

Sketch

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QED

John Essig*

*Iowa State University

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our own curiosity.” The people moaned and were panic-stricken. Each mother took her child’s hand, and pulled him closer to her side. Fathers gazed at one another worriedly.

“We are doomed to destruction if we stay here by this bomb. Our only hope is to escape. Run for your lives, I tell you, or you will all be destroyed!”

And the people ran to their homes, locked and barricaded their doors, and sat down to wait until the bomb exploded.

The trunk sat there. . . . old and covered with dust.



Q E D

by John Essig

“GOOD morning, class. Isn’t this a beautiful Sunday morning? I have a little demonstration of faith for you this morning.”

Mr. Garrett had a little demonstration for his Sunday school class every Sunday morning. He was a dedicated man in his own way and quite convinced that he would save the souls of our youth group.

“I have a dime here in my doubled-up fist. Now, how many of you don’t believe me? Only two? This is very good, some of you have faith in me, at least. See? I do have the dime just as I said.”

Mr. Garrett's eyes sparkled with the exciting thought that he had just brought a little light into our lives. Now it was time to move on to bigger and more important things.

"Have any of you ever seen a dance hall? Do you know what a dance hall is? It's an octopus. An octopus waiting to reach out and grab you and pull you down."

Mr. Garrett was using a new approach. The subject was old but the method was new; we were all fascinated and vitally interested in gaining the insight he was giving us.

"Each one of its slimy arms is a different breed of sin. The first one is card playing and gambling. The second is drinking liquor and carrying on late at night. Dancing is an evil, evil thing. It excites desires in a young person and fans the flames of hell. Fornication and adultery are the only things that can come of it."

Mr. Garrett was rolling now. His voice started to rise and his frame was starting to vibrate with the urgency of the thought he was communicating.

"Women get their husbands to take them to these places so they can get all drunk-up and dance with other men and sneak off to dark corners. It's a terrible thing. Be thankful that the octopus hasn't gotten *your* homes in its foul grasp. Don't let one of its tentacles drag you in and destroy you."

His face was lit up with a reddish glow and his eyes sparkled and glistened.

"You sit there and wonder how I can say all of these things. You ask yourselves how Mr. Garrett could know of such evils. That terrible beast grabbed me once. Oh yes, I've been in those places, I know what goes on in them. I know of the sin and degradation they cause. I know about the broken homes and hungry children."

Mr. Garrett was finally to the heart of his subject.

"Take the advice I give you. Don't step through the devil's doorway. There is no way of taking just *one* drink or having *one* dance. Once those tentacles get ahold of you it's almost impossible to get loose."

We reasoned it out for ourselves, from there. Anything Mr. Garrett can do, I can.