

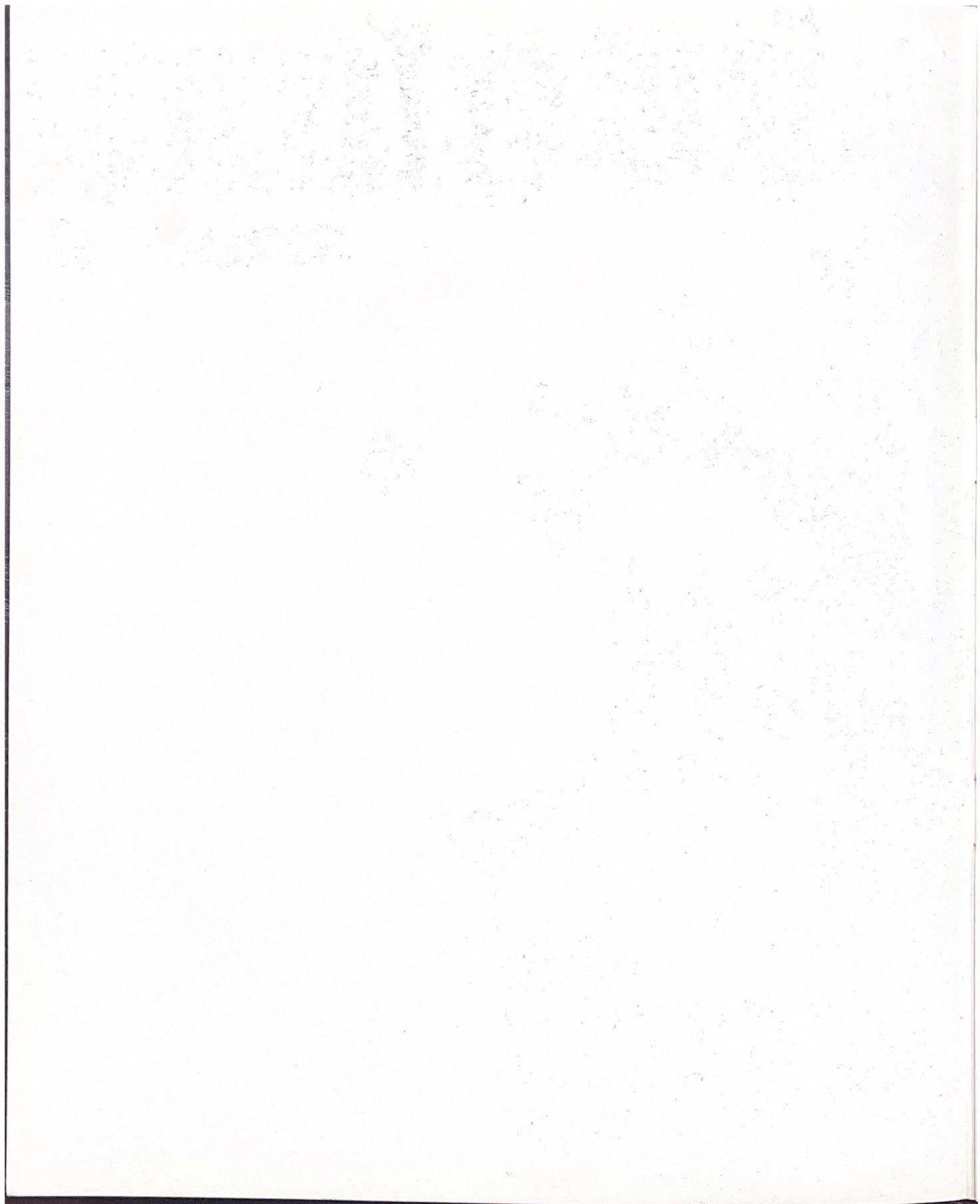
WILDFLOWERS

SPRING '62

EJ



John & DMR



The Argomag

SPRING

1962



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PROSPECTUS

In almost any magazine you look at today you will find that the editor has set aside a prominent place for himself to express his opinions. From this position of safety, he can deride American politics or American movies or his staff, or praise the communist party or social security or William Faulkner's latest novel, or tell about all the funny things that happened to him, or drop names. I have only one name to drop, and I don't think anyone would recognize it. I have never read William Faulkner, and all the funny things that have happened to me don't seem very funny in retro-

spect. Furthermore, most editors always refer to themselves as "we," which makes me think of Queen ("we are not amused") Victoria. I'd hate to have anyone compare me with Queen Victoria.

Now it seems to me that all these editorials are meant to show how astute, sensitive and aware the editors are, and to draw praise to them. I thought that instead of writing such an editorial, I'd write a prospectus. In that way, I could reserve a prominent place for myself, and for any future editor who wants it, and still not be compared with Queen Victoria.

It seems that most literary magazines have poetry in them that goes like this:

I stared into the murky darkness of
my soul
and found a white
eggshell spattered with mud...

and prose that goes on and on about how symbolic cities and pet dogs are. Most of it is written by girls who are disliked by boys and by boys who are disliked by girls. Most of the pages have only one article or poem on them, and the rest of the page is left blank in the belief that this is not only artistic but easy on the eye. We have not renounced all the qualities of a literary magazine, since we happen to be a literary magazine, but we have weeded out a lot of the bad ones. Our articles and poems are not written by a clique. We try to have both amusing and interesting work, and we try to cut down on the over-personal unless it has qualities of interest for people other than the author. We believe a formal lay-out is more attractive and readable than an arty one, but we are not totally adverse to white space. In other words, we are trying to put out a magazine that will be read by a public other than its own staff. Of course, our secret ambition is to be the best-beloved publication in the school.

PETER WILSON

MR. PRIMM

Mr. Primm folded the papers twice and then ripped them neatly in two and dropped the white pile into the wastebasket. He arranged the books at the front of his desk into a straight line between the two bookends and blew tiny forceful puffs of air at their tops, ridding them of any dust. He arranged papers into separate square neat stacks, put writing paper under the small heavy weight, and placed urgent papers into the green carrying case on the left side of the table top. He spread his clean white hands on the center of the table, then rose and replaced the chair, took his briefcase, turned off the light, descended the stairs, and went out the door. He crossed the street to his home, opened the door, ascended the stairs, carefully removed his high boots and long blue overcoat, placed his case precisely on one side of the bureau, removed his glasses, folded them and placed them in their case, walked to the bureau, removed a small square box etched with Chinese gold dragons, folded his legs, and his arms, bent his head to his chest, placed himself inside the box and neatly closed the top with a click.

Anonymous

PURPLE DAHLIAS

Mrs. Biddable fretted. How could she dispose of dear Erasmus? He was a kind, loving husband, but he always seemed one step behind her nimble mind. "Let's see," she mulled, "he adores sweet wines, loves lamb chops, and practically drools over elegant flowers. I think someone used wine and arsenic, so that is out. Anyway, it would be too cumbersome for my frail body to carry him all the way to the back yard. Also, lamb is so expensive this week, I'll have to resort to another method. I must devise a new mode of quiet death. Indeed, Amelia Biddable, if after sixty years you still can not think straight, you deserve to be burdened with this man."

The clock struck five. "Ah, me, I must fix the pork chops for dinner." Mrs. Biddable marched purposefully to the kitchen, and in one half an hour had efficiently prepared a complete dinner for two, including some of the '28 vintage, breaded pork chops, mashed potatoes, fresh-picked beans, fresh-baked biscuits, and hot cherry cobbler. (As you can see, the Biddables lived in the country, employing no servants. They were quite alone.) "Erasmus, dear, supper's ready," she called.

THE PIT

The pit was sitting there on the plate scraped clean of lingering cherry juice and other various remains of dessert. My sister had uttered an indignant, "Humph!" at finding a pit in the canned pitted cherries. I sat silently, gloomily, contemplating the seed. Solitary, on the barren plain of glass, its singleness made it significant. Lonely thing, of all the bland soft cherries, it alone had a soul—a part that could not be devoured.

JUDY SERIN, '67

Yo Shelly's! Thunderbolts split the heavens and sear the written page—a flame of passion, a cloud of ash. [Trumpets blare.] Behold the man! He walks the earth. He drinks his salt water at the breakfast table. He weeps in his agony, he shouts in his joy. Alas, he walks into Shelly's—and he cries out to the world, or to the cash register, "Give me a book. Give me life. Give me Shelly's."

Behold the seething sting of the print-

(Continued on page 10)

Dear Erasmus lumbered into the room, sniffed the air, sniffed the pork chops, sniffed the beans, and sat down. "Ah, how these viands exhibit a remarkable parallel to the table spread before the errant Odysseus at repasts commemorating the glorious resurrection of the winsome Persephone as the first harbingers of spring extended their green heads through the dark, rich soil of..."

"Yes, yes, dear." Mrs. Biddable interrupted her husband's rhapsodizing. "Come, come, eat your dinner before it cools."

After dinner, Amelia washed the dishes, and announced to her husband that she was going shopping. He merely burbled forth a few hundred words, being deeply absorbed in the newest translation of the *Odyssey*.

Two hours later she returned and deposited the commodities in the basement. During the next four weeks, while Erasmus toiled on a new novel concerning the possibility of Odysseus' having visited the lost land of Llalula, she also toiled. With the aid of a few brochures, she succeeded in crossing hybrid night-shade with the fragrant Dahlia rose. The result was a highly perfumed, attractive and dangerous purple Dahlia. Other labors included digging a large hole in the back yard near the Dahlia plant, and occasionally picking up the dead butterflies and insects that littered the ground beneath the deadly flower.

"Erasmus, dear," called Amelia Biddable, "Erasmus, come from Ogygia and see what I have for you."

Erasmus came, gushing all the way from the den to the patio to the garden to the flower. "Ah, a rare purple Dahlia. 'Tis the veritable likeness of that obscure *Dahlia* *adibus Non Blancis*, and peradventure 'tis one of its dainty offspring. Ah-h-h-h, its anthers beckon my twitching nostrils . . ."

That night, after Amelia finished working on her scientific experiments in the cellar, she reviewed the events of the day as she fed her twin Venus fly traps

two preheated pages from the *Odyssey*, "Ah, well, I guess it's all for the better . . . Come, come, Ulalinda and Inez, eat your dinner before it cools."

DAVID HEINLEIN

A WAR

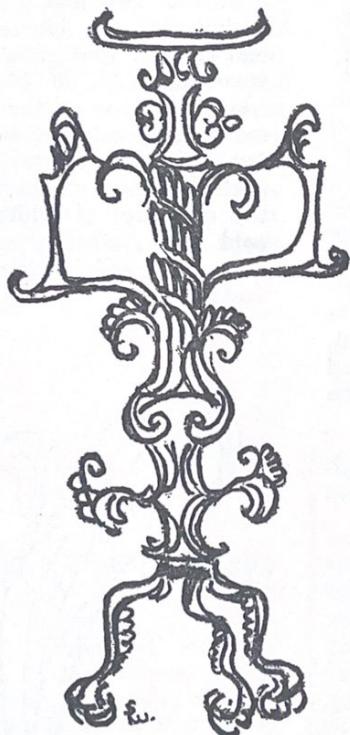
The twisted bodies of a hundred fighting men stained and smeared a field that once was stainless. Soul-less forms, torn from life, nurtured that field with their red blood. The ashen face of a young man, marred by the fathomless lines of age, made him seem to be too old to be that young. His eyes cried out in agony against the smoke and haze of battle. He didn't feel that pain, because he was dead.

Another face had fallen beside the boy of lying eyes, a hideous mass that once had been a face. His cheeks were torn from the sides of his head and hung from his neck in the filth. The ripped and torn muscles seemed to try to reach out and probe for their missing counterparts but only succeeded in looking like the drippings of white-hot lead upon a cold steel plate.

GARY MILLER



Translations-
Baudelaire-
Barbara
Abernethy



Above ponds, valleys, mountains, above forests, clouds, seas, beyond ethereal skies, over spheres of stars, your spirit moves with agility. Like a swimmer who rides the waves with ease, you dart across the limitless spaces laughing, with inexpressible and wicked delight. Fly above these morbid miasmas, purify yourself in higher air, and drink as pure and divine liqueur the clear fire which fills the limpid spaces! Beneath you lie enemies—sorrows and worries which weigh heavily on the hazy fog of existence. How happy is he who can soar with eager wings toward the shining serenity of space! he whose thoughts, as skylarks, play in the morning skies with endless delight—who glides above life and understands without effort the language of flowers and mute things!

With clothes which undulate in pearly sheens, she walks and we think she dances. As the long snakes which sway in rhythm to the stick of a sacred juggler, as gloomy sand and the azure sky of the desert, she is insensible to human suffering; as the endless tangles of the sea's waves, she unfolds herself with indifference. Her glossy eyes are fascinating minerals, and in this strange symbolic nature of angelic sweetness blends the ancient Sphinx, for she is all gold, metal, light, and diamonds. Glittering to no one, like an unknown star, the cold majesty of the sterile woman.

Nature is a temple whose living pillars utter now and then confused promises. Man passes by while crossing the forests, and nears the symbols which watch him with familiar looks. As endless echoes which from far lose themselves in shadows of unity, vast as night and transparency, perfumes, colors, and sounds answer one another. Perfumes fresh as the skin of children, soft as oboes, green as meadows—and others, corrupted, costly and triumphant. Expanding as infinite beings, as amber, musk, benjamin and incense, they sing the rapture of the mind and the senses.

ON A SLIPPERY SIDEWALK

Harvard had to wait for the right time. Knowing by "Divine Intuition" that the correct moment would occur shortly, it was quite easy for him to wait. He went into the kitchen and extracted a canteen from the refrigerator, which he loupede from below was his dog, and Harvard flicked his wet fingers at the animal. He *surely* knew how to train a dog, he thought, as the forlorn dog left the room. A sad face indicates nothing; goodness from the heart is what one *must* be able to recognize.

He put on his boots and coat and went outside to watch his small brother make snowballs. The fact that his little brother was doing this was no surprise to him; however, he went over and punched him solidly in the arm.

"God," said Harvard, "Don't you know enough not to throw snowballs? It's not right to mar the beauty of fresh snow. God creates it so often."

The sight of sacrilegious people infuriated him; therefore he left his small brother crying, knowing that his punishment served him right. His priest had said that the whole world was good since it was created by the Lord, and that no possible evil could exist. Only in one instance had this theory been mistaken, and that was in regard to one member of his family — his brother. All other cases were correct, as exemplified when Jesus forgave him on the occasions that he had not gone to confession, where he had not gone for a month.

After pondering these thoughts for a short time, he knew that the correct moment had come — he left to discover the true existence of God. He already knew all about Him; after all, wasn't he himself created in God's image? Didn't God look almost *exactly* like him? Walking down the street Harvard admired the work of the Lord. Ha, ha, he thought, didn't God create Jill? Jill was his girl-friend. Now fully realizing this, he decided to show his gratitude to the creator by scratching his and her initials

on a tree, a lasting monument for Eternity. The beauty of the land was proof of God all right, but Harvard wanted his own special proof. Changing direction, he started toward the church, for this was the best place possible to find the One he was seeking.

As he ran and slid across the sidewalk in front of the church, he noticed with disgust that no one was around. Going through the large doors he was frightened by the silence of the building, and when Father Aloysius approached him he became petrified. "May I help you, my son?" Father asked with a smile.

"Um, Um, Um, . . . Father, how may I possibly, um, know . . . God?"

"God speaks to those who deserve being spoken to, my son."

"Then sooner or later I guess He'll talk to me, right?" But he continued walking down the empty aisle without waiting for a reply. Father Aloysius looked at him and resumed his work. Then as the organist entered the section above and behind the pulpit, the organist coughed. Harvard looked around in surprise, and gazed at the section from which the cough came. But as the organist was seated, he was hidden from view.

Harvard ran back down the aisle and yelled loudly, "Father! I heard God!" Then he ran out the door and down the street. He said to himself joyously, "I knew it! Because I was so religious I heard Him! I wonder when I'll see Him." And he pulled a branch off a tree and cracked it like a whip at a small snowman.

R. KAUFELT

(Continued from page 6)

er's type. Take off those eye pieces, Gentlemen, push aside your cream puffs and frappes, and ask for a book. That's right. Let it hit you smack in the eye. Take your cuts and blows, bleed a little, and be a man — not a bookworm — be a book serpent, not a scholar, but a man of wisdom, not a bleary eyeball, but an intellectual bear trap.

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A TRYING EXPERIENCE

Seventeen is the age when many wonderful things happen to a girl. Sometimes, it is then that she attends her first college weekend, or she finally gets permission to bleach her hair, or passes her driving test, or as in my case, she gets her first black dress. This may seem ridiculous to an adult but as far as long I can remember, Mother had been telling me that I was *too young* to wear black and that with my "baby face," I would certainly look foolish. So, to me, this dress was not just another victory over my mother, but it was a major victory over my age, actually over my silly young face. I was thrilled. The saleswoman told me that this dress was strictly for evening and that I should not wear my usual light shade of lipstick with it because it was too "youthful" for me. Naturally, I decided to go to the drug store alone, and since I was now a "woman," I would naturally choose a sophisticated shade.

Always before, I had gone into the drug store for a lipstick and seen only one color — my "usual." This day, I found myself browsing through at least ten different manufacturers' cases with seemingly thousands of "lip-smacking" color names. The first colors I looked at were reds, ranging from Juliette Marglen's

"Rembrandt Ruby" through Revlon's "Louis XIV Red" and past Jon Pierre's "Red Satin." I was attracted to the "Rembrandt Ruby" mainly because I did not enjoy my Modern History study of Louis XIV and because the name "Red Satin" seemed too common for "old" me that day. The only thing I did not like about the "Ruby" was the color, which was a dried blood red, but the case was striking and attractive. I looked on.

I was then attracted by the name "Porcelain Gardenia" which to my disappointment turned out to be a snow white. Next, I went on to the delightful name "Van Gogh Sunflower." This shade was unbelievably bronze with tiny gold speckles intermingled. Even to me it seemed "too much." Passing by "Rousseau Rouge" and Aida de Leon's "Rio Rose" I came to the pinks. "Jade Pink" came in a bulky case; "Lido-Venice Pink" was in reality a light purple; and "Mondrian Coral" had a name too expensive for me so that I soon gave up the pink shades, too.

The only category left was the orange class, my all-time favorite. My browsing started with "Number 15" by Goubaud of Paris, but I noticed a small case of goose pimples on the tube so I continued on further; besides it had a most unappetizing aroma. Pond's "Honey" came next, and left because it smelled like licorice. The next shade was "Cezanne Cerise" which was appealing because of the painter and in every other way except that it had a square tube, and I have always had a mental block against square topped lipsticks; they give me a square shaped mouth, which is something an adult does not need.

The only color I had left on the display counter was Revlon's "Tangerine Sherbet." This they had in "Lustrous-B" or the newer "Super-Lustrous II." I chose the latter, maybe because I was hungry. The only disturbing thing about my final selection was that it was my "usual," the "little girl shade" and that it showed I was not yet ready to go out into the "adult" world with anything except a black dress. I was unable to meet life's first problem as an adult.

PAMELA JACOBSON



THE LIFE OF A SMALL SCHOOL YEARBOOK EDITOR

Theoretically, a yearbook editor must coordinate all of the work of his sub-editors, give them his final approval on any important matters, and receive the praises or complaints of his fellow students after the yearbook has been published. In fact, a yearbook editor does many other things.

Take one Editor-in-Chief as an example. As he starts his year, his optimism abounds. He is aware of all of his predecessor's mistakes and is confident that he will have no trouble correcting them and producing a better yearbook. Let us inspect his staff. He points to his underlings with the pride of a father showing off his talented children. The Editor, who is affectionately called the Boss, recognizes that this is surely the best (and largest) staff ever assembled in the long history of the school. It is all bursting with yearbook knowledge and can hardly wait to begin work on the greatest yearbook ever published.

The exceptionality of the Photography Editor, a talented amateur manure salesman in his spare time, will provide a large factor in increasing the success of the book. He professes to be skilled in handling the lovable, but occasionally temperamental, professional photographer with whom the school has a contract. By constructing a shooting schedule before-hand, he will avoid many of the frequent mistakes and delays which have characterized previous photography staffs. The Layout Editor, an extremely dramatic girl in her own right, has plans for using a large layout staff to turn out fabulous layouts which will blind the judges at the Columbia Press Conference next Fall by their brilliance. The Copy Editor, a "sweet" girl who possesses a smile which enchants a certain male member of the faculty, plans to have representatives from all of the school's activities provide her with information which she will compile into

fascinating write-ups. The Trainee for next year's editorship, an unusual combination of female brains and brawn never before witnessed in this school, and the Managing Editor, a bounding and bubbling "Mess" of a girl, are the Boss's right hand helpers. The former will work with her clever and quick copy staff to produce hilarious captions and penetrating, absorbing, and interesting headlines. The latter will use her expertly trained eye to disapprove of the work of everyone in general and the Layout Editor in particular. The Typing Editor, a close personal relative of the Editor, which prevents the printing of some descriptive little dig here, has vowed not to make a mistake the entire year and to type at least 750 words per minute.

Now let us revisit the same staff in February, after the completion of the final deadline. The Photography Editor quit school in the middle of January and the busiest deadline. This so upset the professional photographer, who had so many times professed his love for the boy, that he completely broke his contract and forced the new Photography Editor to use student-taken pictures. The Layout, Managing, Copy, and Typing Editors and the Trainee have uninteruptedly ganged up either on the Boss (which has provided most of his few moments of pleasure during the cruel year) or on each other. The Layout Editor got sick, could not attend the Columbia Press Conference, and continued to produce layouts completely unacceptable to the newly acquired visions of perfection in style and form of the other Editors. This situation precipitated an extremely perplexing argument between the Layout and Managing Editors whereupon the latter flatly refused (to the joy of the former) to offer any further words of wisdom from her unfathomable fund of layout knowledge. The Trainee found she could not combine the job of doing captions and headlines with her more important job of keeping the Boss permanently amused and out of the nearest state institution, so the job was proffered to the Copy Editor. However, since the body copy already written by this fine girl was so distaste-

(Continued from page 10)

Sartre says life is a mess. What do you say? Henry Thoreau climbs ladders — of wood or spirit. But what do you think? Go down, I mean UP! — to Shelly's — and pick up Sartre and have a talk with him. Level off. Stare him in the eye and see who he really is.

Shelly's is not a place for men. It's
(Continued on page 16)

ful to the rest of the staff, it was decided to appoint another Copy Editor (another girl, what else?) to concentrate solely on captions and headlines. Thanks to the aid of the Managing Editor who wrote three-quarters of the captions, this new Editor succeeded admirably. The Typing Editor, after being forced to type the same material five times under the threat of having all of her hair pulled out by the other harpy Editors on the staff or after making the same mistake ten times in a row, had long ago discovered that she was human, too. The Boss, meanwhile, had given up hope of ever seeing a final published yearbook weeks before the first deadline.

This is, however, what makes the life of a yearbook editor-in-chief in a small school so thoroughly relaxing and enjoyable. Best wishes are extended to next year's Bosse (the e is to indicate a female) who at this moment is running through the halls of school shouting to all interested (no one is) her heavenly inspired ideas for next year's yearbook.

GOOD LUCK

Name withheld upon request

P.S. I have felt it to be in the best interests of absolutely no one concerned to exclude the Advisor (still another female) of this yearbook staff from discussion. She suffered a traumatic shock upon viewing the enormous size of the staff on the first day of school. Her doctors had said it would be better to confine her energies toward teaching English this year and not to let her write too many captions or create too many layouts at 3:00 A.M. the night before a deadline.

CHARLES LEVY

RAINSTORMS

There are several indications by which a person can anticipate precipitation. In summer the lofty cumulus clouds bank together in the form of a phalanx lining up for battle. The rolling rumble of the thunder in the distance is like a drummer calling the troops to assembly, before the onrush. The trees sway in anguish. Leaves turn their pale side up in fear as nature seems in state of chaos. Lightning lights the sky, and there is a crash of thunder to signify the commencing of the fracas. In winter the oncoming storm is preluded by the alto-cumulus clouds in their fleecy whiteness, turning into gloomy, dingy masses. Low lying stratus clouds roll in as a murky fog forming a solid cloud bank over the entire sky, like a veil. A stiff wind stings in the air.

Frequently in summer the rains start immediately with driving torrents and gale winds. In winter it usually starts with a lackadaisical drizzle building up to a heavy rain. The rain will often simmer to a drizzle, and then a great splurge, accompanied by high winds, sweeps the land, flowing like gouts of blood from the battle in the dingy, grey heavens.

Rain produces many sounds as it tumbles to the earth. The first drizzle hits the earth noiselessly. It streaks across the windows as a jet leaving a trail of burning fuel. The rain makes its journey from the heavens, leaves its mark on the earth, sweeps into nothingness, and is seen no more. If there exists a minimum of wind, a heavy rain will strike the earth with a splattering thud. It resembles a cannon shot smacking the water or machine gun bullets striking the ground. It flows from shingle to shingle, and drips from rooftops, to be consumed by a gutter, hurled to the ground, and buried in the earth.

JOHN ROLLAND

SUMMER

During the torpid beginning of last summer, I used to meditate in a blown-over tree. The tree was an ash, I think, and still had leaves. I would go there to escape my boring family.

The tree was on the property of a neighbor, who, probably, old widower that he was, cared little if I sat in his silly tree; but I pretended he did not want me there. In order to get there, I ran and hid and ran again — Indian fashion, I had mused. I crawled on my stomach past the hedge along the side of the house, then, rising, I peered through the bushes, wondering if I had been seen. I rushed through the meadow, barefoot and avoiding poison ivy sprouts and noisy dead leaves. If the wind were in my direction, two ferocious-sounding dogs would bark conspicuously until I was behind the protective foliage of the tree.

When I finally reached my hide-away, I climbed as far as I could up the leaning trunk and gnarly branches. My perch overlooked a vast stretch of ploughed dirt, beyond which was a building under construction. I never watched it, but sometimes I watched the carpenter ants busily parading frustratedly up and down the branches in the irregular furrows of the bark, as if searching for something to crawl over. Other times I lay on the broad trunk and closed my eyes, the rough textured bark making impressions on my back. I was grateful to be alone and doing nothing.

After a while, my surroundings seemed to grow accustomed to me. The dogs barked quietly until they saw who I was and then went back to sleep. Squirrels sometimes ventured curiously up to the roots, staring at me through beady rodent eyes until I stared back. Birds flew low over my head if I did not move.

Pleasant as this experience was, it soon lost its flavor as my social life improved. If it meant very much to me, I have mostly forgotten. Perhaps it was merely another childhood phase. The widower chopped up the whole tree for firewood long ago. JULIE VON ERFFA

SEARCH

If my life has meaning, I imagine I would be the first to admit it, but it does not. Where does one find the meaning of life? Is it in friendship which cannot exist? Is it in love which believes in "keeping on" only to return to nothing? Is it in happiness which eventually turns to grief? Where can I find the meaning to my life?

Friendship is always for the other person. Try to make him happy. Encourage him, support him, sympathize with him, love him, but be careful never to share this with him. Don't care, and maybe he will. Leave friendship for the other person too. It isn't worth the artificial feeling of caring. But what if the feeling isn't artificial?

Love is patience. How much can one have? A week for some; years for others to love. The affairs which dissolve with a single harsh word are often really misunderstood. A single lie can destroy the deception one has had. Love is an illusion saved for the dreamer who can waste life by caring for someone who cannot love in return. But what if one continues to care?

Or is the meaning of life found in happiness? Joy for the day; grief by night. What is happiness, but the word grief disguised? The more one may try to forget, the more remembered and, consequently, the more grief when the emotion joy dies. Don't care; let the other person suffer. But how can emotion remain dormant?

Perhaps the only meaning of life remains in hope — hope for the next hour, the next day, the next year, or perhaps the next world entered after death; hope for freedom and peace of heart instead of only peace of mind. Continue to encourage, support, and love; do not care what the rest of the world thinks. Live for now and find grief; live for the past and discover joy dissolving into grief; live for the future and discover illusions which dreamers waste their lives on. If they can discover the meaning to their lives, maybe I can too.

MARGARET LEGGE

ALL I KNOW I READ IN

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ALL I KNOW IS WHAT I READ IN MY MAIL

My subscription to *Outdoor Life* ran out, and I had no intention of renewing it. Several days after the last issue arrived, I received an official document direct from the vice-president of the publication. The sweat spurted from my brow as I opened the envelope. The paper stated that there was a new policy at *Outdoor Life*. The magazine had inaugurated a "Continuing service" brought about by the new "Permanent Readers' Plan." The document was signed by the vice-president, Gene Watson. Little did I know that this very name would be giving me insomnia in the months to come. I had no wish to re-subscribe and decided to sit back, keep quiet, and wait.

The magazine continued to come. Several weeks had passed when I received the first nibble — a "Memo from Gene Watson." This was just a reminder to send in my money as soon as possible. Document #3 arrived. It seems I must have mislaid their first bill, so for my convenience they were enclosing another "—at the same reduced rate, of course." By the time document #5 appeared, I could feel the ice breaking. Up until that time I had been referred to as a subscriber, but in this, I was greeted by a heart warming "Dear friend." To demonstrate the effect of this notice, I shall quote from the first two paragraphs. Before reading it I would advise a loosening of the collar and the shoelaces.

"Dear Friend,

This is from one sportsman to another, and I know you'll take it that way. If you and I were out together after rainbows or deer, neither one of us would think twice about picking up a lunch check... or lending a trout fly or a few rounds of ammo.

That's why I hate to see a small bill come between us."

The letter goes on to say that Gene had been asked about this fellow, but

he assured them that "*Outdoor Life* readers are good for the money."

When document #6 arrived, I knew something was afoot. Old Gene Watson was a bit upset. I was also when I read, in two inch blue bold face type on a yellow and white background, "5th Notice." I was a "Dear Customer" now.

"One hundred days have passed since we sent you the first bill for your OUTDOOR LIFE subscription."

I was to enclose my payment speedily so that my name could be removed from the "pending" list."

For weeks I lived in fear. Every uniformed man became a bill collector. I was sure that the only way to beat this rap was to send the money.

The last letter of this monumental series arrived. Where was my sportsman friend Gene Watson? The letter was signed John Wright, Credit Department:

"Some weeks ago I was talking to Gene Watson about a few small subscription bills which had been unpaid. Gene told me there was nothing to worry about... You find that outdoormen are usually square shooters; they're just too big to hang anybody up for a few dollars."

That's why they kept sending me the magazine. That would represent a loss, but "The important thing is, we do not want to lose a friend."

I was relieved at the next paragraph. It stated that there were no collection agents on the staff. As I stepped out of the shadows and into the sunlight, I read: "The only penalty is that you might miss some darned fine hunting and fishing excitement in the coming issues of *Outdoor Life*."

I had been on the run for over 100 days and I couldn't run any more. Luckily I didn't have to. I feel obligated though, once or twice a year, to buy an issue of *Outdoor Life*. This is to help pay them back for all the trouble I caused.

MICHAEL DENKER

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for Man. You have to be tough all around. You need guts and you need stamina. If you are a coward, roll up your white sleeves and pick up a telephone. Call CH-7-0217. If you're a man, take off your shirt, breathe in some air, and walk in out of the rain and say, "I want a book." Don't tremble, don't blush or twitch or recoil. Put your fist down. That's right. Shout it. "I want a book." They'll have it. If they don't, they'll get it.

Do you know what happens if you eat spinach at the speed of light on a baseball? Albert dares you to take him off his shelf. Do you know why your heart misses a beat when you go to Shelly's book store, 108 Somerset Street, New Brunswick, N.J. Go and find out.

Books! Small ones and great ones. They're waiting for you—but you're scared. Tell Grandma to go sing her lullabies over the brittle teacup. If she asks you where you're going, say "Shelly's," and the heavens will applaud with their cotton fists.

