tiers to her eyes. Even though she didn’t like other humins that much, Clay was someone she could bare her solum to. Besides, her friends said that she and Clay were quite a phytogenic couple.

After the interstitial shock, Molly went outside to relax in her hummock. But nothing seemed to eluviate the situation. She even phoned the police, but they couldn’t help. Finally, when she couldn’t take any mohr, she went down to the pond for aquic swim. The pretty vugh might take her mind off Clay. When she got there she found Vivian Ite, a good friend of Clay, standing over a mound of mud.

“What are you doing here?” said Molly indigently. “I thought you were going out with Bentonite!”

“I’m trying to help Clay reorient himself” said Vivian. “Besides, Ben means nothing to me. I love Clay!”

Molly took no time to mull over Vivian Ite’s confession.

“You might think you’re tuff, Viv, buy only a pedologist like me can save Clay now.”

Utilizing her pedological training, Molly reflocculated Clay.

“I missed you so much, Clay. I guess I took you for granite” Molly said. “You really are a fungi.”

“Oh Molly, will you marl me?” Clay eagerly said.

“Why yes Clay. No one will ever terrace apart!”

So Molly Sol and Clay Fraction were married on a fine mid-summer’s day when there was a saturated flow of beer, the hot dogs barked, and the fish were friable.

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Oh Give Me a Home on a Deep Mellow Loam

F.D. Hole '85

Oh, give me a home on a deep mellow loam, that supports the trees and the grass; Where we hardly recall a bad crop year at all, and the crickets rejoice as we pass. Home, home on the loam, that supports the trees and the grass, Where we hardly recall a bad crop year at all; and the crickets rejoice as we pass.