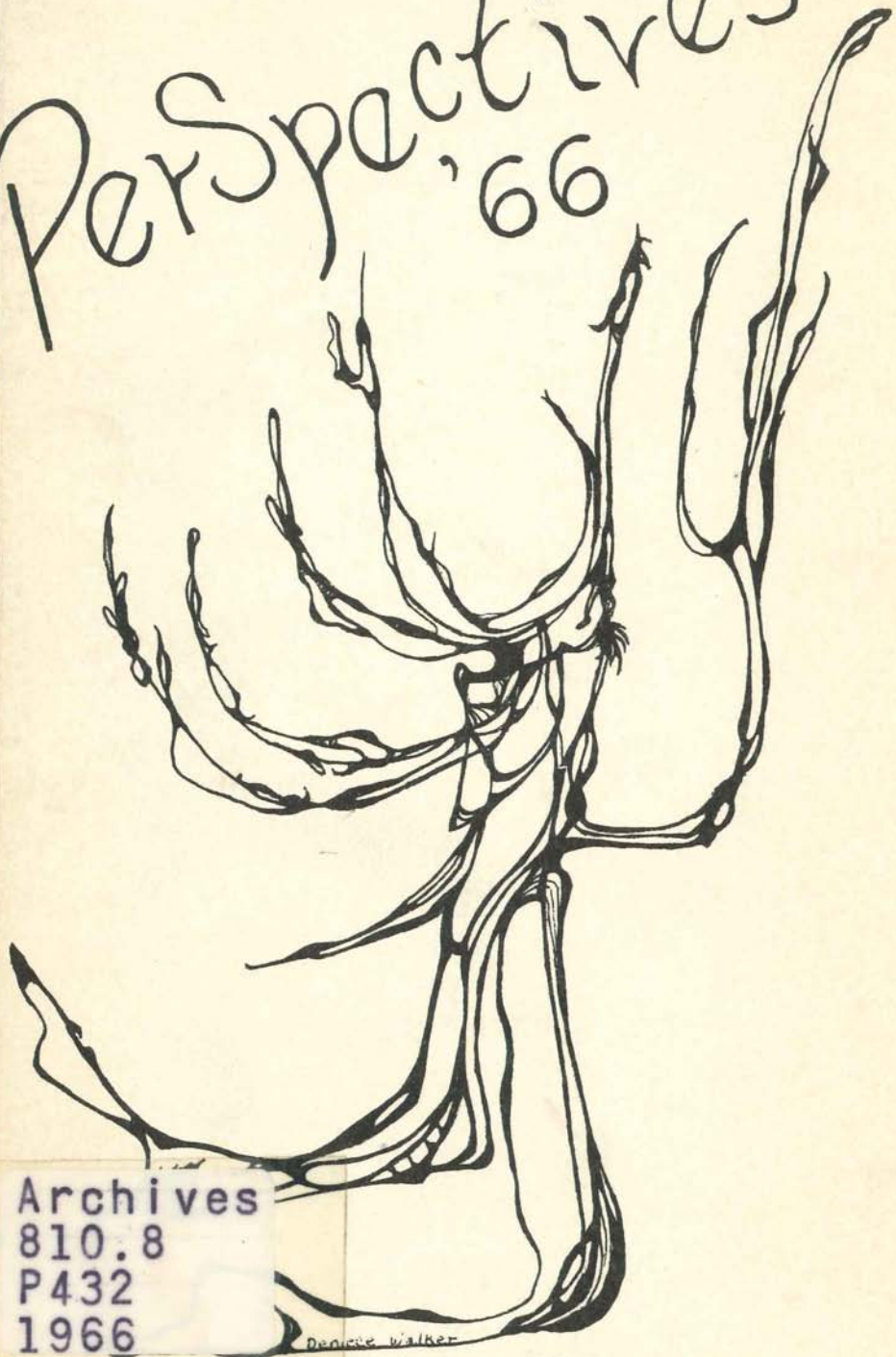


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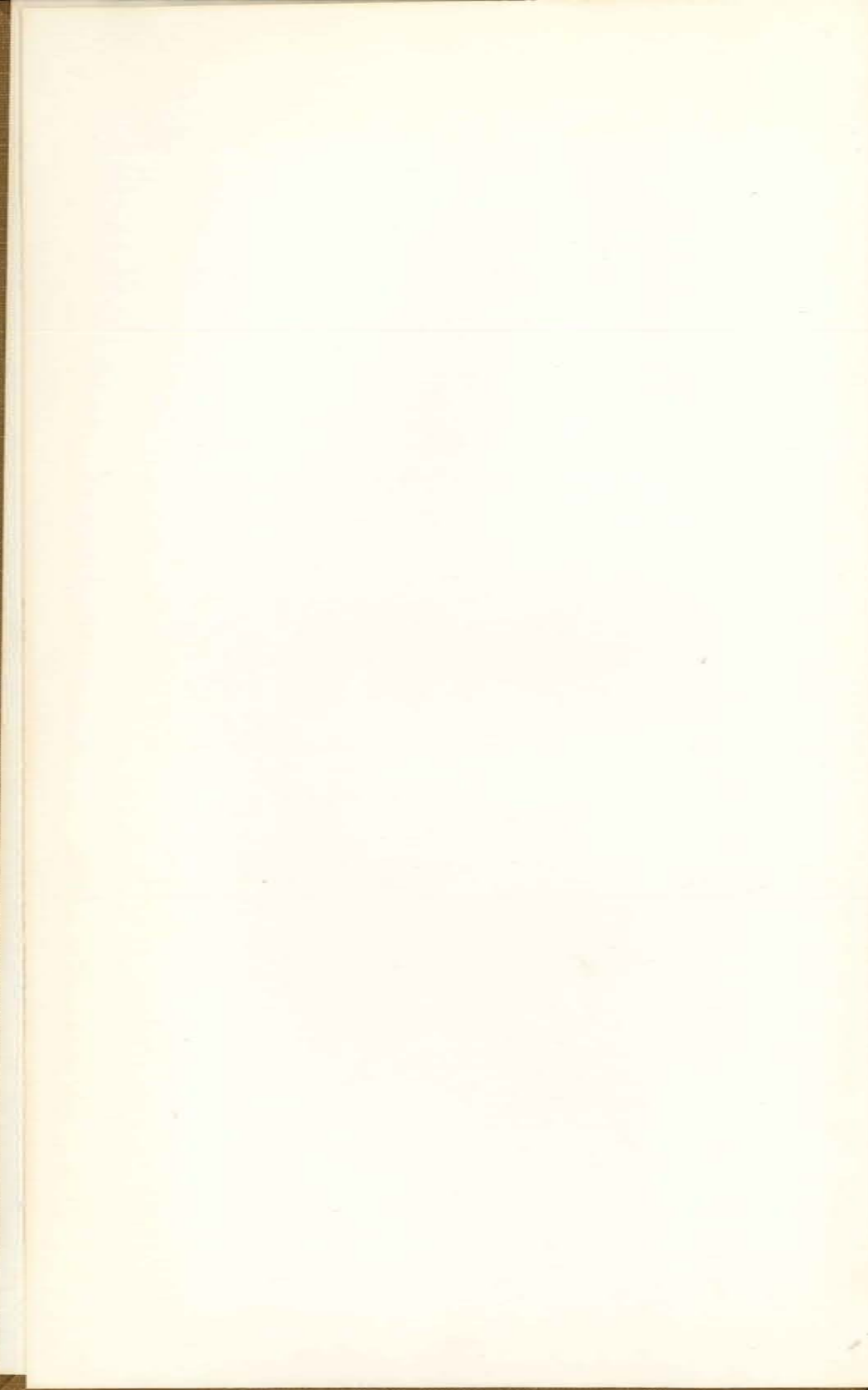
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Love Of Her Life

Malola Atwood

She walked out of the doctor's office listlessly, her shoulders drooping and head hung as if she had just been punished.

The doctor had just told her she was pregnant.

"My God!" she thought, "forty years old and going to have another baby." What would the kids think, and how could she tell them there would be another mouth to feed when things were already skimpy and Jeanie, the oldest one, was planning to start to college in the fall. How could she inflict this news on them? Her family, of which she was so proud; four lovely intelligent children; so much comfort to her, and the way things had been planned, all grown by the time she was fifty. Now, with a new one coming, John, her husband, would be near retirement when the child graduated from high school and she would be a gray-haired old hag.

The months seemed to drag interminably; she was so sick and the summer months were so hot and sticky. Sleep became a price-less commodity, not to be taken lightly and noise disturbed her until she thought, "What am I becoming? I scream and shout at the children, and ignore John until I create an intense impossible situation, but I can't seem to help myself."

One morning in the middle of September, she arose from a troubled sleep and as she was getting breakfast, felt a twinge of pain low in her back.

"Well," she thought to herself, "today is the day."

At noon, she told the children good-by, giving them detailed instructions for the next week, and drove up to the hospital. Once there, she had one of the attendants call John, because she knew he would want to be there when the baby came. If this one went like the others had, she should be through by the middle of the afternoon. She was not frightened, only dreading it as a long-forgotten ordeal. It had been ten years since she had had a baby and she wasn't really looking forward to it.

Nothing was the same; her evening became a nightmare of pain and frustration. The baby would not come, it was upside down, it was sideways, it was . . . She didn't know what it was, she only wished it to be over quickly.

At midnight she called the nurse because she knew it was to be now. The nurses hurried her into the delivery room and fifteen minutes later the doctor held up a round, fat, black-haired baby girl.

She looked at it with awe and wonder. "Why, I don't hate her

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at all! She's going to be as precious as the others. She will be my baby. My baby girl!"

The nurses cleaned her up and wheeled her into her room where she immediately flopped onto her stomach, thinking,

"Oh, how good it feels to be able to lie this way. I could sleep for a week," and promptly she fell into a deep restful slumber.

The next morning John was there when she awoke and told her it was necessary for her to have some remedial surgery and she was to go up immediately. Not really surprised, but wondering a little why it was necessary so soon after her delivery, she gave herself up to the nurse for the different shots, and long surgical stockings. A half hour later she was deep under the anesthetic.

She woke slowly, disoriented for a few minutes and then realizing where she was, heard a voice repeating over and over again, "Mrs. Comstock, can you hear me? Mrs. Comstock, can you hear me?" She gazed up from the hospital bed into a strange face.

Weakly, she nodded her head. "Who are you? I have never seen you before."

"Mrs. Comstock, I am Doctor Hanks, I must talk to you. Can you understand me?"

He told her that he had been called in on consultation for her and that it had been necessary to perform radical surgery. There would be no more children.

She thanked him slowly and precisely, still under the effects of sedation, and promptly fell asleep again.

She didn't awake again until the next morning. Wondering what day it was now, she looked around her in alarm. She had lost days out of her life; and how many? John was there and as she came fully awake she realized he looked terrible. He had a haunted, lost expression on his face and full blue circles beneath his eyes. She asked him, jokingly, if he had been out on the town, but the expression on his face stopped her before she had finished her question. She knew something was wrong and all at once she came fully awake. The baby! Something must be wrong with the new baby.

John stood and patted her shoulder absent-mindedly as she asked her question.

"What's wrong?"

"Well," John stammered "its the baby, she may not live. She has something wrong with her heart. You musn't be alarmed, they are doing all they can."

The thought struck her with horror. "I didn't want this one; perhaps I am going to be punished. Please God, let her be safe,

she's my precious baby girl. Please, please, don't let her die." It was a half plea and half prayer and was all uttered within herself.

The doctor bustled into the room and told them the baby would be all right and in her heart she answered her prayer to herself. "Thank you, God. Thank you for leaving my family complete."

In later years she could never imagine why she hadn't wanted her baby girl—the light, the life, and the love of her later years.

The Obsession

Cheryl Eichman

Carl Anderson turned away from the bright light that was filtering through the venetian blinds and pulled the blankets closer around his neck. He felt a strong urge to lie there and go back to sleep, but he knew that in forty-three minutes he had to be maneuvering his 1966 Buick through the melee of city traffic or he would be late for his job.

The thought of his job made him squirm within his warm cocoon. It wasn't a bad job, public accountant for the largest company in the city, and the pay was sufficient to provide most of the things he and his family wanted but. . . .

He started. Marge had called again. Reluctantly throwing the covers aside, Carl struggled out of bed and shuffled to the bathroom. The wool carpet was warm on his bare feet and the smell of toast and coffee awoke his senses. Someday he was going to have bacon and eggs for breakfast every morning.

Marge was reading the newspaper when he walked into the kitchen. She was a good wife and mother, demanding little and giving much. Many times she had gone without something she needed to get an extra item for him or the children. She was careful in her shopping and could stretch her grocery money to the limit. Being an excellent sewer, she made most of her own clothes. Someday he was going to buy her everything she deserved and. . . .

He kissed the top of her head out of habit and poured himself a cup of coffee. His glance met the long mar on the countertop and he was suddenly very dissatisfied with his surroundings. Then he remembered his dream. It had been more like a nightmare and he had woken in a sweat. Now, the only thing he could remember was that Jim Morgan had been in it.

Morgan's had been their neighbors for years. They had helped

each other landscape their yards and pave their drives. They played golf together for years and every Saturday night was their weekly bridge game. Jim worked for the same company that Carl did, but somehow there was a difference. Jim's shrubs seemed to grow better, his golf and bridge games were always played with more skill, and somehow Jim had always been chosen for the company advancements.

Rushing to finish his breakfast, Carl reached for the sugar. His suit sleeve caught a coffee cup and it spread its contents on the surface of the table. Brown streams sped around the cereal boxes and milk carton and fell over the table's edge forming limpid amber pools on the floor. Just Carl's luck.

Sopping up the liquid with his napkin and apologizing to Marge, he was again reminded of his dream. He remembered that the liquid had been golden and its movement had been an internal churning rather than spreading into streams as the coffee has done. But he didn't have time to think about it now. He was five minutes late and Jim hated to be late for work.

He glanced once more with distaste at the coffee and grabbed his attache case. After a light peck on the cheek for Marge, he flew to the garage.

Jim was waiting on the curb and was in the car almost before it had stopped.

"Where have you been, boy? We're gonna be late if you don't step on it." Jim's agitated voice ground on Carl's nerves but he didn't bother to explain why he was late. Jim wouldn't be interested anyway.

As they moved out into the traffic, Jim settled down to read the morning paper. "Say, you should see this advertisement. A full page lay-out of women's coats for the winter season. You know, our anniversary is next week and I'll bet June would love one of those short fur jackets."

Jim's comment was typical. He was always trying to rub it in that he made more money than Carl.

Jim went on unmindful of Carl's silence. "June really needs a new coat. The one she bought last year has really seen its better days."

Sure it has, Carl thought. June has probably worn the coat at least six times. Then he thought about Marge's coat. This was its third year and the prospects of a new one weren't very good. Maybe next year.

Carl stepped on the accelerator, enjoying the feeling of power beneath him. The shoulders of the highway slipped by unseen un-

til his destination finally came into view. The autumn sun reflected from the office building windows and seemed to emit a friendly warmth. Maybe it wouldn't be such a bad day after all.

II

The day had been long and had continued as it had started with nothing going right. After the bad start with the coffee and Jim's blowing, the boss had called him in about his work and said that he wasn't working up to capacity. When he finally arrived home, Marge asked him to punish the children for not coming home right after school.

To forget his frustrations, Carl went to bed early. Sleep always provided a good escape.

III

Sitting bolt upright in bed, Carl was aware that he had been sleeping for some time. His body was wet with sweat and his hands and feet were icy cold. His mouth was so dry that it hurt to move it.

It had been the dream again. The one which he had had last night and the night before and the nights before that for as long as he could remember.

The room was oppressive. Quietly slipping into his clothes, he left the room. The stairs groaned with his weight as he passed through the darkness. One of the children stirred in his sleep.

Outside the night air was heavy and the sky forecasted rain. The atmosphere did little to lift the oppressive weight from him. Carl went to the garage, backed the car out and drove somewhere—anywhere.

The headlights played ahead of the car, illuminating objects and creating shadows. A light mist began to fall, producing an aura of unreality.

Carl pulled over on the shoulder of the road and stopped his car. It was then that he thought about the dream again.

Like most dreams, it was confusing and mostly incoherent, but he could remember that he and Marge were with Jim. They were touring a new industrial building that Jim had financed. After going up several spiral flights of steps, they found themselves looking down into a huge vat of golden liquid. It had a granular consistency and was bubbling as it slowly churned toward the center of the vat. An odor of sickening sweetness permeated the room.

On a platform opposite them were a group of Carl's associates from the company. Sure, there was Pete Johnson and Bob Marques and Larry Robinson . . . he couldn't make out the others very clearly. As Jim was explaining the qualities of the liquid to all of them, his face became contorted into absolute fiendishness. The contents of the vat represented all the money that had been invested into the company. It was the life-blood. The gold had been melted and kept moving to be a constant reminder that it was the life-blood of their company and themselves. Money provided them with all the comforts and solace of life. It was life. . . . The sound of Jim's voice grew faint and Carl grew dizzy from the nauseating sweetness in the room. He lost his balance and went plummeting into the vat. The liquid grabbed at his clothing seeking to make Carl a part of itself. It was dragging him deeper and deeper into its depths. He screamed for help but all he received was the hysteric laughter of his friends. As the golden liquid churned about his face, he saw Marge. She was leaning over the railing, pointing her finger at him and laughing . . . laughing . . . laughing.

Carl was resting his forehead on the steering wheel. Small beads of sweat had popped out along his brow. Finally he consciously remembered the dream that had invaded his sleep for weeks. As Carl reflected on the dream, he was struck with a single thought. What was money? All his life he had struggled to make money and then more money and more money. Why wasn't his appetite for wealth ever sated? And then there was Jim who made more money yet. He hated Jim for . . . He hated him . . . Yes, that was it, he hated Jim and all of his other friends because most of them brought home bigger pay checks than he did. He was jealous of them. But were they any happier? They worked just as hard as he did; they didn't enjoy their new cars and boats any more than he enjoyed his older ones; they spent even less time at home with their families so they could gain overtime. What kind of a life was that? Surely there was more than that.

A flash of lightning followed by a loud roll of thunder started Carl from his pensive mood. The rain began to fall. Slowly at first in big drops that splashed on the windshield. Then it came faster in small, hard drops. Carl rolled down the car window. The smell of the wet earth and dead leaves cleared his head.

If there was more to life than money and position, maybe . . . just maybe, he was on the road to finding it.

The Art Of The Possible

Robert L. Faulhaber

The room was a shambles. The tables, perhaps normally used to display a salesman's wares, was strewn with paper, littered ash trays and half-empty glasses. Little droplets of stale ice water reflected from its polished surface. A red-coated bell boy had closed the door creating a dash of draft that swirled and eddied the layers of smoke hanging listlessly across the slanting rays of the late evening sun. The room's only window looked out over the grey roof tops of Boston. It was spring and only three weeks until the State Primary.

Al Thompson, a big hulk of a man, sat tense at the table. His face was livid. A big round badge, inscribed, "NATIONAL CHAIRMAN—LODGE FOR PRESIDENT COMMITTEE," tottered and blinked on his lapel as he breathed heavily.

"Damn it, Bill," he roared as his fist thundered on the table top. "It you have no stomach for this, what in the hell are you doing in COPE?"

Bill Luther remained slumped in his chair; "Bastard," he thought, "I won't give the bastard the pleasure of an answer. Stomach! God, what I've been through since that first union meeting back in '35! Stomach! Guts is the word! Raw, tight, bleeding guts! Clawing up out of the picket lines—dull meetings—all night haggling over a few lousy nickles, hoodwinking the mob—broken skulls—soup kitchens—a shot gun blast through the picture window that night in Detroit—dirty deals, clever deals, temporary deals, and some deals that back-fired. Now what about this one? God, could it ever back-fire! So we have a hoaxed-up four-year-old TV tape that now showed the old man indorsing Lodge for President. Sure it would fool the public. But, damn the public—what about some starry-eyed smart-alec reporter pulling the chain? And the old man himself? All right, we do keep him out-of-touch for twenty-four hours while we get the ball rolling. Granted he has straddled every issue for eight long years in the White House and every issue since. But this is touchy! It could tee him off enough to force his hand. So many chances. But the word is out." His thoughts trailed off as he contemplated the big picture.

The word was out. Stop Goldwater at all costs. Rocky blew his image with that Murphy gal up in Albany and now the last good hope of the party was Lodge. His campaign had caught fire in New Hampshire, but it needed the big push.

A harsh shot ring broke the tension in the room and brought Bill's attention back to the here and now. Al had the phone cradled in his big fist before it could ring the second time.

"Yeh," he grunted, his knuckles white on the receiver. "Thompson here. O. K., put him on."

T. J. Drexell, State Committee Chairman, and all that was left of an old back bay family, was sitting stiff backed on the edge of his chair.

"Yeh," repeated Al, "T. J. is here. It's all set up. Hell, his family owns the TV station! Sure, it's ready to run. It's your end we are worried about. Is the fix on the nurse?"

There was a breathless pause as he listened.

Madison Duffy slumped in his chair. He was ready. The TV tape had been altered. The corners of his mouth crinkled slightly in a smug little smile as he contemplated how cleverly he had mixed a flare of trumpets in the background music to completely obliterate the word, "Vice." It came out loud and clear—Ike backing Lodge for President. His smile deepened into one of self-satisfaction. If this crummy trick sparked the Lodge effort enough to stop Goldwater, there was a chance Madison Duffy would someday be issuing press releases from the White House. Yes, Madison could well afford to smile.

Al's voice again thundered through through the room. "O. K.—Remember now; if the schedule changes, call at once. If we do not hear from you, we roll the film at 7:15 prime time." Ice tinkled in a glass as Al slammed the phone cradle on its stand.

His dark eyes pierced the smoke as their sharp focus gathered the attention of his cohorts one by one. There was no question who was running the show.

"Now one more while we still have time," his voice rasped with tension. "T. J., is your boy ready?"

"Yes Sir, Al, the 7:15 news program will carry the tape. It will roll unless they receive a call from me personally. No hitch there, my boy." T. J. Drexell had long since given up thinking—just follow orders and not ask too many questions. After all the Drexells and the Lodges were both old New England families; no real harm done, you know; Ol' Henry was a right fellow—Harvard—19, Lampoon-----.

Al's sarcastic voice interrupted T. J.'s nervous reverie like an echo. "Just follow the plan, T. J., just follow the plan. This is not a little State fiasco we're pulling off."

"Now Madison," and his sharp eyes brought the young man up out of his slouch. "We've gone over your stuff. It's good. Re-

member the image is the key. Lodge has a good reputation and plenty going for him from his UN bit. Play it up. But that Asiatic stuff is hot potato—he's on shaky ground there so be careful.

Al's hands moved in little jerks across the table as if he were deploying armies of toy soldiers. "Now the next ten minutes will tell the tale. The old man is on his way to the hospital. To be sure he doesn't change his schedule, we are holding until the last minute." His pudgy fist moved a glass over to the edge of the table. "Once he is in Bethesda for his annual check-up we can rely on Bill's boys and the head nurse to be sure tomorrow morning's papers don't reach him. Thank God he never watches TV or listens to the radio when he has a couple of good western magazines to read. By 8:00 A. M. he'll be down the hall for laboratory check and so on." His hands spread wide decisively, palms down. "Now, that's enough time to make every deadline in the country, Madison, and we want results."

"Right, Chief, we're ready."

Al slowly shoved the glass toward the center of the table. "By the time the old man finds out he has indorsed our boy, it will be too late for him to deny it without looking like a complete ass. Hagarty will come up with the usual on again—off again fence straddling kind of rubbish he has been dishing out through the whole campaign.

"The old man has been good for the party." T. J. Drexell looked surprised that he had actually had the audacity to speak up. He seemed to wilt as the big man slowly turned to him. Al's eyes seemed to focus on the prim little man in gradual realization that he really was there, twitching on the edge of his chair.

"Don't be a fool," he rasped. "Don't be a complete fool."

Al relaxed his massive frame and sprawled his elbows on the table top. In his right hand he cradled an old-fashioned pocket watch, its gold fob dangling loosely. He laid it gently, face up next to a half-empty bottle of old Grandad.

His voice was quiet and yet seemed to fill the room as it rose from the depth of his chest. "Four minutes. The old man is in the hospital by now. Unless we get that call in four minutes, the die is cast. By God, this could be the thing to stop Goldwater. He has got to be stopped." His brow darkened as his voice trailed off, "—got to be stopped—."

Silence hung deadly in the room. The soft click seemed to echo as Madison Duffy twisted the knob of the TV set. The eerie white light of the 21-inch tube cast a ghostly pall over the faces of the men. The sun had set. The smoke haze had faded into

gloom, blurring the edges and corners of the room into dark shadow. In another time the four men could have been Druid priests huddled around a ceremonial altar fire, or Nordic knights gazing transfixed into the glowing entrance of a Wagnerian Valhalla. But this was the Twentieth Century and the TV's pale glow accented the darkness of the room and the ethical depths of the deed.

Al Thompson had poured a glass of raw Bourbon. Bill Luther waved away the offer of a toast. Duffy's eyes were strained with nervous tension. The shadowy light from the television tube reflected sharply from T. J. Drexell's long aristocratic jaw, but failed to hide the near panic in his eyes. He had the look of a trapped animal, helpless in his confusion.

Al picked up his watch and gently tucked it into a vest pocket. He heaved a deep sigh as he turned closer to the TV set. Madison flicked the volume knob and the silence was shattered by the newscaster's excited voice.

"Ex-President Eisenhower indorses Ambassador Lodge for President! Just an hour ago our station filmed this historic event. Here is the video tape-----."

Compute, Please!

Lynette Ford

The classroom buzzed with nervous excitement. A test day atmosphere permeated the room. Mary Knowles fingered the dials on Faithful Freddie, checked his brief case to make certain that he had brought a few extra tapes. Marcia Gingham fed book-facts to her Impatient Inez and Inez responded with a whirl, flash, and a click-click.

Mr. Maquina entered the room one minute after the hands on the clock pointed at eight. Perfect Pasty, Jerry Trippet's computer, whirled out a message to him. "His timer is off," it read. Jerry smiled at Patsy, nodded his head as if he understood, and then turned his gaze toward Mr. Maquina.

"Today class," droned a voice from somewhere inside Mr. Maquina, "we will have our final on William Shakespeare, the

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"Today class," droned a voice from somewhere inside Mr. Maquina, "we will have our final on William Shakespeare, the

greatest poet of the Pre-I. B. M. Poetic Era." Mr. Maquina raised his right hand jerkily to his head, scratched his blond hair, and continued. "Each of you, I presume, has brought several tapes to class. This will be at least a two tape test." At these words bright green lights of eagerness flashed on the computers and they urged their students to smile. "It will be the usual procedure. The first person to receive the answer from his computer will bring it to my desk and receive an "A"; the second person will receive a "B" and so on. Are you ready?" Again green lights flashed and students smiled approvingly. "All right, tapes ready to record. What is the main theme of Shakespeare's play Hamlet?"

Roars, whirs, buzzes, clangs, clicks, and hums flooded the room. Approximately two minutes later Mary Knowles rushed to Mr. Maquina's desk with the answer. She followed a zig-zag course past student's chairs and cabinet like computers or more expensive human-shaped computers and reached his desk slightly ahead of Marcia Gingham. One by one the other twenty-three members of the class brought their answers to the desk. The gradeless answers were dropped reluctantly on the desk and each failing computer resolved to do better on the next questions. The test day race continued through fourteen more questions and then, with the sounding of the bell, students followed their rolling computers out of the room. Terrific Teddy remarked to Perfect Patsy, "This test was one of the hardest ones I've ever computed!"

"I computed well but Jerry is ill so he couldn't run like he should."

"Aren't humans hard to understand at times?"

"Yes, they break down so easily."

"Well, time for chemistry class. I had better rush. Are you coming, Tom?" Teddy spoke to Tom through his speak-aloud system although he had been conversing with Patsy in Click-Click dialect.

Mr. Maquina remained in room 153, filing the test tapes in his huge memory compartment. Just as the clock hand pointed to nine, Mr. Cybernic, the principal, came rolling into the room, holding a news tape in front of him. "More humans committing suicide—15 yesterday, 28 the day before—and going insane. Thought's the key. They don't let their computers do enough thinking for them. It's such a shame. With all these glorious machines to direct their activities in the right direction, humans remain unhappy. I just don't understand!"

Distillery Bound

Charles Hale

Jerry's gaze covered the sun drenched beauty of the hills surrounding him. The gentle chirping of the birds alone interrupted the solitude.

Jerry drew a handkerchief from his back pocket and mopped it across his brow. The sleeves of his white shirt were rolled up, his tie was back in the car, and to heck with his hat. If it was ever 110 degrees in the shade, he knew it was this afternoon.

"Are there many fish in this creek?" he inquired looking at the boy, searchingly.

"I catch chubs here all the time," the boy answered. "Jimmy goes over on the White River; he catches biggins over there, I'd like to go but mom won't let me. She says it's too far, and I'm not old enough."

"Who's Jimmy—your big brother?" Jerry asked, now helping the boy attach a hook to an eight foot line.

"Yeh, he's sixteen now, almost as big as pa," was the reply.

"I'll bet he is," Jerry stated assuredly. "Aah, I imagine you'll be glad when you are big enough to raise strawberries, water-melons, and core like your daddy?"

The boy was about ten years old with straw colored hair and a freckly face. Jerry meant to ask him if he had any shoes but he knew that he would get the same answer from any ten year old in these hills, they had them but didn't like to fool around with the laces.

"Nah, I think I'm going to be a fisherman when I grow up," the boy said as he swung his line out into the water.

Jerry's face tightened a little, "You're not interested in farming these hills then?"

The boy cocked his head slightly and gave Jerry a very questioning glance, "What do you want, mister?"

Jerry laughed aloud realizing the youngster's comprehension was pretty sharp. "Well, I'm considering talking business with you but you never told me your name."

"Tim."

"Well, Tim, my name is Jerry. I started a vacation a few days ago."

"Whatcha doin' way up here?" Tim asked pointedly.

Jerry smiled and said, "I was down the road a few miles this morning and some fellow gave me a drink of the best moonshine

liquor that I ever tasted. Yes sir, I told him that I'd certainly be proud to meet the fellow that could make liquor like that. And do you know, according to the directions he gave me I must be getting very close. I sure would like to buy a jug of that liquor."

The boy's face hardened considerably, and his eyes were smart and snappy.

"Could you by any chance tell me how to get to the still," Jerry asked abruptly.

"Ain't supposed to talk to strangers," Tim answered turning away quickly.

"Well, you know I could almost spare a five dollar bill if you would give me a hand," Jerry said very slowly.

The boy stood silently for a moment seeming to arrange things in his mind. "If you give me the five dollars, Mister, I might tell you how to get up there," replied the boy quietly.

"Well, I'll tell you what," said Jerry trying to make the wisest move toward getting accurate information, "I'll give you the five as soon as I get back."

Tim look at him quietly for a moment then answered, "Better give it to me now, Mister, cause if you go up there you ain't comin' back."

Jerry leaned against a small cedar, and made no attempt to wipe the egg from his face. Now he knew why he had graduated from law school in nineteen fifty. At the moment he didn't feel able to compete with this crop.

Tim didn't wait for another offer. He pulled his line from the water, wrapped it around the pole and bounced out of sight beyond the first hill.

Jerry sat down and stretched back against the gentle rise of the earth. All of sudden he was very tired. He could have been ashamed of the way he tried to pry the boy but in this case he was past the capacity for shame. Today was a stab in the dark. For a month he had climbed these hills around Roxboro and to no avail. He knew that reasonably large amounts of moonshine was coming from this area. Tankers had been picked up in Charlotte, North Carolina, Atlanta, Georgia, and Memphis. Some of these were positive trace backs. In the past four weeks, Jerry had tried everything from local stoolies to walking these hills.

Jerry rose to his feet and began to make his way back to the car. He was anything but a cruel man. He deeply loved Tennessee and its people. These quiet hills in all their beauty could bring contentment to a weary man's heart. In the fall a Michelangelo couldn't capture the bursting beauty of a thousand colors from Oak Ridge

to the main chain of the Appalachians. It is hard to allow oneself to believe that the solitude of these hills could harbor serious trouble of any kind.

However, trouble was here, the syndicate kind. Years ago moonshiners had had their own buyers and outlets but this had changed. The syndicate had appealed effectively to these hill people, and the illegal booze market was now in their hands.

As Jerry reached the car, he analyzed the situation. It was evident that his discussion with the boy had turned into a terrific error. Everyone within miles would soon know who and what he was, and how close he was to finding anything. His chances of getting more men assigned to the area were hopeless and the local and county officials didn't particularly want to be of assistance. A group search would result in finding dynamited stills, no evidence, and only a delay in production.

Jerry was backing the car around to start down the grade when he saw it. A small cloud hovering a short distance above the ground without a streamer of it extending downward.

"Vapor," he gasped, "less than a half mile away."

Jerry scanned the area closely with his field glasses, trying desperately to pin-point the position. The vapor soon disappeared and no other clouds followed. Whoever was over there must have momentarily loosened the boiler lid, a piece of luck to which Jerry wasn't accustomed.

He stepped quickly from the car and walked back to open the trunk. He unsheathed a small carbine, pocketed a 32 caliber revolver and ducked into the timber. The underbrush was extremely heavy and Jerry used it to full advantage.

The birds were quiet now and the air was deathly still. Below was a large iron boiler tank with a copper tube scrolled around it. The tube extended through a cool water tank and ended in a small receiver barrel. It was crudely fashioned but quite efficient. Jerry had circled the area and had seen no evidence of a guard. He was also very certain that this was one of the smallest stills in that area. Jerry also realized it wasn't going to be there long. He must have been spotted. No one seemed to be anywhere. Jerry didn't have to be told what happened when an explosion shook the earth. Fragments of metal and wood showered the entire area.

Jerry leaned back against a large cottonwood and drew a cigarette from a pack in his shirt. The tension seemed to ease from him and the tightness left his neck and shoulders. That's how it goes, he thought, you catch a few transporters and distributors but this age old art was heck to do anything with. He shook his

head with disgust—merely a delay in production. Jerry turned and made his way back through the majestic hills of Tennessee.

Intellectual Power

Charles Hale

Ed crossed the alley and made his way up the back steps of the little white house that had been his home for fifteen years. It wasn't a large house but it was comfortable and served its purpose. Ed was a rugged looking individual of about six foot four inches. His eyes were grey and his face was very much weather beaten. In his younger days he had been physically trim but the compilation of occasional beers left him with a slight middle age paunch.

Ed made his way into the kitchen, dropped his hard hat on the table, and seated himself next to the refrigerator.

"Helen, where are you?"

A pleasant looking woman of about forty emerged from the living room with a knitting basket in her hand. She was well shaped and her hair possessed a tint of red.

"You're home early, Ed. Did you finish the foundation?" she asked with interest.

"We finished it this morning." Ed replied with a twitch of his shoulder. "We can start pouring again Monday."

Helen kissed her husband lightly on the temple. "I'm certainly glad that the weather has been all right for you this spring."

"Is Chip home from school yet?" Ed asked.

Helen turned and walked over to the cupboard. "No, but he's due any minute. There was a brief silence before she continued, "I wish you would talk to the boy, Ed. He has mentioned quitting school quite often lately."

Ed rose wearily from his chair. The look in his eyes was one of helpless concern.

"I believe I'll take a shower. Will supper be ready soon?"

"It'll be ready in about forty-five minutes," Helen replied.

The hot water felt good as it blasted off Ed's broad back. He had been a construction worker almost all of his adult life. In the beginning he had thought that it was just a job until something better came along. However, as the years will testify, it had become his life's work and he had learned to like it.

As he was getting dressed, he heard the front door close and

Chip's light steps cross the living room to the telephone. Chip was a good boy. His grades had been above average but lately had dropped to low C's.

Chip had just finished talking on the phone when Ed walked into the living room. He was a tall boy of seventeen years with sandy red hair and flashing sharp eyes.

"Chip, how did it go today?" his father asked.

"All right I guess," the boy replied volunteering no further conversation.

Ed settled down in his favorite platform rocker, selected a pipe and began filling it from a glass humadore. His son had taken a seat on the couch and was preparing to read a magazine.

"Chip, your mother tells me that you are still thinking of quitting school. Don't you think that's a little silly with only one year to go?"

"I don't think it's silly at all," Chip stated rather hotly. "What good is it going to do me?"

There was a moment of silence as Ed tried to perceive the boy's point of view. "Don't you think it's important?"

Chip's agitation eased somewhat. "What is the purpose of it? I'm already as good with English and math as most people. I go to school five days a week and sit couped up for six and a half hours a day and when I get out I won't be qualified for a decent job. If I finished and went on to college, what would I become? A white collar man? And what does a white collar man do? He works in an office all day with nothing happening to him, not really. Naturally I want to make something of my life but I don't want to waste it on hum drum stuff."

The boy hesitated and rubbed his knees in despair. "I don't mean you, Dad, but if anything gets me, it's old people telling me about how wonderful it is to get somewhere, to live in an office of hammering typewriters. I'm beginning to wonder if anyone really knows anything."

Chip became quiet as he turned his gaze to the wall. Ed drew gently on his pipe as he pondered the boy's words. Like all fathers he had made mistakes in rearing his son. However, the lines of communication between the two had always been open. Chip certainly wasn't ashamed to speak his piece.

"Chip," Ed began, "it may sound a little off the wall to you but I understand all too well how you feel. I must admit that in a way you have a pretty good point. Drudgery is going to get most of the coming young men. It's a fact that the sons of the men that

pushed west in covered wagons are punching time clocks in San Francisco."

Ed hesitated for a moment as he pounded the ashes from the bowl of his pipe. "Chip, when I was your age, I had a million dreams and they're not to be laughed at. I was going to set the world on fire, so I started by quitting school. That was twenty years ago, and there's a tremendous difference between what's going on now and what was happening then. Anyhow I've been a construction worker for the last fifteen years. Don't knock it because it is a man's work but in the last fifteen years, I've learned one thing real well. Son, a man cannot live in two different worlds. You have to adjust to the breed you work with. Your principles and many things about you can always be yours, but the places you frequent and the things you like have to somewhat correspond with the things enjoyed by your working class. What I am trying to say is that if you become an unskilled worker, you cannot enjoy things that correspond to the tastes of the so-called upper class. If you do, the conflict will break you. You will begin to hate your position, and there won't be a thing that you can do about it. If you become a ditch digger, you have to learn to like it and to like the ways other ditch diggers go about life. I really don't know what is going to happen to today's dropouts, particularly those who have more than enough ability to go on. Son, if you want adventure in the way you feel about it now, you can have it. However, it takes the best education that money can buy. Maybe in a few years your feelings will change. The world would be quite a place if everyone was emotionally geared to be a jet pilot. With the right education you will have more freedom to choose your position of importance. Without it you will have very little choice."

Chip gaze quietly at his father. His dad had never been very pretty with words but he had always made sense. He seemed to know about this jumping out of the kettle into the fire business. Yes, Chip thought, he would do well to at least consider what his father had said.

Stereotype

Charles Hale

Jim walked down the hall and entered the office on the left. Typewriters were clicking and a murmur persisted throughout the room. Resting heavily against the counter, he glanced at the various office furnishings. They were nothing fancy, just sturdy and appropriate. As a matter of fact, they were somewhat of a reflection on the ideals of much of mankind. Something becomes wrong only when it quits working.

A slender tight lipped woman approached, "May I help you, Sir?"

"Yes," Jim answered gazing critically at her. She could be fairly attractive if it wasn't for the stamp of convention that seemed to be a part of her. "Various tests were administered to me yesterday shortly after I filled out an application blank. Has everything been processed?"

"I'm sorry. If you've completed the application, you'll have to select a card and wait in line," she replied.

"Of course," he stated grimly as he selected a card from the top of the stack and walked back to a folding chair that stood along the wall. There were approximately ten men of every shape and size seated along that wall; however, they seemed to have a likeness, sort of a tenseness and anticipation.

Jim sighed deeply as he pulled a package of cigarettes from his coat pocket. For the past eight years, he had been a general science teacher in a junior high school. Being single and interested in many things, he had chosen different summer jobs every year. This, of course, involved travel and changing scenery. On this occasion he had applied at the Homestake Gold Mining Company office in Lead, South Dakota.

The woman appeared once more, "Will number six come forward?"

A burly fellow three seats down arose and approached the counter. No one seemed to notice.

"Mind if I bum one of those coffin nails, Mister?" The man on Jim's right asked.

"Certainly," Jim replied shaking a cigarette out of the pack for him, "have you been waiting long?"

"This is the third day," the gentleman replied. "I've had mining experience but they are still checking me out."

Jim smiled slightly and slid down on the seat, "Well, I haven't had any experience so I'll probably be turned down or have to sit here for a week."

Jim glanced around in an attempt to spy a magazine or newspaper, but evidently none were supplied. The hands of the electric clock on the wall moved slowly as Jim proceeded to go to sleep. It seemed as though he had just relaxed when he felt the fellow on his right shake him.

"She's calling for number eleven," he stated.

Jim glanced at his card, thanked his friend, and stepped to the counter.

"Your name please?"

"James Anderson."

"One moment please," she replied as she stepped into an adjoining office with a handful of papers. Soon she reappeared and stood before him, "according to your tests, Mr. Anderson, you would be most suited to work with one of the drill crews."

If Jim had taken one of those tests, he had taken a hundred. Not once had the results indicated anything similar. Could it be that the psychology being used was that on the part of the companies trying to encourage people into jobs which they couldn't ordinarily be hired to do?

"That will be fine," he answered, feeling that the experience would be good for him.

"All right, Mr. Anderson, we would like for you to see Doctor Jones downtown and report back here at seven o'clock in the morning."

"Thank you," Jim answered and walked out of the office and down the hall. He wasn't sure whether he was gaining a better mental grasp of his identity or that he had less identity to grasp.

He could understand this somewhat because in the past eight years his class had progressively increased in number. It was becoming harder and harder to give time and attention to shy stu-

dents. It was becoming more difficult to even know all of them. He wasn't going to worry about it though. He was certain that they would devise a test soon that would take away loneliness and instill a sense of importance.

Jim climbed the long flight of stairs quickly and made his way down the hall. The name of A. D. Jones, M. D., was printed across the opaque glass of the oak door on the right. Jim entered and was preparing to sit down when a gruff old man appeared from another room.

"What can I do for you, young man," he asked.

"The mine sent me up for a physical," Jim answered.

"I see," the old man grumbled, "come on in here and roll up your sleeve."

Jim walked into another small room and sat down quietly. The doctor pressed a stethoscope into the hollow of his arm for a few seconds. "There's nothing wrong with you," he said, "stand up, turn your head and cough, the other way."

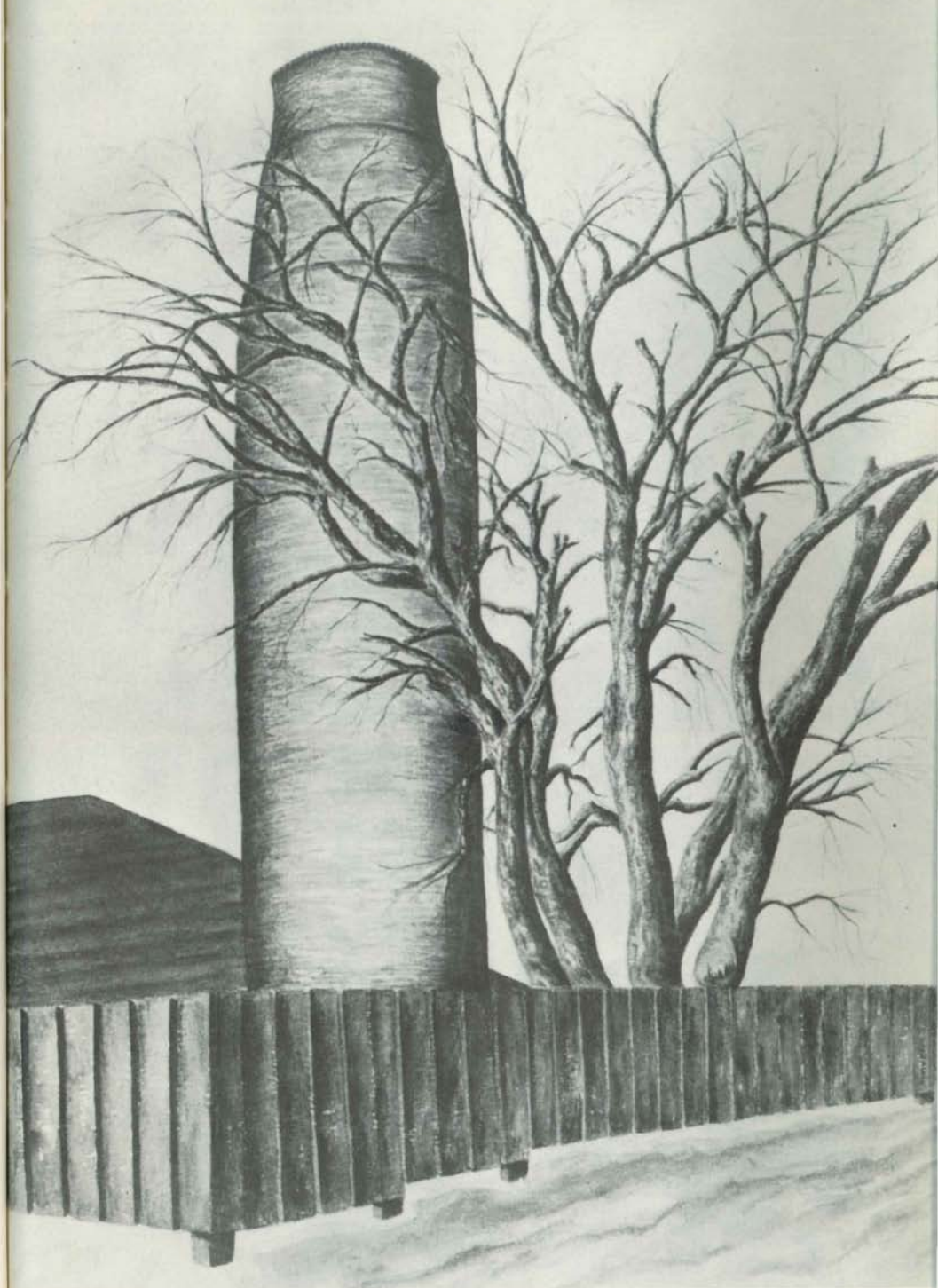
The old man walked over to his desk and sat down. "Have you ever had heart trouble, tuberculosis, eye trouble, or a rupture?"

"No."

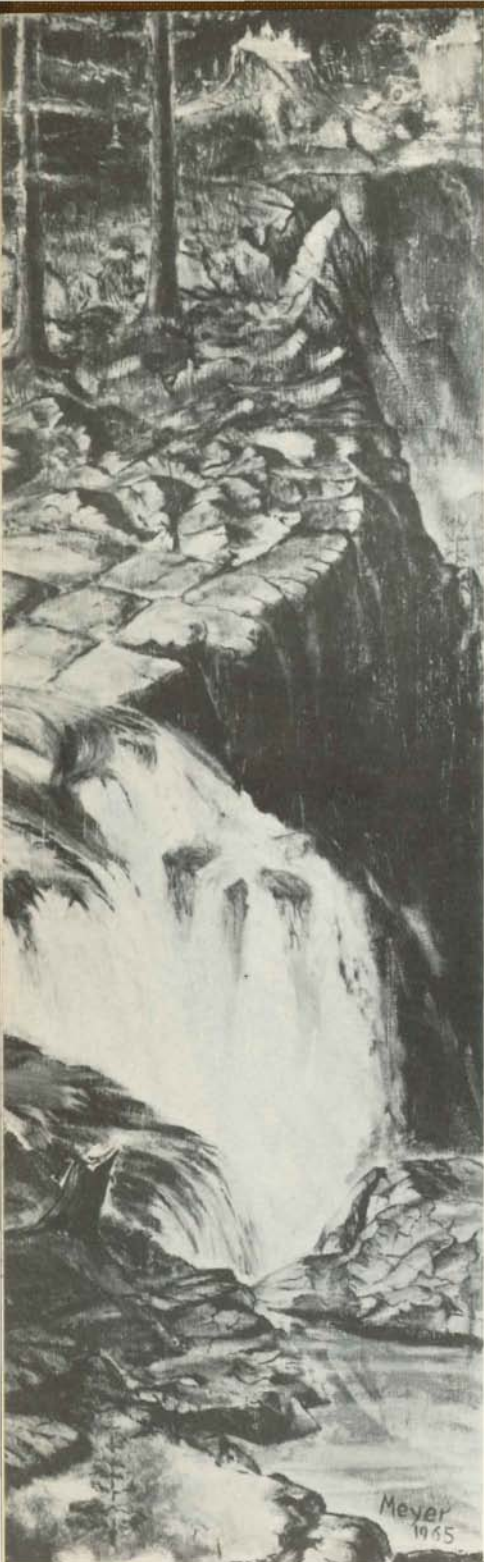
The doctor began filling out a sheet of paper and asked no further questions.

"All right, Anderson," he said, "take this sheet with you, and I'll call down now. That will be all."

Feeling as though he had just been swept under the rug, Jim strolled out of the office and back to the street. Society's classification of people was a good front but that was all that it amounted to. Basically people haven't changed much in thousands of years. It seemed odd that we would be making the same mistakes. Oh, well, it is just a matter of arranging people. The world is adjusting to being ruled from a filing cabinet.



Typical Morningside View, Higher Purpose in Higher Education"
Frances Doherty



"Untitled" Joseph Meyer



"Artemis" Mary Ordway

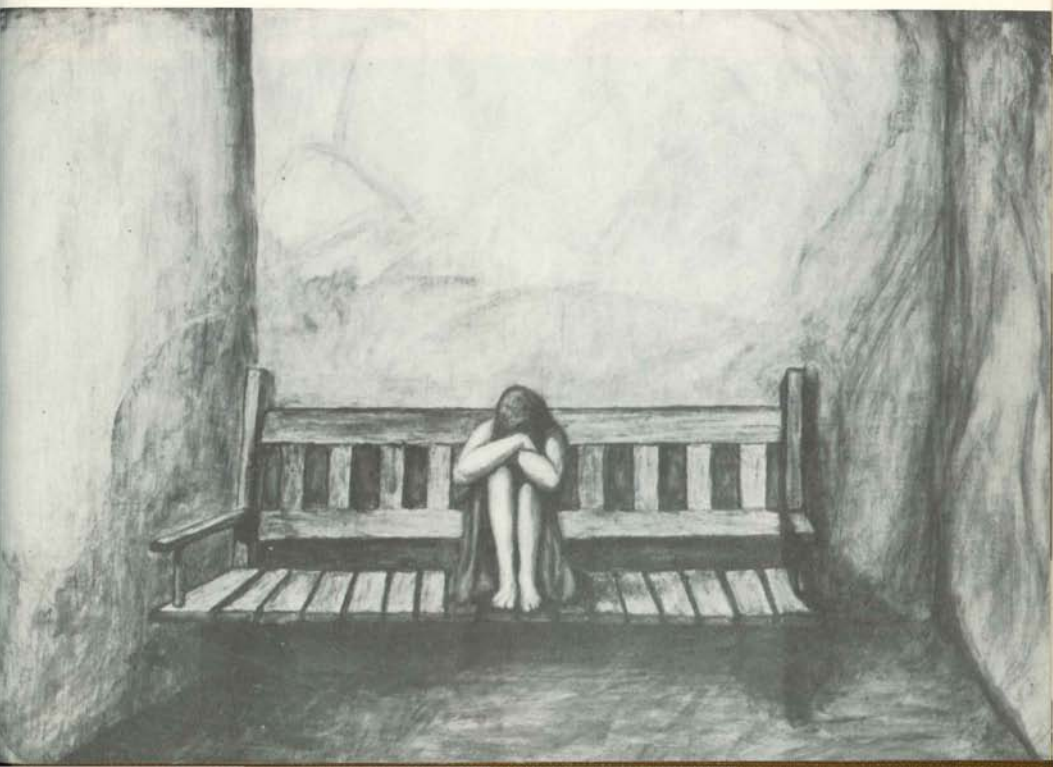


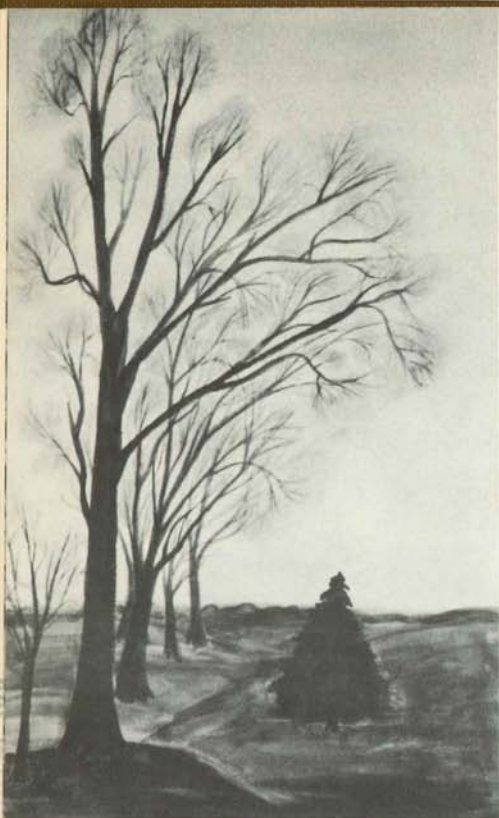
"A Family" Ken Lewis



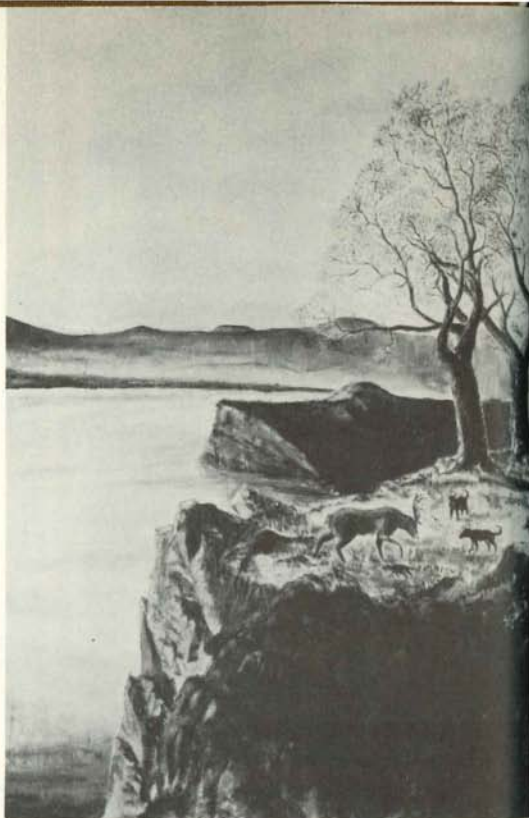
"D.H. Life" Frances Doherty

"Girl On A Bench" Rog Hardy





"Trees and Sunset" April Nourse



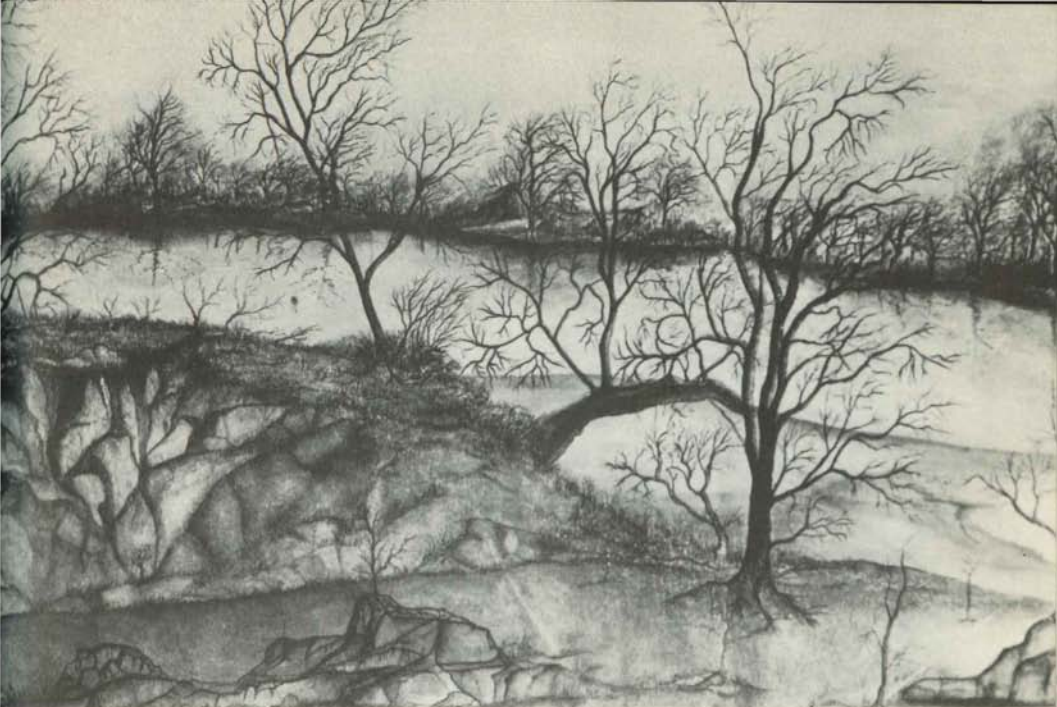
"Beauty and The Beast" Joseph Meyer

"Looking Ahead" Mary Ellen Cranno



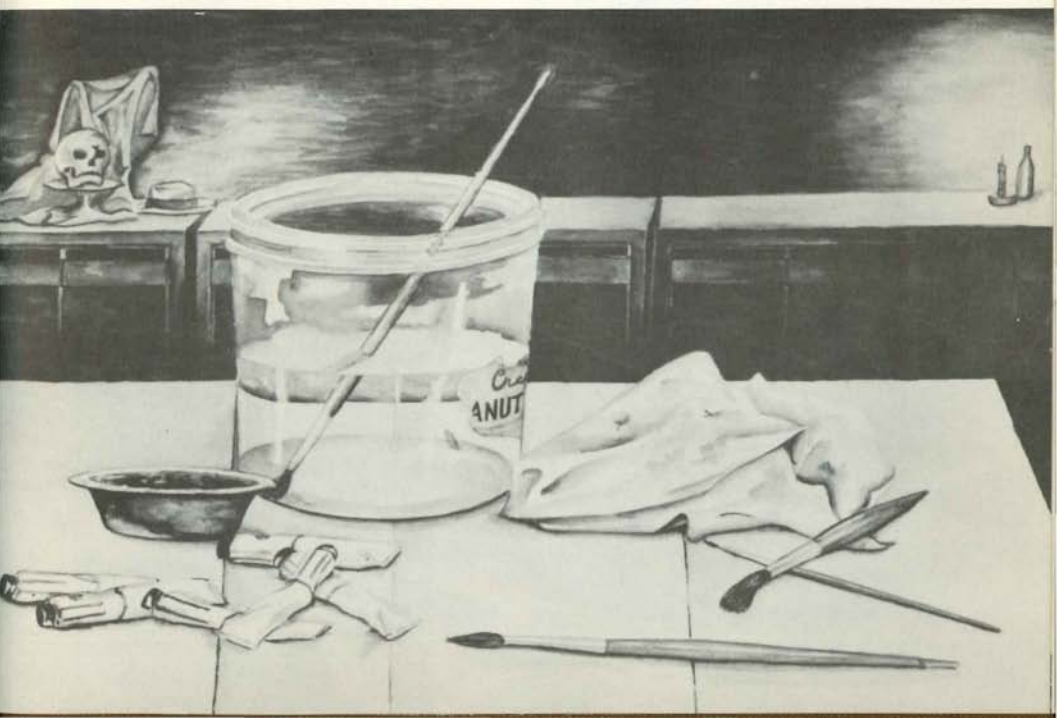
"Study: Three Heads, Two Skins"
April Nourse





andscape" Ken Lewis

till Life" Bradley Boe





"Ascension" Ken Lewis



"Landscape" Frances Doherty

"Number 1" Don Niven





"I.A.T." Frances Doherty

"Lisa" Nancy Merrill

"Mother and Child"
Renee Nassif



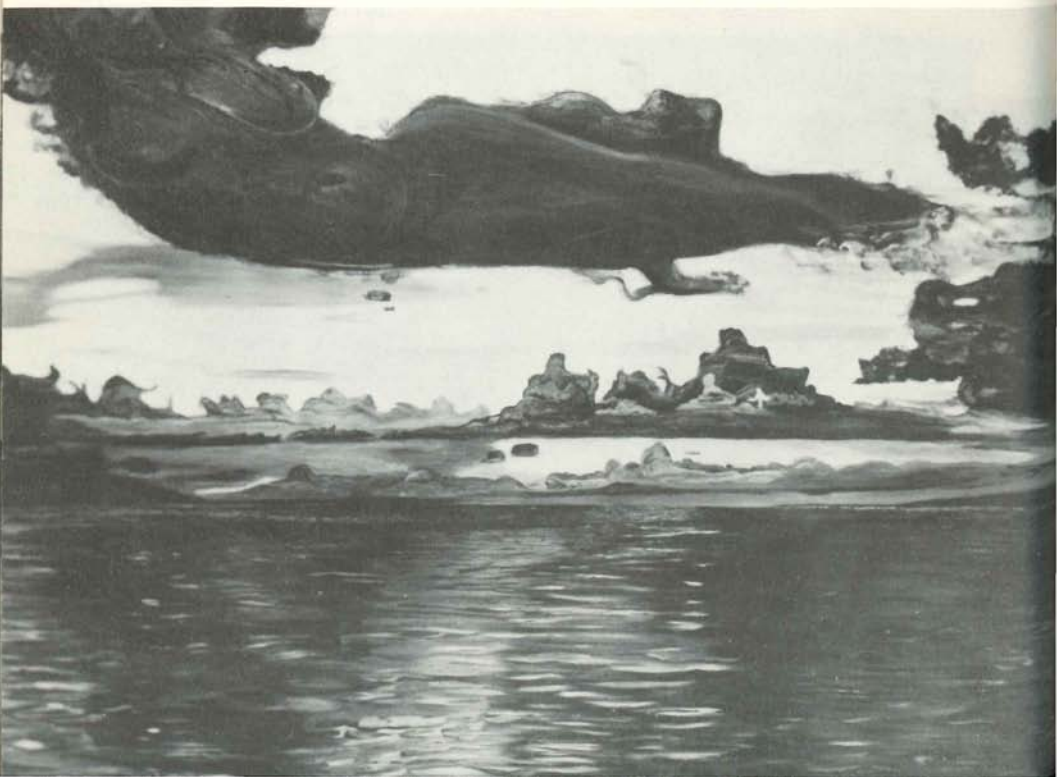


"Joan of Arc" Mary Ordway



"Mother Is Blue" Mary Ellen Cranno

"Sea Goddess" Lowell Berg



Annual Report To The Committee

Lynn Huff

From the very beginning, I want to stress beyond a doubt that Christianity is definitely making tremendous progress in the world today. Don't let anyone tell you any differently. For example, in my parish alone we've gained 164 new members this year. And membership is expected to sky rocket even higher when the new housing development across the expressway is completed and ready for occupancy. Why, if things keep improving the way they have been, we'll have to add on to our present facilities. I just don't see how we can fit any more Sunday School classes into the sanctuary. There are all ready ten meeting there. Hmm, let me see. If we set up some more chairs in the aisles, and moved the primary class up into the chancel area, we might be able to handle thirty or forty more members.

Oh, uh, where was I? Ah, yes! Christianity is definitely on the up and up. We raised the foundation about six or eight inches last fall to stop the seepage that occurs in the narthex during the spring thaw. Old Mrs. Jones, she's our weekly greeter who shakes hands and welcomes everyone into the fold each Sabbath. Old Mrs. Jones brought to my attention again for the third year, that it was a might bit uncomfortable standing in puddles each Sunday during the spring thaw. She assured me that if nothing could be done about it she could invest in a pair of galoshes, but it would spoil the entire effect of her outfit. Galoshes just weren't the same as her salmon colored, open-toed slippers.

Along the line of other church improvements, we've decided to enlarge and pave the parking lot, so that the members don't have to worry about getting their Thunderbirds and Lincoln Continentals stuck in the mud in the spring, or covered with dust during the drier months of the year; especially when they've missed the prayer meeting that week to put such a beautiful shine on it. We've also received bids from several electrical contractors about the lighting of the stairway going up to the balcony. Mr. Brown wants to put in a light as a memorial to his late wife who passed on after a most unfortunate accident last month when she tripped on the broken step. A committee has also been set up to check into the idea of cushions for the pews. We want our congregation to be comfortable, above everything else. And finally, we had our collection plates lined with beautiful royal blue felt, to enrich the

beauty of the service and to reduce embarrassment when members of the congregation drop in their loose change.

Now, ah, let me see what the next point of consideration is. Ah, here it is, Christian Outreach and Evangelism. Uh, Christian Outreach and Evangelism. . .? Oh, yes. Well, our church has taken a very, uh, firm stand on this issue. Let me see, what is the issue this year? Oh, yes, now I remember. We are very firm believers in the separation of the spirit and the flesh. Unlike the Baptist Church down the street a ways, which is offering movies (!) on civil rights and sex ethics (!!) to their young people's group, we hold prayer meetings with altar calls of commitment and dedication to our children. Get 'em while they're young, I, uh, we always say. Under my guidance and counseling, the Ladies' Aid decided against a study group on the problems of integration in our community, and has proceeded energetically with completing plans for the annual bazaar to be held next month; this is a much more pertinent issue I, uh, they feel for a Christian Women's Organization. The young Married's Club decided to hold a clothing drive to obtain clothing for the poor children living on the south side of town. How was it that the one lady, the former Miss Vanderbilt, put it? She said something on the order of the following. "In order to help improve the standards of that section of town, and so give these dear, sweet, charming children an opportunity to experience some of the finer things in life which they wouldn't normally be able to, and thus improve the general appearance of our church as they come to Sunday School each week, I move that our organization sponsor an all church clothing drive." Then, mind you, then, this dear, sweet, young lady offered to lend us her chauffeured Rolls Royce to deliver the worn and patched clothing when it had been discarded in the church basement by the other members. Wasn't that just sweet of her?

Ah, yes, I notice that on the evaluation sheet in front of me that there is an item concerning what the church has done to meet the needs of its members and its community. Well, let's see now, last fall our Official Board of Trustees voted to move our church service ahead by 45 minutes during the World Series games, so that our attendance wouldn't drop. We didn't want our men folk feeling guilty for having missed church. The Civic Association brought to our attention during the winter months that our church and parking lot were right on the corner where most of the working people in the area caught the bus into the city every-day for work. The delegate who had come to see me didn't have to say another word. Being the pastor of the largest Protestant con-

gregation in the vicinity, with a slack week-day program, I did exactly what my Christian conscience told me to do. I offered the use of our huge parking lot to them. The additional income from the meters has helped greatly in the financing of the purchase of the before mentioned pew cushions. They are the same heavenly shade of royal blue as the lining of the collection plates, creating a unity of effect during our services.

And so in closing, let me strongly emphasize again that Christianity is definitely making tremendous progress in the world today.

The Pillow Porter

Christine Leonard

Diane Bancroft hated everyone she saw because nobody could appreciate her suffering; because only the basic minimum of people who saw "La Dolce Vita" understood; because maybe there was no God; because morals were no longer black and white.

She sat alone, huddled inside her coat which was undeniably too long, revealing nothing of the whirlpool of emotions save one; defeat.

A porter hovered near her, thinking to promote monetary retaliation for services about to be rendered, but shuffled off saying, "Oh, you're crying."

Although she hadn't been, Diane forcibly brought a few tears into being so he wouldn't be disappointed. Gazing up at him she said (trying in three words to tell him what a jerk he was and that she loved him to death), "Oh thank you." She wanted to pull his wheezy old man's body down beside her and tell him everything that had happened. She wanted him to put his hand over hers and to comfort her with a million beautiful words. But he just smiled and rearranged his armload of pillows as he continued down the aisle, doing his job in the best way he knew how.

"Pillow, mam? Only a quarter. Pillow, sir?"

"Aaaah!" she snorted derisively and turned back to the solace of "but if's and "and yet's." The train clacked back to a semblance of order, the university. She remembered.

"I've got hundreds of things for us to do; there won't be enough time for all of them. You've never been to a ball park, have you? The White Sox play this week end—great! And we can go to

the museum and down to Old Town and, oh, we can't forget the lake."

The ridiculous proposition handed to her in the bus station by a man who scooted around the corner when she began howling with laughter.

The two boys who sang all the way to Chicago without once shaking hands with Melody.

The stoic soldier who never saw anything. He just looked and thought of God knows what.

The flirty bus driver who bought her a candy bar when they stopped for gas.

A tribe of tongues invaded the privacy of her thoughts and prodded her back into reality. Maybe sixteen college students followed by a wispy professor desecrated the murmuring silence.

"Where the hell did I put my coat? Hey, Bierbaum, have you seen it?"

"Not since we left the restaurant."

"For Christ's sake."

"Where do you want to sit?"

"Where's the bar car?"

"You nuts or something? Today's Sunday."

Horrified that one of them might sit by her, Diane tore off her coat and bunched it up on the vacant seat, leaving a blob of red where none had been before.

"That ought to do it," she reassured herself as she sent secretive glances skimming around the car. It was only after the group had summarily settled itself that she returned to her thoughts.

She was on an escalator going somewhere and then he was there kissing her and she was thinking how glad she was that her hair had just been fixed. Oh, yes, and then there had been a hot fudge sundae which she almost couldn't eat because fists of happiness and fear kept punching her in the stomach.

And then the nauseous shock when he took her to his apartment and she saw his bed—so ugly; so dirty.

And then, oh then, the night.

Recoiling from this memory, she jabbed out her cigarette, made a frenzied search for her purse which had somehow or other gotten under the seat, and lurched to the restroom.

PASSENGERS WILL PLEASE REFRAIN FROM FLUSHING TOILETS WHILE THE TRAIN IS IN THE STATION. THANK YOU flashed a greeting.

Contorted with laughter, she gasped out, "Oh, my God. The comic relief; it's too much!" Refreshed and relieved, she ma-

neuvered herself back to her seat. Interest in the car's occupants quickly died and once more she wandered among remembered scenes.

There they were on their way to the baseball game; she was eating her first Good Humor bar and nursing the blister that was forming on her heel. Ah yes, and now they are eating cold hotdogs and drinking watery beer, waiting for the rain to stop so the game could go on. Then the scoreboard was exploding because the Sox had just whammed out a homer.

Laughing inside, she remember jamming themselves into the El and after all their careful planning, getting caught in the rain.

"HMMMMM. We really did have a tremendous time." For a whole cigarette's worth of minutes she floated in smiles. "A double feature of foreign films; can you beat that?" The outside world had ceased to be. "And then down to Old Town. So much greatness crowded into one place."

As she reincarnated the rest of the night, the colors in her melted together and fused it into one black loathsome thing.

"It was that damn Irish Whiskey. Why I ever asked him to get it, I'll never know. And that girl's picture. I should never have asked him about it because then he started thinking and then I had to make him stop. Only it didn't work for very long. God damn it. God damn it."

This was the end of whatever Diane had had with a man whom she had never really known. Consciously she fought acceptance of this fact but among the babble of society's rejects it grappled its way up the ladder of awareness.

"He never cared, did he? It was a big joke. None of it meant anything. Oh Christ, what a laugh; he never cared."

She sat alone, everything inside her dead or on the verge of being so. Nothing could hurt her now; there was nothing left to feel pain. She didn't care what happened anymore; what ever presented itself she would accept with no resistance. There was nothing left to resist. She was very tired. From behind the hazy curtain that separated her from the world, a shape materialized. Dimly she recognized the pilow porter. He spoke.

"We'll be pulling into Indianapolis in a few minutes, mam. Is there anything I can help you with?"

"No. Nothing at all," she answered in a voice that made him vaguely uneasy.

"You did want to get off there, didn't you?"

Wearily she pulled back the curtain, "Pardon?"

"I said that's where you get off, isn't it?"

"Oh. Yes. Yes, it is."

As the train pulled out of the city, she was still sitting in her seat; still thinking what an idiot he was.

Merry Christmas

Anita Yeska

Last night the snow had covered everything: the streets, the roofs, the chimneys. . .the sidewalks. . .until it was difficult to know where the gutters ended and the curbs began. By ten o'clock in the morning, the bells had tolled their message and the people answering the beckoning ring had left the white pockmarked, tracked and grimy.

A girl stepped through the deep snow on the sidewalk, and made her way past a row of houses set so close together that they seemed almost to lean on each other.

She thought: For some reason, I shall never get over feeling this way when I see him. She pulled her collar closer around her neck and turned to step through an unbroken path of white to the rickety front porch on one side of one of the houses. She rapped on the front door and then opened it and stuck her head inside.

"Momma! Poppa! It's me. . .Julia!!"

"Come in. . .come in," a voice called from the back of the house, and then Momma came hurrying through the kitchen doorway, wiping her hands on an expanse of flowered apron, her face wreathed in smiles. "We've been waiting for you, haven't we, Poppa?"

The bald headed man sitting in front of the living room window grunted and edged his chair around so he could see the two women better. "Glad to see you, Julie. Where's Charlie, Julie? How come he don't come too?"

"His name is Charles, Poppa. He's at home, and you know why he didn't come." Her face felt hot as she bent to unzip her overshoes, taking them off and setting them carefully on the rug so the snow wouldn't leave water spots on the wood floor.

Momma frowned. "She's right, Poppa, you know why Charles didn't come, so why ask, hmmm? Just to be ornery, that's why . . .and here I ask you just once to be nice. . .to try and be nice, huh? . .eh?"

"Alright. . .alright!" The man's florid complexion took on a

deeper shade and he turned and gazed again out the window into the street.

Julia unbuttoned her fleece coat and laid it over the green flowered overstuffed. "Merry Christmas," she bent and kissed his cold cheek. Without waiting for a response, she turned again to her mother, "Is the tea water hot?"

"Yes, yes. . . it's hot. Julie, I'm so happy you came!" Momma took Julie's hand in her firm grasp. "Poppa, want a cup of tea with us?" Julia Drewe wasn't surprised that her father shook his head. Charles had told her many times, "Mike McGonigal is one of the stubbornest Irishmen I've ever known."

"Are you warm enough in here? You want me to get some chips and start a fire?" Momma knew better than to coax him.

Already the old woman had started to the back corner of the room where there was a squat black stove and a string of pipe following the wall up the ceiling. Julia hurried ahead of her mother.

"I'll do it, you go fix the tea." Faded eyes beamed their thanks. Julia thought that Momma's eyes had the softness of heaven in them sometimes. The mother disappeared through the kitchen doorway.

Julia bent to pick up wood chips from an old box on the floor and to crumple pieces of newspaper, stuffing both of these into the hole in the top of the stove left by the lid cover. Then, quickly, she struck a match and dropped it into the hole; pausing to make sure the oil-soaked paper caught fire, she set the lid back in its place. She walked toward the old man and asked, "Are you warm enough, or should I get a blanket for you?"

"Don't bother, you and Charles have done enough for me already." The hoarseness of his tone startled her. She started to speak but, instead took a deep breath. Her throat ached. She thought: Why does he have to be this way? It's harder for all of us to accept this way. She was feeling frustrated and helpless again. Was there any other way to feel about something like this? She turned and walked into the kitchen.

The teakettle was singing and Momma was perspiring over the open oven, hands full of hot pads and bread pans. Setting a loaf pan on the table, Momma smiled, "You are just in time; I baked an apple loaf just like you like. Sit here. Come."

"I guess Poppa isn't coming."

"Never you mind about Poppa. You and me, we will talk a bit, eh? . . ."

"Momma, it's been almost five weeks since he had to quit working. How much longer do you think he'll be like this? I couldn't

bear his not forgiving Charles and me. Sometimes I think he hates me."

"Now Julie, I tell you, quit worrying. Poppa will get used to the idea that he is too old to work in the mines and then everything will be alright again. You wait and see. eh?" Momma was pouring the tea now into the tiny china cups Poppa had bought for her last Christmas. "And then, maybe, Julie, he'll find something else to do. Your Poppa is a very smart man."

"I know Momma, I know," Julia smiled at her mother, but really didn't feel like smiling inside. She picked up a knife and cut slices from the cooling apple loaf and the two women ate the still warm, slightly spiced bread and drank their tea.

"I have to go now," Julia said, drinking the last of her tea down. She stood up and bent forward to kiss her mother. "Merry Christmas, Momma. I'll come back tomorrow and stay for dinner. Do you need anything from the store?"

"Oh. . .could use some milk and eggs. But I'm so happy you came, Julie!"

The slender girl sighed. "I know. I'll be back."

Mother and daughter walked out of the circle of the stove's warmth onto the wood floor of the front hallway. Julia pulled her coat on and buttoned it in silence. The old man gazed out the window still. She zipped up her overshoes and reached for the door-knob.

"Julie." Her father's voice grated into the silence. She look at him, not knowing what to say. "Merry Christmas."

"Thank you, Poppa." She pulled her collar up around her neck and pulled the door open. She retraced her steps to the edge of the porch and then out to the sidewalk. In the sunlight the new snow was sprinkled with diamond dust.

On Bondage

Marjorie Beasley

These sparrows on the
leafless twigs of lilacs free
are but in a sense they're
clipped of rights for
they to constant color of plumage are
confined
and the song they sing

Oranges

Marjorie Beasley

I really do like oranges . . .
They're round with tough skin.
I love to dig into them,
To reach their inner personalities.
There are two types of oranges.
One is thin-skinned, the
Kind that has fat, generous
Sections, juicy and sweet.
The type one likes to have
Around all the time.
It responds.
The other has a skin that's thick,
And stubbornly refuses to peel.
It even bleeds juicy tears to make
The peeler feel badly, like maybe
Privacy has been infringed—
And once inside the complexity of sections
Irregular, some small and enclosed
By larger—with strings to get in
Teeth—these take more effort on
My part; but it's worth it;
They're sometimes more sweet.

Discotheque

Robert L. Faulhaber

Throbbing rhythm and a jungle beat,
Flat, narrow, hollow sounds.
Monotony with a fever bounds
From wall to wall, complete.

Writhing, wrenching, jerk, and jolt,
A montage of distorted form.
With frantic antic as the norm
Who knows the human from dolt?

Glazed and vacant staring eye,
Slack jaw or stilted smile.
Reason revolts as horror's profile
Brands the emotional lie.

Door Knobs

Robert L. Faulhaber

With round mass of polished brass
In lands of later origin
Equalities for every class
In honor and dignity begin.

Angled handles of ancient glory
In Europe's halls and castles
Separate the Pleb and Tory
Creating lords and vassals.

Reverse and obverse, old and new
The angle harsh, the round benign
Do forms precede concepts true
Or ideas create design.

Money

R. L. Faulhaber

Long loops of energy from man to man
Ideas, desires and a chain of events
Concluding the circuit that benefits all
While the power is high.

The machinery of man fueled with money
To a frantic pace and copious output
Or ground to a halt when the pool is dry
And the circuit is broken.

Silence

Robert L. Faulhaber

A barren sheet poised in appalling pause.
The baton hovers before the muted solo.
A jab. A clack. And for academic cause
Blanks shade and blur in creative glow.
An artist's brush breaks the awesome strife
Of waiting canvas. The stroke is won.
Or the surgeon's gentle pause on life.
Before the scalpel's deft draw is done.
Like the stillness before the battles shattered roar
When men are formed and the prayers are said.
Then close comradeships pale before
The silent white terror of the already dead.
All of life whets that prologue pause.
A jab. A clack. It's an academic cause.

The Valley

Robert L. Faulhaber

In the dismal valley where shepherds toil
Amid green pastures, the docile flocks
Graze and are not nourished, yet live

As herds wandering the valley floor.
Shadows are deep in the valley, and dark
Reflections mirrored in men's souls.

Trapped beneath canyon walls, higher
Than dogma could dictate—the herd huddles,
Standing with the tree and bearing its burden
Until the high peaks no longer are seen.
Cries echo through the valley of night.
For one who understands the rain.

A Wanderer At Heart

Wm. J. Forbes

Come bandyshanked lad and follow me
to wander to strange lands and every sea.
You'll be a good traveler and wander this world,
enjoying adventures as they all unfurl.
You'll see seas as blue as the sky
and peaks of which none are as high,
mountains, which, from fire ensued
and coral with its kaleidoscopic view.
Behold the wary goat on the precarious slope
or the windjammer with its miles of rope.
Then the enlivening penguin from the frozen land
and gushing spouts of whales you'll soon comprehend.
For strange things Australia's the place to be,
for goalas, kangaroos and aborigines.
But as a wanderer you need not see all these
only your mind should wander, as leaves in the trees.
So put your mind at ease and look at the stars,
set your thoughts to patterns as the musician his bars.
And I say, sir, if there be no celestial bearing,
fret not; the place for inspiration is as far as the bird's wing,
it may come from a Spanish guitar or a wood's fine grain,
even the refraction of calcite or the clear window pane.
So I say to you, stranger, take up your staff,
lead your mind forward and discourage not its wide swath,
let it be free as the waves that roll and lap on the sea.
So come now my lad, free yourself and follow me.

The Button At The Back

Wm. J. Forbes

Tick- tick, tick- tick, the chorus of the clock,
it levers, its springs: the entire thing.
Tick- tick, tick- tick, mysterious as a lock,
peaceful like a snake, but then it will ring.
The ringing a message of its climax,
that through calculations and time has come.
Its being too loud we strike at its back;
at the button to quell its troublesome,
although awakening sound. To be heard,
comprehended, understood; not forlorn
like so many brilliant men in this world.
These men must be heard and the bell must warn
for the ideas of men like bells must report
and the buttons that quiet must be stopped.

The Diamond Cutter

Wm. J. Forbes

Praise be the diamond cutter,
who creates gems out of hard crystal.
Studying the stone till he's sure,
as if intently looking for its soul
from which emerges the characteristics
of gems, but in unrelated granules.
He polishes deftly, with years of experience,
and creates something ornately beautiful.
Only with such motherlike care
can this master craftsman perform.
Like it was a child of his own nurture,
he treats it wisely from the day it's born.
Then, with all his work completed and done,
he lets the gem seek the world and its fortune.

Classroom Revisited

Lynette Ford

Air-aimed gazes; dreamy stares—
Abstract questions; careless cares—
 Dialogues of Socrates
 Fathered two philosophies.
 Should I wear pink, blue, black, or red?
 Go with Danny, Johnny or Fred?

Open books; no one looks—
Peek at time like a crook—
 Athena touches sad Odysseus
 Friend of mighty Menelaus.
 Maybe he'll call tonight at eight,
 Ask me for a Saturday date.

Bodies twitch; eye lids close—
Questions asked; no one knows—
 Three-in-one is the trinity?
 God lived from infinity?
 I'll bet he's dating Betty Kaye.
 Oh well, it's really best that way!

Minerva asks us every hour,
Won't you pick the tree's white flower?

Legacy

Lynette Ford

A half-live creature lies within my womb,
A heart, a hand, a body without a mind
—small product of my love defined.
A gay little ditty should be his tune
But funereal songs are what he'll croon.
He must emerge into this world to find
The fighting men and lovers intertwined.
For all the airs of kindness men assume
—They worship on Sunday in a church room—
Negroes who must not move in next door
Laugh at the sound of the Christmas bell's roar.

And when I think, now I rage and I fume
Because my dear child will soon make his home
Where wars abound and coffins and tombs.

The Shack

Lynette Ford

The shack is bare and empty
Minus crates and brassy bed.
The stale air rushes at me
Like the whispers of the dead.

My mind begins to wander
To that shack in another day
When I was a little girl
Caring for nothing but play.

I heard my mother talking
In the blackness of the night.
I saw my father walking
To avoid another fight.

The whiskey on my mother's breath
Would drive dad to despair.
But he loved his darling Beth
Though she was unaware.

And tears came to his eyes
On that gloom filled Friday noon
When they told him she was dead —
And his death followed soon.

The shack is bare and empty
Minus crates and brassy bed.
And now my heart is free
From every string of dread.

Tomorrow I will marry
A man who loves me too
And I know my darling Jerry,
Like my dad, will be so true.

White Is For Virgin But Blue's Only Sad

Lynette Ford

Goldwater grinned at the ghost of J. F. K.
While Birchites babbled barbariously.

The day they ripped the red from the white and the blue
Stevensen's voice echoed through empty elements
And drowned in U Thant's dying dreams.

The day they ripped the red from the white and the blue
Torn text books paid tattered tribute
To a broken and battered bell

The day they ripped the red from the white and the blue
And a simpleton cried,

"God bless America, home of the free and the brave

And the white . . .

And the blue . . .

Money Can Buy Everything

Lynn Huff

It can buy

clothes

food

cars

people

jobs

status

education

good times

I want

happiness

love

security

friendship

intelligence

a home

satisfaction

freedom

money can buy everything

nearly

A Painting

Deniece Walker

She smiles there knowingly
with head tucked neatly by her side.
She is caught for a moment "being."
A fish-like animal lay on her lap
and other animals gather 'round
as if she were one in Unity with them.
Behind her looms a family of birds
who have the desired wings of flight
and look as if they wait
to show her how to fly, like them.
Legs and arms protrude
from behind her chair, as Unity
wraps their humanness with her's.
She smiles, the moment remains
forever captured by artist and his tools
as the painting hangs on yonder wall
and I sit here and see.

Fruit Jars

Deniece Walker

When reading meters on a different route
He was impressed with what he came to find:
Some old fruit jars neglected to be thrown out
Were canned with long, cold winter months in mind
As for some family these shelves are lined
With fruit. But caring stopped, the shelves remained
And jars of canned fruit, waiting, no one claimed.

They seemed to him like babies sealed in a womb.
Never to live and never to begin,
But rather abide sealed in a glass tomb.
The proper time had never come for them
To open forth and a new life to win.
Instead the world looks inside their clear walls
And sees that inside nothing living crawls.

The treatment of the fruit was not natural.
It should have been left on the ground to rot
And fertilize the soil as in furrows
It falls from its fearful jump to be caught
Where battles for rebirth start to be fought.
Instead the stranger sees what was not begun
And marvels at what man shouldn't have done.

Today

Deniece Walker

I don't know what came over me today.
As I was struggling to survive the time
It seemed as if I had lost my way.
I was confused with my thoughts in a bind,
Hence, I was some higher power's prey.
Myself alone, the escape to be found.
But I was caught strangling in the matter
As body, not mind became the fatter.

I stood askance and looked at a book
Waiting for me to seek what could be found
Inside itself, if only I would look.
Instead I spent the day messing around.
The majority of the time I took
Sleeping. But sleep was far from being sound
For I was haunted by knowing how short
Life is and how wasteful can be its course.

Progress

Anita Yeska

That hill so bare,
You see it there?
Years back it would
Have felt the plow
And known the birth
Of seed and life.
Scarred and scraped.

But I remember
When it rose
High and rounded,
Draped in elm;
There . . . a willow
Overwhelmed
A carpeting
Of deepest green.

Someone saw it,
As I did,
But that someone
Wished to rid it
Of its life!
There it stands
Dimly shrouded,
Barren, waiting

If you're near here
Sometime soon,
Drive by and see
The colored boxes
Crowded there.

I'm thankful that
They killed it quickly.
I've seen some
Hills die inch
By inch gasping
Weakly to
The last.

The Tulips

Anita Yeska

I noticed them along the walk,
Marigolds, moss rose and Phlox,
Where I remembered setting out
Tulip bulbs last Fall. I thought
Perhaps my head was not too clear.

I know I set the tulips where
The two paths meet. I tucked their warm
Quilts in tender folds; with firm
Touch I testified last Fall
That when Spring came this year with all
Her new new life, I'd hear her call
To me red tipped shoots would strip
The crust of Winter's lethargic grip
Off the ground. Then bobbing bells
Of blush and buff and bloom would tell
Of constancy, of living here
And now, and I would share the year,
This year of life with them. Where can
They be??? (The flower beds are bright and grand.)
Where are they now? I asked the maid.
She smiled so sweet, but would not say.

The Visit

Anita Yeska

I pleaded with her then, to let him go
His way. She turned from me and glanced a glance.
Disdainfully erect, she minced and blew
Her petty reasons here and there. My chance
To plead my love for him was lost in her
Recriminations. Generously granting
Me this privilege of seeing where
He made his home, she hoped to show me how
Absurd I made myself in coming there.

What strength of will, what singleness of purpose
Her upraised arm and open mouth displayed.
A thought shattered my serene composure.
Great Heavens!! Has he listened all the way
Through thirteen years of married life to this??
A man would surely die a little every day
Of every year of living in such 'wedded bliss'.
Sitting . . . watching her expound at me
I felt my love for him lean and list.

The light that dwelt within my heart before,
commenced to glimmer in my mind and eyes.
This man . . . this one who roars his lion's roar
At me . . . is he a mewling cub who tries
To please this female shrew? And has he
Spent his life acceding to her sighs
Knowing nothing else to do?? I had to leave that
Room, his life, his lies far behind me
I want a man . . . not one who used to be.

Fate

Malola Atwood

They buried me here last summer,
In the warm soft, comforting earth.
They put me here for my last slumber,
To wait for my Redemptive Birth.
I can feel the cool, green grass growing,
I can hear the cuckoo sing,
I can touch the wind blowing,
And can feel the breath of spring.
My senses know no bounds,
Although encased I lay;
I can even hear the hounds,
As they hold their prey at bay.
I can hear the squirming, rushing worms,
And away I cannot turn.

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