A LETTER GAME

Readers over 30 may recall a simple-minded amusement that consisted of using selected letters as words, to be spoken aloud. One exchange involved a chap named Abie: A B C D goldfish? To which the answer was: L M N O goldfish! Combining that style of expression with an uncharitable conviction that the main object of carbonate petrologists' trips to the Bahamas is to have a good time, one comes up with

A B C dedolomites?
S I C dedolomites—
Dolomites, micrinites, chartered flights, sun!

F U N E allochems?
O S, V F allochems—
Allochems, coral reefs, tropic nights, fun!

The Geologic Column
Robert L. Bates
Geotimes, December, 1972

THERE IS NO POOR DRAINAGE IN THE SOIL
MAP OF MY HEART

A Country Ballad for Soil Scientists

There is no poor drainage in the soil map of my heart
No clay pan or paleosol will keep us apart
We'll stay off the flood-plain...on a B-slope we'll run true
My darling Tama-Muscatine I always will love you.

Yes dear, 'tho our life is filled with uplift and erosion we have always been true. We never traversed the G-slope of despair or the F-slope of suspicion and jealousy. When we stand on the Top-of-the-World, I know, even 'tho there are drains and depressions, that we will ascend once again to the summit. Wherever I go darling—to the Cary Lobe, the Iowa Erosion Surface, Casey's Paha—or even Lake Calvin your love will always be with me.

I don't see gray mottles in your eyes when they meet mine
But the clay in your subsoil stores water just fine
Please don't change a ped face
And stay class one or two
My darling Tama-Muscatine I always will love you.

Solum G. Pedon
(Freda Tepfler, Ames, Iowa)