

## THE PEN AND I

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little beads of perspiration came trickling down my forehead. I was getting furious at myself for not being able to write a whole story yet. I had racked my brain for another new plot; but it seemed I was spent. I looked out to the spot where a while ago had moved my heart and hand hoping that its beauty might re-captivate me again. What I saw was the final straw. Nowhere was the bird that was chirping a soothing song a while ago. The flowers were now drooping under the stinging heat of the sun. A butterfly or two could now be seen flying lifelessly. The lilies had slowly and completely shied away from the sun. The fishes kept to the bottom of the pond. They too, were escaping the heat of the noon-day sun. The wonderful backdrop was no longer pale blue but a glaring blue which made me squint. Where was the music, the poetry and a hundred other little things which had fooled me into thinking that I could be a great authoress someday? Instead I felt warm; and in no time I lost my temper. I gathered the crumpled bits of paper strewn carelessly on my desk and burned them mercilessly. . . until the last flame flickered and died. With it, my visions of fame and fortune as an authoress died too. I hated myself for having been such a miserable failure and I hated my friend who said writing a story was just nothing at all. Maybe in a way he was right—it was nothing at all. Writers are made—not born. Indeed? Just wait till I meet her. I'll give her a piece of my mind.

—oOo—

"My husband talks in his sleep—does yours?"

"No. He's terribly annoying—he just chuckles."

—oOo—

"Of course I'm not married," said she. "I'm nobody's fool."

"Then," said he, hopefully, "will you be mine?"

—oOo—

Girl (arriving late at game)—

"What's the score, Larry?"

Escort—"Nothing to nothing."

Girl—"Oh, goody!! Then we haven't missed a thing!"



## wits & jokes

Dancing the rumba is a way of waving goodbye without moving your hand.

—Galen Drake (CBS)

Each time Frank Murphy drove his car over 80 miles an hour, the motor set up a terrific knocking. He finally took it to a garage for a check-up.

The mechanic looked the car over carefully, but couldn't find a thing wrong with it. "At what speed did you say the car knocks?" he asked.

"Eighty."

"Nothing wrong with the car," the mechanic stated flatly. "It must be the good Lord warning you."

As we packed for a vacation trip through Canada, I recalled what a friend who had visited there recently had told me.

"We'll have to take different clothes than usual," I remarked. "They say nobody there wears jeans."

My junior high daughter, looking incredulous, asked: "Not even the girls?"

—Mrs. B. de Boer in PEN

Relax. Don't worry about the job you don't like. Someone else will soon have it.

—Herald-Advocate

A handful of patience is worth more than a bushel of brains.

Dutch Proverb

Eat, drink, and be merry, for tomorrow ye diet.

William Gilmore Beymer

The empty vessel makes the greatest sound.

Shakespeare

Noise proves nothing. Often a hen who has merely laid an egg cackles as if she laid an asteroid.

Samuel L. Clemens

Everything comes if a man will only wait.

Israeli

## What is this Thing . . .

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beast. . . a mere heap of shapeless, pulseless matter."

Just what have we accomplished by all these? We can't say we have done something monumental to make the world sit up. . . that's glaringly obvious. Neither can we say we didn't try our best. At any rate, this should make man look upon woman with a more tolerant eye and accept her as she is. Moreover, this proves beyond all doubt what we have said at the beginning: Woman is a most inexhaustibly fascinating subject, just as she shall always be for milleniums to come. Hargrave clearly sums up the whole argument in these words: "Women are the poetry of the world just as the stars are the poetry of heaven. Clear, harmonious, and light-giving, they are the terrestrial planets that govern the destinies of men."

Come to think of it, why do they call it a man's world?

## "Invitation to Yesterday"

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strange mixture of dread and longing. But did he, when he first spoke his first tender word to her? Did he understand the weakness that numbed his frame then? Did he understand the breathless thrill when her fingers first accidentally touched his?

The old woman saw him close the door, gently. Wondering and surprised at the sudden soft ease of the same slam-happy hands, she whispered to herself: Now, I wonder why he didn't! She leaned out from a window. She saw him cross the street, and shoving aside the swinging doors, entered the drug store.

She could not hear him say to the operator: 998-R please? Nor heard his hesitant, guarded query of the crooning, girlish voice that answered, nor hear his voice in hal-lowed conversation tremble, for if she had, she wouldn't have asked herself; she would have understood the sudden mildness in him; and would have known the poignant tale behind those three numbers and the letter "R" that adorned his bedside wall.