

LITERARY SECTION

(Editor's Note: Believing that not unpromising literary talent was to be unearthed among our students, the publishers of the Aggie this year determined to inaugurate a literary contest. Originality of the general style achieved in a manuscript was the sole criterion for the judges. The response was fairly enthusiastic. We believe that the manuscripts submitted have justified the contest. We hope efforts in this field will be sponsored by the Aggie in years to come.

The winning manuscript was chosen from

each class. From these four one was chosen as the first all school award. We have published these themes, together with several others to which we give honorable mention.

Members of the English faculty served as judges. Walter Sheldon, a Freshman from Bagley, was awarded the first place in the Freshman class and in the school for his description of flax fields. The publishers of the Aggie are pleased to present him with a complimentary copy of the Annual in recognition of his contribution.)

Flax Fields

The flax fields in May.

The flax fields in June.

The flax fields at harvest time.

Flax in May is a mass of solid green substance. Its dark stripes are like faded window shades. The moving flax is like a light breeze on a small pond.

Flax in June is like clear, blue sky. The blue flowers are like a beautiful lake, early in the

morning before sunrise. When the wind strikes the flax, it becomes a lake of moving waves. One can almost taste the juicy flowers.

Flax at harvest time looks like a man with wavy red hair. The binder cutting the flax, is a barber's clipper cutting hair. From a distance the thresher looks like a steaming building.

WALTER SHELDON.

First Place—Entire School.

First Place—Freshmen.

The Trapper

It's a cold, crisp morning. Not even a breeze is stirring. The sun's rays, coming through the snow-laden evergreen trees, give a sparkling effect to the snow. The smoke rolls lazily from the chimney of the trapper's cabin. It ascends in a straight column toward the clear sky. As the trapper steps from his cabin, the snow creaks

under his feet. He takes a long, deep breath of the crisp air. He looks around in delight, hoping for a big catch on such a cold, clear morning.

OLAF DAHLEN.

Honorable Mention—Freshmen.