BUSTER

One morning in May when I was a small boy, my dad woke me and told me there was something special to see. I hurriedly dressed and went with him to the pasture. There I saw the most awkward animal I had ever seen. It looked like a cross between a giraffe and a mule. It was a newborn colt. It wobbled around following its mother. Everything was inspected by his sharp eyes. In a few days it lost its awkwardness. It filled out and looked like a horse. He became more of a nuisance as he grew older. Everything had to be chewed on to see if it was worth eating. He grew rapidly and by winter was again awkward but much larger. Now he's a big chestnut horse, Old Buster.

- Lawrence Halverson - '37