The Younger Generation

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Abstract

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A Contemporary Satire

Sammy and a teddy-bear
ride down
the not-too
empty
street
(his nephews looking on)
in an ancient, Bucking,
back-Firing
CADILLAC, circa 1916,
with a bright brand new paint job
of Red
and (hippy-hip-hurray for the red white and blue)
the nephews wondering
How
They ever got together and bought something
like That
(you remember Eliot always talked in his sleep:
here we go round the prickly pear)
with Whitewashed side-walls
and Blue lettering
Passing Side Suicide
  on the left on the right
  and
and an arrow pointing over the top
All Riders Must Pay Cash
(unless her measurements are 36-22-36)
If You Can Read This You're
Too Damn Pilot
Co-pilot Engine Room
and Rumble seat all in appropriate places and
Don't laugh lady your daughter might be in here.
Each has a steering wheel
and a paw and a foot share the throttle
   (a penny for a spool of thread)
It’ll never work the Dealer in Geneva sang
   (a penny for a needle)
Now they stand poised at the Blood-red light
change gears at the yellow
(while the nephews cry
      that’s the way our money goes)
and Roar off at the first Hint of green
Ping! into second,
Whee! into third,
Whiz! around a corner, and
Wham! into a wall.
      (Pop! goes the weasel)
The bear turned right
Sammy turned left
(yes
nyet
in the barrel.)
and the white-robed medicine man hurries away in the
   wrong direction
misguided by the roly-poly
individual crying
GOD SAVE THE KING!
—Bill Johnson, E.E., Soph.

Chaperone

"Chaperone"
They called me,
And I did the cooking
for their late parties,
after Dori got done work at the drive-in.