

Literary

Friendships

*Beautiful day, with your sunbeams dancing to and fro.
Beautiful Campus, quilted in deep white snow.
Roofs, trees, sidewalks and all,
With arms full of snowflakes, standing ready to fall.*

*Foot prints, some little, some big, watch them, what fun.
Joining the snow capped structures, one and all,
Like the web of a spider so closely spun
'Tis friendship's web, spun closer by someone's call.*

*Campus Friendships are treasures to star,
The more you gain, the richer you are.
Keep them, for when God made plans for our happiness here,
He knew that friends would always be dear.*

—AGATHA OLSON.

So the Day Begins

*Was that really the morning bell?
Yes, I'll get up, but the bed's just swell.
Quickly the minutes pass one by one.
I'd better get up for breakfast's begun.*

*Under the bed I dash for my shoes,
Well, look at this—the sleeve's come loose.
Now, before the mirror I stand attired.
I pass somehow, but I won't be admired.*

*Flying down the stairs and out through the door
I stumble on the doorstep and cuss some more,
I get to the dining hall just twenty minutes late—
Say, that waitress is slow, and I hate to wait.*

*After feasting on potatoes and eggs that are fried
I rush forth again not at all satisfied.
Over to Hill to park in some back seat
Where sleeping through class will be such a treat.*

—HULDA SWANSON.