

1954

The Voice of the Phi Sigma -- 1954 --

Phi Sigma

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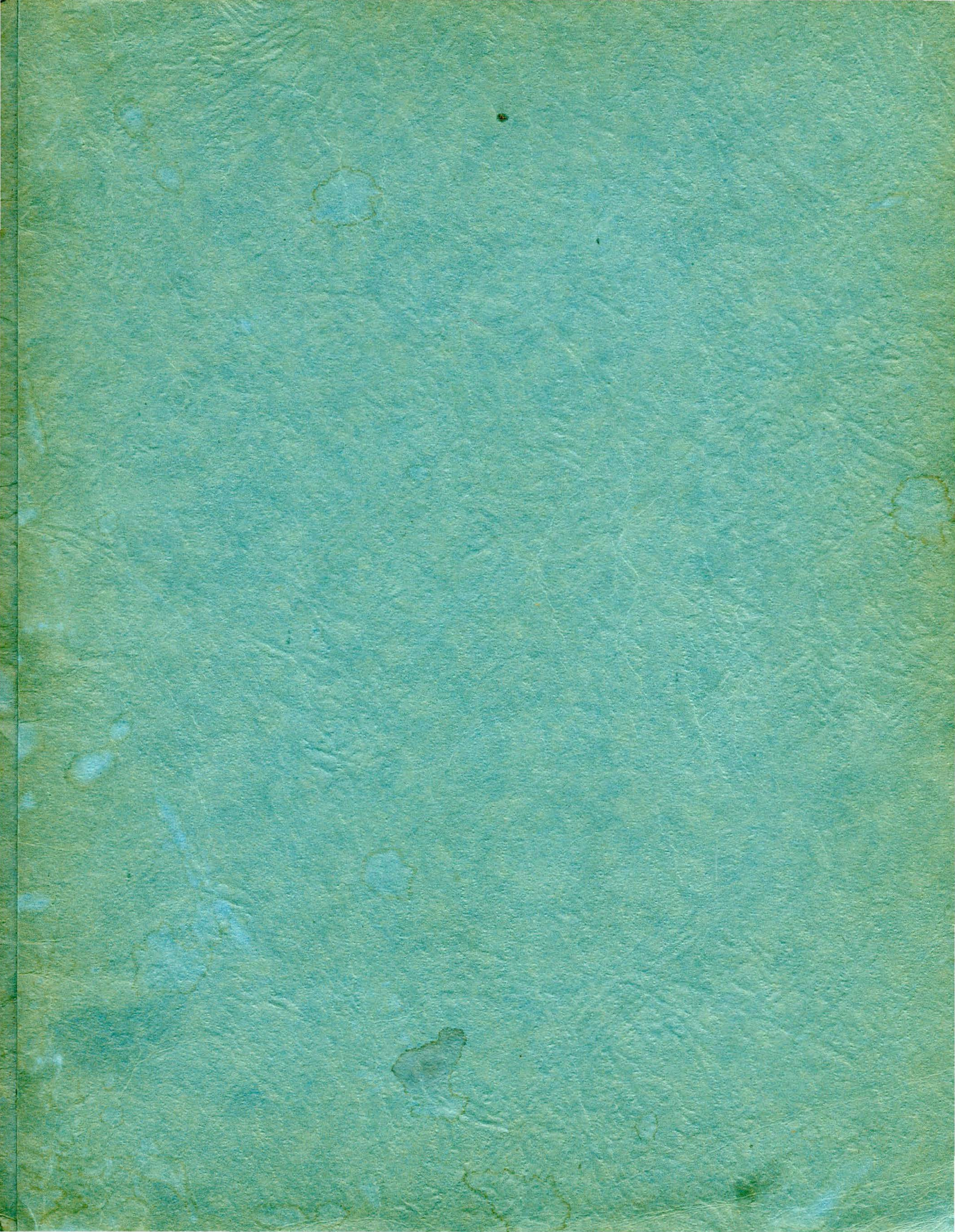


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Pretend with me that I have just returned from a visit to the United States of America, and that I have come to you here in our own country to tell you about the American people. Of course, you know something about America, because it is the Americans who keep sending money, food and clothing to us. I'm not going to tell you about the country itself or about its history, but I would like to explain the people to you. As you know, the United States is divided into 48 states and the District of Columbia. Some of these states are actually larger than our whole country, and there is great distance between them, but the people are very much alike in appearance whatever state they come from, excepting for Texas, where any man who is not more than six feet tall must go to another state to live, and for California where people have oranges instead of Adam's apples. New York City is the largest city in America, and that is strange because nobody is ever born in New York. The second largest city is Chicago, and that too is peculiar because in Chicago the people go about in gangs and have battles in which they kill each other. Chicagoans all look like violinists, but it is not violins that they carry in those cases.

America is the richest and most powerful country in the history of the world, but the people seem to have many problems. One thing that must be mentioned is the fact that no corner of the

globe can be too remote to come up with a problem that will worry Americans. As a matter of fact, they do not confine their worries to the world. No, they also find it necessary to worry about the people who may be living on Mars or Venus. This to us seems quite far-fetched.

Everything in America is the biggest and the fastest. Everyone drives around in automobiles, and there are many accidents. These automobiles go very fast because they have so much horse-power. I really think horse-power is much safer here where only the horses have it. The reason Americans want to have so much horse-power is that they don't like to stay in one place very long. They really are a nomadic people. Many live in their cars with trailers attached so that they will not have to waste any time getting started to the next place they want to be. It seems that wherever they are they wish they weren't. Many Americans have a fierce loyalty for the part of the country in which they live, and they will defend it vigorously, but will not stay in it any more than they have to.

Americans love to play games and also they like to watch other people play games. All of these games are alike in one respect-- they involve the use of a ball, much like the toys our children play with. Now, there is one game called golf which creates many serious problems in America. The person who plays golf carries a bag full of sticks which are called clubs - and he hits a little ball with one of these clubs and then walks several hundred yards to where the ball is, hits it again -

well, he can keep this up all day. Many people cry or break their clubs or become very morose if the ball does not go where they want it to. But this is not the great problem which golf presents. Many women whose husbands play golf feel as though they are widows because they see so little of their husbands during the golf season. If they can find their husbands, they try to make them stay at home. Their problem is very much like that of the ladies of medieval times whose husbands went away for long periods of time looking for the Holy Grail--they said. Now, there is also a problem which the men who play golf are confronted with. Not only do they have to suffer great agonies while playing this game, but they have to pacify their wives, and must also find time to play golf, take their wives to the movies, and make a living. This for the golfer is the eternal triangle. I have asked a man who really understands this dilemma to speak to us for a few minutes from his experience with this problem.

Mr. Ralph Peterson.

Thank you, Ralph. Apparently one of the compensations for the game of golf is that one meets the most interesting people on a golf course. Now there is one other game which I should mention because it is often called the national game in America. This is baseball and is played by two teams of nine men each. Millions of Americans watch these men, who throw a ball, hit it, and then run. People become quite mad during the playing of baseball, often killing the umpire and fighting among themselves through partisanship. On the one hand they seem to love their teams madly, and on the other to treat their players to much

vituperative yelling and threatening. They do not seem to be always complimentary even when not attending a game, as is evidenced by the fact that in Brooklyn, where people profess to love their team, they call them the "Bums". Every year each of these teams struggle to win what they call a "pennant". That is, all the teams except one in Chicago and one in Pittsburgh. These two battle with each other for a place known as the "cellar". In the game of football there are eleven men on each side. One team wants to carry a ball to the end of a field and the other team, which doesn't want them to, knocks them down and tries to make a pyramid of their bodies on the body of the man carrying the ball. If a man succeeds in playing this game without being killed or badly maimed, he is called a hero. There are many football heroes in America who have successfully withstood the ordeal of playing this game. There are many great Universities in America, built not for the reasons we would build them, but where these heroes can go to continue playing football.

Americans elect their governing bodies, but they are never satisfied after their elections. It is really a wonder that people are willing to hold office, because they are the targets for much biting criticism while in power. Americans do not pay their officials very much, but it is said that many of them are able to become wealthy through other means which nobody has ever explained to me. One of the things that Americans are most critical of is the paying of taxes, and they have not found a method as yet in which only the other follow pays the taxes.

Americans are also very afraid of Communism and of the color red. There is a senator there who would like to change the national colors from red, white and blue to yellow, white and blue. He contends that since yellow is a primary color there is no red in it.

Much has been written in American journals about the teen-age problem. It might be that the people who criticize the younger generation are those who resent the fact that they no longer belong to it. Be that as it may, there is a great battle going on among those who view with alarm, and those who think these young people are great. However one feels about this, living with teen-agers can present problems, especially as in the case of Burton Crandell who will present the situation of one lone male living in a household of females, including teen-agers.

Thank you, Burt.

There is a battle of the sexes which constantly rages in America, and the men act as though they don't like the women very well, although they say that four out of five women haters are women. Women complain in a rather quiet way about some of the masculine idiosyncracies, but, my word, the men even write books about the women. They belittle them and accuse them of everything from ruining the younger generation, for which they have coined the word "momism", to causing all the accidents on the road, available statistics to the contrary. It seems to me that the women have been very patient during these accusations - perhaps a little curious about the reasons, but they seem to go along taking criticism

and liking the men in spite of it. The probable reason for the constant picking on the female of the species is not that the men feel so superior, but that they are beginning to be afraid that they're not. They turn over the bringing up of their children, and then complain about the results; they brag about being good providers--that is, they offer to buy their wives all kinds of nice things, PROVIDING THAT..... They put their wives on a budget--and believe me, any woman who can run her home on a budget these days deserves a lot of credit. That's the only way she can run her home on a budget----with a lot of credit. Well, as I said, the women in America still like their men, even though they know they're not perfect. I've asked Barbara Newlin to give some observations on the American male.

Thank you, Barbara. It's all in fun, gentlemen.

Now, as all of us Europeans know, Americans are the most generous people in the world. They are always willing and anxious to help us over here with money and aid, as well as advice. The American on tour can be a little hard to take, but he does spend his money. Americans also give to thousands of charities in their own country, often not knowing what the money is going to be used for. I guess we've all heard the story of how much money they collected for, of all things, the Unknown Soldier's Wife. Charity is a big business over there. But it is a funny thing how they can hate to lose a dollar in penny-ante or gin rummy games. They will play card games until the wee hours of the morning, hoping to take nickels and dimes from each other. ^{To cheat in such games is unheard of.} but if they can manage to

gyp their government out of even a penny, that's an accomplishment to be really proud of.

They love to get together in small-or-large-groups to talk about serious subjects. In these discussions they worry about what is happening or going to happen or has happened and argue at length over what to do about it. But they do some fine thinking and are striving to discover new ideas and to find the reasons behind the mechanism which makes them what they are. Clare Joslyn will tell us about a new theory in psychological fields which may help Americans and perhaps all peoples understand themselves and each other better.

It would seem to me that after this fine discussion, and so as not to destroy its value for you by bringing in extraneous material, I should bring this paper to a close and sit down. Therefore, I bring this paper to a close and sit down.

Katherine Barr

If you pick up the Saturday Evening Post at some future date and, while flipping over the pages, turn up a little essay entitled "I Was a Prisoner in a Bridger, Montana Bathroom", you may be inclined to snicker.

Normally, with your persission, so would I. But what gives the title significance, assuming that it has any, is that the prisoner happened to be indistinguishable from the speaker two summers ago.

The question of the moment is how the above is cued to my assignment by Kay Barr to write an essay in true Thoreau fashion on "Masculine travails while living in a Female World". The Female World, of course, is mine, which was timewise, weekdays, roughly from 6:00 P.M. to 9:00 A.M. the following day -- with full twenty-four hour duty on weekends. Situation-wise, my Female World is created by my living (I call it living with reservations) in a home where I am outnumbered and outmaneuvered by wife Ruth and three teen age female vassals.

Small wonder that male cocker spaniel Teddy welcomes me home evenings with an exhuberance which I have come to understand as his expression of sheer relief from female small talk such as, "Mother, I haven't had a new dress in ages." "Ages", I have discovered, is a period of time far less than its usual connotation -- indeed, it is more like

Eleanor Glynn's three weeks. Even tho Teddy and I have become adequately, if not fully, adjusted to this Female World, situations occassionally present themselves that try the temper and poise of any male. It was one of these situations where I was a prisoner under an unusual situation, (I believe being a prisoner of the bath qualifies as being unusual) that I shall attempt to retell in detail.

However, before describing the Bridger story per se, I recall an experience years ago, during one of these periods of adjustment to my female world. Upon arriving home along about 5:30 on a balmy summer day, Ruth bounced out of the front door to greet me. As I buoyantly alighted from the car she could see at a glance that 1 of 2 things had happened. Either I had been promoted from service station salesman for Standard Oil to Assistant to the President -- or I had tarried too long while spending a few bob for a flagon or three of Mogen David or its equal in a spirit of fellowship. Unhappily for Ruth, the latter soon evidenced itself as being the fact at hand. Lazing around the house the next day, I had plenty of time to regret my impetuosity and to review this approach to marital understanding which had manifested itself as pure folly. Since that specific occasion, I have attempted to perfect new techniques. Especially did it prove up pure folly when married friends of mine (not Ruth's) showed up on the scene shortly after my returning. It is just a statement of plain fact that

Ruth in the early years of our marriage was quite intolerant of some of my premarital playmates. He who sauntered up to our house on this occasion had full measure of reptilian charms and headed Ruth's list of, to quote, "Your Friends". Glued to his arm was his wife -- a woman who was manifestly no better than she should be, and who seemed to be polarized to attract every catastrophe. Describing this succulent morsel as best I can, she was dressed in a billowing skirt and period hat which gave her the appearance of carrying as much sail as an American Cup defender.

Although the ensuing sequence is a bit choppy, let me give you a quick recap of the picture done in oils (fusal oils if you please.). The male Crandell had just reclined with cold wet wash cloth across his feverished brow and was wishing for all the world that the next 24 hours would pass post haste when he was informed by the other half of his marriage contract that so and so had arrived for the evening. The sound of Ruth's voice had distinct overtones of glee. There's nothing so pleasing and nothing so teasing -- if I may borrow the first line of a frisky couplet, the quotation of whose second would expell me from Phi Sigma, as the ability to make a successful parley. Ruth had at hand all the necessary ingredients, a salvation happy blue nose friend of mine arriving on this one evening and acting as if he had a paid up annuity in Paradise. If it wasn't the most

repressive evening of my entire existence, well then I'm a crosseyed Chinaman.

There are certain interludes in one's life from which the memory recoils, and this chaotic evening certainly is one of mine. Many years, but not enough to dull my memory, intervened between the happening just hashed over and the summer of 1952 when the Crandells -- pater, mater and 3 darters departed on a long promised vacation trip by auto to Yellowstone Park and points West. To this day I have not determined whether this trip was a carefully conceived plan by the four females to get father out in the most remote place in the continental U.S. and then take a powder on him. I have looked long into Ruth's face on numerous occasions searching for the first shred. I have talked to her when she has been in deep sleep, trying to catch her off guard, for evidence to my claim that she and our daughters were involved in a diabolic plot. I am now going to document all the evidence in support of my theory and will leave it up to you, the jury, to watch any expression on Ruth's inscrutable face. If a confession isn't forthcoming tonite I may have to resort to a lie detector test.

After four days steaming West by North West, we were cruising along on Route 87 in northern Wyoming - heading for Billings, Montana, when navigator Ruth spoke up thusly, "I don't see why we should go all the way up to Billings by the motor club route when we can take a short cut right over the Big Horns". Without even pondering the feasibility

of this passage which points up to my gullibility, I braked, made a U turn, retraced our route a couple of miles, and turned off, heading due West toward the Big Horns. We hadn't gone over a mile before we started to climb up and up -- first in the foothills-- then in the mountains until we were at elevation 11,000, in snow, and at a point of decision. In order to complete our short cut we had to abandon the main highway and take to a road, if you care to dignify it by this appellation, that turned out to be that of a sheep herder for the long and arduous descent down the west side of the Big Horns. But before we started down thru the clouds, with ears ringing -- and while gulping to offset the lack of pressure on eyeballs -- you see we didn't have a modern car with pressurized cock pit -- we all got out at one spot where I was dared to slide down a snow embankment. At the moment I considered this suggestion as evolving from my family's playful mood. At another point I was teased to have my picture taken on the sharp edge of a lookout, gazing Rogers and Clark style, off across a valley of immense proportions. The psychologists have a word for my reactions to high places and accordingly I declined, but not wanting to appear the coward in front of my brave crew, I insisted unselfishly that my family made better subjects than I.

The precarious 30 mile ricochet down the West side of the Big Horns took a full 2 hours, during which we passed

not a single car, which was a fact of extreme importance as this curving, side mountain clinging excuse for a road couldn't possibly have accommodated a passing car. Now, this whole hazardous trip had but one possible objective -- unbeknown to me, and that was to get us to Bridger, Montana, a lost town in one of the most remote spots within our four borders. When the motion was made to the effect, "If there is a motel here, I think we should stop for the night", I was eager to second it. That my crew knew darn well that there was a joint masquerading as a motel in Bridger is superfluous -- but that I would fall into the trap was there big victory.

Now, I don't know the procedure in your family -- but in mine the formula is -- father inquires in the motel office, the whole family inspects the digs -- and the comforts of the bathroom are utilized -- not in the order of need -- but rather in the order of that illogical Victorian concept of children and women first.

To this day I can't rationalize on how my family worked such a quick switch to this well recognized practice so that, on this occasion father was first in the bathroom. The joys of being first were short, or to be exact, lasted to the moment when I was ready to turn the facilities over to others. Ordinarily, turning the facilities amounts to turning the knob on a door handle -- but, to my astonishment the door knob kept turning but didn't release the catch. I summoned my family to stop shilly-shallying around and to release the

catch from their side, whereupon I was told in a jiffy that the outside knob didn't turn at all. This bit of information sparked the outside Crandells into the greatest scene of uncontrolled, ribald, fit to kill laughter that the ears of the inside Crandell ever caught. It was surely five minutes before the bedlam quieted down to the extent that one of the outside Crandells was able to inquire, "Are you sure you can't get out?". I was sure at this point because I had been spinning the knob frantically on my side the whole five minutes.

I was then informed to stop my whining, that they would reconnoiter for help, whereupon the whole kit and kaboodle cleared out of the motel room. Quiet descended on the scene as suddenly as bedlam had ensued minutes before, and this sudden desertion was more unnerving than the preceding hilarity. What would be my fate if they were gone with the wind? A feeling of queasiness overtook me, the palms of my hands began to moisten, and a peculiar blizzard of white specks suddenly appeared. In order to weather it I perfunctorily eased my posterior down on the only available seat in the bathroom after carefully closing the lid.

A quick inspection of my prison showed the following. The bathroom was windowless, the only escape hatch was the door with the spinning knob, and this door was of stout oak. That I was trapped but good was immediately obvious. Wonderment at my family ensnaring me in such a diabolic crypt didn't

enter my thoughts at the moment since my mind was flooded by a host of more immediate problems, the slow period of starvation which I faced, the available supply of oxygen. How long would it support life? I made a frantic search of my jacket and pants for my pocket knife which instrument might mean salvation since I envisioned whittling my way out. A cold sweat enveloped me when I recalled it being requisitioned for peeling an orange shortly before entering Bridger. My family, fiends incarnate, hadn't overlooked a single detail in their carefully laid plans. I only hoped that some day some one would document their guilt, the story of their betrayal and duplicity, and their heartless rejection of one who had ennobled them with his name and who had worshipped them this side of idolatry. With a ruthlessness unmatched in modern criminal annals, they had pulled all the stops to attain their ends.

Dizziness caused by the height at which I was sitting suddenly brought back a feeling of fright and fearing of falling off my perch, I lowered myself to the floor. A creeping sensation of claustrophobia caused my eyeballs to go awash in their sockets and perspiration to spout from every pore. I spread-eagled on the floor and listened to my heart-beat accelerate. I was preparing to dip my ensign, my fate hung in the balance. What a pity that my brilliant career -- a rather hazy combination of African explorer and oil tycoon should end on such a dismal note.

Still conscious and fighting back like the brave hero I have often envisioned myself, I groveled towards the wash stand and was contemplating an attempt to gather my last resources of strength to reach for a cooling dash of water to sluice myself down, when I heard a commotion from the outer world. My family had returned accompanied by others. This entourage resumed the unrestrained laughter, only this time it was interspersed with shouts and a loud yacketing. That I was to be taunted, ridiculed, and the laughing stock of the whole of Bridger seemed a likely possibility. That Ruth and bairns might carry their hoax to the point of drilling peep holes, providing me with sustaining oxygen and then charging 10¢ a look seemed not too remote. In fact, they might even feed me thin soup thru a straw to keep me alive in order to capitalize on the remainder of the tourist season. The indignity of it all might have turned my hair white, if I had any. -- I mean, it's not a pretty picture; certainly not one to dwell on. Too easy to become morose.

That all of these fantasies now appear to be ridiculous and illogical is beside the point. That a very little paprika can spice the thoughts of a desperate man, I am living evidence. The details of how I was released from bondage and returned to civilian life in the free world are of little consequence -- but that the love of my family for their husband and father was finally evidenced is of real importance. They thought it just a funny experience that gave me little cause to

whip myself into such a meringue of frenzy and that it certainly shouldn't have been as upsetting as my colorless face indicated.

Not caring a whit about the effect it might have upon my own juvenile delinquents or the sprinkling of scorbutic children among assembled entourage of quidnunes, Blackfoot Indians, and Bridger busybodies that had taken over our cozy little room for the funfest, I broke open a bottle of Canadian Club that I had judiciously brought along. In a movement swift as an adder, a local whiskey nosed grifter snatched the Canadian Club, took a long swig from the up-ended bottle, and then wiped the residue of my potlicker from his chin with his fancy gartered sleeve. This willingness to share my hospitality only goes to prove what Hiram Walkers have been claiming for years, "In 87 lands -- Bridger, Montana included -- you'll always find friends of Canadian Club."

Which gives me an idea. Since this experience was every bit as spine tingling as those picture stories you've read in the Canadian Club ads -- those narrow escapes climbing the Matterhorn -- bobsledding in the Alps -- Boar hunting in India, I'll forward this piece to Hiram Walker. But first I'll exploit this balderdash by engaging Quentin Reynolds to do a condensation for Reader's Digest in order to insure a maximum of obfuscation. When you read this tale -- if the counter impulse isn't overwhelming -- you will admit that, crammed with Quentin's bathos, it will send Dupre in hasty retreat back to his boy scouts. After I've milked Reader's Digest, I'll shorted it up by

skimming off the fat, throw in a few pictures, and shoot it to Hiram Walkers.

Boy-oh-boy -- what royalties will accrue to this savant. And you think I'm going to invest this moola in gold edged securities? Don't be a continental! Man, I'm going to live it up. Cotton on to this itinerary. I'll start with a safari in Africa, return to the states for the summer, ditch the winter with a cruise thru the Bahamas and Jamaica, and then settle down in the Virgin Islands. Can I help it if Ernest Hemingway will be strictly back page from here on in?

Well, amigos, buenos noches; I'm expecting a call from my agent. Lock me up on the Riviera -- but stay out of Bridger, Montana -- that's strictly my territory. Ah, the mere mention of the place makes me choke up with nostalgia.

When I was asked to do my part of the "VOICE", there was doubt about the phase of golf that would prove most interesting to those present.

Not being a writer, myself, I didn't know just how to begin, then I happened to think why should I beat my brains out when we have a number of prominent literary figures at our own golf club.

During the course of the next few weeks, I managed to corner each one of them at the bar - and after liberal applications of soda pop and lemonade, they consented to give me their impressions of the noble game of golf.

The first one to give me his impressions was a chap with a long white beard who signs his bar checks Henry W. Longfellow --- and he said:

PSALM OF GOLF

(If Longfellow had been an addict)

Tell me not in words prodigious

Golf is but a silly game,

For such talk is sacrilegious!

Such an attitude's a shame!

Golf is real! Golf is earnest!

Par is not its only goal.

Though you quit, you e'er returnest

Poking pellets with a pole.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,

Is the golfer's destined way;

But to pray that each tomorrow

Finds him better than today.

Games are few, the season's fleeting;

He but hopes that luck hands out --

As he takes the daily beating --

One shot he can brag about.

In this game we strive for pleasure,

Tramping firmly o'er the soil;

But we find in greater measure

Woe and unremitting toil.

(Psalm of Golf -- Continued)

Let no future, however pleasant,
 Make you let your practice lapse.
There is grief enough at present
 Getting out of deep sand traps.

Lives of champions remind us
 Some attain to perfect class;
Hence, succeeding years shall find us
 Digging divots from the grass -----

Divots that perhaps another,
 Idly happening along,
Some more altruistic brother,
 Will replace where they belong.

Let us then be up and trying,
 Trusting that some kindly fate
Will, before our day of dying,
 Let us score an eighty-eight.

The next one on the list was a visitor from
New York -- by the name of Samuel Hoffenstein.

His poetic tribute to the game is much better
than his golf.

He told me:

THE WAY IT GOES

(Thanks, Samuel Hoffenstein)

You buy the best woods so your tee shots will flatten 'em,
And a matched set of irons which cost more than platinum;
The balls you select are the finest obtainable;
Your slacks are the kind guaranteed as unstrainable;
Your bag is a symphony, done in fine leather;
You've raincoats and sweaters to baffle the weather;
Whatever the pro recommended, you bought it --
If he didn't have it, you earnestly sought it;
You sign up for lessons each Wednesday and Friday;
You work on your swing till your motions are tidy;
You practice your pitch shots for better approaches;
You study the maxims of all the best coaches;
You work on your putting with verve and ambition
Until you can sink them from any position;
You sweat and you slave to acquire some proficiency
And at last you are ready to prove your efficiency.
You start on your round with self-confidence plenty
And what do you mark up? One hundred and twenty!

And - one of the regulars in the rocking chair on the front porch is a venerable codger by the name of John Milton.

He hasn't held a golf stick in years - but he is one of the faithful members.

He said:

SONNET FOR A CERTAIN TYPE OF GOLFER

(Speak for yourself, John Milton)

When I consider how my life is spent
 Upon the club veranda every day,
 Watching the others amble off to play
And sighing to myself with deep content,
I realize that I was never meant
 To be an expert golfer, anyway.
 'Tis far more pleasant on this porch to stay
And, o'er a highball, cuss the government.

For, after all, a golf club ought to be
A haven for its members. It's to me
 A place to keep a locker full of rye
 And nurse blood pressure running far too high.
Let others on the links their tempers lose
They also serve who only pay their dues.

While I was talking to Milton, a young fellow
by the name of Stevenson joined us.

Robert Lewis is the rest of his name, I think.

He contributed this:

AT THE TEE SIDE

When I went down from off the tee,
A wooden spoon they gave to me
To dig the grassy sod.

I took an extra healthy swing;
I hit a rock and broke the thing ...
And that was that, b' God!

There were a couple of other gents - by the name of Kipling and Louis Carroll that I wanted to reach but the soda pop ran out - so I wasn't able.

However, I did manage to corral a new member, Leigh Hunt - who told me about a friend of his called Abou Ben Divot. -

ABOU BEN DIVOT

(With a deep bow to Leigh Hunt)

Abou Ben Divot (May his tribe decrease!)
Woke from a dream of bunkers, greens and tees.
And noticed, sitting on a cracker box,
Clad in checked knickers and most vivid sox,
A fellow member writing in a book.
Ben Divot raised his sleepy head to look
And to his brother golfer there did cry,
"What writest thou?" The fellow winked an eye
And said, "The names are written in this tome
Of all the bores who make our club their home."
"And is mine there?" asked Abou. "Your name? Nay!"
"That's fine", said Ben, "but ere you go away
I'll tell you how I made my hole in one"
Then Abou prattled till the rising sun.
The member wrote and vanished.

The next night

He came again with a great wakening light
And showed the name of every unhung pest
And lo! Ben Divot's name led all the rest.

By this time, my pockets were full of notes scribbled on the back of old **score** cards and my head was full of jingles.

I ordered a beaker of strawberry pop and added my own impressions - using the front of the bartender's shirt.

And here they are:-

THE ANSWER

It isn't the cost of the green's fees
Or the stipend the caddies collect,
Or even the dues or the high cost of shoes
Which leaves me financially wrecked.
Instead I have fallen a victim
To a very insidious plot:
My foursome plays Bingle

And Bangle

And Bungle ----

And I have to pay for the lot!

I can shoot as good golf as the others.
My drives better two hundred yards.
I've an accurate pitch and a brassie knack which
Has earned me respectful regards.
But each time a round is completed,
My share is a pain in the neck;
For they get the Bingle

And Bangle

And Bungle ----

And all that I get is the check!

(Continued on next page)

(The Answer .. continued)

Some day when my star is ascendant,
I'll have my revenge on those three;
And I'll end up a round that's successfully crowned
When these bare-faced highbinders pay me!
Till that happy day I must suffer
And swallow each dose, I suppose,
While they get the Bingles,

The Bingles

And Bungles

And I have to pay through the nose!

And now as we leave the subject of golf and
turn to other things, let us all carry with
us the stirring memory of perseverance ex-
pressed in the immortal words of Thomas
Gray: --

EPILOGUE

(A la Gray)

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;
The clubhouse lights are gleaming o'er the lea;
The caddie homeward plods his weary way
And leaves the links to chipmunks and to me.....

From what I've been able to learn about the American man, "momism" is nothing compared to "maleism". The women aren't often heard to brag about what statistics have proven about them--how they are healthier than men, live longer, are better adjusted socially, have fewer mental breakdowns, work harder and longer during the day. But the men, well... I think that the following types of men would be very familiar to American women:

Type A is one of the most common types of men. He has a good job, is considered very intelligent by his business associates and is respected by his neighbors. But each morning, while getting dressed, he stands in the middle of his room and shouts, "Where's my shoes?". If his wife should make the big mistake of saying, "In the corner of your room, dear", he would only ask again, "Which corner?". He has similar difficulty in finding his car keys (usually in his coat pocket), the cold roast beef, left over from last nite's supper (which is found, of all places, in the refrigerator), and other articles which his wife is constantly "hiding".

Type B is getting less common in America, but there is still a few of him around. He is terribly afraid of competition, especially competition with women. This man is heard to say over and over again, "A woman's place is in the home. Men are better workers, more intelligent, etc. ad nauseum". After World War II, when women proved that they could do as good--if not a better--job than men could do, Type B really got worried and has tried to convince his boss of this inanity, but said boss, being a

boss, is too smart to listen to such absurdity.

Type C is fairly common, but as no one pays much attention to him, he is quite harmless. He spends months, perhaps even years, begging his love to marry him. He spends half his pay check on her trying to convince her that he is the right man for her. He writes sizzling love letters to her, promises anything to win her, and finally he is successful. So what does he tell people? That's right, you guessed it; he talks about how she caught him.

Type D is also very common in America. He loves his women to wear long hair (his wife, of course, has quite short hair). He nags her about it constantly. But who is the cutie he stops to stare at? Inevitably she has the shortest hair in town. He also claims that he likes that "natural look". "Don't set your hair", he is often heard to say. So finally friend wife doesn't set her hair one nite. The result? "Gads," he yells. "Wha' hopen' to you? You look like you combed your hair with an egg-beater". Also, every good looking gal he points out to the wife at a nite club, restaurant, etc. has on such a low-cut gown that everyone is afraid to have her take a deep breath. "That's a swell looking dress", he always says. But let the wife try to wear her low-cut gown outside the house, and her husband nearly flips his lid. "You're not going out of the house in that thing", he shouts. He will also ask his wife why on earth she can't look as sharp in her clothes as Mrs. Jones next door does. So she buys a dress at the exclusive and expensive shop where Mrs. Jones shops. Tho she looks great in

it, all he can see is the price tag.

Type E is the one who can so very neatly change the subject whenever we point out that the driver he has been cursing and muttering "woman driver" about inevitably turns out to be of the male species.

Type F can be found in nearly every home. Says he, "Why did you go and call a plumber, TV repair man, etc. when I'm here?". The Mrs. has only been begging him to fix the leaky faucet or TV set since last July.

Type G is the man who is terribly annoyed when women express no interest or knowledge in the major league standings or in who Bobo Olson is fighting next week. Yet this same man isn't even slightly interested in or aware of such fascinating subjects as the latest fashions or recipes.

Type H tells his wife that she is a poor money handler, doesn't know how to budget, etc. But you should see what he brings home from the grocery store when he is asked to bring home a loaf of bread. Theirs is a family of three, but he brings home enuf meat to feed a family of 8 for a week, 10 lbs. of apples, 12 heads of cabbage (but they were having a sale, dear) and so on.

Type I gets, oh so tired, of hearing women gab about their new dresses, hair dos and such. But if you have ever worked in an office of mostly men--mostly Type I's, in fact--get a load of their conversations during coffee break. Would you ever think that there could be so much to say about a subject such as

shaving? Have you ever heard a man talk who's just bought a new suit? And talk about women gossiping, well. 'nuff said.

The man we laugh at most, however, is the man whose wife ended up tutoring her hubby every night when they both attended the University where they met. Yet, today, with never a thought to his own glorious C average and his wife's Phi Beta Kappa key--never remembering all the statistics his Psych. teacher tried to teach him about the exact sameness of the intellects of both sexes, our hero, convinced of man's quote superior unquote intellect, insists on making all decisions in his home. Why in fact, it's all wifey can do to let him think that these decisions are really and truly his own.

Actually, this may well be the crux of the whole thing. Women always have loved little children, standing by to pick them up when they fall down and telling them how well they can do things and how smart they are--fooling no one but the children, or husbands, as the case may be.
