The Lost Cow

Frances F. Hammerstrom*

*Iowa State College

Copyright ©1935 by the authors. Sketch is produced by The Berkeley Electronic Press (bepress).
http://lib.dr.iastate.edu/sketch
EMILY WAS SILENT. Impulsively she shifted closer to Old Chris. He became conscious of her perfume enveloping him gently, softly, enticingly. They drove past her corner and on out into the country. In the gloom of dusk, Chris' hand caressed Emily's. For the first time, Emily spoke. "This is heavenly, isn't it?" she breathed—in deep, very masculine bass. Chris jerked his hand away and looked into the fine features and soft gray eyes of Cyril Simon.

"Emily Hutchinson and I are to be married this spring," Cyril said quietly. "In the meantime we shall continue to go places together. If you feel inclined to publicly protest our fracture of your precious rule, I would advise you to think over the time when you broke that rule yourself. Now take me home or I'll scream!"

"But—Emily . . ." Old Chris stammered.
"Emily stayed after school," Cyril informed him.

THE LOST COW

By Frances Flindt Hammerstrom

The cow in the meadow
Lifts her head high in the fog,
And she bellows out toward the pearl gray sea.
The sound is muffled, low;
Nearby it fades away,
As though someone with a horn
Had blown down a hollow log.