

of only three girls, and most of the phrases that we use are borrowed from students, parents, professors, and various fields of study. From our parents and other students we have taken trite and ungrammatical expressions which we find amusing. If one of us gets an "A" on a test, another says, "You done good." When we do not believe what someone else says, we reply, "Oh, fiddle dee dee." In the evening after dinner, we turn to that boring task of "retting up the dishes." We have combined three transitional phrases used by our professors and devised the all-purpose "Be that as it may, however, I see by the clock on the wall at any rate." From one professor we have also learned the all-purpose complaint, "Down with up." Last summer when we invented a card game resembling contract bridge, we could not think of a name for it and finally borrowed architectural terms, calling it "Proto-Baroque with Rustications." When we do not know the answer to a question, we usually resort to the literary phrase, "Ay, but nay." Our confused friends are called "paranoiac, schizophrenic, projecting escapists." Finally, we have learned from our books of education that everything "exists on a continuum." We are like Shakespeare's Nathaniel and Holofernes who had "been at a feast of languages, and stolen the scraps."

Why do teen-agers create their own languages? I can not answer this question. A few psychologists and educators have suggested reasons. Some think that expressions are invented to confuse parents and to give the students a feeling of belonging to a select group. Others believe that students use certain words repeatedly because their vocabularies are so limited. Perhaps one or both of these ideas are correct, but we will never be able to prove them. If anyone tried to convince the world that his theory was true and that all others were false, he would undoubtedly be a "hooch" at the positive end of a continuum of conceit and would cause an extreme "fit on his head" by those trying to "rett up" such positive statements of opinion.

## The Dump

Nancy N. Baxter

OVER THE hill in back of the yard was an old trash dump; and it was here, when Mother and Sissie had gone down for their naps in the afternoon, that she liked to play.

None of the other children ever wanted to go there. Mother didn't understand her interest in it—it might be dirty; there would be mice. But she didn't think of it that way. Nobody had dumped there in recent seasons; and it was quiet and sunny and peaceful.

On the fringes of the dumping ground there were clumps of Queen Anne's Lace and Evening Primrose, where bees and cicadas hummed like bass fiddles. She would taste the sharp sweetness of the large strawberry-pink clover bowls before she made a chain of them. Here pressed against the warm earth, smelling its dark

pleasantness, she could drowse for long moments.

The forgotten things in the dump were arranged in piles. It was fascinating to her that each of these things now strewn so carelessly about had been part of someone's life. Here was an old ink bottle, or a smashed-in coffee pot with vestiges of grounds still in the nose. There was an old chicken incubator, with a red light bulb, painted with the stains of its long gone chicks. Next to it she had found a broken china doll, part of a musical lamp which played a few tinkly notes as she picked it up to hug the doll.

She always sought out a wicker baby buggy, made for twins, which had come in one of the last loads. She loved its round straw edging, furred like an Ostrich feather. It didn't daunt her that the handle was half gone. "Poor thing," she would say. "Were your twins boys or girls?"

In the center of the rubble heaps was a deep grown-over pond bed which her friends told her had been a lake at one time; ducks had come each summer and children could ice skate in the winter. Cautiously she would descend, with wild cherry branches snapping smartly against her legs, blackberry vines clawing at her dress. Standing in the pond bed she would dig with her stick searching for one last puddle of water that might not have dried up, yearning silently for the ducks and the cold, blue-white frozen surface over which she could skim in winter. But the shadows quickly passed from her face, and she climbed panting out of the pit into the hot and comforting sunshine.

She sensed that time had passed, and soon Mother would be calling. Before she returned, though, she must make her rounds. With excitement pressing against her chest she made a complete circle of the grounds. She poked everything, searching in all corners, hoping that from the rusty cans and broken bottles she could find something growing, sending forth fresh, green tendrils of life.

Nearly always she found it: waxy orange pumpkin blossoms springing from seeds of some smashed Jack-O-Lantern, small hard squash beginning to form on luxuriant green vines, a solitary zinnia standing tall among soggy, unread newspapers. But one day, best of all, she had discovered growing out of the gaping mouth of a furnace pipe a pink wild rose which filled her with wonder and sent her singing along the path home.

## The Yellow Bird

Sharon Sperry

**O**WEN SMITH had been a garbage man for twenty years, but he had never had such puzzling collections as those he had been picking up the past week from the brick house on the corner of Maple and Jefferson. The house, he knew, had recently been sold by Mr. and Mrs. Wilson, who had gone to Florida, to a middle-