

Thanks to my mockups for these descriptive writings from senior year composition class

Junior Home
Bob & I stand
in front of the French doors
to the den. The old Motorola
TV stood
on four
legs.



JUN 58

for the den

Carol McNary
November 18, 1958

Excent when I was nine or ten years old and wanted a bedroom with deer antlers, pine cones, coconuts, and a jungle atmosphere, I never have given much thought to the small wood-paneled room which we call my father's den. At that age merely to look at the redwood and knotty pine walls, the cypress window blinds, or the rough stone fireplace put me in a cabin deep in the tall forests of some far away place. Now, after several years of not being in the den at all, I am again being brought under the quiet magic of this room's spell, and look at it as a place where I can relax and read or just sit and think.

Although it is situated on the main floor of our busy home, no sound louder than the click of typewriter keys ever disturbs the den's quiet, and its decor, a symphony in various shades of soft brown, makes it even more peaceful. The upper half of the walls is paneled with golden knotty pine, the lower half with rich redwood. The ceiling is a checkerboard of dull pink, purple, orange, and tan squares. The ruddiness of these colors is repeated in the rug which covers the floor. A desk, chair, and couch of smooth cherry wood are grouped before the salt and pepper stone fireplace. Leafy ferns and pineapple plants on a stand by the window offer the only contrast to the den's tawny colors; but even so, they contribute to the calm, woodsy feel of the room, by giving it a warm, mossy odor which makes it even easier to lose oneself deep in a forest glen.



JAN 59

Carol's room
with the "stage"
created when the
main floor was
lowered and high
floor remained
above front
porch. The
Maple rail
was made
from a big
old tree that
grew beside
the current
driveway.

Radiophonograph
view South
Flute music