

"Oh, that's all right, Uncle Barry. Yeah, maybe you had better take him. No, you won't either. I was just telling Mother yesterday that this old gray suit of mine should be sent to the cleaners."

"What's that, Mother? Sure, I'll dish the ice-cream. No, no help will be needed. You remember last reunion, don't you?"

Yes, I'm tickled to death for the opportunity to shovel this cement. I'd even play with snakes to escape that mob of hoodlums for a while. We ought to have a hotel for this congregation of Uncle Barry's, so

one could hear himself think. Oh, Oh! here goes that dirty old wash-cloth. And was it wet! Oh, well, what they don't know won't hurt them.

"Now is everybody served? Well I guess I'll go upstairs and get some lessons; these teachers have to be humored, you know. No, I don't think I want any ice-cream. I'm full to the top. Well, so long. I'll probably be studying when you leave. And do come over for dinner more often, won't you? We always seem to have so much fun."

Four Thoughts On Four Themes

Charles Aufderheide

I

Just now, across the street, a black cat jogged along. It stopped for a moment; silent, soft, its tail a slightly moving velvet rope. Suddenly the house opposite wasn't a house at all, but a jungle of trees; and the cat was no longer a cat, but a bundle of wild emotion—a lithe, black panther, crouching, tail twitching—. But quickly it turned and was over the fence and gone.

II

I saw a pair of young lovers sitting uncomfortably on a solid, hard wood bench. I, living on a six by six grass plot, saw young lovers in unbroken moonlight. Mentally, I saw a huge tree felled, sawed up, cut, nailed into hard park benches. With my eyes, I saw in the distance a stunted tree surrounded by an iron fence. And I saw the lovers in unbroken moonlight, sitting on a hard, wood bench, look longingly at the distant tree.

III

We have a huge bunch of paper flowers in a black wall-pocket. They are red-orange and purple-blue. Outside, there are huge bunches of real flowers, red-orange and purple-blue. They are alike, yet different. I pick a real one and it wilts. The paper one still stands bright and stiff.

IV

(From Amy Lowell's "Patterns")

Christ! What are patterns for? Lady in a garden with echoes of the cannon-boom in her ears. She steadies herself with a thin hand touched to a rose and with dry eyes stretches herself to the pattern. Turning ever so slightly she dismisses the messenger with, "See that this fellow has refreshments." With steady eyes she watches the messenger depart, while in her ears there is the continual boom of the cannon and his "So sorry, miss." Then she walks stiffly down the path of her garden, very erect, very calm. Christ! I think, what are patterns for?