

Growing Up

Sandra Orbison

MATURE people are organized, thoughtful, and punctual. My mother, teachers, and friends have lectured to me on "The Mature Person." I know what maturity means, but I can't seem to do what it entails. Believe me, college has not simplified this problem.

Physical education—the problem entailed therein are formidable to me. This type of course requires someone who is agile, and whose body co-ordinates with ease. Unfortunately, I am not this type. My co-ordination is slightly lacking. Swimming is the sport I selected for the first semester. For some reason, I never seem to have time to dress completely. I try to keep in mind that punctuality is a sign of maturity. Thus, when I am punctual, I fall up the stairs in my size-nine wooden clogs, hoping that all is well. Usually my hopes and prayers are in vain. My swimming suit, which is very loose, is practically falling off by the time I have reached the pool. I have forgotten to pin the straps. If I had been prompt in buying a suit at the beginning of the semester, I would not have this difficulty. As usual, I had to take a suit that had been worn by many bathers—most of them larger than I. If I could swim, the suit wouldn't be so noticeably large. My parents tried to make me a champion swimmer at one time. After five years of lessons and no outward improvement, they accepted the grim facts with resignation. I am again re-suming my training—not to be a champion swimmer, mind you—just to pass the course. When I am swimming, my head looks like the head of a frightened turtle. For some reason, it is heavier than the rest of my body and insists on staying under the water. My feet are my other problem. They are also heavy, but they are not as weighty as my head. Consequently, when I try to kick under the water, I kick on the surface. This action splashes all of the dry people who are not participating in my merry game.

At the beginning of the semester, each student purchases a lock and a locker. The main idea in purchasing a lock, is to learn your combination. You may then make use of the locker into which you have locked your clothes. I do not believe in operating in this fashion. The matron keeps small tickets with lockers and their respective combinations written on them. This is a preventive measure for foggy people like me. In order to obtain this ticket, one must pay ten cents. I paid ten cents for my ticket one morning and thought I would show people how frugal and intelligent I was. Instead of giving this ticket back to the matron before swimming class, I put it in my purse. In that way I could save ten cents, if I happened to forget my locker combination at the end of class. I

returned that fateful morning from swimming class to find my purse, clothes, and locker combination locked in a locker that couldn't be opened without the knowledge of the combination. This wasn't in my head, for I worked the lock for fifteen minutes trying to recall it. I asked the matron what I could do. She said I would have to wait until a locksmith came to saw off the lock. After many long minutes of searching, she found our class cards, which as yet had not been alphabetized. There were about one-hundred of them together, and mine was sixth from the bottom. After hunting for five minutes, the perturbed matron finally located my class card. Fortunately, my combination was written on the back of the blank.

I inconvenience so many people when I am thoughtless, forgetful, and immature. I cannot blame my friends, teachers, parents, or school for my ridiculous plights. There is only one person whom I can involve in this "vicious circle"—myself.

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Boys Are for Baseball

Margaret Sauerteig

FROM the age of five until twelve there was nothing in the whole world that I wanted more than to be a boy.

I lived, breathed, and loved everything a boy could do. I was forever tagging behind my brother and playing with his gang whenever I could. I liked it best when they played at the baseball lot; because they'd let me play if they were undermanned.

In my twelfth year I still preferred hikes to parties and baseball to books. I suppose I would have retained my longing if it hadn't been for Tom.

Tom was a tall, gangly boy with black hair and dark eyes, and captain of the school safety boys. He was the best batter on the school baseball team too. He always had the highest batting average. Even after the new boy came, Tom still was "best batter."

He ask me if I would like to go to a wienie roast his church was having. I was thrilled, for Tom was the most popular boy in school and he had actually asked me for a date, a word very unfamiliar to me. The girls that I knew all had had dates and I knew that this would really impress them.

My mother had given me permission to go and I was to be picked up at seven o'clock. Of all things, Eileen, the girl I walked to school with, had decided that she was going to the "roast" with us. Imagine, Eileen was actually going to be along on my first date!

That night I wore my new jeans. Mother put lip coloring on my lips and powder on my nose. I felt just awful and I got hot and my hands were sticky.