

## Tin-Roofs

Have you ever slept in a house with a tin roof? Have you heard that delightful pitter patter of the rain drops as they fall on that roof? I have. I also have learned to hate it. The rain drops do not go “pittering patter” on the roof; instead, they go “thump thump thump.” After living for eight years in a house with a tin roof, I have come to the conclusion that the poet did not know how it felt to live in a house with a tin roof. He must have been under the illusion that it was romantic.

Every time I see rain clouds, I shudder and say to myself, “Here comes another sleepless night.” It is far from romantic. The rain comes down in full force and I lie in bed with a frown on my face and the devil’s thought in my mind. I turn to one side and then the other. I try to cover my head to keep from hearing that noise. If I do this long enough, I might smother to death. I get angry and I lie in bed and start thinking about the poet that wrote about that “delightful pitter patter.” I keep wishing he were in my place. A fiendish thought comes into my mind. I imagine that the poet is in the same house with me now. He tries to sleep but the rain thinks otherwise and he doesn’t get a wink of sleep. I tell him all of the horrors of sleeping under a tin roof. He dashes toward the door and runs for his home. I watch him run, I smirk and go back to bed.

Next day I read in the paper of the local poet's new poem. The poem is entitled: "Tin Roofs—Slow Death." I am relieved and I go back to bed.

Romeo Hinojosa—Senior

**Editor's<sup>1</sup> Note:**

**This essay won honorable mention in the 1945-46 Quill and Scroll Literary Contest.**

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<sup>1</sup> This refers to the *Creative Bits* editor.

## Is the Civil War Over?

If you ask this question in New York, Pennsylvania, or any New England state, people will think you are either mad or slightly inebriated. If you ask this question in Alabama, Georgia or one of those states south of the Mason-Dixon line, you had better be prepared for the longest conversation of “you all’s life, suh!”

The character best suited to answer this question is Colonel D. T. Carpenter. The “D” stands for Delilah. He is a true indigo-blooded Southerner from that “North-lovin’, Yank-idolizin’” state of states, Georgia.

After you have convinced the colonel of your citizenship as a Southerner, he will give you an account of the Civil War, Southern version.

He will give you a vivid description of the battle of Bull Run where that Southern general, “Stonewall” Jackson, got his nickname. His description of the second battle of Bull Run will linger in your mind for a long time to come.

Colonel Carpenter, in all fairness, will also tell of the “little” things the North did: unimportant, irrelevant trifles that the North afflicted on the South. Some of these “mere trifles” were: Sherman’s March through Georgia, the Blockade of the Sea, and that unforgettable Manassas Massacre. The Battle of Gettysburg,

and the Battle for Richmond are also included as unimportant things. He keeps relating of the South's famous campaign as the Shenandoah Valley and others.

After you have been exposed to all the accounts of the Civil War, you bid the colonel adieu, and for goodness' sake, don't walk in a northerly direction.

Romeo Hinojosa—Senior

## Radio Advertising—National Nuisance

I despise radio advertisements. I abhor the “drooling” voice of the commercials. They take the pleasure out of the program. Their suave manner of speech and their approach on which their advertisement is based is, to me, very irritating. Here is one example of a good radio program spoiled by commercials.

“Good evening ladies and gentlemen. This is Robert Blah announcing for Sunken Treasure Cigarettes.” The audience is soon ill at ease. They want their favorite comedian to come on the stage. But, no, the announcer keeps boring the audience with his product. The statements they make about their products are very incredible sometimes. For instance, Mr. Blah states that Sunken Treasure Cigarettes are smoked by the leading doctors of the country. They also ask us to believe that their cigarettes are not irritating to the throat. Bash! Any human being knows that cigarettes are harmful and that doctors sometimes advise their patients to stop smoking. As for throat irritation, cigarettes do cause hoarseness of the throat. Somehow the announcer gives way to the comedian and the program takes on a different air. The audience’s morale is lifted one hundred per cent. Suddenly the announcer rears “its” ugly head into the scene and, before he can be stopped, is well on his way announcing his product.

Here is another type of announcer. He is the kind that says a few words at the start of the program and drops out of the scene. When the star of the show comes in, the announcer interrupts him and then uses the star as a tool for his deviltry. This kind of commercial is “strictly taboo.” He “pops in and out” during the entire program but mostly “in.” He takes the zest out of the program. His jokes are probably the same ones that killed vaudeville and he probably has “boosters” in the audience to laugh at his jokes and applaud his commercials. By the time he gets off the air, the audience is cold and the comedians are cold and the announcer has left everything cold.

Romeo Hinojosa—Senior

## So You Want To Be in a School Play

### Introduction:

Scene: This author talking to another school chum who wants to be in a school play:

So you want to be in a school play, hey? My advice to the young aspirants of the stage is: Stay at home and use all of the hours you can for studying. According to my calculations I have lost over two hundred hours in the two productions, “Arsenic and Old Lace,” and “Master Pierre Patelin.” I, before entering any plays, aspired to be in a play—any play. I “had it bad.” I really and truly wanted to act. “Romeo,” I said, “you’ve got the stuff to make the grade. You’re a born actor. Go to it, boy. Here’s your chance.” Chance? Brother! If I had only known the worrying, studying and struggling it takes to put on a play. After each practice I came home feeling like Napoleon must have felt at Waterloo “the last half of the ninth.” Something else that will discourage you in coming out for plays is this: you can’t have dates because you have to practice. Saturdays are off because you, like us, have to work. On Sundays, you have to practice too. Take my advice and don’t be in any productions, because---(Excuse me the telephone is ringing).---

“Hello, yes, it’s Romeo. Hello, Harry! What’s that you say?  
You want me to be in the Senior play? Sure, I’ll be in it. Bye.”  
Well, I guess I “stuck my foot” in it again. John, all I can say is  
once a ham, always a ham.

Romeo Hinojosa—Senior

## The Halloween Pranksters

We called ourselves “The Halloween Pranksters.” The people of our town called us something else; viz., “The Halloween Gangsters.” We didn’t do things that were too bad. We were just mischievous. We changed detour signs and painted everything white.

Sam, our “boss,” directed all of the “raids” and was in charge of all of us. He knew exactly where the best orange orchards were. He knew more about everything than any of us could. Sam was a good leader.

Simon was Sam’s “lieutenant.” He was the best orange thrower “in the business.” He followed Sam’s instructions and always carried them out successfully.

George was next in line. He was the “informer.” George was always seen with his little booklet. He would write notes and later hand them to Sam. George is accredited with the successful raid on Mr. Smith’s apple orchard.

Tim was George’s brother. He was the best “ghost” and jack-o-lantern maker in the club. Tim is remembered for his successful haunting of an old house on Ohio Avenue. He haunted it so successfully that it still is feared by children.

Dan was in charge of the “transportation corps.” He had a pick-up. Every Halloween we would board Dan’s pick-up and “raise cane.”

Though we are grown-ups now, we still remember our Halloween escapades as the feared “Halloween Pranksters.”

Romeo Hinojosa—Senior