

Contributions from
the student body.

Article

Verse

Johnny got to say 'Hello' to his mother

The Saturday Letter Route 36

The tale was told
And told again
And from the father
To the son it traveled on
Until at last
The crudeness of its early form
Was lost.

It came to be
A fanciful creation
Of a hundred hundred tellings
With intangible suggestions
Growing into things of truth.
All the dreameries of romance
All the vagaries of chance
All the imagery existent.
In the story teller's thinking
Had a part in making substance
For the oft repeated tale
Of the man who walked at midnight
Through the swamp at Crooked Creek.

He was a ghostly killer
(So went the tale.)
And evidence there was
Upon this point.
Joe Bany's father
Disappeared in 1899.
Some said he ran away
Because his wife
Kept nagging him
But anyway he went
Into that swamp when hunting coon
And no one ever saw
That man again.
In 1881, Grandpa Payette
Went out to chase a cow
And he was never heard of
From that day.

Neighbors found his hat
Upon the road
In the swamp.
Two children passed from sight
Before the war
And though no person saw
Them go into the swamp
There's where they went
Without a doubt.

A dozen others through the years
Had seen the man

Or knew someone
Whose testimony on the case
Could not be held
In question.
No one could say
Just how he looked
Or dressed because
He walked at night
And no one knew
Exactly where he
Might be found.
But anyway the swamp
Was not a place
To go when darkness came.

Of course there were
A few who gave no heed
To such crack-witted stories
Of a ghost
And who seemed not to care
About the danger.
But older men said,
"How about the drummer
Who went stark insane
And never knew that
He went into the swamp
One stormy night
To prove that there
Was nothing there
But trees to scare a man?"

The whole thing seems ridiculous
In these, our modern days,
When people laugh
At silly notions of
The older generation
And have no imagination;
At a time when superstition
Can all be explained
By the scientific knowledge
Of a school-boy with a book;
When the press proclaims in headlines
That some genius can unravel
All the secrets of the atom
And the why of everything;
But people had the fear
In spite of all
The common sense
We hear about
And all the reasoning
And all the pooh-pooh arguments
Upon the case.

Then in 1928 the highway department
Of the State of Ohio
Came through like an army
And the old road became
Route 36 (Beware—curve to left)
There was no longer a road
Through a swamp
But there was a broad, white
Smooth strip of concrete
With a black line
Down the middle
Over which men drove
Sixty miles an hour.
The old tale seemed forgotten
And the younger generation
Seldom heard of ghosts
But there was one strange thing
About this new highway—
There were accidents.

The road seemed straight enough
And the edge was not so bad
Yet there were accidents.
Drivers said the trees
Made shadows on the road
And that the shoulders
Of the pavement were not firm
And that the pavement
Sagged to make a bump
And that the engineers
Made some mistake
About the banking
On the curve.

But old men sit
And smile yet hold their peace
Because there are some things
They cannot talk about
In these, our modern days.
The highway department
Puts signs,
"Beware—curve to left,"
"Danger—slippery when wet,"
"Soft shoulders,"
"Slow—sharp turn,"
But still there are accidents
And maybe the old men
Know what they
Are smiling about.

Very truly,
RAYMOND E. MANCHESTER,
Dean of Men
Kent State University.

By Donald Bower.
"The night yer Ma died—that
night, Johnny? That night wuz
still, boy; yu cud hear the leaves
tumblin' down from the trees. It
wuz fall, Johnny, still and quiet
and kinda crisp. Stars? Yeah, the
sky wuz full of 'em. They wuz
hangin' kinda low too, that night.
Yu've seen 'em thataway, ain't
yu, Johnny? Like if yu wuz just
a few feet taller yu cud reach up
and grab 'em. And the moon, it
wuz just a few feet up off the
horizon. Big, too, and almost red.
"Yu don't think this had any-
thin' to do with yer Ma? But yer
wrong, lad, dead wrong. Yer Ma
looked out the kitchen winda and
all this quietness, and that big
moon, and the stars shinin' above
like they wuz parts of the sun
broke off, made yer Ma start
thinkin' about yu, Johnny. I cud
see that she wuz athinkin' about
yu, just by watchin' those purty
blue eyes o' hern cloud up like, and
then become all misty and damp.
Yep, Johnny, she kinda knew that
wherever yu wuz, there wouldn't
be this quietness like wuz here.

Allus a racket.
"Sure, she wuz rememberin' that
yu wuz allus makin' a racket,
even when yu wuz only six months
old. Almost as if she wuz tellin'
me with her own lips what she
wuz thinkin'. I knew that she wuz
thinkin' o' thu time when Aunt
Hattie died. Yu forgot that, eh
Johnny? She didn't. Yu wuz eight
or nine then, and yu cum arunnin'
in thu house, bangin' doors like
yu wanted to break 'em, yellin' at
thu top o' yer lungs fer Ma. Ma
cum in when she heerd yu yellin'
and told yu Aunt Hattie wuz dead.
Yu kinda looked sheepish and said
that it wuz too bad. Yu said yu
allus liked Aunt Hattie cuz she
gave yu a nickel every Saturday.
"But the next night, while yer
Aunt Hattie wuz still lyin' cold
and dead upstairs, waitin' to be
buried, yu came in with a cap
pistol and wuz runnin' all over the
house, like yu had no respect fer
the dead. Ma got mad at yu fer

that, remember, Johnny? She
whaled yu within un inch o' yer
life.

A gang o' hoodlums.
"But that ain't all she wuz
thinkin' of. She wuz thinkin' about
that time when yu brought that
gang o' hoodlums from across the
river into the house when she wuz
havin' her quiltin' bee, and how yu
made such a racket thet the ladies
all up and left, plumb mad. They
stalked out like those turkies yer
Ma usta have, and they never
came back. Nope, never did,
Johnny.

"Yu wuz allus doin' sumthin', and
then gettin' mad when yer Ma
whipt yu fer it. Yer Ma loved yu,
boy, loved yu more'n anythin' else
she had.

"And that night; when that
moon wuz goin' higher and higher
into the sky, and a few clouds
were beginnin' to pass in frunt o'
it now and then, yer Ma thought o'
the day when yu left her. Yep,
Johnny, she thought o' that day.
The night before yu'd broke all the
windas outa the church; those
long, purple, red and orange-
stained ones, with pitchers painted
on 'em, pitchers o' Jesus and other
people outa the Bible. The old pas-
tor seen yu do it and told yer Ma.

She whipt yu.
"She bawled yu out fer an hour
er more, and finally got out that
ol' horse-whip that yer Pa bought
to keep the ol' mule agoin'. When
yu went to bed that night yu just
cudn't sleep; yer back wuz hurtin'
worse'n sin. Yu didn't see why, yu
just cudn't understand. Johnny,
why breakin' those windas wuz so
awful. While yu wuz tryin' to go
to sleep and cudn't, yu decided to
run away from yer Ma cuz she
wouldn't let yu have no fun.

"And so away yu run, and yer
Ma never seen yu again. She tried
not ta think o' yu, Johnny, but on
quiet nights like that one, Johnny,
she just cudn't help but wonder
about yu, hopin' that mebbe yu'd
cum back, but sure all the time
yu wudn't. Thank God, boy, that
on her last night she wuz happy,
cuz there wuz a sorta happiness
shinin' all around her as she set
there, lookin' out that kitchen
winda, like she knowd yu wuz all
right, and like she knowd yu'd be
back on thu morrow. I don't know
how she knowd, except that mebbe
God told her so as she cud be in
a good mood on her trip tu hevvin.

You growed up.
"Yep, Johnny, I remember how
yu cum back, just as noisy as
when yu went away, but growed
up, and with new store-bought
clothes, and an autyomobile, with a
horn on it that yu blowed long and
loud in frunt o' yer Ma's house, not
knowin' that she cudn't hear yu.
But all that's far behind yu,
Johnny, far behind yu'. Yu're
where there's all the noise yu
want.

Yer in a fight, Johnny, a fight
fer yer country. See that young
feller there, the one yer aimin' yer
gun at? He's got a Ma, Johnny,
just like yu had. But he never ran
away from his. He wuz forced
away. His Ma remembers him too,
Johnny, on nights like that last
one yer Ma spent. She's goin' tu
lose him, just like yu lost yer Ma,
if yu pull that trigger, Johnny.
Only yu left yer Ma cuz yu
wanted tu, and when yu finally
knew that yu needed her, it wuz
too late, cuz she wuz gone.

He's gotta die.
This time that boy won't see his
Ma cuz it's yer duty tu kill 'im.
Don't pay no attention tu me,
Johnny. This is what yu like, re-
member? Noise, excitement, de-
struction, hatred, all those things
yu like. Look at 'im, Johnny! Bet
he's not seventeen yet. He looks
like he wuz awonderin' what all
this fightin' about. He's sorta
friendly lookin' too, ain't he,
Johnny? Well, Johnny, do yer duty
tu yer country.

"The major'll be proud o' yu
now. But look at that boy over
there. Did yu see that surprised
look on his face when thu bullet
first hit 'em? But it ain't a sur-
prised look now. Look at 'im, all
folded up, holdin' his belly. But
now he's fallin'; right into that

(See JOHNNY, page 7.)

When vanity came...

Comfort in clothes was

...doomed to die

By Marg Krause.

I don't know who I am to be
advocating more comfortable
clothes for men. Lord knows I
don't owe them anything. No man
has ever begged to kiss my hand,
or written a sonnet because my
brown eyes tantalized him. And
no man has ever threatened sui-
cide because I rejected his ad-
vances.

Just the same I don't see the
need for starched collars and ties.
More specifically ties. They can't
possibly blame women for giving
them all the atrocities they wear.
Not only are they striped and
polka-dotted and horrible, but they
give such a knotted look to the
masculine neckline. All they do is
keep a man's collar from wilting
after the third wearing. Sometimes
they don't even do that. Besides,
why should they? Why shouldn't a
collar wilt?

Modesty is motive.

Why collars? Why stiff, scratch-
ing, lipstick-catching collars? If
modesty is the motive, then back
with spats and gartered socks. In
the summer, collars chafe, and in
the winter their stiffness absorbs
the cold. And if collars add to the
appearance of his lordship, well...
think of the scrawny, pimply

necks which arise above a shiny
collar. Or remember the jowls
which fold over collars like so
much bread dough. And thing of
the Fauntleroy look a collar gives
to the muscular, prize-fighterish
neck. Vanity, thy name is mud!

Togas were O. K.

As far as all this goes, whose
ideas were all the clothes of to-
day, anyway? The old Roman
togas look pretty good to me, and
a lot simpler than our garb. Com-
fort, which should be the guide to
attire, was lost when vanity
brought the lines of suits to fit
and thus accent the body lines.
Tight collars and shoes, and sus-
penders, are examples of men's
contributions to the civilized
fatuousness of dress. Women fol-
lowed their example by belting
their dresses and abandoning san-
dals for laced boots.

Let 'em do it.

But as I say, it's nothing to me
what men wear. Let 'em wrestle
with bow ties. Let 'em scramble
for collar buttons. Let 'em scowl
at the new snap brims. I don't
really have any interest in men,
particular or general. I don't care
if they choose to be uncomfortable
as well as vain. Besides, I'm in no
mood to worry about anything, or
even to think clearly. I'm posi-
tively non compis mentus when I
wear this tight girdle.

He found himself...

His brother's keeper

...by Tie Belt decree

By Holly Shurtleff.

And upon this campus there is
the division of many houses, fore-
most amongst which is that of the
Tie Belt—or Sacred Order of the
Haberdashery. The main purpose
of this fraternal organization be-
ing to keep its members sartori-
ally perfect.

And in the process of time it
came to pass that the Tie Belts
were able to pledge two men by
the name of Cain and Abel. They
were most desirable—probably be-
cause they were both able to raise
cain.

And the Tie Belts said unto
these two new pledges: "Go forth
and bring unto this house of the
Sacred Order of the Haberdashery
fame and honor. Blight it not with
calumnies, but preserve its pres-
tige with your loyalty and sac-
rifices."

Loyal to fraternity.

Now Cain and Abel being of the
same loyal mind toward their fra-
ternity went forth upon the cam-
pus, striving at all times to gain
the favorable recognition of its
students. And it came to pass that
they were blessed with success—
reaching their goal by lolling
about the Student Union and
dating Nappas from the land of
Nod.

And Cain being of more mature
years than Abel sought to out-do
Abel in his sacrifices for the great
lodge, and therefore traveled north
many times a day to partake of

the Nectars. Abel, however, con-
fined his excesses to scholastic
endeavors and the Sacred Order
found Abel's efforts more pleasing
when semester grades were dis-
tributed.

Cain rose against Abel.

And when Cain and Abel were
engaged in a political rally, which
bordered upon pugilism, Cain rose
up against Abel—and beat H...
out of him. (Not inspired, but
effective).

So it came to pass that the
Sacred Order of the Haberdashery
grilled Cain and asked him how
Abel received the cuts, abrasions,
and contusions which had so
forcibly been administered to him.
And Cain answered, "I know not.
Am I my fraternity brother's
keeper?"

And the Great Lodge, in all its
judicial sagacity, knew Cain was
a dirty liar, and sentenced Cain
to three-and-a-half years at hard
study.

Punishment is great!

And Cain said to his Honored
Fraternity: "My punishment is
greater than I can bear." And Cain
thereby proved again that he was
wont to prevaricate unduly, for he
studied assiduously during the re-
mainder of his university career,
married a Nappa, and is now run-
ning an elevator in the Kresge
building. Abel, on the other hand,
has benevolently forgiven Cain his
transgression and is building nice
steel buildings for Cain to run ele-
vators in.