STRIPES

Maurine Park*

*Iowa State College

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pressed in the cruel glare of the sun on the parched veldt grass, on the wizened thorn bushes, with thorns out of all proportion to their midget size, at the cracked heaps of grey granite. Then, with a quirk of humor, he watched his party weaving back and forth across the veldt like little pawns on some huge chess board; the fantasy amused him; he was the lone white player and his native servants the black ones, and though he had the vantage position, yet he was entirely within their power; he was an outcast because he did not understand and share their oneness with this country.

WOULD they never arrive at the river? Again his glance rested on the molten gold coloring of the surrounding veldt which must, he thought, be a facsimile of the one fabulous King Midas created. Once again he decided that his natives with their childish, wily humor, their raucous laughs, alone fitted this crude country, this vastness, to answer the hawk's wild untamed 'krak' 'krak' as it circled far above them. Again he felt a misfit in this country of unyielding stubborness; it was as hard as his saddle of poorly cured leather, as relentless and searching as the merciless sun which still moved in a scorpion-like motion over the baked ground, as suggestive as the pile of ox bones lying bleached and broken by the path, as never ending as the jog-jog of his stiff-legged mule, as minute and inconspicuous as an atom being ground into still smaller particles in some huge mill.

Dully, Stephen watched his own shadow swallowed up by that of his mule as it became dwarfed, seeming only a dark patch under his belly and the swinging soles of Stephen's shoes—then he knew it was midday. Dimly he could see the river; already he could taste the thick syrupy sweetness of tea and recall the coolness of evening instead of the sharp glare of high noon.

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Sci. Sr.

Oh, the world is full of striped things—
Tiger skins, and blue-jay wings,
White-bark aspens, near-dark pines,
Ski tracks tracing sleek designs
Across fresh snow.

*March, 1941*
Oh, that the world could always know
The goodness of striped calico,
Of shadows from Venetian blinds,
And cornfields planted in straight lines,
Instead of crosses
Row on row . . .

Battles
on Blueprint

Robert E. Lee
Arch. E. So.

Is it so strange to study stress and strain and heat and steel?
Strange while others shoulder guns and stare into the night?
Fight flames and fears . . .?
Is it so different—this thing we do?
Our papers are but ghosts that soon will live
And heat will change to flame.
We’ll see shell curves and stress on steel.
We’ll make the bombs and bore the guns.
No theory, then, but death so close
We’ll have to fight it with our hands.
But now, for just a little while
We sit in rooms at night and figure heat on steel.
Ours is but paper—
Their is real.