1929

Miss Vigor's Journal

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Miss Vigor's Journal
Margaret Wichman

A ROSE betimes at the first jangle of the rising bell. Being bemused by fragments of a dream in which I relived a portion of the Yuletide holidays. Squandering but a moment on my depleted wardrobe, still feeling the nip of icy breezes of the dormitory, donned my three-year-old sweater suit. Arrived at the breakfast table only to discover plates of steaming pancakes, which I loathed. Snatching a meager crust of toast and the customary black brew, I luckily found myself between two public speaking victims. Consuming my breakfast mid fragments of rehearsals I discovered that Lew Barrett, he who was my suppressed desire four years previous, is a man of unusual background and experience while the female element of our alma mater exists in abnormal state of constriiction without a new gymnasium. Pondering on the outcome of the situation should either speaker confuse both speeches, I set out on my constitutional to the Administration Building for my one much lamented eight o'clock hour. Arriving in a subconscious state, due to the winter would be a cabin in Nome. Out into the cold again to flounder over to Engineering Building for instruction in Mechanical Engineering. Being drowsy from exposure, I succumbed to Morpheus and glanced no bits of true information from the fragments of discussion vouchsafed by my colleagues. Out again and back to Central, where I stood shivering for nine full minutes, exerting my person, in pursuit of an abstinence sister, who refused to mortgage her future earnings that our soldiers might be appropriately memorialized. It being necessary for me to scale four flights of stairs to reach my destination, I was quite fatigued upon my arrival. The professor, being an authority upon taxation, was away on a business trip and my written work suffered slightly from the bridge in which I had indulged the previous evening. I speculated somewhat upon the possibilities of someone inventing a text that could be absorbed through a pillow during the nocturnal hours. Despairing, I turned to the task, and, finding my neighbors knew even less than I, I exerted my imagination and filled the blue book, having heard it hazarded that Dr. B— graded largely on quantity. Hastening to my next class, aroused from my lethargy by pangs of hunger, I found the class about to be dismissed due to the illness of the professor. Torn by conflicting emotions of pity and thankfulness, I hastened home to find no mail awaiting me, whereupon I devoured last week's New Yorker and fell to lamenting my fate at being torn from my beloved East, having seen so little of her. Lumbee found me first at the table, where I enjoyed a repast of lima beans, cabbage salad and baked hash. Reminiscing the while stuffing myself, I recalled how my mother feared for my life during the restaurant era of my existence, due to this passion for hash. Off again to the swimming pool, there to take my tri-weekly exercise and attempt the further intricacies of diving. Surviving my dip and making my way home thru the cold, fully expecting to find it necessary to be chopped out of a shanty of ice, I found a roaring fire to welcome me. Brewing a pot of strong tea and fetching a plate of doughnuts and crackers, we enjoyed a cozy tea, with incidental music by Rudy Vallee and Gene Austin. While lounging before the fire I meditated upon the problem of the sentimental song. "Music hath charms to soothe the savage breast," but Rudy Vallee's songs should incite them to madness, I am certain. My strength, replenished by the beverage, demanded a combat of the cards, but an unfortunate dictation whereby I lost heavily, but, thank heaven, only on paper. My partner ruffled my serene spirit somewhat by disregarding a spade double whereupon the opponents made a grand slam, they having twelve spades between them, my partner having five hearts to the ten, of which suit I held the three topmost honors alone. I paid her back in full, however, by upping her into a five spade bid with rather negligible help and letting her struggle it out alone, said bid being expensive, but worth it to see her perspire. All too soon, for my opponents, the dinner hour arrived, bringing the customary Friday viands of fish and fruit cup. Amusing ourselves thru the interim of dinner with rousing ballads extolling the virtue of our own and other fraternal organizations, we did cause one sister no little embarrassment in that we chanted anthems of not less than six of her.

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The Iowa Homemaker

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Miss Vigor’s Journal
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swains, calling upon her to rise at the conclusion of each. The evening was dis­
sipated in heated discourse about the fire upon many current topics, principally the merits of Will Shakespeare’s “Taming of the Shrew” and a cinema by the same name featuring Doug and Mary. Upon being told that it was vulgar, I retorted that it was probably not half so vulgar as in the original in good Queen Bess’ time. Having just read “Queen Elizabeth,” I felt I knew whereof I spoke. The company disbanded at the seemedly hour dictated by our dear of women and we repaired to our chambers, where I proceeded to entertain my roommate and myself with selections from “Pecadillos,” by Paroday Kane, said book being composed of short short stories re­
printed from “Vanity Fair.” I found his plots most engrossing and denouncements most unique. He has that invaluable trick of the surprise plot and the unusual ending characteristic of O. Henry’s stories without the human interest touch that lengthens and draws upon your sympathy. He flies from murders to births and back to divorces without a misgiving. It is similar to seeing Tom Sarge’s “Little Folks” in a series of engrossing sketches. Finding the hour late and the house at last in a semblance of quietude, I made my way to the dormitory, feeling preliminary drafts and chills besetting me. Pausing before the door I recalled that the most staid and upholder of the “Open Policy,” that favoring the opening of both the north and south windows, was already in bed and asleep and that I, being the leader of the “Closed Policy,” advocating the opening of the south windows only, would have a chance to assert my rights, re­solved to close the north windows. Creep­ing in, I suppressed my shivers as much as possible and locked the north window securely. Feeling my duty done, I climbed into bed and settled down to warm myself as quickly as possible amid key sheets. As I drowsed, I suddenly remembered that I had fully intended to spend an hour on cultural reading, ac­cording to Mr. Powys’ suggestion. Hum­bled with contrition, I reflected on the utter futility of self-culture in the midst of a life as busy as that of a college student. Despairing of ever being truly intellectual, I fell asleep.

Oftentimes, excusing a fault
Doth make the fault the worse by the excuse;
As patches, set upon a little breach,
Discrediting more in hiding of the fault,
Than did the fault before it was so patched.
—Shakespeare.

An Ear for Noise
(Continued from page 4)

Noise must be kept out of the rooms in which guests are dining. It interferes with nerves and dispositions there, as well as in home dining rooms.

One member of the staff who not only has the ability to instruct, but the home in which to practice, believes that the really disturbing sounds in the household are those made by the members them­selves—arguing, “wrangling”—using up energy in unconventional and disconcert­ing ways.

Her solution is a simple and logical one. Don’t force the members of the family to stay in the house. Let them air their exuberance elsewhere.

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