

know all about it, OF COURSE I KNOW, but I'm just not saying anything to these clods."

With a slightly crumpled suit and a bow tie canted 3° ESE, with your mind full of cannily prepared phrases and your spirit laced with bravado, you are ready to join the rest of the highbrows. Don't look now, but most of them are phonies, too.

FIRST SNOWFALL

The flakes in gentle scurries sifted
 Down to earth—their coming lifted
 The bareness and bleakness of Fall's brown reign.
 Dainty they fell, haughty and vain,
 Delicate, dancing bits of disdain. . . .

Cold and sparkling, see them light,
 Lightly forming white on white,
 Dullness, darkness disappear,
 The ground is covered silver clear,
 The sky has shed a silver tear. . . .

The earth's tired countenance, scarred and worn,
 Now is graced by the favor of morn.
 Magic, a mystical mantle fell
 With condescension to grace earth well,
 A blanket of beauty, a magic spell. . . .

—SUE WINGER