iron gates, we glimpsed a long stretch of velvety green grass dotted with fountains of gurgling water, and monks walking solemnly about their duties. . . .

The delicious feeling of relaxing among the cool leather cushions after the long, scorching walk back to the bus, lingers with me still. . . .

Birdsong

By Naomi Getty

ALONG the country roadway they
 Were walking, where in drifts the gray
 And slowly-melting, winter snow
 Was lying. Sweet and gently low
 From dripping, naked bough
 Of fruitless apple tree there came
 The music of the cardinal. How
 Bright the day as sung by throat
 Of flame.