Rain.

Margret Wallace*
Rain.

Margret Wallace

Abstract

Stop. Listen to the rain...
Rain
Margret Wallace

Winner of Ames
High School Sketch
Contest

Stop.
Listen to the rain—
Far above us
Whispering
to the ropes and pullies,
to the curtains, heavy with dust and weights,
to the dead scenery, waiting in the shadows,
Holding us close,
Remembering
the rains before.

Rabbit People
Bernice Fox

IT WAS obvious the girl was drunk. She frowned slightly to
hide the effort of focusing her eyes. And she walked with the
cautions of a small youngster. All her movements suggested the
battle she was waging to appear soberly nonchalant. But Miss
Kilgore wasn’t fooled. She watched critically as the girl ap­
proached the counter. Another cheap little nobody, she sniffed.
These women parading around in service uniforms—they made
Miss Kilgore tired. What business did they have even entering a
smart shop like this? They were worse than the men. At least
men didn’t confuse Miss Kilgore’s sales technique.

This girl, for instance . . . probably she expected to buy a sou­
venir of the Islands for a few cents. Miss Kilgore happened to
know she was a guest at the Royal Palms Hotel—this girl and
another just like her. The two of them on a furlough, or ‘leave’,