

Then there are the meat booths with their saw-dust covered floors. The tempting meat lies either quartered up on the counter, or patiently awaiting on the hook for a knife, saw and cleaver to commence their work. Among the essentials in the way of furnishings in these booths are a chopping block, which is usually a section of a hardwood block on end, a scales and a rack, or board, on which the butcher hangs his weapons.

It is very interesting just to stand around and observe the actions of the people. Strangely enough, the factor of competition does not hamper the friendship existing among these people; indeed, whenever they are not busy, they sit around talking or knitting together at a great rate.

It is a wonderful place to spend a morning; so, if we found ourselves in the twenty-fifth century, along with Buck Rogers, and saw a large flock of rocket ships streaming across the sky, we might just as well jump into our own and follow the crowd, for sooner or later, we will all end up at the same place: the market.

—ROBERT KELLY '51.

AUTUMN LEAVES

Yesterday 'neath the burning sun,
They lived in ignorant bliss;
Now they lie 'neath the sky,
Victims of Death's kiss.

They knew no cause for life,
They felt no pain or sorrow;
They shuffled, sighed and died,
Ignorant of the morrow.

Autumn leaves, sadly forsaken,
Embalmed in colors gay,
Mid Autumn's melody, in silent rhapsody,
They greet the cold clay.

—G. L. KEEFE '51.