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The Skiff

TEXAS CHRISTIAN UNIVERSITY ★ ★ ★ FORT WORTH, TEXAS

Sociology Student
Starts Study
(See Page 2)

VOL. 65, No. 53

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8 PAGES



SUNNY NIGHTS—No, it's not sunrise before an early morning class, it's bright sunshine as students enter night classes. With the advent of Daylight Savings Time giving more sun later in the evening, night class isn't quite the same.

Skiff photo by John Miller

Chancellor Passes 2 Cabinet Proposals

The drinking and off-campus housing proposals passed by the University Cabinet as recommendations to the administration for policy changes reached final completion just in time for the last Cabinet meeting.

Dr. Howard Wible, dean of students, said yesterday that the recommendations had been approved by Chancellor J. M. Moudy and would go into effect in the fall semester.

Dr. Wible had received the proposals in written form from the Cabinet the previous day, and had in turn presented them to the chancellor.

Prior to this there had been some delay in getting the proposals from the Cabinet to Dr. Wible, in order that he could present them to the chancellor.

An editorial concerning this delay appears on the editorial page in this issue of *The Skiff*, which went to press before Dr. Wible received the recommendations.

New Faculty Members

The newly-elected faculty members of the Cabinet were presented. They are Dr. James Corder, English; Dr. Bobby Sanders, mathematics; Dr. Ralph Guenther, music; Dr. George Tade, speech, and Dr. Porter Crow, education.

At the suggestion of Dr. Jo Ann James, dean of women, the Cabinet voted to recommend that next year's Cabinet meet twice each month rather than once.

Dr. Richard Douthit commented, "I am personally delighted. I think this recommendation will do the job."

This proposal followed a discussion of the members about their concern over the need for more discussion.

The Cabinet was in agreement that more frequent meetings were needed to promote discussion and provide ample time to accomplish its goals.

The goals of the Cabinet, in terms of the University as a whole, were discussed.

Goals of Cabinet

Dr. James W. Newcomer, vice chancellor for academic affairs, strongly stressed that the Cabinet, as well as all other areas of the University, should concern itself with the highest goals for the continuation of education.

The capacity of the University to increase intellectual vitality is a goal and a responsibility that concerns Cabinet members, he said.

Dr. Floyd Leggett commented that the University was both capable of, and expected to be, concerned with the positive.

Mike Stewart, House representative to the Cabinet, added that he considered the proposals presented to the Cabinet from the House working attempts at improving the University.

The meeting closed with appropriate praise from Dr. Newcomer to the Cabinet's chairman, Dr. Jeff L. Horn, of the School of Education.

"You have been good to us all—the nay-sayers as well as the yeasayers—and I won't say to which I belong."

Next year's first Cabinet meeting was tentatively set for Sept. 27.

House Allots \$9000 For Meeting Rooms

By ALLANA TALIAFERRO

Student Center renovations are going to cost the House of Representatives \$9000—perhaps more. Included in the Student Center additions currently being built are new offices and a new meeting room for the House.

The newly-elected House members, holding their first meeting Tuesday, voted to provide the funds necessary to completely furnish the new meeting room.

This decision followed a report made to the House by Mrs. Elizabeth Proffer, activities adviser.

Limited Budget

Reporting that the University has only a limited budget available for special furnishings, Mrs. Proffer stated that the House had regular rooms being provided for student organization meetings or, if the House chose, a large room would be designated for House use, if the House would pay for the furnishings.

"We thought it would be nice," said Mrs. Proffer, "if there were a specific chamber designated for the House."

It was necessary that the House make a prompt decision, since a slight change of building plans would become necessary if the representatives chose the new meeting room.

House president Drew Sawyer said that the Permanent Improvements Committee's funds had "stacked up four or five thousand dollars," with more coming next year. He estimated the House would have approximately \$9000 of its own.

Other Commitments

That, in addition to a loan from the school, which Mrs. Proffer said would be readily available, should be enough, Sawyer concluded.

"Is this taking into consideration the other commitments of the Permanent Improvements Committee—such as benches?" asked Jerry Kirkpatrick.

Answered Sawyer, "If we go ahead with the benches (nothing definite has been done yet) we will have to take some money out for them."

The cost of the benches has been previously estimated at \$1000.

"I think," said Kirkpatrick, "that it would be better politics to go ahead with the benches. We will have a lot of static from the student body—a lot of people know about the benches—if we take money to furnish a room that, even if other people use it, will be called the House's room."

Well Furnished

Mrs. Proffer pointed out that the only reason for providing a new and larger room would be to allow the House to furnish it well, and as they chose.

The University, she added, does not plan to carpet the regular meeting room and will not carpet one for the House unless they provide adequate furnishings.

Kirkpatrick then moved that the

House vote to furnish the funds needed to decorate the room, but retain enough to complete the Permanent Improvement Committee's previous commitments.

Before calling for a vote Sawyer said he thought it would be a good idea for the House to provide the money.

"The Student Center additions are going to have to last a long time, and the House must plan on furnishing the room adequately."

One representative who had spoken with a local interior decorating firm said the firm had

made a conservative estimate of \$15,000.

The House, said Mrs. Proffer, need not worry about getting an interest free loan from the school.

The House then voted on and passed the proposal authorizing the expenditure of funds.

Ralph Reavis was appointed Elections Committee chairman, Jim Carter, Howdy Week chairman, and Bridget Guthrie, Homecoming Committee chairman.

Cabinet members will be Reavis and Candy Leinweber. Two more appointments will be made next fall.

Winners Announced For Writing Contest

Joyce Hegman of Lake Jackson and L. Moffitt Cecil III of Fort Worth were named winners of the Honorable Dillon Anderson Creative Writing Prize in Creative Writing Day activities.

A winner in last year's events, Miss Hegman also placed third in the short story category.

Moffitt was announced as recipient of the first-place award in the short story competition and was named to honorable mention for his non-fiction prose entry.

Woman's Club

The Creative Writing Scholarship, given by the Dallas TCU Woman's Club, was presented to Robert Potts of Austin for the second consecutive year.

Marvin Lynn Witherspoon, junior English major from Weatherford, received the special merit award of the Fort Worth Woman's Wednesday Club.

The Rebecca W. Smith Scholarship was given to Linda Tucker, a junior English major from Waxahachie.

The Dr. and Mrs. Frank Boyd Award for the freshman who shows most promise in writing was presented to Peggy Sharp of San Angelo.

Mrs. Ed Wright Jr. and James R. Bennett were first-place winners in the Margie B. Boswell Poetry contest. Second and third places were won by Bill Barney and Tony Clark, respectively.

First-prize winner of the Walter E. Bryson Poetry Contest was Tobin Quereau. Second place went to Chris Willerton and third to John Yoakum.

Honorable mention went to Lanette Browder, Norman Lowrey and Ron Eddins.

Moffitt won first place in the short story contest. Second-place winner was Robert Garrison. Honorable mention winners were Gudbrander Gislason and Carol Shumate.

Ricki Hemphil took first-place

honors in the Southwest competition.

Southwest Contest

Sharing second place were James T. Wilson and Robert Garrison, and third-place winner was Mary Lee Tenison.

Jack Yoakum received honorable mention.

Mrs. Guinevera Nance won first prize in the drama contest. Paul Miers won second.

Awards in the non-fiction prose category went to Jan Mitchell Hunter, first; Jean Cooper, second; David Montgomery, third, and Moffitt and Judy Lunsford, honorable mention.

Annette Trittipio, won first prize in the literature for children competition. Deborah Smith won second and honorable mention went to Norman Lowrey and Gislason.

Narrative of Fact

In the narrative of fact contest, Diane Griffin won first prize. Second place went to Sharon Sue Justice and third to Monza Neff.

Another freshman contest, essay writing, was won by Peggy Sharp, first; Donna Compton, second; Julian Williams, third, and Robert Blitz, honorable mention.

In addition to the first-place award in the freshman fiction contest, won by Miss Sharp, other winners were J. Gregory Stansky, second; Pam Ritter, third, and James Gordon and Ed Ackert, honorable mention.

First and second prizes in the research papers or articles category went to Donna Compton and Larry Ivy, respectively.

Third place went to Scott Sargent and Cindy Inglis; Ed Ackert received honorable mention.

Ackert's entry in the poetry contest won first place. Richard Johnson won second and Kim Kowalchuk, third.

Honorable mention went to Teresa Gundy.

Gislason and Miss Trittipio, winners in other categories, tied for second in the Dillon Anderson contest, and Douglas Bell and Robert Garrison received honorable mention.

Caroline Vettters

Sociologist Starts Study

By CAMILLE KEITH

Many students have the problem of getting back in the spirit of school after even a three-month vacation.

Consider, then, the problem of Caroline Vettters who after 13 year's absence from college has returned to get her master's degree.

Miss Vettters received her BA in 1953 from Texas Woman's University in Denton. Her major then, as it is now, was sociology.

The Corpus Christi native began on her master's degree last

September and hopes to receive the degree in August.

Last semester she was carrying 15 hours of graduate courses. This semester she is carrying 12 hours and working on her thesis.

Thesis research is centered in Richland Hills.

Community Problems

Miss Vettters is working on the problem of the outlying community, and why citizens are moving outside the central city.

Her research includes talking to local officials and the city manager of Richland Hills. Also she is sending random question-

naires to citizens of the outlying town.

Miss Vettters is approaching approximately every tenth home, hoping to obtain a cross section of the population.

Out of the 300 to 400 homes to be contacted, the graduate student hopes to find out why people are moving to this area in addition to questions pertaining to recreational facilities, community opportunities and lower taxes.

Miss Vettters has already faced hours of intensive study to discover other writings in this area and to decide upon questions for use in formulating her thesis.

Girl Scouts

Sociology and group work are not new to Miss Vettters. Since graduation from college she has worked both with the Girl Scouts and the YWCA.

While working as executive director of the Girl Scouts in Harlingen, her responsibilities included working with the committees connected with the area Scouts in addition to planning camp sessions, training local leaders and coordinating the various activities.

Miss Vettters explained that these experiences have helped her with her group work since most of the members were drawn from grounds throughout the city.

Group Organizations

After working for many group organizations, the former YWCA worker decided to return to college after some suggestions from her organizations.

Miss Vettters decided on TCU because it offered a good program and many courses that she hadn't already taken.

While working in Houston between her college years Miss Vettters was associated with the Harris County Easter Seal Council.

She taught recreation there to persons from six to 75. These 400-plus persons were handicapped.

This was Miss Vettters' first experience with the handicapped, but she feels that it was good experience in group work.

Activities Council Visits SMU for Idea Exchange

By WHIT CANNING

The Activities Council journeyed to Dallas recently for a meeting that may affect future events here.

Fifteen delegates met with SMU Activities Board for an "exchange of ideas." The end result may be a cementing of relations between the two schools and perhaps even joint activities.

Outgoing AC Director Bill Shelton said it all began last December at the Region 12 convention when TCU supported SMU's candidate for Regional Chairman, Gary Johnson.

Johnson lost but the two groups established a friendly relationship and Johnson later contacted Shelton to set up the meeting.

Region 12

Region 12 is the part of the Association of College Unions to which TCU belongs and it takes in schools in Arkansas and Louisiana as well as Texas.

The meeting began in the morning with a short group get-together to explain the functions of the various committees of the two groups.

Except that the SMU Activities Board is in no way connected with the student government, the two groups are about the same.

"We wanted just to talk about ideas," said Shelton, adding that in such meetings there is sometimes too much talk about structure.

That seldom leads to anything since neither side is going to convince the other that it has a better structure, he added.

Cafeteria Lunch

After lunch in the cafeteria the committee chairmen discussed mutual problems.

One major topic was Region 12. Both schools feel it is now an ineffective organization.

"The two groups are really concerned about getting the region on its toes," said Shelton. He said he doesn't feel that it's really doing its job.

One problem seems to be that the region is split into big schools, small ones, and those in between and there is a problem coordinating interests.

Another problem discussed was what Shelton termed "group dynamics versus getting the job done." Basically this means that too much time is devoted to trying to find out why a group is ineffective rather than going ahead and getting something done despite handicaps.

SMU, added Shelton, does not go along with group dynamics.

Joint Dance

Shelton was pleased with the general result of the meeting and felt a lot of possibilities grew out of it.

One such is a joint school dance next year. The two schools might even wind up selling each other's tickets.

"I think the important thing about it," said Shelton, "is some of the ideas we got from them and advances in cooperation and coordination.

"It was only a beginning," he added, "but I think it was a good beginning and everyone got something out of it."



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HOW TO GET A'S IN ALL YOUR FINAL EXAMS

In today's column, the last of the school year, I don't intend to be funny. (I have achieved this objective many times throughout the year, but this time it's on purpose.) The hour is wrong for levity. Final exams are looming.

Have you got a chance? I say yes! I say America did not become the world's foremost producer of stove bolts and cotter pins by running away from a fight!

You will pass your finals! How? By studying. How? By learning mnemonics.

Mnemonics, the science of memory aids, was, as we all know, invented by the great Greek philosopher Mnemon in 526 B.C. (This, incidentally, was only one of the inventions of this fertile Athenian. He also invented the house cat, the opposing thumb, and, most important, the staircase. Before the staircase people were forced willy-nilly to live out their lives on the ground floor, and many grew cross as bears. Especially Demosthenes who was elected Consul of Athens six times but never served because he was unable to get up to the office of the Commissioner of Oaths on the third floor to be sworn in. But after Mnemon's staircase, Demosthenes got to the third floor easy as pie - to Athens' sorrow, as it turned out. Demosthenes, his temper shortened by years of confinement to the ground floor, soon embroiled his countrymen in a series of senseless wars with the Medes, the Persians, and the Los Angeles Rams. This later became known as the Missouri Compromise.)



But I digress. We were discussing mnemonics, which are nothing more than aids to memory - little jingles to help you remember names, dates, and places. For example:

Columbus sailed the ocean blue

In fourteen hundred ninety two.

See how simple? Make up your own jingles. What, for instance, came after Columbus's discovery of America? The Boston Tea Party, of course. Try this:

Samuel Adams flang the tea

Into the briny Zuyder Zee.

(NOTE: The Zuyder Zee was located in Boston Harbor until 1801 when Salmon P. Chase traded it to Holland for Alaska and two line backers.)

But I digress. Let's get back to mnemonics. Like this:

In nineteen hundred sixty seven

Personna Blades make shaving heaven.

I mention Personna because the makers of Personna Super Stainless Steel Blades are the sponsors of this column. If I may get a little misty in this, the final column of the school year, may I say it's been a pleasure working for Personna? May I say further that it's been an even greater pleasure working for you, the undergrads of America? You've been a most satisfactory audience, and I'm going to miss you this summer. In fact, I'd ask you all to come visit me except there is no access to my room. The makers of Personna, after I missed several deadlines, walled me in. I have no doors or windows - only a mail slot. I slip the columns out; they slip in Personnas and such food as can go through a mail slot. (For the past six months I've been living on after dinner mints.)

I am only having my little joke. The makers of Personna have not walled me in, for they are good and true and gleaming and constant - as good and true and gleaming and constant as the blades they make - and I wish to state publicly that I will always hold them in the highest esteem, no matter how my suit for back wages comes out.

And so, to close the year, I give you one last mnemonic:

Study hard and pass with honors,

And always shave with good Personnas!

* * *

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Personna and Personna's partner in luxury shaving, Burma-Shave, regular or menthol, have enjoyed bringing you another year of Max's uncensored and uninhibited column. We thank you for supporting our products; we wish you luck in your exams and in all your other enterprises.

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Campus News in Brief . . . Ceremony Set for Nurses

The Harris College of Nursing Club will honor graduating seniors and new sophomore nursing students Saturday evening at 7 in Robert Carr Chapel.

At the ceremony the seniors will replace the blue bands on their caps with black ones. The new sophomores will receive their caps.

As part of the ceremony the students will recite the Florence Nightingale Creed and the seniors will light the sophomore's Florence Nightingale lanterns.

The outgoing president of the Harris College of Nursing Club, Susan Selby, planned the dedication which will have as speaker Dr. Howard Wible, dean of students.

Following the dedication, a reception will be held in the Student Center ballroom.

'Perspective' Doubles

Opinions about the University — its administrators, its faculty, its students and its regulations—go to make the last issue of "Perspective"—twice its usual size.

"Perspective" — a magazine of student opinion published by the Forums Committee—will be on sale Monday through Wednesday afternoons for 25 cents.

Copies may be purchased from tables in the Student Center and other buildings on campus, in the Book Store and from members of the Forums Committee.

Faculty Elections Held

Students are not the only ones who have recently completed elections for next year.

The faculty held elections of their own for representatives to the University Cabinet.

Elected were Dr. James Corder, English; Dr. Bobby Sanders, Mathematics; Dr. Ralph Guenther, Music; Dr. George Tade, Speech, and Dr. Porter Crow, Education.

These five were selected from a slate of nominees prepared by the Nominating Committee, headed by Dr. Corder.

No more than two from any one college or school were eligible.

No Books a Bottleneck

They need books in Vietnam. Vietnamese civilians working on civil reconstruction are drastically short of engineers, engineering technicians and qualified construction tradesmen.

This is the considered opinion of Maj. J. L. Critchfield, senior adviser to the RVNAF Engineer School in Binh-Duong, Vietnam.

He says, "Since the Vietnamese have no engineering college per se, the task of training these people will fall to our Engineer School . . . a major bottleneck is lack of reference material."

Critchfield requests texts or reference books in engineering, mathematics and the related sciences.

If you have books in these fields and would like to donate them to this cause, bring or send them to the library. A box is located near the hallway to the reference room.

Students Due Awards

Local radio and television management and personalities, students and teachers will gather at Cross Keys Friday for the annual Awards Banquet.

Poolside reception begins at 6:30 p.m. and dinner follows.

Among the awards to be presented are the naming of the department's outstanding male and female graduates and the outstanding announcer at KTCU-FM.

Society Slates Luncheon

Phi Sigma Alpha, government society, will initiate new members Friday.

The ceremony will take place at a luncheon at Cross Keys restaurant. Guest speaker for the affair will be Dist. Atty. Frank Coffey.

Coffey will speak on "Current Problems in Law Enforcement."

Sorority Honors Scholars

The annual scholarship tea of Delta Delta Delta sorority took place in the chapter room of the sorority house May 7.

Honorees were Sallye Coleman, Abilene, and Lola Beth Johnson, Fort Worth. These two girls were this year's winners of the Tri Delt scholarships.

The purpose of the annual tea is to give the scholarship winners a chance to meet the group who sponsored the scholarships and to give sorority members a chance to meet the winners.

Members of the sorority sold football programs at the fall games to raise money for the two \$500 scholarships.

Janie James, Tri Delt Service

Projects chairman, was in charge of the tea.

The sorority honored their seniors on the same day with a breakfast at Ridglea Country Club.

The Tri Delt annual breakfast was planned by Kay Barnett, social chairman of the sorority, and included a program and farewell address to the graduates.

Vigilettes Elect Officers

Carol Duff, Dallas junior, is the newly elected president of the TCU Vigilettes.

Other officers are Suzi Harrol, vice president; Susan Guidy, pledge trainer; Janene Council, parliamentarian; Beth Robertson, secretary; Linda Anderson, treasurer; Cindy Farley, rush chairman; Karen Linhardt, spirit chairman, and Linda Graham, social chairman.

The Vigilette chapter was originally founded as a part of the Vigilantes but now the chapter has its own constitution. The organization has 35 members.

Miss Duff was one of the three charter members of the Vigilettes, organized in 1965.

Members of the organization meet every Tuesday and plan their activities at that time. They promote spirit at the TCU football games, help during Campus Chest Week and Charter Day.

Next fall the girls will be in charge of registration. They also plan to sponsor a city tour of Fort Worth.

French Banquet Planned

The end-of-the-year banquet of the French Club will be Wednesday at 7 p.m. at the Old Swiss House.

Cost is \$2.50 for members of the club, and \$3.50 for guests.

Club Plans Park Picnic

A picnic at Forest Park will be the final program for the International Friendship Club.

The event will be Saturday at 4 p.m. All members are invited to enjoy free barbecued chicken and hamburgers.

SAE To Hold Tourney

Sigma Alpha Epsilon fraternity will hold its first annual Greek Sorority volleyball tournament Saturday in the practice gym behind Pete Wright dormitory.

Single competition is scheduled

for 10 and 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. with final matches at 3 p.m.

Trophies will be awarded in first and second places. A spirit trophy will also be presented to the group with the best participation.

Ten sororities will compete in the tournament.

Urban Conference Due

Applying mind to matter—and higher education's role in the process—form the theme for the May 11-12 urban conference.

The sessions, of the Metropolitan Fort Worth Urban Policy Conference, will examine the use of intelligence in industry, through research and development.

The May 11 session will begin at 10 a.m. in the junior ballroom of Hotel Texas. The on-campus session the following day will begin at 11 a.m. in Weatherly Hall.

Sponsoring the conference is TCU in cooperation with the Brookings Institute of Washington, D.C.

Poverty Due Discussion

"Poverty in Fort Worth and Texas" will be the topic for discussion at the Honors Fireside, Friday at 7:30 p.m., in the home of Dr. Floyd Durham, 2600 West Cantey.

Dr. Durham, associate professor of economics, says about one-third of the population of Texas is poverty stricken.

"These three and a half million people, or 700,000 families, receive an annual income of \$3000 or less," he added.

"While Texas is not a poor state, it ranks thirty-fourth in the U.S. in per capita income," continued Dr. Durham.

Pre-Honors and Honors students may sign up for the fireside in the Honors Box by the information desk in the Student Center lobby.

Linda Cordell is in charge of arrangements for the fireside.

Concert To Be Sunday

The University Chorus and Symphony, under the direction of B. R. Henson, will combine in a concert Sunday at 8:15 p.m.

Soloists will be Linda Nash, soprano, and Sharon Gorman, contralto, both seniors, and faculty members Ira Schantz and Desire Ligeti, tenor and bass, respectively.

The concert will be in Ed Landreth Auditorium.

Fritz Berens will conduct the orchestra.




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MONNIG'S

News Views

Wheel-Spinning in House, Cabinet

By JANIS MOULTON

The schedule most students keep these days is always hectic, often brutal, and allows little time for students to spend "spinning their wheels." Capable and sincerely-motivated students — up to their elbows in student government and the activity program at TCU — simply can't afford to waste time and energy on plans that somehow never materialize.



First case in point: the University Cabinet, composed of six students (appointed by the president of the House of Representatives) as well as four administrators and five faculty members.

Speaking as one of the administrative members of the Cabinet, and as Dean of Students, Dr. Howard Wible commented on the function and operating procedures of the Cabinet in an interview with The Skiff last week.

He explained that the Cabinet was set up less than a year ago to consider the problems the House faces and to help implement the programs of the House.

Then the job of the Cabinet is

"to recommend specific actions or policies to the appropriate University committees or officials." Dr. Wible continued.

Not Law

He stressed that no policy or action becomes law simply by passing the Cabinet.

Nor does the Cabinet have anything to say about when a regulation will become effective.

Dr. Wible made it clear that the official or committee that makes the final policy decision must also decide when such a policy is to take effect.

So it is that besides acting as a forum and as a channel of communication between students, faculty and administration, the Cabinet has another critical responsibility—that of submitting a formal

report of Cabinet recommendations to the administrators or committees with the authority to turn a statement into "law."

This year the Cabinet has passed two statements of policy—one allowing seniors who have reached age 21 to live off campus, and another clarifying the position of the University with regard to drinking.

But the voice of the Cabinet definitely is not the final word on these essentially liberalized policies.

Formal written recommendations from the Cabinet must be handed to the administration if these policies on drinking and off campus living ever are to become official.

Dr. Wible said that the constitution of the Cabinet does provide for an appeal to the Chancellor by the Cabinet should action not be taken

or policies not effected after a formal recommendation has been submitted to the appropriate committee or official.

Yet this seems somehow preconceived, considering that as of a week ago the Cabinet had not once followed through with the formal recommendation procedure to an administrator or group.

Another point at which students could easily be "spinning their wheels" has to do with the relationship between the House of Representatives and the Cabinet.

Dr. Wible quoted the Cabinet constitution, saying "The Cabinet must consider and act upon any matter referred to it by the House."

Yet the House, according to Dr. Wible, usually fails to do sufficient "homework" on issues.

He said that students on the House should do the necessary research on matters such as a change in the academic calendar and then turn to the Cabinet with the facts, seeking the "weight" of a Cabinet decision.

Dr. Wible also made the point that the Cabinet meets regularly for only one hour a month.

"We meet monthly and on call, but the level of the issues we wrestle with can't be resolved in an hour," the Dean of Students explained.

With basic research material handed its 15 members, at least the Cabinet could make more valuable use of its limited meeting time.

Another case involving students who could end up sorely disappointed has to do with the proposed "frog fountain" or "frog statue" for the TCU campus.

It seems that students have widely-differing, loudly-voiced opinions concerning such an addition to the campus.

Committee Dismayed

Costs have been estimated and largely exaggerated by some; others are campaigning for a "futuristic frog." And a heated battle of sorts has been raging through the "Letters to the Editor" column of The Skiff for weeks.

Meanwhile, the Spirit Committee which first conceived the idea of a bronze "rallying point" for the campus—is standing back dismayed.

And Dr. Wible is standing back aghast. He made it clear that neither the Building and Grounds Committee of the Board of Trustees, nor the Chancellor, nor the Student Life division of the University had been approached officially about a fountain or statue.

He stressed that any addition to the campus must be approved by the people responsible for the overall architectural plan for the grounds.

Which means that the Spirit Committee has as its most pressing job that of approaching the Building and Grounds Committee for tentative approval of a fountain or statue. Then may the battle rage.

Much of the business of the school year is left for students to handle in their various leadership roles on campus.

So that their work does not become mere "busy-ness" and a source of disappointment to everyone involved, may we re-state a time-worn rule.

Let first things come first—whether they be formal reports, research, or that critical request for a "go ahead."

Who's Responsible?

What is a college newspaper? If it's like The Skiff it's a student effort, put together by students who work on it as a part of their class requirements or for pay at the same time that they carry a regular academic load.

Especially in recent days, in light of discussions over certain campus controversy, people have asked exactly how much influence the administration has over what The Skiff prints.

Contrary to popular opinion, administrative officials do not examine The Skiff before it comes out. No one on the third floor of Sadler Hall sees The Skiff before it is printed; indeed we sometimes wonder if they even see it afterwards.

Skiff reporters come from among those students, usually journalism majors or minors, enrolled in reporting classes. These reporters are assigned certain areas of campus activities or academic concerns to "cover" as their "beat."

The stories they write are read by The Skiff faculty adviser for such things as newspaper style, correctness of grammar, spelling and punctuation, so he may warn against bad taste or libel.

The stories go to the top four editors who are all students, usually upperclassmen. The final decision of what stories are used and how they are handled belongs to the editor, who must live with the responsibility of her decisions and the campus criticism that will inevitably follow, no matter what she decides.

In the event that the editor of The Skiff decides to use material that the faculty adviser considers obscene, libelous or in poor taste the adviser can have it withheld from publication for one issue only.

During this two-day production period, the disagreement is taken before the Student Publications Committee, a group of half faculty and half student members with half in the Journalism Department and half in other fields, for their ultimate decision.

The current adviser has been on campus four years; in this length of time no dispute has come up that has had to be taken before the Publications Committee.

Some students may not always agree with stands The Skiff takes, but they cannot with honesty charge the paper with being so controlled by the administration that student views are not printed.

The Skiff is put out by students, just like you, who often cut classes and sit up late at night to do it.

The Skiff

Student newspaper at Texas Christian University, published Tuesdays and Fridays during class weeks except in summer terms. Views presented are those of students and do not necessarily reflect administrative policies of the University. Third-class postage paid at Fort Worth, Texas. Subscription price \$3.50.

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Managing Editor Judy Gay
News Editor Janis Moulton
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Chief Photographer John Miller
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Circulation Manager John Jadrosich
Faculty Adviser Lewis C. Fay



(Courtesy of Fort Worth Press)

Fan Mail

Socially Acceptable Goals Unaccepted

Editor:

I first met William Haney in 1965, shortly before he began his instructorship in art at TCU. I remember he was eager to begin his teaching and pumped me with questions about the school and its students. I told him that, after two years of full time teaching in the English Department, I could best describe the school as an institution concerned solely with collecting its tuition, maintaining a placid corporate image and handing out socially acceptable degrees to socially acceptable people. If he ventured beyond these goals, he was in trouble.

I suppose he has now discovered this for himself and I, for one, am sorry to see him leave. He is one of few people in this area who is not only aware of, but actively practicing and teaching, contemporary concepts in art. He joins an ever-growing body of talented teachers who (though perhaps more quietly than Haney) have left TCU.

It seems relevant here to point out that any teacher can insure his position at a school by simple compromise. It takes no great skill to keep your mouth shut. But my impression of Bill Haney is that of a man who would con-

sider such a course a betrayal to the students in his charge. He was hired to teach art, not lie about it in a manner acceptable to local "genteel" tastes.

His remarks about the school administration, faculty and students, are an obvious truth to anyone honest enough to admit them. Despite a few welcome exceptions, student apathy on campus is almost total; yet it is too easy to blame the student body for what the administration and faculty might be expected to alter. Behind a great facade of activity, significant issues are continually swept under the carpet and students are encouraged (not that much encouragement seems needed) to concern themselves with the trivial and meaningless. While the world burns, TCU seriously debates the nature of a Horned Frog to be placed in a fountain.

Though Bill Haney's departure cannot be remedied, The Skiff deserves praise for bringing the situation to light. Perhaps it is time the rest of us asked ourselves why we, too, have not been asked to resign.

Joseph Nicholson
Instructor of Creative Writing
Evening College

Prize Winning Entries

Creative Writing Contests: May 1967

Published by the Department of English, Texas Christian University in cooperation with the Department of Journalism and The Skiff.

MARGIE B. BOSWELL POETRY CONTEST

Open to T.C.U. Graduates and Ex-Students.

Offered by the family of Margie B. Boswell.

First Prize: "Arcana Urbana" James R. Bennett, Chicago, Illinois. "Psalms for '67" Ona Roberts Wright, Gainesville, Texas.

Second Prize: "Gossiple Acc to Mac" William D. Barney, Fort Worth.

Third Prize: "Diver Out of Season" Tony Clark, Fort Worth.

Judges: Albert Howard Carter, Chairman, Humanities Division, Florida Presbyterian College.

Luther Mansfield, Professor of American History and Literature, Williams College.

J. Edgar Simmons, Department of English, The University of Texas at El Paso.

THE WALTER E. BRYSON POETRY CONTEST

Open to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors.

Offered by Artemisia B. Bryson and the Bryson Club.

First Prize: "Twin Mantled Lanterns" Tobin Quereau, San Antonio, Texas.

Second Prize: "For My Son" Chris Willerton, Borger, Texas

Third Prize: "October Eve" Jack Yoakam, Houston, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: "The Ant" Lanette Browder, Dallas, Texas. "Sever Reason from the Rock" Norman Lowrey, Titusville, Florida. "The Seasons of Youth" Ron Eddins, Fort Worth.

Judges: Ruth Priddy and Don Vann, Department of English, North Texas State University. Mrs. Walter E. Bryson, Denton, Texas.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

Open to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors.

Offered by Rebecca Smith Lee and Marion Day Mullins.

First Prize: "Hired" Moffitt Cecil, III, Fort Worth.

Second Prize: "A Cruel Night" Robert B. Garrison, Cortez, Colorado.

Third Prize: "The Mac" Joyce Hegman, Lake Jackson, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: "Between Friends" Gudbrandur Gislasen, Reykjavik, Iceland. "Angel Voices" Carol Shumate, Stamford, Connecticut.

Judge: Mrs. Dean Hiatt, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

SOUTHWEST LITERATURE

Open to all T. C. U. Undergraduates.

Offered by A. L. Crouch.

First Prize: "The Battle of Dove Creek" Ricki Lynn Hemphill, Odessa, Texas

Second Places: "Tales of the Dirt Tramps" James T. Wilson, Austin, Texas. "The Indian" Robert B. Garrison, Cortez, Colorado.

Third Prize: "Gone but not Forgotten" Mary Lee Tenison, Dallas, Texas.

Honorable Mention: "The M. K. & T. Depot" Jack Yoakum, Houston, Texas.

Judge: Mrs. B. G. Reed, Fort Worth.

DRAMA CONTEST

Open to all T. C. U. Undergraduates.

Offered by Mabel Major.

First Prize: "The Vultures" Guin Nance, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Arnie" Paul Miers, Fort Worth.

Judge: H. Howard Hughes, Chairman, Department of English, Texas Wesleyan College.

NON-FICTION PROSE

Open to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors.

Offered by the Thursday and Saturday Chapters of the Woman's Branch of the Fort Worth Ex-Students Association.

First Prize: "A Summer in the Round" Jan Michell Hunter, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "The Heracles Revised" Jean Cooper, Fort Worth.

Third Prize: "The World of Hamlet" David Montgomery, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mentions: "Metaphysical Conceit in the Poetry of John Donne" Moffitt Cecil, III, Fort Worth.

"The G. I. Boswell" Judy Lunsford, Mount Pleasant, Texas.

Judge: Martha Gooch, Fort Worth.

LENA AGNES JOHNSON LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN CONTEST

Open to all T. C. U. Undergraduates.

Offered by Siddie Joe Johnson.

First Prize: "The Mixed-Up Magician" Annette Trittippo, Meridian, Mississippi.

Second Place: "Birthday Poems" Deborah Smith, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Third Place: "Crackers?" Peggy Tharp, San Angelo, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: "Fruit Songs" Norman Lowrey, Titusville, Florida.

"When the Bee Came to Visit the Flower" Gudbrandur Gislasen, Reykjavik, Iceland.

Judge: Mrs. F. H. McMaster, McMaster Private School, Fort Worth.

FRESHMAN CONTESTS NARRATIVE OF FACT

Offered by the Dallas T. C. U. Woman's Club.

First Prize: "A Summer Storm" B. Diane Griffin, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Second Place: "When the Creditor Turns Debtor" Sharon Sue Justice, Paris, Texas.

Third Prize: "A Den of Antiquity" Monza Neff, Fort Worth.

Judge: Walter Mosley, Fort Worth.

ESSAY

Offered by the Dallas T. C. U. Woman's Club.

First Prize: "Solo for Saturday Night Guitar" Peggy Tharp, San Angelo.

Second Place: "The Lowly Crumhorn" Donna Day Compton, Fort Worth.

Third Prize: "An August Reunion" Julian F. Williams, III, Dallas, Texas.

Honorable Mention: "The Passing of a Culture" Robert Blitz, Grants, New Mexico.

Judge: James Giles, Department of English, North Texas State University.

FICTION

Offered by the Fort Worth Woman's Wednesday Club.

First Prize: "A Mirror with Lights" Peggy Tharp, San An-

gelo.

Second Place: "Asylum" J. Greg Stansky, Longview, Texas.

Third Place: "God and His Wife" Pamela Ritter, Arlington, Virginia.

Honorable Mentions: "The Sparrows" James Gordon, Fort Worth.

"Prospect" Edward Ackert, Fort Worth.

Judge: Mary E. Whitten, Department of English, North Texas State University.

RESEARCH PAPER OR ARTICLE

Offered by the Fort Worth Woman's Wednesday Club.

First Prize: "Augustinian Influence in Twelfth Century Monastic Historiography" Donna Compton, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Symbolism of the Characters in Lord of the Flies" Larry Don Ivy, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "Thalidomide: Its Spread, Its Damage, and Its Problem" Scott Sargent, Lampasas, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: "The Man of the Times?" Cindy Inglis, Phoenix, Arizona.

"Life as Art: Yeats' Golden Bird and Chestnut Tree" Edward Ackert, Fort Worth.

Judge: Mrs. Mary Buckalew, Department of English, North Texas State University.

POETRY CONTEST

Offered by Mrs. Cecil B. Williams.

First Prize: "Tapestry" Edward Ackert, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Tetralogy on Requisites" Richard M. Johnson, Eldorado, Arkansas.

Third Place: "Quest Ended" Kim Kowalchuk, Burlingame, California.

Honorable Mention: "The Meeting" Teresa Gundy, Garland,

Texas.

Judge: Pruitt Davis, Department of English, North Texas State University.

THE HONORABLE DILLON ANDERSON CREATIVE WRITING PRIZE

Open to all T. C. U. Undergraduates.

Offered by the Honorable Dillon Anderson.

First Prizes: Moffitt Cecil, III, Fort Worth. Joyce Hegman, Lake Jackson, Texas.

Second Prizes: Gudbrandur Gislasen, Reykjavik, Iceland. Annette Trittippo, Meridian, Mississippi.

Honorable Mentions: Douglas Bell, Fort Worth. Robert B. Garrison, Cortez, Colorado.

SPECIAL SCHOLARSHIP OFFERED IN ENGLISH

The Creative Writing Scholarship offered by the Dallas T. C. U. Woman's Club.

Winner: Robert Stanford Potts, Austin, Texas.

ENDOWED SCHOLARSHIP OFFERED IN ENGLISH

The Rebecca W. Smith Scholarship. Established by Miss Marion Day Mullins honoring the former chairman of the Department of English, T. C. U.

Winner: Linda Tucker, Waxahachie, Texas.

SPECIAL AWARD OFFERED IN ENGLISH

Offered by the Fort Worth Woman's Club. A merit award conferred in the Spring semester of the recipient's junior year.

Winner: Marvin Lynn Witherpoon, Weatherford, Texas.

DR. AND MRS. FRANK DOUGLAS BOYD FRESHMAN MERIT AWARD

Offered by Amy Margaret Boyd Chamberlin.

Winner: Peggy Tharp, San Angelo, Texas.

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Bryson, Boswell, Anderson Contests

TWIN MANTLED LANTERNS

By Tobin Quereau

they bring their twin mantled lanterns and their layers of clothing and their tents with built-in floors that take shape in eight and one-half minutes but still they are cold and the rocks are not softened and the darkness crouches in the midst of the light behind rocks and limbs and beneath the table.

they bring three-burner stoves and aluminum pots with unbreakable cups and utensils to match and liquid fire to be used for light and heat and for cooking, but the land is dry and the mountains are bare and they must bring their own food if they want to eat.

they bring cards and games and radios and entertain each other with the coming of night filling the air with familiar sounds, but their words are lost to a wandering wind and the coyote speaks from another ridge heard by the sand and sagebrush people across a moonfilled desert.

they cluster together in canvas camps to guard against fear and the elements constructing with care their portable worlds while the ageless peaks watch and listen in silence.

ARCANA URBANA

By James R. Bennett

Initial Moment: History

The age of flight is
The age of might is
The age of fright.

Hide, I shall hide
Inside their customs
Within the glance of their eyes
I shall dance
The ineffable prize
The penetration of their trance.

Ever moving, perspectival,
On the road to survival,
History my only guide
And I've put all that aside.
Lost amid a net of actions,
Crowds of people—all transactions,
Odors, colors, shades and forms,
Never focusing on norms.
Still propelled by some dim quest
To honor gotten in the test.

Oh Lord! Where shall I flee?
Ask the local travel agency,
Take a trip with LSD,
Spray your troubles
Away with DDT.

Cops and queers play the game,
They cruise the street,
The ones the others to meet,
The others to peruse the same.

Nuns and sailors in all weather
Go in pairs,
The ones to avoid the deadly
snares,

The others to find them better.

In proportion as disproportion
Careens from great to small
From small to great,
Are lives ruined or ended,
Are lives joyful or extended,
And tragedy and comedy are one.

If headlines made history,
There would be no memory.
If these fragments were found,
What deals would be bound,
What history would resound,
What mystery from these ruins?
The murmuring women across
the room
Arrange the tokens of our doom.

Can you hear the cry
From the suburbs,
The cry of the slaughtered pig,
Or do you hear only the
Ecstasy of the addict
As the needle enters?
Stand here and
Listen.

Transitional Moment: Art
Here lie the victims of battles

past,
Their cenotaphs spaced flat
against the wall,
These authors having ceased to
enthrall,
The dishevelled images need to
be recast.

In my image and likeness
I shall mold a new die,
I shall take what I give,
I shall die while I live
To live when I die.
The grand old themes in destruc-
tion,
I shall create out of nothing,
I shall build up to nothing,
Adding nothing to nothing,
Ending in construction;
Making the end and the way,
Only making without end
And our contemplations
Fall about ourselves
In action or decay.

You can say that again!

Lusty Luke Hankers After
Sensuous Sue,

Luke's The Scourge Of The City.
Harassing Harry Comes Out Of
The Blue.

Says "Imma Gonna Take That
City."
Sensuous Sue Slinks Around A
Lot,
Gets Both Men Araren Hot,
They Shoot It Out And Fall To
The Ground,
Now Old Sensuous Sue's Just
Shrinking Around.

We move out beneath the exit
signs,
Unbewildered and refreshed,
Bewildered and afraid of
The real men and women
Who stalk the streets;
In this most silent night,
When the fight of commerce is
still
And the exchanges of the night
Stir about us
On the concrete walks
Only the madman talks
Of states unborn
And we must keep

Silent.

Final Moment: Love

In this most quiet night
How high the moon is,
Partly out of sight,
How soon will we discover
The secrets of this most constant
lover,
Revolving and reflecting in an
Astronomical embrace.
The parts hurrying from the
whole,
Greater than the parts,
Scurrying from the earth,
Our center,
Shifting in their insane flight,
Far from the celestial light,
Contesting our calculations,
Converting our cosmological
plans.

Whence and whither? Oh dear
Phaedrus.

Beauty, extraordinary beauty,
Beauty fleeing down vast
esplanades,
Attached only to beauty,
ending in ugliness.
Compelled by chance and fate
To a dialogue of abjection and
indifference,
Abjection and impotence,
Abjection and omnipotence,
Un fait accomplissant.

Je t'aime
Jet t'adore
Que desires-tu encore?

I love you: I want you to be.

In the deodorant darkness,
Speak to me of love,
The use of contraceptives,
The aim of intervention,
The end of controversy,
The final orgasm
Speak.
The mushrooming cataclysm:

GHOST TOWN

By Annette Trittipio

"Economic activity is at an all-
time high."

People on the sidewalk, crowding,
Sweating, shoving;
People with strange faces,
speaking

A language familiar yet
somehow

Different. Faces asking a
question,

Searching for something
They lost by finding.

Streets like green tunnels,
Old white houses set far back and
cricket-quiet

Through the long night.
The football games, cheering
each player by name.

Familiar maze of small streets,
unplanned,
Patterning the crazy quilt of
slow growth.

All gone now, like a snowflake
melting in the

Too-eager breath of an
inquisitive child.

How pleased people were when
they brought in

The highway
(But prosperity is relative.)

They have ripped off the ivy,
and the

Scaling handmade shingles have
been replaced by

Aluminum siding. Bright alien
child-faces . . .

Where the rose-garden was, they
run

Dump-trucks on the pavement.

Short Story Contest

Hired

Moffitt Cecil III

I was awake early, even before the garbage men started banging the cans down in the street. I had heard the truck coming for at least two blocks. The engine would whine the whole musical scale until it reached about an octave above where it had started and then it would stop, the man would shift gears, and the whine would start again at the bottom. After the third modulation it stopped and the men started emptying cans and putting them back with an unbelievable racket. This was New York's alarm clock, but it did me no good that morning because I was already awake.

I lay on my back looking at the dusty ceiling over me. All around me the city was moving. If there is a time when the city is completely quiet, I never heard it. No matter how late I stayed up or how early I woke up there was always a smooth roar which was so constant that, unless I made an effort to hear it, it soon became silence. It reminded me of the ocean when I used to lie awake at night on the porch of our rented cabin and listen to it. All was still around me. I could see no movement anywhere, but I could hear the tops of the waves curl over, fall into the trough, and come sliding up onto the beach. It sounded as though half the world was turning over but I could see no movement. That's how it was in my apartment. All around me all of the movements of eight million people made up the voice of the city, and I lay in my bed and listened.

After the garbage can banging started, I sat up and looked at the clock on the table beside my bed. It was seven thirty. Even though I had time enough to stay in bed thirty more minutes before getting dressed and going down town, I threw back the sheet and started to get up. The bed first

squeaked disapproval at being waked up so early and then tried for revenge by shifting its weight suddenly in an attempt to hurl me to the floor. But after having lived there for two weeks, I was used to its surly disposition; so I neatly landed on both feet on the floor and headed for the bathroom. This was going to be my first day on the job, and I would be in much better shape mentally if I didn't have to rush. Being a messenger is not a job which takes much mental alertness, but since it was the only job I had found after two weeks of almost constant looking, I decided that a little at first would not hurt.

Two weeks I had been in New York. Two weeks looking for a job. I had started out with high hopes and much enthusiasm, certain that in a city of over eight million people there would be just the job for me. All I had to do was go and find it. The want ads in the Times seemed to agree, so with it under my arm I had set out to find my job and begin work. I soon found out that to get anywhere at all in this world one must have connections, and I had none. My job hunting enthusiasm was drained from me and my money was running low; so I ended up a messenger. I had not chosen the job from the first because I had been told that its hours were long and the pay bad. That was all I knew of the job even after I had gotten it. "It can't be a very good job if they will give it to someone whether he knows the city or not," I thought as I shaved. But I had no choice. I was running out of money.

I was not eager to start work. Starting a new experience among new people always makes me nervous, and I was nervous. I dressed very slowly and deliberately that morning. Getting dressed can be a very pleasurable

thing for me if I take the time to realize what I am doing instead of turning my mind off and just following habit. And after I have finished, if I have dressed carefully, the fit of my clothes, the texture of them, the smoothness of my freshly shaved face give me a strange kind of strength. They make me a fortress within myself. By the time I closed the door of my apartment behind me, my green slacks and green plaid shirt made me feel warm and aloof. I locked the door and headed down the five flights of stairs. It was cool and dark in the stair well and on the first floor. All was quiet. Through the glass in the front door I could see the street half in sunlight and half in shadow.

Outside, the morning was still quiet and cool. Soon the children would be out sitting on the cars and steps and playing stick ball in the streets, but now I was alone. Walking between the parked cars, I crossed the street and started down toward the corner where the stairs of the Eighth Avenue subway were. Looking ahead of me I could see Central Park with its trees standing in the early morning sun. The tops of the trees were a pale sunsplashed green but underneath was the deep, cool green of shadow. I was walking on the side that was in shadow toward the flood of sunlight which ran down Central Park West. At the corner I would turn out of the shadow into the sunlight, but now I was in one world watching another.

When I reached the corner, I stepped into the current of New York. On Central Park West the cars and trucks rushed by honking their horns. The cabbies, driving their fares to work, wove in and out of traffic, yelling out the windows and honking at pedestrians who got in their way.

Continued on Page 3

Short Story Contest (Continued)

Continued from Page 2

A tide of people swept along the sidewalk and down the stairs to the subway. A few people walked the other way or passed the entrance by, but most raced along down the steps and out of sight. Without bothering to get wet, slowly I jumped into the middle of the stream and was immediately carried along.

The world of sunlight and action into which I had broken, began to eat away my secure fortress of clothes and leisure by making me forget them. I was beginning to feel my nervousness again as I hurried along toward the subway entrance. I had learned the cold, impersonal side of the city in my two weeks of job-hunting, but it had not really affected me because I was independent. I could come or go as I pleased. If the people depressed me, I could always return to my apartment and escape into the book I was reading or listen to a record. Now I was asking to be part of their world and to compete with them on their own terms. I had come to New York to try myself out, but maybe the people on the sidewalk were pushing me into it a little too quickly.

All was dark down in the subway, and the coolness of shadows came back to me, but without the quietness. After walking quickly down the steps into the world under the streets we all headed for the token window. While waiting in line, I looked around me, trying to forget myself by becoming interested in my surroundings. The scene was one of great confusion. People hurried around in the dim light trying to get up to the street or trying to get on the trains. There was no order so they wove around one another. Businessmen, secretaries, laborers . . . they all hurried. Across the orange turnstiles I could see the uptown tracks lined with people waiting for their trains. The people would bend over the edge of the platform and look down the tracks. Then, not seeing the train, they would walk around in a little circle on the platform before going back to the edge to look again. Soon the rumble of the train was heard above the noise of the people. The noise got louder, and then the piercing screech of the brakes drowned even that out. When the train stopped at the edge of the platform, the sliding doors opened, the waiting people jammed their way into already packed cars, the doors closed, and the train roared again.

While taking all this in, I had been slowly half-stepping my way to the token window. Behind the bars in the window sat the token man, facing the impatient line. He sat like an island of calm in an ocean of rushed movement, stoically sliding the money out of the cup in the counter and easing the small copper token and the correct change back down in the smooth depression of the wood. He was like a machine, never making a mistake, never changing rhythm, never changing his facial expression, and looking like every other token man in every other token window on every other subway in New York. My turn at the window came. I paid my money, and after scooping up my token and

the correct change, I headed through the crowd toward the turnstile and stairs down to the downtown trains.

Downstairs there was a larger crowd than upstairs because most of New York's business district is below 86th Street. I stood in the crowd waiting for the BB train. "It may not be a bad job," I said to myself, "and anyway, I don't have to keep it any longer than I want. And when it's done, I will feel very good about having done it." I felt the air begin to move a little around me. It started to draw toward the oncoming train. Soon I heard the mild rumble of the wheels; then I saw the headlight.

I moved toward the edge of the platform. So did everyone else. The rumble grew, and then as the train got nearer and louder still, the screech of brakes took over and it ran past us slowing. After it stopped with a bang, the sliding doors opened and we all crowded in. The doors shut again.

Inside there was a moment's pause after the doors slid shut while the people scrambled into seats, grabbed hold of the poles and hand hooks, and unfolded their copies of the Times or the Daily News. I caught on to one of the poles which went from the edge of the aisle to the ceiling. It was covered from floor to ceiling with hands. After this moment's pause, the train started with a series of sharp jerks which sent all of us sprawling toward the rear. Then, it picked up speed slowly and the car started to rock sideways on its springs until it seemed to be going at a tremendous rate.

The people were all crammed together back to back and shoulder to shoulder, the men in their suits and hats and the women in their suits and hats. Their hands touched each other's hands on the poles and on the hand hooks which lined both sides of the ceiling of the car. They leaned on each other and stepped on each other's feet, but they never

saw each other. Each person was completely alone. Each person either looked ahead, never seeing past the inside of his eyeballs, or else read the ads on the top of the windows for the millionth time, or stared out the window looking for nothing in the endless blackness of the subway tunnel walls outside the car. No one talked. All that could be heard were the wheels and the car as it swayed from side to side and pushed the passengers against one another. When the train stopped, the blank-faced people on the inside would elbow their way out and would be replaced by more blank-faced people from the outside. I fell to trying to decide whether the people were bored or whether long years of living very close together had made them wary of the people around them. It seemed to me that it was both of these reasons and one more. If they could never escape from all the people around, the people of New York would probably go insane.

At 50th Street and 6th Avenue I joined the people who were pushing their way toward the exit and got off the train. I walked with them up the two flights of stairs and out onto 50th Street. As I stood in the morning shadow trying to get my bearings, the flow of people coming out of the entrance rushed around me and hurried on down the sidewalk.

My last couple of blocks to the building where I had been told to report, I walked very very slowly. My self-confidence was beginning to wane at an alarming rate. I began to feel uneasy in the stomach. I tried to escape into the sights around me, into the people rushing by, the tall buildings, the cool morning wind, but it did not work. My mind knew what I was trying to do and would not leave me alone. I decided to think as little as possible.

After a few minutes, I reached the address which the man at the job-interview had given me and walked into the lobby. It was small by New York standards, finished in white marble on the walls and floor. At the far wall there were two elevators and a stainless steel door. I had been told that the door led to the office where I was to be stationed so I walked to it thinking of nothing. On opening the door and stepping inside, I found myself in a long dark hall which smelled of dust and stale air. The walls and floor were grey concrete; the ceiling was out of sight above me. At the far end of the hall was a lighted doorway and the sound of movement. As the steel door slammed behind me, I started walking the twenty feet of darkness toward the light.

From the doorway I looked into a small shabby office. Along two concrete walls were rows of about seven chairs. Three old men and four high school aged boys sat slouched there reading newspapers and looking very bored. As I stepped into the office, each looked up from his reading in his own time, watched for a moment without curiosity, and went back to his reading. I walked toward the far end where a man sat writing at a desk which faced the wall. "Is this Quick Messenger Service?" I asked him, my voice sounding a little further away than it should. He turned around on his swivel stool, rested his arms on his lap, and looked at me through gray-rimmed glasses. He was a short fat man of about forty with sandy hair and bright gray eyes. His teeth were twisted until they overlapped each other. For a long moment he sat there staring.

"Yeah," he said finally, "What do you want?"

"The man at 42nd street sent me down here to work. My name is Henry Campbell." The phone on his desk rang as I finished.

"Oh yeah. Sit down and I'll talk to you in a minute," he said as he swirled around on his stool and answered it. I started to sit in a yellow chair beside his desk. "Not there! Over there with the others," he growled motioning with his head toward the other messengers, who looked up with mild interest. I found a seat between a high school aged boy and an old man and waited sullenly for my instructions.

Psalms for '67

Ona Roberts Wright

I. YOUTH

Mad gyrations in wild discotheques
Kaleidoscopes in flashing gleams or barely lightened with a candle flame.
Beat beat of drum, high tortured twanged electric wire,
Plaint, plight, a sotto wail, a moan, a jerk, a mingled mob.
Daytime and night the garish garb, high boots, low belts and patterned hose,
Long hair unclipped, unpushed from eyes —
Sad eyes, wide eyes, sharp piercing slits,
Or staring vacant orbs pre-empted quite,
Huge tomes and facile paperbacks in cloistered halls or chanting crowds,
Long sits, slow marches, placards pushed, protests and pleas,
Swift supercar on superstreet, jet blast-off, rocket to the moon,
Sad eyes, wide eyes, sharp piercing slits,
Or staring vacant orbs pre-empted quite.
Go, move, seek, search,
And who are you?
And what am I?
And shall I ever really know you — encompassing your soul —
Or do you even care?

II. PERSPECTIVE

The light through shuttered windows
Casts a shadow on the man.
From where I watch he seems to walk, gesticulate, to talk and teach,
Imperfectly, a partial being,
Poor half-existence minus head.
Idly I practice,
Cover up this half a page
Or blur the focus of one eye,
Squint, hold object out too far,
Or painfully so close that it envelops all . . .
Perspective lost, our life's fragmented,
We walk about, amiss a mind or soul.

III. SONG

How shall we sing the songs of Zion in a strange land?
Gas pellets hiss, the song dies at the start.
Captivity iron-curtained claws the throat
Till freedom's notes lie shredded.
A bamboo-jungle bayonet thrust has silenced every sound
Or cries of hatred drowned the plaintive trill.
Sweat, poverty, and grimy toil
Erode the vocal chords
Till even yearning's gullied, gone,
And hope all blown away.
How shall we form the notes or murmur meanings lost?
For what — for teasing, taunting, tempting,
For festivals and fun?
For courage, heartened labor, challenge,
Cure for captor and for captive both?
How shall we sing?
As we have sung,
And Zion shall be here.

A Summer in the Round

Jan Michell Hunter

I suppose there is always one special something in everyone's life that creates many memories. My special something was working at a summer theatre for two seasons. Through an odd quirk of fate I was assigned to start as head usherette. (Marian's assistant was the official title.) Being chief baby-sitter of forty good-looking, costumed Manolitas (our name) confronted me with some interesting situations. A few of the more intriguing episodes will always remain in my fond-memory book.

The first week was murder. Can you say your alphabet backwards, starting with R, and leaving out Q and I? Don't forget that Sections 10, 1, and 2 have no rows A or B, and Section 1 has no Row R. Of course, only two of twenty-one girls working were "old-timers." The rest of us lost lambs were stumbling around in the dark, wide-eyed, and as helpless as could be. By Saturday night we were all more secure.

Badly fatigued from the regular matinee, we bravely repaired the cosmetic camouflage and prepared for the evening barrage. Curtain time meant more than just starting the show. Around

the theatre (it was theatre-in-the-round) were nine background panels craftily disguised behind bleak green-gray curtains. As the overture began, the Manolitas were to pull the curtains and reveal the wondrous works of art. I was blithely tugging mine open when the rod fell. The whole curtain began to billow down. I grabbed the rod as it tumbled onto the customers. There I stood, holding up the remaining cover, and the bright turquoise spotlight was shining on my confused face. Several apprentices (stage-hands) and fellow Manolitas stood and looked, and looked, and looked. Nobody offered to help, not even the obviously distressed man who was sitting beneath the object of my struggling hold. Finally, Mr. Dacus (the general manager) came to the rescue. He grabbed the curtain and sent me on my merry way to find the stage manager. After the repairs had been made, I found a chair in a quiet corner and sat, and laughed, and shed one tear.

One of my favorite little tasks was to obtain a small child to participate in the intermission drawing. My aisle partner and I had made a game of the search. Donna and I had found an espe-

cially beautiful little girl for that Saturday matinee. (You would think I would be wary of Saturdays, wouldn't you?) At intermission, the three-year-old angel and I headed for the lobby to begin our vigil until Mr. D. appeared. The little cherub looked unhappy; I assumed she was a bit frightened by all the activity. Suddenly she squeezed my hand, and I heard a gentle splashing sound. A huge puddle formed in front of the card basket. Two huge blue eyes looked up at me pleadingly as they filled with tears. I gave her to Brinson to return to her mother while I hurriedly searched for another child, an older one this time. The new helper aided me in moving the drum to a drier spot. Murphy the cop just stood by the door and grinned. The box-office gang was rolling on the floor in hysteria. Mr. D. entered, gave a slight glance at the tiny pool, knitted his eyebrows slightly, and inquired "accident?". From then on I always asked if the selected child needed to make an important stop before we went to the lobby.

Another of my Saturday adventures occurred on a smotheringly humid day. None of us were looking forward to seating

the matinee customers. A hot and sticky sell-out crowd oozed into the delightful iciness of the circular aluminum icebox. All was going smoothly when five minutes before curtain — I knew it — a minor crisis struck Section 7. A tiny mite of a woman was holding off two Manolitas at umbrella point. She insisted she possessed four seats but had only two tickets when she was seated. Four very nice ladies were waiting, tickets in hand, to occupy their seats, one of which was claimed by our delightful hag. The enemy couldn't find her vanished tickets. "That stupid girl kept them!" she glared at the intimidated usherette. Act I was ten minutes old. Backed by several of my comrades, I inquired who would occupy the other three seats. "My husband," (an embarrassed quiet little man) "will sit with me, and the extra seats are for two guests who may come today." There were still only three seats, no tickets, her yelling comments on my utter lack of intelligence, and Act I was thirty-five minutes old. Out of sheer despair I took her to Marian, my supervisor.

Marian appears to be the kind of quiet soul that reminds you of a frightened church mouse.

The battling barge overran me as soon as we reached the lobby. Eyes wide with rage, she headed straight toward Marian. After calmly listening to this mad individual and receiving my explanation of the situation, Marian asked where the woman had purchased her tickets and turned to get the day's ticket receipts. With careful and precise aim, the "darling of Section 7" raised her umbrella (a truly vicious weapon) and stabbed Marian's derriere with "and let's be quick about it, stupid." Infuriated, Marian swirled, grabbing the umbrella. The two grown women wrestled center lobby. I was bigger than both of them; I intervened.

Meanwhile, back at Section 7, Dee had conned a friend into moving. With some juggling we now had four seats for the terror. Escorted by our fearless policeman, the woman was returned to her seats. The marvelous people of the section and the staff sighed in unison. I walked away in search of some sanctuary for my nervous collapse.

Another jewel in my treasure of memories resulted from my innocent attempt at public relations. A convention of Ohio Shriners had invaded Fort Worth. Among them was a trio of clowns that jested their way around downtown. I was cornered by the painted threesome in front of a department store. Trying to talk my way out, I kept "pushing" the musical at Casa Manana. I was hoping to attract some business while diverting their attention. I escaped and thought no more of the incident.

All was quiet on the aisles that evening. I looked up. Heading across the lobby was the triumvirate in full force. They were complete with balloons (with which to make animals), phony money, a three foot liquor bottle, and a flashing red heart. Barging past the ticket boy, the group headed straight for me. (Do you know how hard it is to keep a straight face when you are in complete panic?) A gigantic furor arose amid the passing out of balloon figures and phony dollars and the explosions of flashbulbs. The whole administration, from the janitor to Mr. D., assembled at my aisle to supervise. Minutes, or was it hours, passed until the white-faced group retreated. I swore I would never play public relations again. A few weeks later, I was surprised and pleased to receive a letter from Youngstown, Ohio. Andy the Clown had sent me color prints of the pictures, a phony dollar, and an apologetic note of thanks. I still enjoy those pictures.

I will always remember many people and many events; Casa contributed much to my personality and life. From lasting friendships to passing crushes; from painting the floor of Pioneer Palace purple to dancers falling into the pit; from a catered dinner between convention shows to a Casa Amigos party; I've run short miles and taken a brief side trip on my long journey of life.

Southwest Literature

The Battle of Dove Creek

Ricki Lynn Hemphill

One of the most controversial conflicts concerning Texas Indian warfare is the Battle of Dove Creek, which took place just south of what is now San Angelo, Texas, in Tom Green County. In this battle, fought on January 8, 1865, a force of about five hundred militiamen and Confederates were defeated by a large number of Kickapoo and Pottawatomie Indians.¹

The Battle of Dove Creek has had no influence on either the history of Texas or on the history of the United States.² Although it is an almost unheard of battle, it clearly shows that militia and regular army units had little respect for each other. This can be seen in the fact that the men were not always briefed before a battle, and the lines of communications and supplies were poor.

The Battle of Dove Creek should stand as a monument to the misfortunes of Indians of the American frontier. The Indians involved in the episode were the Kickapoos, who were peacefully passing through this country on the way to Mexico. Just why they were attacked by the Texans has never been satisfactorily determined, but from information gathered on the subject, it is evident that someone blundered — and the blunder seems to rest upon the man in command—Captain Totton.³

In the winter of 1864, the band of Kickapoo and Pottawatomie Indians left their reservation on the Kaw River in Kansas with their women, children, and all

their worldly possessions and started for Old Mexico. They left Kansas because they had been called on to aid in the Civil War. Since they were equipped with government guns and knew how to use them, as the sequel will show, it is thought that some of them had enlisted and done some service for the cause of the Union.⁴ They passed through the uninhabited districts of Kansas and Oklahoma without mishap. However, when they reached Texas, the large number in their band caused uneasiness among the frontiersmen. Runners were sent to notify the settlers of their approach, and groups of men were organized to dispute the Indians' passage.

On December 7, Captain N. M. Gillintine and twenty-three men set out from Erath County in Texas on a routine scouting mission in search for Indians in the area. They found the camp of the migrating Kickapoos. The following letter, written from Gillintine to Colonel James Buckner Barry, accurately describes the location and the size of the newly discovered camp:

Dec. 9, 1864

COL JB Barry
Sir;

I am out on a Scout and I struck the clear fork at phantom Hill, I, advanced up it about 30, miles, and there found, a Considerable horse siph (sic). On Examining I found a C'amp of a large part of Indians, 92 wigwams. & the poles of ten tents Caried of. I, sopose them to be 500, five hundred or more Indians, I sopose they had 40 or

48 hours, they moved of scowley up the Clear fork, the trail was about, 100 yeds wide On examining we found, a grave and in the grave a body which was a female Just Buried, which I will send you One of her mocacin I don't think they had Discovered me. I wish you to come, and fetch a sufficient number of men with you, I will wait on paint Creek for you, I will Refer you to Mr. Haley for further information
Coppo
signed

N. W. Gillintine Capt, Com
Of Erath County 2nd
Frontier District⁵

Through Gillintine, the word was spread that a large body of hostile Indians had invaded central Texas.

Why did these men, educated in the ways of the frontier, not remember that a war party of Indians seldom took along women since they slowed the advance and retreat of the raiding parties? The mere fact that the camp consisted of "92 wigwams" should have shown them that the Indians were not the war-like Comanches or other plains tribes but a tribe from farther away.⁶ However, the scouting party did not identify the Indians by the characteristics of their camping grounds, as good scouts should

Since Gillintine had only twenty-three men at the time of his discovery, he returned to Erath County, and at this time his superior, S. S. Totton, Captain of the Bosque County Militia, began his campaign against the Indians. Without delay,

Totton assembled his troops, who came from Comanche, Coryell, Bosque, Johnson, and Palo Pinto counties,⁷ and began a trip to Waco to buy supplies. The Bosque County militia then proceeded on either December 25 or 26, to Camp Salmon, where they met the militia from neighboring counties. The assembled force was organized into a battalion under the command of Totton, who found "it to consist of 325 men rank and file."⁸

At this time, the militia forces split into five companies. The leaders of these were S. S. Totton and R. S. Barnes of Bosque County, W. A. Cathey of Johnson, James Cunningham of Comanche County, and N. M. Gillintine and William H. Culver of Erath County.⁹ Before leaving camp, the militia learned that the Confederate troops under the command of Captain Henry Fosssett were to meet them at Fort Chadbourne, which is located in what is now northeastern Coke County.

After a consultation with his officers, Totton and his troops decided to follow the Indians' trail instead. This is the first instance of refusal on the part of either one or two of the branches of service to cooperate with the other in this battle.¹⁰ It is in this and other examples that one can see just why the Battle of Dove Creek was a military disaster.

Much of the information concerning this battle has been passed down to Mrs. Leta Crawford of Mertzon by her father,

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The Battle of Dove Creek (Continued)

Continued from Page 4

Fayette Tankersley,¹¹ and her grandfather, R. F. Tankersley. The elder Tankersley was one of the first settlers on the Texas frontier while Fayette, his son, was only a boy of nine at the time of the Dove Creek battle.¹²

According to Mrs. Crawford, on January 7, 1865, an Indian came to her grandfather's ranch near Mertzon, and asked permission for his tribe and their horses to camp on his land a few days since they needed a break from the long journey. Tankersley had no objections. He did, however, ask the Indian if he knew anything about the horses which had been stolen from his ranch. The Kickapoo knew nothing except that the Indians were also missing horses. Later the Indian returned Tankersley's horses and, without an explanation, left again. Tankersley later heard that some Jayhawkers were traveling with the Kickapoos and assumed this was where his horses had gone. One can surmise from this incident that more than likely the Indians were minding their manners and trying to stay out of trouble. They also traveled away from the settlements on the edges of the frontier in order to avoid trouble.

Nevertheless, the militia under the command of Totton and Fossett's Confederate troops met about 9:00 on the morning of January 8, only three miles from the Indian camp. This meeting of the two commands is another example showing that they were to have little harmony, and therefore, little success, in the coming battle. One of the greatest detriments was Fossett's refusal to command the assault, even though he properly outranked Totton.

A summary of the meeting comes from a letter sent to Col. John Burke by J. D. McAdoo on January 20, 1865:

The two commanders halted but a few minutes, during which a brief conversation was held between the two commanders, after which, without any council of war, without any distribution of orders, without any formation of a line of battle, without any preparation, without any inspection of the camp, without any communication with the Indians or inquiry as to what tribe or party they belonged to, without any knowledge of their strength and position, the command 'forward' was given.¹³

The officers in command failed to recognize several more factors involved, which if noticed, might have prevented the battle. For instance, an adequate inspection of the Kickapoo's camp grounds would have shown them that the Indians had taken great precautions in choosing their camp site. In the actual battle it is evident why this location was beneficial to the Indians. The and its mouth. They also said it would be difficult to overtake the Indians considering their position, and they believed that they were friendly Indians. However, it has been said that the

entire battle could have been a result of an officer trying to make a name for himself since this was also the time when officers like Grant, Lee, Sherman, and others, were making names.¹⁴

Whatever the mistake, on January 8, at 10:00, only one hour after the commanders' conference, the whites moved forward to attack. Some may have thought it was a good omen since it was the anniversary of General Jackson's victory at New Orleans.¹⁵

It had been decided that Captain Fossett was to attack the right while Captain Totton attacked the left and center. Captain Fossett and his group successfully cut off the Indian horses and killed all the guards. In the meantime, Totton's militia had dismounted and marched into the camp where they were surrounded by the defenders. According to Totton, the enemy was concealed in the brush where they could "pick off our men with but little risk to themselves."¹⁶ In other words, the Texans were ambushed. The militia was panic-stricken and stampeded, but not without "the loss of many valuable officers and men,"¹⁷ which included Captain W. N. Culver, Captain R. S. Barnes, and Captain N. M. Gillintine.¹⁸ Totton then ordered the wounded men and most of the others to retire about three miles to the north. He felt it was hopeless to attempt another attack before the next day.

Another group of Indians had turned Captain Fossett and his force and had driven them out, killing a few and shooting twelve of the horses into one pile. This phase of the battle lasted until about two o'clock when the Indians removed their forces for a brief recess. Shortly thereafter, they made a strong attack against the Confederates under the command of J. A. Brooks. At this time, Fossett and J. R. Giddens quickly shifted to assist Brooks, but only after a great deal of trouble were they able to drive the Indians back.

When the attack on Brooks's front was being driven back, an Indian boy was captured by the whites. He identified the Indians mainly as Kickapoos and a few tribes of Pottawatomies. Another incident, which has several versions, is that of a brave and two young boys who were captured with a flag of truce in their possession. J. D. McAdoo's report on the battle states that the brave approached Captain Fossett and "unarmed, with his hands raised"¹⁹ and informed the captain that "they were friendly Indians."²⁰ To this Fossett told the Indian that he recognized no friendly Indians in Texas and had him shot. A hunting pass was found on this brave, as well as on several other Indians, signed by W. M. Ross, the agent of the Pottawatomies. These passes were good until February 4, 1865. This again questions the then say of these commanding of I. D. Ferguson can be used to describe the Confederates' retreat: "We began to withdraw when the sun was half an hour in the evening. The herd and the

wounded under Cureton moved first east to cross Dove Creek."²¹ The question arises as to why Fossett decided to cross the creek just as the Indians were in the midst of heavy fire, instead of advancing up the creek for several hundred yards where he could cross in safety. As the Confederates retreated, the mounted Indians moved parallel to the command toward the point of crossing. Catching the retreating forces in the open, the Indians began a heavy and destructive fire which threw the entire command into "confusion and disorder."²² This enemy work was so effective that the captured horses had to be abandoned and were recaptured by the Indians.

After successfully crossing Dove Creek, they "fell back in great disorder to a long branch"²³ where they began to move the wounded men forward and out of danger. However, the Indians soon drove them from this spot and once again there was "a wild panic like the herd of stampeded cattle."²⁴ On the night of January 8, the firing stopped and the Confederates, having spotted the militia's campfires, joined them for the first time since early morning. The combined force of Confederates and state militia had suffered a humiliating defeat from the "defendent," the Kickapoos.

That night the combined forces camped on the south bank of Spring Creek. The troops had to stay at this location for two days due to the twelve to fourteen inches of snow which began falling early the first night. Adding to the men's misery was the lack of food and covering. It seems that each soldier had only one blanket, and the food was so scarce that horses were killed to prevent starvation.

When the snow had ended, Totton and some of his men returned to the battlefield. The dead had been left unburied on the battlefield due to the bitter weather conditions and the fact that provisions had been lacking. Criticism of Totton was brought out in General J. D. McAdoo's letter to Colonel Burke concerning Totton's observation on the field.²⁵ Totton did not consider the reason why he found both Confederate and militiamen lying as they had fallen, with not one having been scalped. Also why had the Indians not buried their dead so they would enter the "happy hunting grounds."²⁶

Losses of the troops and militia have been in much controversy since the battle. The fact that the courthouse monument at Mertzon says there were a total of twenty-two killed, while the marker at the site mentions four officers and twenty-two men killed, is no surprise.²⁷ However, in the casualty list made out by Totton, there were four Confederates killed and five wounded and eighteen killed and fourteen wounded for the militia. This would be a total of twenty-two killed and nineteen wounded.²⁸ front" and "Nearly every day some of the severely wounded died" and that he "could hear the boom of guns being fired over their graves."²⁹

Information regarding the Indian losses also varies with source and author, and is probably unreliable. Totton wrote to Erath "the enemy lost over one hundred killed."³⁰ A story of an interview with members of the Kickapoo Indian tribe, which was released later in the *Austin Weekly State Gazette*, reported the Indian losses at twelve killed and eight wounded.³¹ This is another question which will probably remain unsolved.

When weather conditions permitted, the Confederate troops and the militia began their march back to Fort Belknap. However, the battle was not to end here for the Kickapoos. After the battle of Dove Creek, the Kickapoos swore revenge on Texas. Historians have found that it was these same Indians who raided Texas from their secure retreat in the Santa Rosa mountains in Mexico and caused considerable suffering along the border for many years.³²

The exact cause of the Battle of Dove Creek still puzzles most historians. We can see the faults and mistakes of commanding officers which made it a complete failure on the part of the Texas forces, but we still cannot find a reason for it.

Today a fence, a gate, and a lock keep Totton and Fossett from gaining more fame than history has accorded them. The old battlefield, now on valuable ranch land, is kept out of reach from sight-seers. Only a sign at the entrance of the land can be seen now, and it appropriately notes: "Winterbotham Estate, Dove Creek Ranch, No Hunting."³³

¹Pete Renner (ed.), "The Battle of Dove Creek," *The Junior Historian*, VI (May, 1946), 29.

²Kenny McElroy (ed.), "The Battle of Dove Creek," *The Junior Historian*, XXIV (March, 1964), 6.

³J. Marvin Hunter (ed.), "The Battle of Dove Creek," *West Texas Historical Association Year Book*, X (October, 1934), 74.

⁴Grace Bitner (ed.), "The Battle of Dove Creek," *West Texas Historical Association Year Book*, IX (October, 1933), 5.

⁵William C. Pool, "The Battle of Dove Creek," *Southwestern Historical Quarterly*, Austin: Vol.

53 (July, 1949) 369.

⁶*Ibid.*

⁷"Battle of Civil War in Concho Country," *San Angelo Standard-Times*, January 10, 1965, Section C, p. 9.

⁸Totton's Report, *Houston Daily Telegraph* (undated), p. 15.

⁹Pool, p. 371.

¹⁰*Ibid.*

¹¹"Battle of Civil War in Concho Country," *San Angelo Standard-Times*, January 10, 1965, Section C, p. 9.

¹²*Ibid.*

¹³Pool, p. 375.

¹⁴*San Angelo Standard-Times*, p. 9.

¹⁵*Ibid.*

¹⁶Pool, p. 377.

¹⁷*Ibid.*

¹⁸McElroy, p. 10.

¹⁹Pool, p. 378.

²⁰*Ibid.*

²¹McElroy, p. 11.

²²Hunter, p. 82.

²³*Ibid.*

²⁴*Ibid.*, p. 72.

²⁵McElroy, p. 11.

²⁶*Ibid.*, p. 26.

²⁷*San Angelo Standard-Times*, p. 9C.

²⁸Pool, p. 382.

²⁹McElroy, p. 12.

³⁰Pool, p. 384.

³¹F. G. Huntress to R. Fink, February 9, 1865, *Weekly State Gazette* (Austin), February 22, 1865, p. 1, col. 3.

³²"The Battle of Dove Creek," *San Angelo Standard-Times*, May 3, 1924, p. 9.

³³*Ibid.*

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From Dillon Anderson Entries

A Very Bad Short Story

by Gudbrandur Gislason

The old man sat on the rocking chair on the porch in front of his house after dark and listened to the rain falling on the iron-plated roof above his head and onto the pavement, where it glittered in the cold light from the streetlamps. His granddaughter was in the kitchen, preparing a late supper: baked codfish, small potatoes boiled in salt-water, and nudging. The old she called from the kitchen. He frowned. His eyebrows were grey and large and twisted at the corners.

"A small fishing boat was drifting ashore. In a few minutes the gigantic waves would throw it flat against the huge rocks and crush it like a box of matches," said the radio.

"We are out of raisins," the girl said in the kitchen. The old man clasped his hands together. He had lost his right index finger years ago on a powerblock of a trawler. His fingernails were dirty.

the lifeline and died man in the on their shoulders and the line-gun between them and a flask

Continued on Page 7

The Vultures

Guin Nance

INTRODUCTION

This play is, I am sure, a dichotomous creature, having, on the one hand, some connection with the Greek legend on which it is based and the *Philoctetes* of Sophocles, and exhibiting, on the other hand, undeniable traces of contemporary thought. Some attempt has been made to conform to the stylistic principles of Greek drama, but the language employed and the thoughts expressed are products of a Twentieth-Century mind. Perhaps, a measure of synthesis has been achieved. It is difficult to know, for the tools with which we attempt expression are always so variable.

This venture is, then, as Eliot said it:

A new beginning, a raid on the inarticulate
With shabby equipment always deteriorating

And what there is to conquer
By strength and submission,
has already been discovered
Once or twice, or several times,
by men whom one cannot hope

To emulate.

CHARACTERS IN THE PLAY
Philoctetes, son of Poeas
Neoptolemus, son of Achilles
Chorus, composed of vulture-like creatures

SCENE: The island of Lemnos, isolated and quiet. Its topography is rugged, with steep cliffs overlooking the sea. Philoctetes, a tattered and depreciated man, enters. His facial expression spells out despair.

He stands, looking intently at a large, smoothly worn boulder, then addresses it as if some response were possible.

PHILOCTETES

Matrix, stony and unyielding,
'tis the time for weary watching.
(Seats himself with effort on the boulder)

Once more am I received into thy worn and hollow lap,
Adamant friend, milky and rain-bleached mistress of a
Thousand desperate days — invited to perch this wormy,
Unloved carcass away from the blighted soil of a
Barbarous isle and away from sinister creatures,
Moving quietly to avail themselves of this already
Putrefied form—moving eagerly, but caring nothing for the
Unquiet anguish with which it has been slowly shaped.

(a fly lights on his knee; he moves to kill it.)
Away with thee, Child of the Erinyes, damnable torturer!
Hast thou not other sinners to plague and flesh of a
Softer texture upon which to expend thy vengeance? See to
Crimes less heinous than those for which some may name me.
Rather, search out him who with inscrutable determination

Did smite me
Too-close walking. Must I, too,
play host to thy malevolence?
(To himself, as if in reverie)
Shall thou, indeed, my shadow
self longer be made

To play host to phantoms of loneliness and spirits of
Haunting isolation? How long this wearing away in
Solitude of hated imposition, victim of that most wretched
Odysseus of the tender senses and implacable heart.

(Turns to face the sea, standing painfully)

Misty and hope-robbed eyes, see unfailingly beyond
Dim and obscure horizons and conjure faithful visions of
Golden, peaceful ships, manned by lusty Greeks whose
Hearts hear me and are mollified. Wasted ears, catching
Only whispers of loneliness and the hoarse taunts of damnable
Visitants, I implore thy ready response to the resonant

Strains of welcomed greetings—curses and laughter of
Boisterous toilers over this, Poseidon's domain:
Blessed speech of a man to man.

(Enter a chorus of vulture-like creatures, having human voices.)

CHORUS

Mourn not the impenetrable silence of Lemnos' secluded and
Death-dreamt slopes, Man, for together we draw near thy
Craggy perch and would croak in measured time to
Thy recurrent lamentations.

PHILOCTETES

Oh, Gods, how long to be endured, these empty songs and
Wasted imprecations, issuing from creatures whose forms
Are now to me not clearly distinguishable?

CHORUS

Son of Poeas, thy gratitude seems but a momentary breath
Which wafts quickly over arid spaces and then is gone.

PHILOCTETES

And thy dessicated speech has become to me scorching
Winds which only consume and bring no life.

CHORUS

We pity thee, Man. Have other words but ours come to thee
In the icy winters of thy despair? And whose presence save
Ours brought thee some measure of companionship in the
Stretch of years since thy brother Greeks, on undelayable
Missions of war, did cast thee off as burdensome baggage?

PHILOCTETES

While winters pass to summers and back again as I made
To hear thy impotent compassions and to see thy feathery
Form—alien and not of man. I feel no tug of kindred with
Thee; and yet, curse these imperceptive eyes and this
Impaired reasoning, how I now wonder what thy genesis may
Have been. It does seem to me at times that thou becomest
Man, only deceptively clothed as vulture. Dost thou
Play man or mask thyself as devouring bird?

Oh Zeus, do I dream dreams?
Create phantasies?

Shall I draw swords or stand in awe-stricken amazement to see
Twofold creatures who appear as beasts and speak as men?

PHILOCTETES

(Fearful, hesitant to extend greetings; not sure now of the credibility of his own senses)
And am I not bid welcome to man or beast? Come not closer
Until I have made some sense of thee. After so long an
Exile my dulled mind would be inclined to count thee as
Another of these chattering Harpies whose beaks move somehow

With murmurings of compassion, and yet whose strength is not
Such as to move this diseased body one faltering step
Beyond water's edge and toward my land—perhaps toward
Healing and revenge, accomplished together in one sure blow.

NEOPTOLEMUS

I can appear to thee only as thou conceivest me; and yet
Am come as Greek to Greek and, if thou should receive

Kindly my coming, as brother to brother.

PHILOCTETES

These powers of conception have too long been blunted by the
Endless vacuums of hollow days, etched out in a
Not-too-quiet suffering, and I fear, a double-edged seething.
Tell me clearly how thou comest to this forsaken isle.

NEOPTOLEMUS

I am here of my own choosing and at the urgency of my comrades

To seek one Philoctetes, whom, if I have previously heard
Well, I take thee to be.

PHILOCTETES

Thou know'st me, so long removed from the sweet wines and
Soft women of my home? How can this be?

In my lost Greece is the name of Philoctetes still fresh?

NEOPTOLEMUS

The Gods do still remember thee and with sharp, pricking
Thorns, ever insistent, force thy once-loved comrades

To wish for thy hasty appearance.

PHILOCTETES

And what is thy part in these strange affairs?

NEOPTOLEMUS

I am called Neoptolemus, son of Achilles. I come to thee
From the blackened and gutted days of a struggle which
Goes ill for valiant Greeks—as an envoy of one whose
Deeds have earned for him garlands from every hand and
Even the prized armor which once did shield my father.

CHORUS

How strange it is that among rational and contemplative
Man, praises are reserved for war; and bloody hands reap
The fruit of destruction. How strange! Do they not call
Us vultures—precursors, vultures, are we?

Who but philosophizing man leaps to battle, slaughtering
Gleefully soft babes and weeping women, ravishing his
Victims violently before altars

reserved for Gods?

Blood drips freely; excited hands reach with eagerness
To rip the still-beating heart; streams of entrails are
Allowed to gush forth in heavy profusion and are strewn
Thickly over dusty and God-blessed lands. Only then do we
Appear, following, stone by stone, and track by track,
To dispose of their brainy remains.

PHILOCTETES

Thy taunts seem only a steady rasping in my ear. I do not
Choose to hear or understand thee; rather would I learn from
This Neoptolemus the name of such a mighty warrior whose
Exploits move his lips to enunciations of praise and his
Young frame to brave the trail of Neptune's pleasure in coming
Here. Speak quickly, that I may hear of this extraordinary man.

NEOPTOLEMUS

I think, Sir, that thou hast already an acquaintance with him.

PHILOCTETES

Indeed? If it be, young son of my old friend, that thou art
Disposed to name valiant Ajax, whose beauty and stature of
All the Danaans is second only to that of thy father, then
Will my ears receive thy message and be most glad. But my
Mind seems fearful that such is not the name which thy
Lips are already tuned to form.

CHORUS

Ajax, son of Telamon, seed of Zeus,
There, indeed, a butcher worthy of an allegiance with us—
Swift swordsman against fierce cattle and warrior-like sheep.

NEOPTOLEMUS

Thou hast rightly feared, Philoctetes. I came as spokesman
For the wondrous Odysseus and beg from thee on behalf of
Each Greek soldier who labours against the heavy battlements
Of Troy, both a hearing and a forgiving.

CHORUS

Words of petition come easily from thy brothers, Philoctetes,
When there is some gain to be made. Consider carefully the
Entreaties of this downy-cheeked young innocent.

PHILOCTETES

Thou would speak to me that Odious Odysseus name with
No hint of rosy tint upon thy maidenish face. Wretched child!
Still the heart in me swells up in anger to remember the
Disgrace brought upon me, as if I were some dishonorable vagabond.

Knowest thou not the crimes which I number against that vile
And devious dog—cursed traitor who has not been along the
Without a prayer to the Gods for his welfare.

NEOPTOLEMUS

How am I to know of thy misfortunes? Only lately have I
Learned to hope for finding thee alive on this displaced isle.

PHILOCTETES

Ah, Fates, how can it be that one man's life is perpetuated
With the glory of quick and flashing blades and the rewards of
Soft clinging arms in guarded tents, while another lives
Forgotten and alone, with only the rocks and the tumultuous
Sea to weep with his poor song?

CHORUS

We weep with thee, pitiable Philoctetes; but the cause of
Our swelling tears lies not in thy exclusion from the
Red and dusty battles of men.

NEOPTOLEMUS

'Tis true that I arrive at the bidding of Odysseus and
Diomedes, but I now know nothing of thy life, nor of that
which
Seems to lie as an impenetrable wall between thee and Odysseus.

PHILOCTETES

Listen, then, and know of the beginning of these webs of
Adversity which the daughters of Night have so silently
Spun out to ensnare me.

Out crept the venomous serpent and softly slid round Chrysa's
Shrine, bringing to me a two-edged hurt. With never a backward

Look the Atreidae and their faithful henchman, Odysseus,
sailed,

Leaving me to rot slowly or die quickly—they cared not which.

With hoarse and hopeless cries I called to them—cries echoing
Distantly on the white-capped tide. Finally, all was quiet,
And I alone. Then, one dark and wind-swept night, these
Strange phantoms appeared,
speaking; and a damned-up
hunger

For meaningful sound gushed from me forth, overcoming my
Fear of their startling form.

What to name them, I know not.
Indeed, they have been to me for time end upon end the only
Source of man-like sound; yet often do I see from a black and
Secretive eye some glimmer of a dark malice.

I fear they wait for me to die.

CHORUS

Philoctetes, thou bearest still no trust for us? Have we
Not mourned with thee and watched eagerly with thee for a
Deliverance from thy life-long pain?

PHILOCTETES

(Exhibiting the bow of Heracles)
I fear to see clearly the shades of thy meaning, but think
Perhaps that only this Heracleian bow and death-inducing
Arrows have prevented thee from hastening easily the
him has not been along the
Cool and serene morning paths; rather have we followed him
Into lusty and gut-spilling days of broad battle—days when
Even old Helios himself regretted the intrusion of Themis'

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Drama Contest: The Vultures (Continued)

Continued from Page 6

Dark, cessation-calling shadows.
NEOPTOLEMUS

Be not concerned with these unnamed ones now, Philoctetes, Whether breath-snatching Harpies or carcass-devouring vultures,

The threads of their future shall not cross those which are Woven for thee—if, indeed, my mission be well accomplished.

PHILOCTETES

Ah, yes! Thy fruitless mission.
NEOPTOLEMUS

Sir, thou art by birth noble Greek, and surely in thy most

Dark moments of misfortune did the Gods favor thee; for even Now, thou livest, though ten armed men and brutal years did cut

Away at thy very breath. Has it been solely by thy own

Strength? Men more skilled than I at reading mysterious signs And discerning wills divine, see thee now fitted precisely into The Gods' hands as an instrument of triumph; for prophets have

Declared that it is only through thy coming to the field of battle And bringing with thee the well-known Heracleian bow

That we who labour against Troy's defenses are to be successful.

Without thy aid, we are lost.

Hast thou some strange and Unnatural desire to see Trojan Warriors overrun our strongest Army, toss to dogs our finest men, and trample justice to ashes?

PHILOCTETES

After so long a time, it is I who should be troubled about justice?

NEOPTOLEMUS

If thou chooseth not to return with me, victory will soon Be sweet as nectar on the lips of bloody Trojans, and the Mouths of brave Greeks made to lie open and dusty before Scavengers — without prayers, without burial, and without Tears spilled on their bruised and deserted bodies.

PHILOCTETES

Thou doest expect to find me, whose heart has so long been Turned adamantly away from the Atreidae's vengeful cause, To greet with delight the late and far-away call which Thou sayest has been issued for my return?

CHORUS

Did not we urge thee, when first appeared this pleasant Young emissary, to guard thyself as if from some lamb-like Foe with fatal bite, knowing well that men often are moved To talk of palliation when some hope of reward exists?

Thy brothers become thy brothers at moments of their Own choosing and extend to thee friendship with an open Right hand and destruction with

left hand concealed. Brooding and even until thy hateful words, sprung

Full-grown from dark and cavernous mouths of subtle evil.

Now I am weary. I begin to be mollified by the earnest and Innocent persuasion of this son of one whom I so dearly

Loved. He speaks to me of things long displaced from this

Forlorn shore; and even if I go to die, it will not be a Solitary death. The somber consolations of such strange Creatures as these, to which time and loneliness have

Accustomed me, are small comfort by which to die; rather, Would I encounter the darkness among those of my own kind.

NEOPTOLEMUS

Thou hast nothing to shed but thy broodings; for the Seers foretell for thee healing and honor

If thy return be swiftly made.

PHILOCTETES

I have dark and deadly wounds, Neoptolemus, for which

I fear no curative herbs will suffice.

NEOPTOLEMUS

Thy return shall bring to fruition the will of Olympians And leave thee only with scars of former wounds.

PHILOCTETES

I am persuaded, Neoptolemus, not by thy soft words,

But rather by some strange inward inclination—the work

Of some God, perhaps—to see again the face of men, to hear Their speech, and to know myself as one of them.

NEOPTOLEMUS

If our journey is to be successful, then it is with

Haste that our departure must be made, praying quickly to

Faithful Poseidon for fair winds and smooth seas.

PHILOCTETES

I doubt not that we shall have them. But, first, and Finally, one question to these Beings—companions of many a Curious discourse amid immeasurable hours of nocturnal gloom:

What art thou? Man? Vulture?

And if Gods, disposed toward Good or ill?

CHORUS

Perhaps, Philoctetes, we are as much man as thou thyself are; And perhaps we are as much devouring vulture as thou thyself May be; and as for Gods, this will we say, in words with Meaning veiled: There once, in

the morning of time, went Out a fierce and lusty creature,

called Man; and it was

Its great delight to taste the

blood of others of its

Kind, such destruction bringing

to its eyes great misty

Tears of joy and to its throat

strong cries of exultation.

And this Man creature heard no

sound in the sky around

Him, nor saw other movement as

he pursued his prey,

So he believed himself alone in

his death-dealing revelry;

But stalking behind him, appearing

as a lean vulture,

God raised his scraggy head with

delight,

Hungry, too, for carcasses.

Children's Literature

The Mixed-up Magician

Annette Trittipo

"Oh dear, oh dear!" Bobo, the apprentice, heard his wail, and came hurrying down the hall. "Master, what's gone wrong this time?"

"Oh, Bobo!" Marmaduke the magician picked himself up from the floor and looked sadly at the big cauldron. It lay on its side, with a sort of green goo spilling into the smashed glass of several broken jars.

"I forgot again, Bobo! I mixed wolf bane with the hemlock, instead of mummy dust! And just as it was starting to bubble—it blew up! And there I was on the floor.

"That wasted wolfbane is so expensive too! It's so hard to get the proper ingredients in the twentieth century." Rubbing a sore spot the magician shook his head. "Oh, just look at my new gown!"

"I'm a failure as a magician! I never really wanted to be one anyway. Do you know, Bobo, when I was your age I wanted to be a circus clown." His face grew brighter, and his big soft eyes began to glow as he thought of the big tents and bright lights and the crowds of happy people. Then the light in his eyes went out, and his long face grew longer. "But my father was a magician, so I had to be one too. How disappointed he'd be if he could see me now!"

Bobo wrinkled up his chubby, freckled face. When Marmaduke was sad, he was sad too. Normally he was a cheerful, active little lad, but now that his beloved master was so discouraged all the time—he tried not to cry, but one little snuffle escaped.

"Bobo, it's all right," the magician said kindly. He patted the curly brown head. "There's no reason for you to get upset just because I was feeling sorry for myself. I'll just have to keep on trying!"

Marmaduke was sitting staring at his desk in despair. Warily he closed his grimy and magical ingredients. Finally he walked to the door.

"Bobo!" he called down the dim hall. "Come here a moment, please. I need to talk to you."

Bobo arrived with a rag in

one hand and a feather duster in the other. "Sit down, my boy," Marmaduke said, and swept several dried bats and shriveled-up roots off a chair.

Looking and feeling a little scared, Bobo sat down and stared up at Marmaduke. His master looked so tired and serious lately.

"My boy," Marmaduke began, "for three years now you have been my apprentice. And you've been the best one I ever had."

At that, Bobo's face glowed. Marmaduke hurried on.

"But now I must send you back to your father —" Here he was interrupted by a wail, and Bobo flung himself at Marmaduke's feet, muffling his sobs in the long black robe.

"Bobo, my dear boy!" Marmaduke's eyes grew moist. He reached down and lifted the lad to his feet. "It's nothing you've done, it's just that I have no more money. I can't even afford to feed myself, let alone feeding you. So it would be best if you want home."

He lifted the drooping head with a hand under Bobo's chin. "Please don't cry."

Bobo looked up. "Oh, please don't make me go! I want to stay with you—I don't eat much—and I'll even sell my new baseball glove," he ended bravely, holding back a sob.

"I didn't realize it meant that much to you. Of course you can stay," Marmaduke said gruffly. "And you don't have to give up your baseball glove. We'll find some other way."

The next two hours seemed like the longest they had ever spent. Marmaduke sold some of his ingredients to an old apothecary shop, so they had enough money to buy food. But if they didn't pay their bills soon, the gas company would turn off their heat.

Marmaduke was sitting staring at the calendar on the morning of the third day, when

The magician seized the paper and eagerly scanned where Bobo pointed.

WANTED: A magician to do a short act on "THE UNCLE

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BUDDY SHOW." Apply in person at C&MS Studio, 14th Street, 3 p.m. Mar. 3.

Marmaduke gasped. "T.V.! Oh, Bobo, I couldn't! Not in front of all those people!"

"Oh yes you can! And we've got to do something! Please, Master, give it a try!"

"Well . . . yes! I will try it! Oh, Bobo, if I only can!" And Marmaduke suddenly realized, "Three p. m.! It's eleven now, and I must be prepared! Quickly, get out my best robe!"

Bobo flew to obey. For the next few hours they worked feverishly.

At two o'clock the magician emerged from his small house, looking like a large, slightly dusty bat in his ancient black cloak. Bobo hurried before him, sticking two fingers in his mouth to whistle loudly for a taxi.

When they arrived, a harassed-looking little man in a brown suit ushered them into a waiting room with four other magicians. They sat down and waited, fidgeting nervously, while each magician was called in turn.

Finally, they called for Marmaduke. The man in the brown suit led him into a small bare room, strewn with a jumble of wires and equipment. In one wall was a big glass window with four men sitting behind it. The little man left and shut the door carefully behind him. After a few preliminary noises, Marmaduke heard, "And now, ladies and gentlemen, Marmaduke the magician!"

Although he knew it was only an audition, Marmaduke's heart began to thump like an active rabbit. But he smiled, bowed and began his act.

It was a disaster! Everything went wrong—he dropped eggs, produced wads of newspaper instead of handkerchiefs, and got more and more flustered. At last he successfully made a pigeon appear. He planned to make it disappear!

But then the door opened, and the little brown-suited man came in. He was holding his middle with both hands and tears were

running down his cheeks. "Marmaduke!" he wheezed, "You were great!"

Marmaduke stood astounded.

"Yes, yes, Mr. McGruder says you're the funniest thing he's ever seen! You've got the spot, and you'll probably top Uncle Buddy! Ha! Ha! Ha! Come and sign!"

So, as Bobo capered with joy, Marmaduke signed. He was still bewildered. But when all the children in Uncle Buddy's audience laughed at his blunders until they were helpless in their seats, he suddenly understood.

"Why, I'm a clown!" he thought. "At last, I'm a clown, like I always wanted to be!"

And before long, there was a new television star, and Bobo and Marmaduke spent every Tuesday evening watching the "MARMADUKE SHOW" in comfort, on their new color TV!

A "Bad" Short Story

Continued from Page 5

of brandy in case they could save the boatmen."

"You'll have to eat your pudding without raisins," said the girl. She came out on the porch and stood beside the old man and looked out on the street. It was still raining. A chilling breeze swept by.

"The rescuers could now see the men aboard the boat. There were five of them," said the radio.

"Oh," said the girl and giggled, "did you know that the Dave Clark Five are coming here tomorrow? They are going to play in Haskolabioi tomorrow night and I am going with Jeanie."

The old man did not hear her. He sat erect in the chair and gazed with his eyes half-closed tops out to the boat. The rescuers could see the men on the boat fighting their way to the

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Winning Freshman Entries

A Summer Storm

B. Diane Griffin

The weather seemed almost human that day. The rain streamed down the leaded panes of the dormitory, flooding the sidewalks and patios below. A cold wind mocked the August sunshine on the calendar picture; the green summer leaves were shredded by the wintry onslaught. But the tumult without was a weak reflection of the stormy tears within.

Inside the lobby, suitcases were piled high, looking cold and impersonal in the lonely manner of all suitcases. Small groups were standing about—talking, crying. A general air of gloomy expectancy hung over the girls. It was their last day together; at intervals parents would arrive and fresh tears would flow as another member of the group was irretrievably removed.

I was the last to leave. Earlier that morning I had walked with John to his cab, our tears mingling with the rain on our faces. We pledged a reunion at Christmas, knowing that reunion was impossible. We clung close to each other and kissed the beautiful summer goodbye, knowing that fall would come. I walked back to the dorm and watched as my friends slowly dwindled away. Finally only my suitcases cluttered the echoing room.

I checked my purse again for my train ticket to Topeka. With the ticket was the telegram from Mother, informing me of Dad's accident. The train left in only a few hours, the train back home.

I was growing impatient. Where was Robert? Robert lives two houses up the street from me. We have been friends for many years and were exhilarated when we both were accepted for special summer study at Northwestern University. We had come to Evanston alone, two seventeen-year-olds on our first adventure.

At last the door opened and Robert strode in, accompanied by a tall young Negro.

"Hi! You two know each other, don't you? Good. Jeff, let's get her things out to the car. Robert and his roommate seem actually cheerful about leaving.

I looked around the rooms—at the worn furniture of the lounge, the sickly green walls of the lobby, the dripping windows. This had been my world for five delicious weeks, five weeks of meeting others, laughing, working, playing, discussing, until we were one. But it was over now. I tried to impress it all on my heart as I walked out the door for the last time.

The two boys heaved the luggage onto their shoulders and we went to the waiting car.

"My ticket is gone!" Robert's cry stunned us all.

Jeff suggested they search their abandoned room.

"No, I didn't . . . wait, maybe I did leave it there."

When Robert had finally lo-

ated his ticket and everyone was settled, I was still disturbed. My father's accident the day before had been serious, and Mother's telegram insisted that I get home as soon as possible. We drove through the black jungle of Chicago until we reached Union Station in the dark concrete heart of the city.

"It seems different. This does not look like the station we arrived at!" I eyed the dingy structure apprehensively. Even the neighborhood was unfamiliar. "Robert, are you sure this is the right place?"

"It says Union Station, so this must be it."

Robert and Jeff stacked the luggage on the sidewalk and shook hands as I thanked the Olivers. The gray car disappeared into the rain, and Robert and I were alone in the strange city.

"Let's get this stuff inside and get something to eat."

I was searching for the Santa Fe booth. "Why don't we pick up the reservations now, so we won't have to worry about it later. We only have two hours."

Robert groped in his pocket for his wallet and looked for his ticket. It was gone! A shadow passed over his thin face. Frantically he searched his pockets, but the precious envelope was nowhere. He tore open his suitcases, turning the clothes topsyturvy in the slushy rain.

"It's not here. I must have left it in the car. We have to get hold of the Olivers!"

We dragged the heavy bags into the forbidding station and searched the telephone booths. I thumbed hastily through the phone book volume. M,N,O — Olivers. He quietly closed the book. There were four pages of Olivers in the directory.

"Oh Robert, what are we going to do? I have to get home on this train. My father may even die before I get home!" I was near tears.

"I don't know. Why don't you find an information booth and ask while I stay with our things."

I surveyed the vast room. I was sure now we were at the wrong station, but what could I do? I wandered through the cavernous station until I found the information booth.

"Where can I get another ticket for the Santa Fe to Topeka?" I showed my ticket to the bored woman behind the grill.

"Lady, you can't get no Santa Fe tickets at this terminal. You have to go to the Santa Fe station over on Dearborn Street."

I looked at the clock. One-fifteen. We had to get our bags and get to the right station before three! Panic and frustration.

"Robert, get us a cab. We're at the wrong station."

"Sure. Gee, I'm sorry. It's all my fault."

"Don't worry about that now. Just get us over to the right station so we can try to get another ticket."

The cab fare took four dollars out of our already depleted funds, and ten minutes later we stood in front of the Dearborn Street station, checking through the biggest pieces of luggage. Entering the building, we were instantly aware of the familiarity of the huge, grimy room.

Robert poured out the whole ludicrous tale to the attentive information clerk. The man looked amused but checked his mirth when he saw the look of consternation on my face.

"What can we do, sir?"

"Well, son, a ticket will cost you nineteen eighty-five." We must have looked panicked — we only had ten dollars and twenty-three cents between us — for the clerk offered a suggestion.

"If you don't have enough, why don't you call your folks and have them wire you the money? It will only take about forty-five minutes to get the money, and you have over an hour before the train leaves."

"Where is the telegraph office?"

"Just up three blocks and to your right. Look for the El tracks and turn when you get right under them. Good luck, son, and I hope you catch your train."

I was close to hysteria. What

if we missed the train? I envisioned my father lying in a hospital bed dying, while I slept on a scruffy bench in this horrible place. If only John were here! He was so confident, so capable . . . but he was on a plane for California and I would never see him again. The dismal morning was distant, only the rain was the same.

Robert placed a call to his parents; through they promised to wire the money immediately, time was running out.

"I'll go to Western Union while you stay here and try to pick up the reservations with your ticket. They're in my name, but you'll have to try to convince them to give them to you. We only have forty-five minutes." Robert too was beginning to sound desperate.

"Okay, Robert, but please hurry." I was defeated. We were going to miss the train and have to spend the night here while my father died. Why had it all happened? The morning and John seemed part of another, infinitely brighter world. I sat on a suitcase and watched Robert wind through the wet, crowded street.

Chicago was large and dirty and frightening. Cheap printing shops, delicatessens, and shoddy hotels lined the sidewalks. Some ragged children were playing a game of tag in the drizzling rain. Gloomy clouds shrouded the streets, a permanent part of the drab scenery. The city was a giant tangle of filthy concrete, raucous with a million shrill voices, smothered in the stench of poverty, interlarded with gaudy neon signs, overwhelming in its amazing complexity. I felt tiny, insignificant, a mere drop in the ebb and flow of the city.

I wended my way back to the information desk and was directed to the reservations office, a grilled window with a long line before it. The clock chimed two-thirty; only thirty minutes to go. As I stood impatiently in line, I watched two nuns, in the flowing white habits of their order, as they waited before me. Calm and serene, they transcended the bustle of the station, an island of tranquility in the pervading hurly-burly. My shattered nerves relaxed as I heard the two sisters quietly conversing.

"May I help you?" The little man behind the counter surveyed me through thick glasses.

"I'd like to pick up two reservations in the name of Robert Walker."

"I'm sorry, lady, we can't let anyone but Mr. Walker have them."

My throat tightened. He was not going to let me have the reservations in time. But he had for help. The man behind the counter, doubtful, then smiled.

"Okay, miss, I'll let you have them. That will be one dollar, please."

I released my impounded breath. One of the obstacles was gone. Now if only Robert would

hurry with the money! Just then I was startled by the crackling voice over the loudspeaker. "Will Mr. Robert Walker please come to the information desk immediately." I started running toward the desk, wondering what could be wrong now. Suddenly I collided with a tall boy, lost my balance and fell. As he helped me to my feet, he cried, "Sheri, where's Robert?" It was Jeff Oliver!

"Jeff, what are . . . have you got the ticket?" I stared at him, unable to realize what had happened.

"Yes, I've got it. We got home and discovered the ticket on the back seat. We went to Union, but you weren't there so we came as fast as we could. Here's the ticket. Gotta go. Tell that son-of-a-gun to hang on to it this time. I don't think you guys would want to stay here until your folks could drive up. Bye, and good luck." He disappeared into the milling crowd.

I rushed up to the phone booth and leafed through the tremendous volume of yellow pages until I located the Western Union office. I had twenty minutes to locate Robert and get on the train. I fumbled in my purse for a dime and dialed the number. An irritatingly cheerful voice rang out, "Western Union."

"I need to speak to a customer in the Dearborn office. His name is Robert Walker and it's urgent!"

"One moment, please." The woman hung up. I glanced nervously at the clock on the wall. Only fifteen minutes to go.

"Hello." A man's voice now.

"Could I please speak to Robert Walker. He's a customer." My voice broke as I tried to maintain control.

"Just a minute, lady." His next words were muffled, but discernable. "Hey, Joe. Gotta guy named Robert Walker out there? . . . Well, some gal wants to talk to him."

"Hello, Sheri? Look, the money hasn't come yet so . . ."

"Get back here quickly. Jeff just brought your ticket and . . ."

"Okay, I'll be right there."

"Come on girl. We've got ten minutes to find our car and get this junk on the train." I looked up to see his grin.

Robert heaved the last suitcase and together we walked out the gate. Arming ourselves with baggage, we entered the dingy train tunnel. The giant steel train loomed over us, like a colossal snake waiting to devour all the tiny humans scurrying about its subterranean burrow. Just as we swung aboard, the train hissed, cleared its iron throat, and slowly began to slither back out into the world. The train lurched and lurched as it whirled by in a kaleidoscope of dirty grays, vivid reds, drab greens and dusty yellows. The greedy city had almost imprisoned us, but we were safe now. We saw the slums and

A "Bad" Short Story

Concluded from Page 7

stern as the claws of the hook dug into the wooden sideboard. They had hit the boat on their first try!"

The man on the radio coughed. The girl looked at the old man for a moment, then returned to the kitchen. The old man remained in the chair, impassive, perfectly still. The rescuers were hauling the boatsmen in now. He could see them out there, pulling the lifeline in as the boat drifted nearer to the rocks, and winding the rope reel madly to pull in the chair with the boatsmen clinging to it, sometimes immersed in the waves, sometimes barely above them. He knew that one second down in the icy sea was an eternity when one didn't care about the cold or the salt or the wet but thought only of holding on to the iron bars of the chair so the waves wouldn't tear him away and break his back before they drowned him. . . . "Your dinner is ready," called the girl from the kitchen.

"And so they were all saved," said the radio. The old man out on the porch smiled.

"That was good brandy we had after we came ashore," he said, and turned off the radio. It had stopped raining. The night air was getting colder. The old man thought he had better eat the potatoes and the baked cod while it was still hot. As for the rice pudding, he did not like it without raisins.

Winning Freshman Entries (Continued)

"SOLO FOR SATURDAY NIGHT GUITAR" By PEGGY THARP

The People, Yes by Carl Sandburg is more than a poem; it is the shared experience of creative thought. The words, even when read silently, are not words but sounds — the thundering and the whispering of the People on the march. The reader feels close as breath, close as thought to the author. One can almost see him sitting on a cabin porch, chair tilted back against the wall, guitar on his lap. Absently strumming a chord or two, he sighs and mutters to himself, "The people, yes, the people." Suddenly the thought breaks like a flood. The guitar and the poet sing the saga of the People.

The beginning is a spiritual, a new Genesis in which the People come together for a great "Howdeehow Powpow." They come from everywhere,

From the four corners of the earth,
from corners lashed in wind
and bitten with rain and fire,
from places where the winds begin

and fogs are born with mist children.

Their purpose is to acknowledge that all are one. The People "wanted to put up something proud to look at," so they gathered on a great plain to assert their authority. At a given signal they were to give a great shout, "one great hosannah, something worth listening to." The sign was given and they all listened — "And the silence was beyond words." All that was heard was a long slow wail from an old woman who was stone deaf and thought she was missing it all. Such is the tragedy of the People. Their "grand hosannahs" end in long slow wails that hang across the sky and chart the history of the down-trodden.

The delegates to the Powpow come from everywhere; places have no meaning for the People. Alabaman, Texan, Yankee, Chinese — nationality and color mean nothing to the common men, for the People have a great common denominator. They are all poor with a poverty that goes beyond money, hungry with the hunger of those who have never tasted bread. The common man eats with his left hand what his right hand has earned; his stomach fills, but his mind and his heart are still hungry, craving the freedom that he has in name only. Life for him consists of

The day's work in the factory,
mill, mine —
the whistle, the beil, the
alarm clock,
the timekeeper and the pay-
check,
your number on the assembly
line,
what the night shift says
when
the day shift comes.

And always there are the liars,
the panderers, ready to coax
from the workman all that he
can give. Blinded by the "hey-
you-listen-to-this billboard" and
the "hey - you - can't - get -
away - from - this electric sign,"
he spends what he has, gets

caught by the easy-payment liar,
and crawls back to his factory
or his field. He is treaded upon
by rich men, who have inherited
the poet speaks the wisdom of
fortunes simply by outliving an-

other. The People are in never-
ending bondage to the Persons
who look down at them and
sniff, "Your people is a great
beast."

The guitar sings blues now and

the People. The humor, the love
the collected sorrow whines soft-
ly in the words of the People
themselves. "Love, a cough,
smoke, money or poverty are
hard to hide," and "Three things

dear to have: fresh eggs, hickory
smoked ham, and old women's
praise." Sometimes the blues
change to a rollicking accompani-
ment for Paul Bunyan and Pe-
cos Bill and the man who put
green glasses on his cow and
fed her sawdust. But always it
is there — the soft sigh, the tiny
shiver, "The People's Blues."

A Mirror with Lights

"And he died so his brothers
could be free!"

The last note struck warm and
hard on the air and hovered,
mellowing, condensing into a
silvery trickle. The girl sat
transfixed, feeling and last vi-
brations of the guitar against
her stomach; she was submerged,
swimming in the moist unreality
of love and brotherhood.

"Curry — Curry!" a whine
broke the surface tension. A
Face insisted.

"Can't you —" she tried to
extend the warmth to include
the Face, but words eluded her.
The Face remained a thing apart,
peering down, distorted and
wavering.

The Face was called Ellen.

"Did I put on too much
blush?" Ellen asked and, with-
out waiting for an answer, "I
can hardly see to do my make-up.
Sometimes I get on so much that
I look like an Indian."

All the time busy hands me-
ticulously applied mascara to al-
ready blackened eye rings. The
painting process was a ritual —
"Morning Worship" Curry called
it. There were precise rules and
orders of service, and each step
was carried out in an aura of
reverence. Slowly and with in-
finite care the Face was brushed,
creamed, and painted over the
blankness that was Ellen at bed-
time. There was only one imple-
ment lacking for the service . . .
". . . A make-up mirror. I can't
get along without it much long-
er. This lighting is so poor; it's
impossible to live in this barn of
a dorm! I've got to have a mirror
with lights!" If love and brother-
hood were Curry's fixations, the
hallowed mirror was Ellen's.

Hoping her roommate might
share its presence, Curry found
herself straining forward to
catch the shimmering note in
glass and silver in the glass be-
side Ellen. But "silver glass and"
silver note defied each other. For
an instant Curry, too, doubted its
existence, groped to catch mutual
solidity in its shining promise.

Tapestry

Below the whistling, cheering,
drunken
Mass of men comes the long and
Moody rumbling of seas—of wind
Unbroken, weary, monotonous;
Voices sighing through sweaty
beards,
Talking, hoarse and secret,
breath
Of man and sea in unison.

Ears to the ground, counting
hoofbeats,

Arguing, spitting, cursing,
giving

"Ellen —"

"Zip me, huh?"

The note shivered and fell,
coursing down in a rivulet that
dried and left no trace.

II.

It was a fat morning, heavy,
broad shouldered, ominous. The
sallow rays of light were like
sodden clotheslines, sagging, but
not quite full to the point of
rain. It was Friday and Curry
had only one class; she had de-
cided to cut it even before the
incident with Ellen. All the faces
that filled the room, the Face
that was paid to lecture — the-
atrical masks were more than
the day could stand.

The early bus was crowded
with cramped, jostling bodies
whose faces were mercifully hid-
den by layers of newsprint or
wreaths of cigarette smoke.
Shoved close by the crowd, the
young man next to Curry carried
a stack of books, one of which he
perused with eyes that were
alive. He was reading Eliot —
"J. Alfred Prufrock" — and mak-
ing little noises to himself. Grad-
ually Curry felt the warmth and
moisture stealing back, falling
like a soft net of understanding.
Only a little effort and —

"Do I dare disturb the Uni-
verse?" her voice sounded
queer and shaky. The net dis-
solved with terrible swiftness.

The young man looked up,
startled. Dryness cracked out of
him, "Were you speaking to
me?"

"No," she said and contented
herself with looking at the ad-
vertisements, posters that prom-
ised spectacular jobs to anyone
who "can rd th," or generously
offered to remove fifty pounds of
ugly fat. They were phoney, too.

III.

The air in the stores was so
dry that it constricted the throat
and wilted the potted plants in
the garden departments. Bodies
pushed against each other; faces
showed signs of life in glitter-
ing bargain-hunting eyes, a ni-

Peggy Tharp

mated by the urge to save a
dollar. They were a swaying
herd, communicating in the jingle
of coins. Curry felt herself above
them.

She saw him in the basement
of a department store, a face
like the others, but tired and
wobbly, the old Mexican man
confronted the Coke machine like
a doubtful but brave matador.
He advanced on it, armed with
an invincible dime and a look
of desperate thirst. But he was
not at home in the arena. He
could not read the English di-
rections; the selector baffled
him; time and again his coin
clattered back into the return
slot. He treated the machine with
ironic respect, as though it were
a human being of a class above
his. Again and again he heard
the dime clatter through the
machine and failed to receive
the cool rewarding bottle. Sud-
denly resignation smoothed his
old face, and he became the
harrassed bull. Shrugging his
shoulders and licking his dry
lips, the little man turned to
go.

The moisture returned like
sudden rain. Curry caught up
with the old man and led him
back to the machine. Patiently,
silently she showed him how to
select his drink, insert the coin,
turn the dial. He performed
beautifully; the bottle slid into
the chute with a whoosh and
he opened it without a slip.
Gratefully he raised the bottle
to his lips and drank. Then slow-
ly the lines in his old face began
to rearrange themselves. The
face was smiling. The warmth
and moisture was multiplied by
two in a silent communication of
the eyes.

IV.

Curry was lying on the bed
when Ellen came in carrying a
huge box.

"You'll never guess what I got
today," she bubbled. "A mirror
with lights!"

"Cool!" said Curry, loving
her.

Edward Ackert

Facts, asserting skill and having
none —

Who's the Guide? What's the
Enemy?

A thousand answers, worthless,
empty . . .

Merely legends, pieced from tales

By ancient hunters, facts
contorted,

Of bears and leopards seen and
lost.

Saloon and city, filled with
critics,

Standing on the windy sand.
The sounds, confused and mixed,

are heard
Remotely by a milky stallion,
Unknown, unseen, imprisoned by
A ring of brambles, forced by
men
Of ages past to graze forgotten.

The spiraled horn upon his head
Thrusts vainly upward as to
pierce

This nightmare of rejection —
the

Heavy foliage hangs down damp
And murky, sealing, hiding
whiteness.

From the forest of the Dead.

Bass notes, symbolic of a
latent power, are strong in the
song of the People. The people
is a strong beast, a great beast.
If the beast stirs in his sleep,
the world will fell it. The Peo-
ple are fed on democratic prom-
ises, stuffed with the empty
words of equality that cover
centuries of injustice. The People
have a common wound; the cut
is closed but the scar still aches,
and promises are poor antidotes
for pain. Society is like a monu-
mental building project.

Then the arch stands strong as
all the

massed pressing parts of the
arch

and loose as any sag or spread
So long as each piece does its
work

the arch is alive, singing, a
restless choral.

When the People move the arch
will crumble.

The People, Yes is a private
thought that came somehow to
be put into words and scrawled
on paper. It is not the planned
and measured regularity of con-
ventional poetry, but the freest
of free verse. The result is a
feeling of free-and-easy random-
ness. Sentences range from long
and complex, trailing ragged
ends of unfinished thought, to
cryptic fragments. The old folk-
tales, the stories of origin, the
musing and philosophizing are
recorded in flowing long lines;
but the bits of wisdom, the cruel
indictments are spit out in nar-
row, hard bites. The forms of the
poem are the forms of expres-
sion used by its subject — the
long easy phrases of love and
the quick cutting fragments of
fear and hate.

Sandburg's language is the
language of the People, not the
flowery imagery associated with
poetry. Thought, not language,
is his focal point; so, he avoids
the use of unusual words. His
only indulgences are the use of
odd hyphenated compounds and
the occasional use of nouns as
adjectives. The predominant
figurative methods are metaphor,
not those of a poet seeking beau-
ty, but those of a man seeking
to be understood.

The guitar is silent now. The
song has ended but the story
goes on. The final chord is a
seventh, one that denies finality
and leads to resolution. But The
People, Yes offers no resolution.
The March of the People will
endure forever and the song dies
on a note of motion:

In the night, and overhead a
shovel of stars for keeps, the
people march:

"Where to? What next?"

*All quotations are from the 1936
edition of The People, Yes, pub-
lished by Harcourt, Brace and
Company.

Augustinian Influence in Monastic Historiography

Donna Compton

Medieval monks loved history. One reason for this is that they found in it a source of religious inspiration.¹ Obviously, they would not find all kinds of history equally inspiring, but the kind which they knew could be, and it was. It was a specifically monastic historiography, a Christian "divine epic."² It was grounded in patristic thought and never broke with it; therefore, the source of this special historiography must be sought in the Church fathers. After the Bible, the most important influence on Christian thought was probably St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei*³ which was the "first definitive formulation of the medieval mind,"⁴ and which did much to shape the medieval conception of history. This paper is to examine certain of those elements which link this great patristic work to the monastic historiography of the twelfth century. However since this period produced such a vast amount of historical writing, *The Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy* by Ordericus Vitalis will be taken as a representative chronicle, for it includes the three major forms of medieval historiography: ecclesiastical history, secular history, and hagiography.

Before men write they must have a reason for writing. To the patristic and medieval writers the chief purpose was to glorify God. Augustine wrote: ". . . what I write, I write for the glory of the city of God, that . . . it may shine with a brighter lustre."⁵ He, as other patristic writers, had another purpose; history became an apology for the doctrine they held.⁶ Similarly, all medieval history was "edifying"; the purpose was practical.⁷ The major concern was that it illustrate a moral lesson by which men might be instructed. "It is everyman's duty to be daily learning how he ought to live, by having the examples of the ancient worthies ever before his eyes . . . [some] therefore inquire into history . . . and set a high value on whatever can profit a well disposed mind."⁸

One of the most significant and apparent themes linking *De Civitate Dei* and monastic historiography is that of providence. History is seen as a play in which the "script is written before the play is played";⁹ it is written and directed by God, "preordaining" and guiding the course of events.¹⁰ Every life and action, however insignificant, assumes an importance in that it plays a greater or lesser part in the providence of God.¹¹ Neither good nor evil can impede it, and neither angels nor men, by their efforts, can alter it.¹² Augustine believed that not only good things but also bad come from God, all forming a part of His providence.¹³ The medieval writings are full of affirmation of this. For example, Ordericus on one occasion states: "Calamity involved both the victors and their victims in the same toils, prostrating them alternately by the sword, pestilence, and famine, according to the dispensations of the Almighty Disposer of

events."¹⁴ However there is disagreement between Augustine and medieval historians concerning man's knowledge of God's providence and His purposes behind it. Augustine viewed history only as the unfolding of universal principles and the divine plan, but "discovers" nothing from it.¹⁵ He believed that the historian should recognize events only as part of the overall plan, not presume to know God's reasons,¹⁶ except "in so far as it has seemed good to Him to explain [them]," because His hidden purposes are beyond the sphere of human knowledge.¹⁷ But the monastic historians did this very thing which Augustine censured as "foolish and dangerous"; they tried to discover God's reason for every occurrence,¹⁸ and, of course, to derive a moral from it to "instruct the docile minds of the inhabitants of earth."¹⁹

"The glorious city of God is my theme . . . [and] the earthly city . . . ruled by its lust of rule."²⁰ So began *De Civitate Dei*, and with it began dualism in historical thought with the distinction of the two cities.²¹ The two cities are "spontaneous" societies,²² "mystical entities" that cannot be "actually realized in time and place."²³ They are described by Augustine as: Two cities (that) have been formed by two loves: the earthly for the love of self even to the contempt of God: the heavenly by the love of God even to the contempt of self.²⁴ . . . both alike enjoy temporal good things, or are afflicted with diverse faith, diverse hope, and diverse love until they must be separated at the last judgment, and each receive her own end, of which there is no end.²⁵

The creation of the angels was the beginning of the heavenly city²⁶ and the fall of the rebellious angels began the earthly city. Therefore there are two communities of angels based upon their wills which are either good or voluntarily depraved.²⁷ Not only angels, but men are divided by wills and loves into two cities. Men and angels together form the cities; the fallen angels and evil men unite to form the earthly city, the faithful angels and good men to form the city of God.²⁸ Augustine never peremptorily condemns the earthly city for it has a purpose.²⁹ It provides examples to the members of the city of God; for example, the good should observe how the earthly city is loved by its members for its temporal glory and love the city of God all the more for its more perfect glory.³⁰ Moreover, the members of the city of God must live in the earthly city while on earth, and become part of it physically, because being human, they too must use the material goods for which the earthly city exists.³¹ Therefore the earthly city cannot be all bad. It is useful and has its own order; it must be "respected, defended and maintained," especially as the members of the city of God are part of it physically and benefit from it.³² But Augustine stressed that while the cities are mingled physically, "spiritually and

morally" they are separate and cannot mix.³³ Thus *civitas terrena* does not mean simply "the city of this world," but rather the low, "the fallen city" as corresponds to the fallen angels, its founders.³⁴ For Augustine, history had indeed become a divine epic, a conflict between "Good" and "Evil" with the former the assured victor in the end.³⁵

The Middle Ages retained this ideal of the two cities, this dualism of thought, as the foundation of its historical outlook, and *De Civitate Dei* became the ideal of the medieval world³⁶ and its guiding principle. However, a difficulty in interpretation arose. Augustine never intended either city to represent any earthly institution which actually existed;³⁷ they were mystical cities. But as such, *De Civitate Dei* was too subtle, too metaphysical, even too "meta-historical" for most medieval historians to deal with in its pure form.³⁸ Therefore, this concept of the mystical cities became somewhat debased and materialized; the city of God was identified with the Church and the earthly city with the state, or with secular life in general.³⁹

Once given this concession, the Church pressed the logic of *De Civitate Dei* and arrived at the ideal of a theocratic state.⁴⁰ The state was viewed as something of a necessary evil, which was, however, limited in power and which had but limited and temporal ends. The state always had to be subordinate to that "more universal society," that is, to the Church as the representative of God on earth.⁴¹ Who governed the state did not really matter; it was immaterial under whose rule "a dying man lives" as long as the ruler did not compel his subjects to do things contrary to the laws of God.⁴² In the death-bed speech of William the Conqueror, as reported by Ordericus, William says that one of his greatest merits as a ruler was that, "I have never injured the Church of God, which is our mother, but have always paid her . . . due honor."⁴³ Ordericus spent pages and pages praising rulers who submitted to the Church and condemning those who would not. The medieval world believed that this was the normal order of things, and that this was so because states were divinely instituted and thus should be subject to the Church as God's representative. Augustine supports the belief that God alone is the Dispenser of Kingdoms and power,⁴⁴ and that these kingdoms are guided by His providence.⁴⁵

In the same speech mentioned above, William I emphasized that what he received in England, he did so by "the grace of God" alone,⁴⁶ and then continued later, "I appoint no one my heir to the crown of England, but leave it to the disposal of the Eternal Creator . . . who ordereth all things . . ." because having received it all from God, he did not "dare . . . leave it to any but God alone."⁴⁷ But although the state was ideally to be subordinate to the Church, be-

cause of this theological aspect of even secular history, it assumed a special "dignity and significance"⁴⁸ from its part in the great epic of God.

Another link between *De Civitate Dei* and the monastic histories is the theme of divine justice in human affairs. From Jewish tradition the Christian writers adopted the idea of God rewarding the good and punishing the unjust. This greatly influenced medieval histories.⁴⁹ Augustine saw this justice as an integral part of God's design: ". . . from that man (Adam) all men were to be derived — some of them to be associated with the good angels in their reward, others with the wicked in punishment; all being ordered by the secret yet just judgment of God."⁵⁰ The idea of this ultimate separation and judgment was, of course, also found in the monastic chronicles: ". . . tares . . . among the wheat . . . so sons of Belial are mingled in the company of the faithful, until at the time predestined . . . (they will be) strictly subjected to the punishment they deserve."⁵¹ The temporal city is also rewarded for its virtues with temporal rewards; the glory of the Roman Empire was such a reward.⁵² The disasters which befall people in this world are traceable to their sins.⁵³ Ordericus, like most chronicles of the period, was very sensitive to the faults and moral decay of the people and the Church, and he did not scruple about pointing them out:⁵⁴ The divine law was everywhere violated . . . ecclesiastical discipline . . . became relaxed . . . Murders were wretchedly frequent, men's hearts were stimulated to evil by . . . passion, and they were hurried off in crowds to hell.⁵⁵

On another occasion: ". . . (infidel nations) by God's permission, devastated . . . Christian countries . . . for the sins of the faithful . . ."⁵⁶ The thousands slain at the Battle of Hastings were written off as "the numerous sinners in both armies" who were "punished in various ways" by "Almighty God."⁵⁷ There were temporal rewards for the faithful; for example, God gave the victory at Durrazzo to the "small, but faithful and resolute, band of pilgrims from the West . . ."⁵⁸ However, not all instances of divine justice in the chronicles are of such major proportions as Hastings and "people hurried off in crowds to hell."⁵⁹ Ordericus relates the story of a crow which nested near the monastery and stole eggs from the monks' kitchen. They prayed that God might "avenge" them of their "enemy" and the crow was "forthwith found dead under the tree . . ."⁶⁰ Augustine's lofty concepts had perhaps suffered a bit by this point, but it is an eloquent testimony to the simple faith of the people, and if they found it edifying, that was the point of the history anyway.

God's vengeance on impious crowds brings us to the next theme common to *De Civitate Dei* and the monastic historiography: the diabolical and the miraculous. Although Augustine

did not, of course, originate the idea of the supernatural, it is a predominant factor in his work, and his wholehearted acceptance of the tradition handed to him certainly did nothing to check the great enthusiasm of the Middle Ages for diabolical and miraculous occurrences. Demons were very real to Augustine; they were believed to be the false gods of the Romans, and Ordericus wrote of those who worshipped "Thor and Frea . . . false gods, or rather demons."⁶¹ It was believed that demons could disguise themselves as good angels and deceive men even in "their noblest moments."⁶² Augustine lamented the fact that we cannot mingle as freely with the good angels as with the bad and considered this "a great misery of human life."⁶³ The medieval historians assigned all sorts of mischief to Satan and the demons from causing "violent hostilities (to break out) between the French and the Normans,"⁶⁴ to tempting St. Guthlac to fast "like . . . the Egyptian fathers."⁶⁵ They were also useful for giving curious churchmen something to think about in the form of cryptic oracles; for example, the one delivered to Gerbert (later Pope Silvester II): "Transit ab R. Gerbertus ad R. post papa vigens R."⁶⁶

But all was not diabolical. The medieval historians showed an "amiable credulity" and all "dealt in miracles,"⁶⁷ saintly visitations, angelic interventions, and visions. To Augustine, the angels simply "were"—their existence was attested by scripture and that settled the matter.⁶⁸ Similarly, to the medieval monks "the saints whose cult they celebrate, are . . . intimate friends . . . [and] thinking about the angels comes naturally . . ."⁶⁹ Ordericus relates that Theoderic, who frequently exposed himself to the cold, found a "cloak of dazzling whiteness" lying on the altar as he was preparing for Mass; he put it on "Not doubting that it was placed there by no human hands but by the ministry of angels . . ."⁷⁰ Angels and saints were kept very busy in the Middle Ages leading hermits to choice hermitages, pointing out relics that were hidden, helping to steal those that were not,⁷¹ appearing in visions either to reprimand or to encourage, healing people, and doing various odd jobs as the need arose, such as replacing the heads of newly martyred saints and keeping the toads out of the town of Evreux.⁷² Again, all of this is no doubt something less than Augustine's great intellectual concept of the two cities and struggle between good and evil, but it remains true enough in its basic assumptions, especially in the activities of demons, to claim the authority of St. Augustine for support.

The predominantly religious approach which medieval historiography inherited from *De Civitate Dei* tended to distort and limit it;⁷³ it was marked by an extreme preoccupation with morals and was non-rationalistic.⁷⁴ Augustine's view of secular

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Freshman Research (Continued)

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history, "where the dead are succeeded by the dying,"⁷⁵ was detached. Secular history was less important than the history of the two cities which can never be fully known by man. If it had any importance, it was because certain aspects of the earthly city could be more or less traced through it,⁷⁶ and, more important, because it demonstrated the providence of God.⁷⁷ Moreover, Augustine was unconcerned about secular history because he saw in it no progress. "It was the spectacle of mankind perpetually chasing its own tail."⁷⁸ Actually, Augustine's historical theory was beyond the scope of history; it was meta-historical.⁷⁹ The monks also tended to neglect history, not only for these reasons, but again, because they sought moral lessons,⁸⁰ and other forms of history, especially hagiography, were better suited to this, although as handled by them, secular history, too, was rife with moral lessons. They included countless church dedications, processions, transfer of relics, coronations, and such "as if they had universal historical repercussions or . . . deserved to be remembered for ever."⁸¹

One of the weaknesses of *De Civitate Dei* is the long allegorizing passages. Medieval historians, looking back to the patristic tradition, were very inclined to find allegories, figures, symbols, and prophecies in everything, and they carried this tendency to great excesses.⁸² This however was partially the result of the problem of how to handle "inspired" documents; to treat them critically would have been impious, so elaborate allegories were devised to explain them.⁸³ Historical criticism as a whole faced two difficulties. The first of these was with sources. Both patristic and medieval writers had to rely chiefly on oral reports and witnesses because written records were difficult to acquire and, especially with the chroniclers, often the history being written was contemporary and there simply would not be many written sources.⁸⁴ The second problem was credulity. The traditions of the past were simply accepted, though the writers tended to be more critical of their own age. The chroniclers tried to be as scientific in spirit as possible, warning against believing in dubious miracles, and using original documents whenever they could.⁸⁵ The weakness was also due to a lack of interest in being critical.⁸⁶ The aim, not only of the monastic historians, but also of Augustine was a moral interpretation of the facts presented by history; the aim was not that of a modern historian.⁸⁷ "To expect from Augustine a historical criticism of empirical facts would be as much out of place as to expect from a modern historian an interest in the problem of the bodily resurrection . . ." ⁸⁸ But Augustine was not trying deliberately to obliterate the empirical process; he only believed that history was more than this.⁸⁹

The twelfth century renaissance produced a flourishing monastic historiography. It was more original and more literary than that of the earlier Middle Ages, which often tended to be simply

annalistic. It was universal; it included both ecclesiastical and secular history and was full of lively sketches, describing every class of people. Yet for all its originality, it is inconceivable without the tradition of Augustine behind it. Some of Augustine's concepts have indeed been somewhat modified and materialized in the medieval histories, but it would be unjust to require that these monks, though very fine scholars, should measure up to the genius of Augustine. Their writings, even where not explicitly, implicitly follow his lead and are grounded in his thought. The two cities seem to have been ever in the minds of the monks as they wrote. No doubt this ideal of the struggle between good and evil had been so thoroughly inculcated by their entire way of life that it was simply an unconscious response and an automatic classification of the facts presented to them, yet still the credit must go to Augustine. The other themes, such as divine justice, though not originated by Augustine, are prominent themes throughout *De Civitate Dei*, and ideas so amplified by Augustine and backed by his immense authority would certainly occupy a comparable place in the thought, and consequently, in the writings, of the monks. They have inherited from his a philosophy, or perhaps rather a theology, of history which fills and animates their work.

It is sometimes objected that their histories are unreliable, being based as much on fiction as on fact, which is, of course, true to a degree. But anyone who makes this assertion, and rejects the histories on this ground, understands neither the Middle Ages nor the spirit in which these histories were written. Their pious fictions were not deliberate or malicious falsification of fact; in fact, to the monks and their audiences they were not fiction. As the purpose of these histories was admittedly edification, they, no doubt, accomplished their aim, and quite admirably. This being the case, does it really matter if they created a few pious stories in which the devil received a sound drubbing and the saints showed an interest in man with all his problems? Rather than criticizing them for this, it would seem more reasonable to thank them for the vast amount of information they have preserved. For after all, they were not written to please us. It is not modern history. Yet it is history nonetheless, history in their own terms as they saw it. And it seems hardly better or worse than modern history; it is only very different. Let us not blame the twelfth century for not being the twentieth.

NOTES

References to St. Augustine's *De Civitate Dei* are by book and chapter number throughout.

¹Jean Leclercq, *The Love of Learning and the Desire for God* (New York, 1962), p. 156.

²Harry Elmer Barnes, *A History of Historical Writing* (New York, 1962), p. 42.

³Norman F. Cantor, *Medieval History* (New York, 1963), p. 92.

⁴Will Durant, *The Age of Faith* (New York, 1950), p. 73.

⁵St. Augustine, *The City of*

God, (Chicago, 1952), I. 35.

⁶Henry Taylor, *The Medieval Mind* (London, 1938), vol. 1, p. 80. Taylor goes on to say: "The *Civitate Dei* is the crowning example of the drastic power with which the Church Fathers conformed the data of human understanding into a substantiation of Catholic Christianity." (Ibid., p. 81). I think this is a little strong and perhaps a little unfair to Augustine.

⁷Leclercq, p. 159.

⁸Ordericus Vitalis, *The Ecclesiastical History of England and Normandy* (London, 1835), vol. 2, p. 240.

⁹G. L. Keyes, *Christian Faith and the Interpretation of History* (Lincoln, Nebraska, 1966), p. 191.

¹⁰Robin George Collingwood, *The Idea of History* (Oxford, 1946), p. 50.

¹¹Cantor, p. 96.

¹²Augustine, XIV. 2.

¹³Ibid., I.8-9; II.2.

¹⁴Ordericus, vol. 2, p. 21.

¹⁵Christopher Dawson, "The City of God" in *A Monument to St. Augustine*, Martin C. D'Arcy, et. al. (London, 1945), p. 44.

¹⁶Cantor, p. 98.

¹⁷Augustine, V. 21.

¹⁸Cantor, pp. 99-100.

¹⁹Ordericus, vol. 2, p. 332.

²⁰Augustine, I. Preface.

²¹Charles H. Haskins, *The Renaissance of the Twelfth Century* (Cambridge, 1939), pp. 228-229.

²²Etienne Gilson, *The Christian Philosophy of St. Augustine* (New York, 1960), p. 172.

²³Ibid., p. 180.

²⁴Augustine, XIV.28.

²⁵Ibid., XVIII.54.

²⁶Ibid., XI.9.

²⁷Ibid., XI.33.

²⁸Ibid., XII.1.

²⁹John Joseph O'Meara, *The Charter of Christendom* (New York, 1961), p. xiii.

³⁰Augustine, V. 16.

³¹Gilson, p. 176.

³²Ibid., p. 178.

³³Cantor, p. 97.

³⁴Marthinus Versfeld, *A Guide to the City of God* (New York, 1958), p. 19.

³⁵Barnes, pp. 42-43.

³⁶Vernon Joseph Bourke, *Augustine's Quest for Wisdom* (Milwaukee, 1945), p. 47.

³⁷Most agree with this, but the three most emphatic, all of which have good points are: Cantor, p. 97; Gilson, pp. 180-181; O'Meara, pp. 43, 89.

³⁸Cantor, p. 99.

³⁹John Warwick Montgomery, *The Shape of the Past* (Ann Arbor, 1962), p. 47. One of Gilson's arguments to prove that this earthly city-state and city of God=Church parallel could not possibly hold true is that, according to Augustine, the two cities will finally be completely separated at the judgment, and "what is to remain will obviously not be the Church, on the one hand, and the State, on the other . . ." (pp. 180-181). He is no doubt right, but the fact remains that the Middle Ages did interpret it this way.

⁴⁰Durant, p. 73.

⁴¹Dawson, p. 76.

⁴²Augustine, V. 17.

⁴³Ordericus, vol. 2, p. 411. However, this is not quite true. Despite what he says, he had been known to devastate churches, as for example, Ordericus notices one such incident only a few pages before (p. 401). However the footnote there as-

ures us that it "weigh (ed) on his conscience in his last hours"; at least his words professed the medieval ideal. But he did do much positive good, such as having such capable prelates as Lanfranc of Canterbury and Anselm, abbot of Bec, elected.

⁴⁴Augustine, IV. 33.

⁴⁵Ibid., V. II.

⁴⁶Ordericus, vol. 2, p. 410.

⁴⁷Ibid., vol. 2, p. 413. Again, William I didn't mean exactly what he said, though again expressing a medieval ideal. For he later adds how nice it would be were it God's will that his son William Rufus succeed to the throne, and shortly after just flatly says that he shall. pp. 413-414.

⁴⁸Alan Richardson, *History Sacred and Profane* (London, c. 1964), p. 64.

⁴⁹Benoit M. Lacroix, "The Notion of History of Early Medieval Historians" *Medieval Studies*, X, (1948), p. 220.

⁵⁰Augustine, XII. 27.

⁵¹Ordericus, vol. 1, p. 402.

⁵²Augustine, V. 15.

⁵³Ibid., I. 8-9.

⁵⁴He was especially disturbed by pointed-toe shoes. They are "shaped like scorpions' tails . . . a fashion almost all . . . are wonderfully taken with . . . in former times, shoes with rounded toes, fitted . . . were in common use . . . now men . . . sought in their pride fashions . . . which accorded with their perverse habits . . . a debauched fellow . . . introduced . . . filling the points of the shoes with tow and turning them up like a ram's horn . . ." This goes on and on. He was also scandalized by men wearing beards, "tokens of their filthy lust." Vol. 1, pp. 477-478.

⁵⁵Ordericus, vol. 2, p. 27.

⁵⁶Ibid., vol. 2, p. 385. This was c. 1087.

⁵⁷Ibid., vol. 1, p. 486.

⁵⁸Ibid., vol. 2, p. 359. At the Battle of Durazzo the Normans under Robert Guiscard defeated the emperor Alexius of the Byzantine Empire, Oct. 15, 1081.

⁵⁹Ibid., v. note no. 55.

⁶⁰Ibid., vol. 2, pp. 281-282.

⁶¹Ibid., vol. 2, p. 24.

⁶²Roy Wesley Battenhouse, ed., *Companion to the Study of St. Augustine* (New York, 1955), p. 272.

⁶³Augustine, XIX. 9.

⁶⁴Ordericus, vol. 1, p. 425.

⁶⁵Ibid., vol. 2, p. 89. The outcome of this curious incident is rather amusing: St. Guthlac "to show his contempt of them (i.e. the demons) proceeded to eat a piece of barley-bread." Even the saints had a sense of humor, though actually facting "like the Egyptian fathers" does not sound just too "tempting" to begin with.

⁶⁶Ibid., vol. 1, p. 145. "Translated from R you will still be R and as pope shall be R." Ordericus goes on to explain: "This oracle was too obscure to be then understood, but we clearly see that after a while it was fulfilled, for Gerbert passed from the see of Rheims to that of Ravenna, and was afterward elected pope at Rome." The footnote to this passage indicates that the Latin version given by Ordericus differs slightly from the one usually given.

⁶⁷Durant, p. 1019.

⁶⁸Versfeld, p. 18.

⁶⁹Leclercq, p. 159.

⁷⁰Ordericus, vol. 1, p. 387. Theoderic was the first abbot of St. Evroult, the monastery of Ordericus.

⁷¹Ibid., vol. 2, p. 392. However, in instances of such magnitude as the theft of really important relics, God himself might take matters in hand. In the example cited, St. Nicholas of Myra actually only helped out on the journey homeward after his relics had been stolen; it was God who saw to the thieves' success. The sailors who planned to steal the relics decided that perhaps they should not do so after all and started to turn back, but God would not have them falter in the pious desire to have the relics of so great a saint as St. Nicholas of Myra. So He sent contrary winds which drove the vessel from its course and forced it to Myra. The sailors then decided that it was so obviously God's will that they steal the relics that they had better go through with it, which they accordingly did with a proper display of zeal — and deceit. This at least is the version of Ordericus. The entire story is in vol. 2, pp. 384-395.

⁷²Ibid., vol. 2, p. 136.

⁷³Barnes, p. 57.

⁷⁴Lacroix, p. 223.

⁷⁵Augustine, V. 14.

⁷⁶Henry Taylor, *The Classical Heritage of the Middle Ages* (New York, 1958), p. 218.

⁷⁷Cantor, p. 98.

⁷⁸Dawson, p. 71. But this is not the cycle theory of the Greeks which Augustine emphatically rejected on theological grounds; v. Augustine, XI. 13.

⁷⁹Cantor, pp. 98-99.

⁸⁰Leclercq, p. 160.

⁸¹Ibid.

⁸²Martin Cyril D'Arcy, *The Sense of History* (London, 1959), p. 246.

⁸³Barnes, p. 43.

⁸⁴Lacroix, p. 222.

⁸⁵Leclercq, pp. 160-161. Leclercq admits with regret that some documents were forged and stories fabricated but believes that the number has been greatly exaggerated. He explains that one reason for this practice may have been one of protection, for even the plundering, pillaging feudal lord would be hesitant about profaning a place hallowed by miracles or saintly visitation." p. 162.

⁸⁶Collingwood, p. 56.

⁸⁷Frederick Copleston, *A History of Philosophy* (New York, 1962), p. 101.

⁸⁸Karl Lowith, *Meaning in History* (Chicago, 1949), p. 71.

⁸⁹Versfeld, p. 21.

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A Woman's Guide to Happy Traveling

By Joyce Hegman

In the "olden" days, when cars had high roofs, each had a wide shelf stretching from the back seat to the rear window which was just the right length and width for a child about five years old. I remember traveling for miles in a prone position on such a shelf, counting telephone poles in the daytime, stars at night, while strings of those words I wasn't supposed to hear drifted from the driver's seat to warm my young ears. For my father, who is quite excitable, would loudly berate every other driver who was on the road at the time, my mother who was usually scanning the wrong side of the map anxiously trying to pin point our current mis-location, and the member of the family who had suggested we go wherever we were presently trying to go. And, I recall, when we ran out of gas or something went wrong with the car, my mother would whisk us across the highway out of my father's voice range to look for blue bonnets — even in the winter. Maybe such happenings began to strain family relationships, or perhaps my mother one day overheard me utter one of the expletives I had picked up on such an excursion, but for some reason, family trips began to consist only of places we had been to before with fair success — which severely limited us to places within an eighty-mile radius consisting of Houston and Galveston to the north and east, some inconsequential hamlets to the west, and a lot of Gulf water to the south of our home in Lake Jackson, Texas.

As I began to travel with my girl friends and observe their fathers' driving or as I sat in the front seats of school buses and listened to the mutterings of the bus drivers, and later, as I went out on dates, and still later, as I began making the three-hundred-mile trip from Lake Jackson to TCU in Fort Worth, I noticed that many of the nicest men, like my father, became short-tempered ogres and map-reading maniacs the moment they were confronted with the problem of traveling from one point to another. It seems to me that most men have not yet developed the art of leisurely, pleasant traveling that is an inherent characteristic of numerous members of the opposite sex.

As an example of the art of gracious traveling, I recall the afternoon that I and two other female members of the editorial board of our college magazine set out for a printing company on West Vickery Street. I knew of a Vickery Street but I didn't know whether it was West Vickery Street or not and the one I knew had only a few saloons, a Mexican fruit stand, a railroad switching station, and a truck-stop-type cafe where railroad workers eat, making it, I guess, a train stop. A printing company wouldn't be in such a neighborhood, we logically reasoned, so we took off in the opposite direction. Half an hour later we were still searching for West Vickery. Though it went against my grain, I eventually suggested that we look up West Vickery on a map, but the driver answer-

ed that she never carried the things, and, besides, it was such a lovely day for driving, and everyone knows that it's much more fun to chance upon a place by accident — sort of serendipity, you know. The other rider also pointed out that by driving through the sleazy sections of town, as we had been, we were getting a first-hand idea of the poverty in Fort Worth that had been hidden from us all these years by the affluent neighborhoods surrounding TCU. We all agreed that it had been a valuable experience, indeed, as we pulled up only forty-five minutes late at the printer's shop which was nestled between the Mexican fruit stand and the truck-stop/train-stop on West Vickery Street.

Contrast this pleasant excursion with the one I ventured upon shortly afterwards. I was in Dallas visiting Rebecca, one of my high-school friends who was newly married and had recently moved to the city. After an enjoyable weekend I merrily repacked my bag in preparation for the equally nice ride they had offered me back to Fort Worth. However, when I walked into their living room with my luggage in hand, I discovered, to my horror, Becky's husband sitting on the floor with maps spread around him, carefully plotting our trip. I was wounded that he did not think me capable of directing him the short distance from Dallas to Fort Worth. It is a simple enough route, to be sure. All one needs to do is get in his car and drive around until he finds one of those little red and blue shield-shaped signs that point to the turnpike, then follow the arrow on it, get on the turnpike, and Voila! twenty minutes later he will be in Fort Worth. If he does not find any turnpike signs after fifteen minutes of random driving, however, he should ask directions from the man beside him at the next light. Nothing could be easier. But Becky's husband had a different idea; he didn't want to take the turnpike. By his route there would be no toll charges and actually it was a shorter distance from the apartment that way, he said, pointing

all this out on a map. I nodded and said, "I see," though I really didn't because maps are just a mess of spaghetti to me, and then we began our journey. Forty minutes and two wrong turns later, Wayne was making cutting statements to me like, after all, I should know something about where we were since I'd lived in the area for three years and if I'd open my eyes once in a while . . . and so forth. Rebecca made the mistake of defending me and Wayne began making nasty little remarks about her, too, which resulted in the first serious quarrel they had had since the wedding.

I know another man, a millionaire, who got angry at the stewardess while boarding a plane once and ordered his beautiful, dignified wife to stand in front of the plane and prevent it from taking off until he got the kind of service he demanded.

Women, on the other hand, take traveling much more good-naturedly.

Girls are superior traveling companions. Witness the time that it was my turn to drive and I was entering the Pennsylvania turnpike. To get on it, you first drive on a winding, innocuous-looking driveway-type thing. Its looks are deceptive. I was merrily winding my way toward the turnpike when I realized that I was curving though the road had suddenly gone straight, and Terry Tempest was presently speeding toward the right shoulder of the road and some roadmarkers. I pulled the wheel hard to the left and immediately found myself speeding toward the left shoulder of the road and some road markers. Pulling the wheel sharply to the right I noticed myself speeding toward — well you guess. This went on for hours — it must have been hours. The whole time the tires were squealing and books, cameras, and fresh fruit were flying about the car, thudding against the heads of my swaying fellow travelers. Finally I saw an open space where there were no road markers and where the shoulder didn't dip steeply off from the road. I headed Terry toward it

and brought him to stop in a quiet little pasture. Did my friends castigate me, call me a "Woman Driver," curse and exile me to the back seat forever? No, they just sat there in stunned silence. Finally I asked, "What did I do wrong?"

"You took the curve too fast." Surilda said quietly.

"Oh."

We remained there awhile — staring straight ahead — until a big truck lumbered by bearing in Old English script the name "Setegast Coffin Company" and a low black-humorous laugh spread through the car. Then we charged onward.

Now please don't misunderstand me. I think men are just dandy when they aren't right in the car with me. There are plenty of times that I couldn't have gone any place without them. I'm thinking specifically of the time my roommate Barbara and I and our friend Jayne decided to take the weekend off from our studies and go camping in Arkansas. We borrowed Jayne's boyfriend's rickety old Chevrolet and synchronized our watches to leave Friday at 4:30 p.m. on the dot. And by 6:00 Friday evening we finally had the trunk loaded with sleeping bags, air mattresses, cooking utensils, food, clothes, and guitars. Jayne had just slammed the trunk lid shut when I noticed it—the lumpy-pancake-looking thing where our left rear tire should have been.

Up came the trunk lid; out came the guitars, clothes, food, cooking utensils, air mattresses, sleeping bags, and finally, the spare tire — which we didn't know how to put on. There was only one thing to do: walk around with woe-is-us expressions on our faces. This we did and soon someone's father who was waiting to pick his daughter up at our dorm came to our rescue. He managed to get the car jacked up; then a boy came from the back of the school cafeteria and changed the tire with such

artistry that he didn't even wrinkle or smudge his starched white bus-boy jacket.

Off we drove again, even more ecstatic about men. Then our third encounter with the opposite sex occurred. This time we were being pursued by them, but their attention wasn't particularly flattering since they were policemen and we had been going fifteen miles an hour over the speed limit. Surely they won't give nice, wholesome, all-American girls on their way camping, a ticket, we said as we pulled to the side of the road. So Barbara and I got out of the car and hunted wild flowers by the flashing red light of the police car, while Jayne got the lecture. When we returned to the scene bearing flowers, we joked with the policemen, discussed our hometowns, the past college football season, and were feeling quite forgiven when one of the policemen handed Jayne the ticket and told us he would have given us another one for picking wild flowers, a state offense, but since we were such nice girls, he wouldn't. Gee thanks.

We were disgruntled after this experience, but were magnanimous enough to admit that it was good that the policemen were doing their duty and that maybe they had saved us from some kind of bloody accident. Finally we arrived at the state park in Arkansas where we camped next to twenty delightful college men and a big fat one blew my giant air mattress up in just five minutes all by himself. All this shows that though men aren't as adept as women at traveling, they are nice — and necessary — to have around.

A friend of mine, noticing the dichotomy in the nature of men traveling and man stable, asked her boyfriend to drive his car back to school after a vacation and let her follow him in her car. In this way he would be near enough for assistance but not enough for annoyance. This seemed the ideal solution to the problem until my friend was distracted by a window display in a dress shop; he stopped; she didn't; and their bumpers became romantically and expensively entwined.

There is another possible solution to this problem which I haven't yet explored but which sounds feasible. When I travel by bus, which is an odious way to make a long trip, I make it bearable by reading one of those books I can't put down once I've begun (Thomas Hardy novels are tremendous bus books) and when I've finished it, I simply take an adequate dose of sleeping pills and sleep the remainder of the journey. And it works — the trip passes like a pleasant dream. Thus it seems that if you have a man that you want to take with you on trips but he isn't travel-broken, you could just give him an enthralling book, some sleeping pills (or an anesthetic, perhaps,) and do the driving yourself.

Freshman Research (Concluded)

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LINGUISTS IN REVIEW—Spanish students Polly Cox and Tom Parker pose for the camera after performing in the Fiesta Gaucha Argentina, a program of folk songs and a play, all done in Spanish, which was presented Tuesday night.

Professional Quality

'Descant' Known Off Campus

By CAROL SHUMATE

The University publication least known on campus is well known outside.

Not as available as The Skiff or as outspoken as "Perspective," the literary journal "Descant" goes relatively unnoticed.

One reason may be, paradoxically, its professional quality. Few students, if any, submit pieces suitable for publication.

The mass of contributors are, rather, professional writers—many free-lance writers and several writing or literature teachers.

The scope of the magazine is wide, with a circulation of about 700, and contributors from all over the U.S. as well as many foreign countries.

Winter Issue

Contributors to the winter issue included a postman in St. Louis, a high school teacher in Wisconsin and a Chilean college student.

Descant's editor, Mrs. Betsy Colquitt, is not worried about the magazine's relative anonymity, as there is never a dearth of material.

The assistant professor of English says she receives approximately 30 pieces a week, far more than she could include.

Obviously, correspondence is a tremendous job.

Often, two or three rounds of letters pass between editor and writer before a piece is in a form acceptable for inclusion in the magazine.

"The purpose of Descant," says Mrs. Colquitt, "is to provide publication for works of merit, which are non-commercial in nature."

Its title, as indicated on the back cover, is taken from two lines of a poem by William Butler Yeats: "it is right... That we descant and yet again descant/ Upon the supreme theme of Art and Song..."

Literary Journal

The literary journal has put itself among the quality literary journals in the country.

The editor of the Paris Review, George Plimpton, sent a letter to Mrs. Colquitt this spring requesting some of the magazine's works for possible inclusion in an anthology.

The anthology, sponsored by the National Council on Endowment for the Arts, will include contemporary literary materials.

Descant is publishing the third issue of its eleventh (yearly) vol-

ume this week in a special memorial issue dedicated to Dr. Cecil Brown Williams, chairman of the English Department from 1960 until his death last September.

The commemorative issue is co-edited with Mrs. Colquitt by Drs. Jim Corder and L. Moffitt Cecil of the English Department.

It is composed of contributions from colleagues of Dr. Williams who knew him through his work here and elsewhere.

One Article

One of the articles is the essay presented by Luther Stearns Mansfield here on Creative Writing Day last week, titled, "What is American About American Literature?"

Other contributors are Dr. James W. Newcomer, vice chancellor for academic affairs, whose article is titled "The College and the Retreat from Morality," and Dr. Cecil, "This Side of Paradise Prairie."

A statement of Dr. Williams' work in the development of the graduate program written by Dr. Karl Snyder, and a bibliography of Dr. Williams' work prepared by Dr. Keith Odom are two special inclusions in the spring issue.

Descant appears to be expanding quantity as well as in stature. The number of issues per volume has been increased (a summer issue has been added), thereby increasing the price per issue to 75 cents, \$2 for the volume.

Only Editor

Mrs. Colquitt, who has been the magazine's sole editor since 1960, is also a wife, mother, teacher and writer.

Her published works include a recent article on obscenity and censorship in "Vision," three poems in the "Christian Century Reader," and a tetralogy of poems in the magazine "Crucible" put out by Atlantic Christian College.

She is one of four faculty members on the Honors Program teaching a sophomore study of world literature and a seminar entitled "The Nature of Values," described as "a discussion of contemporary axiology through examination of a certain intrinsic values in modern literature, art, philosophy and religion."

Besides all this, she edits the creative writing publication issued each May as a supplement to The Skiff, which contains the winning entries in the Creative Writing Contest.

Journal Publishes Reading Article

The current issue of the "Journal of Reading" published an article by Earl Rankin, director of TCU's Reading Laboratory, and graduate student Robert Tracy.

The article is titled "Methods of Computing and Evaluating Residual Gain Scores in the Reading program."

PASTEL PORTRAITS
by
barbara goldstein
FOR MOTHER'S DAY
WA 3-6272 WA 7-6644

Installation Honors Sigma Xi Members

Installation formalities marked the induction of the TCU Chapter of Sigma Xi into national chapter status Monday, with Dr. Arthur Ehlmann, president of TCU's chapter, presiding.

Fifty-one scientists donned cap and gown, for formal processional and recessional. These men are charter members of Fort Worth's Sigma Xi Club, and are scientific or industrial leaders in Fort Worth.

TCU professors who were honored were biologists Dr. Russell C. Faulkner, Dr. John W. Forsyth, Dr. Earl W. Gardner, Dr. Willis G. Hewatt, Dr. Neil C. Hulings, Dr. Clifford E. Murphy and Dr. Robert H. Parker.

Chemists Dr. Thomas W. Al-

brecht, Dr. John G. Albright, Dr. Henry Hardt, Dr. Joe E. Hodgkins, Dr. Henry C. Kelly, Dr. Manfred G. Reinecke, Dr. Mark S. Shuman, Dr. William B. Smith and Dr. William H. Watson were also recognized as charter members.

Also recognized were physicists Dr. Leo L. Baggerly, Dr. Charles E. Blount, Dr. Palmer L. Edwards, Dr. Prem P. Mahendroo, Dr. Joseph Morgan, Dr. Harrison M. Moseley, Dr. Richard F. Rauechle and Dr. E. Leigh Secrest.

Geologists Dr. Ehlmann, Dr. Leo Hendricks, Dr. Edward Heuer and Dr. Jack Walper also were honored.

Those from the Mathematics Department honored were Dr. Landon A. Colquitt, Dr. Charles R. Cornbrink, Dr. Charles R. Deeter, Dr. William M. Faucett, Dr. Ben T. Goldbeck, Dr. Olan H. Hamilton and Dr. Bobby L. Sanders.

Dr. Malcolm D. Arnoult, Dr. James A. Dyal, Dr. Harold W. Ludvigson and Dr. Saul B. Sells are psychologists who were also recognized as charter members of Sigma Xi.

AF Sergeant Reassigned To Taiwan

The Air Force ROTC Department is busy making farewells and welcomes.

Farewell is being said to M/Sgt. Lynwod J. Brock who was reassigned to MAAG Headquarters, Taipei, Taiwan. He will report for duty in June.

He is being replaced by T/Sgt. Robert J. Weldon, who comes to TCU after a tour in Alaska.

Sgt. Brock has been with the 8th Air Force AFROTC Detachment since November, 1965. Among his many duties at TCU were NCOTC supply, which is the managing of fiscal affairs, and Detachment Photographer.

He also coordinated the supply activities with the support base and was responsible for the acquisition of uniforms for the Angel Flight and Cadets.

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'Plain Clothes Heroines' Applauded

By SUZY BARBEE

Sophomore sponsors, those "big sisters" to freshman women who live in dormitories, were saluted recently at a banquet.

Calling the sponsors the "plain clothes heroines of TCU," Dr. John W. Smith, professor of English, addressed the group and praised them for adhering to their responsibilities.

He explained that, although they expect nothing in return, they are rewarded with many friendships.

Both the current sponsors and those selected for the 1967-1968 year were introduced and given keepsake charms.

New Sponsors

New sponsors are LaDonna Burk, Cathy Cockrell, Sandra Cox, Suzanne Curran, Kitty Sue Damon, Dorothy Dobler, Kathy Fal-

oon and Vicki Lynn Forsythe; Also Linda Gaines, Diane Golly, Susan Guidi, Martha Harrall, Iris Holcome, Mary Sue Ivy, Elizabeth Lee;

Jana Long, Kathy McAulay, Jan Morris, Cherry Overton, Ann Shearer, Gail Shiner, Ann Shirley, Laurel Squires, Kristin Stevenson, Jann Swallow, Marina Gaines and Donna Kay Shearer.

Alternates are Jeanne Copeland, Brenda Haupt, Martha Hopson and Kittie Pike.

Marilyn Howard, current Junior Coordinator for the program, and Kathie Barthel, incoming Junior Coordinator, were recognized.

Faculty Adviser

Miss Deborah Slade, assistant dean of women, who will continue to serve as faculty adviser, was also introduced.

Suzanne Allen, president of the Association of Women Students, was given honorary membership in the sophomore sponsor program.

The program, which was organized by AWS in the fall of 1964, has become an integral part of dormitory living—for freshman women, at least.

Freshman women's dormitories were established in 1963 and the following spring, freshman women realized the need for older girls to live in their dormitories.

Fourteen sophomore sponsors were selected to live in Colby D. Hall Dormitory the following fall; the program has now grown to in-

clude sponsors living in Waits and sections of Foster dormitories.

Program Objective

The objective of the program, as stated in the application forms for sophomore sponsor, is "to help the freshman students become ad-

justed to University life both in academic areas and in those areas outside the classroom."

Marilyn Howard explained other activities of the sponsor: helping the house mother maintain order, helping set up self-government in each dorm and upholding

the standards of TCU without becoming a "goody-goody."

Sponsors must be available for counseling and guidance, but often their ability to help lies in directing questions to other people on campus who could help, she explained.

Sponsors set standards for dress, housekeeping and the art of getting along with one's roommate. Often they assume another position, that of a "Jack of all trades," Miss Howard explained.

Fix Faucets

Besides being able to fix leaky faucets, install light bulbs, apply bandages, do emergency mop jobs when someone lets the bathtub overflow, the sponsor must maintain order during party raids.

Acting as a "go-between" for AWS, the administration and freshman women, the sponsor also encourages participation in campus activities.

During the summer, sponsors write each incoming freshman woman individually to welcome her to TCU and acquaint her with the sophomore sponsor program.

Sponsors are selected on the basis of their grades, personality and responsibility.

Orientation sessions are held following the selection of sponsors.

The coeds learn dormitory and University rules, discuss problems they may encounter and possible solutions, besides learning about the facilities of TCU.

Panhellenic Plans Rush Activities

Plans for sorority rush in September are underway according to Anne Manning, Panhellenic president.

The Panhellenic Council met last week to talk about the coming rush. Two more meetings have been planned before the close of school.

Patty Moore, Panhellenic vice president, will be in charge of the 1967 fall rush.

Rush will begin a week later than previous years, Sept. 11-16. The rushees will check into their dorms Sept. 10 and will attend the open houses the following day.

Sketches may be performed at second and third period parties. Sorority preferentials will take place Friday night.

Each rushee must have maintained a "C" average in high school and must register for at least 12 hours.

Rush blanks may be picked up from the office of the dean of women. Deadline for returning these blanks is August 15.

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COED PREPARES FOR SUMMER JOB OF TEACHING YOUNG GIRLS TO COOK

Lynda Bowers will also join the 4-H Report-To-The-Nation team

—Skiff photo by John Miller

Coed Picked at 4-H Congress To Serve on Reporting Team

Lynda Bowers is "ready to go anywhere and talk about anything."

This is the first requirement in her new position as a reporter on the 1967 4-H Report-To-The-Nation Team, which will visit various colleges and universities throughout the year.

She is one of only 10 4-H members named to the national reporting team.

Chosen from 1600 delegates at the National 4-H Club Congress in Chicago, Miss Bowers was nominated for the honor by Texas.

In reporting, the team will appear in person before national organizations, leaders in government, business, industry, agriculture and education.

They will reach the general public through the press, radio and

television. Their task is to tell the modern 4-H story and to represent the nation's 2½ million 4-H members.

First Assignment

Her first assignment takes her to St. Louis, Mo.; Quincy, Ill., and Indianapolis, Ind., May 14-17. In October she will go to New York City, Washington, Richmond and other points in Virginia.

An active 4-H member for the past 10 years in her hometown of Edcouch, Miss Bowers has completed projects in leadership, public speaking, foods, clothing and citizenship.

She has served as president of her local club, chairman of the county 4-H council, vice chairman of the district council and delegate to the Texas Council.

As a student employee of

KRGV-TV in Weslaco, Miss Bowers did modeling, advertising and commentary work. This is the field of work she hopes to pursue as a career so she is majoring in home economics and minoring in radio-TV, public relations and advertising.

Recent Transfer

A recent transfer to TCU, the sophomore says she is "impressed with the school and especially the Home Economics Department" and she "loves Fort Worth."

This summer she will participate in a pilot program "Food Fun for Juniors" in which she will teach young girls how to cook. A first for the nation, the program is sponsored by the Texas Electric Cooperatives, Inc.

It is planned to stimulate interest in good nutrition and to promote the role electricity can play in it.

One of four girls in the Texas program, Miss Bowers will be employed by the Magic Valley Cooperative at Mercedes.

In the local high schools she will be working with 8-12-year-olds, teaching them food preparation and etiquette.

Miss Bowers, who is quite enthusiastic about her summer job, has already begun planning lessons and has been trained by a home economist from the national electric cooperative office.

Student, Faculty Studies Accepted for Publication

A number of theses by University faculty and students have been accepted for publication by the Mexican government.

Gene A. Rister, University graduate, has written a thesis concerning the life and works of Alejandro Quijano, president of the leading literary society.

Written in Spanish, it will appear in "Bolatin Bibliografico," official publication of the Mexican Treasury Department.

Rister, who is working toward his Ph.D. degree at the University of Wisconsin, had the cooperation of Quijano's widow in his compilation and writing.

She furnished a large collection of her husband's works and a complete list of the positions and honors he had received during his career.

Dr. Malcolm D. McLean, Spanish professor and associate dean of AddRan College of Arts and Sciences, received notification of acceptance concerning his bibliography of Guillermo Prieto.

The editor of "Bolatin Bibliografico" said Dr. McLean's study was published in installments beginning April 15.

The study will again be reprinted in book form in 1968 to cele-

brate the 150th anniversary of Prieto's birth.

Prieto served four times as secretary of the Mexican Treasury Department, in addition to being awarded a crown of silver laurel leaves as Mexico's most popular poet.

Among other studies accepted for publication by the Mexican government was a study of dramatic works of Francisco Montarde, current president of the Academia Mexicana. A scholarly edition of a series of articles describing a trip up the Mexican side of the Rio Grande in 1839 was another.

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Dr. William R. Baird To Join Brite Staff

Dr. William R. Baird Jr. will join the faculty of Brite Divinity School in September.

Dr. Baird, professor of the New Theological Seminary, has been appointed to the same position at TCU. He will be working with Dr. M. Jack Suggs, who has been teaching in Brite since 1962.

The newly appointed professor is well known for his writings in several religious and Biblical publications. The first of his books was "Paul's Message and Mission" published in 1960 by Abington Press.

A second book, "The Corinthian Church, A Biblical Approach to Urban Culture" was published four years later.

He has contributed to a book which will be released next year by Abington. The book is "The Interpreter's One Volume Commentary on the Bible."

The author-educator has lectured for the past 10 years. He has lectured at the Ecumenical Institute in North Carolina, the University of Chicago, Northwestern Christian College and Cotner School of Religion in Lincoln, Neb.

Dr. Baird holds a Bachelor of Theology from Northwest Christian College and a BA from the University of Oregon. He earned his BD, MA and Ph.D. degrees at Yale.

He conducted post-doctoral studies at the University of Marburg, Germany.

Dr. Baird is listed in the "Dictionary of American Scholars," "Who's Who in American Education" and "Who's Who in the Protestant Clergy."

The professor is a member of the American Academy of Reli-

gion, Society of Biblical Literature and the Commission on Restructure of the Disciples of Christ.

Dr. Baird is active in Phi Beta Kappa, Phi Mu Sinfonia and the Association of Disciples for Theological Discussion.

In his spare time, Dr. Baird plays the violin.

Evening College Elects Officers

The Evening College Student Council elected new officers April 28.

Elected were Sam Craig, president; Glen Coe, first vice president; Robert Liming, second vice president; Cissie Owen, secretary, and Joe Kent, treasurer.

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Sigma Chi On Top After Tank Victory

By CHUCK COLE

Sigma Chi stroked its way to first place in the team standings of the fraternity division of men's intramurals last Saturday with 26 points.

Delta Tau Delta was second with 22½, Phi Kappa Sigma third with 19 and Phi Delta Theta fourth with 12½.

In the diving competition, Butch Reese of Sigma Chi was first with 33.73 points. Second went to Kenny Dryden of Delta Tau Delta and third to Dale Martin of Phi Kappa Sigma.

Edged Out

The Delt team of Pete Van Bever, Chip Oswald, Rusty Werme and Mike Fox edged out the Sigma Chi team for first place in the 100-yard medley relay. The Phi Kaps were third.

Troy King of Phi Delta Theta and Duke Williams of Phi Kappa Sigma tied for first in the 25-yard free style with a time of 12.1 seconds. Van Bever was third at 12.2.

The Phi Kaps' Danny Pyka took first in the 25-yard breast stroke. Oswald was second and Terry He-

man of Sigma Chi was third.

Vince Keaton of Sigma Chi won the 25-yard back stroke in 13.9. The Phi Deltas' Bill Hubble was second and Van Bever was third.

The 25-yard butterfly was won by Heman in a time of 12.9. Werme was second at 13.0 and Pyka third at 13.3.

The Phi Deltas' King came in first in the 50-yard free style with a time of 26.1. Cap Betty of Sigma Chi was second and Williams of Phi Kappa Sigma was third.

Heman grabbed another first for Sigma Chi in the 50-yard breast stroke. He was followed by Oswald in second and Pat Doyle of Phi Kappa Sigma third.

Another First

Sigma Chi scored still another first with Keaton winning the 50-yard back stroke. Hubble was second.

Phi Delta Theta's King took first in the 100-yard free style seven seconds ahead of second place Betty. Pat Gough of the Phi Kaps was third and Werme tied for fourth.

Phi Kappa Sigma won the 100-yard free style relay in 48.9.

In the independent division of the meet Guy Hall won the 100-yard free style with a time of 1:01.7. Cannon Bratten won the 50-yard breast stroke in 35.3.

Tied For First

Lon Giberson and Jim Grabau tied for first in the 50-yard freestyle with times of 27.3. Hall won two other events, the 25-yard butterfly and the 25-yard backstroke, in 12.8 and 14.6.

Grabau's 12.0 flat was good for first in the 25 yard free style. The team of Hall Grabau, Carson and Reynolds won both the 100-yard medley relay and freestyle relay.

The championship game of the fraternity softball league will be played today at 3:15 p.m. on the TCU baseball diamond.

The game is a replay of a ten inning tie between the Phi Deltas and SAE's. Phi Delta Sigma is undefeated.

Tackle Holds Line

By BOB CRAIG

One of the luckiest of Frog breaks was Mike Bratcher's flop as a quarterback.

Bratcher, who also claimed proficiency as a fullback when he first appeared on campus three years ago, added a few pounds to his muscular physique and moved to defense.

Now a stalwart in the Frog's defensive line, he looks to be one of the mightiest tackles in the Southwest Conference next year.

The switch didn't seem to bother Bratcher who has only one desire—to play.

"It was okay with me," Bratcher confessed, "I figured I wasn't going to cut it at quarterback, so I was ready to try anything."

First Break

Bratcher's first break came in his sophomore season when the Frogs were facing a very strong Nebraska team. Ronnie Nixon was injured and Bratcher was sent in to replace him.

"I was really scared. I weighed about 205 and those ol' boys across the line looked about 250. After a couple of plays I found I could get to them quicker than they could get to me. It really helped my confidence."

Bratcher started in each of TCU's ten games last fall and is confident that the Frogs are ready to reverse their 2-8 record of last year.

"The pressure's on and everybody seems to be bearing down," he said. "I think we're pressing more because of what happened last year."

The Frogs' new head coach Fred Taylor has employed a new staff of assistants. But only the faces have changed for Bratcher, not the script.

Wind Sprints

"Except for wind sprints," he admitted, "not much had changed. We've never ran wind sprints in the spring before."

"Oh, we were using about the same defenses and really football's basically the same—just hittin' hard and going for the ball carrier."

Hitting hard and going for the ball carrier has become Bratcher's specialty in the past two seasons, and next fall his play could be one of the most exciting aspects of the Frogs' season.

He and the Frogs' other defensive tackle, Danny Cross, have already proved in the spring drills they will be tough to run against next fall.

Bratcher's final goal in college football is to play in the Cotton Bowl next New Year's Day.

"You know I've never been on a championship team—anywhere," he conceded, "and I'm looking forward to trying to make it."

"I think I'm a better player than I was last year, and I believe everybody on the team feels he has improved too."

"I have a feeling we'll be ready."

Baseballers Win SWC Honors

Even though the Purple baseballers did not receive a bid to participate in the post-season playoffs after tying for the conference crown, other playing honors have been awarded.

The most notable was the selection of three of the Frog diamond men for All-Southwest conference team honors. They are pitcher Mickey McCarty, shortstop Parke Davidson and right fielder Mickey Yates.

Pitchers Selected

All three of the pitchers selected for the team were unanimous choices. Besides McCarty, they are Tommy Moore of Texas and Mike Livingston of SMU. Moore was also the unanimous pick for pitcher of the year.

Other team members who were given the maximum vote are Bob Snoddy, Texas, first baseman; Donnie Denbow, SMU third baseman, and Pat Brown, Texas left

fielder. Denbow was selected as SWC player of the year.

The vote for catcher was tied between Joe Staples of Texas A&M and James Scheschuk of Texas.

Picked For Second

Don Johnson of Texas was picked for second base, Ricky Head of Baylor for utility infielder, Bill Ranier of SMU for center field and Rusty Clark of Baylor for utility outfielder.

The All-SWC team has seven juniors and two sophomores indicating that next season shows great promise for exciting play. Of the 14 players selected for the team only five are seniors.

All-SWC Team

Eight players actually got the full vote of the coaches although two of them, Ranier and Yates, were picked at more than one position. Ranier got four votes for

center field and two for right field. Yates got five for right field and one for utility outfielder.

The all-conference team:
Catchers- Joe Staples, A&M, junior; James Scheschuk, Texas, senior.

Pitchers- Mickey McCarty, TCU junior; Tommy Moore, Texas, senior; Mike Livingston, SMU, junior.

First Baseman- Bob Snoddy, Texas, junior.

Second Baseman- Don Johnson, Texas, senior.

Third Baseman — Donnie Denbow, SMU, junior.

Shortstop—Parke Davidson, TCU senior.

Utility Infielder — Ricky Head, Baylor, junior.

Left Fielder—Pat Brown, Texas, sophomore.

Center Fielder — Bill Ranier, SMU, junior.

Right Fielder — Mickey Yates, TCU, senior.

Utility Outfielder- Rusty Clark, Baylor, sophomore.

Women's Intramurals End For This Year

By CARMEN KEITH

The women's intramural program is very much in the spotlight as this year's program draws to a close, but what has gone on behind the scenes?

Of course, the girls who have participated in the program this year have made it possible, but the intramural student assistants are the intramural program, according to Billie Sue Anderson, intramural sponsor.

Miss Anderson explained that without the help of her assistants who set up the courts, handle the correspondence, keep scores, officiate and run the various tournaments, the intramural program wouldn't be possible.

The assistants are hired by Miss Anderson on the basis of their familiarity with the sport, whether or not they are able to take command, and their knowledge of officiating.

The girls, it was pointed out, must have plenty of patience as they often deal with participants

who have never played the sport before, but have been sent to represent their organizations.

The assistants usually undergo an apprenticeship as umpires for the first year and then become referees the second year.

The girls devote each afternoon to the program, as they spend four or five hours a day carrying out their duties.

They are paid by the Intramural Department for their efforts and are hired for one year at a time.

There are seven assistants this year, as the program has expanded. Among them are Liz Parker, Cynthia Mezger, Liz Reed and Ann Coble, physical education majors.

Also in the program are Glory Hicks, Lorna Crouch and Jana Long who umpire and keep score.

The intramural program is set up with each participating organization selecting a representative who is responsible to the intramural director.

The assistants make sure the

representatives receive correspondence as to standings and schedules for their organizations in time to present the information to their groups.

This year's women's intramural program was composed of 10 Greek teams and six independent teams.

Miss Anderson said she believed this is an invaluable experience for girls who are assistants as it gives them the opportunity to run an intramural program before they are in charge of an intramural program of their own.

The assistants are given the opportunity to take charge of a whole tournament from the entries to the results.

Miss Anderson said the intramural program provides an organized form of recreation and competition on campus for the participating girls.

She continued by saying, "We merely direct the program for their benefit and hand out the rules and regulations."

Dallas Coach Slates Talk

Tom Landry, head coach for the Dallas Cowboys, will be the guest speaker at the annual spring banquet of the Fellowship of Christian Athletes.

The banquet, open to the public, has been scheduled for 6:30 p.m. on May 12 in the ballroom of Brown-Lupton Student Center. Reservations can be made by calling E. A. Gresham at WA 3-7880 or P. D. Shabay at WA 7-5034. The cost of the dinner will be \$2.

About 200 persons are expected to attend, according to Mike Adams, president of the FCA at the University.