

LIGHTS OUT

THELMA DE BOER

One night two lightning bugs were resting on the same twig. The first lightning bug introduced himself and started the conversation.

"We certainly are lucky to be equipped with lights which go off and on at our will."

"We certainly are," agreed the second insect. "No other night creature has such modern convenience."

"No batteries or light bulbs to buy, so we do not have to worry about bulb snatchers," added the first bug.

"We could burn our lights all night and day and still not have to worry about not having them burn the next night," said the second bug, patting himself on the back.

The two lightning bugs were so engrossed in their conversation that they did not see the night owl swoop down and devour them.

No one is sure that his light will burn 'till morning.

THE LIFE OF A PLEDGE

BETTY LEE SNYDER

Rush week, came, and after the whirl
I emerged a sorority girl
(Oh no—I mean a potential one—
My year as a pledge has just begun).
The pledge is a creature lowly and meek
Who does the dishes once a week
And cleans the house and answers the door
And studies each day from one till four—
In the presence of Actives she must stand;
Their every wish is her command.
She answers the phone
And serves at lunch
And plays general stooge
For all the bunch.
(We eat in the kitchen—but don't dispute—
We like it there—our houseboy's cute!)
But the life of a pledge has its good points,
too—
Like dances, and socials and friends who
are true,
And in view of the fun (thus far) we've had
The life of a pledge is not so bad.