A Recipe for Entertainment

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which she was sitting in any three minutes. However, in two
minutes and fifty-five seconds there came a great heaving, and
a sound of crashing and tearing, and Mrs. Simpkins burst tri-
umphantly into view and bore ponderously down the aisle.
Evidently she'd had an extra allowance of caviar that morning.

I GLANCED over at the old couple sitting next to me. They
were holding hands now—there's something especially
sweet about an old couple holding hands—and I thought I
noticed a tear or two in the old lady's eyes.

They got up, then, and began to move slowly up the aisle.
As they reached the entrance I noticed that something dropped
from the old man's hand—a slip of paper. Thinking to return
it, I picked it up, but you know how easy it is to lose people
in a crowd. I haven't seen them since.

What was the paper? Oh, nothing much. Merely a bill
from a doctor for $200 for services. Here's what gets me
though. On the back of the bill were the numbers I had seen
the old man consulting—7425 and 7426. It is written, "He who
has, gets."

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A Recipe for Entertainment

By Ruth Swanton, '37

TAKE any Saturday night—but there's none equal to a
summer one. It dissolves the most important barrier—
weather—for people coming to town. Park your car there
on the corner by the five and ten, with a view of the intersec-
tion and cross traffic, if you want to compare types.

After the car is parked you can walk home and eat supper,
confident that you have a ringside seat. The crowd is heaviest
about eight; so it pays to stroll back and settle yourself about
that time.

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A group of six girls go hand in hand, making so wide a line across the sidewalk that Old Mr. Grey almost runs into the end one. There's Maizie Jacobson — and does she look "spinify." Her hair is tightly waved and is gathered in long curls which hang to her shoulders. Her lips look like a tomato, and the tint of that color accent is repeated on her earlobes. She is showing off her blue chiffon formal, which was purchased for the Junior-Senior banquet of two years ago. It ends just above her ankles, and brown sport oxfords trip along as gaily as sport oxfords can beneath it. Close behind comes Jo Sprague in her red taffeta formal and black sandals. Her steady, Dant O'Connell, in overalls and straw hat, must be at least two inches shorter than she.

"AND sakes, Mrs. Call, I haven't seen you since yesterday. Don't you think it's dreadful the way Mr. Brown talks to Lydia? Why, Mrs. Jones said she was making cookies there in the kitchen, and she could hear Mr. Brown yelling clear across the street!!" and Mrs. Horton, the foremost town gossip, announces herself to Mrs. Theodore Call—the second best gossip.

Dan MacNally, the town drunk, sways more than usual on his way to the pool hall to see his cronies. Perhaps you haven't been counting, but that's the third time the Jones girls have passed Larson's store. Evidently they haven't been noticed by the town sheiks as yet.

"Lester, I told you to get Yeutter's bread. I simply won't have this chain store stuff. Now you go right back and change it—and don't talk so long!" Mrs. Gordon — champion henpecker—is speaking. If she has purchased all her groceries it must be late. Why, it is—the streets are already beginning to clear. There are the Jones girls again—well, it is late—guess it's best to move before they come over and in desperation try to work us to take them home.