Epilogue to a Proctor Mark

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And thought of her. Outside, the chirping calls
Of hungry fledglings in their nest
Distracted me—By great St. Patrick, I
Would rather take this bridge, (It is my best),
Wreck it, and rebuild it twice as high
With my own hands, than write one line of this.
But she likes poetry . . . . ("Your magic spell
Is all my life . . ."). I think "kiss" rhymes with "bliss,"
But how to make "moon' rhyme with "nightingale"?—Oh, hell!

Epilogue to a
Proctor Mark

"Love Vs. Dormitory
Rules — Love Wins"

By Betty Gaylord

"GEE, I wonder where Helen is? She should have been in
ten minutes ago!"

Petite Mary worried her nose into two more wrinkles as she
aimlessly picked up a hair brush. Suddenly she heard a door
slam. There was a low murmur of voices, and familiar feet
raced up the well-beaten stairs, down the hall and into the room
to be met with a deluge of questions from her roommate.

"Helen, where have you been? Don't you know this is an
eleven o'clock night? Did you get stuck, or have a flat tire?
Did you get a proctor mark? Well, why don't you tell me what
happened? Quit standing there like a fish with your mouth
open. Say something!!"
HELEN, who had been stopped in the doorway by the torrent of questions, just smiled companionably to herself and a mysterious third, said “Hi” quietly, and took off her coat and hat.

“Where do you get that stuff—‘Hi!’ Is that all you can say? What have you been doing until this unearthly hour of the morning?”

Helen said nothing, but smiled sweetly, hung up her coat, and proceeded to get undressed.

A little nonplussed by the strange attitude taken by the girl who used to confide to her each of Jimmy’s throbbing heartbeats, Mary realized that there was something new in the air, but she respected Helen’s taciturnity, knowing that when the time came for the silence to be broken, she, the roommate and mother confessor, would be the first to know. After a few more half-hearted attempts to persuade Helen to commit herself, Mary resignedly creamed her face, put on her pyjamas, and climbed into bed.

THE lights out, ten or fifteen minutes dragged slowly by, broken only by the regular breathing of the two forms on opposite sides of the room. The gleam of the new moon through the open window convulsed the ruffled curtain as Mary suddenly sat upright in bed and called pleadingly across the room:

“Helen, dear, please tell me just one thing so I can go to sleep.”

“Yes?”

“Did you get a proctor mark?”

“Yes. ’Night.”

“Night.”

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The same new moon moved a few inches across the window, and smiled fondly on the erstwhile silent girl who was whispering soundless syllables to a precious jewelled fraternity pin.