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Poland-China

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POLAND-CHINA

By Watson Townsend, '39

"**W**HOA, Jim!"

"Ho'!"

"Hr'ye, Eb?"

"Hi."

"Plenty sloppy these days, ain't it?"

"Yep."

"How's yer corn this year, any good?"

"Nope."

"I've got the poorest crop I've had in years. Don't suppose it will run over forty bushel. Things sure ain't what they usta be. D'ya recollect when eighty bushel weren't any crop at all?"

"Yep."

"Them were the days. Why, I remember one year I had to build an extra crib to hold it all. Boy, times was sure good then. Everyone had plenty of dough and didn't owe no one."

"Yep."

"Say, 'member that fellow Jenson that lived over on the eighty just south of Joe Hamilton?"

"Nope."

"Just heard back up the road a piece that he died last week. Heart trouble, I guess. Left a wife and six kids."

"Tough."

"He was an awful nice feller, 'peared to me. Good worker, too. Kept his place cleaner'n a whistle."

"Still cain't place him."

"He was a Swede, raised lots of corn and good corn it was, too. His wife was a big one, just like him and so was all of his kids."

"Cain't recall him, I guess."

"Sure you do. Drove an old Model T Ford when the roads were good; and in bad weather teamed a big pair of greys. Had a new four-wheel buggy, with rubber tires."

"Funny I can't place him."

"Had a litter of swell pigs and—"

"Oh! Sure I know him. Poland-Chinas, weren't they? Took 'em to the fair? Three sows and eight hogs? Weighed around 200?"

"Yep, that's him. Too bad about him, wasn't it? And all that family."

"Yeah. Wonder what he ever did with those hogs?"

"Don't know. Well, got to get to town. So long, Eb."

"So long. Hear anything about them hogs being for sale, let me know."



I Am a Leaf

By Betty Gaylord, '39

I am a leaf
And I tumble along,
Head over heels
To a carefree song

Sung by the wind.
Each playful gust
Musses my garments
Of gold and rust;

Whirls me ahead
Like a rolling hoop
Pushed by a child.
Each roguish swoop

Adds to the madness
Of prancing glee;
Till the dancing stops
By a sheltering tree.

