Sketch

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Pammel People

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Abstract

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Pammel People

Religion in Life

We STOPPED in at one of the mothers-who-drink-coffee-and-chat meetings the other afternoon. We were interested in the modern method of “handling” religion. Our hostess, a “veritable pillar of her church” was having trouble making two-year-old Jackie take a nap. After the usual “Drink, Mommy” and “Potty, Mommy,” Jackie started, “Now I lay me”—upon which his mother remonstrated, “No, no Jackie! We only say our prayers at night.”

Signs of Our Times

A ramshackle trailer complete with TV antenna and ’51 Buick.

Soapbox?

While canvassing the Court for a political survey last week, we were given an oration by one Roger J. Adams. Now R. J. has been, by his own admission, “a poor farm boy, an oil field laborer (non-union, of course), a student at Chicago U., a manager at the Argonne Atomic Laboratories, and is now a home owner (building his own) and a renter (rents the land from ISC). We think you agree that this is a formidable background and R.J. should be able to speak with authority. His speech was quite long so we will merely give you the pertinent “facts” that he covered.

“There are only two political parties at the present time—the Republicans and the Communists. If the American people vote in the Democrats” (pardon me, the Communists, that is) “the slant-eyed bastards of Russia will be right over, castrate all American males and make maid servants of the females—

“Chicago U. is filled with Communists with holes in their shoes getting Ph. D.’s so they can live high by bleeding American research.

“Our government is run by a gang of big-nosed heathens who hold hands with Stalin.

“The labor unions are a mass of innocent, ignorant work-
ers, led by crooks and murderers—especially the CIO action committee.

"The A.E.C. is infiltrated by Reds and the Iowa people should thank God for Hickenlooper.

"America is for Americans—to hell with signing pacts with a lot of dirty foreigners."

At which point we asked if he, as a scientist, didn't believe in freedom of knowledge.

"Communist!" he screamed, as we beat an undignified retreat.

We wish to deny to R.J., by the safe medium of paper, that we are affiliated with the Communist party—and we hope soon to bring to our readers more of R.J.'s timely remarks on the world situation.


The Sissy

I REMEMBER the first time I saw Harper. The ship had just put out to sea from Frisco and the steward had sent him up to clean up the radio shack. He was eighteen years old, tall and skinny, and his long legs were a little bowed. He wore very thick glasses. His eyes were pale blue and looked at you steadily enough but always shyly and submissively. His shoulders hunched a little, and his movements were hesitant and awkward. He was already seasick. He was suddenly finding himself on a ship bound for the other side of the world, miserable with the brutal pitching of the ship, taking part in a life of which he knew very little, and disliking and fearing what he knew.

He was lonely and eager to talk. I found that he came from a small town in New York. He had been in college for six months before he had enlisted. He had liked college and it was easy to picture him among stacks of books, studying diligently.

It was a long trip. Only seven months, really, but seven months of the worst sort of monotony. We were one of thousands of ships that had been sent to the Pacific to sup-