

sun made them look all new and bright and shining. He looked up at the bright blue sky with the bright white clouds and he looked down the little street that was so strangely quiet with only a few people on it. The sun was behind the steeple of the little brick church on the corner, and he watched it climb in the blue sky until it hurt his eyes. Then he went over to the little row of mail boxes nailed on the front of the house.

He found the one with his name printed unevenly on a dirty white card and he put his hand on the rusty little latch and opened the little door — it made a tired squeaking noise. He looked inside the small black box and saw the black paint flaking off the box where it had rusted and the gray paint flaking off the front of the house when the box was fastened and a broken

brown left in the bottom of the box. The man looked at the leaf for a long time and then he carefully closed the little door and looked down at his feet. A brown ant was running around his shoes and he stepped on the ant and opened the front door. It took the man a long time to get up the stairs and he didn't look back at the sun on the little houses across the street.

The sun climbed in the blue sky until it was above the little brick church on the corner. The bright yellow light bathed the wooden shingles on the steeple and made the little weather-cock shine with a light that was almost heavenly. The sound of a shot split the quiet of the morning. Then the church bells began to ring, the doors of the church opened, and the people walked out into the bright sunlight.

## MY EXPERIENCE WITH POETRY

RACHEL WHELAN

Poetry? A strange parade of multi-colored, grotesque and unique figures begins its march through my mind. Far down a misty street of reminiscence it is headed by a gingham dog and a calico cat, and passing the reviewing stand at this moment is the pitiful crowd from the "Fall of the City" led by the mysterious woman. My parade is distinguished from all others because its end is never viewed, and the beginning never stops, for there will always be spectators for this parade, and though the street is winding and narrow in spots it never terminates.

The beginning has long since passed from view with its "rain that's raining everywhere," "Radiator Lions," and "cocoa and animal crackers." The formations are rather thin at points, or perhaps they're just

too far away to see clearly. Hiawatha is there though, and the little girls from the "Childrens' Hour." There's a bareboot boy and Little Orphaned Annie. That wicked black bird of yore flies over the winding file. The twelve Canterbury pilgrims plod slowly on telling and retelling their stories. Lady MacBeth and Brutus walk stealthily together while the wedding guest listens tirelessly to the ancient mariner's tale. The walrus and the carpenter are chuckling as they watch Belinda lose her precious lock.

There's a ponderous accompaniment for my pageant. It's a wild melody made of songs from the hearts of a multitude of composers. First there must be marches, "Aye, tear her tattered ensigns. . .," "The people will go on. . .," "and heard the shot fired 'round the world." There's the wail

of laments, "the saddest are those 'it might have been'." Tones harmonize in calm resignation, — "stand alone and think 'till Love and Fame to nothingness do sink." Lost and forgotten humanity sends up its song, — "many a flower was born to blush unseen . . ." There are love songs, "Love me for love's sake. . ."

And so the melody goes on as the parade goes on, the immortal parade whose participants have been drawn from life by

their supersensitive creators to show the rest of us what life really is. How can the spectators around me grumble and become bored? They criticize the evenness of the lines, the costumes, and the formations, but perhaps they haven't heard the music yet.

Poetry? The parade is moving more slowly now, and I am trying to see into the future, but the ranks seem full. Will there be a place in the melody for my song?

## MY ATTITUDE TOWARD POEMS

RICHARD OUTCALT

I am not interested in most poems. At one time I disliked poetry to the full extent of my ability, but as I grew up I became aware that to many people, poetry was all right. On careful consideration of this awakening, I decided that there were undoubtedly merits to poetry, but that you had to be in the mood to really get anything out of them. This mood to me seemed to signify a pale thin fellow skipping with gaily outstretched arms and fingers, romping through sunny fields of buttercups chasing gorgeous butterflies, then, tiring of this strenuous exercise, sitting under a tree to contemplate the wonders of poetry. This, I decided, was no substitute for baseball. So I let poems alone.

When I was in the sixth grade, I was exposed to John Masefield's "I Must Go Down to the Sea Again," dramatized with gestures, by our teacher, the assistant principal of the school. I rather liked this, except that I thought she overdid the gestures. She was evidently very sincere in her liking for this poem however, and

transmitted some of her enthusiasm by a kind of radio-telepathy or something to the class. This seems to be the only poem that comes to my mind readily. I don't remember ever being exposed to a poem in high school. Undoubtedly I was, but being as I said, not interested in poems, I quickly forgot them.

Last semester, we (the class) were exposed to narrative poetry. This is not the buttercup type of poetry as I understand it. We read most of the poems required for this course so I need not enumerate them. I particularly liked the one about the three fellows chained in a cave. I was interested in their reactions to such a situation.

I rather liked narrative poetry via Mrs. Wesenberg, but I don't believe she will have much luck with the buttercup-butterfly type this term. The world at present is too matter-of-fact. Imagine me, tripping gaily through a field of whatever the Japanese use for buttercups, happily stabbing Japanese butterflies with my bayonet. No!