ing to see her name there, and noting those whose names she found. And she would stand there, wondering whether she should have spoken to him, all the way downtown.

"... I've just outgrown you, that's all," he would tell Jeanne. "No, there isn't any explanation except I'm just tired of the whole affair. No, there's nothing you can do about it. I'm not accusing you of anything, so you needn't try to defend yourself. All the talking in the world can't change things. I'm through—that's all!"

And, smiling slightly to show that he did not care, he would watch her begin to cry.

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**CYNTHIA**

You wouldn't believe that the clouds could hang so low and dark
As they hung that day.
You wouldn't believe that the rain could fall so long and heavy
As it fell that day.

And all that long afternoon Cynthia sat before the window
And looked out of those sad brown eyes of hers.
When she was a little girl
Her mother dressed her in silks
And pink bows and fluffy laces
And delicate organdies,
And she was "like her mother."

When she was six
Her father gave her a bike
And skates and a swing
And took her to the lake
And she was "like her father."

And then she was eleven.
All afternoon, looking out of that dark window
And then she was Cynthia.

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**PARODIES**

I
(With apologies to John Masefield)
I must go to the Pole again, to the Pole and its circle of cars,
And all I ask is a big coke, and a couple of pretzel bars;
With the motor's hum, and the horn's honk, and the waitresses a-running
With an ed here, and a co-ed there, all of them a-bumming.

I must go to the pole again, for the call of an idler's way
Is a drawing call and a devil's call, that I may not gainsay;
And all I ask is the role that day the prof. will not be taking,
And on the day exams come, I may do successful faking.

I must go to the Pole again, to the lazy, easy life,
To the gay way that's the fool's way, where there's rarely any strife;
And all I ask is an Audrey joke, and a giggling fellow Joe-r,
And I should worry if nothing's done, when the long day's over!

—Gene Smith

II
Rockabye baby on the stand's top
When the crowd roars, the bleachers will rock.
When the game's over, goal posts will fall,
Down will come baby, classmates and all.

—Grace Ferguson