Edition 2

Comedy Tonight!!!



Oscar: The life and times of a Baskin-Robbins' garbage can

by Connie S. Krapf

One day when Mr. Garbage Truck arrived home from work he found a note on the table which

I'm on the way to Trash Memorial Hospital on East Junkyard Drive. Please come as soon as possible. I think our baby is on its way. Your sister, Trasy, is picking me up in a few minutes. Please hurry!

> Your wife, Tin Can

Mr. Garbage Truck was so excited he didn't bother to take a bath or freshen up before he sped to the hospital. Waiting patiently outside the delivery room, he drove up, down, and around the almost deserted waiting room.

Finally, after several tedious minutes, Dr. Dump emerged from the delivery room with sweat running down his forehead. Dr. Dump stood directly in front of Mr. Garbage Truck and announced, "Sir, you're the father of a smallscaled rootin' tootin' garbage can."

Tears of relief ran down Mr. Garbage Truck's face as he answered, "Thanks Dr. Dump! When can I see Tin Can and my handsome rootin' tootin' little garbage can?"

"If you compose yourself, you can see them both right away," encouraged Dr. Dump. "Don't stay too long as they both need their rest." Then he left Garbage Truck outside Tin Can's door.

Tin Can's bed, leaned over and kissed her on the forehead. Tin Can directed his attention to the moving blanket beside her.

Garbage Truck proudly admired his active son. Garbage Truck tenderly picked up his child and whispered, "Look at his tiny fingers and miniature toes. Just think, some day you'll be as big as I.

Without warning, Nurse Sullen sternly reminded, "Mr. Garbage Truck, it is time for you to leave. Both your wife and son need their rest. You may come back tomorrow, if you come during visiting hours.

"May I have just one more short moment with my wife? I promise then that I'll leave," pleaded Garbage Truck.

"All right, but make it quick!" replied Nurse Sullen.

After the nurse left the room, Garbage Truck laid his son beside his wife. Feeling very weary, Tin Can muttered, "I love you and I promise not to look this way tomorrow.'

The day they brought the baby home from the hospital was a day that would never be forgotten. First, Garbage Truck overslept and

arrived at the hospital an hour and a half late. Then they had to decide on a name for their son before they could leave as a family.

Garbage Truck and Tin Can were given only ten minutes to decide what to call their son before the hospital would name the child for them. Names ran in and out of their heads as time was running out. Not just any common name, such as Tom, Mike, Bob, or even John would do for their son. They started through the names of their relatives and finally, in the last few seconds, they decided on Oscar for their

Oscar grew up like any other garbage can. He had the usual bumps, bruises, paint jobs, and new lids. Before long Tin Can had to go shopping for Oscar's school clothes. Garbage cans, like other containers, have to go away to boarding schools to learn proper stance and politeness.

On a warm, muggy morning Oscar departed for Sanitation Disposal School in Pittsville, which was one hundred and fifty miles from home. There were no vacations at this school, and letters were the only means of communication to

Making sure that all of his clothes, along with lots of paper and pencils, were packed, Tin Can closed her son't suitcase with tearfilled eyes. These teras were of sadness because her son was a Garbage Truck tip-toed over to grown man and of happiness because he knew what he wanted to do and had the opportunity to do it.

> Both Garbage Truck and Tin Can went with Oscar to the train station. Waiting for the train, Tin Can reminded Oscar "to write and remember to put on clean clothes

"I will Mother. You know I am not a little boy any more. In one year I will have graduated and hopefully have a good job,'

"Oscar, your mother and I just want you to do well in school and enjoy it. This may the most important year of your life," came words of wisdom from Garbage Truck.

"Dad, Mom, you both know I'll do my best and I'll try to write home once a week. It seems I have grown up too quickly. Before I can hardly turn around, I may be a husband and then a father," stated Oscar holding back the tears.

His mother had no time to reveal her thoughts before Garbage Truck announced, "Here's your train. Good-bye Oscar." He shook his son's hand.

"Bye Mom and Dad," shouted Oscar as he boarded the train. Finding a seat wasn't difficult, but



all the worries about school caught up with Oscar as he sat on the train.

"Will I like school? Who will be my roommate and what'll he be like? How will I do? Will people like me?" These thoughts filled Oscar's mind until the conductor yelled, "Next stop Pittsville!"

School wasn't as easy as Oscar had hoped it would be. Most of the other students were much bigger and could hold more trash. Oscar kept trying, but he just couldn't hold any more. Soon testing began for the different companies.

One of the tests Oscar took was the McDonald Land Test. Getting the test results back wasn't very exciting for Oscar. He failed all the mechanical tests, but not the book work. There was a note that read:

Please come to Dr. Aluminum's office Monday at 1:15 P.M. Don't be late. Job offers will be discussed.

Thank you.

Oscar arrived early only to wait until two-thirty for Dr. Aluminum to return from his morning lecture.

"Sorry I'm late Oscar, but you know how my lectures have trouble being short and sweet. Come right in and have a seat," apologized Dr.

"Thank you for asking me here today," answered Oscar.

"I thought I would explain that you are not large enough for a McDonald Land garbage can, and there are not many openings for a small white garbage can with a shiny silver mouth. It would be best for you to go into storage. Your grades are at the top of the class, but your size is your biggest drawback. Decide what you want and return here in the morning," explained Dr. Aluminum.

Oscar was escorted out of the office before he could reply. Walking back to the dorm, he thought and thought about his future. He locked himself in his room before he started his weekly letter to his parents. After writing the letter, he decided it would be best to be stored at the enormous warehouse located near the school.

Oscar's first week in the warehouse was boring. All he saw were fork lifts moving boxes here, there, and back again. At least everyday some one would buy some of the garbage cans in stock, but not Oscar.

One day Oscar was suddenly awakened from his nap. A man with brown pants, white shirt, and an unusual hat asked to see Oscar. The man took Oscar out of his box and considered him carefully.

"I'll take this cute little garbage can," replied the man. "I don't need a very large one for my store."

Before Oscar was completely awake, he was loaded into a big brown truck with gold letters.

Although Oscar did not know where he was going, he worried about his first job and if the man was kind or mean or just all right. Oscar hoped the man would be kind and fun to work for.

The big brown truck made several stops before Oscar got off. The same man that picked him out at the warehouse greeted Oscar at the door. The man set Oscar down between two rows of pink chairs and in front of a long, glossy white cabinet. This cabinet had glass windows along its side so people Remember you are to be here at could see in. Oscar crept over to the cabinet's side to see in, but he was too short.

Looking around his new home, Oscar noticed posters for ice cream cones, sundaes, and milkshakes on the wall behind the counter. Higher on the wall, near the ceiling, were pictures of mountains, forests, corn fields, and deserts. On another wall was a funny looking clock. Instead of numerals 1, 2, 3, etcetera on the face of the clock, there was a 31 in each numeral position. In the middle of the clock was an ice cream cone with pink ice cream.

around the store he didn't even notice the man walk out and lock the door. Later Oscar sat down and wrote his parents a letter. He told them of his new job in a new ice cream store and how his boss went about getting ready to open the store. After sealing the letter, Oscar fell into a deep sleep.

Suddenly, Oscar awoke with a start. The man opened the door to the store and had four high school girls with him. Each of the girls got a bucket of water and a clean cloth to begin cleaning.

They worked all day cleaning the

chairs, walls, cabinets, and

windows. The girls worked until

everything sparkled and shined.

Then the girls went to the back

room and brought out brown tubs

of ice cream. There was not only

chocolate, strawberry, and vanilla, but also pralines and cream, butter pecan, black walnut, and many other varieties—even pink bubble

Oscar grew all excited watching everyone work. He knew that he would like it here. After everything was in place, the girls started to leave but the man stopped them. "Girls, I want each of you to wear these pink uniforms when you come to work. one o'clock tomorrow afternoon. Thanks for your help today," said the man.

"Thanks for the uniforms, Mr. Price. See va tomorrow," replied

Oscar thought, "My new boss's name is Mr. Price. It will be fun working with all those girls tomorrow.

Mr. Price turned the lights off and locked the door as he left.

Oscar awoke bright and early next morning. He nervously looked around the store hoping to make a good impression on his first day of Oscar was so busy looking work. Before long Mr. Price came in with his brown pants, white shirt, and funny hat on. He turned on all of the lights and started the punch machine. Then he got out two boxes of brown pointed cones.

Oscar watched Mr. Price work at getting everything ready for the customers. The girls walked in wearing their bright pink uniforms. Oscar whistled at them.

The girls hardly had time to put their crisp white aprons on before the store crowded with people of all shapes and sizes.

A cute little boy went to

examine Oscar, who was irresisti-

ble. Oscar screamed, "Stop poking

me in the stomach. I'm not the

Pillsbury Dough Boy," but no one

Finally, after Oscar had been

tortured enough, the child's mother

heard his cries.

snatched him away. "What kind of ice cream do you want?" asked the upset mother. "I want chocolate! I want

chocolate!" screamed the little boy. Oscar felt sorry for the child because the child was tired and exhausted. His mother's nagging wasn't encouraging him to do differ-

'Billy, we are at Baskin-Robbins, don't you want anything different from plain old chocolate ice cream?" quizzed his mother.

Oscar was glad when Billy and his mother left. The day was very busy, but Oscar very proudly held all of the garbage. He smiled at each of the customers although some dripped ice cream all over him. Oscar really liked the ice cream he was given that had dropped on the floor or that people couldn't finish.

At the end of the day one of the girls wiped the ice cream off of Oscar and dumped the garbage out of him. Oscar was then ready for the next day. Oscar was exhausted and went right to sleep when he lay down that night.

The days at Baskin-Robbins were busy and Oscar held all of the garbage. Some weeks it's hard for Oscar to find time to write home. but his parents understand that their son is a busy working man.

Oscar, unmarried, has many children. Each child that walks in the door is a life-long friend of his. In fact, Oscar, with his bright shiny smile, still greets everyone that enters Baskin-Robbins.

Connie S. Krapf is a prospective July graduate in

Promises, Promises

Moses said God said: MOSES meaning. the unpronouncable the unpredictable do not call upon me without the password JHWH! JHWH! you will say and I will answer: Moses? Hello? Hello?

But Moses may have heard the party line was flooded with calls and God had wrapped himself in the cord his mouth full of infinite pretzels and the radio loud enough to drown out Michael. that one-man band God may have been saying

with his tongue tied: MOSES! Call me anything you like call me anything call me the parts of your body call me your whizzer call me next Tuesday my mother is here for the weekend listen anytime you're in the neighborhood drop in ha-ha listen up Moses did you know your name rhymed with the English word for roses scribble that on your dance card and sandalwood incense I'm allergic to Moses wait Moses don't hang up I promise you a land flowing with milk and a nice little bungalow a nice little wifelet an Irish setter Moses? Hello? Hello?

-Robert Bensen

Bob Bensen, a prof. at P.C., teaches creative writing and poetry A poet at heart he'll give you a start like the one in this issue you see

A Duel for Duenas

They both launch into that aria, voices rising as Sills reaches for that note and Pavarotti burps out his stacatto tenor; Sills soars on her C's and Pararotti pleads to the muse of music and the voices rise and Sill's voice rips the darkened house and the darkened audience oo-es passion and Pavarotti moves into falsetto almost losing himself then dredging up more air and on the last note they both hold

and Sills sings while Pavarotti screams stifles and dies while Sills holds on for another thirty seconds at least and as the stage managers lead Luciano out he mumbles it's not fair she has spare lungs.

- Dane Barrett

drawing board and typewriter, and wants to grow up to be stable." He plans to attend the Art Institute of Chicago to study studio painting.

Preamble

The precipitation pittered-pattered upon the palm leaves outside Pinky's Pizzeria

Perhaps pondering upon this perplexing picture was the long pygmy line.

The long pygmy line was outside Pinky's Pizzeria and poor Pinky was out of pizza.

The pygmies were impatient and impolite over

Probably the precipitation didn't improve poor

Dane Barrett is "continuously running between

Pinky's plight, either.

While Pinky perspired, the pygmies finally puzzled out the perilous predicament.

The pygmies put poor Pinky into their pot for

-Donald Mitchell

His third year at Parkland, Donald Mitchell is enrolled in law enforcement education. He enjoys such hobbies as swimming, tennis and horseback

They asked, didn't they?

When people greet me on the street
Saying, "How are you today?"

I murmur, "O, pretty well—
CONSIDERING."

What else is there to say?
However—

For a starter act the martyr,
Don't belittle all your pains and aches.

Tell it like it is, my friend,
Be strong, for goodness sakes.

Make their day a happy one,
Give them an hour of pleasure,
Explain your palpitating heart
And the height of your blood pressure.

Don't draw a breath, don't allow a lull. They might be embarrassed By saying something dull— Like, "My, how well you look!" Now, really, are they blind To my facial lines of agony Or are they struggling to be kind? This is a situation for my recitations About my tranquilizers, cortisone and sundry medications,

And if they do not listen and interest seems to wane,

Don't be shy, hit them with your cane.

Now about my operation— The Dr. said it was the worst. Another iota of a second And something would have burst. And, if operations cease A good conversation piece
Is that piece de résistance of the pack—
My everlasting aching back, plus
sacroiliac.

My partial plate seems not to fit
Nor do my ortheopedic shoes.
And now my new bifocals
Give my nose a nasty bruise.
I'm luckier than most, you see,
With total recall I am blessed
About my hemorrhoids, my gallstones,
And the knot that's in my chest.

From my ingrown toenails

To a head of pure migraine

I give them all the gory details,

Milk each precious pang of pain. My Dr. does not understand, Says I'm as fit as he. What does he know of suffering? He has no sympathy (for me.)

Now if they start to panic
And you sense that they might leave
Just move in forcefully
And clutch them by the sleeve
So—

When greeted by, "How are you today?"

Force a patient wistful smile.
They asked—they want to know
So give it to them blow by blow
And make it worth their while.

-Jessie Fairchild

My Introduction to Geography

by Nancy Overfield

Most of us have experienced, at one time or another, a certain exhilarating feeling that comes with the solution to a much pondered problem. As a child, I found myself faced with many seemingly impossible dilemmas, and only after much serious thinking would I arrive at the often quite obvious answers. These revelations were always accompanied by a delightful sense of well-being. I would feel akin to Aristotle and Socrates. Though often short lived, my flirtations with abstract thought made learning an enjoyable experience for me.

The first of many difficult problems I encountered had to do with distance. I had begun my third year of school and was introduced to the subject of geography. The world intrigued me and I longed to be friends with the foreign children pictured in my geography book. I realized that countries like Spain and Japan were very far from my home town, but just how far I had yet to learn. The scaled-down world maps we were shown fitted easily on one page and were useful in showing the shapes of the countries and their major cities, but they presented a distorted picture of distance to a seven-year-old. The farthest I had traveled at that time was about twenty miles, and that, to me, was a long way from home. I reasoned that Japan must be quite a bit farther than twenty miles.

The summer after my introduction to geography, my family and I traveled to a vacation cottage approximately sixty miles away. My parents prepared us for our long journey. We took food, toys, and pillows to fight the boredom of an hour on the road. While driving through unfamiliar country, I spotted a sign for Peru, a small town in New York State. We had been

driving a long way, so naturally I assumed we had reached South America. Excited with my discovery and mostly to show off my knowledge, I questioned my parents: I was quite certain we were really in Peru and probably not too far from Lima. My parents, however, insisted that we were still in New York and told me that quite a few cities and towns shared the name "Peru." I couldn't, or wouldn't, accept their reasoning. After giving the matter much thought. I finally decided that they had been out of school for so long that they had probably forgotten where South America was. I don't remember ever doubting my parents' word before this time; I assume that the euphoria that accompanied my discovery raised my self-image to a point higher in my mind than that occupied by the image of my parents. The pieces of the map were finally beginning to fit together; no one could have changed my mind at that point.

Later that same summer we traveled to a beach on Lake Ontario, approximately thirty miles away. We had often driven to another, closer spot on the same lake for the afternoon, but for this full day of swimming and picnicking, my parents had chosen a new beach as a special treat. The day was a pleasant one, and toward afternoon I decided to venture off on my own and do some exploring. As the oldest child, I had often exerted my independence that summer, when the childish games of my younger brother and sister interfered with serious thinking. I walked quite a distance, to a spot where the beach had shrunk and the only way to the water was down treacherous, rocky cliffs. I sat on a large, smooth rock, gazing at the water and wondering what was on the other side. As I sat there thinking, I spotted a

large, jagged piece of land jutting out into the lake. Something clicked in my mind: I knew for certain that I had stumbled on Florida. Again I experienced a terrific sense of wellbeing, but this time, now a little older and wiser, I decided to tell no one of my discovery. Remembering my parents' response to my last revelation, I wanted no one to put a damper on my happiness.

My seventh summer ended, and I returned to school to resume my studies. I don't remember giving much thought to my two geographical discoveries after school started. Neither do I remember when I finally realized that I had been wrong about Peru and Florida. I'm sure my misconceptions served only to satisfy my puzzled mind until it was capable of comprehending an intangible concept like distance.

As I look back on my childhood, I can recall similar examples of problems resolved in rather unorthodox ways. It seems that a developing mind faced with age-old questions it is unable to comprehend must resort to fantasy to remain healthy. Solutions to these problems may come with maturity, or they may never come; but if the mind is satisfied, the problem is solved.

In my late teens I again visited the beach with the jagged piece of land, and I thought back to the summer of Florida and Peru. I was old enough then to laugh at myself as a child, secure in the knowledge that I had long ago solved what now seemed to be a trivial problem. But even now, when I sit on a large, smooth rock and look out over Lake Ontario, I think of the intricacies of a child's mind and smile softly to myself.

Edition

Three

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Students with short stories, poetry and art work are urged to contact

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Contribute to:

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Staff Box

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