



Red River Aggie

A Senior's Dream.

The time is midnight. The Senior lies on an uneasy bed. He is muttering in his sleep. He is dreaming. He is living over his day. A talk on "Rural Leadership" lingers in his head: "You shall be leaders in your community when you graduate, you shall be looked up to by the people." The words ring in his ears. The speaker looks straight at him. "You shall be a leader," he thunders.

The Senior graduates, he receives his diploma; he goes home on the train. The whole community meets him at the station to welcome him back. Loud are the cheers for the Senior. The crowd carries him on their shoulders. They suddenly shout, "Speech, speech!" He is carried to the town hall to address them.

The people seat themselves as many as possible in the hall. The rest throng the doorway. The Senior with a proud lift of his head walks with a military step upon the platform. He advances to the front of the stage with kingly grace. He has a smile on his face, but his jaw is firm. He looks the leader in every sense of the word. Again the crowd applauds till the roof is ready to fly off. As they cheer him, the Senior thinks of the speaker's words and smiling up his sleeve, says to himself, "He knew what he said, all right." He lifts his right hand with a commanding gesture. As he opens his mouth for a large beginning word, it is suddenly filled with cold water. His hand, about to calm his audience, encounters the cold edge of a bath tub. He is held struggling in an unexpected morning plunge. With chattering teeth he cries regretfully, "That speaker was a liar."

Room 6

10:45

Hill Building

The bell rings with ferocious vehemence. Some five or ten minutes later a deep roaring sound is heard at the bottom of the stairs. Then starts the horrible clatter and cackling which no one can fully realize until he has heard the Juniors coming to class. Ten minutes late they burst in.

Mr. Bengtson has gathered ammunition during his wrathful waiting. He fires it hot and heavy. Our next lesson will be from page 187 to 324. You may define: *lolium temulentum*, *polygonum pennsylvanicum*, *polygonum convolvulus*.

The class become meditative.

Mr. Bengtson continues heavily. "Mr. Rud, is there any place on earth where you can look north and see the sun?"

Rud (convulsed with thought): "I don't know."

"What's the matter with this class this morning? You seem positively stupid. Miss Rubert, tell me which is the more useful—the moon or the sun?"

Miss Rubert: "The moon, because it shines at night when it is dark, while the sun shines in the daytime when it is already light."

The Cut-Off.

Amanda, telling a story in English: The farmer and his wife hid behind the door, peeked through the crack, listened for every sound, tried to —

Mrs. Haig: Too much detail. Be brief.

Amanda, hurriedly: They finally heard a sound. The rat came sneaking along. The farmer raised his knife. He seized the rat by the tail and —

Mrs. Haig again: Be brief! Cut it short!