

An Evening in the Moonlight

It was said to be moonlight outdoors, so it was. I knew for sure as I got outside.

I knew where to go so I never stopped for a single hesitate. I had already lined up my boots for the "Collage In" if I now was able to steer them over there without them taking me some different place.

It did not stay in my mind very long that I was all alone to share of this beautiful evening. I could see a unit shadow true the moonlight mowe along the road side heading for the now snow covered dreamy Rockgarden.

A lump of frozen klay, which so far remains all over the campus from the CWA groundhogs; was travling my way I know as it actually landed on bak, between shoulders right below the "block." I turn around while I understand that I'm somebodys target.

Sure thats what I expected. three young ladies were trying to make a hit with me in this maner.

"Thats a fine gang you are" I pronounced very distinctly. "What are you going to do to me next if I happen to get in your way of vision?"

"I'd kill you if it wasn't for the bother," one

of them remarked.

I commanded myself to "Skram," as I thought I got to make my destination point before "Jok" sets me out there. My feet went like drumsticks until I reached the "Doors of Knowledge" where I stoped a moment to insure my safety. I send a look towards the Collage. Im wondring should I dare to? I did. I open the door and step in.

Had I ever before met "Jok" with a shock. He asked me "did you get permission to go over here?"

No, I replied. "That's six weeks for you, Svenska."

My only getaround was "You was said to be over here so I thought I can get my permission over there." He tells me something different. "You just received permission to stay on the campus for six weeks."

The road seemed to be quite a bit longer on the way home, I keep thinking and thinking, no results to be gained. At last I could not figure out if that really was an evening in the moonlight or if it was an evening in the moonshine.

ARTHUR ANDERSON.

*To those whose pictures in this book
Appear and cause you sorrow;
And those whose names we've boldly used
And did not ask to borrow;
A little pity if you can,
And we will give as much,
For in our folly we did strive
To give this book that human touch.*

—Aggie Board.

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