

Pupil Teaches Teacher

BERNIECE ERWIN

College, '43

"Have you had any camp experience?"

"No," I replied, "but I'm very fond of children, and—"

"Have you had any courses in nature study?" I was rudely interrupted by Miss Johnson.

"Two years of biology and one of forestry."

"You realize, if you take this position, you will be responsible for the teaching of nature to twenty children for one month, do you not?"

"I'm sure I could do it," I answered confidently, and, so saying, I rushed home enthusiastically to pack my trunk.

Just think. A whole month to be spent in the mountains with nothing to do except look at the beautiful butterflies, birds, and wild flowers.

Upon my arrival, I was warmly welcomed by the children in my group. One little girl, Betty, asked what we'd do in our nature class the next day, and I told her we'd go on a hike.

"She's just the type to enjoy all the beauties of nature," I thought.

"Where shall we go?" I asked.

"To Hickory Spring," cried six childish voices in unison.

To Hickory Spring we started. When we were halfway there, someone yelled, "I've caught a lizard!"

A lizard! A lizard

"Betty Betty! Put that thing down! Put it down immediately!" My word!"

"But look."

And before I could move she was waving the thing in my face.

"Isn't it beautiful? Look at its tail. It's as blue as the sky, and as beautiful."

A lizard. The sky Beautiful. And this was my sweet little Betty talking

The next day I found her down by the lake joyously catching and studying frogs. The day after that it was turtles.

Much to my horror, she came to my cabin one morning with one of her wrists draped in baby garden snakes.

"Betty!" I practically screamed at her

Mistaking my outburst as one of surprise and joy at her findings, (she was only half right), she started talking about the snakes being the color of grass in spring.

For three weeks I bit my nails, and agreed with Betty on everything she said. After all, wasn't it my job to teach the campers the beauties of nature? But just who was teaching whom?

By the end of the fourth week, Betty had a collection of lizards large enough for a museum display. One day I heard myself saying, "My, isn't that a beauty!" Imagine my surprise when I found they actually had my stamp of approval.

Wedding Bells

GENELLA NYE

COLLEGE, '44

She surveyed herself in the full-length mirror with excited eyes. Then with all the candor of her nine years pronounced the verdict, "Umm nice!"

How many times she had stealthily opened the closet door, pulled aside the white sheet, and caressed, with grimy hands, the dress—a sophisticated, swirly dress of pink net. Not just a dress, but an evening dress. And there lying beneath it on the floor, shining and glistening, were the shoes. Silver evening slippers! All pink inside with silver writing and heels a good inch high.

But now the hour was approaching. She turned politely to look at the bride and exclaim over her tulle and satin, but the pink-clad figure in the mirror called to her again, and she gave it her immediate and wholehearted attention. She tossed her head as she had seen the older girls do, and she tried to make her hair brush her shoulders a la Jon Whitcomb style. However, she was confronted with a difficulty. Her hair, most unfortunately, had been cut so that only the

vision of a scrubbed pink ear was the result of her effort at tossing. She allowed a faint, elusive smile to play upon her lips and she tilted her head at a devastating angle—so it seemed to her. She looked much too glamorous to be only a junior bridesmaid. Now, if I can only remember this *pose*, she thought. It was good. No doubt about that! Yes, she'd use this one instead of the ethereal effect going down the aisle.

I feel exactly as if I were twelve, she thought. Just exactly. With a sigh of contentment she relaxed to watch the fly crawling across her gardenia.

As the bridal party started to the church, she was only aware of the way the moonlight shown on her silver shoes. As she stood in the big arched door at the head of the aisle, she was only aware of the deep swelling of the organ, the shaking of her knees, and her hands icy with excitement. She felt a gentle nudge and she knew that the fatal hour had arrived. All the excitement had died away. Only a sick fear was left. Her stomach felt as if someone were stirring it with a spoon. She felt goose pimples climb up her legs and cover her arms. Suppose she stumbled in those beautiful little shoes and tore her adored dress. Oh horrible thought. Another sharper nudge brought her out of her panic. Drawing a deep breath, she clutched her bouquet tighter and started walking toward her goal. How far away the flickering candles at the altar seemed. She felt lost in a sea of faces. Her feet were like lead. Suddenly, she almost stopped as she remembered the key of her whole entrance. The *pose*. Of course! Her family, watching anxiously, were surprised to see the pink-clad image transformed before their eyes. With head tilted back and eyes shining, she briskly bounced down the aisle. A titter ran through the wedding guests as the mouth, which had been so set, broke into a smile that Shirley Temple could never have equaled. The flickering candles were close now, and she was covering that distance like two feet instead of twen-