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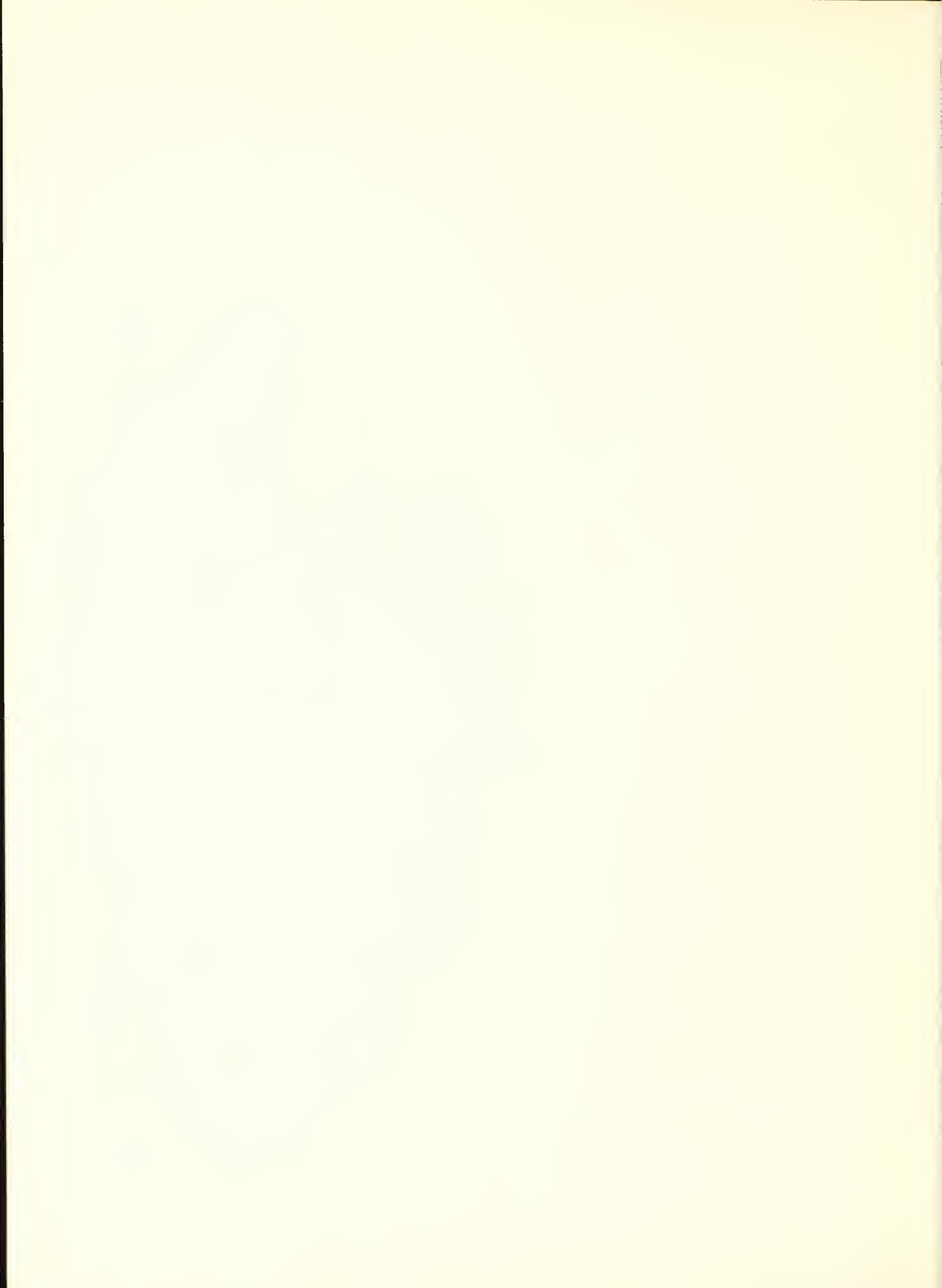






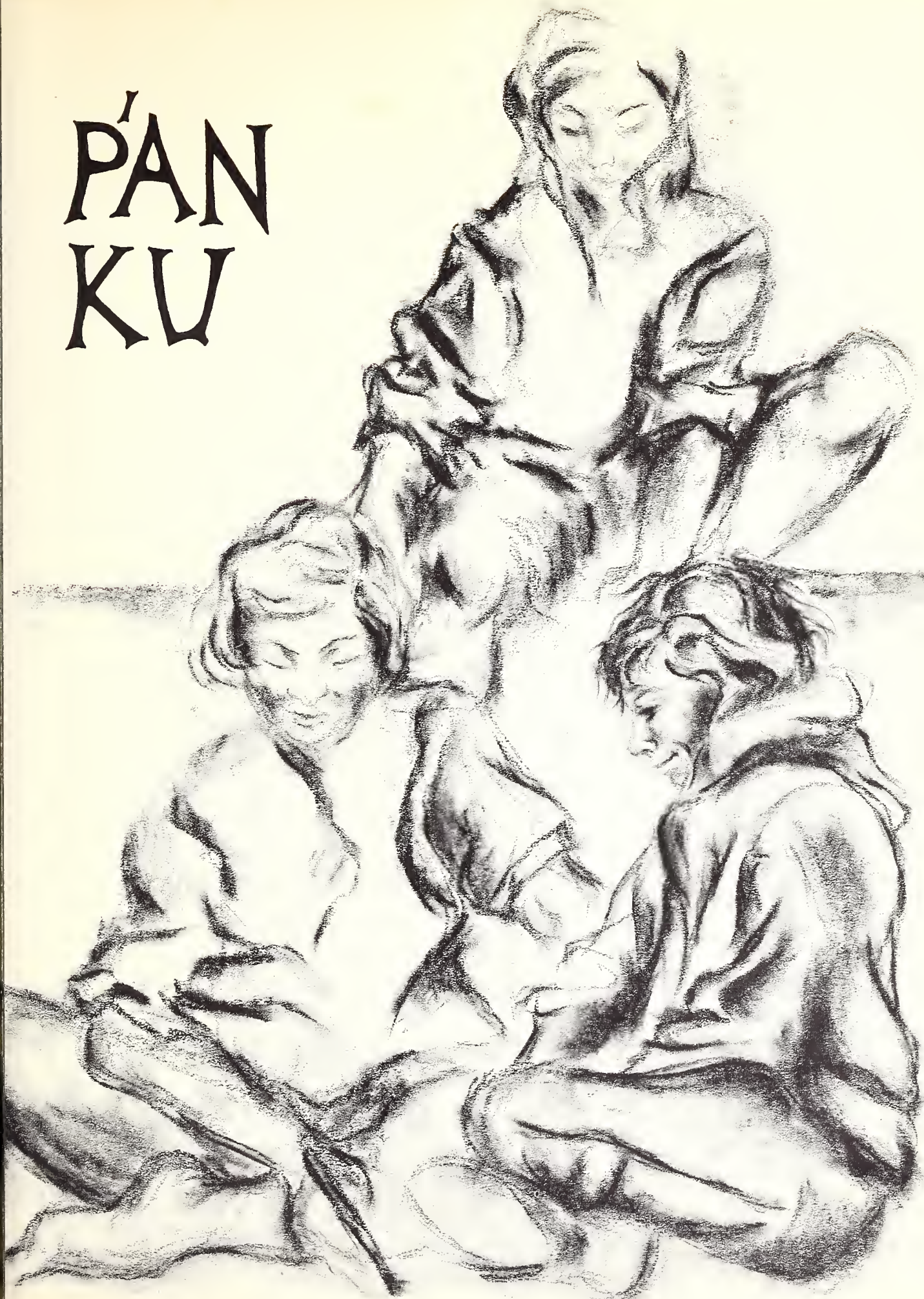
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# PAN KU



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### ***Editor's Note:***

P'an Ku was the ancient Chinese, mythological God of Creation. The Chinese believed that a person endowed with artistic creativity had been possessed by the radiating powers of P'an Ku.

THE EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

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We wish to express our sincere appreciation for the aid extended by Dr. E. P. Lauderdale, Dean of Instruction, and Dr. H. M. Ledbetter, Chairman of the Division of Humanities.

*Sept. 1965*

# Table of Contents

	PAGE		PAGE
HODIE, HODIE		HAIKU	
Richard North .....	5	Paul Plummer .....	27
Drawing by Sharon Frost			
POEM		HAIKU	
April Robinson .....	7	Marjorie DeRose .....	27
WINTER FLOWER		HAIKU	
Betty Borland .....	7	Sharon J. Abers .....	27
Drawing by Ande Kormanyos		Drawing by Ande Kormanyos	
COLORADO SPRING		PICKING THINGS UP AND PUTTING	
Virginia Krochmalny .....	7	THEM DOWN	
Drawing by Ande Kormanyos		Tim Inserra .....	28
DITTO		TOM TOMS IN APOGEE	
Helen Schermerhorn .....	8	Roy Yater .....	29
Drawing by Joanita Taormina		Drawing by Joanita Taormina	
I AM NOT AFRAID OF THE DARK		I CALLED HER EVE	
Helen Anne Easterly .....	10	Andy Mazur .....	31
Drawing by Sharon Frost		Drawing by Gary DuFresne	
SHE AND I		FEAR	
Jean Clark .....	13	Marty Roland .....	33
Drawing by Joanita Taormina		Drawing by Joanita Taormina	
EDUCATION IN GREAT BRITAIN		FRANCE, LAND OF LOVE	
Chester Handleman .....	14	Thomas Tumlin .....	35
Drawing by Gary DuFresne		Drawing by Gary DuFresne	
SKETCHES FROM OLD CHICAGO		POEM	
Tom Tohtz .....	16	Roland Balsera .....	36
Drawing by Gary DuFresne		THE STRANGER .....	36
MARCH MOMENTOS		THE UNLOCKED KITE	
Will Kern .....	18	Jean Ellen Magers .....	36
Drawing by Gary DuFresne		BAT FLIGHT	
THE YEARS GROW OLDER		Nelda Grove .....	36
H. Crews .....	19	ENVOI .....	37
Drawing by Joanita Taormina		PREMONITION	
MUSCATEL AND CAVIAR		Jim Robinson .....	37
Gary Hogle .....	21	THOREAU	
Drawing by Linda De Mauro		Michael .....	37
Drawing by Joanita Taormina		Drawing by Joanita Taormina	
MY ATTIC STUDIO		ONE "MOVING" EXPERIENCE	
Will Kern .....	24	Doctor Homer M. Ledbetter .....	38
Drawing by Will Kern		IDYLL BY THE SEA	
FOLLOW THE FOLLOWER		David Factor .....	39
R. Dietrich .....	25	Drawing by Ande Kormanyos	
Drawings by Gary DuFresne			
"ME"			
Daniel Davidson .....	26		
Drawing by Pam Smith			

TABLE OF CONTENTS – Continued

	PAGE		PAGE
SONETO: A CRISTO CRUCIFICADO		"TO WAR"	
Translation; SONNET: TO CHRIST CRUCIFIED		Greg Hoisington .....	45
John Pawlowski .....	40	THE COLOURS!	
Drawing by Barbara Brent		Roger Davis .....	45
VISIBILITY INFINITY		Drawing by Ande Kormanyos	
Joel Martin .....	42	LITTLE PEOPLE	
STATEMENT OF PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION		John Schaefer	
John Carter Weldon .....	43	Drawing by Gary DuFresne	
IN A HUNDRED MILLION SOULS, OR MORE		CONFRONTATION	
Bob Howell .....	45	Willard Kempton .....	47
POEM		LONELINESS	
B. Dromgool .....	45	John Leatherwood .....	48
		COVER BY PAM SMITH	





## HODIE, HODIE

by RICHARD NORTH

Brother Anselm took one look out the window and shivered. Snow was falling, covering the barren earth in a cold, white blanket. He groaned and slid further into the warmth of his bed, the steady ticking of an ancient clock lulling him back to sleep.

"Fifteen until the hour of six!" called out the executor. "Rise, brothers, and to the chapel! Praise God the Lord!"

The clinking of beads and the rustling of a robe came down the hall. Padding footsteps now stopped at each door. First, three sharp knocks, one moment of silence, then a voice, cracked with age: "*Laudetur Jesus Christus!*"

"*Salvator Mundi,*" was the sleepy reply, followed by the creaking of bedsprings.

Brother Anselm smiled to himself. He would fix him good. Let's see, what was that word the Rector told the young frater not to say again? The footsteps came closer. It began with an "s," but what was it? Too late. He was outside his door.

Three sharp knocks, one moment of silence, then: "*Laudetur Jesus Christus!*"

"*Salvator Mundi,* damnit!"

He covered his mouth to stop a gaffaw when he heard a horrified gasp.

That was Brother Timothy, and knowing Brother Timothy, he would go right to the Rector's office after refectory. Brother Anselm said what? Surely, Brother Timothy, you are mistaken. If there is anyone in the Monastery closer to God than the venerable Brother Anselm, I have yet to meet him. And Brother Timothy would have to stand there, listening while the Rector praised Brother Anselm to the skies, his face growing redder, and dropping hints here and there that if the Rector looked hard enough, there was someone in the Monastery closer to God than Brother Anselm.

He got up, as he had for these past years, and put on the black robe and white scapular. Fumbling around in the darkness of his cell, he ran his hands over the rough surface of his desk. Beside a small statue were his glasses and a wide black belt. Hanging from a hook on the wall beside the desk was a long rosary with enormous black beads and a silver crucifix. As he suspended

the beads from his belt, the bell sounded, clanging the fifty-odd members of the Community to chapel. Yawning as he went out into the hall, he folded his hands, eyes on the floor, and joined this river of black and white.

"*Pax Christi,* Brother Anselm," whispered the man beside him.

"*Pax Christi,* Brother Philip."

"I see that you're not limping as badly as you were yesterday."

"Yes, I am much better. Thank you for noticing."

"Nothing serious, I hope."

"No," he smiled. "It is the prerogative of us oldsters to have aching joints. Mine just ache more than usual, that's all. They say that . . ."

"*Silentium!*" called out the Rector.

Silence. The only sound was the steady, cadenced shuffling of saddled feet on the hard floor. Around a corner, an oversized painting of Martin the Fifth, who had given the Congregation of Divine Mercy their credentials, glowered down on them. Brother Anselm glanced up at another painting, this one being of their founder.

The old sour-chops. Just because you liked to get up at an ungodly hour doesn't mean everyone has to. You probably had a gravel-pit voice, so now we have to keep quiet most of the day. It was decent of you to let our priests go out and preach, but what about . . . oh well, you knew what you were doing.

As the first two turned down the main hall leading to the chapel, the words of Calvary were intoned. "*In manus tuas, Domine. . . .*"

The rest of the Community took up the chant. "*Comendo spiritu meum. . . .*"

Entering the chapel, Brother Anselm shut his eyes tight, then opened them again. It seemed like ages ago when the sudden glare didn't bother him, but now it did. It seemed like ages ago when his voice could be heard above the whole Community; now you could barely hear it at all. *In manus tuas, Domine.*

In back of the high altar, a statue of the Grieving Madonna, shedding plaster tears, watched as her sons filed two by two down the main aisle and into their places. John, called the Beloved Disciple, supported her, his eyes fixed on the figure of the Christus, while the Magdelene knelt at the foot of the Cross, her face buried in her hands.

As he got to his place, Brother Anselm gave the mountainous paunch of Father Joseph a resounding slap. "Hi, fatso," he murmured. The Rector smiled, the others shook in silent laughter — Brother Timothy gasped.

He knew what they were thinking. Wasn't that cute? Our dear Brother Anselm was having fun. Such a fine old man; so kind and thoughtful, generous to a fault, and at his age, it was natural that he forget things now and then. But what an example for the younger ones! If any man in the Community possesses all the degrees of humility, it was Brother Anselm. Not even the slightest oath has been heard to pass his lips. What was that word the Rector told the young frater not to say again?

Morning Office began. The chanting was horrid, but on dry mouths and empty stomachs, what else could it be? Across from the chapel doors, the refectory kitchen sent odorous clouds of coffee, bacon and eggs, and fresh buns floating into the nostrils of the Community, playing

havoc with their minds. Brother Anselm sniffed the air, turned toward the back, stopped and took a long, loud breath, smacking his lips. The Rector smiled, the others shook in silent laughter — Brother Timothy gasped.

He's at it again. If the founder could have seen this, he would have given him twenty lashes and ten days on bread and water. But what would they do without Brother Anselm to keep the smiles on their faces? Ask the few who have been here as long as he has, and they'll keep you entertained for hours with stories of his pranks. He was always like this . . . take the time when he first came here. He had leaned out the window to water-bomb Brother Martin, only to hit the Rector-General dead center on his bald head. "Whata you doing?" the old man had glubbed. Somebody started laughing, and pretty soon, even the Rector-General joined in. Young Brother Timothy thought the whole thing was undignified, not the least bit in keeping with the "spirit" of the Monastery.

To see him at private prayer, though, would bring tears to your eyes. Such piety, such devotion, such a marvelous grasp of the art of contemplation. Hadn't the Rector showed him off to Cardinal Grazini, when he visited here from Rome? Hadn't the Cardinal given his permission for Brother Anselm to say his Compline in the privacy of his cell? This was a great honor for the Community. And Brother Anselm had put on quite a show. All meekness and humility, with the right amount of

human interest thrown in, had edified the Cardinal, and left both the Rector and the Provincial beaming. It occurred to him late that maybe he had missed his calling; maybe he should have gone on the stage.

The Community had one eye on their chant books, and one eye on Brother Anselm, waiting to see what he would do next. One of the monks across from him frowned. What was the matter with Brother Anselm? He stared out into space as though there were nobody near him. Why was he weeping?

"Brother Anselm," said the voice of the Lord within him, "you fool everyone but Me."

"I know, Lord," he answered. No one knows that I bleed your wounds."

"Why do you have your hands covered?"

"I feel the pain and the blood."

"Do you wish Me to stop them?"

"You will, in Your time."

"You answered the way I knew you would. Well done."

The words, *servatus sum*, formed on the old man's lips.

"Brother Anselm, put down your book."

"Yes, Lord."

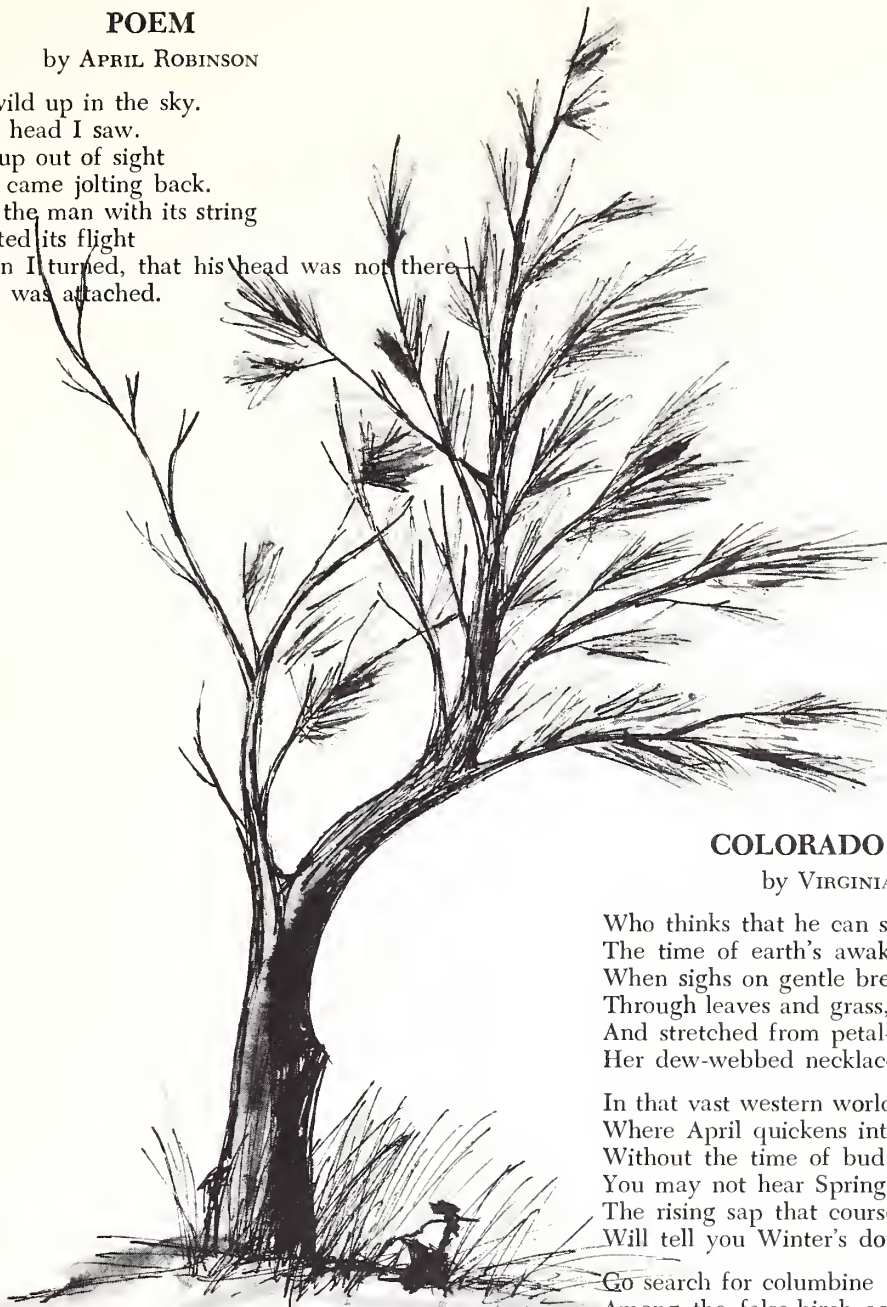
"Hold out your hands," commanded the voice of the Lord. "HOLD OUT YOUR HANDS!"



## POEM

by APRIL ROBINSON

A kite soared wild up in the sky.  
It looked like a head I saw.  
It tried to rise up out of sight  
But each time, came jolting back.  
I turned to ask the man with its string  
Why he restricted its flight  
But I saw when I turned, that his head was not there—  
Only the string was attached.



## WINTER FLOWER

by BETTY BORLAND

A Springtime bud I hold inside  
And Summer's glare is lost on her,  
But comes the wind that raises flesh  
And pulls the chord to open her;  
And crispy leaves excite her more  
When sailing round to find their rest,  
And then the laugh of Fireside's glow  
At Frosty Panes makes her yield last—  
So warmth that stored when piercing heat  
Was master of the wide outdoors  
Wells up in this, my winter flower,  
And blossoms into love.

## COLORADO SPRING

by VIRGINIA KROCHMALNY

Who thinks that he can scorn  
The time of earth's awakening,  
When sighs on gentle breezes, born  
Through leaves and grass, the song have sung  
And stretched from petal-cups and tiny bells,  
Her dew-webbed necklace hung?

In that vast western world,  
Where April quickens into May  
Without the time of bud unfurled,  
You may not hear Spring softly come;  
The rising sap that courses every limb  
Will tell you Winter's done.

Go search for columbine  
Among the false-birch aspen grove,  
And ever upward as you climb,  
Gather phlox and lupine there—  
The golden aspen and the scented bloom  
That lofty mountains wear.

Such hard-won, steep ascent  
Soon dulls the aching emptiness,  
As weariness, from passions spent,  
Soon dulls desire's hot, plunging sword;  
There's sweetness of discovery there,  
Of mead and brook, of mind explored.

Descending slower still,  
Scatter all your blossoms; fling  
Them earthward o'er the hill  
As though they were the thoughts you leave.  
There's no one you would show them to;  
There's no one to receive.

## DITTO

by HELEN SCHERMERHORN

Miss Rangulian had liked the machine from the first, once she got over being frightened of it. She had never seen such an awesome thing before coming to the city. It actually made copies of things. Miss Jarrett explained it to her the first day, how a copy of something was typewritten on a special paper and put into the machine. That would be Miss Rangulian's job, to put the special paper called a ditto sheet into the machine and lock it in place and run off copies. "Run off copies" sounded not at all like ordinary language; the words held mystery. Miss Rangulian was grateful that Cousin Roy had gotten her a job of such importance after Daddy died. It was fun to run the machine. It was brand new and shiny and very precise. The same error would come out on hundreds of copies, if Miss Rangulian wasn't careful. First she inserted the ditto sheet into the machine, adjusting it with utmost care. She pushed all the right buttons. The machine talked to itself briefly and began spitting forth exact copies in rapid succession. Miss Rangulian made sure that the machine would not choke on the copies, and that it had enough paper. If she let it run out of paper, it cheved like a whiney small child until she gave it more. In the beginning she was only allowed to feed it paper as she made copies; after several weeks she was allowed to replenish its ink supply. She tried to take very good care of it.

Before she left for home in the late afternoon, Miss Rangulian dusted the machine carefully and covered it with its plastic cover. She patted it for good measure. It worked so well and could always be depended on. It looked very neat and nice sitting regally with its cover on, in the corner behind the filing cabinets. All around it were unopened stacks of copy paper in fitted blue wrappings. It was a very good machine. Each day she left it with reluctance.

Being at home was not as nice as being at the office, even though she could wear her new pink high heels with the pompoms on them and make clicking noises as she walked across the kitchen linoleum just like the young secretaries in the office did. It was not as much fun to bustle about the kitchen making toast and talking to the cat as it would be to click abruptly about the office talking diets and boyfriends and business letters. Miss Rangulian's sensible work shoes did not click on the green

office tile, even when she stomped them, and she had no boyfriends to talk about. Daddy had disliked boyfriends as much as he had disliked high heeled shoes, so Miss Rangulian stayed home and padded softly about his bed in her derge heels, bringing him his medicine and adjusting the curtains so that only a faint yellowness came in through the south window across from the bed. Now, of course, he was dead, and with her second pay check she timidly purchased the pink slippers and a daringly filmy pink negligee to match.

There was no one at home to listen to, as there was in the office. As Miss Rangulian shuffled and stacked papers on the work table in her corner behind the filing cabinets she listened eagerly; sometimes the snatches of gossip were wonderful. She felt like a child listening to grownups discuss important secret things. At home in her little apartment the cat never said anything worth listening to. She didn't really mind that, for the cat was only meant to look at and behaved quite well. Occasionally it purred. It was orange striped and long, with a thin tail. On Sundays she held it on her lap being careful not to let its claws snag her negligee, while she listened to "Bible Study of the Air"; the rest of the week she scratched its ears sparingly and smiled at it as she fed it Puss'n Boots. It became disagreeable unless she fussed over it, but show of affection made her nervous.

When her arthritis kept her up and she sat watching all the late shows with her hot tea next to her on the imitation marble top of the coffee table by the sofa the kissing and embracing of the actors upset her. She had to take stomach pills with her tea then, and did not pet the cat for so long afterwards that it was snappish. She had never kissed or hugged anyone, not even Daddy, since she had been a very little girl. Daddy hadn't liked being kissed; it disgusted him. And of course Daddy was right; it *was* disgusting. She specially looked forward to work days after watching late movies; seeing the machine made everything all right again. The machine perked up in the morning when she lifted its cover off; it liked her. All the while as it spit out copy after copy it made comforting noises.

Miss Rangulian wrote Cousin Roy every year at Christmas about the office and her job, and how well Miss Jarrett said she was doing, and about what fine copies the machine made. Cousin Roy sent her fifty dollars every Christmas and she saved it. She had two hundred and fifty dollars in five Christmas cards now, in the big, spare tea pot with the rest of her paycheck savings. She had been given a bonus for always being on time, but she didn't feel that she deserved it. She looked forward to every work day so much that she was usually early.

The machine's green paint had begun to be scratched in places. She couldn't polish it to its earlier splendor. She spoke to Miss Jarrett who said it needed a complete checkup and oiling. It came back painted a new, healthy shade of green, but its former spirit was still gone. It had a ravenous appetite for paper, but its copies were wrinkled sometimes, and smeared. One morning she counted the neatly wrapped stocks of paper and found one missing. The machine was like a naughty child with a secret all day. She discovered that Miss Jarrett had run off copies before she came in. And on *her* machine.

"K'thunk," the machine said "K'thunk." It was pleased with itself.

After that it began to behave quite badly and the

copies came out wrinkled, smeared and dogeared. Miss Rangulian was puzzled. She tried to remember what she had done to warrant its bad temper. Miss Jarrett complained about the copies and came to demonstrate proper handling of the machine. Under Miss Jarrett's hands the machine purred forth perfect copies and sneered at Miss Rangulian behind Miss Jarrett's back. "K'thunk," it added, when Miss Jarrett was out of hearing. Miss Rangulian worried over her tea.

In a week the machine had completely ruined Miss Rangulian's previously spotless record. It flung out mangled copies so fast that Miss Rangulian was hard put to keep them stacked and in order. They shot out of the machine, over the paper guard, onto the work table and down to the floor, as if they had their own propulsion. The machine skipped sheets, too, and ate up its paper disgracefully. When paper ran out it chewed rudely until she brought more, and hissed at her when no one was looking. Miss Rangulian cried for an hour in the ladies room. She began to unplug the machine as punishment; its growling could be heard all over the office. Dreadful.

The next day Miss Jarrett invited her to lunch. They went down to the cafeteria together, leaving the machine to sulk unplugged. Miss Rangulian did not enjoy her toast and tea; Miss Jarrett asked her to leave her job. Her

copies had been progressively worse for weeks, smudged and torn and not at all acceptable. Miss Rangulian explained about the machine, but Miss Jarrett only studied her red nails and looked about as though she were expecting someone.

"Really," Miss Jarrett said, "the machine works perfectly for me. Purrs like a kitten."

The machine sneered at her frightfully when she returned, and suddenly she knew why. It was tired of her. It preferred pretty young Miss Jarrett to push its buttons and fuss with it. She felt betrayed. She had taken such good care of it for so long. She prepared to run off last copies. Finally the machine snorted and began to swallow paper. "K'thunk, k'thunk, k'thunk." It spit out copies faster and faster. Miss Rangulian tried to put them in neat piles, but more and more kept coming at her. She tried to keep track of the paper count and stack at the same time, but copies leaped out past the paper guard as if they had been launched. The machine streaked the copies and wrinkled them horribly and threw them in her face. "K'thunk, k'thunk, k'thunk."

"Stop! Oh, don't!" She screamed like a small cornered rabbit. She sank to the floor, then, with white sheets of paper falling all about her like immense cold snowflakes.





## I AM NOT AFRAID OF THE DARK

by HELEN ANNE EASTERLY

They are trying now to make me go swimming with the other girls, but I won't go swimming. It is too cold. My suit is too damp. I am not sure why I came to this camp anyway, but I know that if my mother knew they made me go swimming in the cold, she would come after me. They have been trying to make me go swimming every single day since I came. Some days I will go, but today it is too cold. Maybe if I wait a long time and it is too late to get dressed that counsellor will yell at me or hit me, and then I can fight back. I'll show them they can't make me do anything, because I'm not afraid.

Every night they try to make me take a shower before I go to bed. I have a shower every day after swimming. Everybody always has to take a shower after we swim in the lake. One shower is enough for one day. It is cold in the shower, especially at night. Last night when we all lined up at the shower house, I got at the end of the line because I thought maybe I wouldn't have to take a shower if I was last. But after everybody else was in the shower the counsellor made me go in with two other girls and take a shower anyway. It was kind of dark in there. The walls are made out of grey cinderblocks, cold and wet. There is no roof on the showerhouse and the sky shows dark and cold. I can see the trees around. I stand there in the shower and look at the walls and think, if they were not so cold and wet I bet I could climb out, because the walls are not high. Those other two girls are splashing water on each other and giggling. They are silly. Now they stop and look at me and splash water on me. They are talking about me, too: Morgan is afraid to get wet, she is afraid she will drown in the shower. I know I cannot get over the wall because it is slippery, so

I run away from the shower and bump into the wall hard. I cut my forehead a little bit and skinned my shoulder. The counsellor said she would take me to the infirmary to get some bandaids, and I didn't even have to take a shower first. Then on the way to the infirmary she said I could wait and take a shower in the morning instead. I didn't want to go back to the tent with bandaids on and have to lie there all night and think about getting up in the morning and having to take a shower all over again. So I put my soap down in the dust and sat down in the middle of the road, and I would not get up. The counsellor tried to pick me up and carry me to the infirmary; but she could not even lift me, because I was sitting down too hard. So she went away down the road and left me sitting there. She thought I would be afraid when she went away and run and catch up with her, but I didn't. I am not afraid of the dark.

Every morning there is a flag ceremony, and everybody has to put on their camp uniform and go down by the lake and salute the flag. It is even colder when I get up than when I go to bed. I don't feel like saluting the flag so early. I'd like to know who made that rule anyway. One morning I put on my uniform and started to go out of the tent, but it was so cold out there that I went back and put on my pink windbreaker. The counsellor said, "It isn't cold and nobody else thinks they have to wear a jacket, and the pink doesn't match your green shorts and orange tie, and that jacket is dirty. Why should you be out of uniform and look different from everybody else? Besides, it is not the Girl Scout Way." After that they never would let me wear the jacket unless it was so cold out that even the counsellors wanted to wear jackets. They said, "This is the South and you don't need a jacket because it isn't a bit cold here in the summer." Well, it may not supposed to be cold in North Carolina,

but some mornings I feel cold. I bet my mother would make them let me wear a jacket if she was here.

One time we camped out all night, and we didn't even have to take showers. And the next morning we didn't have to salute the flag, because we didn't bring it with us. It's even colder sleeping out in the clearing than it is in the tents. It was dark out by the time we went to bed, but there were lots of stars. We rolled up in sleeping bags on the ground. My sleeping bag is better than anyone else's because my mother is manager of the Girl Scout Department. My mother is a good manager. She brought me the sleeping bag. My father sent me a flashlight because I was coming to camp and I might need it in the dark. It is red and it uses four great big batteries. I set it on the ground by my sleeping bag in case I needed to go to the latrine. The clearing didn't seem very big even in the dark, with all those sleeping bags spread around. The woods were not very far away. A long time after all the others were asleep, I was still awake. There were little animals like frogs and bugs making noises in the woods. After a long time I heard another animal in the woods. It cried. It sounds sharp and dark, it sounds like it is cold.

Every night after supper we all walk in line down through the woods to the rec hall. We go there to play games and things. I like the woods. I do not like games. One night the game was about being Dutchmen in Holland. They danced around in circles and sang a silly song. None of those girls have ever been in Holland. It bothered me to hear them sing that, and they looked stupid dancing round and round. So when nobody was looking I went and sat down in the corner to think. I liked it there. It was dark and dusty on the floor. But pretty soon the counsellor came and sat down on the floor beside me. She pretended that she was watching the other girls play that dumb game, but I knew she was watching me. When she asked me why I stopped playing, I told her because it wasn't true: they did not know about being Dutchmen in Holland. She asked, "Have you ever been in Holland, Morgan?" She tried to sound like she really wanted to know. But I hadn't. Then she said, "But don't you like to pretend?" I said "No, because it never is real. I have tried." If my mother knew they were making me play silly games that are not real, she would put her arms around me and say, "You do not have to play these games. Come home with me."

Every day I get a letter from my mother with the comics in it that she cuts out of the paper, but she never says anything about coming after me. It is only thirty miles home from here. I think maybe they are not mailing all my letters, because last time I wrote I asked if she would come and get me before camp is over. I wrote to her about eight times and asked her to come. But maybe she has not had enough time to get the letters yet.

One day I was trying to write a letter to my mother, and one of the girls in my tent brought all the other girls from the Gypsy unit in. They all lined up around my bed. They just stood there, looking at my things. Finally Ramona wrinkled up her face and said, "See, it's always like this; she never keeps it neat and she looks like a pig herself too." Then they all marched around my bed and pointed at my things and sang, "Morgan is a messy pig, Morgan is a messy pig." Then all of a sudden everybody got real quiet and the counsellor came in. She frowned and look at all of them for a minute and then said in a

quiet voice, "Girls, go back to your tents and be quiet for half an hour, please! I will tell you when you may come out." After that she helped me straighten up my things, but as soon as she left I put them all back like they were before. Because if I kept everything neat, they would be able to find my stamps, and then I couldn't write to my mother anymore.

That night I decided to scare the counsellor. I hid in an empty tent in the dark. When she came up the path I jumped out of the tent in front of her. I did not say anything. I kept very quiet, and she did not know I was there until I jumped. She was really scared. She yelled at me, "If you ever do that again. . . ." She stood there for a minute and looked at me, and then she put her arm around me and asked if I would like to see inside the counsellor tent. She let me sit on her footlocker and talk to her while the other girls were getting ready for bed. I could hear them talking in the next tent while they put on their pajamas: "Boy, Morgan sure did scare the counsellor. . . . Morgan isn't afraid of the dark, she hid all alone in that tent. . . . she must be crazy, 'cause it's scary in a dark tent." Those girls talk all the time. The counsellor said she would tell me a story, but I asked her if it was true. She said, Maybe, so I said I didn't want to hear it unless it was true. Then the counsellor said, why didn't I tell her a story? I said I didn't know any stories, and she didn't say anything else for a while. After a while she said, Morgan is a very pretty name for a girl, and isn't it unusual? So I told her: I am named after two of my grandfathers' names, because my mother thought I was going to be a boy, but I wasn't. My name is Morgan Smythe Williams. I am not afraid of the dark.

The best part of camp is crafts. We do it every afternoon. I can work faster than any of the other girls. I make better things than anyone. We make clay animals and wooden boxes and dolls out of straw. The counsellor says things to me like, Morgan, your hands are quick and graceful. I made a little girl out of straw that looked just like the counsellor. But that night when we were cooking stew I dropped it into the fire. The feet caught fire real quick and then the hands and then the stomach. Its head burned last of all. The straws turned crinkly and then black. Finally they crumbled up and you couldn't tell anymore which ashes belong to the doll and which were from the logs.

Another night when we had a campfire, we toasted marshmallows. The fire was warm and pretty with sparks floating up in the sky, and I wanted to dance around the fire. The counsellor wouldn't let me do it. She said, Morgan, if you dance around the fire the other girls will want to dance around it too; we know that you won't fall in, but some of the other girls might try it too and we don't want them to get burned, do we? I knew that if I went ahead and did it they would make me stop anyway, so I sat down and threw my marshmallows into the fire. It was cold outside that night, but the fire was very warm. There was another fire once. It was dark out, and the fire was much bigger than a campfire. My mother called the fire engines, but they came too late. Everything was already burned up, even my brother. My mother was crying, but when she saw me crying too she turned around and yelled at me. Her hair looked so funny, all frowsy against the flames, and I couldn't see her face at all. She waved her hands and screamed at me, Don't you cry, don't make so much noise, there's nothing for



*you* to be afraid of. Some of the sparks even got into her hair, but she didn't burn up. A fireman put them out. She kept saying, If only Thomas had been here. Thomas is my father. The fire made a warm, loud noise. The sparks flew up against the dark. I was not afraid at all.

If I was a witch doctor I would sit beside the fire in a straw house, and all day I would think stories about people. Every story I thought would really come true. If I wanted somebody's station wagon to smash into a tree, there would be a tree in the middle of Hampton Avenue. If I wanted nobody in the world to have curly hair but me, it would be true. If I thought, Everybody is hungry and all their houses are burning, they all run down to the ocean and cry because there aren't any fish. If blue was my favorite color I would think hard about blue, and all the people on our street would be blue. And if I wanted somebody to die.

Today at lunch we drew numbers to see who would clean up afterwards, and the number I drew was to sweep around the table. I didn't want to do it because I had to wait until all the other jobs were finished first. So I started to leave without doing it. The counsellor said Stop, but I ran out the door quick before she could catch me. I ran down the hill towards the woods. At first I didn't think anyone was following me. I sat down on a log as soon as I got into the woods. I sat there and thought, but then I heard them coming. I ran again,

down the long hill to the woods, faster than they could run. I thought if I went far enough into the woods they would not find me. I run and run, and they cannot catch me. The woods are dark green and the ground is wet and scrushy. The trees go fast by me. I run so fast, it is like a merry-go-round, only it is real and I am running with my own feet. I thought it would be dark down here in the woods, but the sun shines down through the trees. I run so fast, I can't breathe anymore. I thought I would be farther away by now, but they are catching up. Bobby-the-handy-boy is waiting for me ahead, and all the counsellors are coming behind me. Then they are all around me, every single counsellor, and I stumble on the soft ground and fall down. I can't get up. I can't get up because I can't breathe anymore. I am tired. I lie still in the weeds and wait, and I can't stop crying even though I am not scared. Then Bobby picks me up and carries me back up the hill to the dining room.

The counsellor was crying too, and saying the same things over and over again, like, I was afraid she'd hurt herself; she could have run into a tree or fallen over a cliff. The swamp is wet and cold, and she might have gotten lost. Oh, I hated to chase her, but I kept thinking she'd hurt herself. . . .

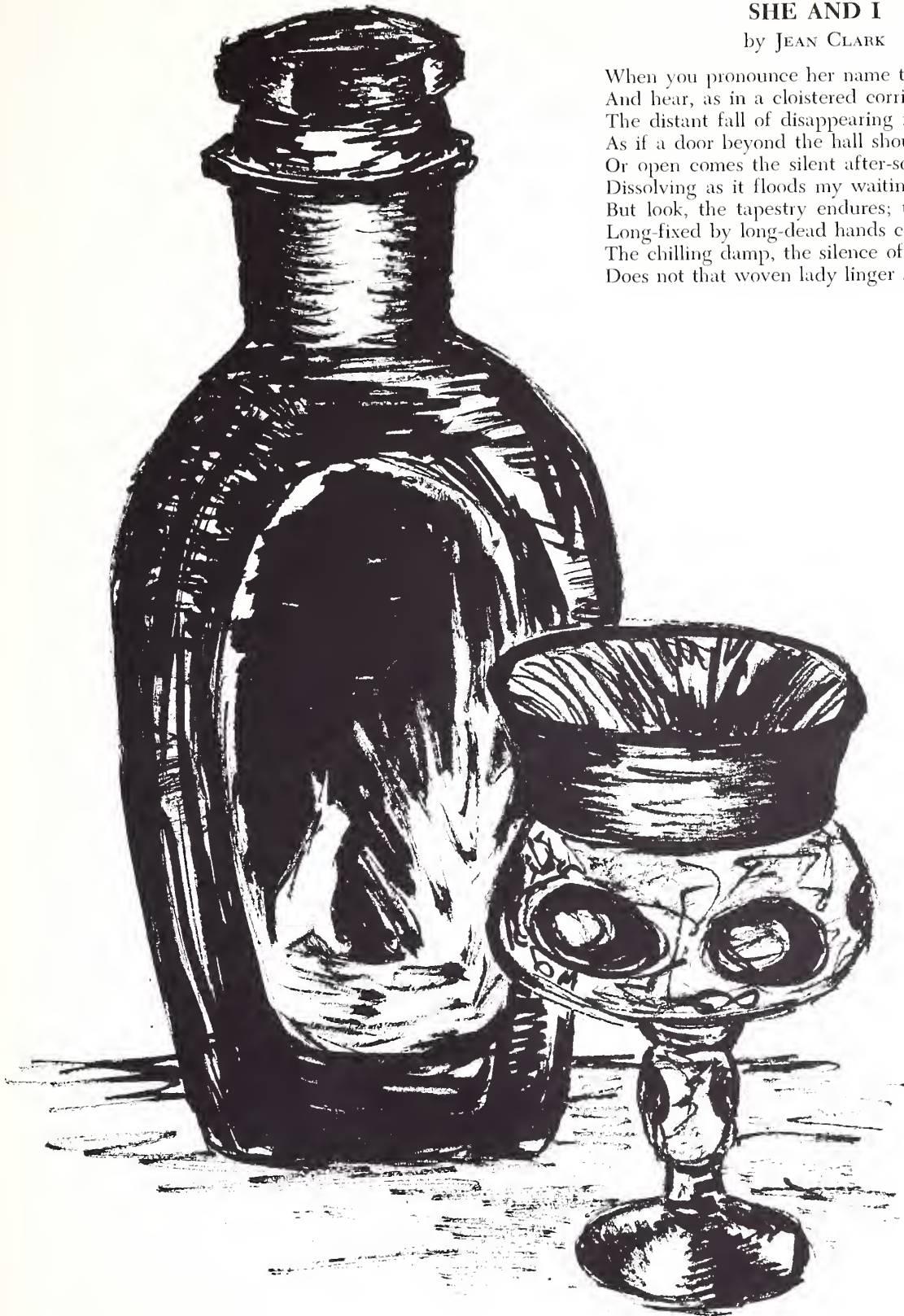
I am sure that if my mother knew about these things, she would come for me and take me home. My name is Morgan Smythe Williams, and I am not afraid of the dark.



## SHE AND I

by JEAN CLARK

When you pronounce her name to me I chill  
And hear, as in a cloistered corridor,  
The distant fall of disappearing feet.  
As if a door beyond the hall should close  
Or open comes the silent after-sound,  
Dissolving as it floods my waiting ground.  
But look, the tapestry endures; the pose  
Long-fixed by long-dead hands can meet  
The chilling damp, the silence of the door.  
Does not that woven lady linger still?



## EDUCATION IN GREAT BRITAIN

by CHESTER HANDLEMAN

A visit to Europe last summer gave me the opportunity to compare some of the features of Britain's educational system with our own. Most of the discussion below will concern England and Wales particularly, since the educational programs are somewhat different in Scotland and Northern Ireland. It might be well to realize that the entire area of Great Britain is only about 94,000 square miles, slightly less than our state of Oregon. Britain's population, however, is 53,000,000 or about thirty percent that of the United States.

Among the schools and universities our group of American teachers and graduate students visited in England were: a "secondary modern" school; a private "progressive" school named *Summerhill*; *Eaton College* (a famed British secondary school); *London University*; and Cambridge University. Since two of the above institutions were not actually in session when we visited them, our observations were somewhat limited. However, we were able to attend a few classes; and also had the opportunity to listen to a number of lectures on British education by several prominent British University professors and secondary school teachers. Generally speaking we were favorably impressed with many features of the British school system, particularly with the high level of academic achievement in the elite "grammar schools" and the famed "public schools" and universities. Of course, the above institutions represent only about twenty percent of the school population. The remaining eighty percent of Britain's students, as we shall see later, attend schools of a considerably lower quality. We might add, also, that the *Summerhill* "progressive" school noted above deserves little of the publicity it has received in certain educational circles in the United States as a result of a book published by its founder. In reality, however, the latter school is not an integral part of the British system and, therefore, does not belong in the present discussion.

In general Britain has done a fine job of educating the academically superior student, but the number of years of "exposure" to formal education that the average British student receives is far fewer than that of his counterpart in the United States. This, of course, can also be said of several other western European countries such as France and West Germany. The present British "track" system, which "creams off" the academically superior minority between the ages of eleven and twelve into the better "public schools" (really private) and public grammar schools tends to continue the present social differentiations among the population. This was repeatedly mentioned to us by the British lecturers and teachers noted above. We in the United States have the problem of slum schools and uneven educational offerings in various areas of our country. But we shall soon see that the American problem of quality education is quite unlike Britain's, and on a totally different scale. Incidentally, the "southern British accent," so recognizable in such famous schools as *Eaton*, *Harrow*, and *Winchester*, has helped to continue this social stratification, even though a few poor but intellectually superior boys may now attend them.

At about the age of five the child enters the so-called "infant school," where he remains until he is seven; then

he enters the junior school. In the latter institution he studies elementary subject matter in perhaps a more traditional manner than in the United States until the age of eleven or twelve. Experts claim that the British child at this age has usually mastered what the average American youngster does not learn until he reaches fourteen. Our British instructors explained the reason for this difference is largely because the European (as well as British) school systems can't economically afford the leisurely pace for education that our American system allows. Of course, many of our top secondary schools do compare favorably with the British ones; and on the average the American school buildings are more impressive in appearance and are better equipped than theirs.

The famed "Eleven Plus" comprehensive examinations usually decide the academic future of the British child at this tender age — as he leaves the Junior School. These examinations, given at the age of eleven or twelve, have been the subject of much criticism in Britain, as we shall discuss later. Perhaps fifteen to twenty percent of the students manage to receive sufficiently high grades on this examination to allow them to enter the "English Grammar" school. Another three percent go on to the famed English "Public Schools" noted above. A few more enter other independent schools requiring fees, which they hope will prepare them for an education superior to the "secondary modern" schools, and a few enter "technical" schools. But perhaps fifty-five or sixty percent attend the secondary modern schools, which only in a relatively few instances lead the student to a university or to a college-level technical school. In recent years perhaps only about eight or nine percent of British youth have attended higher education institutions, in contrast to the American figure of about thirty-five percent or more. The three main categories of secondary schools in Britain are, in order of prestige, the few famed public schools; the academic grammar schools; and the secondary modern schools.

Strange as it may seem to us, percentagewise fewer British youth attend schools of higher education than in any other so-called advanced country in the western world. This deficiency is gradually being rectified as more universities are being built. Still, there are only about thirty full-fledged universities in Britain, although there are a much larger number of college-level technical institutes. The Soviet Union, on the other hand, much behind Britain in education forty years ago, has now a far greater percentage of its youth in institutions of higher learning. We must not forget, however, that British higher education makes up in quality in many respects for what it lacks in quantity.

In Britain, until recently, over fifty percent of secondary school students left formal education programs at the age of fifteen, the compulsory age for attendance. Many take "on the job" training courses in trades, etc. after their regular school program is finished. Still, this is far too great a loss of trained manpower and womanpower for the Britain of 1965. True, we in the United States have a high school "drop-out" rate of about thirty-five percent. Individual differences being what they are, perhaps this is a reasonable figure; although some American educators feel otherwise. Still, this is a far greater retention rate than that of Britain.

As noted above, entrance requirements to British uni-



versities are very rigid. Because of the unusually high requisites for admission to famed Oxford and Cambridge Universities, as many as forty percent of the former's and sixty percent of the latter's students are graduates of the renowned British public schools such as Eaton, Harrow and Winchester. Most of the remainder, except for foreign students, attend the British grammar schools. Virtually none are products of the secondary modern and technical schools, which the majority of students attend. This unfortunate state of affairs is similar, although to a slightly less degree, to students attending the fine "red brick" universities such as Manchester, and the newer universities.

A great problem in British education today is, therefore, to overcome the social and educational difficulties engendered by the "Eleven Plus" examinations. It is true that recently a few modifications concerning this examination have been made; but the changes have been minor. Many educators feel that the age of eleven is far too early a time to make a judgment as to the academic potentialities of students, no matter what type of examination is used for the cut-off point. As it is, with relatively few exceptions, the approximately sixty percent of British youngsters who do not score sufficiently well in this examination are virtually precluded from attending secondary schools which could lead to university study. A large percentage of those attending grammar schools actually do not go on to higher education; but at least these people have had a later opportunity to qualify. True, in recent years the secondary modern schools have been slightly upgraded from an academic point of view. Still, it is most difficult for a student with this type of school background to qualify for higher education. Psychological scars develop in many unsuccessful eleven and twelve year olds because they were deemed unfit to attend a grammar school, where a superior academic preparation for higher education is available. The three percent attending the famed public schools are, perhaps, even more favored than those attending the ordinarily fine grammar schools. Lack of funds and organizational problems have prevented most of the secondary modern schools from competing with the grammar schools.

It has been argued that Britain needs more university and other highly trained people to improve her industrial and commercial position in the world market. Britain's international position today is hardly what it was in Victorian times. On the other hand, many Britons feel that a mass education system on the secondary level, as employed in the United States, would "water down" their famed grammar school program. A few so-called "comprehensive" secondary schools have been tried in Britain. But upholders of the more conservative, academically elite position feel that the results of such schools so far have not been sufficiently good to change the basic "elite" system. The more liberal elements, on the other hand, feel that the comprehensive school is the institution of the future.

King has some worthwhile comments on the British educational system when he says:

Some time-honored criteria need to be changed.

The premium on certain kinds of ability, on certain "gentlemanly" subjects and mannerisms, on certain professions — all this needs evaluation in a transformed social and international context." "Character training" of the old-fashioned defensive (or "stuffed shirt") type can well be replaced by an informed and active social responsibility. In some ways this change has begun; but it needs to be speeded up, systematized and also communicated to that majority who previously had little dynamic character training in school. The old constraints that made conventional properties seem inevitable are now relaxed. It would be a pity of emancipation brought no positive opportunities for learning civic and personal responsibility.<sup>1</sup>

Perhaps many good people long for the "good old" days of nineteenth century Britain, when the common people willingly recognized their "betters". But the world moves forward and, perhaps in some respect regrettably, a few of the "niceties" of earlier decades have been lost. But realities must be faced and these realities demand higher education for a greater percentage of Britons.

King goes on to say:

" . . . even now it is often assumed that the admirable characteristics of man belong to a special class of society, and can probably not be associated with "common" people engaged in common pursuits. Only a few diehards dare to put such thoughts into words; but the schools often exemplify them in stratification, isolationism or other worldliness."<sup>2</sup>

In conclusion, we could say that Britain is to be commended for recently increasing its educational opportunities for many poor students who never would have had a chance to go to higher education a decade or two ago. Yet, the "Eleven Plus" examination still recognizes an intellectual if not an economic elite. This problem is today being hotly debated in Britain; modifications of the system are indicated for the future. The British still have a monumental task to solve if they some day wish to offer higher education to at least, perhaps, twenty percent of their youth. Britain probably can't economically afford the vast higher education opportunities that the United States offers its young people and, possibly, would not wish to if it could. Many British feel that the United States has gone too far in the other direction and has "watered down" some of its educational offerings because it tries to appeal to everyone. Still, unless Britain can increase the number of its youth trained on the higher levels, it will continue to find itself in a relatively weaker position from an economic and international viewpoint; compared with other more education-oriented nations.

1 King, Edmund J., *Other Schools and Ours*; Revised Ed.; (Holt, Rinehart and Winston Inc.; New York, 1963) p. 90.  
2 *Ibid.* p. 111.





## SKETCHES FROM OLD CHICAGO

by TOM TOHTZ  
for Dr. Ledbetter, English 230

(Author's Note)

These tales are parts of the actual but little known history of Chicago. For the most part, they are presented from my own memory of the many tales my grandfather told me. I wish to dedicate these three sketches to Chicago, the city that made me think big.

### TOMMY O'CONNOR

I am sure about his name and about a couple of other things about him. Now as to his looks, I can only imagine. He was probably a redhead in his youth and must have been thin. Mean people of his type are often thin. His face was hard because of all the fights he got into as a boy, but his hands just couldn't have taken too much of a beating. The hands of a thief must be nice hands.

He started out by stealing things from the stands along Maxwell Street, said to be the largest open-air market in the world. Of course life wasn't all work even in those days. There were sports like harping rags for sale outside the Hebrew synagogue during Saturday services. This would cause many members of that congregation to dash to the windows to see which of their people would dare to sell on the Sabbath. There was another game that Tommy surely enjoyed too. In those days, the Chinese people of Chicago used to live in the basement apartments. The game was to tie tin cans together with

string and then to throw the device so as to have it tangle about the poor man's feet when he ran out to investigate a preconceived commotion outside his door.

Such was the world that suckled Tommy O'Connor, and for any lad who chose neither employment nor eating out of garbage wagons as they made their collections from State Street's elegant restaurants, thievery was an obvious choice. Our boy's distinction came from the fact that he could never be caught. Those heroic policemen of days gone by who always walked their beat with only a billy-club to defend themselves were powerless to catch Tommy, the "lean wolf of the streets."

It may have been a murder during a mail robbery, the murder of a shop keeper, policeman, or girl friend; but, at any rate, Tommy O'Connor was finally caught. The judge's sentence was just and well deserved: the man who couldn't be caught was to be hanged on a certain winter's day. The law was very specific as to the manner of execution.

On the night before the sentence was to be carried out, strange events took place. Bribery, trickery, or sorcery caused the cell of the condemned to be empty in the morning. Not a trace remained. Lake Michigan might know the answer, the freight yards might have something to say, or a derelict on skid row today may be old enough to remember something. There is only one more fact the reader might find of interest:

Many buildings have come and gone in Chicago

since the first years of this century. Even the old Garrick Theatre is gone, and a parking lot stands in its place. Out of all the buildings there is still one that cannot and will not be torn down. It is built of a peculiar type of yellowish stone, and inside there is a high room with grey walls and two high windows with bars. A wood platform dominates this part of the old Cook County jail. Because of a judge's explicit sentence, a noose still waits for Tommy O'Connor.

### KROCHNER

The meat-packing industry has always been associated with Chicago, and the Union Stock Yards is a place well known to people the world over. Such was the business of a man whom I shall call Herr Krochner. By the time he was fifty years old, his fortune was well established and showed no sign of declining from the high point reached during our country's war against Spain.

This punctilious Prussian, dapper and gay that he always was, was considered to be one of Chicago's model citizens — at least the society columns of the day treated Krochner and his wife with deference. It seemed rather incongruous, therefore, that such a fine gentleman should be found from time to time in the midst of the blood and sawdust of his warehouses and packing plant. But the fact was that Herr Krochner took considerable pains to gain firsthand observation of the butchering and processing of the meats. Only he and his most trusted foreman knew the exact formula for producing a particularly excellent variety of sausage. Besides that, his visits to his buildings were always occasions for the employees because they enjoyed his gracious conversation, and they were touched by his references as to the welfare of their families.

There was general amazement, then, and sympathy also when Frau Krochner disappeared on a visit to her sister in Milwaukee. Such a tragedy for a man so kind and unusual as an employer! The police assumed that she was being held for ransom, but when no information or notes came to their attention, they had to conjecture along different lines. The Mayor himself promised the grieving man that no effort would be spared in finding the missing wife.

During this two week period business somehow went on as usual, and Krochner tried his best to see that it did. The Inspector of Police was not surprised to learn Herr Krochner was in the main plant when he came to visit. He found the gentleman making a shirtsleeve inspection of that busy place. At the end of that day, the workers all went home and never returned again.

During the sensational trial that took place shortly thereafter, a confession was made. The amazing thing that brought it all about was just a little glimmer-gold, in fact. In the bottom of a rather large device recently used for the grinding of meat into sausage, the inspector noticed a shining object. When it was fetched, it turned out to be a wedding ring. Further investigation revealed some

pieces of human hair. Chicago was embarrassed and — need I say, sick?—when Krochner was hanged for murder.

### SHADOW

My grandfather is a very reasonable person, and he believes this tale every bit as much as I do. Why, I personally have seen the house where this happened and may still be happening. It is a red shingle frame house with a stained roof. The Ukrainian Orthodox church is not too far from this house on Chicago's old North Side. The most vivid thing I can recall about the place is that no grass grows on the lawn.

As a young man, Grandfather brought his wife and her sister to live in this house for a time. They were to have the lower floor of the house while the upstairs was the home of an old hook-nosed woman, her spinster daughter, and a gentleman roomer of uncertain age.

The first indication of anything wrong came during the middle of the third night that they were in the house. It was a thud — just as if someone had fallen on the floor above. Since no call for help came from upstairs, the whole incident was forgotten until it happened again two nights later. When Grandfather saw the roomer the next morning, he asked him what the noise was.

"The damn thing just comes in and pushes me off the couch where I sleep!" That was all the roomer said, and the next day he left without explanation. Grandfather said nothing to his wife or to his sister-in-law about the roomer even though he did intend to talk to the old woman or to her daughter. That night as he lay awake thinking about how to ask about the recent happenings, it came.

The young wife woke up screaming. "Something" had had hold of her arm. After searching the house, Grandfather decided to tell his wife about the roomer's remark. When she heard this, there was nothing to do but start packing. This would probably have been the end of the whole incident if it had not been that they were forced to stay in the house for one more night.

Needless to say, sleep did not come very easily on that last night, but they did persuade the sister to lie down in her room while they stayed up. As evening wore on, the young couple must have dozed off, but that didn't last very long. Grandmother's sister came running into the room and had to be held down by the others before she was calm enough to talk. Between sobs they gathered that she too had been grabbed by "something." The terrible truth of the whole thing was made evident when they loosened the high, old fashioned neck of her nightgown: a series of dark, sinister red marks showed on her neck, and during the rest of that woman's life no doctor was ever able to explain them or make them go away.

In the end, it was Grandfather who really found an explanation if there is one. While the women were waiting by the carriage outside, he went back into the house to make sure that they had left nothing to come back for. When he opened a closet door "something" was there. He still describes it as an inky — black thing — like a shadow.



## MARCH MEMENTOS

by WILL KERN

This year proved  
Ripe with rewards  
Mementos of days' hours  
Memories in token form.

A broken Conch shell  
Water worn, aged luster —  
Orange peel in ash bowl  
On my marble table.

Sea beans, clay pipe,  
Clippings yellowed  
In a cheese crock  
Are March domain.

All are mellow  
The slow knell  
For next year's find —  
Promises for coming past.







## THE YEARS GROW OLDER

by H. CREWS

Here before the hearthstone,  
Solid in my sofa chair  
With combs and pins  
Loosened in my fallen hair  
I sit silent while memory dies  
In the dry and burnt-out air.

At the moon-night window I hear it blow.  
Out of what old mystery does it grow?

After the heavy meal is put away,  
And the hearthstone turned an ashen gray,  
He enters;  
My old, lithe lover,  
Though no longer light,  
But coarsened now by the flavor of flesh.  
We sit and collaborate  
In the silence of the iron night.

But quietness will never stay the net;  
And Death shall ever find us yet, find us yet.  
Sitting in the darkened, unfired chairs  
Holding on to flesh — hand and hand,  
Knowing that neither will ever stand  
Against the sound in the night;  
After walking this long way  
Down the dying, sundown day,  
Can you raise your bric a brac eyes,  
Loose the dead lover's hand,  
Place your feet and simply stand  
To face the window and the night?

What brought us here and by whom,  
Afraid of the sound without the room?

I think your answer must be no  
For you too sit with your face so;  
Averted but not concealed  
From the roar and the fears  
Just a final breath away,  
Just a death's day away.  
And your room is much like mine,  
Filled through all these dwindling years  
With combs and pins and settee chairs  
Placed round a lowering, motral fire.





## MUSCATEL AND CAVIAR

by GARY HOGLE

Ked Packerson had been fortunate to be born into a family of great prestige and wealth, but he had been denied legitimacy. For the first twenty-one years of his life, his only consolation for the lack of love had been money; until, at the family endowed college, he had met Shana, an art major from New York. The death of his Grandfather ended his easy life. His Grandmother disinherited him, and Shana disavowed her love. He often thought about his past and realized that the pain of his humiliations, disappointments had disappeared. Memories of the past no longer directed his life.

Ked was lying on his cot staring at the drifting cigarette smoke as it ebbed and flowed upwards to cluster in shifting clouds around the dangling light cord and grimy 40 watt bulb. "Christ, it stinks in here." Ked rolled over and buried his face in his crumpled grey sweat shirt. "Somebody take their damn, filthy socks off the radiator," he shouted.

Other forms were lying on cots along an aisle. Some were sleeping, snoring loudly, mouths gaping. Many of the men were awake; lying listlessly, rheumy eyes gazing at the cracked ceiling, cigarettes hanging from their mouths, or burning to an ash in gnarled fingers.

"What's the matter, the intellect don't like no funny smells?" A scrawny old man with a blotchy red face leered from the next cot.

"It nauseates me," mumbled Ked from within the folds of his sweat shirt.

"Nauizates . . . nauziates . . . nauziates?" The old man's voice faltered into confusion.

"It means I get sick," snapped Ked.

"Wanna drink of wine?"

Ked immediately sat up and turned towards the proffering voice. "Chateau Rothschild, 1923?" asked Ked. "Naw, Giddie's Muscatel, 1963," answered the old man.

"Nothing, thank you." Ked raised his nose haughtily, and then threw himself down upon his crumpled sweat shirt. Turning toward the old man he peeked through one eye and whispered, "But, I hear '63 was a good year for Giddie Golden's Muscatel. Maybe a small taste."

"How come you drink like you do kid?"

"Because it relaxes me."

"Well son, you're about the relaxin'ist fellow I've seen in a long time. I think you ought to slack off a little."

Ked bounding out of the cot, grabbed the old man by his soiled t-shirt. "Look, you offer me a drink; then stick me with a sermon. Do you want to give me a drink or not?"

Snatching the bottle from the old man's shaky hand, Ked finished the remaining few ounces with one swallow and sputtered, "Well, that's breakfast."

"Have any money for lunch?" squacked the old man, as he felt under his belt for the reassuring touch of his wallet.

"No, old man, you sleep too lightly."

The cold, grey light of early morning began to filter through the frost-covered, dusty windows. The sounds of men stirring from sleep mingled with water running in the bathroom, and the hissing of the radiator. Slipping on his worn dungarees and battered sneakers, Ked carefully smoothed out the creases in his grey sweat shirt.

"Hey, whelp, what's the OX mean on the shirt?"

Ked looked at the other reflexion staring back in the steamy bathroom mirror; a foamy, lathered face surrounding two pastel pink eyes. "It is not OX. They stand for letters of the Greek alphabet. I am a member of the Theta Chi Fraternity."

Yellow, decayed teeth showed vividly through the pristine white lather in a leering smile. "Yeah," the reflection smirked, "I've heard about you Greeks."

Ked cautiously made his way across the wet tile floor, and weaved between rows of cots and clusters of men stumbling around, trying to put on erumpled, twisted trousers, and rubbing stubbled beards. A broken wiskey bottle crunched beneath his sneakers.

The cashier's alcove was by the door. Hanging at a cock-eyed angle was a blue, orange, and purple sign draped with silver tinsel: "STANLEY'S HAPPY HALL, COTS, NITE-DAY-WEEK-MONTH-YEAR. 50c pr NITE, BATHS 25c - PAY IN ADVANCE."

Ked leaned his elbows upon the yellowed, stained counter. The manager was asleep; his feet propped on the roll-type desk. His pudgy fingers with their diamond and jade rings were clasped over his overhanging stomach and opened trouser tops. The radiator sputtered noisily behind the swivel chair. On the wall above the desk a calendar advertising, "WASSERMAN-LADER, PURVEYORS of FINE FRUITS," had been altered with a black crayon to read, "PERVERTS & FINE FRUITS, WE SUPPLY YOU WITH THE FINEST. YOUR SATISFACTION GUARANTEED." Somebody had raggedly ripped the previous date sheet. December 24, 1964 was dawning with half a face. Beneath the notice, "RING BELL FOR SERVICE," Ked rattled the teaspoon in the water tumbler. He averted his gaze from the fat man's rings to the open bleary eyes glaring at him.

"Stanley, I'm leaving," Ked blurted out.

The fat man's lips puckered for a moment. "So whatta ya want me to do, send a bellman for your bags?"

"I only wanted you to know that I would bring you the money for last night, as soon as I see my Grandfather's attorneys. Fooling around with the trust you know."

"Sure, kid, sure. Did you take a bath?"

"No."

"Figures," replied Stanley. "Going next door for services?"

Ked stepped back aghast. "Do you think I'd go through all that sickening, brotherly love bit for a watery eup of soup?"

Stanley closed his eyes, adjusted his bulk, and sighed, "Who knows, maybe one of them scrawny dames in the grey bonnets will give you a big kiss for Christmas. Or is it the chicken soup you're afraid of?"

Ked turned his back on Stanley's sly wink and walked towards the front door.

A mixture of rain and snow whipped across Canal Street in a freezing blast of wind. Ked huddled against the entrance of the next building. Leaning against the door he could hear the sounds of tambourines and drums brassily echoing the strains of "Put a niekle on the drum, save another drunken bum, and the Lord will walk right on in."

"Meddling Salvation Armyists." He spat on the slushy sidewalk and walked across the alley, carefully avoiding piles of rotten fruit and discarded bottles. As



cold dampness crept into his feet he thought about his wool lined riding boots, now adorning the window of an Sth Avenue pawnshop. Well, I guess it's time to put fresh newspapers in the soles of my sneakers. Probably be hell trying to find dry papers on a day like this.

The Lexington Avenue subway lurched and swayed as it roared through the black tunnels to brake in fast stops and discharge its load of passengers. The peak of the eight to nine o'clock rush of commuters was at its highest. Ked loved to throw himself wholeheartedly into the rush. Not that he had anyplace to go, or anything to do, but he felt he belonged. He preferred the East-side Lexington Avenue subway to the Westside Lines; better clientele.

Ked could feel the young girls on the subway furtively glancing at him. After all, why shouldn't they. Good looks were hard to find. So he was a little grubby. A shave and a bath would do wonders for him. Sandwiched between two attractive girls, he smirked at their discomfort as the subway lurched to and fro. He almost had his hand in the blonde's alligator purse, when the subway pulled into Grand Central, and the mass of commuters surged off in a stream of Gimbel coats, Macy muffs, Bond Street suits, and Abercrombie & Fitch gloves, leaving him alone to face the incoming rush of transits heading for the upper East side. "Lousy broads," Ked snarled.

The subway squealed to a halt at 59th Street. He was swept off the subway, up the stairs, and into the cold, drizzly streets, by a laughing, screaming mob of school girls in grey dresses and blue caps. He mingled with the Christmas shoppers as they twirled and eddied in a bright mass of holiday colors, blending with the muted tones and glossy textures of fur coats.

Ked walked for three blocks without shifting his gaze from the sidewalks. Not one person had dropped a thing. Everything was on chains anymore, glasses, pens, purses. He had grabbed an old lady's fur mittens on the counter at Walgreen's, jammed them in his pocket, and started to walk away . . . naturally they had been chained to her coat sleeve. He had had a hell of a time getting out of that.

Saint James Episcopal Church reared majestically amidst the shiny office buildings and posh shops. Ked walked briskly up the stone steps. The situation looked promising. Episcopalians were usually very accommodating, like not blundering into church between services, except on Holy Days, and Masses. Catholic Churches were discouraging, always a few pious Catholics lighting candles, praying, always under foot.

As Ked stepped into the dim entrance, he jiggled the alms box. Empty. Probably some Priest had beat him to it. Swinging open the double doors he could see the flickering candles on the altar as they glimmered on the oak beams and wooden pews. The red carpet seemed to emanate from the blaze of gleaming candlelight and gold altar adornments. Like a grey moth drawn to an open flame, Ked walked slowly down the aisle. His soggy sneakers left a damp trail on the bright carpeting. Standing before the altar, the flames of the candles flickered in odd facets of light and shadows upon his face. A gold crucifix, gold alms basins, and those candlesticks, a solid mass of gold. They'd buy him ten solid years of drunken pleasure. He reached out and gingerly caressed the smooth base of the candlestick. He glanced quickly around the church. Nobody . . . Love these Episcopalians.

He firmly grasped the large, gold candlestick, and turned to dash for the door, only to be jerked back.

"They're bolted, my son."

Ken spun around to confront an old Priest sullenly looking at him, a huge silver crucifix silhouetted against his black cassock. "Good afternoon, Father. I . . . ah . . . I was praying."

"For what," scowled the Priest, "A good 'Fence'?"

Vaulting over the altar railing, Ked dashed down the aisle, down the steps, and was lost midst the mass of Holiday shoppers. "Priests, filthy Priests," Ked yelled at a group of shocked shoppers.

Delivery entrances to restaurants were usually a good place to loiter. Somebody was always losing something. Perhaps Lugi's Italian Restaurant would be no exception. As Ked was pawing through a cardboard carton of stale bread, scores of pigeons swooped and darted for his discarded crusts. Ked surveyed the garbage-strewn courtyard, the muddy, water-filled chuck holes, his dirty, crumb-littered sweat shirt. Looking upwards he gazed at lines of dirty wash strung between soot-caked brick walls, grimy windows, and rusting fire escapes; littered with broken flower pots, mops, bottles, and piles of soggy, newspapers. "Ha," he laughed sardonically, "Here I am, big man on campus."

The stillness of the courtyard was suddenly filled by the sounds of crashing pots, sizzling grease, shouts, the clatter of dishes, and the aromatic smell of spicy foods.

"Whatta you want?" A dark-complexioned man in a white chef's hat stood menacingly at the open door.

"My name is Arnold Rath," Ked replied. "I was sent by New York State Employment Bureau. I'm a busboy."

"I didn't send for any busboy. But I could use one. Do you have anything besides those sneakers?"

"No sir, but I could wash dishes too."

"No, I'll need you. The afternoon shoppers will be in for the dinner rush. So clean up and be on the floor in an hour."

"Gee," Ked replied, "Do you think Mr. Lugi will mind?"

"I'ma Lugi." The cook smiled and turned into the kitchen.

A few stints in the Catskill Mountains working as a busboy between college semesters had given Ked enough experience to swing into the routine at Lugi's. Work like this is disgusting, Ked told the dishwasher; but later, after watching the dishwashers work, he realized that it was ridiculous telling something like that to a dishwasher.

An hour after Ked had begun work he was carrying a busbox down the aisle between tables, covered by checkered cloths, when an old gentleman in a grey herringbone suit grabbed him by the arm. "Going towards the cashier, boy?"

"Yes sir," replied Ked.

"Fine," said the old gentleman. "Get me change for a twenty. Will you?"

Getting through that busy kitchen unnoticed had been easy. Lugi could dig his damn busboy jacket out of the breadbox anytime he found it. The smell of the cold, damp air, and the feel of a crisp, twenty dollar bill in his pocket was exhilarating. Glimmering headlights of the cars shone out of the misty air and reflected from the wet, black streets. The flashing neon lights with an arrow pointing to the basement, blinked "La Cave Henri IV."

"One at the bar please." Ked slipped an innocent smile on his face and a dollar bill into the Maitre' D's tuxedo pocket.

"But sir, you aren't dressed."

"Yeah, yeah, I know." Ked brushed his hand aside. "I've just returned from a little moose hunting in Saskatchewan, and my valet is meeting me here with my clothes. I need a drink."

The Maitre' D' showed him to a dark corner of the bar. "I'll call you when your valet arrives, Mr. . . Mr. . . ?"

"Conway," snapped Ked. "Mr. Charles Conway."

The bartender gave a quizzical glance at the Maitre' D', as Ked slid onto the velvet stool. "What'll you have . . . sir?"

"I'll have a double martini, House of Lords please, very dry. In fact, swish out the glass with vermouth and dump it out. Then nothing but gin. Oh yes, my good man, I also want a bowl of sour cream and caviar."

The man on the next stool made a gagging sound, and glanced at Ked with a wry look.

A few martinis later, Ked felt great, warm and superior. As he glanced in the mirror, the girl at the table behind him looked at his reflection. Chills went down his spine. Dark hair, and those eyes; gorgeous grey eyes. They were a lot like Shana's eyes. Shana . . . Ked looked at his profile. "I think I would have been a good-looking Jew," he said to the bartender, who only glanced at him. "Hey." He poked the bartender who was bending over washing glasses. The bartender looked up. "Can you imagine," Ked continued, "Ten lousy bucks for one record; LEARNING HEBREW IN TEN EASY LESSONS, and then I thumb rides for two thousand miles just to say . . . SHALOM. What do I get? An empty ring box bounced off my head." He poked the bartender who had returned to washing glasses. "Hey, would you have liked to honeymoon on a Kibbutz, planting trees; trees on the Gaza strip. Can you imagine me with a rifle on my back, and tree seeds in my pocket; watching for Arabs with shovels. Damn trees. Damn Jews. Damn Arabs. Damn every damn thing." Ked began blowing bubbles in his martini. The bartender reached for an empty martini glass.

"No you don't." Ked threw a protective arm around his growing pile of glasses. "I wanna keep counting them. When I can't count them anymore, then I've had enough to drink. OK bartender?" His only reply was a nasty look.

"Know something else," Ked had given up on the disinterested bartender and had returned to his reflection, "she could have at least put the ring back in the box, before she hit me with it. So I'll never be anything huh, nothing but a drunken GOY. Just wait and see. I don't need her. I was something before I met her, and I'll be something again . . . I guess. Thinks I can't get on my feet because she left me. Boy, just wait. Soon as I finish thinking, and relaxing a little; she'll be sorry. Then it'll be too late. Ha . . . I'll laugh when she comes begging back to me. I think I'll call her and tell her so. Wonder if they've got a phone in that Kibbutz. Ahhh, let her suffer. I don't need her."

The feathery touch of a hand on his snapped him out of his reflective conversation. "Hello there," the grey eyed brunette had slid onto the stool next to him. She cocked her head to one side. "Am I interrupting something?"

"Are you from the Salvation Army?" Ked scowled.

Pouting, she looked down and whispered, "Do you think I'm THAT forward? I hope you don't think so. It's just that you seemed . . . interesting."

As Ked chewed on his olive, he signaled for another drink, and moved his twenty dollar bill under his glass. "Well," he smiled, "What'll you have?"

"Champagne cocktail." She looked at him fleetingly, "I ain't used to drinking any trash."

"Figures," muttered Ked under his breath. "Your name's not Shana is it? Wait," he said quickly, "I don't want to know. To me you're Shana." Her grey eyes met his gaze.

Each round of drinks they consumed aroused his senses and dulled his perception. It was during this time, when he had leaned over to whisper a cute joke, that he had the strongest urge to bite her ear. The girl's ear loomed closer. The stool lurched from beneath him, and the black carpeting rushed up. His nose plowed a neat furrow across the floor of the lounge. Staggering to his feet Ked wiped the back of his sleeve across his blood spattered nose, and mumbled, "Scuse me, I gotta wash my hands." Nobody noticed as he slipped up the stairs and out into the street.

The cold chill of the night cut into his body. "Lousy bitches," Ked screamed at the passing traffic. "She didn't have to push me. Boy, has she lost out. She'll never get another chance with me. Ha, dumb broad, didn't know when she had a good thing going for her. Well Shana II, you've lost out too."

He crossed Elizabeth Street, and stepped up to his knees in a chuckhole full of water. Walking down Canal Street towards Stanley's, neon signs flashed; their multi-colored hues reminded him of a carnival.

"BEDS, DAY-NITE-WEEK-MONTH-YEAR." "Put a nickel on the drum, save another drunken bum . . ." The notes mingled with the sounds of bottles being broken in the back alley, rushing traffic, and blaring horns. Carolers outside the Chinese Baptist Church, on Mott Street, raised their voices in chorus, "Silent Night, Holy Night, all is calm . . . all is bright . . ."

Ked pushed open the warped door. A wreath improvised out of shoe strings and green tissue lining from tomato cartons hung from the light cord in the hall. On the bulletin board, outside the cashier's office, someone had scrawled, "PIECE ON EARTH." Nobody was in the cashier's alcove. At least he could forgo a scene until he felt better in the morning.

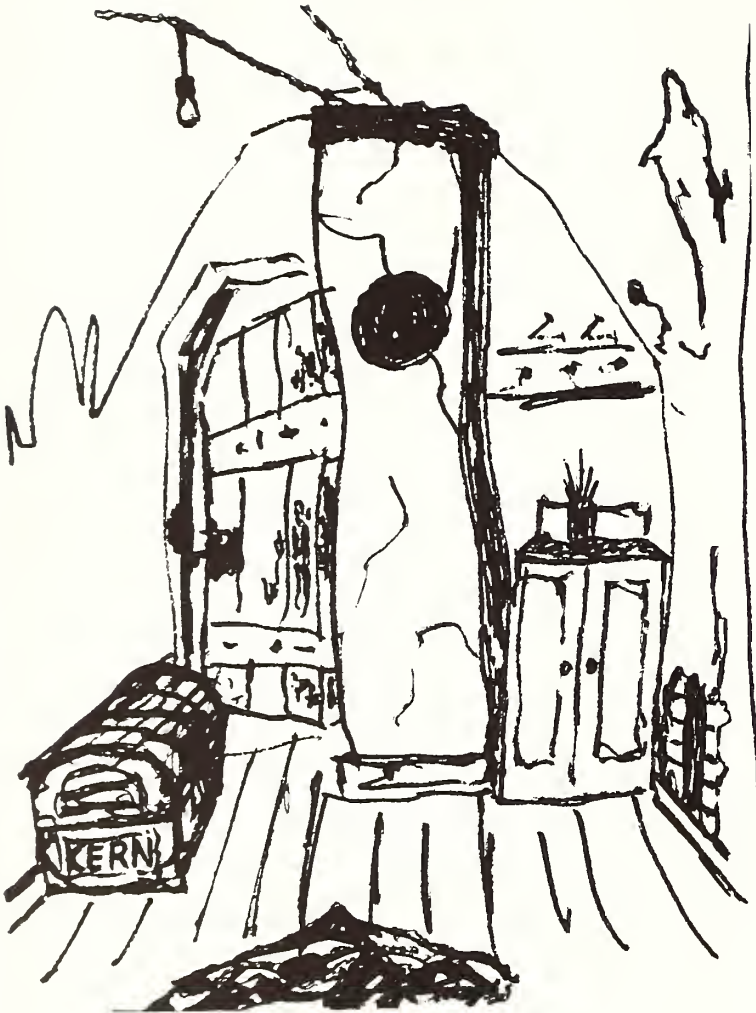
The hissing radiator, snoring men, and the stench of dirty bodies and whiskey met him full blast. Ked lay on his cot. His gaze was riveted on the bare, dim bulb that suspended above him. Its pale shadows blending into the crumbling plaster of the walls. What the hell. Maybe the day after tomorrow I'll clean up a little and look for a job that suits my talents. It's going to be a junior executive job with lots of fringe benefits, and room for advancement; or else, nothing doing. Someday when I'm driving a snappy car, and have a big bank roll, then everyone will be sorry. I am nothing but top-notch material. Stupid hicks, what do they know. Yeah, maybe in a couple of days I'll be relaxed, and then . . . I'll . . .

The smell of burned, sweaty socks drifted and spiraled around his cot. A tear ran down the side of Ked's cheek and dropped onto his folded sweatshirt. "Christ it stinks in here."



## MY ATTIC STUDIO

by WILL KERN



Not often enough  
I remember my attic studio –  
The room there  
Behind the chimney well.

The door through  
Rough nailed board  
With high clap braces,  
Low cracks of light.

The chimney leans slightly  
Door top high: supporting  
Frame and ceiling, wall,  
Pushed by the roof slope.

A pink tin circle  
Toward yellow chimney center  
Remnant of heat stove  
Removed sometime past.

Furnished with aged chests  
Brass clasped and cleated  
From Ireland – who knows  
And rough plank floors.

Each chest with rotted leather  
Makes seats or shelves,  
The curved lids cluttered  
With paint tubes, brushes, pens.

The hanging light  
A bulb in black socket  
Dangling from dark cords  
Patterning the plaster gables.

Nights there in harsh light  
Cold and heat as seasons called  
Light and shadow changing  
Drying primed canvasses.

Each work new thoughts  
Encouraged by the loft  
Transformed as visual image  
In stretched linen facing.

The remembrance deepens  
Holding constant change –  
Thoughts come, pasts remain,  
Not often enough.





## FOLLOW THE FOLLOWER

by R. DIETRICH

Once upon a time, before the worship of electronic gods, man was an individual. His own achievements spoke for him, and his goals were unique.

Life is change, though, and the tide of progress has washed individuality from the scene. The Mass Product has led to the Mass Personality. The marching children turning into marching dental records is a bitter joke on us. Now the job you hold, the car you drive, or the magazine you read places you into a pre-processed group whose characteristics are impartially assigned to you. The natural result of this automatic identification is the choosing of those jobs, cars and magazines that place us into the most "accepted" groups — the shaping of our preferences in uniform molds.

This transformation of thinkers to dreamers, of leaders to followers, is the turning-point of evolution.



“me”

by DANIEL DAVIDSON  
for Mrs. Clark, English 102

me what am i  
i am nothing  
and yet to me i am everything  
then everything is nothing  
and nothing is everything

am i good no  
am i bad no  
i am not a genius and yet i am not dumb  
neither handsome nor hideous  
strong nor weak short nor tall  
am i ambitious no  
but i have dreams

i love me and yet i hate me  
i love me for what i dream of being  
i hate me for what i am

i am a freak of nature  
a misplaced individual a lost sheep  
i am nothing  
no extremes just mediocre  
i am the perfect middle but  
the perfect middle does not exist

i am nothing  
i am something  
something that will exist eternally  
but only in the present  
i have no past no future  
there is only the present

the past was present  
the future will be present  
everything that is in terms of the present  
the present is real

from my point of view  
nothing can or does exist without me  
everything exists because of or for me  
nothing exists in nome, alaska, to me because  
i do not exist there  
to the best of my knowledge

i am everything to me yet  
to everything i am nothing

i am me me is i  
i am something that eats, sleeps, and take up space  
space being of infinite amount

i am something that some people know  
some like  
some hate  
some don't care

i am the space between the lines of this paper



## HAIKU

by PAUL PLUMMER

Others' loves are sung,  
Life's joys are told; am *I* bound  
To remain silent?

Black clouds — moon vanish  
Thus unshared love — lost, forlorn  
Illfated — stillborn  
Paradox

In fear of losing you  
I cry out bravely, "Go!"  
It matters not to me."

## HAIKU

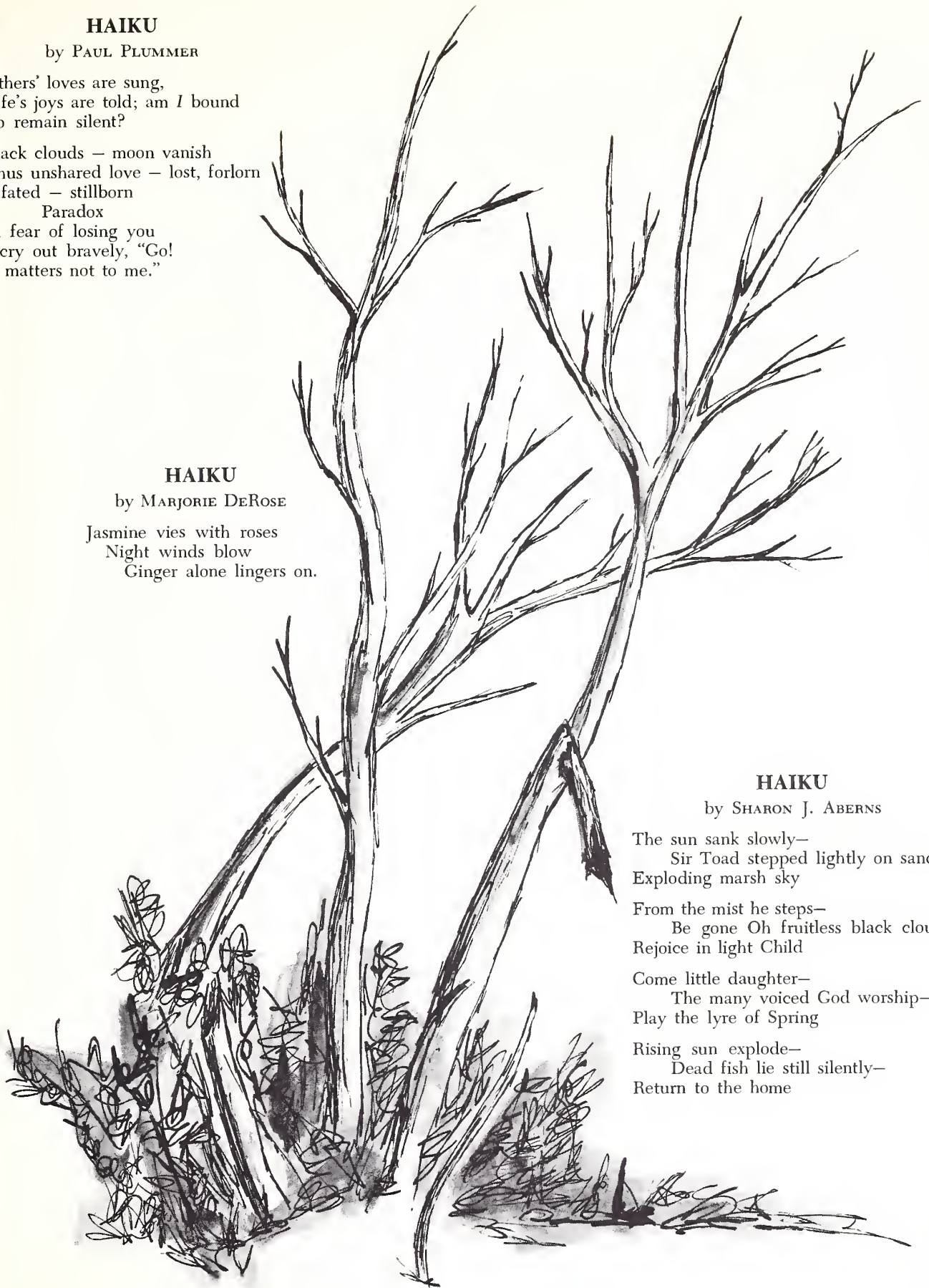
by MARJORIE DEROSE

Jasmine vies with roses  
Night winds blow  
Ginger alone lingers on.

## HAIKU

by SHARON J. ABERNS

The sun sank slowly—  
Sir Toad stepped lightly on sand—  
Exploding marsh sky  
From the mist he steps—  
Be gone Oh fruitless black cloud—  
Rejoice in light Child  
Come little daughter—  
The many voiced God worship—  
Play the lyre of Spring  
Rising sun explode—  
Dead fish lie still silently—  
Return to the home





## PICKING THINGS UP AND PUTTING THEM DOWN

by TIM INSERRA

No one liked her because she was ugly. I had known her before that year and every time I saw her I was ashamed for both of us; ashamed that we were forced to occupy the same planet. An imperfection. I wanted to hurt her; not for just myself but for all my friends. Expose her for what she was: a soiled rag among clean white linen. I wrote her letters; love letters. I left the letters on her desk each day while everyone was out at recess. I left them unsigned. When she tried to read them my friends would grab them from her and read them out loud to everyone. She would force a smile while her classmates laughed in her horrible face. I would turn my back and kick stones in the dirt.

"get out of my yard"

One time I was looking at a book, which was mostly pictures, and I saw a photograph of a white boy and a colored boy, with their arms around each other and smiling. While I was looking at it a loud voice told me that they were really fighting because the colored boy was bad to the white boy. Some words were under the picture saying that the boys were blind and went to the same school. That was why they were friends: they couldn't see color. The loud voice said the words lied and were wrong. When I was alone I wondered about it.

"why don't you make me"

There was a light rain falling and it was getting dark so I took a short-cut down an alley. The rain picked up a bit and I stopped under a window ledge. While I was there I could hear a sound coming from a radio in the window; it was a trumpet playing a real neat thing, it was sad and beautiful and I liked it a whole lot. It reminded me of the time I was locked out of the house and cried and cried until my mother finally let me in. When it was over the radio man said, "That was Miles Davis and a selection for his 'SKETCHES OF SPAIN' record album; that particular number called 'SOLEA' which is a form of a Spanish word meaning loneliness . . ." Then someone turned the radio off and the rain got harder. I walked home anyway.

"I hate your guts"

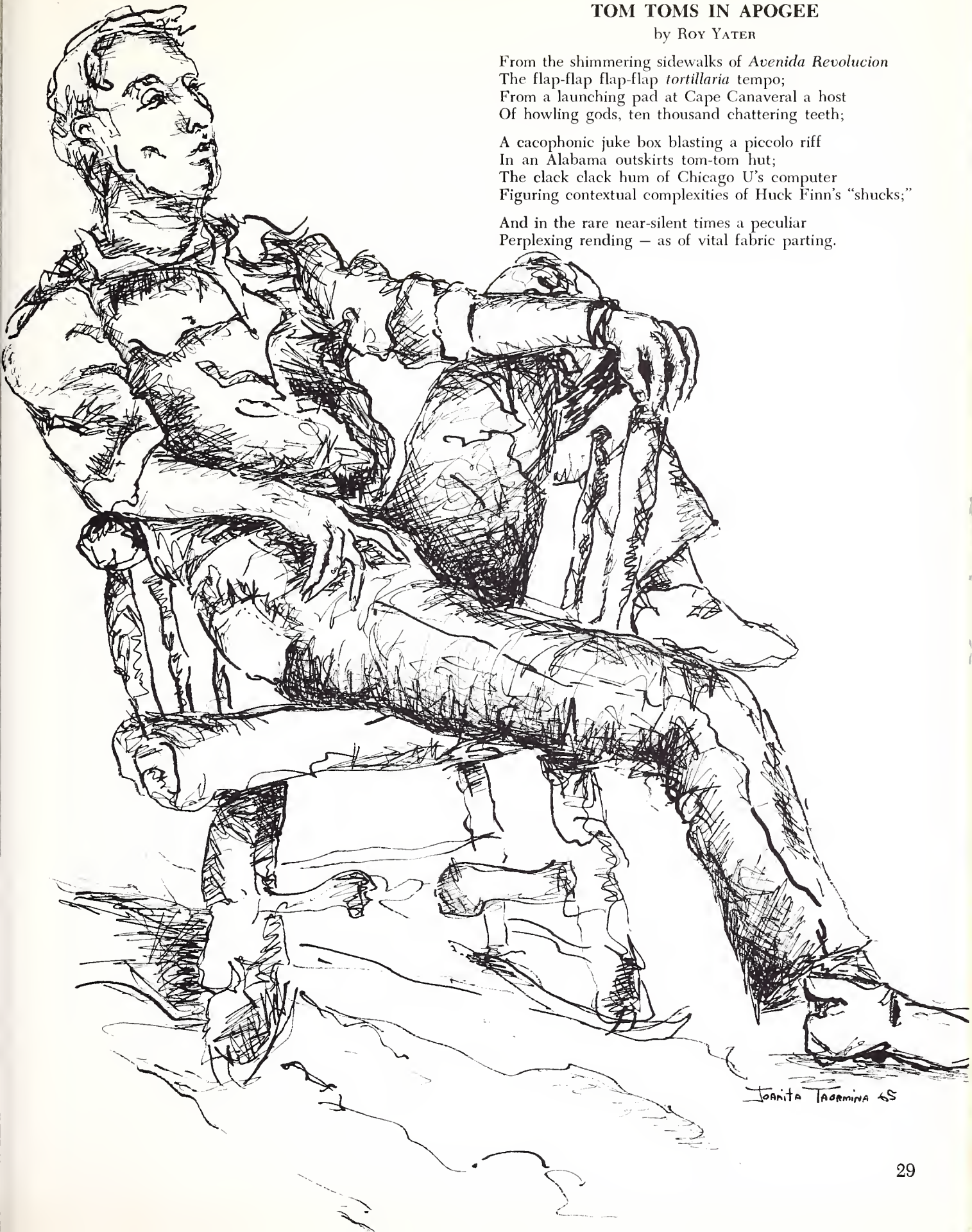
## TOM TOMS IN APOGEE

by ROY YATER

From the shimmering sidewalks of *Avenida Revolucion*  
The flap-flap flap-flap *tortillaria* tempo;  
From a launching pad at Cape Canaveral a host  
Of howling gods, ten thousand chattering teeth;

A cacophonous juke box blasting a piccolo riff  
In an Alabama outskirts tom-tom hut;  
The clack clack hum of Chicago U's computer  
Figuring contextual complexities of Huck Finn's "shucks;"

And in the rare near-silent times a peculiar  
Perplexing rending – as of vital fabric parting.







## I CALLED HER EVE

by ANDY MAZUR

And to me his story told,  
This ancient captain brave and bold,  
And to me he told the truth,  
Ere the only love of his lost youth,  
Of woman-child so fair, so free,  
Born from the womb of an angry sea.

We were fishing off Marquesas Key, late one summer afternoon. The sun was gilding a gruesome grey over an angry ocean, as we hauled our fruitless nets aboard. The swells, like small mountains moving, rose and fell about our tired sloop with mounting apprehension. The wind wailed and whined like a lost child, drenching us with its salty tears. Ominous clouds gathered to hear the gales' cries, and to laugh in deep throated rumbles at our desperate efforts to save the nets.

The nets, the nets, the vexed and vital nets; they had to be saved or the season would be lost. Our battered keel climbed crest after crest, dropping the bow clear of the sloughs, but the wind was just too much. As the last slimy yards of mesh slid aboard, the mainsail leaned too hard from the mast. The halyard parted, deserting its canvas burden, and the sail dropped helplessly to the deck. It flayed in the fury, and before we could reach it, tore the foot lacing clean and slid into the sea. We reeled and listed before the wind, bobbing erratically, madly, towards Marquesas Key. Our useless, naked mast waved insanelly amid the tempest like a lonely finger pointing to the heavens for help. And the sea rolled up in a mighty crest to port. And the reef stood dry and merciless to starboard. And all consciousness was overpowered by the hideous roar of a mountain exploding — a precipice of ocean, falling, killing, smashing. Yet I heard the others; I heard them dying.

And the sea did boil and turn to steam,  
And the sloop rolled over as if to sleep,  
And the reef cut unto her starboard beam,  
And cut and cut and cut so deep,  
So deep I heard her scream.

Marquesas Key lay beneath my unbelieving body, and sunlight greeted my incredulous sight. It was morning, and some Great Hand had guided me to this salva-

tion. Land and food and even fresh water had been given me, in return for the loss of my cherished sloop, my faithful companions, and my home.

A large knife I had somehow kept through the storm, and this served, quite adequately, as my only tool. With it I shaped other implements of wood and stone. Weapons, utensils, shelter, furniture — all I made during the ensuing months. With nothing to do but exploit my own pleasures and comforts, my solitude grew quite complacent. My work, my home, all seemed displaced to an unattainable atmosphere. I seldom thought of them and never felt homesick. A strange trance of tranquility permeated my life; an embryonic happiness which I can best describe as freedom — boundless freedom.

And yet, something was missing. Perhaps it was the vastness of the sea, shining endless welcome to me every morning. Or was it the nights, the cold eternal sky, alight with myriad, radiant stars. Something — *something* planted a heavy emptiness in my heart; no, deeper yet; in my soul. And one night my solitary affliction found vent in my talks with God.

Our Father, who art in Heaven,  
Thank You, God, for my Salvation,  
Hallowed be thy name,  
For my gifts from your creation,  
Thy Kingdom come,  
For the many simple pleasures,  
Thy will be done,  
For happiness beyond all measures,  
On earth as it is in Heaven,  
Thank You, God, for night and day,  
For thine is the Kingdom,  
For wind and sun and sand and clay,  
And the Power,  
For your multuous, magical blessings I pray,  
And the Glory,  
But Lord, O! God, I am so lonely!  
Forever,  
Amen.

O! God, I am so lonely! That one phrase did reverberate through my brain and body. It echoed in the skies, and thundered across toward heaven. It resounded in the seas; the wind screamed the cursed words into my ears. The trees whispered it as they bent in agony before the tempest. The sand beneath me trembled in anticipation. I stood silent in awesome reverence of the presence of the power of God. Earth and sky and wind and sea lay joined in one gigantic medium; in one enormous union; in one magnificent conception.

Suddenly, all was still. The moon broke full from behind the clouds. The sea sent gentle breakers to the shore. A soothing, delicate breeze danced lightly through the perfumed air.

One last powerful wave pounded sharply to the shore, and cast a small white thing on the sand. The water receded and left it stranded on the beach. I moved closer to it. It moved. I was not afraid, and yet I was apprehensive. I drew nearer. It had a body! And a head! I hastened to it now, and stopped just as I reached it. It had the body of a woman, immaculate and fair. And its face, like a face that's ne'er been seen on ephemeral earth, a face like the mother of God. With ageless eyes . . . and soft, supple features. . . .

I touched it. It was warm, and its eyes warmed me

with their gaze. It was alive; alive in God's most beautiful way. I bore it up into my arms. It trembled. I took it into my shelter, and laid it on my couch. I washed the sand from its body with fresh water, and enheartened the fire to warm its flesh. I covered its nakedness with a soft animal skin, and laid its head on a pillow of down. Its hair fell about the cushion in golden, flowing strands, accentuating its angelic features. I brought it flowers, and warm goat's milk and all that I had professed to be God's most gracious, most perfect creations. But they all, every one, wilted and died in the presence of its transcendent beauty.

Here was a mortal coveted by immortals, coveted by demons, coveted in Heaven and in Hell. A rare and radiant virgin, cherished and adored.

I called it . . . her. I called her . . . Eve.

She drew her arms around me, and brought me down beside her. She kissed me, and cast aside the animal skin.

I kissed her like the ocean kisses sandy shores,  
I held her longer than time has held the fate of mortal man,

I loved her purely, with Heaven's Grace, a sacred union before God,

I embraced her like the trees embrace the earth that gives them life,

I loved her the same way that God loves you and me.

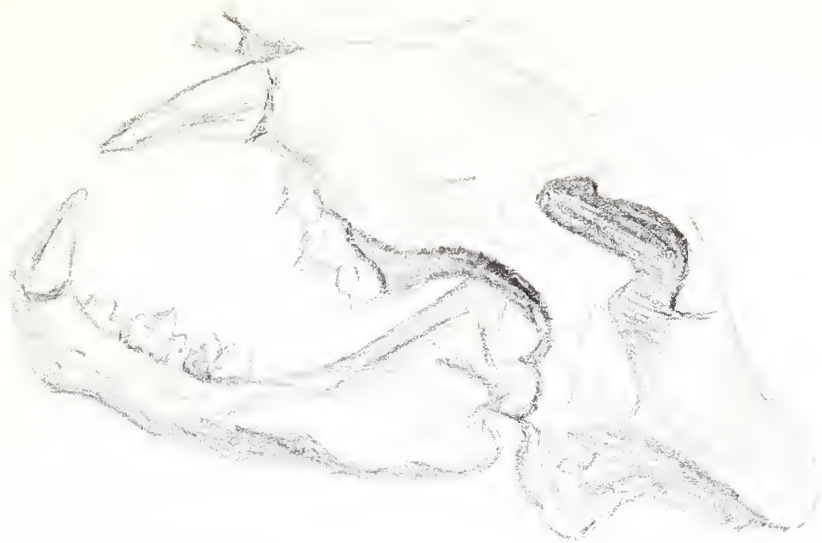
The morning brought the sight of crimson sails against the sunrise. I dashed frantically to the beach to signal the ship, and they quickly responded to my plea.

I called to Eve, exclaiming my joy. I told her she could come to my world, be my wife and not my mistress. I saw both happiness and sadness in her eyes that moment, but my jubilation overpowered a more important emotion, and I shouted eagerly to the nearing vessel.

When I turned again about, she was gone. And in her place lay a strand of seaweed, wet from the angry sea, and warm from the morning sun.

Just a strand of seaweed. . . .

And to me his story told,  
This ancient captain brave and bold,  
And to me he told the truth,  
Ere the only love of his lost youth,  
Of Woman child so fair, so free,  
Born from the womb of an angry sea.  
This ancient captain brave and bold,  
Clutched tight within his hand does hold,  
A strand of seaweed, dead and dry,  
A salty tear within his eye,  
This man now sits with bowed, gray head,  
The ancient captain is dead.



## “FEAR”

by MARTY ROLAND

Do you know when the sickening grip of fear of the night is broken? I don't mean the ordinary and childlike fears that everyone has experienced during his lifetime. I mean the anticipation of insufferable agony or the expectation of violent death, from out of that night.

I do. I tasted its frenzied emotion, on a nocturnal jaguar hunt, in the seemingly impenetrable jungles of South America.

A marauding jaguar, that killed only under the cloak of darkness, had to be found and destroyed under that same covering. My only weapons — a shotgun and one native guide out of an entire village, who knew no fear.

The doorway to Hades was opened, that night of my prowl. Behind it, slithered and crawled the nightmare of unseen deadly snakes, giant, venomous ants and poisonous spiders. Beyond it, too, awaited the tormenting stings of clouds of mosquitos and of hordes of insects. In their midst, somewhere lurked a vicious jaguar.

We stepped through that doorway, with the knowledge of the possibility of never being able to return again. It was like walking into a bottomless pit.

The pitiful beam of my flashlight, as it stabbed the blackness ahead of us, was as effective as the glow of a match in a huge darkened room. The inkiness of the jungle, that closed around us, was overwhelming. The musty, foul-smelling odor of decayed vegetation filled my nostrils. Moist foliage and slimy vines nudged my body and touched my arms, like clammy, beckoning hands from the dead. The same jungle, that I had hacked and trodden during daylight, at night, seemed like the weird bowels of another world.

With each step, that I took, I expected to trample, unwittingly, into the powerful, twisting coils of a boa-constrictor. I visualized the thrashing sinews whip themselves around my legs.

Then, as I carefully groped my way in deeper, a new imagination developed. I anticipated, any second, to feel one of the varieties of poisonous snakes strike out at my legs. The sensation was so realistic and vivid, that I winced at the thought of it. My leg muscles tightened,

involuntarily, trying to prevent the fangs from embedding themselves too far in my flesh.

Swarms of mosquitos settled on me and small red ants crawled over me. It seemed as though my whole body was on fire, as tiny, burning needles pricked their way into my skin.

I broke through the sticky strands of a web, that stretch beside our path. I looked down, in time, to see a spider moving upward over my pants and quickly knocked it off with the butt of my gun.

The heel of my boot crushed a black scorpion, that rested on the opposite side of a fallen tree, over which I scrambled. Large, coconut-sized mounds of the giant ants protruded grotesquely at the base of trees. Every time, that I kicked something, I glanced at my feet. I expected, too, to witness hundreds of the huge, black ants boil out of those mounds and climb over me.

The weak illumination of the flashlight, only intensified the bizarre picture. It magnified shadows and reflected back the glare of slime and dripping vegetation.

I slipped and my hand and arm sank into the muddy undergrowth beneath me. As I tried to push myself back on my feet, instantaneously, I felt the light movement of something crawling over my neck and shoulder. I didn't know whether to brush it off with my hand or not; I couldn't see what it was. Instead, I shook myself violently and twisted forward. Whatever it was, it fell off in the darkness and I sprang ahead.

Sounds of four-foot Iguana lizards scampering away from our approach and the crashing noises of falling trees and limbs broke the eerie stillness.

The farther in we hiked, the more the screeching of macaws and the howling of baboons from the closely-knit jungle high above us haunted me. I couldn't listen for the low snarling of the jaguar and I didn't know, from which direction it might come charging from out of night.

My fingers were numb and my hand ached from the tight grip on my gun. My eyes strained in trying to pierce the blackness, that surrounded us and in trying to search the jungle floor ahead of me. My whole body had chills, as I sensed things crawling over me.

When finally, my insides had twisted and tightened up so convulsively, that I *wanted* something to end it all, it happened. The greyish, light of dawn filled the jungle, shattering the night and my fears banished.





## FRANCE, LAND OF LOVE

by THOMAS TUMLIN

for Dr. Ledbetter, English 230

Several years past, while in the service of the United States, I had the chance to visit the French Riviera. Many parts of many different countries have lain before my eyes but only France has captured my imagination, my heart and soul, my love of mankind.

A person touring the Riviera must prepare himself for the delight of his life. He will undoubtedly succumb to the overpoweringly friendly atmosphere of the land and of the people. A joy for living will ignite his spirit and life will be new, alive, and vibrant. Each morning as he awakes, throws open the shuttered windows of his apartment and breathes the cool sea air, spicy with the scent of the early morning French cuisine, he knows this place — of life, of love, and of romance.

After dressing, warm weather style, he walks down and out into the street, takes a deep breath and feels the warm sun as it plays about his face. It is early, only seven thirty, and the streets are not yet crowded. The cafe owners are opening for the morning rush on coffee. There is much to do, red and white checkered table cloths to be spread, more tables to be set up along the sidewalk and espresso, yes, lots of dark, steaming, eye-opening espresso to be made.

Down the street of many and multicolored shops, groups of old men and women are setting up the fish market along each side of the street. They are waiting for the husbands and sons who will bring home a fine catch of snapper and yellow tail and even salmon, crab, shrimp, squid, and octopus. Across the street and beyond the park filled with benches and exotic flowers lies the Mediterranean, the blue coast, "La Cote D'Azur." The water looks fine, warm, and is gently playing tag with the sands along the shore.

Yes, he loved it. He was now a part of it, experiencing this wonderful place. He could feel it in the crowds, in the market place, in the candy shops, and on the beaches. He could feel this warmth, love, and friendship flowering forth from the land and the people, but most of all, he could feel it issuing forth from deep within himself.

## POEM

by ROLAND BALSERA  
for Mrs. Magers, English 102

(*French*)

la vie qui partira  
qu'es - tu?  
es - tu la mort  
quand tu es a ma porte  
je suis confus  
et ma felicite  
se tourne grise  
parce que la vie j'amaie  
et tu la prendras  
et elle, pamaie,  
mais jamaie, ne revinira.

(*Spanish*)

la vida que se ira  
que eres tu?  
eres tu la muerte  
cuando tocas a mi puerta  
me confundes,  
y mi felicidad se vuelve gris  
porque esta vida que yo amo  
tu te la llevaras  
y ella, ella pamas  
a mi regresara.

(*English*)

the life that will part  
what are you?  
are you death  
when you knock at my door  
i am confused  
and my happiness turns gray  
because this life that i love so much  
you will take away  
and it, never  
but never will return.

## THE STRANGER

The people stood  
Hand in hand  
And formed a barrier,  
Eyes veiled  
Mouths set in a firm  
No!

The wind from  
The desert spiritlessly  
Trudged through the town,  
And the sun was  
A yellow fire.

The stranger turned  
At the time  
When dusk and sun conspire  
"I'll go," said the stranger  
And went on his way.

## THE UNCLOCKED KITE

by JEAN ELLEN MAGERS

Some clocks have chimes and other bells,  
Yet mine's denied a voice, for  
Life slips on the silent turning of a minute.  
These calendars, clocks, and countless reminders  
Of sameness surround me.  
These days, weeks, years whirl fused  
To pull me down time's dark funnel.  
My fingers reach to grasp suspended crystal moments.  
I have the kite.

Not as a child did I learn about kites,  
But as a woman known when  
When we raced it, laughing  
Down the beach and out the pier until—  
Above the trees  
Among the clouds  
And toward the sky,  
It shines  
And gleams  
Still shimmers.  
Love, sky, kite, I seem one for  
In my hand it lives and quivers  
A line wound 'round the heart of God  
Still, pulsing with that beat.

The moment shatters, slips, and fades  
Through fingers empty comes the void  
And black my needles plea  
Stop the spin.  
Stop the slip.  
Stop the slide.  
Stop it once  
Before I die.

## BAT FLIGHT

by NELDA GROVE

The cavern entrance yawned — a gargantuan maw  
Opening in perpetual rigidity,  
Sculptured surprise at the multitude it saw,  
Thousands of eyes, expectant, waiting.  
The sun had set and the evening blue  
Darkened the stage to velvety black;  
Crag and reaches humbled their hue  
As the writhlike forms drifted up  
Faster and faster, increasing their count  
While pattern of flight thickened  
Circling the maelstrom's rocky fount  
Like ebony butterflies in twisting ascent  
They poured forth in a spiral nebulae,  
A tremendous thrust of silent turbulence  
Beyond human reach, ear or eye:  
Nocturnal flight to rapacious repast.



## ENVOI

A thing that made him fine  
Was that he seemed to meet  
And leave her in *her stride*;  
And in his player's way  
Of grimacing at pleasure-pain confused,  
Conveyed a message of communion,  
With admiration and respect mixed in,  
Which transcended any words  
And had no place in talk.



## PREMONITION

by JIM ROBINSON

The dust swung from side to side  
While entering my chamber.  
The particles glittered in warm sunlight  
While descending almost vexing upon me.  
Suddenly my heart skipped a beat  
While my eyes turned to stone, immovable.  
The dust fell, and fell, and fell.

## THOREAU

by MICHAEL

Fearing the city,  
I fled to the  
country, where  
the bears scared me  
and I hid  
in a cave  
filled with snakes.

## ONE "MOVING" EXPERIENCE

by DOCTOR HOMER M. LEDBETTER

When my wife and I received the word that we were being asked to work in the land of the swamp, the sand, the sea, and the sun, we began to plan and to pack for the big move from the second home of the Cherokee to the first home of the Seminole. This began a chain-reaction which resulted in many interesting and "soul-tearing" experiences.

Being from the Southwest and from Oklahoma, in particular, Elma and I have an abiding love for the good beef of that area; and, to my great fault, we like to eat the juicy steaks, roasts, and red beef burger that are the rewards of the flint rock and grass combination foods for the grazing stock to be found on the pastures of that state. Thus did we have the setting for this particular pattern of experiences and set of circumstances.

One of our first actions was that of calling Tulsa and asking one of the big cross country van people to send us an agent to explain the moving procedures and the probable costs for a move of the type that was planned. A very fine young man came over and listed all of the items to be moved and discussed with us the various problems that would be involved. Among them was one in which my stomach had a great interest.

We had just purchased a beef carcass from a good friend and rancher of our area. It was one of those corn fed and stock fattened feeding yard Black Angus steers. It had been butchered and carefully packaged with tags of the proper nomenclature as to roasts, sirloin steaks, rib steaks, ground red beef burger meat, chuck roasts, round steaks, etc. All of this at the bargain price of 42c per pound. We had eaten one good meal from this beef and had found it to be some of the very best that we had ever had.

I asked the young man just how we could transport this beef to Florida, just how we might prevent it from spoiling, and just what the approximate moving cost for it would be. He told us that as we had it in the deep freeze at the time it would be no problem for the van company to hook the deep freeze into the battery set of the van and carry it at no more than the cost of some thirty dollars or according to the weight of the contents of the deep freeze. After butchering and packaging, the beef weighed some four hundred pounds. Since this sounded like a real bargain and since we both desired to keep the meat if at all possible, we told him that it was a deal. We then sealed the plan with a good old fashioned handshaking.

By midnight of that day, we were completely packed and ready to start the trek for the new life in the bewildering milieu of South Florida on its famous Gold Coast. The van and its contents were to spend the night in Tulsa, obtain all of the proper papers the next morning, and begin the "long haul" to Florida the next day. We were to start by automobile and would plan to meet them at

the apartment that I had rented in Davie near my new working area, the Junior College of Broward County. We left Thursday at 6:00 A. M. with a tremble on our lips and moisture in our eyes, but with a feeling of great adventure and change for the future.

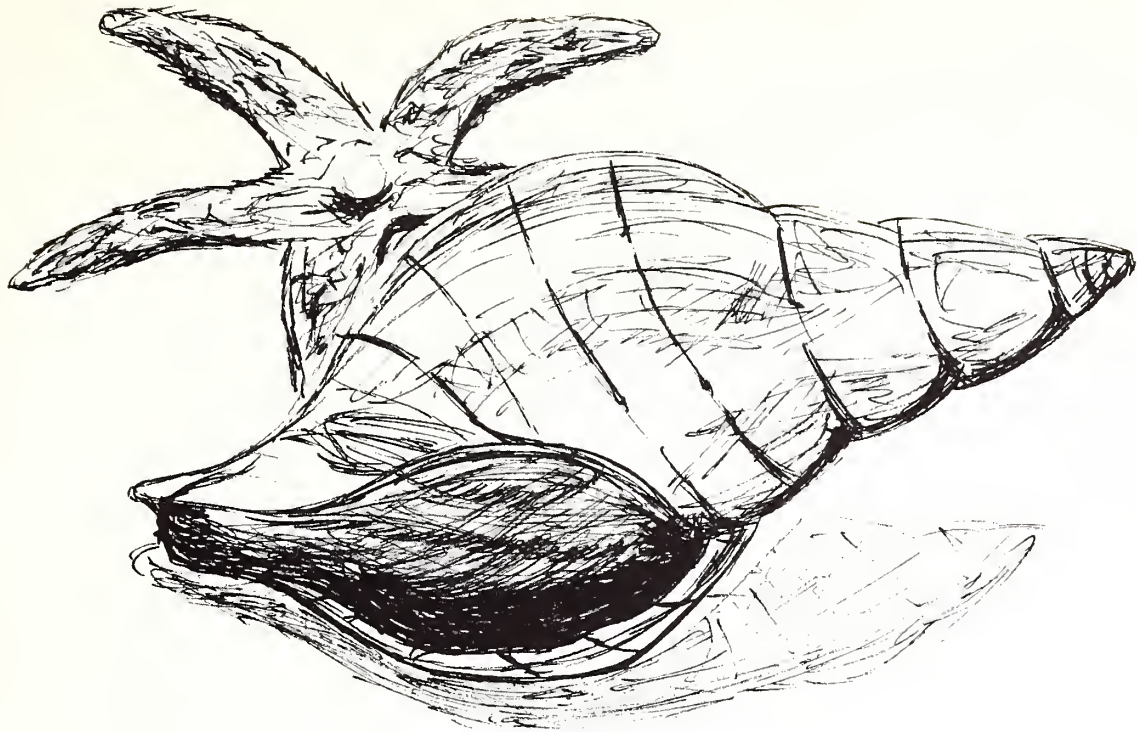
On Saturday at 2:22 p. m., the van arrived and began the unloading process; the Ledbetters were in the "home business" once again. In the "shank" of the evening and near to the end of the emptying of the truck, I asked the driver-foreman just where the deep freeze was and just how it had made the trip. It was then that the shock hit me full blast. He said that his boss in Tulsa had decided that they could not take a chance with the load of meat and that he had instructed them to unload all that was within the deep freeze and have it properly packaged for shipment via TWA to Fort Lauderdale-Hollywood International Airport.

I was informed that they had tried to reach me by phone and had been unable to contact anyone. Naturally, this was true as we were on the road to Florida by that time. He maintained that his employer had made the decision as he felt that we would wish the contents of the freeze to be protected. The Freight Depot at the airport would call us when the meat arrived and we could pick it up there. He explained that the company had packed dry ice into the top and the bottom of each container and had doubled the cartons with air spaces in between for certain temperature control. We were assured that the total six hundred pounds would be in excellent condition upon its arrival in the Fort Lauderdale area within the next day or so.

It was then that we realized that they had packed not only our two inch steaks, etc. but our dry bags of beans, hot-dog buns, left-overs, last season's wedding cake that we had been saving for our daughter's first wedding anniversary, and a number of other very inexpensive items. According to the bill of lading that the driver had, there would be some twenty-eight cartons which we should be able to get at the airport upon their eventual arrival. He had no idea as to the cost of this project of transportation, and stated that we would probably find this out from the freight depot at the time of arrival or at the time of delivery.

Two days later the phone rang and we found that the time had come to meet our fate and our bills. There were twenty-eight cartons in the freight depot at the airport. The bill of lading called for a freight bill of \$404.42. It cost us six dollars to hire some men to load the items on a truck which in turn charged me \$25.00 to bring the boxes to our home.

As we figure the cost, each pound of this wonderful beef cost us \$1.50 per pound. You might really believe that each mouth-full is a great joy. Yes, those beef-burgers still have a taste that is "out of this time, place, and pocketbook." As many would say, "We are really living high on the hog."



## IDYLL BY THE SEA

by DAVID FACTOR

1.

A figure trudged before me as the sun came up.  
Waves erased his footsteps from the sand.  
Waves on the sand—  
Fish fluttering on the shore.  
Watch out for the birds!

2.

Birds! And little piper,  
Tiny beast, beak at work in the sand,  
Three-toed pattern ambling to the sea.  
A little here, a morsel there,  
Hurrying, scurrying.

3.

You will be satisfied,  
Not realizing that to the west  
Lies a mad world.  
Beware of the tide!  
It's rough today.

4.

Is there no escape from this idyll by the sea?  
When the time comes the wind ceases  
And the sun comes up.  
I will be safe then from the night  
And the dream.



## SONETO: A CRISTO CRUCIFICADO<sup>1</sup>

by JOHN PAWLOWSKI

No me mueve, mi Dios, para quererte  
El cielo que me tienes prometido,  
Ni me mueve el infierno tan temido  
Para dejar por eso de ofenderte.  
Tú me mueves, mi Dios; muéveme el verte  
Clavado en esa cruz y escarnecido;  
Muéveme ver tu cuerpo tan herido;  
Muévenme las angustias de tu muerte;  
Muéveme, en fin, tu amor de tal manera  
Que, aunque no hubiera cielo, yo te amara,  
Y aunque no hubiera infierno, yo te temiera.  
No me tienes que dar por qué te quiera;  
Porque, si cuanto espero no esperara,  
Lo mismo que te quiero te quisiera.

## SONNET: TO CHRIST CRUCIFIED

Neither the promise of heaven nor the fear of hell moves me, my God, to love you and to never offend you. You inspire this love in me, my Lord: seeing you nailed upon the cross and ridiculed, your body broken, the anguish of your death. Such realities move me to love you. In essence, your love influences me so, that, even if there were no heaven, I should still love you; and, even if there were no hell, I should still fear you. You need not give me a reason why I should love you because, even if all that I hope for were no longer, I would love you as I do now.

<sup>1</sup> This sonnet has been attributed to many mystic writers (Santa Teresa and San Francisco Javier) but definitive proof of authorship is lacking. My translation attempts to preserve the perfect act of contrition contained within the poem.





## VISIBILITY INFINITY

by JOEL MARTIN

What is hemispherical, expensive, and full of stars?  
Give up?

A planetarium.

Although the first planetarium in the United States was opened in Chicago in 1930, it was seventeen years later before a college owned one. Why?

Group study of simulated constellations during daylight hours first became possible in 1924 when Walter Bauersfeld designed a star projector which was built by the Zeiss optical works of Jena, Germany. About 30 of these instruments were built before World War II prevented further manufacture. Five were installed in the United States in Chicago, Philadelphia, Los Angeles, New York, and Pittsburgh.

These Zeiss projectors were expensive, costing around \$75,000, and the large domed ceilings used for a projection screen were equally costly. A building large enough to house a fifty or sixty foot hemispherical ceiling might cost \$100,000 or more so that such installations were made only where wealthy philanthropists were willing and able to donate a half million dollars for a strictly non-profit public facility for entertainment and education.

The yearly operating budgets of these large planetaria are just as astronomical as the programs they present, so that continued operation depends on further endowment funds.

During the early war years Armand Spitz, while lecturing at the Fels planetarium in Philadelphia, realized the need for a simpler planetarium instrument and designed one using a hollow dodecahedron instead of two spheres, and using pinholes instead of lenses. A twelve to twenty foot domed ceiling was used. You can see one of this type at the Miami Museum of Art and Science.

Military training courses proved these Spitz planetaria to be entirely satisfactory. The first one sold for non-military use was bought in 1947 by Eastern Mennonite College in Harrisonburg, Virginia, where it is still being used. Harrisonburg deserves a gold star in recognition of the fact that it has two planetaria, the second Spitz instrument being at Madison College there.

After building a large planetarium of a complexity comparable to the Zeiss instruments and seeing it successfully operating in Montevideo, Uruguay, Spitz sold his designs and the use of his name to a corporation now known as Spitz Laboratories. They have brought out two new types of planetaria called the A-3-P and the I. S. T. P. They also made the model C-3 installed at the Air Force Academy in Colorado.

A. A. Faulkner, chief designer with Spitz before the corporation took over, has joined another firm which operates under the name, Space Education Laboratories. He makes a school size educational planetarium called Nova III. It will fit almost any room because it has a special fiber glass dome which is available in 14 and 20 foot diameters.

The Junior College of Broward County will have both a planetarium and a telescopic observatory. The planetarium chamber has been designed so that astronomy classes can be held in it during the day and evening class hours, but it will also have the potential of producing regular public planetarium shows as well. The building

is shown on the campus model between the library, student center and science buildings.

There will be an entrance or lobby where the public may wait until time for a show to start. This is where the information desk will be located. This part of the building will also provide offices for the astronomy faculty, rest rooms, storage for equipment and astronomical charts.

The main planetarium chamber has been designed as a separate structure attached to the entrance building by a short hallway. This is to provide isolation from noise sources such as people, air conditioners, and plumbing. The structure will be built with no two walls parallel in order to prevent standing sound waves. Reverberation is one of the acoustic problems resulting from the tendency of a dome to focus sound waves. Anyone who has visited the Capitol rotunda or the Mormon Temple knows about this.

The observatory for the 12" telescope will be built later in front of the planetarium building.

The planetarium instrument is the gift of Emil Buehler, a retired industrialist, who also gave the college the trainer plane used in our beginners' aviation course.

The 12" telescope was built by the late Dr. Frank Denniston and given to the college by his widow. It is a reflecting telescope with a Springfield mounting. Reflectors are like the 200" telescope at Mount Palomar in that they use a parabolic mirror to produce the real image. The Springfield mounting is advantageous because the eyepiece remains at the same place, no matter where the telescope is pointed. Other mountings require the observers to climb a ladder to look in the eyepiece if the telescope is pointed upward. Astronomers have more broken arms than other professional people because more of them fall off the ladder!

James McNally, a former student, gave the college his 6" Newtonian Dynascope and Mrs. Paul Yoder gave a fine refracting telescope. Both of these are portable and can be used even before the observatory is built. The McNally 6" reflector was used when comet Ikeya appeared in 1961. More than 200 people saw the comet through it.

With the facilities now being planned, it should be possible for the college to take care of the needs of its growing student body for space age education. At the same time there is recognition of, and provision for, a growing role in providing an unusual and worthwhile community service.

With the aid of German optical workers who fled the Russian invasion, the Japanese concern which makes Nikon camera lenses is producing a series of planetaria of all sizes and prices under the name Goto.

Many people who have not been to a planetarium may confuse it with an observatory. In a planetarium, which can be darkened completely at any time of day, a group of people sit comfortably and see artificial stars projected on the ceiling.

The illusion produced by a well-operated planetarium is very realistic. If it differs from the real night time sky, the differences are all in the favor of the planetarium sky—it is better.

It never rains inside a planetarium, it is never cloudy or foggy, nor too windy or too cold. Street lights, neon signs, stadium lights and other sources of glare never interfere. The planetarium sky is perfect. The real sky



can compete only far out at sea or in a desert, for only there will you see as many real stars as the average planetarium will show you.

Spitz likes to tell about the little old lady who was a regular visitor when he was lecturing at the Fels planetarium in Philadelphia. She always stayed after the program and listened attentively during the period when the audience could ask questions. She was always the last person to leave.

After a particularly elaborate lecture during which

the stars were shown going backward and the sun and moon rose and set several times (all within an hour), she got up courage enough to ask the question that had puzzled her continually since here first visit.

"I understand everything you did," she said, "except one thing. Please tell me how you always get the roof off the building without making any sound at all."

In an observatory only one person at a time can look through the telescope which is commonly used only at night. Stars are best observed on clear, moonless nights.

## STATEMENT OF PHILOSOPHY OF EDUCATION

by JOHN CARTER WELDON

Three foreigners meet. They do not speak alike!  
One says: "Dos y dos son quatro!"  
Says the second: "Deux et deux sont quatre!"  
And the third: "Two and two are four!"

Misunderstanding, they argue and become irritated, their cultural manners, quite different, stimulate a furor! Just as they are about to become physically aggressive, along comes a mathematician who listens intently and then scribbles a simple translation on the sidewalk:

$$2 + = 4$$

Recognizing their problem in a common "language," they settled their differences, these three men of national pride!

Though we speak different languages, we quite frequently become internationally disturbed even when the problems are trivial.

We of the same language many times do not speak the same "language" and, consequently, fall out with one another.

Attitudes, in this applicant's mind, come first; expression of these attitudes, second. Differing interpretations of situations may be expressed from different points of view. But the fact of life remains the same.

If this applicant, by teaching languages, can cause his students to realize common grounds of understanding through the study of culture and language, he will consider himself quite fortunate.

If this applicant can stimulate personal initiative and self-reliance and cause the student to develop his own potential, then the student will be better prepared to meet the "foreigners" in his life with greater comprehension. The student then will be able to tolerate trivialities even though he is privileged to stand on firm conviction when problems of greater magnitude arise.

This, in brief, is the philosophy of education of this applicant. It has many facets, but it is fundamentally this.



**IN A HUNDRED MILLION SOULS,  
OR MORE**

by BOB HOWELL

It has been the malignant cyst, to  
A hundred million souls, or more.  
The Black Death, that marches across the earth  
On the backs of vermin, clutching like the girth.  
We have named it many times, but it changes not at all.  
It was born in Adam, and has been passed on ever since  
the fall.

I have found it in the faces, and the haunting places of  
A hundred million souls, or more.  
It hides, yet bold and protruding, 'neath rocks, and in  
cracks,

Never eluding.

I have seen it sanctified, and always self-satisfied.  
Always—BIAS, PREJUDICE, INTOLERANCE,  
walking through the door, in  
A hundred million souls, or more.

**POEM**

by B. DROMCOOL

He cursed the ignorance of sunlight  
being somewhat out of step with war  
later cursed the slanting  
and the enveloping blackness  
and cursed his hands  
too beautiful  
incongruous  
silver lines of rain  
starshot night  
for rifles.

**"TO WAR"**

by GREG HOISINGTON

(From the dedication of *The Thin Red Line*)

I drink to War  
and all its glory  
and pain  
and decimation;

To War of terror  
and endless death,  
a child of man's creation;

For only in War  
the whole-man finds  
his heart,  
his love,  
and worth;

And only in War  
life seeps from him,  
his blood  
to nurture  
the earth.

I raise my glass  
to War and death —  
May neither even cease!

And to the monuments  
to War's lost heroes,  
erected  
in the name  
of Peace.

**THE COLOURS!**

by ROGER DAVIS

The blood ran this way  
that terrible day,  
washed into the earth  
like the sea to the shore,  
Red was the color of land  
then—  
and born was another  
Nation.

White was the bone that  
showed through the Flesh,  
and white were the bayonets  
that danced in the light,  
Freedom is pure and the price  
is high, but pureness is all white.

Blue was the smoke that  
followed the ball, to a heart  
that loved its country  
and blue was the sky that  
day, when a man stopped short  
and then ran away, And met  
his God in a disasterous way,  
But a nation was born.



## LITTLE PEOPLE

by JOHN SCHAEFER

Listen to the stillness  
The quiet of the night  
The absence of the crickets  
The fog, an erie sight.

The black sky is above you  
The stars, there shining bright  
Listen to the stillness  
The quiet of the night.

Those little men are out there  
You can hear them keeping still  
As they march with little urns of gold  
From hill to moon lite hill.

They merge from caves in forest deep  
Adorned in golden threads  
And carefully filch the treasures  
From the king's well guarded sheds.

They slip it to the poor man  
While wealthy nobles sleep  
And dream of brave adventures  
While past the grones do creep

The little people must work fast  
And hide before the light  
For to the eyes of mortal men  
They must refrain from sight.

Listen to the stillness  
And hear them scurrie past  
On their secret journies  
Which may well be their last.

For in the night lurks danger  
And footprints on the dew  
Tell of witchly conquests  
In search of gremlin stew.

Quiet, now, be quiet,  
For if we dare be bold  
We may catch a gremlin  
With his pot of gold.

Listen to the stillness.  
Feel the nighttime chill  
Why, there by goes another  
On his way up yonder hill.

Children listen to me  
And do as I have told  
And you may come upon tonight  
A gremlin and his gold.



## CONFRONTATION

by WILLARD KEMPTON

Boiled this side of death, at four,  
(He'd fallen back into a cauldron  
Meant for pigs to scald in—  
And this some two decades before—  
Before he'd had the drive to learn  
Or put in words his lust for life  
And observations on his fellow men.)

Stalwart he loomed—  
Just inside the doorcase.  
Across his face there spread  
Conflicting whimsy of the leprechon  
And pain not quite eradicated.  
Confronted woman of his love—  
(He loved all women—)  
And massively advanced.  
And with his wide, exploring hands,  
Not failing in their course  
To note with fingers spread,  
The burgeoning thrust of hips  
and  
Loosely  
Haloing  
Belt  
of  
Black,  
Traced out vertically  
And with the utmost care  
The  
Silhouette  
Of  
Her  
Slight  
Femininity

(With gratitude to M. Guillaume Appollinaire for his considerable contribution to modern poetry — the marriage of the sensitive, the graphic and the visual.)

## LONELINESS

by JOHN LEATHERWOOD

Loneliness is standing  
In a void of darkness  
Longing for someone  
To talk to;

Loneliness is a child  
Tearfully watching  
A dying butterfly;

Loneliness is night  
In an unfriendly place;

Loneliness is walking  
To where the sidewalk ends  
With no place left  
To go;

Loneliness is not having  
A brother;

Loneliness is a torrent  
Of tears one sheds  
At the funeral  
Of someone loved;

Loneliness is calling  
Upon God and feeling  
That He is not there  
To help you;

Loneliness is pain  
Created by an unkind word;

Loneliness is when the person  
You love most  
Turns against you;

Loneliness is feeling  
That whatever good you do  
Goes unappreciated;

Loneliness is saying goodbye  
For the last time;

Loneliness is Christmas  
Away from family  
And friends;

Loneliness is a silence  
That has no end;

Loneliness is being  
Far from home  
And knowing that it is  
Impossible to return;

Loneliness is realizing  
That your absence  
From society  
Would be unnoticed;

Loneliness is returning  
To your home town  
And finding that  
All has changed;

Loneliness is when  
No one will believe  
Your plea of innocence  
When you are said  
To be guilty;

Loneliness is standing  
In a crowd and  
Seeing only the faces  
Of strangers;

Loneliness is when  
The darkness is absent  
Of a guiding light;

Loneliness is a  
Human inheritance —  
Alone we are born,  
Alone we die,  
And alone we receive  
Our judgment.

(3)

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5.











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125  
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Ant. ...





