

they are frankly puzzling. Here they are:

Roberts Plots

A great poet is said, once upon a time, to have had a dream. In his dream he wrote a poem - a poem filled with all the weird yet beautiful music that he above all men knew how to pluck from the lyre of the English language. It was a poem about a certain barbaric prince, who decided to build a palace in the middle of a wondrous and enchanted country.

"So thrice five miles of fertile ground

With wall and tower were girdled round-----"

sang the poet, who, upon waking out of his dream, set feverishly to work to write out the words which he had dreamed. But he hadn't got much farther than the above lines when some inconsiderate caller (who I am sure we all agree deserved nothing better, than hanging!) came in and interrupted him. The rest of the poem forthwith vanished from the poet's mind, and the fate of Kubla Khan's walled gardens remains unknown to this day.

Not so with the Roberts plots. In this case it was four times a quarter-acre of none-too-fertile ground which was in part girdled not by wall and tower, but by a prosaic wire fence. (Worse yet, it was a hog-proof fence.) Nor was there much about the land to fire the imagination of a poet, either awake or asleep. It was ordinary, cut-over piney woods land, with a few mature longleaf pine trees scattered over it, of which there were three on the