

S A P I A N



AUTUMN

1952



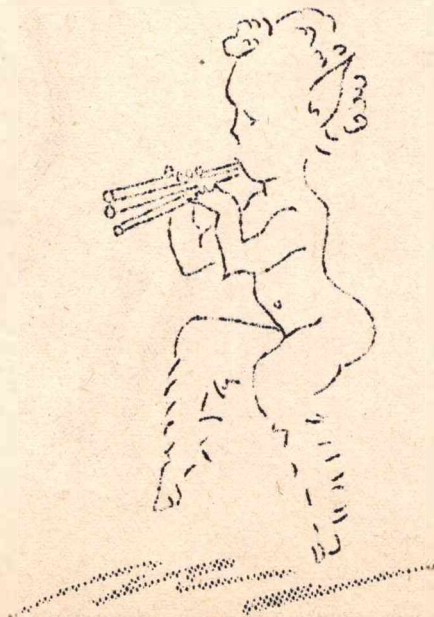
P O E T R Y

Poetry is a rose jar carved of jade;  
Or pale pink feather clouds against dove gray,  
That glisten in the west when sunsets fade;  
Or shimmering willow fronds that gleam and sway  
In golden sunshine on a summer's day.

Poetry is the hushed, white fall of snow  
Gently drifting in a crisp, black night;  
Or spangled silver coins where moonbeams glow  
Through forest branches; or the splendid sight  
Of antlered deer in graceful, slim-legged flight.

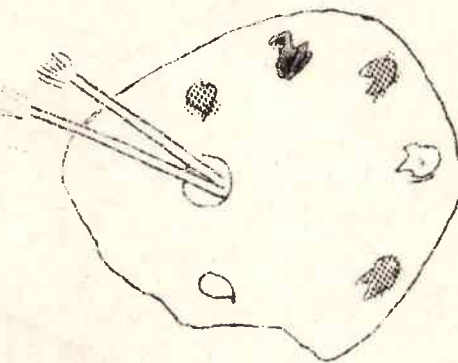
Poetry is the lovely, mingled song  
Of bird notes and a rapid, shallow brook  
Telling sweet stories as it flows along.  
Poetry is a peaceful, fern-lined nook  
Caught in the pages of a printed book.

- Dorothy E. Jacobs  
187 Maple Avenue  
Wallington, N. J.



# FOR ART'S SAKE

By Loretta A. Obermann



Have you often found yourself envying those who are born "to the plush", so to speak? Rarely do we even have the opportunity to look inside the stately mansions of the wealthy. In Milwaukee, however, we are given the rare opportunity of not only seeing the inside of such a home, but making use of it as well.

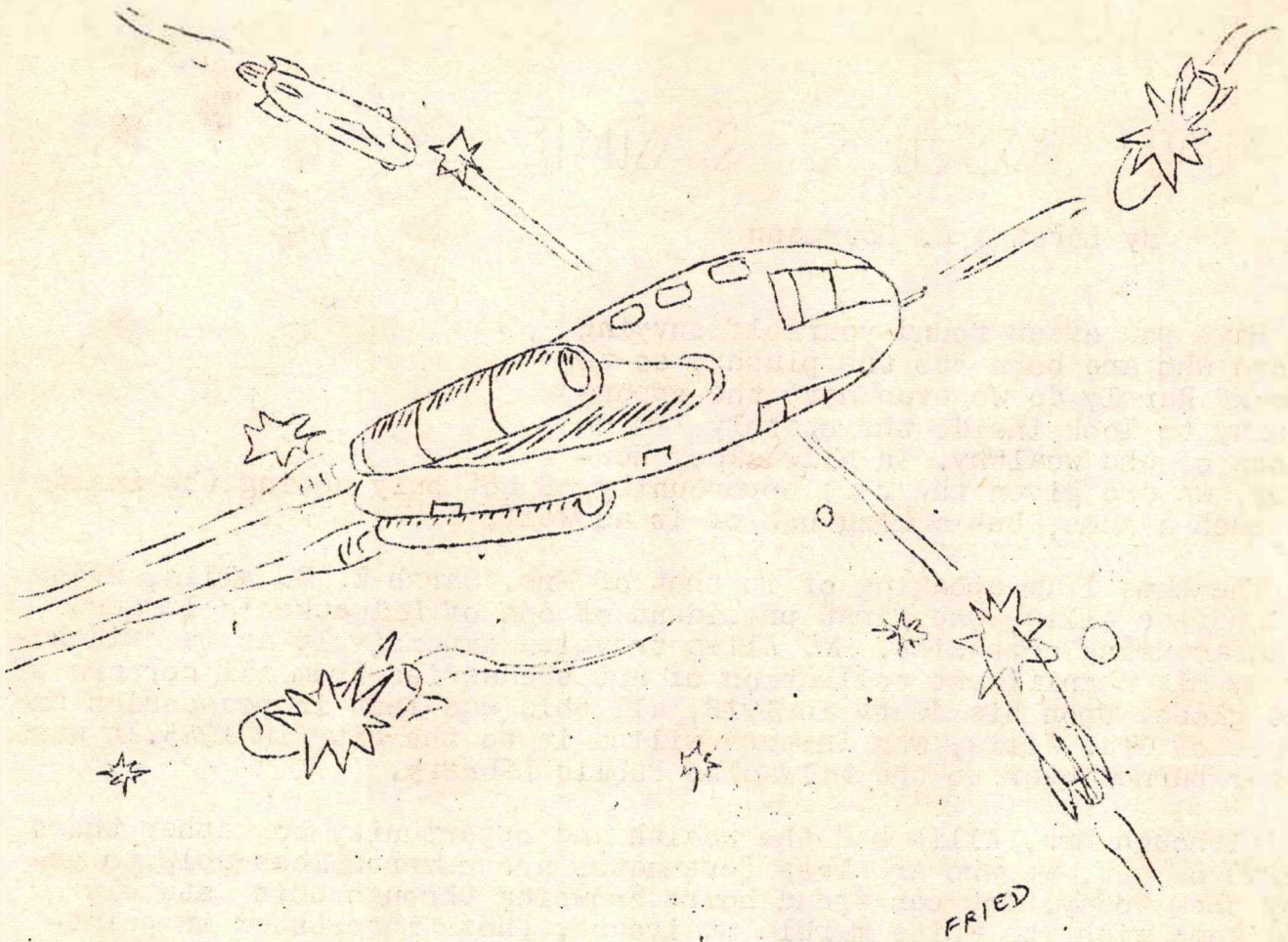
The home I am speaking of is that of Mrs. Sarah E. B. Allis, widow of Charles Allis, the first president of one of Milwaukee's largest manufacturing companies. Mr. Allis traveled extensively as is evidenced by his magnificent collection of art treasures from all corners of the globe. Upon his death in 1918, all this was left in possession and trust of Mrs. Allis, who in turn willed it to the city in 1945. It was later turned over to the Milwaukee Public Library.

Although Mrs. Allis had the wealth and opportunity to gather these works of art, we who are less fortunate, are nevertheless able to enjoy them today. One can spend hours browsing through this stately old home with its white marble staircase. Those interested in paintings find a fine collection by such well known artists as Gainsborough, Rosa Bonheur, Verboeckhoven and many others. On the stairway walls are an antique Ghiordas prayer rug and a Persian, Teheral silk hunting rug.

Other noteworthy items of interest include XVI and XVII Century Italian Bronze statuettes, a boxwood statuette of Mercury by Benvenuto Cellini, famous goldsmith of Florence. There is a statuette also of Egyptian bronze dating from the V Century B.C.; also several Grecian terra cotta statuettes IV Century B.C., a Corinthian pottery crater or wine jar is dated 700 B.C. Then there are some very interesting clocks, some fine hand carvings in ivory and a hand painted vase covered in its entirety with minute faces, almost unbelievable. These are only a few of the many things to see in this great collection. Reference books are also available in the library regarding the authenticity of this collection.

This home, now called the Allis Art Library, is open to the public and it is used for a number of cultural activities. The Milwaukee Music Appreciation Club (of which I am a member) meets there every Tuesday evening and listens to the works of our great masters and composers. A speaker presides at these meetings, giving a brief on the composer's life and also the music to be heard. Incidentally, an excellent sound system has been installed and one feels as though one is actually seated at some great symphony. The lights are lowered as we sit and listen in the Barbizon Room, or living room, with its large marble fireplace, its walls covered with fine paintings by French Masters, its worn green draperies, - and its memories.





THE RUNAWAY MAIL - By Raymond L. Clancy

Roaring into the limitless void, thundering, crashing and blazing,  
Reeling around an asteroid, splitting a comet's tail,  
Pilot dead at controls, there goes the runaway Mail.

Hark! The crackle, the crash and roar as the terrible news is sped  
before.

The radio wave and the blinking light speed the message through  
darkest night.

Stilled is the festive Christmas mirth from the outer orbs to the  
planet Earth.

White-faced men are mounting ships, shooting out of the rocket-  
ships,

Coursing in to the twisted trail of a pilot dead in a runaway  
Mail.

# THE LIMBURGER KID

By Bob Farnham

The Limburger Kid did not care what sort of punishment he meted out to his fellow-men.

Wherever the Kid went he was greeted with scowls as he drew near, and with black looks as he passed by. After he had gone on, no one was in any position to either scowl or give him black looks. As a usual rule, anyone who came within nostril-range of the Kid's breath, passed out, and the only position they could assume was prone.

The cop on the Kid's beat had warned him time after time, and was rapidly approaching the exploding point of his temper. When ever the Kid ate his dinner at home, he had to close all the windows and doors, or face an irate assemblage, made up of his immediate neighbors, who would descend upon his house in an angry flood and compel him to close his windows and doors.

The Kid had often been threatened with violence.

The Kid could not hold a job for long.

He would start work in the morning on a new job, the same as anyone else and would do nicely till lunch time arrived.

Then the fun began.

The Kid would open his lunch box and the aroma that arose would usually cause a riot in the employee's room. More often than not, the Kid and the lunch box both would be given the old heave-ho out the door and he would be fired on the spot as a menace to the safety of others.

One day after such an event had come to pass, the Kid sat on the street curbing and ate his lunch to the accompaniment of jeers and cat-calls from those who had been his fellow workers a moment or two before.

He had finished eating his four sandwiches of Limburger Cheese and onions and was wiping his fingers on his handkerchief when an over-ripe tomato caught him just under his left ear. It splashed and splattered





all over the Kid's neck and ran down inside his collar. The rest of the tomato smeared the whole side of his coat.

The Limburger Kid threw his lunch box through the open window out of which had been thrown the over ripe tomato, and a few seconds later all was silent inside the store. The aroma from the lunch box had acted as a sort of sleeping gas, and all within had succumbed to its overpowering fumes.

From his coat pocket the Kid took a pound slab of the Limburger Cheese, and, munching away at the cheese, he started off down the sidewalk, heading for the street car line where he could board a trolley for his home.

Behind him trailed the scent of the cheese, and mixed with it was the gas-like odor from the Kid's breath.

The Mustard-gas that had been used in World War I would run a poor second to the overpowering fumes the Kid emitted with each exhalation of his breath. Nothing could stand against it.

The Kid walked past a grocery store just as a lady shopper, her arms laden with her purchases, came out of the store.

Then the Kid's breath engulfed her.

She moaned in agony and began to struggle to get air. Her eyes rolled upwards till only the whites showed, and with a shriek of pain and idspair, she slumped against the window and slid to the walk where she lay unconscious, her bundles rolling about upon the sidewalk.

The proprietor who was waiting on another customer, saw her fall, and with the customer, rushed to her assistance. The move was as futile as it was gallant.

They rushed thru the door only to have their senses stunned with the Kid's breath, which hung about the doorway in a thick cloud.

Both closed their eyes and slumped insensible to the walk beside the lady shopper. This had all happened before a policeman across the street, noting the lady fall to the walk, had started to run to her aid. He stopped short when he saw the two men drop too, and going to a nearby fire-alarm box, put in a call for help asking for the pull-motor and gas-masks.

The Limburger Kid, unaware of the furore he had caused, made his way to the crossing and stood waiting for the lights to change.

The Traffic officer's horse, standing patiently at the curb, turned his head and looked at the Kid. The Kid expelled a breath and the poor horse received the full bebenefit. The horse rolled his eyes in deep pain. He whinnied in agony and his legs gave away. He fell into the street, quivered once, and was still in death. The Traffic Officer had his back turned, so the Kid was able to cross the street without bodily harm.

He stopped to buy a paper at the corner stand.

Standing on the curb to wait for the car, the Kid interested himself in the paper, paying no attention to the newsboy, who had fallen across his papers as tho in sleep. The Kid's breath had, indeed, put him to sleep!

The street car arrived, and the Kid, stuffing the paper into his coat pocket, boarded the car and paid his fare. As the Conductor handed the Kid a transfer he asked; "Why did you have to get on my car?"-- and slumped to the floor, unconscious.

The Kid ignored him and made his way through the crowded car to the front platform where he found a seat, and turned again to the paper he had bought.

A few minutes later, the motorman, feeling an urgent need for some fresh air, opened the door and aired out the car.

It didn't help much tho. In less than a block the motorman was again in need of fresh air, but the traffic had thickened and he did not have time to open the door.

Suddenly he dropped to the floor insensible. The car ran on without control for several blocks. As the Kid read his paper he was startled by a feminine shriek of pure agony. A young lady who was about to leave the car, had stepped out from the interior to the front platform. The breath of the Kid had so polluted the air that she fell in a faint. The Kid looked up and saw the motorman and the girl on the floor. He pulled the unconscious motorman away from the controls. Shutting off the power, the Kid applied the air-brake. Inexperienced, he applied the brakes too hard, and the car came to an abrupt, shuddering stop, squarely in the middle of a street car intersection.

The results were calamitous.

Cross-town traffic, taken by surprise by the sudden halting of the heavy street car, directly in its path, piled into the car in a succession of collisions that sounded like a gigantic stick on a gigantic picket-fence.

Shrieks, howls of pain, and terrible cursing filled the air.

The Kid opened the car door and stepped to the street. Behind him, the air in the front of the street car, released to the open, spread about the crossing in a huge cloud, and as it took effect, all became silent.

Picking his way thru the conglomeration of smashed cars and wagons piled up against the car, the Kid stepped to the sidewalk and walked to his home, two blocks distant.

He opened the door with his latch-key, and leaving it open, made his way to the kitchen, where he started the fire under the coffee pot. He took off his coat and hung it on a chair, from which it slipped to lie unnoticed on the floor.

The Kid opened the ice-box, and the smell that came out would have slain a much stronger animal than a horse. He took out a large slab of Limburger Cheese and set it on the table with a jar of sour pick-



les, and a huge onion.

When the coffee had warmed sufficiently, the Kid drew a chair up to the table and proceeded to make up several sandwiches of the cheese, pickle, and onion.

He had read about half of the newspaper and consumed three of the odious sandwiches when he was startled by a terrific din of pounding at the front door.

He hurried to the door to come face to face with a red faced and extremely angry policeman.

The policeman had his night stick in his hand and he fetched the Kid a hard rap upon his head.

"Ye scut! Oi've warned ye time and agin to close your windows and door when ye are after makin that horrible smell! Vot on Earth do ye be a-brewin to make sech a terrible stink? A bit of th' Devil's portion, I'll warrant!

The angry cop turned to go, but at the door he paused to hurl an angry threat at the Kid.

"Now ye mind! - if I do be catchin' ye with this awful stink, and with th' windows open, I'll warn ye no nore! I'll use this!"

The officer patted his holstered revolver.

The angry man sailed thru the door, slamming it behind him.

His brow damp with the sweat of fear, the Limburger Kid chained and locked the door. Then he shut all the windows and pulled down the shades.

The Kid sat in darkness thruout the night, fearing even to make the tiniest light.

The sun was just peeping over the horizon and the Kid had dozed off to sleep when the front door bell came to life in an urgent jangling clamor.

The Kid got stiffly to his feet and went to the door. He saw something white under the door and picked it up. It was a note from the policeman on his beat.

"Ye Spalpeen- git out of this town or I'll shoot ye on sight! I cannot stand that stink o' yours any longer. It's either git a transfer to another beat or go nuts. I can't git the transfer and I'll be dummed if I'll let a stinker like you drive me crazy. I put a train ticket on the mail box. Use it--- or else!"

The Kid opened the door and stepped out upon the stoop to get the ticket out of his mail box.

As he turned to again enter the house, from across the street came a very loud "BANG!" -- and a bullet buried itself in the frame of the door.



The Limburger Kid leaped into the house and slammed the door shut. He was trembling with weakness and fear.

He stuck the ticket in his pocket.

Throughout that day, and far into the night, the Limburger Kid was busily occupied in packing his things and crating his furniture.

He would go to another city and send back for his belongings.

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In the early hours, just as a gray, misty dawn was breaking, the door at the front of the dwelling on South Center Street opened very slowly.

A moment later a white face appeared in the gap between the door and the door frame. The face looked north. Nothing.

The face looked south. Nothing there either.

Cautiously, the figure that was the Limburger Kid emerged and closed the door softly behind him, locking it.

He came down the steps, and after a careful look about him, shuffled wearily south toward the railroad station.

He was never seen again.

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# THE NEXT STEP IN PROGRESSION; UNITY - - - - - by George David Mills

Man lives in a world of his own making. Wail and complain as he may about fate, yet 'tis not fate, 'tis man himself.

True, our earth's environment is the environment provided by fate, but the way man used that environment was for man himself to choose. Perhaps the environment was not entirely ideal for man, yet man could have done a far better job of fitting it to his needs than man has done.

Man is not to be entirely blamed for the way he has handled the task though, man is still in his infancy, he has not the wisdom as yet to handle his environment, intelligently.

Man is still in his infancy, comes the day, providing the poor fool doesn't kill himself first, man shall acquire the wisdom requisite to handle his environment.

I suppose I have no real right to rebuke, I'm another one of the same race. I have just as little knowledge as to how to handle my environment as the next man, perhaps not quite as much.

It might seem that that statement (the last part) is naught more than the purest type of hypocrisy. In a way, it is. Yet, in another, it is the frankest baring of the facts possible.

At times, the greater part of the time, it seems to me that I know far less about how to handle my environment than the average individual. I can withdraw to the side, diagnose the trouble, suggest means of remedy— yes, that is easy to do—



but I lack the initiative to do it—I can only dream.

And what is more useless than to dream? Uh, uh, don't answer that. I can do it for myself.

But in this case I am talking in means of materialism.

To quote a time-worn sentence, but which, nevertheless, is just as true as ever, the first step in true progression toward the ultimate civilization is harmony. To move truly upward and onward, the world's people must unite. Not any one nation, not any one race, not any one continent, not any one hemisphere, but the world.

Not until man can look upon his neighbors without the slightest bit of distrust or suspicion will we be able to truly progress. Far too much of our life is devoted to trying to bend our fellow man to our will. Far too much of our life is devoted to trying to resist our fellow men's attempts to bend us to his will.

As has been said oft before, united we are strong, divided we are the weakest of the weak.

