

# EXCERPTS . . .

Taken From Freshman Themes;  
Because of Their Merit in Description  
and Diction.

## Night Scene

Maxine Peters

Myriads of moonbeams rioted down a broad pathway of light to play upon a countryside. They danced madly on the ribbon-like stream and tipped its dark waters with sparkling crystal. Legions of them swarmed along the black branches of leaf-stripped trees and etched them with threads of palest yellow fire. They tumbled into the inky shadows of the woodlands and trailed a shimmering gleam behind them. They cascaded into the deep hollows of the rolling fields. Then, bathing the whole countryside in a shower of liquid silver, they gamboled back up their pathway, scampers behind a cloud, and left the world to darkness.

## Beware of the Bovines!

Maxine Peters

Then, unconsciously, I felt my gaze compelled upward to meet the arrogant stare of—not one bovine animal, but a seemingly endless line of them coming down the steep path on the opposite bank to refresh themselves from the very waters in which I stood. My courage oozed out among the pebbles; my eyes fell confusedly before the intimidating ones of the leader; my heart beat allegro instead of its usual andante. I must confess it, I was completely cowed!

## On Being Nineteen

Betty Davenport

At eighteen, you are like a person who has been watching a parade from his window. You have carefully noticed those who walk below you in the street, and have seen people of varying types—successful, pathetic, ignorant, cruel, gracious, gasping, degenerate, and a few who are really fine and inspiring. You know that you are to cast your lot among them, and you start down the steps into the street, sometimes lagging as you recall the pleasant, irresponsible time you are leaving; sometimes taking two steps at a jump in your haste to get down among them and into the full swing of that parade.

## Smart Fish

Nelson Collins

Had I tried this on a pickerel or wall-eyed pike, I am certain that these two species of fish would have eaten both dead and live minnows, but not so with the black bass. While I have never cared for still fishing, I have discovered that the bass desire something fresh from the larder when they feast, so in the event I ever do fish for bass with a minnow, the bait must be well enough to wiggle and do a "Sally Rand" dance with its caudal fin.

## Artistic Indianapolis

Jane Colsher

The past meets the future on equal terms, and representations from every nation grace its walls. Indianapolis, wandering through its galleries, enjoys a metropolitan feeling of possession. It's only a cultured, wealthy city that can boast an Art Museum.