

'Twelfth Night'

Bugs Bugs

(See Page 3)

The Skiff

Texas Christian University • • • • Fort Worth, Texas 76129

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Faculty Advisers' Role Clarified

An open letter clarifying the position of the TCU Chapter of the American Association of University Professors (AAUP) on the role and duties of faculty "advisers" to student publication, particularly with reference to Spunk, has been sent to the TCU Publications Committee by Committee A on Academic Freedom and Tenure of the TCU Chapter of the AAUP.

The letter says, "if ordinary usage is followed, an adviser may be expected to (1) counsel, admonish, caution, (2) suggest, (3) inform, notify, appraise, acquaint, or (4) confer, deliberate, discuss, and consult with the advisees," according to the dictionary. It notes: "an adviser does not, as an adviser, censor, suppress, delete, or formally approve and release for publication."

The committee suggests that if a faculty adviser's duties "are to

involve any form of censorship or if there is even the hint that he should act as a censor," then his duties should explicitly state this and his title should be changed.

Administrative Wrath

The letter further stated the general feeling "that a faculty adviser is personally responsible for the content of a student publication, and that if he fails to censor in accordance with what he judges to be administrative wishes he risks administrative wrath, not to mention a breach in administration-faculty cooperation and joint action. . . puts the faculty adviser in the compromising position of being responsible for actions which do not really represent his judgment, but rather represent the judgement of the administration as he perceives it."

This feeling of responsibility

exists though there is no implication of censorship in Spunk's charter or in the charters of other student publications. The letter protests that independent faculty judgment and academic freedom are ill-served.

The letter also states that the faculty adviser is "unjustly caught in the middle" when student editors and administrators disagree on content.

It suggests this would not occur "with a 'circular' structure in which students, faculty, and administration shared authority. Then a veto by one component would be recognized as such," it concludes.

Right To Veto

The committee challenges the doctrine of administrative concurrence as it appears to influence faculty interpretation of the advisory office.

The letter says, "Concurrence

might mean, simply, that the administration reserves the right to veto all decisions in the University, or all decisions of which it is aware."

The AAUP letter said concurrence can otherwise be construed to mean all decisions must be made to ensure administrative approval. It noted the doctrine of administrative concurrence does not imply this interpretation, but that last semester's faculty advisers of Spunk were "clearly warned to act in ways which would ensure administrative endorsement."

The letter concludes by saying the writers will have no choice but to ask the TCU AAUP Chapter to counsel its members strongly and actively against acceptance of the office of faculty adviser if censorship is included among the duties of the adviser by the Publications Committee and/or administration.

House Approves Parking Plan

By JOE KENNEDY
Ass't. Managing Editor

In its final session of the semester, the House of Representatives Tuesday examined proposals from the parking problem to Addie the Frog.

Jack Chailer presented a modified version of the parking plan drawn up earlier in the semester by a special committee. The new system will restrict students according to where they live.

Worth Hills students will be al-

lowed to park only at Worth Hills, in the coliseum lot and in the new lot under construction south of Dan Rogers Hall.

Main campus residents will be restricted to the Sherley dorm lot, North and South drive, the quadrangle and Milton Daniel lots, in addition to Worth Hills and the coliseum.

Extensive Debate

Town students will park in the Colby lot (which they must share with the University staff), the new Dan Rogers lot and the col-

iseum parking area.

Like its predecessor, the bill engendered extensive debate in the House, especially among the Worth Hills representatives.

Nancy O'Neall urged that the "first come, first serve" system be maintained.

"I live in Worth Hills, but I don't think I should be denied permission to park here (on the main campus.) As it is now, I think everybody fighting for spaces is a better situation. If restricting is needed it should be done by class."

Ken Buettner called the presentation of the plan in the final meeting of the semester "rail-roading."

"It's unfair to present this at the last minute when representatives have no chance to consult their constituents," Buettner said.

Chailer replied that he was not seeking House approval of the plan, for it had already been sent to the administration. He was merely asking the House to back the idea, he said.

One Worth Hills representative spoke in favor of the bill. Steve Read, who along with Chailer helped formulate the plan, said that although some students ob-

viously thought they had been "messed around," they should "keep an open mind about it."

At length the House voted to support the parking committee's decision, 22-13.

Addie Change

Later, two bills stemming from apparent dissatisfaction with Addie the Frog, the University mascot, were presented.

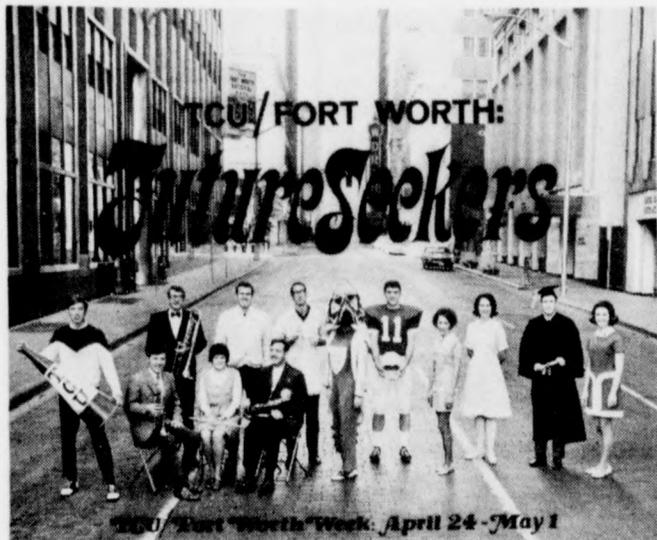
The first, introduced by James Stafford, called for a "joint administration-faculty-student committee (to) be created to arrive at four or five desirable mascots," with the students making the final choice in a campus-wide election.

The Horned Frog, according to the bill, "does not instill the proper spirit." The proposal was sent to committee.

Another proposal which died would have changed Addie's name to "Old Rip."

In other business, James Stafford presented a bill which if accepted would eliminate the ten dollar fee for diplomas.

In addition, the House voted to join the Texas Intercollegiate Students Association—a cost of \$50.



"FUTURESEEKERS" has been the theme of this year's TCU/Fort Worth Week. The week, which ran from last Friday through today, is a recognition by the University and the community of their relationship since 1911—a relationship marked by the fact both were chartered in 1873.

Spring Formal Tomorrow Night

The TCU Spring Formal, to be tomorrow night from 8-12 p.m. at the Tarrant County Convention Center, will feature the presentation of the class favorites, TCU Sweetheart, and Mr. and Miss TCU.

The dance, which is being planned by the Activities Council Dance Committee, with the help

of Alpha Phi Omega (service fraternity) and Gamma Sigma (its sorority counterpart), has traditionally been a girl-ask-boy affair, but it now is also acceptable for the boy to ask the girl.

Music will be provided by The Gentlemen, and the price will be three dollars per couple.

Students Favor Coop Bookstore

By SHARON VERBRYKE
Second in a Series

"A cooperative bookstore is an important step to make," House of Representatives member Ken Buettner said. "I am very much in favor of it."

The number of positive responses for the establishment of a cooperative bookstore was second only to those favoring expansion and remodeling of living facilities on the fall opinion poll, he pointed out.

"The whole House is pushing for a cooperative," House President Charlie Thompson added. "We hope for a change of policy,



VERBRYKE

but we need facts and statistics to convince the administration. We are short of information now. A change will take several steps."

Thompson defined a cooperative as "a bookstore run by students, where students receive profits of the books by keeping receipts of purchases to be exchanged for dividends at the end of the year."

"Other schools do this," he said.

Cooperative Ideal

At a recent student body president convention held in Austin by Gov. Preston Smith, Thompson talked with presidents and students of several other schools. The consensus, according to Thompson, "showed a cooperative as the ideal, a bookstore owned by the university second,

and outside management the least desirable."

Southwest Conference Schools have been contacted about their bookstores by John Gable, Student Affairs Committee chairman. "Unfortunately only Texas Tech and SMU and the University of Oregon answered," he said, "and they told us only what they sold there, not how they sold it."

Thompson has also contacted several schools. Replies have been received from the University of Texas and the University of Oregon who said they have cooperative bookstores which they feel are very satisfactory to the students and the school. Presently, he is waiting for the University of Denver, Trinity, and other private schools to reply.

The first step to be taken, according to Buettner, "is to establish a system where students trade in old books to students, eliminating the book buyer or middleman." This would allow a greater profit for the students, because the book buyer's and bookstore's profit on used books would be channeled to the students, he said.

Two Suggestions

Buettner also supported Thompson's definition of a cooperative, where students run the bookstore and receive the profits.

Concerning the present system of the bookstore, Buettner offered two suggestions. So students would know how much is being spent and the profit in each of the six divisions of Auxiliary Enterprises, Buettner suggested that a statement of the profit and loss of these six areas be published at the end of the year.



"A BOOKSTORE RUN BY THE STUDENTS" is seen as the best alternative

"The students could then decide who is benefiting from the operations," he said.

Publication well before the new semester of the list of books ordered by the faculty was also suggested. Buettner said, "students would know what texts were needed for their courses and have a greater opportunity to buy them where they wanted."

Once a student at the University of Panama, Gable discussed the school's system for selling books as a possibility for TCU. "The bookstore at Panama sells new books at only one percent profit," he said. "Old books are sold by students by placing IBM cards with the book title, student's name, and cost on bulletin boards throughout the school.

There is no competition with the bookstore this way," he said.

"You saved money by looking at the bulletin boards," Gable said. "Also the administration approved the notices for sale for three month periods."

Similar Plan

"A similar plan, where students give books to the bookstore to sell for them for a small profit, might be established instead of the present 50 per cent sell-back price and the 75 per cent sale price for used books," he said.

"Possibly we could label bulletin boards by departments, and have used books sold there," Gable suggested. "As it is now, no one reads bulletin boards."

"The base of change is the student opinion poll conducted last fall by the Student Affairs Committee," Gable said. "We need to find something that will work with the University and alleviate the tension built up between the students and the establishment."

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PEGGY COONER and Robert Jimenez explain to a Fort Worth resident about the TCU drive to collect 1,200 books of trading stamps to purchase a station wagon for use in University-community projects.

6 NBC Newsmen Speak at TCCC

By RAYMOND TEAGUE

"Wit, imagination, and faith in our own brain power, not our own brawn" are needed by Americans to overcome the Asian entanglement, Welles Hangen, NBC news correspondent stationed in Hong Kong, said.

Speaking during Tuesday night's NBC news correspondents' panel, at the Tarrant County Convention Center Theatre, Hangen termed the current Cambodian issue probably Nixon's most serious foreign policy dilemma to date.

"Foreign policy is not a 'win all — loose all' affair," Hangen said, "adding that it is now time to give action to the 'lip service' being paid to Asian self-realization and governing.

"There is no reason why Americans must lug arms into Cambodia, there are others to do it," Hangen said. He cautioned Americans concerning the "arrogance of our own military power" (a "king of egocentrism") in dealing with other nations.

'Bloody War'

Elsewhere on the program, Israel correspondent Alvin Rosenfeld presented a pessimistic picture of the Israeli-Arab war. He said the conflict continues to grow in ferocity and violence and is a "bloody kind of war" with no end in sight.

The slogan of graduating Israeli high school students, who are at the age to join in the fighting, has become "We'll be seeing you on the death notice," Rosenfeld said.

Commenting on the reasons for the lack of progress at the Paris Peace Talks, Paris correspondent Garrick Utley said the communists feel they are not doing badly since their aim is to get Americans out of South Vietnam, and President Nixon is taking troops out under his "Vietnamization" policy.

Winding Down

Utley was optimistic concerning the Vietnam war, which he said is being "wound down, not wound up." He said the war may end in a political solution, although he doubted if there is a "lasting compromise solution" to the situation.

It is becoming fashionable once again to be pro-American in France, Utley said, and Pompidou's visit to America eliminated much of the poison between the two countries left from De Gaulle's era.

Ray Scherer discussed the

London scene, calling London "still the most civilized city I know.

Britain now has a "balance of payment surplus," Scherer said, though it is watching the American stock market with apprehension. The British have rediscovered the royal family, Scherer said. He said the British find Prince Charles "an articulate, charming, and responsible young man."

Blessings to Agnew

Of the six NBC news correspondents on the panel, only moderator John Chancellor and Nancy Dickerson are not foreign correspondents.

Mrs. Dickerson, who covers Washington, D. C., said the feeling prevails in the capital that President Nixon must develop a new sense of urgency in the future, now that he has fulfilled his campaign pledge of "cooling it." Nixon has been successful at taking "the steam out of Vietnam as a political issue," Mrs. Dickerson said.

In other matters around the capital, Mrs. Dickerson said Nixon's first truly unexpected emergency was the postal strike, which he handled well; Nixon may regret his attacks on the Senate after Carswell's defeat; Nixon's press relations are relatively good; and Nixon gives his approval and blessings to all Vice President Agnew does.

'Twelfth Night' Bugs the Bugs, But Play Plays Well at Garden

By RICHARD JOHNSON
Theater Critic

Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" is the right play to produce the week before finals.

The play, which is being produced through Saturday on the walkway across the street below the main park offices of the Fort Worth Botanical Gardens, is presented as an unabashed comedy. It is at all times good-humored; in some moments it is hilarious.

Dr. Jack Cogdill has stripped the play of enough excess verbiage to make it playable, but has not destroyed the beauty of the lines or the continuity of the action.

The set for this play may surprise some of the audience. It looks like it was set up in three hours (which indeed is the case).

Imagination

This set merely defines the acting space used in the play. That is all it needs to do. The craft of Shakespeare as seen by the actors and directors will do the rest.

In the same vein, all the lighting does for this play is to illuminate the stage. The audience's imagination will have to supply the deficit, if any.

The costumes, on the other hand, are assets to the play and to the characters. The women's costumes are sexy without being lewd, and well-placed sexiness never hurt a comedy yet.

The acting in this play is adequate for the most part. At times it is very good. All of the characters seem to have some difficulty with their lines at times, especially toward the last of the production.

Meant for Fun

"Twelfth Night" however, is not a play meant for deep characterizations. It is a play meant for fun; and all of the characters enjoy the play, as do the audiences.

Brenda McGuffey is out of baby clothes in this play. She does a very good job with Maria. She is sprightly, funny, and delightful to watch.

Melanie Mitchell is good as a flirtish Olivia, but we do feel she could have been a bit more abandoned.

Eric Smylie likewise could have used more abandon in playing Orsino. He moved on stage like a speech-making statue.

Antonio, played by Steve Urion,

and Sebastian, played by Rick Nesbitt also needed to loosen up.

Dale Mitchell, though, turned in a grand Sir Toby. He strutted and staggered like the loveable old reprobate that Sir Toby is.

Michael Meece, as Sir Andrew, is also great in the play. He plays the pedantic fool to a "T." Jim Coppedge, as Malvolio, is also very good. His calm in the letter-reading scene seems almost impossible.

To conclude the list of notable actors and actresses, Larry Sharp as Feste, and Linda Lee, as Viola, do very good jobs.

Go see this play. Take along

your insect repellent and don't be surprised if some loving couple walk across the stage during the performance.

"Twelfth Night" is very funny, and all of us could use a laugh now. Go and be merry. The play will not charm the birds out of the trees; but it will conjure passerbys into the audience.

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Democracy Serves Majority, Minority

By JOHNNY LIVENGOOD
Contributing Editor

While thumbing through the Fort Worth Star-Telegram recently, I noticed an ad for a political candidate running for the Texas state legislature.

What attracted me to the ad was that the candidate, Dave E. Massey, was in full military uniform. This intrigued me because I had never seen a candidate pictured thus. A further investigation lead us to the conclusion that this was just a move to stir up a little support on the form of blind patriotism.

What I read was appalling but not surprising. The statement accompanying the ad was written in script, in the form of a letter. It read, "Dear Friends: Select as agents those of similar convictions. These are mine. I believe in 'Duty, Honor, Country'; that you believe likewise; and that you want representatives who so believe. I am opposed to any influence by 'beatniks' or 'peacenicks' on our government."

Any literate person can see that this statement is not only reactionary, but totally against the ideals that this country was supposedly founded on.

While this country has been polarized throughout its history, this polarization has probably never been as extensive as it is today. Polarization occurs over such matters as the generation gap, Vietnam, poverty, etc. While there is usually an overt move made by one side, senseless, emotion-filled, reactionary out-

bursts do nothing but fan the fire.

A statement such as the one above shows that this candidate has no understanding of what a democracy is about. He also clearly shows that he does not understand the U. S. Constitution.

In a democracy, an official in power is supposed to represent all of the people in his electorate. One of the factors differentiating a democracy from a totalitarian government is the fact that all citizens have the right to influence the government, that all persons have an equal say in what goes on.

Maybe the Middle Americans are confused when faced by those of us who favor peace and reason, but just because the views of the two groups are different, it doesn't mean that the minority should be ignored or wiped out.

Persons opposing the influence of "beatniks" or "peacenicks" usually fear these people because they consider them communists. Yet, why are persons who use the democratic means of speeches, assemblies, and the courts communists, while those who use the totalitarian theories of repression and total ignorance of the other side are considered patriots?

These emotion-filled, reactionary pleas will do absolutely nothing to reunite America, it will just increase the membership of the minority and cause an irreconcilable polarization. Name-calling and alienation are not the answers.

If the persons subscribing to Massey's views are really patriotic and really interested in reuniting America, then they will get together with the "peacenicks" and "beatniks" and see what they say and work for some type of a solution.



'YOU UGLY DEVIL, YOU!'

Editor's Mail... Committee Evaluation Needed

Editor:

After reading the article, "Students Get Seats, Fail to Sit," I thought some reply by the students was necessary.

Charles Thompson, President of the Student Body, should conduct a counter-survey—a survey where the students would evaluate the University Committees. I believe that Thompson has already considered this.

The most basic complaint of the student members of the University Committees would be, if this survey was held, that Chairmen do not take into full consideration the schedules of the student members when picking the meeting time. It has appeared to some that some Chairmen consider a good time one that allows all of the administrative and faculty members and some of the student members to attend. The students, I thought, are equal and full members of the committees!

On some of the committees, the faculty attendance is not what one would call tremendous. Also, as for the University Committee meetings, themselves, some are run more like town meetings than University Committee meetings—loose organization, loosely run, poor procedure.

I would personally like to see the results of such an evaluation.

Terrance Lynn Knecht

'Foul' Charged

Editor:

Yes, there are many benefits to living in Fort Worth, the All-America city, where everyone has a fair break. That is, unless you are an American who happens to have long hair, happens to be wearing old work clothes, and happens to be peacefully selling Dallas Notes on University Drive on a dreary Wednesday morning.

Then you are subject to arrest and harassment by four (count 'em) policemen called by one of our good citizens to put a stop to this "trash" that is undermining and corrupting the youth on our campus.

If a person with short-cropped hair dressed in western wear were selling a magazine under the same circumstances, I'm sure no incident would have occurred. But as usual bigotry and prejudice prevail.

T. M. Christian

Saddened

Editor:

The following is a letter written on the recent death of our foster son in Panomsarak, Thailand

Dear Vang Poatong,

How saddened we are to learn

of your death. The doctor said you were not strong enough to overcome the pneumonia.

We earlier received your plea to ask others for help. Thousands of Amerasian children (born of Asian mothers and fathered by American servicemen) have been ostracized by their society. I wonder if the time is right.

Our university has suffered an entertainment loss of \$6,000. This event has rated us chastisement by some who feel the money really needed spending. There are evidently students who are misdirected. Students give blood to Carter Center, their time to charity and student organizations. Thousands of dollars are needed for entertainment and release.

We thought it so strange you only needed \$15.00 a month for

food and clothing. \$6,000. Maybe it's too late — perhaps next year. Diane and I miss you. God keep you.

Gavin and Diane Winans

Critic Criticized

Editor:

At the risk of sounding like a stodgy, self-righteous old purist, I admit that I had to laugh reading Rus Teague's review of the Cocker show. In an age when criticism has become a fine art of itself, Teague succeeds in writing a flowing, well constructed essay that showcases his lack of knowledge and insight.

After reading such an inane headline "Cocker's Mad Dogs 'Turn On' Audience," I suppose I should only blame myself for

reading any further. But I did.

Cocker blasted right into Honky Tonk Woman all right, and the crowd instead of going wild, sat impatiently through the first half of a superb blues set waiting for him to sing his Top 40 AM Radio Teenage 45 RPM HIT — "Bathroom Window."

To say that Joe Cocker displayed control over phrase and breath in "Darling Be Home Soon" is like saying Ray Charles has perfect intonation. To appraise Cocker with traditional vocal clichés is absurd. He has no voice. The ultimate mortal sin is Teague's fantastic misnomer "I've Been Abused." Ray Charles would do flips on his piano bench if he heard his name credited to his immortal classic "Sticks and Stones."

On we read to find ourselves drowning in Teague's own sick superlatives; one of which finds him assessing the hokey Fort Worth Teenybopper audience as even capable of judging a "rare" performance. I need not elaborate on Teague's remaining "solid gold" labels — my only remark might be that if The Skiff finds it necessary to write up a show like Cocker's, there must be somebody else on that bland old staff that could do a better job. TCU doesn't deserve him, and he certainly didn't deserve Teague's flowery appellations.

Michael Pollock

The Skiff

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Prize Winning Entries

Creative Writing Contests: April, 1970

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**MARGIE B. BOSWELL
POETRY CONTEST**

Open to T.C.U. Graduates and Ex-Students.
Offered by the family of Margie B. Boswell.

First Prize: "Noah and the Leap of Faith,"* Betsy Colquitt; "Recovery Room,"* Paul Miers. "Matthew: A Poem," Chester Sullivan, all of Fort Worth.
Honorable Mention: "Perielthia," James Bennett, Chicago, Illinois; "The Mark," William Barney, Fort Worth.

Judges: M. E. Bradford, Chairman, Department of English, University of Dallas; Thomas Whitbread, Professor of English, University of Texas at Austin, Visiting Professor of English, Rice University.

**THE WALTER E. BRYSON
POETRY CONTEST**

Open to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors.
Offered by Mrs. Walter E. Bryson and the Bryson Club.

First Prize: "Thoughts after an Interlude," Karen Cox, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Feminist," Linda Jean Newman, Arlington, Texas.

Third Place: "Porch," Richard M. Johnson, Eldorado, Arkansas.

Honorable Mentions: "An Unfortunate Victim of Time Laments," Anne G. Vaughan, Grand Prairie, Texas.

"Squall Line," Steve Wright, Springfield, Missouri.

Judge: Mr. William D. Barney, Fort Worth.

SHORT STORY CONTEST

Open to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors.
Offered by Dr. Rebecca Smith Lee.

First Prize: "Calisthenics and a Code," Monza Naff, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Harlequin Summer," Scott Wells, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "Now Fall," Raymond Teague, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mentions: "Singing the August Blues," Wendy Walls, Arlington, Texas.

"A Strange Beginning," Cindy Goode, Dallas, Texas.

Judge: Mr. Osborn Duke, Fort Worth.

**SOUTHWEST LITERATURE
CONTEST**

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.
Offered by Judge A. L. Crouch.

First Prize: "Blakey Morriss," Michael Millsap, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Will Howsley: Frontiersman," Virginia Garner, Burleson, Texas.

Third Place: "Last Train to El Paso," Jerome Gilbert, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mentions: "Squall Line," Steve Wright, Springfield, Missouri.

"Shadows from the Past," Pamela Jackson, Fort Worth.

Judge: Mrs. Beeman Fisher, Fort Worth.

DRAMA CONTEST

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.
Offered by Dr. Mabel Major.

Recognition: *McBeth*, A One-Act

Play,* Loy Paxton Jones, Raytown, Missouri.

**NON-FICTION PROSE
CONTEST**

Open to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors.

Offered by the Woman's Branch of the Fort Worth T.C.U. Ex-Students Association.

First Prize: "Tristram Shandy: an Essay Concerning Human Misunderstanding," Linda Jean Newman, Arlington, Texas.

Second Place: "A Critical Analysis of W. B. Yeats' 'Sailing to Byzantium,'" Monza Naff, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "The Machiavellian Concept of Willie Stark," Loy Paxton Jones, Raytown, Missouri.

Judge: Mrs. Fred Boswell, Fort Worth.

**LENA AGNES JOHNSON
LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN
CONTEST**

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.
Offered by Miss Siddie Joe Johnson.

First Prize: "Mrs. Carter's Canary," Monza Naff, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Little Flower," Margo Price, Arlington Heights, Illinois.

Third Place: "The Noon of the Red Toys," William Stallworth, Dallas, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: "The Family in the Cornfield," Connie Brown, St. Louis, Missouri.

"The Friendship Tree," Pamela Jackson, Fort Worth.

"The One Eyed Cow Who Goes Meow," Raymond Teague, Fort Worth.

"Robin's Riddle," Mark Heckendorn, Fort Worth.

Judge: Dr. Luther Clegg, T.C.U.

**THE C. S. LEWIS
PRIZE FOR LITERATURE**

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.

Offered by anonymous donors.

First Prize: "Grandma Is Tenderly Calling Me Home," Phil Miller, Albuquerque, New Mexico.

Second Place: "Measure for Measure: Transgression and Atonement," Linda Jean Newman, Arlington, Texas.

Third Place: "Captain Ahab, Ethan Brand and the Christian: Compelled to a Quest," Monza Naff, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mentions: "Appendix to Three Score, Ten," Anne G. Vaughan, Grand Prairie, Texas.

"The Influence of the Disciples of Christ Movement on the Poetry of Vachel Lindsay," Margo E. Price, Arlington Heights, Illinois.

Judge: Dr. Glenn C. Routt, Brite Divinity School, T.C.U.

**ALPHA LAMBDA DELTA
PHI ETA SIGMA
NON-FICTION PROSE CONTEST**

Open to members of the T.C.U. Chapters of these organizations.
Offered by the T.C.U. Chapters of Alpha Lambda Delta and Phi Eta Sigma.

Awarded to: "Individualism and the Advancing Frontier in The Pioneers,"* Linda Jean Newman, Arlington, Texas.

Judge: John R. Maclean, Cleburne, Texas.

**FRESHMAN CONTESTS
NARRATIVE OF FACT**

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

First Prize: "A Fitting End," Ronald Pease, Houston, Texas.

Second Place: "My War," Judy Hammonds, Houston, Texas.

Third Place: "Ziggy," Bill Hartman, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mentions: "Black Pearl," Linda Dianne Brown, Austin, Texas.

"The City Pool," Michael Pellecchia, Southington, Connecticut.

Judge: Mr. Lawrence Dee Burks, Fort Worth.

ESSAY

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

First Prize: "Trappings," Karen Griffin, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Second Place: "Death and the Lost Illusion," Christine Parrott, Reisterstown, Maryland.

Judge: Mr. Arthur Pritchard, Fort Worth.

FICTION

Offered by the Fort Worth Woman's Wednesday Club.

First Prize: "Even the Least," Tom Farris, Floydada, Texas.

Second Place: "Red Earth," Steve Urban, Perryton, Texas.

Third Place: "These Ways Be Gone," Christine Parrott, Reisterstown, Maryland.

Honorable Mentions: "Death to the Trenches," Tommy Holder, Fort Worth.

"Zippity Doo-dah of Hinterland, or the Transubstantiation of Scratchy," Michael Pellecchia, Southington, Connecticut.

Judge: Mr. William B. Warde, Jr., Denton, Texas.

**RESEARCH PAPER
OR ARTICLE**

Offered by the Fort Worth Woman's Wednesday Club.

First Prize: "The Tonal Extremes of Satire," Janie A. Liles, Florissant, Missouri.

Second Place: "Love Among the Ruins: A Satiric, Social Comment," Judy Tankersley, Terrell, Texas.

Third Place: "Imperialism in Joseph Conrad's Heart of Darkness," Trudy Ogren, San Antonio, Texas.

Honorable Mention: "The Green World and Twelfth Night," Robert Meade, Sante Fe, New Mexico.

Judge: Mrs. L. M. Anderson, Jr., Fort Worth.

POETRY

Offered by Mrs. Cecil B. Williams.

First Prize: "The Sky Blue Trades of My Childhood," Sharon Fagg, Perryton, Texas.

Second Place: "Wandering," Marian McGlasson, Houston, Texas.

Third Place: "In 1968," Michael Pellecchia, Southington, Connecticut.

Honorable Mentions: "Daylight Saving Time," Janet Giambone, Alexandria, Louisiana.

"If I were a Sugar Cube," Mary Beth McCleskey, Fort Worth.

Judge: Dr. Sidney J. Landman, Fort Worth.

**THE HONORABLE DILLON
ANDERSON CREATIVE
WRITING PRIZE**

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.
Offered by the Honorable Dillon Anderson.

First Prize: Linda Jean Newman, Arlington, Texas.

Second Prizes: John Hughes, Honolulu, Hawaii.

James Panuska, San Bruno, California.

Raymond Teague, Fort Worth.

**THE JOAN ELISABETH
STEPHENS MEMORIAL AWARD**

Open to Sophomores.
Offered by Mr. and Mrs. David Wynne Stephens.

First Prize: Scott Wells, Fort Worth.

Second Prize: Wendy Walls, Arlington, Texas.

**DR. AND MRS. FRANK
DOUGLAS BOYD FRESHMAN
MERIT AWARD**

Offered by Amy Margaret Boyd Chamberlin.

Winner: Michael Pellecchia, Southington, Connecticut.

**SPECIAL AWARD
OFFERED IN ENGLISH**

Offered by the Fort Worth Woman's Club. A Merit Award given in the spring semester to a junior.

Winner: Valerie Neal, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

*These writings are not included in this supplement.

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Calisthenics And A Code

Monza Naff

Visitors often remarked that the massive stone building had a striking main entrance. Strolling up the wide cement walkway to the steps, they would note the tall pillars topped by lamps, one on each side, at the foot of the steep stairs. Having climbed the stairs, guests admired the double door, made of solid oak with brass handles. They would also take time to regard the marble slab above the doorway, in which a quotation of Emerson was chiseled — "The things taught in schools and colleges are not an education, but the means of education." Students of Emerson Junior High, however, walked daily, talking and laughing loudly, on the walkway, up the stairs, and through the doorway, ignoring both the building's attractive entryway and the passage over the solid oak doors.

In the front hallway, students milled in small groups in front of the school trophy case, around the telephone booths, and between classroom doors. Some students whispered earnestly in corners and near bannisters; others shouted carelessly in clusters. Almost all of the students were talking about grades, for it was the day report cards were issued. One group of girls stood near a candy vending machine, chattering good-naturedly. The discussion evoked eruptions of girlish laughter.

"I never made up that speech for Mr. Cramer, after he asked me to . . . ahem . . . refrain from giggling and be seated' that day," said one girl, mocking the teacher and blushing, "Do you think I'll get a 'D' in there? Oh, I'd die! My parents would kill me!"

"Nah, that was so funny . . . even Mr. Cramer was laughing at you," replied another, "It was as hilarious as that day you, Sandy, got the hiccups when we were taping conversations in French."

"That was horrible! Miss Gence hates me because I can't hear all the guttural sounds. I know she does. I'm going to get an 'F' for sure in that class," said Sandy. "Too bad we can't all be geniuses like our friend here." The girl to whom she referred was Caroline Moore, a tall, slender brunette with penetrating eyes and a furrow in her brow.

"Oh, Sandy, come on now. I just do what I can, and this time I've got problems of my own. I have a feeling I'm not going to get a good grade in P.E.; Mrs. Darby looks funny at me lately."

"Wow, Caroline might get an 'A-' in P.E., kids," teased Sandy. "I really doubt that you should worry, buddy, but I don't hold your intelligence against you." With a gentle slap on Caroline's back, Sandy ran toward her locker in search of an assignment.

At that moment, the warning bell rang. The girls wished each other luck and went to their respective homerooms. Caroline's eyes were on her feet as she climbed the stairs to the second floor and entered her homeroom.

The classroom into which she walked was full of noise and movement, all of which she shut out. Caroline persistently masqueraded as a bluestocking through the day, interrupted only by recurrent shrill bells, shouts, or shoving waves of students. She was thinking, however, on very strange and serious matters as she gathered superlative grades in each class. As she walked to her P.E. class, Caroline's shoulders ached as they often did when she was confused.

Inside the gym, the girls in Caroline's P.E. class were in three groups, the same three groups in which they gathered each day. Near the water fountain, the girls who could not afford regulation gym clothes stood. Since report cards were being issued, they were dressed in street clothes, and their dresses were ragged as their speech. The affluent and popular girls were sitting together on the bleachers, cooing and crowing about their grades. The girls who did not fit into either of the first two categories were playing catch, shooting baskets in their stocking feet, or half-heartedly playing volleyball. Caroline took her place at the bottom of the bleachers, where she always went these days, and began to dredge her memory for the reason she dreaded seeing Mrs. Darby on this day.

She thought about the warm days of early fall when she looked forward to P.E. class as the time to jump and run and shout. She had run from science class to the dressing room and on to the gym within seven minutes. She called Mrs. Darby "Sarge" as she followed directions before class. She had timed laps and gathered equipment, and Mrs. Darby smiled and then sneered at the name "Sarge." She had felt warm in those days, except when the girls in the bleachers would taunt her for working in a "play" class. She had given them some pretty good answers, she remembered, and it had all been in fun.

Mrs. Darby entered the gym, carrying a legal pad and her whistle. She blew the whistle and shouted, "O.K., everybody, get into your squads, and make sure you're in alphabetical order. Then, beginning with the A's, file past me one at a time, and I'll mark your report cards. Your grades have been based on three things; your attendance, the effort you've expended in class, and your general attitude. Line up, please."

Caroline found the girls in her squad quickly, and in a moment they had put "Moffett . . . Monaghans . . . Murphy . . . Miles . . . Moore" in the correct order.

She remembered the year's first battery of tests, the nine-weeks tests. Before P.E. class, one of the popular girls had asked her to help her write up a science experiment. She had bounded up onto the bleachers, and she had found that the girl had not even tried to work the problem out herself. She had done the formulaic work and had written up the

experiment, knowing that the girl could not pass her nine-weeks science exam unless she had that experiment from which to study. The popular girls had gathered around while she worked the problems skillfully, and she had felt important, sitting high in the bleachers. Mrs. Darby had called her name, needing her help; she remembered that her eyes had burned when one of the popular girls said, "Hey, Caroline, 'Sarge' is calling you." She had helped several of the popular girls with their studies before those tests, and the girls had showered her with compliments. She had been flushed with excitement as she became one of the bleacher-girls.

Caroline suddenly realized she was next in line to have her report card marked, and as she handed the card to Mrs. Darby, she noticed how uniform her marks were. Mrs. Darby noticed, too. She carefully wrote a note on the card in the space reserved for comments, put a 'C' in that column of A's and, looking into Caroline's fiery eyes, said, "Please come to my office after school."

Caroline shuffled back to her place on the bottom bleacher, stupefied. She gazed continually at the report card, looking from the grade to the note and back to the grade again. The note read, "Caroline can be a leader; she is now a follower."

Mrs. Darby had stopped calling her for help after a few days. One of the "neither popular nor poor" girls had asked her to time

Karen Cox Interlude

Maybe if I lie here long enough It will all come back to me.

That day,
The crumbling waves
As they swooped toward the beach
Where palm trees watched
With wind-shaped serenity.
The call of a sandpiper
Echoed long and loose
Across the hull of a broken ship,
And I ran,
Slapping my feet
Down the crooked slivers of shore
Until I could run no more.
And there I waited,
Panting like some mad, free dog,
For night to come and take me
back

To my smaller world . . .
Eloquence resides in silence
But I, unlearned, unlike the sea,
Tend to be an auctioneer
Eagerly selling old ideas
And casting new ones into the
sand
To disguise them from suspicious
eyes
Of the buyers of our souls . . .
Happy endings seem primitive
now,
Buried under analysis and newer
trips,
But if I lie here long enough
Maybe it will all come back.
That day,
The crumbling sea,
And me.

laps one day, and she remembered her answer — "No, I'd rather stay up here, Becky." Several days the class could not begin their work-out on time because the equipment was not out. She had winced one day when Mrs. Darby looked up into the group on the bleachers, and seeing Caroline, had looked away again. But, she reflected, she had stood firm. She had a place in the bleachers, and some other girls could gather the equipment.

When the bell rang, Caroline sprinted down the hall for her last class; she played the 'cello in the orchestra. Though the class was working on a semiclassical concert number, Caroline and a violinist were practicing for a special program in an adjoining room. She quickly got her 'cello from the instrument room, tuned up, and went with the violinist to practice. They were going to perform a Bouree and Courante by Bach. The violinist quickly began running through passages from her score of the "Partita No. 1 in B Minor for Solo Violin" by the master they both revered. Caroline tried to concentrate on the "Suite No. 3 in C Major for Unaccompanied Cello," hoping it could put the world back in order. Instead, as she played, she wondered what her mother would say, how her father would quiz her, and how the orchestra director would react when he saw that 'C' among the A's. Soon there was no more time for wondering about her director's reaction, for he came into the room in his blustery fashion, glanced at the 'C' and grimaced, then added another 'A' to the column and left the room. The violinist had picked up her grade before class. Caroline sighed, and her bow slipped.

She had started dawdling in the dressing room with the bleacher-girls after a few weeks. Sometimes she was a part of the conversation, but she remembered all the days she had stood on the periphery of the group, vainly trying to muster some striking or extraordinary comment. The bleacher-girls did not take show-ers if Mrs. Darby did not check. She remembered all the times she had quickly dressed, sharing the fashionable fear of the teacher. She thought of the times she had checked her watch during the semester, only to find that she was only spending ten or fifteen minutes actually working out, instead of the thirty-five minutes she had enjoyed in the early fall.

"Caroline, the bell just rang," said the violinist. "Let's go."

"O.K., I'm sorry . . . I must have been dreaming."

She walked with the violinist to the instrument room and put her 'cello in its case, checking the snaps and loosening her bow carefully. She went to her locker and put on her coat, waiting for courage to find the pit of her stomach. She had no idea what Mrs. Darby would say as she made her way through the crowds. In a few moments, she was at the door of the P.E. office. She opened the

door slowly, instantly spotting Mrs. Darby, who was sitting at her desk counting finger tabs and arm guards for an archery unit. She counted silently, moving her lips, "31 . . . 32 . . . 33 . . . 34 . . . 35," and then she noticed Caroline standing in front of her desk.

"You just said '35,' Mrs. Darby," said Caroline.

"Thanks, I would have forgotten . . . and thanks for coming in. I think you know why you got a 'C' . . . am I right?"

"Well, ma'am, I've been thinking about it."

"That's good. I asked you to come in because I'd like to give you a short story to read. It's a fable. You may have run across this fable before in French. You do take French, right?"

"Yes, ma'am, but we don't read much yet."

"Well, this is one of La Fontaine's Fables. I've typed a copy for you in English. Read it, will you, and tell me if you understand why I am giving it to you."

Caroline took the piece of paper from Mrs. Darby's hands, and she began to read the fable of the oak and the reed. She read carefully, but quickly, through the poem. The oak, so strong and mighty, pitied the slender reed. The reed's attributes were belittled, and the oak's might was exaggerated. The reed allowed the oak to brag, but it refused to accept the oak's pity. A great wind swept over the oak and the reed. The reed, slender and graceful, bowed in the wind, but it did not break. The oak, strong and mighty, snapped in the wind and died. She looked up from the piece of paper and pierced Mrs. Darby's eyes with her own.

"Yes, I get it, Mrs. Darby."

"Good enough, Caroline. Thanks again for stopping by. See you Monday."

Caroline hesitated for a moment and then said, "Yes, I'll see you Monday." She turned from the desk and walked out into the hall. She noticed as she neared the front entrance that people she knew were still waiting for the bus. She hurried toward them, then past them, through the double door of solid oak, and down the stairs.

At the bottom of the stairs, Caroline turned and looked back toward the school. She noticed the quotation above the doors, squinted, twisted her mouth, and nodded her head like an old woman. The bus came, and she rode home clutching her report card. Her shoulders ached, and she still wondered what her parents would say. Caroline decided she would explain the whole thing very slowly, and things might work out. The popular girls would be discussing weekend parties on Monday. Just before the bus reached her stop, Caroline had a sudden, most unpleasant yet funny, thought. I bet I've gained weight from not running laps.

Blakey Morriss

Michael Millsap

The dirt was dry enough when a foot stepped into it to billow into the air, hang there, and settle back on the path. The creek was below its usual water level, and the mud exposed to the sun was cracked and dry. The crayfish holes were numerous along the bank, and occasionally one of the "pinchers" would dart backwards in the water, leaving a mud trail behind him that spread like a storm cloud.

A freckled boy with pants legs rolled to his knees, walked down the wagon path beside the slow creek with the trees hanging over the water. He was deep in thought and did not notice the hot, dusty path or the incessant cawing of the crows. He ambled along, stirring clouds of brown dust with his feet, while the dust settled on the weeds at the side of the path. The woods on the other side of the creek were cool and inviting. The big grasshoppers in the bushes by the creek jumped across the path into the waters, fluttering there on the surface until they were taken by a fish.

The boy lived a few miles from the school house. He walked home this way every day except Saturday and Sunday. On those days he was fishing in the creek below his father's farm. After school, each time he walked home, the sun would be at such an angle that it caused the trees across the creek to throw shadows over the path.

Before reaching home the boy

had to cross an old rotten-timbered wagon bridge. He stopped here every day and looked down the creek at the branches hanging over the water, the raccoon tracks in the mud on the bank, and the green moss that covered parts of the creek. Sometimes some of the moss dislodged from the rest and floated toward him under the bridge. When it went under him, he ran to the other side of the bridge and watched until the moss had disappeared. The creek was slow moving, and Blakey watched the moss for a long time. Sometimes he watched the buzzards, high in the afternoon sky, gliding and watching him. He hated the buzzards, but was curiously fascinated by them. He remembered a friend telling him that once as he was lying in the grass a buzzard had circled for a long time without coming down to him. Blakey knew the buzzard was a smart bird.

When he walked to the other side of the bridge, he heard his footsteps echo as the old lumber creaked and groaned. In the stillness the creaking of the bridge was ominous.

After reaching the top of a small rise in the land, he saw his home below him. He followed the narrow cow trail to the feed shed and walked past the barn to the house. His father sat on the porch.

"You're late, boy."

"I'm sorry, pa."

Pa looked at Blakey, who was nervously kicking up sand with his shoes.

"Get those chores done and come inside," he said.

Quickly Blakey went through

his chores, mechanically throwing feed to the chickens, dumping several buckets of corn cobs to the pigs, and carrying a load of cooking wood to the house. In the kitchen he dumped the wood in the bin, grabbed a piece of hard bread from the bread drawer, and went into the sideroom, where he could hear his pa rustling in the dresser drawer.

"Blakey, I want you to take this here pocket knife and that post hole digger over to Jack Edwards. I've had that knife longer than I care to remember, and he's going to be plantin' cedar posts tomorrow so he'll need that digger."

Blakey took the knife and went into his room. In a minute he heard the screen door slam. He sat on his bed munching the last of the bread. It's at least a mile to the Edwards place. I'll be walking home in the dark. He slipped on his boots as he thought. I'll have to cross that bridge in the dark and follow the path by the creek. He did not like to think about it. The creek is there and it will be dark coming home. He had never been in the lower pasture after dark. There's nothing to be afraid of, he said to himself. He put on an old shirt and walked outside. His father was standing up, leaning against the wall.

"Hurry home, Blakey."

Blakey shouldered the post hole digger, walked around the house, and started through the field. The sun was low in the sky when he crawled under the barbed-wire fence and got on the cow trail that followed the creek. The red and orange spread across the hor-

izon and the crickets began to chirp. A few stars came out; then it was night.

Below the farmhouse past the fence and the field, in the little hollow where the cow path followed the creek bed, Blakey walked toward the Edwards farmhouse. He walked very fast, and when the trail turned to the right and went down the embankment and crossed the creek, he ran across, splashing muddy water as he crossed. After following the creek the trail went into a small stand of oak trees. After the trees would be the hill; then he would be able to see the farmhouse.

Just as he was coming to the end of the oak stand, something moved in the leaves by the path. Blakey stopped when he heard the sound. He stood very still. His eyes were wide, and they moved from side to side. It's nothing but the wind, he told himself. He walked down the trail very cautiously until he was out of the trees. Suddenly a twig broke behind him, and Blakey threw the post hole digger and broke into a run. He turned his head to both sides as he ran, pumping his arms and legs furiously until he was up the steps of the Edwards house and beating on the door. There was a rustling inside, a lamp was lit, and soon the door opened revealing a tall, gaunt man with a nightcap on his head, and an oil lantern in his hand.

"Blakey Morriss, what in hell are you doing here pounding on my door this time of night?"

"I'm sorry to wake you folks up, Mr. Edwards, but I didn't get out of school till late, and pa told me to, uh, to get this knife back to you."

"My knife?" The big man took the knife in his hand.

"Is Stevey up?" Blakey asked.

"No, he's not, Blakey. You better be runnin' on home."

Blakey turned around and peered into the night and stepped off the porch into the grass and looked up at the hazy moon. The huge sky seemed so friendly and warm during the day, but the night was cold and lonely. The crickets were chirping and the young boy could hear the frogs croaking from the creek. A brisk wind was beginning to blow from the south, and looking up, Blakey could see the dark storm clouds gathering in the south.

Cautiously Blakey crept back up the hill where the post hole digger was lying. He stopped periodically to listen, his toes feeling the dying warmth of the sand. Scarcely breathing, he watched the trees around the digger. Suddenly, with a burst, he sprang forward, picked up the post hole digger, and was off and running down the hill. Without checking his speed he pitched the digger at the foot of the steps, turned, and started back up the hill. Off to the west a low rumble grew to a great crash followed seconds later by a screaming bolt of lightning that seemed to light up the entire sky.

It began to rain lightly, and

Blakey jogged and walked until he reached the spot where the road went across the narrow ford in the creek. He increased his speed here and raced up the other bank and down the dirt road. The rain began to fall harder, and the drops made a patting sound on the dry, fluffy dirt. The wind was up and it swayed the trees. The sky was tar black and the trees were only dim shapes across the creek. Then Blakey reached the bridge. He stopped when he saw it. Something pricked the hair on the back of his neck. He shivered. The trees were dark and the leaves swished over the guard rails. He walked forward slowly, cautiously, until he was in the middle of the bridge, when suddenly an owl swooped overhead. Blakey watched it sail down the aisle of trees overhanging the creek. He walked across the bridge slowly to eliminate creaks, then safely on the other side, he began running.

When he crawled under the fence, he saw his pa standing on the porch looking in his direction. The lantern inside the house was on, and the beam of light came through the window and lit up part of the wet porch. Blakey ran up the slippery wooden steps and stopped at the door. His father was looking at him, smiling.

"I wouldn't have sent you if I'd known it was going to rain."

The two went inside the house, and the rain started to come down in driving sheets. The wind started to blow harder, and it wailed as it passed over the roof of the house.

Now Blakey was in his warm bed. He lay there under the comforting quilts and sheets and felt very safe and good. The sound of rain was soothing and soon he was asleep.

Sometime in the night Blakey woke and sat up in bed. The rain was still coming down, and he could hear the staccato sound of the drops as they hit against the wooden shingles. The wind was not blowing hard anymore, and the drops on the roof made his bed seem reassuring and warm.

The next morning dawned beautiful and clear. The rain had washed everything clean. The air was new and fresh, and the barn looked new because the rain had wet the lumber. The porch was slick with the rain, and the early morning air felt good on Blakey's face. The birds were singing. He could hear them in the fields by the creek. Also, he felt good because he had walked home in the dark. Actually, he thought, I ran home, but it's the same. He stepped back inside where his father was getting breakfast ready.

The smells of bacon and eggs felt good to his nose. The smells made his stomach twitch, and he remembered that he had not eaten last night. He did not mind, though, because he had walked home in the dark, and the smells were good to his nose, and the rain had washed everything clean. He felt very good, and enjoyed breathing the washed air and the new, wet porch smell, and the bacon and eggs.

Stephens Contest

Pawhuska

Scott Wells

Pawhuska—word in the language of the Osage Indians meaning "white hair" literally, with its origin in the legend of a great chieftain of that name. Common usage is as a nominative for one who is wise.

Also the name of a town in Osage County, Oklahoma.

My grandmother lay in a hospital bed we had brought to the old house after her second stroke. She refused to die in a hospital. She lay in the same room in which she had birthed my father, looking out the window at the one barn that still stood and at the pastures that had outlasted her husband and two of her children, and which would outlast her and go on living and dying as if the Coble family had never settled there.

She stared at me. She was not worried about looking too long or too hard or about giving away

too many secrets with her eyes. It was not a careful stare. Too many days had passed and too few remained for her to be careful any more with her life. My uncle mistook the candor in her eyes for loss of mentality due to brain damage or due simply to old age. His eyes darted from person to person as he spoke, or if he were engaged in dialogue, from person to object.

She and I sat alone in the bedroom watching each other for a while, then watching the strong spring wind send waves through the pasture to the top of the hill. Her hand, too, was calm.

In the dining room, eight of the other nine grandchildren argued and teased. The children and the sons- and daughters-in-law talked of their respective businesses for the most part, and only rarely discussed matters concerning "Booma's" situation.

I don't know why we all wanted to be there when she died. I can't even say I really did want to be there. I didn't like sitting by her bed when the others were gather-

ed around, but when they were eating or taking naps, it was good to sit and listen to the wind.

It was not often that we talked, but at times she would say things to me and call me "son." She cried sometimes, but not from fear. She knew better than to fear something she had no control over. When she cried, it was when she could not say all she wanted to say. Her eyes were full of the things we have no words for, and she tried to say them, wanting desperately for me to understand.

We go through it all and make it last as long as we can so that in the closing moments something is as easy as it should have been all along. We live through a clatter of nerves and a maze of hopes and disappointments until finally the pandemonium ruptures itself, and we are left drained of the poisonous energy that kills us so quickly. Then we can look at what is left and what is to be with unafraid eyes. Tragic death comes suddenly to those who live quickly, robbing them of the only gentle times we can know.

Mrs. Carter's Canary

Monza Naff

There once was a woman named Mrs. Carter, who lived with her canary in a small green house on Lincoln street. Around her house, Mrs. Carter had a lovely flower garden in which flowers, shrubs, and trees grew in great profusion. In that garden there was a marble bird bath. Birds of all sizes and sorts flocked to Mrs. Carter's in the spring because, with its tree branches, berries, and marble bird bath, her garden was an ideal boarding house. Just as humans in boarding houses often do, the birds who stayed at Mrs. Carter's watched everything that happened in the small green house and gossiped about it around the bird bath.

Spring after spring, the transient birds watched Mrs. Carter's canary with great interest. Though some of the boarding house birds were jealous of the canary's talent, most of them enjoyed the yellow bird's melodies. The blue-jay longed to have a voice like the canary's, the robin seldom admitted that she didn't, and the sparrows just danced to the beautiful music. They all marvelled at the canary's shiny yellow dress, especially when it glistened as she fluttered about her cage. None of their clothes, whether blue, brown, orange or black, were any prettier than those of Mrs. Carter's canary. Finally, though they rarely had time to complain, the boarding house birds wished they could stay in a green house somewhere, where someone would give them their food and water, compliment them when they performed, and talk to them softly each morning, noon, and night. It seemed to the boarding house birds that Mrs. Carter's canary had a lovely life indeed.

One spring, however, the boarding house birds witnessed a lamentable chain of events. The first link in the chain was created by the natural results of a conversation between Mrs. Carter and her neighbor, Mr. James.

"Mrs. Carter," said Mr. James one day as he stood in the garden, "it looks to me, as I look through the window, that your canary is too thin. Is she sick?"

"Why, no," replied Mrs. Carter, "she sings all day long and flutters about the cage in fine style."

"Well, it looks to me like you'd better watch her carefully and feed her more. She will die if she is too thin."

The very idea of the canary's dying put terror into Mrs. Carter's heart, for she loved the small yellow bird dearly. Throughout the day, Mrs. Carter watched the canary, and she fed it more bird seed and lettuce every time it stopped singing. Day after day, Mrs. Carter continued to feed the canary as much as it could hold and before long the canary was, indeed, gaining weight. The canary grew fatter and fatter, until soon she was too fat to sing. She

just didn't have the inclination or the strength. Mrs. Carter, of course, had not noticed that the canary was singing less and less because she was so thrilled that the canary was gaining weight. The boarding house birds missed the canary's song.

When the canary would no longer sing, Mrs. Carter was deeply troubled. She wanted desperately to heal the songless canary, for she loved the small yellow bird dearly. It was then that Mrs. Carter unwittingly fabricated the next link in the chain. The boarding house birds watched in horror, but they could not speak.

It was evident that the canary was sick, because it would sit on the floor of its cage, quivering. Mrs. Carter decided that the canary was cold. She turned the heaters in her house up until the place was very stuffy. Mrs. Carter felt listless because the air in

her home was so stifling, but she kept the heaters on because she wanted to make her canary well. In a few days, Mrs. Carter's house was so warm that her house plants withered and began to die. The boarding house birds watched all of this through the window and became very disturbed. They were even more distressed to see what the heat did to the canary. She was so warm that her lovely yellow dress became drab and matted. She now sat on the floor of her cage not only because she was fat, but also because she was too hot to fly. The situation looked very bleak.

The situation turned from bleak to deadly when Mrs. Carter, in grievous consternation, fashioned the final link in the chain of events. One day, tormented by her canary's loss of song and flight, Mrs. Carter opened the cage and took the canary in her hands.

Through the day she cuddled the bird, for she loved the small yellow thing dearly. She stroked the canary's back and breast, she moved the bird from hand to hand, and she fed it with an eyedropper every few minutes. She wrapped the bird in a blanket made of a dustcloth and held it close to her as she read and looked out of her window into the garden. Mrs. Carter noticed that there were many birds near her marble bird bath. What she did not know, however, was that the boarding house birds were watching her.

Before that day was over, Mrs. Carter was sure that her canary was going to die. She called her neighbor, Mr. James, who came running over to look at the small yellow bird. Mr. James kept saying that he had known all along that the canary was sick, but he did not know what else Mrs. Car-

ter could have done. Together, the two humans fussed over the canary until her fragile body could not stand any more handling. She died, and Mrs. Carter wept. Mr. James put the small yellow bird in a Lipton tea box and buried it outside in the garden. The boarding house birds, resting in the tree branches, witnessed this and sang their own lament.

The next morning, as humans in boarding houses often do, the birds who stayed at Mrs. Carter's talked of the tragedy they had observed. They had watched a beautiful bird live and die. In the name of love, Mrs. Carter had fed the canary so much it could not sing, she had made the bird so warm it could not fly, and she had handled the creature so much it could not survive. If humans so misunderstood love, they decided they were more fortunate to be free.

Freshman Narrative

A Fitting End

Ronald L. Pease

It was only a short six months ago that my grandfather died, and to me, his passing seemed to mark the closing of a story, a story about dignity and goodness in men. For in my eyes, Gramps was undoubtedly the epitome of the true gentleman, a mature and understanding man with virtue, diligence, and purpose in his life, enviable qualities which few men ever possess. Gramps was the man either putting another nickel in the parking meter the lady had just walked away from (because he knew no woman could go into a store and be back in thirty minutes) or tutoring the entire Mines School freshman class during lunch hour to avert a mass washout in the stiff chemistry course. To a young person like me, growing up in a world filled with hatred and violence, Gramps offered a vivid and living picture of a better life, a life dedicated not to material gain or personal recognition, but dedicated simply to helping others. It was this goodness and dedication that so influenced everyone with whom he came in contact.

I remember when I was younger our family would travel to Minneapolis every other summer to visit my grandparents. I do not think that I will ever forget their big green frame house on Sixteenth Avenue just east of the university where Gramps was a full professor for more than fifty years. The house had a big screened porch in front where we would sit in the late afternoon and feed the tamed squirrels which lived high atop the elm trees in the front yard. My brother, sister, and I spent many an evening sitting on that old wooden porch listening to Gramps tell stories about the Sioux Indians, Paul Bunyan,

and his blue ox called Babe. Other times he told us of his early cars: the Stanley Steamer that went thirteen miles on thirteen gallons of water and had to pause with all the other cars at the foot of Lowry Hill to build up enough steam to climb the grade. And the Locomobile so powerful that, when he wrapped rope around the tires to pull out of a sand bank, he spun all the spokes off the rear wheel. During the day the three of us kids would jump in Grandpa's old car and go with him down to one of Minneapolis's beautiful lakes to spend the day, and then we would go over to a Swedish pastry shop to get some Jule Kage. Gramps had been a regular customer of that Swedish place for many years, and he was always greeted with "Good afternoon, Professor Pease; the Jule Kage is just coming out of the oven."

One summer spent in Minneapolis especially stands out in my memory. It was my grandparents' Golden Wedding anniversary. My father and my Aunt Jo gave my grandparents a huge reception at the biggest church in the city. There were hundreds of people there, people who treated my brother, sister, and me as though we were quite special people, just because we were Professor and Mrs. Pease's grandchildren. After a while Gramps got up to make a speech to the crowd of his friends. As he stood on the platform, his characteristic high collar well starched and his snow-white hair showing up brilliantly against the dark background of his black suit, I wondered what exactly it was about him that made him such a unique person. I thought of the many stories my father had told me about Gramps. I remembered the story of how Gramps had won a Fourth of July foot race among younger men without even taking

off his coat. I thought of how, through his continuous sacrifices, Gramps had provided for my father the best education the world could offer. There Gramps stood almost ninety years old and he still was able to drive a car. He had been on the faculty of the University of Minnesota for sixty-five years. Gramps was a Thirty-Third Degree Mason and a member of the Scottish Rite for more than fifty years. Suddenly my thoughts were interrupted as Gramps said a few words, thanking his friends for coming and saying that the greatest thrill of his life had been his marriage to Edna for fifty years. As he sat down, I thought of what a stunning example of Gramps' goodness and devotion those few words had been.

My Grandpa Pease had one wish in life, that wish being that he would outlive my grandmother so that she would never have to live alone. About six years ago God granted Grandpa Pease's wish when grandmother died. What a wonderful and loving companion she had been.

Once one summer after grandmother had died, Gramps came with us to a resort up in the North Woods where we often went. He was well past ninety then and had been living in a rest home for a while, but not knowing him one would have never guessed he was a day over seventy. He could beat any of us in shuffleboard; he loved to walk in the woods, and he even put on his swim suit one day and came swimming in the lake.

In the past few years, with both my older brother and sister in college, our family had not been able to take any trips to Minnesota to see Gramps. It came to be social custom around our house to call Gramps every other Sunday

night after church. I will always remember those phone calls and the interest that Gramps took in all his grandchildren.

About six months ago my Aunt Jo called my father to say that Gramps had fallen, hurt his back, and become quite ill. Dad left on the next flight for Minneapolis to be with his father. Since Gramps seemed to be holding his own after a week, Dad came on home. It was only about a week later that Aunt Jo called back. The feeling I had when I woke up that morning was really strange. It was as if someone or something had related the sad news to me already — a premonition. Quite puzzled, I walked down the long hall to my parents' bedroom. When Dad said that Aunt Jo had called early in the morning to say that Gramps had died, I just stood there and cried.

My Dad and I went immediately of course to Minneapolis to take care of the funeral arrangements. The day before the funeral many people came to view Gramps for the last time and pay respects to the family. The funeral was really touching. It was simple — two of Gramps' favorite hymns, two prayers, a eulogy, and the Masons' formal farewell to a comrade. As I sat there reverently with the other pallbearers in that beautiful chapel by the lake, I wondered for a moment who was going to take Gramps' place as the ideal example of goodness and dedication. I suddenly realized I had not seen the obvious, for Gramps had planned and provided for even this. He had, all through his life, taught his highest values and principles to the one man in the world closest to him, the one person he knew would always provide this ideal example for others to follow. That man was the gray-haired man on the front row — his son, my father.

C. S. Lewis Phil Miller

When I touched the hard, refrigerated body of my dead grandmother, I began a journey that lasted for five years and took me on a bicycle around the Universe, past the moon, past the sun, beyond stars that from the highest mountains are invisible, and now back again to where I started. I traveled to Mexico, to the Caribbean, through the forests and plains and mountains of Canada. I bounced back and forth like a ping pong ball between the East and the West; I arched to the North and plunged to the South. And for every mile of my journey, my mind travelled past another star. And now, for no reason other than the passing of time into the bottlenecked threshold of manhood, I suddenly find myself home again, unpacking my bags and looking the place over. Finally now, as I catch my mental balance, I ask myself what in the world could have sent me on this cosmic odyssey? What force was in that frigid, embalmed body that could have shot me reeling into an uncontrollable orbit around the world? And the only way to begin to answer the question is to think hard about what was behind that dead body, what was inside that shriveled white sack of skin. What was under that flaky, white hair, done up in such a lovely permanent by the undertaker?

I

One afternoon Daddy was late getting home, and Mommy made us wash our faces and put on clean clothes.

"Daddy's gone to pick up Grandma Rosa," Mommy told us. "She's coming on the train for a visit. She'll be here a few weeks, and I want you to be especially good while she's here." Something made it sound like fun. It was always fun to have relatives around. We were allowed to drink Kool-Aid between meals, and supper was always better. Some relatives brought cousins with them, and we could show off our toys and play in the back yard getting pulled around the ping pong table in the old Greyhound wagon. So we all waited on the living room floor on our hands and knees over the funny cartoons. I couldn't read the words, but the pictures kept my interest, and it was something I could do with Kurt and Jimmy at the same time. I kept wondering why it hurt my wrist to lean over reading the paper on the floor, and if they would read me "Nancy" out loud, and when Daddy would come with Grandma Rosa, and if she would have cousins with her.

Just then the door opened, and in it stood Daddy. Instead of his usual waltzing "Hello-o-o!" I heard him groan as he dropped a pair of black leather suitcases on the floor. Grandma Rosa peered into the room through the crook in Daddy's elbow, and then she followed him into the house and sat down in the antique chair where we weren't allowed to sit.

"Oh, let me see the little man!" she exclaimed, directing her eyes

at me. I looked around from the comics and saw her sitting there staring at me, leaning over in the chair with one hand saluting over her eyes which strained to see through thick glasses. She had a soft green shawl draped over her navy blue dress, and her shoes were Grandma shoes with thick heels and laces up to the ankle. Her legs seemed crooked somehow, and her knees were fat and round like big balls. And her face—how terrified I was by her face! It was sagged and wrinkled, and there were large moles of reddish brown and dark black on her cheeks and under her chin, and her nose was round and purplish and covered with enlarged pores. But then she smiled. "Oh, you precious little man, come here and talk to me." Her voice was high and cracked, but it had kindness in it I thought. I stood up and wandered across the living room to where she sat. "Ooooh, how is it that you've grown so much! Why, Little Man, you were just a baby such a short time ago. How is it that you've grown! Oh, but now let me give you a hug. C'mon, now, give Grandma a hug, c'mon." I leaned forward and let her hug my tiny body, and then I jerked back, slightly alarmed. "What's wrong, Little Man?" she asked, surprised at my sudden resistance.

"You smell funny," I said.

"What's that? You'll have to speak up," she said. But then Kurt grabbed me back across the room.

"He's just a little shy, Grandma," said Kurt. "He'll warm up after a while. Just give him time."

"Ooooooh, I see," said Grandma Rosa, dropping her jaw nearly upon her chest as she drawled her response.

Kurt leaned down and smothered my ear with his hot breath. "Don't tell Grandma she smells funny ever again, ever! She's an old lady who just had a long train ride all the way from Iowa, and she's hot and tired. Now try to be polite."

I tried to protest his scolding, but I was too little to do anything about it, and besides, Mommy called us in for dinner. The meal was a huge disappointment to me. I had expected macaroni or spaghetti or something good, but instead we had round steak and unmashed potatoes. Daddy took my milk away so that I would eat, and they wouldn't give me any dessert because I was so slow in finishing my food. The whole family joined in with Daddy trying to get me to eat faster. Even Grandma Rosa wanted to know if something was wrong with me. It didn't make sense. Wasn't this springtime, with people starting to mow their lawns and everybody wearing light, cool clothes? Wasn't Grandma relatives, company? Then why was supper the same old gristle and no milk and no dessert and you-bad-boy routine? And who did Grandma think she was, bawling me out with the rest of the family? I went to bed that night when the sun was still shining in the window, and I wondered about Grandma Rosa until I fell asleep.

Grandma Is Tenderly Calling Me Home

II

By the time it became clear to me that Grandma had come to live with us and not just to visit, I found myself taking naps in the same room with her during the afternoon. One time I woke up from my nap about the same time as she awoke from hers, but I lay in bed playing possum so that I could watch her through a barely slitted eyelid. I had become familiar with the advantages I had because of her cataracts, and now I was prepared to test them. She sat up in bed and pushed the pink quilt down to the foot of the bed. As she dropped her swollen feet to the floor and stood up, she squinted her eyes and made her usual salute that meant she was focusing upon me. I was careful not to budge an inch. She picked her glasses up from the nightstand and put them on and leaned over my face. It was almost too much for me. She breathed on me. I held my breath. I didn't want to choke on her smell. Finally she sat back on her bed and started unbuttoning her blue flannel nightie. Its shoulders dropped to her hips revealing her large but completely sunken breasts. I remembered seeing Mommy's breasts once and could hardly believe the contrasts of Grandma's old bags. Then she stood and let the nightie drop to the floor. A huge black mole, about the size of a baseball, I guessed, sat on her hip like the butt of a cowboy's gun. I was horrified. Nothing in the world had ever looked quite so ugly. Moles were bad enough, but baseball-sized moles could only be seen on a witch. That was it! Grandma Rosa was a witch! I closed my eyes tight and shuddered for an instant, but then I couldn't resist the temptation to watch the rest of the show. Now she was pulling an old undershirt—like the undershirts Daddy wore—over her wrinkled chest. Then she slipped into a dark silk dress designed with pink flowers. She fastened a glass jewel to the collar so that the V-neck was pulled close around her throat. Kurt had explained that her neck was like that because of a goiter operation, and I wondered what a goiter was. Grandma started brushing her hair down over the back of her head, and then, grabbing it into a pony tail, she spiraled it around her fingers until it sat on top of her head in a little ball, which she held in place with a plastic comb. She slipped into her black house shoes with the stocking-cap fuzz balls on top and stood up. Finally she shuffled out of the room and up the hall.

My brother Jimmy knew about the mole, too. He had seen it once when Grandma was taking a bath and had left the bathroom door open. Jimmy invented a secret language which he and I used whenever we were around Grandma Rosa. "Booby Kumba" meant "lovely man," and "Iroquois" meant "ugly witch." Once, when Jimmy and I were playing cowboys in the living room, we made Grandma Rosa angry by knocking over her green couch

which she had brought from Cedar Rapids.

"You boys stop that right now! Stop right now!" Grandma Rosa stood in the hall looking at the couch. "Why don't you go outside? It's summertime. You wait until your father hears about this, I'll see to it that he hears, you'll see!"

Jimmy looked at me, grinning. I was afraid of Grandma's screaming threats as well as startled by the sudden silence. "Oo me booby kumba?" I heard Jimmy whisper. "Oo me booby kumba," I replied. Then, pointing my finger at Grandma, I called out, "Iroquois, Iroquois, you smell funny!"

"What's that?" she shrieked. "Your mother goes off to work and leaves me in the house with a couple of madmen. What's that, Little Man? What did you say?"

Jimmy grinned at me. I pointed at Grandma again and shouted, "Iroquois, Iroquois, you're a witch and you smell funny! And I don't like you!"

Jimmy looked at Grandma and quit grinning. He nudged me to help him pick up the couch. Grandma came over to look at the couch as soon as we managed to set it upright. "Oh, precious Savior," she wailed, "how long must I endure? Little Man, what has become of you? I remember when your speech was clear, but now you talk with an evil tongue. I can recall you as an angel, and now, now! Who gave you that wicked tongue? Who'd a-thought such wickedness from my Little Man? I brought this chair and this davenport so that you could have a nice home. These are expensive pieces of furniture, and they're mine, and I don't want you to rough-house and tear them to pieces. So you call me a witch! And you say I smell funny? Well, ain't that something! Ain't it?" She sat down on the davenport and breathed heavily. "Just wait until your father hears. Won't he think that's something?"

Jimmy moved a step toward Grandma Rosa. I was frozen still by her threat to tell Daddy what I'd said. But then Jimmy spoke. "All right, Grandma, he's sorry, you can see that. And we won't play on the davenport anymore, either. But remember, you're not our Mommy, and you can't boss us around."

Grandma's jaw dropped to her chest. "Ooooooh, now I see. Now I see. Oh, precious Savior, how long must I wait for your Glory? Why must I suffer so?" And we left her on the Cedar Rapids davenport wailing her prayers.

The scolding had frightened me, but it hadn't made me feel sorry for Grandma Rosa. No, she was still a witch, I was convinced. After all, I had seen the mole. And even when I began second grade the next autumn, I held onto my belief. Every day at noon I would come home for lunch just like I had the year before, only this time Grandma Rosa was in charge of fixing it instead of Mommy. Each day I walked the half mile home shuffling along in the gutter so that I could kick the colored leaves and smell their deep, dry odor. And then the

smell would change to the smell of alphabet soup, and I would go into the kitchen to find Grandma sitting at the table over the Gospel Messenger with a large magnifying glass in front of her face.

"Any mail, Little Man?"

"None for you, Grandma. Just a bunch of junk mail and stuff like that."

"What do you mean, stuff like that?"

"Oh, you know, Grandma . . . stuff like that," I stammered, completely dumbfounded for an answer. It became a sort of private joke between us: "Stuff like that." With little private jokes and polite talk about school I managed to drink her soup and to eat her bread and butter sandwiches, into which she generously sprinkled sugar. But there was one part of the daily lunch that repulsed me.

On a paper towel at my place each day I found a neat pile of apple slices, peeled and turned a light brown from exposure. She must have poisoned the apple because she was a witch, I thought. But I was afraid to insult her because I hated her scoldings more than her apples. So each day I spread a paper napkin neatly across my lap, and then I scooted my chair as close to the table as possible. While I waited for my soup to cool, I ate the sandwiches. Then, piece by piece, I picked up the apple slices, pulled them toward my mouth, hid them in my fist, and set them on the paper napkin in my lap. When the sandwiches and the apple slices had disappeared, I asked to be excused for a moment to go to the bathroom. It became such a regular habit to use the restroom before drinking my soup (and I always flushed the toilet), that Grandma never suspected me of sneaking into her bedroom and hiding the apple slices in her pink wastebasket under the wadded, used facial tissues. I didn't have to eat her witch-apples, and she didn't have to scold me. Grandma Rosa started treating me with more and more kindness, and I would read to her from the Bible as I prepared for joining the church.

One Friday when Grandma and I were left home alone for the night, I was reading to her. "P-soms five, four to eight," I began.

"Psalms is said like songs, Little Man," she corrected. "Salms."

"But Grandma, it has a 'P' in front of it," I objected.

"Yes, I know, but the 'P' ain't said."

"Oh, okay. Then let me start over. This is Soms five, four to eight:

For thou art not a God who delights in wickedness; evil may not sojourn with thee.
The boastful may not stand before thy eyes; thou hatest all evildoers.
Thou destroyest those who speak lies; the Lord abhors bloodthirsty and deceitful men.

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Grandma Is Tenderly

Continued From Page 6

But I through the abundance of thy steadfast love will enter thy house, I will worship toward thy holy temple in fear of thee.

Lead me, O Lord, in thy righteousness because of my enemies; make thy way straight before me.

Okay, Grandma, I'm all through now." The verse had entered my eyes and left my mouth without leaving a trace of meaning in my head except that someday soon I would get to eat crackers and drink grape juice on Sunday mornings with all the big people. I left Grandma sitting on her red Cedar Rapids chair in the living room and went to bed, wondering why they put a "P" in front of "Psalms" if they didn't want me to say it.

The next morning I had to go to school to get my first report card of the year. They handed out report cards on Saturday in order to make it seem like a bigger deal, I reasoned. When I came and showed my Daddy, he started running through the house looking for Mommy. He was proud because I had made all "S's" and because the teacher's comments said that I was a polite student even if I daydreamed. Then Daddy came strutting into the living room where I waited. Handing me a dollar bill, he told me to put it in my drawer and to save it for something special some other day. I sat down on the davenport while Daddy went back to Grandma's room. The dollar bill was a fascinating kind of toy, I thought. I studied the picture of George Washington carefully and then started to scrutinize the pyramid and the eagle on the reverse side. "In God We Trust," I read softly to myself.

"What the HECK! What in the WORLD!" I heard shouts from Grandma's room, shouts made by Daddy, and I became curious. As I reached the door, his tall figure towered ominously above me. "What kind of joke do you think this is?" he asked, holding a soggy paper napkin above my head and suddenly the napkin broke open. I stood under a shower of moldy apple slices.

"Oh," I said as innocently as I could manage, "those are apples."

"Well, what are they doing in Grandma's waste basket?" he wanted to know.

"Well, uh — well, uh. . ."

"Did you put these in her waste basket?" he demanded; a firm tone warned me that honesty-time had come.

"Yeah," I said, darting quickly into my excuse. "Yeah, but that's because Grandma always peels 'em and makes 'em all brown and ugly. So I didn't want to hurt her feelings so I just kept hiding them in here."

"You've been taught to eat what's put before you."

"Yeah, I know, but not when some old lady puts her dirty fingers all over it and makes it ugly. Want me to get sick or something?"

Suddenly Daddy started laughing. It wasn't even a hostile laugh.

"Okay, okay," he said, "I'll just tell her not to peel your apples from now on. If I hadn't gone looking for that key I dropped in the waste basket, I'd never have found these apples anyway. But you just remember, we don't waste food in this house. It's expensive, and if you're not going to eat what's put before you . . . you. . ."

The apple incident gave me an idea. I had gotten away with my trick, but I had been embarrassed, and with Daddy's words I had discovered how to get even. But first I had to get Jimmy.

Daddy had gone into the den and was dusting furniture, and Mommy was in the back yard hanging clothes on the line. Jimmy and I crouched in the doorway from the living room to the kitchen. "Here she comes," I whispered to Jimmy as we heard a shuffling sound coming up the hall. Jimmy ran into the den and grabbed Daddy by the belt and dragged him over to where I crouched.

"There," Jimmy said softly, "see? 'Food is expensive. We mustn't eat between meals. Milk is liquid gold.'" He was mocking the lessons we had learned about thriftiness and good health. And the three of us watched Grandma Rosa reach up above the refrigerator and grab a banana. She felt it for firmness and softness. She pulled her head down close to it and examined it with straining eyes. Then she reached up and put it back on top of the refrigerator and chose another banana. Again she investigated its quality carefully. Then she turned slowly and resumed her shuffle out the door from the kitchen to the hallway and to her room.

Daddy looked down at Jimmy and me a bit defensively. "I can see what you boys are up to," he said, "but you stay out of the way and let me handle it." He started off through the kitchen and down the hall.

A few seconds later there was a familiar wailing and raving at the other end of the house. "Oh, Urban! Send me back to Cedar Rapids. Help me pack my bags this afternoon, and put me on the train. I'll go home. I can see that nobody wants me here. I suffer and endure day in and day out. It's no good. I'll put the banana back. I'll not eat another meal. Send me back, please, Urban. Urban!"

Jimmy and I laughed our heads off. We told Mommy, and even she was amused. We knew better than to tell Kurt, though, because he always argued with anything you said and always stuck up for Grandma. We all knew that she couldn't go back to Iowa. She was too old, and they were selling her house, and she was going to stay with us until she died. But we got even with her. We put her in her place. And then I knew that I had won a victory, that I had overpowered an ugly, smelly witch, that I could put on my cape and play Superman. And I went about my business hardly aware of the ghost of the witch that still lived with us.

III

It was a winter morning like most winter mornings in New Mexico, dry and with a sky of deeper

blue than any sky in the world, but cold enough to freeze the blood in the ears of children walking to school. Mommy and Daddy were at their offices, Kurt was at the university, and Jimmy was at school. While Grandma ate, I was hurriedly washing the breakfast dishes so that I, too, could disappear from the house and go play in the sixth-grade all-star flag football game that morning at school. The sink was full of sudsy water covering cereal bowls and coffee cups, and as I lowered the dish cloth into the steaming water, I decided to let the water cool a little before I reached in for the first item. I turned around and looked at Grandma struggling to eat. Almost ninety, I thought, and still struggling. I stood very quietly so that observing Grandma Rosa at the breakfast table was more an experience of sound than of sight.

"Slurp!" she and her coffee cup said together. She shoved a spoonful of Special "K" into her mouth and started to wash it down with another slurp of coffee. She really sucked hard on the cup; it made a noise that had nauseated Mommy into leaving the table often enough. Then Grandma turned red in the face. The veins on the side of her neck bulged. Suddenly she started coughing, and a greenish-tan mixture of coffee, cereal, and milk spurted out of her nostril and lips. "Oh, oh dear, come and help me," she cried. I stood helpless, feeling weak and paralyzed. My throat knotted, my stomach jerked inward, and then I swung my head around and vomited into the dishwasher.

"I can't help you!" I screamed at her. "You've made me sick! I threw up all over the dishes. Help yourself! You make me sick." I ran to my room and crawled under the blankets on my bed. I felt too weak to go to school, and I felt bitter about missing the football game. After a while I wandered back to the kitchen and cleaned up my own mess. But I left Grandma's mess on the table. She had gone back to her room on her own. Good, I thought, don't go near her, you'll vomit on something else, maybe her green davenport or her bedspread. I called Daddy on the phone and told him I was sick and that he should call the school and get me excused. Then I ran back into my room and hid under the covers and fell asleep.

At noon I woke up to the sound of Grandma's radio, blaring at full volume from the other end of the house. It was the "Back to the Bible" broadcast, to which she piously listened every day of the year. It was impossible not to listen to the familiar hymn.

Tell me the stories of Jesus
I love to hear;
Things I would ask Him to tell
me
If he were here:

Scenes by the wayside,
Tales of the sea,
Stories of Jesus,
Tell them to me.

It was so lonely staying home from school, and now I'd overcome

the morning's nausea with sound sleep and didn't feel sick at all. The blaring of Grandma's little black radio sent an electric wave through me that made me sit bold upright in bed. The simple tune of the hymn washed me with a strange new attitude of devotion. I felt sick of my own sickness, nauseated at my own nausea, and bored with my indolent sleep. Who was I, anyway, to vomit into the dishwasher because Grandma had such difficulty eating breakfast? Who was I to scream at a feeble old lady and to run away from a blind and helpless friend who was covered with nothing more than coffee and cereal? I jumped out of bed and put on my clothes and ran into the kitchen. Effortlessly I washed the table and cleaned off Grandma's chair and the floor under it. Then I opened a can of alphabet soup and started cooking it in a pan on the stove. When the soup started to bubble, I turned the stove down to the level that said "simmer" and went into Grandma's room.

"For since we believe that Jesus died and rose again, even so, through Jesus, God will bring with him those who have fallen asleep. For this we declare to you by the word of the Lord, that we who are alive, who are left until the coming of the Lord, shall not precede those who have fallen asleep. For the Lord himself will descend from heaven with a cry of command, with the archangel's call, and with the sound of the trumpet of God. And the dead in Christ will rise first; then we who are alive, who are left, shall be caught up together with them in the clouds to meet the Lord in the air; and so shall we always be with the Lord. Therefore comfort one another with these words: Yes, friends, be patient and wait for the Lord to come, for the word of God tells us that he is coming very soon. Write us a letter if you want us to pray for you or if you have received a special blessing from the Back to the Bible broadcast. Our address is, Back to the Bible Broadcast, Lincoln, Nebraska. Tune in tomorrow at the same time on this same station. And now as our quartet brings us one last lovely song, 'May the God of peace himself sanctify you wholly; and may your spirit and soul and body be kept sound and blameless at the coming of our Lord Jesus Christ. He who calls you is faithful, and he will do it . . . The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you.'" And then the quartet began to sing as I sat down quietly in the chair next to Grandma's bed. She had her ear cocked toward the blaring radio and still didn't see me.

Jesus is tenderly calling thee
home —
Calling today, calling today;
Why from the sunshine of love
wilt thou roam,
Farther and farther away?

Calling today . . .
Calling today . . .
Jesus is calling,
Is tenderly calling today.

I reached over and turned the radio off. Grandma Rosa put her

hand up to her eyes making her glare-shielding salute.

"What is it? Who's there?" she asked.

"It's me, Grandma. I stayed home from school today. Would you like some soup?"

"Come here," she said, holding out her hand. I stood up and leaned over her and shook her hand. "Oh, you dear boy, you dear boy. Are you my friend?"

"Yes, Grandma, we're friends. We're pals. C'mon, let's go have some soup."

IV

During the summer before I entered the tenth grade, Daddy offered me my first steady job. "How would you like to earn some money?" he asked me.

"How?" I asked.

"Well, you and Grandma Rosa have been getting along so well lately, and she needs someone to take care of her."

"What do you mean?" I thought we'd been taking care of her all along. Daddy took an unfiltered Camel out of its package and lit it up.

"Your job," he exhaled, "would be good experience for you. And you would earn five dollars a week. Not only that —"

"Yes, Daddy," I interrupted, "but what job?"

"Well, we need someone to do a lot of practical things. Like changing her sheets and combing her hair and stuff. She'll tell you what needs to be done."

It was more than a fair bargain. I'd be earning money for doing things I would have been happy to do anyway. Grandma and I had remained friends from the day when I vomited. I had read to her from the Bible; from her church bulletin and newsletter, which were sent weekly in the mail. I had spent hours by her bed arguing about whether the moon was a sphere of solid material or a light placed in the heavens by God. She had told me endless stories about her childhood in Germany and the long voyage to America and settling down in Iowa and getting married to a lithographer who founded the Church of the Brethren in Cedar Rapids. She had sung hymns to me proving that she had once been the song-leader at church, although I could sometimes barely catch the tunes through her cracked, broken voice. And she had tried to convince me that the "colored people" were worthless winos, and I had tried to persuade her that all men were brothers. And we had become the closest of friends.

So I started my work. Every few days I had to change her linens, wash her feet with their pulpy yellow toenails in a tub of water while she sat on the toilet, wash her entire body and powder it even around the baseball-sized mole on her hip, and pull hairs from her face and eyebrows with tweezers. I brushed and combed her hair daily and learned to braid it into two pigtails that held tight against her head. I clipped her fingernails and changed her nightgowns. I scrubbed her false teeth and gave her enemas. I carried her into the kitchen for meals and carried her back to her room again. I listened to radio

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Non-Fiction Prose

Tristram Shandy: An Essay Linda Jean Newman

Tristram Shandy: An Essay Concerning Human Misunderstanding

In 1690, John Locke published "An Essay Concerning Human Understanding." Refuting the idea of innate notions, the essay examined the nature of human knowledge: from whence it arrives and of what it consists. However, within the discourse on simple and complex ideas, substance, qualities, and names, there is the short Chapter 34, "Of the Association of Ideas," which suggests some reasons for human misunderstanding. Prior to this chapter, Locke has refuted innate ideas, suggested sensation and reflection as the source of ideas, and differentiated simple and complex ideas, mixed modes, and true and false ideas. Despite the rationality of this process, Locke acknowledges the unreasonableness of most men but explains it as a wrong connection of ideas differing from the proper correspondence of ideas naturally related to each other. He explains this malady:

There is another connection of ideas wholly owing to chance or custom: ideas that in themselves are not all of kin, come to be united in some men's minds, that it is very hard to separate them; they always keep in company, and the one no sooner at any time comes into the understanding, but its associate appears with it; and if they are more than two,

which are thus united, the whole gang, always inseparable, show themselves together.¹

As a result, this unfortunate connection of ideas

Gives sense to jargon, demonstration to absurdities, and consistency to nonsense, and is the foundation of the greatest, I had almost said, of all the errors of the world; or if it does not reach so far, it is at least the most dangerous one, since so far as it obtains, it hinders men from seeing and examining.²

This reason-blinding consequence of association of ideas is used as a controlling element by Laurence Sterne in his essay on misunderstanding, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman*. M. R. B. Shaw states that Locke's influence is seen "in the whole conception of a work that is mainly occupied in exposing to laughter the failure of the mind to form 'right ideas of reflection' from evidence under a man's own nose."³ Sterne shares Locke's concern for human communication, but he goes beyond Locke's few philosophic paragraphs to make his ideas "A part of a context which permits us to see what those ideas mean in terms of normal human activity. . . . Locke suggested . . . the possibilities of the isolation of minds, and Sterne carried his suggestions logically as far as they would go."⁴

This distance is quite considerable as it encompasses every aspect of the novel. Point-of-view, narrative structure, style, character, comedy, and theme all arise from Sterne's adaptation of Locke's associational theory. That this adaptation reaches non-Lockean conclusions is apparent in the ironic comedy created by Sterne's complex devotion to associationalism in his narrative. When Traugott states that "Sterne's *Tristram Shandy* is not only a criticism of Locke but a development of a notion of mind and language wholly antagonistic to Locke,"⁵ he speaks of Sterne's preference for human sympathy and sentiment as solutions to misunderstanding rather than Locke's dependence upon rationality.

To make a dramatic context for this adaptation of association, Sterne establishes a first-person narrator in the person of Tristram Shandy who relates his life and opinions as events not only in a "real world" but also in the different world of his mind. This narrative persona, precursor of the modern stream-of-consciousness, allows Sterne to show how the human understanding develops by opening Tristram's mind to the reader. Through Tristram and only through Tristram is the Shandean world revealed (although Tristram has knowledge of events that a "real consciousness" would not possess, such as conversations during his birth). Thus the reader must actively participate in Tristram's thought processes to follow his relation of the story.

This participation establishes such a personal contact with the reader that "There is such an immediacy of tone here, such an assumption of living intimacy, forcing us to respond to it . . . either with answering friendship, or with dislike."⁶ So intense is this involvement that when Sterne rebukes Madam for inattention and orders her to reread a chapter, she obliges him in a spirit of warm friendship. Sterne also conducts active conversations with the reader to force an awareness of Tristram's thought patterns and to prevent the reader's own associationalism from leading him astray. An example is Sterne's conversation with the inattentive lady reader:

— How could you, Madam, be so inattentive in reading the last chapter? I told you in it, *That my mother was not a papist*. — Papist! You told me no such thing, Sir. Madam, I beg leave to repeat it over again, That I told you as plain, at least, as words, by direct inference, could tell you such a thing. — Then, Sir, I must have miss'd a page. — No, Madam, — you have not miss'd a word. — Then I was asleep, Sir. — My pride, Madam, cannot allow you that refuge. — Then, I declare, I know nothing at all about the matter. — That, Madam, is the very fault I lay to your charge; and as a punishment for it, I do insist upon it, that you immediately turn back, that is, as soon as you get to the

next full stop, and read the whole chapter over again.⁷

He explains this punishment: "That all good people, both male and female, from her example, may be taught to think as well as read."⁸ From this conclusion, Sterne's concern for all human understanding is obvious. Howard Anderson suggests that Sterne uses self-analysis in the same manner as Montaigne: "Montaigne realized in writing his essays that investigating his own mind was the surest way to arrive at knowledge about all men, about life itself."⁹ By making the reader highly conscious of Tristram's thought processes and mistakes in association, Sterne also discovers the reader's mental attitudes.

Involved in this is a mockery of the reader's expectations of chronological continuity, and it creates a good deal of Sterne's comedy: The reader is likewise made both to laugh at the book and to admit its power in that it can force him to put away his common sense and acquiesce in its digressive, almost non-existent story The most important part of Sterne's ridicule of his readers is the way the whole novel belabors the reader's "critical preconceptions."¹⁰

As Sterne realizes that normal human thought is not linear and chronological but a complicated associational process, he has Tristram recall his "history" not in conventional chronological narrative techniques but instead in a hobby-horsical memoir that car-

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Grandma Is Tenderly Continued From Page 7

broadcasts with her and sang to her and even served her my own home-made communion of soda crackers and whatever beverage happened to be available. Her condition became more and more serious. She had heart trouble, for which she took a daily dose of digitalis; and arthritis, for which she consumed bottles and bottles of aspirin; and chronic constipation, for which she took so many enemas that eventually there was no digestive regularity left whatsoever. She could barely hear me talking unless I shouted directly into her face, and her cataracts finally hid the entire world from her eyes. She started wetting her bed and was unable to use a bedpan, so we had to cover over the sheets with absorbant papers and put a plastic cover over her mattress. And then one night, she had a severe stroke.

"Onkle Gustav! ONKLE GUSTAV!" My father and I awoke to her screams at the same time and bumped into each other running to her room. "ONKLE GUSTAV!"

Daddy turned on the light in Grandma's room. The bed was empty but wet. Grandma was sitting on the toilet. She was toothless and frail but her eyes were wildly ablaze. "What seems to be the problem?" Daddy asked with a frozen sort of calmness.

She neither saw nor heard

Daddy. We tried to pick her up and put her back into bed. "Onkle Gustav! Es gibt ein Mann in mein Bett! Ach. . ." Grandma started slobbering then and slouched over limp. I reached under her knees, which were wet with urine, and Daddy reached under her shoulders. Together we heaved the body into the bed. I put a pillow under her head and pulled the covers over her.

"Should we call a doctor, Daddy?" I asked.

"It's no use," he said. "No, if she's going to die, she's going to die. Doctor Ingham was here last weekend, you know. Nothing to do. We'll just keep an eye on her. Go on back to bed now."

Daddy's despair came as no surprise to me. Nor did Grandma's stroke. We had been with her all the way downhill, and no matter how hard she had struggled, no matter how hard she had prayed to her "Precious Saviour," no matter how long she had "suffered and endured," we knew that the only thing to do was to watch and to wait for her to die. It was what she had wanted for years. It was what she had prayed for. We knew better than to take her wish away from her. It was a light sleep I had that night, but not a worried, nightmarish sleep. It was like the sleep that comes

before an exciting trip to California or New York.

The next morning I went into Grandma's room to feed her some Jello. She was still asleep, breathing heavily, even snoring. That was a good sign, I thought. But then I couldn't wake her up no matter how hard I shook her. I walked around to the other side of the bed and stood breathless, shocked by the sight of something I couldn't possibly have been seeing. Grandma Rosa's toothless mouth was part-way open and was bubbling with white foam, almost like soap suds. I took the spoon off the saucer of Jello and shoveled the foam out of her mouth. I couldn't wake her up even by shouting. And yet she was breathing. I turned on her radio to full volume, and still she slept. And still she breathed and bubbled and snorted. I spooned more foam out of her mouth and glanced at the clock. It was time to go to school. I turned off the radio. The stench of stale urine filled my nostrils. It did not occur to me that Grandma was dying just then. I was merely frustrated by the fact that I had come in to feed her and couldn't even wake her up. And what was this foam? I'd never seen anything like it before. The clock and the odor told me once again to hurry to school. I placed a spoonful of Jello in Grandma's hollow cheek and ran

out of the house with books under my arm.

During geography class that afternoon I was called over the intercom. "There is a telephone call for you," the mysterious, nasal voice called out. But instead of answering the telephone call, I ran straight out of the building and all the way home.

"What time did she die? What time did she die?" My voice rang with some kind of perverse glee. "Now she's in heaven, and her spirit is alive, with us here in the room, all around!" I was smiling and nearly dancing as I celebrated her death. Yes, and each day at school Grandma Rosa was sitting in the aisle helping me. And with every little fantasy of temptation in my mind, she was there to ward off the Devil, Satan, sin, whom she had obviously conquered with a glorious victory. And I carried a Bible on top of my books to school so that I could carry on the witness of Christ's devoted follower, my Grandma Rosa.

V

But in the funeral home her body was cold and stiff and hard. And when we cleaned up the bedroom where Grandma had stayed for twelve years, there was nothing to remind us of her presence; the room was unrecognizable except for a hairbrush and comb, which Mommy cleaned so that no more white hair or dandruff sat

in the bristles. And somewhere, I began to think, somewhere in Cedar Rapids, Grandma is rotting under the tiny blades of spring grass. And then, months — maybe years — later, I realized that Grandma Rosa was dead. And that the boy across the aisle in the classroom didn't give a damn about my Bible and could no more see my grandmother than he could see Batman in the principal's office. And so I began my cosmic journey that lasted five years and seems like a million years now. And home again, I see for the first time that even here Grandma Rosa is absent. The song on the radio makes it all so clear:

Once there was a way to get back homeward,

Once there was a way to get back home.

Nothing is quite the same at it was. And yet, if Grandma is rotting away under the ground, what was that force, which gave her life such power? And why does she continue to shake me to my senses if she is not alive? Why is her impact as deep as ever? The only way to make sense out of the mystery is to acknowledge that she lives even while her body rots. And then, yes, there is a certain confidence that allows her to live on, and that allows me to touch base at home before launching on another cosmic odyssey.

ries the reader through a world of absurd juxtaposition.¹¹

Within the narrative Sterne exploits the absurdities created by association both in the overall narrative structure and in individual incidents. For example, while in the process introducing the midwife, Tristram's hobby-horse of association digresses from the midwife's license to the deviser of it, shifts to hobby-horses, travels to his toleration of them, jogs to the dedication of the novel, canters to an appeal for subscriptions, and finally jumps over an invocation to the muse before returning to the course of the midwife's story.¹² Besides bringing in extraneous material, the narrative also moves backwards and forwards in time, as in the case of Yorick's death appearing before Tristram's birth in the narration when the chronology was the reverse.

Within individual incidents, association determines the characters' actions. In the first incident, Tristram's conception is interrupted by his mother's association of copulation with the winding of the clock.¹³ This incident has drastic influences as Tristram attributes any faults in the formation of his temperament to his father's failure to control his own humours at the moment of conception. Throughout the book, Toby's hobby-horse of military maneuvers interrupts Toby's conversations with Walter Shandy by seizing on words such as 'siege,' 'fortification,' and 'tower' and by shifting the discourse to some aspect of military history. In the episode with the Widow Wadman, Toby's hobby mistakes the widow's concern for where he was wounded for a sympathetic desire to know the location of the battle, instead of seeing her real concern for his sexual potency. This misunderstanding eventually breaks off their relationship¹⁴ and strengthens Toby's obsession with his hobby-horse. Thus association is the influencing factor in the behavior of Shandean characters. Each character's response to his environment is unpredictable and determined not by rational thought but by his hobby-horse of association.

Sterne gives these irrational associations importance because: they are real, and the fact that we can perceive their reality — if dimly at first — proves that Sterne avoids involving his narrator in aspects of experiences which have relevance to no one but himself. Tristram's own associations are never merely with the accidental part of being; they are the common associations of the human mind . . . Sterne saw, as Locke did not, that such associations as Tristram's are natural, and he made them the real material of a poetry far richer than any that followed Locke's restrictive theory of language.¹⁵

Yet to create this poetry, Sterne has only words which are subject to the same association restrictions in the reader's mind as they are in the Shandean world. To escape this irony and to educate the reader to the problems of language, Sterne exploits the associational power of words to add depth, richness, and comedy to

his style. Eugene Hnatko explains the principle of Sterne's style as A deliberate confounding of a conventional means of representing a mode of reality with the reality itself; an extensive use of what would have been to neoclassic critics heterogeneous terms engaged in similitude; a peculiar irony growing out of an adopted "blind spot"; and, finally . . . a displacement of emphasis on some aspect of discourse.¹⁶

Several of these principles are satiric adaptations of Locke's theory of words; Sterne joyfully uses his words in a manner forbidden by Locke and communicates intimately because of his trespass. Sterne creates comedy by confusing his audience with the multiple meaning of noses and whiskers and by transforming his metaphorical hobby-horses into real animals which the Shandys ride over the countryside. Sterne's style extends to the mockery of the reader; Dilworth states: "That we are all men of words the jester is vividly aware; we could forgive him his knowledge, but we cannot forgive him the delight he takes in it."¹⁷ Yet Sterne does not delight in man's submission to words; he understands that weakness fully and teases merely to share that awareness with the reader. He himself is a victim of language as he battles to speak to the reader directly. Virginia Woolf comments upon this difficulty:

That Sterne achieved this illusion only by the use of extreme art and extraordinary pains is obvious without going to his manuscript to prove it. For though the writer is always haunted by the belief that somehow it must be possible to brush aside the ceremonies and conventions of writing and to speak to the reader as directly as by word of mouth, any one who has tried the experiment has either been struck dumb by the difficulty, or waylaid into disorder and difficulty unutterable. Sterne somehow brought off the astonishing combination. No writing seems to flow more exactly into the very folds and creases of the individual mind, to express its changing moods, to answer its lightest whim and impulse, and yet the result is perfectly precise and composed. The utmost fluidity exists with the utmost permanence. It is as if the tide raced over the beach hither and thither and left every ripple and eddy cut on the same in marble.¹⁸

Perhaps because Sterne's style brings the reader to such an intimate acquaintance with the mind of Tristram Shandy, the little tragedies caused by his family's inability to communicate with each other seem graver in comparison. Not only does association determine an unfortunate chain of events for Tristram but it also isolates the characters from each other. Behind all the laughter of absurd juxtapositions and comic misunderstandings, there is a continually reappearing backdrop of loneliness. Sterne transforms normally tragic events into comedy to emphasize the more continually tragic problem of man's isolation. In Volume V, the resi-

dents of Shandy Hall react to the death of Bobby through their individual hobby-horses, creating one of the most comic scenes of the novel.¹⁹ Beyond this comedy is the pathetic isolation of these characters from each other which prevents them from seeing, hearing or providing sympathy to each other. Ernest H. Lockridge explains isolation as a direct outcome of Locke's philosophy:

The Lockean philosophy which plays its part in the novel accentuates this divorce of man from nature and man from man; by his very nature, says Locke, man is condemned always to be locked off from the outside world by his senses, the sole, untrustworthy source of evidence for what lies beyond the narrow limits of his own mind. Each man lives in his own isolated, solipsistic world. There is a total lack of rational communication.²⁰

This growth of tragedy from grief's conversion to comedy can be explained as follows:

We need to ask why Sterne so insistently denies us our paths by undermining it, why he feels this strange necessity of making game of all our stock sadness. When we give him this kind of concentration, we begin at last to be aware of that recessive third strand, third color. What it says is that our sadness is stock and standard: it is comically, pathetically and tragically true that the old tire-some devils of our congenital defects come lumbering back generation after generation — illness, madness, want, war, unkindness, death. How trite, how funny, and how sad they are. This is the thing we cannot possibly say, the literally unspeakable truth that is not spoken but pantomined by the intricate oxymoronic irony of these scenes of Sterne's.²¹

Despite the tragic element, Tristram Shandy leaves the reader with a greater sense of optimism about human life than Locke's theories would allow. J. B. Priestly credits this feeling to the kinship of Sterne's characters:

If the Shandies cannot share one another's thoughts, they can share one another's feelings . . . (We) would be rather taken aback at the bleak satire of the narrative . . . if the unity in feeling, the mutual trust and affection, of the Shandies were not so broadly and so often emphasized.²²

This sentiment is highly apparent in the incidents where Toby is able to dismount from his hobby-horse because he senses its conflict with his brother's feelings. Uncle Toby's sympathetic awareness of Walter Shandy prevents him from mounting when Walter Shandy's transverse motion to his pocket suggests a battle strategy: "My father knit his brows, and as he knit them, all the blood in his body seemed to rush up into his face — my uncle Toby dismounted immediately."²³ The power of sentiment to overcome hobby-horses transforms the characters from mechanical hypocrites into believable human beings who are basically good despite their jumbled associations.²⁴

By revealing the humans behind

the hobby-horse facade, Sterne brings the readers to an awareness of how to bridge the problems of communication introduced by his narrative structure and style. Obviously a strictly rational approach such as Locke's will not suffice because even with a precisely determined language, "One mind can never hope to know how or why another may work."²⁵ Instead of Locke's rational theories, Sterne suggests sympathetic awareness as a solution to isolation. This awareness comes from constant openness of the mind to all possibilities of life. Yet this sentiment is not an idealized, optimistic belief in man's perfectibility; Sterne's skepticism forbids any absolute solution. He merely opens his reader to the problems of the association of ideas, introduces them to their own process of understanding, and suggests that emotion may not only create associations in the brain but can also overcome them to unite men's understandings.

¹John Locke, *An Essay Concerning Human Understanding* (Philadelphia, 1850), p. 261.

²*Ibid.*, p. 264.

³Laurence Sterne: *The Making of a Humorist* (London, 1957), p. 25.

⁴John Traugott, "The Shandean Comic Vision of Locke," *Lawrence Sterne: A Collection of Critical Essays* (Englewood Cliffs, N. J., 1968), p. 131.

⁵*Ibid.*, p. 130.

⁶A. E. Dyson, "The Novelist as Jester," *The Crazy Fabric: Essays in Irony* (London, 1965), p. 36.

⁷Laurence Sterne, *The Life and Opinions of Tristram Shandy, Gentleman*, ed. James Aiken Work (New York, 1940), p. 56.

⁸*Ibid.*, p. 57.

⁹"Associationism and Wit in Tristram Shandy," *Philological Quarterly*, XLVIII (January 1969), 31.

¹⁰Norman L. Holland, "The Laughter of Laurence Sterne," *The Hudson Review*, IX, No. 3 (1956), 427.

¹¹Joan Joffe Hall, "The Hobby-horsical World of Tristram Shandy," *Modern Language Quarterly*, XXIV (June 1963), 131-132.

¹²Sterne, I, Ch. 7-10, pp. 11-23.

¹³Sterne, I, Ch. 1, p. 4.

¹⁴Sterne, IX, Ch. 32, p. 643.

¹⁵Anderson, p. 37.

¹⁶"Tristram Shandy's Wit," *Journal of English and German Philology*, LXV (January 1966), 47.

¹⁷Ernest Nevin Dilworth, *The Understanding Journey of Laurence Sterne* (Morningside Heights, N. Y., 1948), p. 51.

¹⁸"The 'Sentimental Journey,'" *The Second Common Reader* (New York, 1932), pp. 81-82.

¹⁹Sterne, V, Chp. 7-10, pp. 359-366.

²⁰"A Vision of the Sentimental Absurd: Sterne and Camus," *The Sewanee Review*, LXXII, No. 4 (1964), 661.

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²²"The Brothers Shandy," *The English Comic Characters*, new ed. (New York, 1931), p. 156.

²³Sterne, III, ch. 3, p. 160.

²⁴Dyson, p. 47.

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Though the definition of satire¹ is relatively clear, much disagreement results from the practical application of this definition. What is classified by some as satire may be categorized by others as a "display of bad temper"² on the author's part. The problem does not lie in the definition of satire, but in a general misunderstanding of the tonal extremes.

Through the use of at least three of the same techniques — innuendo, exaggeration, and irony — Samuel Clemens and Philip Wylie achieve widely contrasting tones. Clemens' Horatian³ satire in "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," is shielded and indirect, but Wylie's Juvenalian⁴ satire in "A Specimen American Institution" is "perhaps the best modern American example of the . . . art of direct attack."⁵ Kernan states the contrast well when he says "Where one (Wylie) uses the bludgeon on his victims, the other (Clemens) employs an extremely sharp knife to cut his antagonist slowly and neatly to pieces, smiling and pretending to be the most agreeable of men all the while."⁶

Innuendo⁷ is one important technique of both Clemens and Wylie. Clemens demonstrates what may be termed "innuendo by juxtaposition" or "unstated innuendo" with three seemingly unconnected newspaper articles, each of which appeared in print on Christmas Eve. The first and shortest article notes the prevailing "Christmas spirit"; the second describes domestic evils; the third seems to describe a result of the Chinese Boxer Rebellion.⁸ Actually, the third article presents a scene of domestic evil similar to that of article two, but the difference lies in the cause. The perverted forces of article two are of local origin, but the problems of article three are precipitated by missionaries, previously supposed to have been forces of "good." "The reader makes the connection between the evil state of affairs at home and the materialistic greed of the supposedly Christian field workers in China,"⁹ but the parallel is never actually drawn by Clemens. This implied parallel is one example of unstated innuendo.

Innuendo is also responsible for the re-evaluation of the seemingly reasonable attitude presented by the first article. The realities of articles two and three make the reader realize the stupidity and shallowness of such an attitude. Juxtaposition of the articles is sufficient to achieve the desired innuendo and create a satiric attack.

"Stated innuendo" may refer to specific words or phrases which reflect upon their subject. Clemens states in one passage that "Missionaries were not 'generally' out looting," and that "since the siege' they have acted quite handsomely, except when 'circumstances' crowded them."¹⁰ With emphasis on different words, this

passage would be quite innocuous, but Clemens has made certain that the reader catches his every allusion by clever placement of quotation marks. If it must be stated that the "missionaries were not 'generally' out looting," some of God's representatives evidently were engaged in that occupation. Their handsome behavior "since the siege" causes one to question their previous conduct and wonder just what "'circumstances'" could justify less-than-Christ-like behavior in a missionary.

Another example of stated innuendo occurs immediately after the cited example when Clemens suggests that after these "exaggerated claims" have been reduced to true proportions, they can be contemplated "without noticeable pain."¹¹ The second phrase uses the negative words "without noticeable," forcing the reader to realize that the missionaries' deeds, however reduced in scope, are wrong.

At this point the effectiveness of innuendo as a device of Horatian satire is fully apparent. None of the cited passages has been violent or bitter, and all have been urbane. These observations may lead to the premature conclusion that innuendo is an exclusively Horatian device. Classification of a technique of satire as inherently Juvenalian or Horatian is, of course, dangerous.

Consider Philip Wylie's essay attacking American education¹² which makes use of innuendo in a Horatian manner, even though the essay as a whole is Juvenalian. At one point he refers to "our school-taught public,"¹³ a seemingly harmless description of people in general. However, in the previous pages of his work Wylie has consistently berated the schools and their ability to educate. Has this "school-taught public" really learned anything worthwhile? Wylie's effective innuendo causes the reader to answer in the negative, but Wylie has not been forced to harsh language in order to prove his point.

A second example of innuendo from "A Specimen American Institution" is more in line with the Juvenalian tone of satire. The word "muckers,"¹⁴ a biting word which refers to those plodding through some substance which impedes their progress, has an unpleasant connotation even before considering its allusion to the conditions presented. However, used when referring to schoolchildren, "muckers" gives the impression that the "knowledge" being forced upon them is hindering their development. They are becoming mired in what they have been taught and can not think — a truly sad case. Wylie insinuates all this from just one word, but since the original word was biting, one can see that this is a Juvenalian use of innuendo.

Another satiric technique, exaggeration, is present in satire of either tonal extreme. Although the context softens the blow somewhat, Samuel Clemens becomes harsh in speaking of missionary

Aments' plans to use indemnity money "for the propagation of the Gospel." Clemens says, ". . . the act and the words, taken together, concrete a blasphemy so hideous and so colossal that, without doubt, its mate is not findable in the history of this or any other age."¹⁵ This statement is obviously an exaggeration, for any student of history would be able to locate some equally hideous blasphemy — the Spanish Inquisition, for instance. Due to the nature of exaggeration, the truth is irrelevant. The statement need only contain a germ of fact. Of most importance is the accomplishment of its purpose by calling attention to the odious and paradoxical nature of missionary actions toward the Chinese.

Another instance of exaggeration in Clemens' essay occurs while he is "telling the truth" to the Person Sitting in Darkness. Slipped in among the unpleasant facts of the situation, a speculation which exaggerates America's depravity suggests that, in buying the Philippines, the United States "agreed to propagate leprosy and smallpox."¹⁶ In any other context, the exaggeration would be regarded as absurd; but sandwiched in between facts, the exaggeration causes some painful moments of questioning.

A third passage exaggerates the United States' misdeeds by suggesting that the citizenry might be more comfortable if the white stripes of the glorious flag were painted black and the field of stars replaced by a skull and crossbones.¹⁷ This passage contains both innuendo and exaggeration. At the same time a comparison between America and pirates is insinuated. The comparison is an exaggeration, also.

Clemens uses exaggeration, but only one of the previous examples, the first, employs the biting, harsh wording of Juvenalian satire. The other two examples are relatively urbane in tone. Philip Wylie uses exaggeration to reinforce his invective, making his tone contemptuously Juvenalian in most cases.

A discussion of the method of teaching history in public schools brings Wylie to assert that, "American history of the school brand is a disgrace to the human cerebrum."¹⁸ The arguments concerning this subject presented earlier in the essay are generally factual, but this exaggeration effectively emphasizes the entire argument. School brand American history has obvious faults, several of which Wylie mentions, but it is not "a disgrace to the human cerebrum."

Another exaggeration becomes apparent when Wylie contends that good vocabulary parallels success, but that good vocabulary is not related to the amount of formal schooling.¹⁹ Though it is possible that formal schooling and good vocabulary are not related, this is not the general case. The exaggeration is obvious, but it provides needed emphasis for the essay.

Wylie contends that politics, unequal ability among students, and "peewee caliber" teachers make education a "public swindle."²⁰ Politics and unequal student ability are facts which do not, in most circumstances, "kill" education, but "peewee caliber" teachers can destroy a learning situation. The author insinuates, however, that all teachers are of "peewee caliber," which is, of course, false. Despite the untruth of the flat claim that public education is a swindle, the author's point is made effectively by the use of exaggeration. Juvenalian satire can use exaggeration as an effective technique, especially for emphasis.

Irony, a third technique, is helpful in distinguishing the tonal extremes of satire. Horatian satire employs irony which is inoffensive, perhaps even humorous, but still effective. Louis Budd said of Samuel Clemens' predominantly Horatian style, "His irony stung so hard that it could not be ignored or placidly admired."²¹

Sarcasm²² is one of Clemens' favorite forms of irony in "To the Person Sitting in Darkness." He calls missionaries "almost morbidly fair, and just and gentle-tempered."²³ Unfortunately for the missionaries, this description follows a paragraph exposing their inhumanities to the Chinese while collecting damage indemnities. It is clear that Clemens does not mean that missionaries admirably represent Christ.

More irony, this of the garden-variety, appears when Clemens argues that Americans should "boast a little of our war work and our heroisms in the field, so as to make our performance look as fine as England's in South Africa."²⁴ Hardly anyone could consider England's deportment in South Africa admirable, so it is ironic to suggest that America strive to emulate her "mother country." Performance "as fine as England's" can only bring disrepute to a nation.

In trying to "explain" the necessity for the cruelties that the Person Sitting in Darkness experiences at the hands of "civilized" nations, Clemens manages a neat bit of circular reasoning. These cruelties were justified because they were done by members of the "Blessings-of-Civilization Trust." As a morally trained, highly principled, just organization, it can do no "unright," "unfair," "ungenerous," or "unclean," thing. Consequently, those seemingly cruel actions were noble.²⁵ Since the chain of reasoning is obviously invalid, the irony of a just "Blessings-of-Civilization Trust" inflicting injustices upon the Person Sitting in Darkness remains.

Wylie's satire uses irony with a more biting, harsh, or caustic tone than does Clemens. "A Specimen American Institution" contains several references to the "little red schoolhouse,"²⁶ and each reference is sarcastic. It is truly ironic that a term used by many when recalling the happy

days of a simple childhood should be "perverted" to use as criticism. Also, Wylie calls attention to his own irony with the use of quotation marks at strategic points throughout his essay.²⁷ After recounting the failing of America's educational system, he declares, "We are a 'literate' nation."²⁸ How paradoxical that the public of America, product of a faulty system of education, should be considered "'literate'"! In his final sentence Wylie uses quotation marks effectively again. His reference to "the 'educators'"²⁹ is not complimentary, because he accuses them of misinforming or failing to inform those whom they are charged to instruct. No education is taking place, and as a result, "educators'" is ironic.

Innuendo, exaggeration, and irony are obvious in both essays, but although the same techniques are used, the effect of each essay differs. "To the Person Sitting in Darkness" achieves an urbane tone through its usually oblique criticism, while "A Specimen American Institution," even with satiric devices, is largely direct attack. Thus, Samuel Clemens' and Philip Wylie's essays are examples of the tonal extremes of satire, Horatian and Juvenalian.

The definitions of satire cited in this paper are taken from various of the standard handbooks on literature.

²Alvin B. Kernan, ed., Headlink to "A Specimen American Institution," from a casebook *Modern Satire* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1962), p. 2.

³Alvin B. Kernan tells us in "A Theory of Satire," p. 172, that Horace was a Roman satirist who utilized mild irony. Hence, Thrall and Hibbard define Horatian satire as that which "aims to correct gently by attacking foibles and follies. (It) is urbane."

⁴Alvin B. Kernan, ed., "Introduction" to a casebook *Modern Satire* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1962), p. v.

⁵According to Kernan, p. 172, Juvenal was a Roman satirist who viewed the same Rome that Horace knew, but who saw it through indignant eyes. His satire was violent and bitter. Thrall and Hibbard tell us that today "Juvenalian (satire) . . . passionately attacks vices and crimes. (It) is biting, bitter, angry; it points with contempt."

⁶Kernan, Headlink to "A Specimen American Institution," p. 2.

⁷Alvin B. Kernan, ed., Headlink to "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," from a casebook *Modern Satire* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1962), p. 12.

⁸Webster's New World Dictionary defines innuendo as "an indirect remark, . . . or reference, usually implying something derogatory."

⁹Samuel Clemens, "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," reprinted in a casebook *Modern Satire*, ed. Alvin B. Kernan (New

The Tonal Extremes of Satire Concluded

York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1962) pp. 12-13.

¹⁰Frank Baldanza, **MARK TWAIN, An Introduction and Interpretation** (New York: Barnes & Noble, Inc., 1961), p. 132.

¹¹Clemens, quoting the New York Sun in "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," p. 14.

¹²Ibid.

¹³Philip Wylie, "A Specimen American Institution," reprinted

in a casebook **Modern Satire**, ed. Alvin Kernan (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1962), pp. 3-11.

¹⁴Ibid., p. 10.

¹⁵Ibid., p. 7.

¹⁶Clemens, "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," p. 14.

¹⁷Ibid., p. 19.

¹⁸Clemens, "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," p. 20.

¹⁹Wylie, "A Specimen American

Institution," p. 4.

²⁰Ibid., p. 7.

²¹Ibid., p. 9.

²²Louis J. Budd, **Mark Twain: Social Philosopher** (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1964), p. 179.

²³In selections from "The Art of Satire," p. 184, David Worcester defines sarcasm as "a form of verbal irony produced by an inversion of meaning."

²⁴Clemens, "To the Person Sitting in Darkness," p. 14.

²⁵Ibid., p. 19.

²⁶Ibid., p. 20.

²⁷Wylie, "A Specimen American Institution," p. 3.

²⁸Alvin B. Kernan, ed., "Questions" to "A Specimen American Institution," from a casebook **Modern Satire** (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, Inc., 1962), p. 11.

²⁹Wylie, "A Specimen American Institution," p. 7.

³⁰Ibid., p. 11.

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Freshman Fiction

Even The Least

Tom Farris

It was a typical, fall, Boston morning. A clear blue sky overlooked early morning Bostonians, their footsteps creating crackling sounds as they walked upon red and yellow leaves covering frosty grass. Toby didn't notice anything about this morning in particular as he sat in faded, grey cotton pajamas, gazing out his window. His chubby face, decorated by thick wire spectacles and a shock of blond hair, rested in his chubby little hands as his five-year-old mind contemplated his tiny, lonely world which encompassed all of an eight-by-ten foot room stuck in one corner of St. Stephen's Orphanage. The monotony of the brown walls was broken only by a squeaky bed, a rickety chair, and an ancient bureau above which a small mirror, cracked in one corner, hung. Toby, who had been there for most of his five-year-old life, let his gaze settle on the eight-foot cyclone fence which separated the autumn woods and the almost treeless lawn of St. Stephen's. He had wished so many times that he could be like the bluejay, Charlie by name, who came to see him often. Charlie could just fly over that fence any time he wanted to. Toby had tried to fly once, like Charlie. He had climbed on a bench, flapped his arms as hard as he could, and had jumped nearly to the sky. But all he had got out of it was a skinned knee. Someday he thought he would try it again. Suddenly a shrill whistle broke the silence, and that meant it was time to dress for breakfast. And so began another day for Toby.

As usual, Toby was the last one up the steps of the converted army barracks with the words "Dining Hall" painted above the double doors. This meant he would have to search out the only empty chair as there were just exactly enough to go around. Although he began his diligent search, he knew where the empty chair would be. He continued to search until he could no longer avoid the inevitable. There was the empty seat, right beside Mrs. Peebsly, the governess of St. Stephen's. With dreadful reluctance, Toby seated himself beside her. There she sat, in that dingy, old brown dress that came way below her knees. Her pale, thin face was framed by snow-white hair so curly that many times he had wondered how she could even get a comb through it. This morning it looked as if she hadn't even tried. He felt her cold grey eyes burning a hole right through him.

"Late again, Toby!" she said. He began to eat his lukewarm, pasty oatmeal. The lumps seemed a little bigger than usual.

"Look at me when I'm speaking to you!" she continued, grabbing his face in her hand. He could feel her sharp fingernails pressing into his cheeks.

"Why are you late?"

"I'm sorry Mrs. Peebsly, but—"

"I didn't ask you if you are sorry! I asked you why you are late. How many times do I have to tell you that that is one thing I will not stand for?"

"But—"

"And today is not the first day. You were late the day before, and the day before that, and many other days before that! You are not here because we want you here. You are here because no one else wants you and you have no other place to go. Now as long as you are here you are to obey the rules! Is that completely understood?"

"Yes Mrs. Peebsly."

"Now you eat your breakfast! And from now on you had better just stay out of my way!"

Toby somehow managed to choke down his now cold, thick oatmeal as he fought to hold back the tears which had already formed small pools in the corners of his eyes. Dutifully he drank his glass of milk, another of Mrs. Peebsly's rules. Upon finishing, he properly excused himself and hurried out of the dining hall.

Toby went straight to the play area where most of the other children were already occupying swings, sandpiles, and a frayed jump rope. As he passed through them no one bothered to say hello to him except Skeeter. She was almost grown up, nine-years old in fact, and she was also the only friend Toby had if you can call an occasional conversation as being friends. As usual he walked through the crowd unnoticed and sought out the seclusion of his own private playground, the farthest corner of the orphanage partially hidden by a few scrubby bushes. He sat down on the ground where the grass had been worn away, and began to contemplate his five-year-old world. Mrs. Peebsly's early morning tongue-lashing had been about all he could take. He could recall every single word, every hurting word, each one stabbing into his torn heart a little deeper every time. How he hated her! He wished he were dead. That would make Mrs. Peebsly

happy. In fact that would make everyone happy. Toby's thoughts were interrupted by someone's approaching footsteps. It was Skeeter.

"What are you doing, Toby?" she asked.

"Nothing."

"Feeling sorry for yourself I'll bet. You deserved that lecture you got this morning and you know it!"

"Just leave me alone Skeeter!" Skeeter sat down and began to draw designs in the dirt. Toby seemed content in pulling the leaves off a nearby bush and then tearing them into little pieces. Finally the silence was broken.

"Hey Skeeter?"

"Yes Toby?"

"What would you do if you could get over that fence?" Toby was staring at the tall wire fence which surrounded the entire orphanage.

"Now how come you're thinking about that?"

"I don't know."

"That fence is there because we're bad and nobody wants us and we're not supposed to get over that fence and that's the truth because Mrs. Peebsly said so!"

"But that's not what Charlie said."

"Charlie can't even talk, he's just a dumb old bird!"

"But Charlie told me. He said it wasn't our fault that nobody wants us."

"Then whose fault is it? Did he tell you that?"

"Well, not exactly, but—"

"See there, you can't find anyone to blame it on but us. We're bad and that's why nobody wants us."

Toby resumed his leaf picking pausing only long enough to squash a passing bug. Skeeter was obviously getting bored as they had been out there for a good while. The morning was growing late and the noon meal would be ready shortly.

"Hey Skeeter?"

"What?"

"What is it that's bad about us?"

"How would I know? I only know what Mrs. Peebsly said and she's always right!"

"I'd still like to get over that fence. You know what I'd do?"

"What would you do?"

"I'd hide in the forest and no-

body could find me for a million years!"

"You're crazy! Come on, let's go in now, it's time for lunch."

"No!"

"Do you want to be late again? Mrs. Peebsly will kill you if you're late again!"

"I don't care. I don't care about you or Mrs. Peebsly or anybody! Now just go away and leave me alone."

"Well then why don't you just go ahead and try to climb the fence! And if you make it over, go ahead and hide in the woods. And if you make it, I hope you never come back!" With that Skeeter was gone.

Once again Toby had to fight back the tears. He knew he was already late to lunch, but he didn't care. He didn't care about anything anymore. He knew Mrs. Peebsly would be coming after him any minute. He also knew that she would have her leather strap with her. She had hit him so many times with it and every time was harder than the last. But he still didn't care. He would rather take his punishment than to have to walk into the dining hall late again with everyone staring and snickering. He would never do that again!

Toby was trying to push himself under a small bush when he saw Mrs. Peebsly coming around the corner. He had never seen her so white with rage. Her face was grimly expressionless and as she approached he could see the leather strap held so tightly in her right hand that the veins were bulging and seemed to throb with every step she took. Now she was only a few steps away and he could no longer hold back the tears. He had never been so scared! Without a word she grabbed him by the collar of his shirt with so much force that his thin, worn little shirt tore all the way down the back. She threw him to the ground in front of her so hard that the impact knocked his glasses off and smeared his tear-stained face with brown dirt. Toby looked up into her blazing eyes with horror as she raised the strap high above her head.

Evening brought darkness which settled over the drab buildings, penetrated by the lighted windows of the orphanage. A deep black silence draped the buildings undisturbed except for the occasional cry of a lonely bluejay perched on the ledge of the darkened window in one corner of St. Stephen's Orphanage.

Freshman Essay

Trappings

Karen Griffin

"For they are actions that a man might play, but I have that within which passes show; these but the trappings and the suits of woe." How we all play at conformity! In several instances Shakespeare refers to man as an actor, here merely to play a role and then leave through the stage door. In *Hamlet*, Shakespeare discusses at length the disgusting nature of "trappings." Each of us is bound in by trappings — the status quo, what is expected of us — and we can discover no means of escape.

We all have little mannerisms and quirks that set us apart from other people. These mannerisms, however, are in accordance with what our society expects of us and we must conform to these accepted standards of our civilization or be shunned. We must dress, talk, think, and act in the prescribed manner. Woe to him who tries to do something new and different. He who does is insane, he is queer, he does not conform! Everyone must wear false trappings in order to hide his inner self, that others may not see what he really thinks and feels.

Our ancestors imposed these restrictions for behavior upon us. Since the beginning of time, man has tried to make others think as he does. Men have fought many wars in this vain-glorious attempt at self-righteousness. The conquest of the early Egyptians, the Romans, and other great civilizations were the result of some man's desire to inflict his will on others. The Crusades, in all their piety and holiness, were nothing more than an assortment of overzealous Christians trying to Christianize the whole world in a most unchristian manner. These brave Crusaders fought under the "trappings" of Christ, hiding their true ambitions beneath the facade of spreading the teachings of the quiet Master.

How can modern man escape the codes and ideas of thousands of years of humanity? Youth today are trying to break out of this cage known as conformity. It is no simple feat, for the bars of the cage are strong and well fortified with the iron of tradition. Some young people, who call themselves Hippies, try to escape the restrictions of society by escaping reality. They believe in, "Do what you want but do not interfere with others who are trying to do what they want." Sound idealism, no doubt, but it cannot work. Someone is always trying to stamp out anything he himself does not agree with. Other youth rebel in different ways. These young people riot, they sing, they write, they paint, they do anything possible to call attention to the fact that they have something to say and they want someone, anyone, to listen to them and say, "You may be right." All youth want change, to break away from the status quo. Perhaps, once a sound formula for change makes itself known, the youth may be able to make the changes come about.

The society of the time forced Hamlet to hide beneath the trappings of insanity. But even in his madness Hamlet had to conform to the accepted ideas of what insanity really was. Hamlet was mad because everyone said he was and no one but a mad man would act in such a manner. Shakespeare recognized the problems conformity causes, but he, too, could see no solution to the dilemma. Man must find this solution or be forever doomed to that sturdy post called Status Quo and, like Prometheus of old, eternally punished for his misdeeds.

Freshman Poetry

Sharon Fagg

The Sky Blue Trades of My Childhood

Sunday morning air was all around me
as I watched the world wonders
from the swaying mesquite.

Carpet grass below me,
A ceiling of blue-mingled green above,
and inside the house,
Quiet.

The fresh had not waked the others
and they would not be blessed
as only trees know how.

The funny cross-eyed cat sat staring at my love
And the play-jealous dog ran round and round,
not violating the morning with his noise.

Somewhere,
Bugs were unaware that Sunday morning wind
blows younger than all others.

But the dog and the cat and I knew,
For sun-long hours we laughed
and lived

Before the Sunday world awoke to hats and ties,
their special kinds of worship.

One by one, the houses broke their silent sleep
and opened their old door eyes.

They never saw us;
They never looked,
but they couldn't have seen us anyway—
We had but to close our eyes
to disappear into the Sunday morning.

And our house, too, awoke.
Queen of the morning, I saw it all and knew,
(when she came out the door)
That she would call my name
and frighten the dew and clear away
from my spell kingdom.

Down the tree!
Through the green, to the street,
past the tree lot, to the driveway!
Pajamas flying, Sunday free,
Until, again,
home.

The seventh day,
God went into the glory of the morning
and made blue-haze, green-free Sundays
for me to grow in.

Dillon Anderson

Eighteenth Christmas

Linda Newman

When I was eighteen, everything that happened to me was significant: my birthday, school honors, graduation, college, my first job, and friends. However, the occasion I remember best had none of the uniqueness of these other events; it was that most perennial of holidays, Christmas.

This eighteenth Christmas began much as the other seventeen except that I played a greater part in the Christmas Eve secrecy than before. I crawled into bed at the traditional hour of ten o'clock and experienced the usual difficulty in falling asleep. I lay there listening to the paper rattling and box opening noises of my parents in the living room, all the while wishing there really were a Santa Claus. When I had almost concluded that they had retired, my mother tiptoed into my room to unpack the present for my dad, a chord organ that had been hidden in my room. With much pulling and tugging we eventually moved it out of my room where my mother took over the job to prevent me from seeing any of the surprises under the tree. Hearing the clock shout, "Midnight," I crawled back into bed and drifted off to a nervous slumber.

It seemed as if only a few minutes had passed when my mom stuck her head through the doorway and whispered, "It's Christmas, child." When I discovered it was five-thirty in the morning, I felt like strangling my brothers for their impatience to get at the packages, but I also felt a few twinges of curiosity, so I forgave them. As usual, my mom and dad kept us waiting in their bedroom for about fifteen

minutes to build up the suspense, but they finally let us go into the living room to "see what Santa had left us." Unfortunately, that year our family had definitely outgrown the magic of believing in Santa Claus, and, as a result, the present distribution became almost businesslike in its efficiency. My brothers had grouped each person's presents together the night before for faster handling. My youngest brother, Doug, had decided to act as present distributor despite Gary's bets that he would never be able to resist opening his own packages long enough to pass out everyone else's but somehow Doug managed to resist temptation long enough to fulfill his duties.

Then the traditional fun of opening packages began, and it was fascinating to note the different methods each member of my family employed to open his gifts. Doug adopted the customary fifth grade approach of removing as much wrapping from the most boxes in the shortest time possible. When he had finished his whirlwind job, it took him almost half an hour to retrieve his gifts from the mounds of colored paper he had left. Gary, who had fourteen previous Christmases under his belt, felt constrained to a more dignified approach than that of his little brother and tried to combine neatness with speedy unwrappings. As a result, he finished after Doug but did not need to spend as much time rediscovering his presents. My mother revealed both her natural feminine curiosity and her maternal affections in her approach to the packages. She watched my brothers awhile,

opened a gift or two, and returned to watching my brothers again.

When I finally thought everyone was finished, I began the systematic unraveling of my own mysteries. As I finished opening the last package and began gloating about winning the bet, my dad pulled out four or five unopened gifts he had hidden to trick me. I played my usual scene of extreme displeasure at being tricked but secretly thought that it was a good joke.

When we had finished with all the packages, Mom went to the kitchen to try out some of her new appliances on breakfast, the boys retired to their rooms to sort through their presents, and Dad and I tried to pick up the wrapping paper and ribbons to make some sort of order in the room. When we finished, he too retired to his bedroom, and I felt so lonely in that once noisy room that I also fled to my bedroom to find some consolation in my presents. One of my favorite gifts was a long baby blue cotton nightgown with lace around the collar and sleeves. After dutifully trying on my other new clothes, I slipped eagerly into the nightgown to discover how one felt. I had worn pajamas since childhood, and the soft folds around my body felt excitingly different. When I looked into the mirror, the mature, independent eighteen-year-old had vanished, and the girl who remained reminded me of Peter Pan's Wendy. I slowly realized that the girl had my face, and I wished that I still had her soul. I began remembering how I had felt on previous Christmases when I was a little

girl still playing with dolls. Then, I recalled, Christmas was not over when the presents were opened, but it had only just begun.

By that time it was almost seven and growing light outside. I began looking around the room where we had been such a joyful family only a few moments before. The focal point of that celebration, the Christmas tree, looked completely different in the morning light. Although the "snow"-covered nonflammable icicles had made the tree a frosty white mystery only an hour before, they now seemed to be only the forgotten dusty cobweb of an absent-minded spider who had moved south for the winter. And in the dim light of morning, the once twinkling stars on the tree merely glowed in a valiant sort of dullness. Below the tree the red felt skirt was littered with the tree's "snow"-dust, stray bits of ribbon, and lonely fallen ornaments. A silent silver bell rested on its side, and a sanitary cellophane-wrapped candy cane lay forgotten in the snow. Half-hidden under a large cardboard box were the tiny shattered fragments of a glass ball smashed by my little brother's careless hands.

As I gazed at the little pieces, they seemed to tell me that next year I would be hanging up the baubles instead of knocking them down as I too once did. My eyes wandered to the mirror again, and I suddenly realized that beneath that cotton and lace softness was the body and spirit of a young woman who still enjoyed the memories of childhood but who was also happy with her growing up.

Writing Awards

Junior Takes Five Honors

Linda Jean Newman, a junior English-French major from Arlington, took an unequaled five honors in the 1970 Annual Writing Awards contest, including the \$250 first place prize for the Honorable Dillon Anderson portfolio of writings.

Placing second in the Honorable Dillon Anderson category were John Hughes, James Panuska, and Raymond Teague.

Awards were presented Thursday at the awards luncheon in the Student Center ballroom.

Other award categories and winners include:

Margie B. Boswell Poetry Contest. First Prizes: Betsy Colquitt, Paul Miers, and Chester Sullivan; honorable mentions: James Bennett and William D. Barney.

Walter E. Bryson Poetry Contest. First prize: Karen Cox; second place: Linda Jean Newman; third place: Richard M. Johnson; honorable mentions: Anne G. Vaughan, Steve Wright.

Short Stories

Short Story Contest. First place: Monza Natt; second place: Scott Wells; third place: Raymond Teague; honorable mentions: Wendy Walls, Cindy Goode.

Southwest Literature Contest. First place: Michael Millsap; second place: Virginia Garner; third place: Jerome Gilbert; honorable mentions: Steve Wright, Pamela Jackson.

Drama Contest. Recognition: Loy Paxton Jones.

Non-Fiction Prose Contest. First prize: Linda Jean Newman; second place: Monza Naff; second place: Loy Paxton Jones.

Lewis Prize

Lena Agnes Johnson Literature for Children Contest. First prize: Monza Naff, second place: Margo Price; third place: William Stallworth; honorable mentions: Connie Brown, Pamela Jackson, Raymond Teague, Mark Heckendorn.

The C.S. Lewis Prize for Lit-

erature. First prize: Phil Miller; second place: Linda Jean Newman; third place: Monza Naff; honorable mentions: Anne G. Vaughan, Margo E. Price.

Alpha Lambda Delta, Phi Eta Sigma Non-Fiction Prose Contest. Awarded to: Linda Jean Newman.

The Joan Elisabeth Memorial Award. First prize: Scott Wells; second prize: Wendy Walls.

Dr. and Mrs. Frank Douglas Boyd Freshman Merit Award. Winner: Michael Pellecchia.

Special Award Offered in English. Winner: Valerie Neal.

Freshman Contests:

Narrative of Fact. First prize: Ronald Pease; second place: Judy Hammonds; third place: Bill Hartman; honorable mentions: Linda Dianne Brown, Michael Pellecchia.

Fiction

Essay, First prize: Karen Griffin; second place: Christine Parrott.

Fiction. First prize: Tom Faris; second place: Steve Urban; third place: Christine Parrott; honorable mentions: Tommy Holder, Michael Pellecchia.

Research Paper or Article. First prize: Janie A. Liles; second place: Judy Tankersley; third place: Trudy Ogren; honorable mention: Robert Meade.

Poetry. First prize: Sharon Fagg; second place: Marian McGlasson; third place: Michael Pellecchia; honorable mentions: Janet Giambrone, Mary Beth McCleskey.

Honors Due Two at Game

Two Fort Worth men long associated with the TCU athletic program will be honored by the Alumni Association during half-time activities Friday night at the annual Purple-White football game.

Cyrus K. Rickel Sr. will be presented the Royal Purple award and L. R. "Dutch" Meyer will receive the Frog o'Fame award. Presentations will be made by Henry Rose of Dallas, alumni

awards committee chairman. The honorees will be feted at a pre-game reception beginning at 6:30 p.m. in the Ex-Lettermen's Clubroom.

Rickel has long been a TCU financial supporter, both in academics and in athletics.

Meyer worked in athletic posts ranging from waterboy to athletic director during his 56 years of active association with the University.

Rare Books Catalogued

The first part of a two-volume descriptive catalogue of the William Luther Lewis collection of rare books and manuscripts owned by TCU is scheduled for completion in conjunction with TCU/Fort Worth Week.

The collection was first brought to the campus on loan following its purchase by the late Amon G. Carter in 1955. In 1958 the Carter Foundation made it an outright gift to the University.

The two-part work is edited by Dr. Lyle H. Kendall Jr. of the University of Texas at Arlington, former member of the TCU English department faculty.

The catalogue provides bibliographical description with notes on origin and related matters.

The collection includes one of the only two copies of the famous editions of Pavier Shakespeare materials, representations of more than 300 of the principal authors of English and American literature and more than 100 first editions as well as important manuscripts and autograph letters. The materials date from the 15th to the 20th centuries but represent, for the most part, works produced by the outstanding figures of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries.

President of Chicago Pneumatic Tool Co. of New York from 1946 until his death in 1952, Lewis bought his first book, a used pocket edition of Shakespeare, for a few pennies when he was in grammar school.

The 200-page volume can be ordered from the TCU Press.

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Awards Presented at J-Banquet

Outstanding male and female graduates topped the recognition roster at the TCU Journalism Department's annual spring awards banquet at the Worth Hotel Thursday evening.

Paul O. Ridings Jr., Fort Worth, and Mrs. Dorothy Howell, also of Fort Worth although a native of Mobile, Ala., won the department's top honors. Ridings' award came from national Sigma Delta Chi, Mrs. Howell's from the women's equivalent of the national journalism society, Theta Sigma Phi.

Presided over by Dr. Clifford O. Lawhorne, journalism chairman, the affair was highlighted by an address, "The New Journalism," by Charles Clayton, veteran newspaperman and former president of national Sigma Delta Chi.

Reporters Honored

Winning the top three spots in "Best of Skiff" competition was a Tallmadge, Ohio, sophomore student, Rita Emigh. She placed first in newswriting, feature writing, and shared a first place with seven of her classmates in the interpretative writing category.

Also sharing in first place awards in Interpretative Reporting are Shirley Farrell, Larry Crowder, Paul Ridings, Bob Buckman, Lee Huebner, Frank Lewis and Jon Fory.

Jack Moseley, city editor of the Fort Worth Press, presented out-

standing reporting awards to Joe Kennedy and Sharon Verbryke, for work on The Skiff.

The Minneapolis Star scholarship for evidence of professionalism went to Bobby Clanton—a \$400 scholarship granted by the Star only to accredited journalism departments about the country.

Among other Best of Skiff awards were a first in editorial writing for Frank Lewis, spring editor; a first in general columns for Ken Bunting, fall news editor; a first in sports reporting for Paul O. Ridings Jr., sports editor both semesters, and a top three sweepstakes for Jim Snider, photographer both semesters.

An Alpha Delta Sigma distinguished service key was presented to Chris White, and an "aid to advertising education award" to Frank O'Neil.

Robert S. Lefler won the Thomas L. Yates memorial advertising scholarship presented by the Advertising Club of Fort Worth. Other Ad Club citations of excellence went to Dee Ann Demaree, Kitty Sue Damron and Nanci McNamara. Romano Biancardi received a special recognition award of \$50 from the same source.

3 Scholarships

Theta Sigma Phi scholarships fell to the lot of Nanci McNamara (for the first time), and to Carol Nuckols and Shirley Farrell (as repeat awards).

Miss Farrell dedicated the 1970 Horned Frog to Mrs. Mae C. Goldlust, of the University's business office, in recognition of superior effort and compassion in behalf of students.

Miss Farrell also was presented as the fall 1970 editor-elect for The Skiff, and David Stinson as the 1971 Horned Frog editor.

The Steve Pieringer award for reporter interested in radio-television work went to Greg Burden; and Jon Fory won the Firefighters' Pieringer award; both were set up to honor the memory of young Pieringer, a TV news photographer, who lost his life in a disastrous Kennedale gasoline fire a couple of years ago.

Best of Skiff

The annual Paul O. Ridings Sr. scholarship to the junior student with the highest journalism average went to Raymond Teague.

Second and third placers in the Best of Skiff competition, by cate-

gory, were: Nancy O'Neill and Joe Kennedy, general news; Shirley Farrell and Billie Pullman, feature; Mike Adams and Ken Bunting, editorial; Larry Crowder and Shirley Farrell, general columns; Bobby Clanton and Paul Ridings, sports, and Charleen Hayes and Bobby Clanton, interpretative reporting.

Announcements of pending

summer internships included Joe Kennedy to Atlanta Constitution, Susan Whitaker to San Antonio Light, Shirley Farrell to Columbus Dispatch, Bobby Clanton to Fort Worth Star-Telegram.

Jon Fory and Ken Bunting will report to the Harte-Hanks newspapers' post graduate reporting sequence, with the Corpus Christi Caller-Times.

PAM:

Just found out AIA gives double credit for travel-study trips this summer to Rome, Paris, you name it! In addition to an honest-to-goodness accredited program, you can get financial credit, too. Get all facts before May 31 deadline. Call M. Shaw, 924-9557.

JERRI

Students Aid in PR Work

Campus public relations for TCU/Fort Worth Week is being organized by Michele Sears with Charles Floyd, a TCU alumnus and general chairman of the week, and a committee of students and University staff.

Twenty-eight different student talks with city civic and auxiliary organizations were planned by the co-chairman and their committee.

"The purpose of this program is to improve TCU relationship with these community groups," Miss Sears said. "It is our way to communicate with the city and enable them to understand what we are."

Each program involves two students and at least one faculty member, selected as representatives of the University because of their involvement with the University.

In its second year, the speaking program began this year at the end of March and will be completed by May 7. The talks about TCU emphasize what the University is today and what is special about the institution, Miss Sears said.

"We have received a warm reception from the clubs," she continued.



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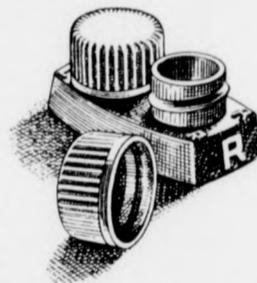
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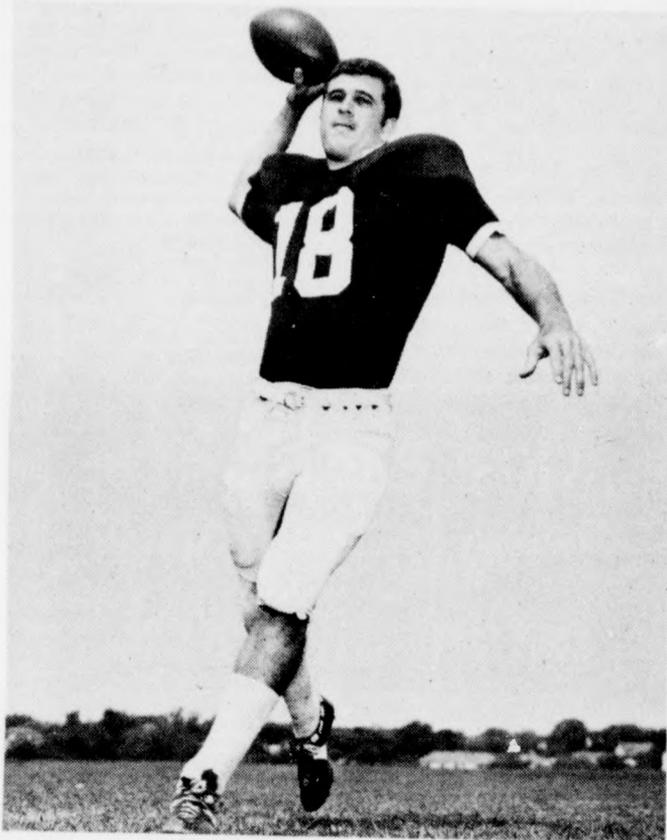
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Coach Predicts High Score Tonight



STEVE JUDY TO LEAD PURPLES IN SPRING GAME TONIGHT
Record-breaking quarterback to start in 1970 dress rehearsal
Photo by Jim Snider

A high score on at least the Purples' side of the ledger can be expected tonight when the Frogs battle the Frogs in the annual Purple-White spring training football game.

Head Coach Fred Taylor has lined up his number one and two units against the number three and four units both offensively and defensively tonight.

He does, however, plan to switch reserve quarterbacks Busty Underwood and Dan Carter back and forth between the two teams.

Starting for the Purples, of course, will be record-breaking quarterback Steve Judy. His running mates in the back field will be tailbacks Bobby Davis and Larry Harris and flanker Raymond Rhodes.

At the ends will be John Hetherly and Frankie Grimmer. Last year's starting tight end John Beilue has been bothered with injuries this spring.

For the Whites, the quarterbacks will be Underwood and Carter. Running backs will be sophomores Steve Sanford, Bobby Hickey, Lee Harris and Bob Carlisle. At flanker will be Guy Buschman and the ends are Mike

Barmore and Bill Floyd.

Kickoff for the game tonight is 8 p.m.

"We'll put on a good show

tonight," predicts Taylor. "I look for a lot of scoring with the passing of Judy and the speed of people like Harris and Rhodes."

Mills, McBryde Top Track Hopes

With defending long jump champion Carl Mills and high hurdler Larry McBryde leading the way, TCU track coach Guy Shaw Thompson is hopeful of the Horned Frogs best showing in over a decade when the Southwest Conference track and field meet unfolds at Rice in Houston this weekend.

McBryde has a season best of 14.0 this year and has been beaten but once by a SWC foe. However, he will face stiff competition from Greg Gilliland of Rice and A&M's Rockie Woods.

"Larry's getting beat may have been a blessing in disguise," says Thompson. "Now he knows exactly what he's up against. I feel he's ready to run his best race of the season."

Mills won the SWC long jump title last year as a freshman with a 25-8/4 leap, well over the record but wind-aided. After an early season heel injury, the sophomore from Castleberry has come on in recent weeks, showing a best of 24-5 1/2.

High jumper David Quisenberry, a junior college transfer from Henderson County, is another gold medal candidate. Quisenberry hit his peak last weekend with a 6-9 effort at the Drake relays; he still failed to place in the talent-laden field.

Thompson is also hopeful of freshman James Lester (sprints) and Steve Bond (mile) plus quartermiler Donnie Waugh and points out that David Hardin, another frosh, could come on in the 440 intermediate hurdles.

Brown Honored In Hall-of-Fame

Elmer Brown, head trainer for the Horned Frogs since 1951, has been elected to the Helms Athletic Foundation Athletic Trainers Hall of Fame.

In an announcement made today by the Helms foundation, Brown's name was included with five others who will each claim the Helms Hall of Fame award and have his name engraved upon the Athletic Trainers Hall of Fame trophy which is lodged in Helms Hall in Los Angeles.

Elmer's brother, Delmer, East Texas State's trainer since 1958, is also one of the new Hall of Famers. The six new members will be presented their awards at the annual National Athletic Trainers Association Convention in Denver, Colo., June 8.

Pi Phi, 1341 Honored

Pi Beta Phi and the 1341 Class took the top awards at the 1970 Women's Intramural Banquet last Tuesday night.

The two groups won the overall trophies for the 1969-70 sports year in the Greek and independent leagues respectively.

The Pi Phi totaled 219 1/2 points overall, 69 1/2 points more than the second place Tri-Delts. This was the second year in a row the Pi Phi have won the award.

Alpha Delta Pi was presented the "Gung-Ho" trophy, an award for the sorority which entered the most events and won the fewest with the fewest forfeits.

Pi Beta Phi won ten first places this year. As a team the Pi Phi won the following tournaments: pledge volleyball, basketball free throw, swimming, softball, archery, and putting.

Individual Pi Phis who won first places were Lee Zucht and Susan Hill in badminton doubles, Kaki Orr and Sandy Elliott in pledge badminton doubles, Orr in pledge badminton singles and Sharon Cloud in putting.

The Tri-Delts won team trophies in volleyball, basketball and track. Individual Tri-Delts who won first places were Nancy O'Neill in badminton singles and Susan Wild tied for putting.

Two other first place winners were Chi Omega Grace Ann Hurst in archery and Zeta Tauana Burris in free throw.

Independent 1341 Class won first places in volleyball and basketball. Other independent first place winners were archers Sheryl Hurst and Barbara Morian in archery; the Phys. Ed. Pros in putting and Wailby Club in track.

LXA, Philosophy, Misfits Lead Softball Races

With a week left until the playoffs, the Misfits have taken a slim lead in the independent slowpitch league.

Last week the Misfits downed previously unbeaten Brite 15-3 to move into the top spot. In other games last Friday BFD chopped the Chops 20-10 and the Towners edged KKY 20-17.

The standings in the Friday slowpitch league:

Friday League	Won	Lost
Misfits	2	0
Brite	2	1
Towners	1	1
BFD	1	1
Chops	1	2
KKY	0	2

In the Wednesday fast pitch league, Philosophy Club has moved into first place. A week ago Wednesday, Philosophy won its third game in a row, downing the Pete Wright Derelicts 11-5. United and the Derelicts were both tied for second place going into their game last Wednesday.

Wednesday league play closes next week as the Vigies meet Canterbury. United battles Philosophy and the Derelicts challenge the Delta Sigs.

The standings in the Wednesday fast pitch league through April 22:

Wednesday Fastpitch	Won	Lost
Philosophy	3	0
Derelicts	2	1
United	2	1
Delta Sigs	1	2
Canterbury	1	2
Vigies	0	3

Lambda Chi held the lead in the Greek softball race going into this week's action. The LXA's are 4-1 through their first five games.

Standings in the Greek league through April 23:

Greeks	Won	Lost	Tied
Lambda Chi	5	1	0
Phi Kaps	3	2	0

Kappa Sigs	3	2	1
Delts	3	3	0
Phi Delts	3	3	0
Sigma Chi	2	3	1
Sig Eps	2	3	0
SAE	1	5	0

In the intramural golf tournament a week ago, the Delt team of Jack Keene and Mike Fauks won with a total score of 147. Keene fired a 74 and Fauks a 73.

The Phi Kaps were second at 153 and the SAE's third at 156.

Rifle Team Closes Best Season

With an outstanding showing in the important St. Mary's Invitational last weekend, the TCU Rifle Team finished its 1969-70 season.

Every trophy at St. Mary's that had the word "Girls" engraved on it left San Antonio in the hands of someone from TCU.

For the first time ever Linda Robinson fired with Carolyn Faubion, Sherryl Stine and Cheryl Garrett and the TCU girls team wiped everybody out.

Firing 30 points better than their closest competition, the female Frogs won first place in the girls division with a total team score of 2040. That total was higher than the scores of many of the boys teams in the competition.

Robinson, Faubion and Stine also finished 1-2-3 in the girls high aggregate standings. Linda's average score was a 275 out of a possible 300. Carolyn's average was 263 and Sherryl's, 250.

TCU's boys team of Mike Brown, David Walker, Mike Garr and Doug Tyler also did well. Led by Brown's average of 277, the boys finished among the top ten teams in a field that included

such powers as Houston, UT-Arlington, Texas, Cameron State, Midwestern, Missouri, St. Mary's, Texas A&M, Rice, and Oklahoma State. That's quite an accomplishment for a team that only two years ago finished 22nd in a field of 38 teams at this same meet.

The tournament was the last for this year's team and signaled the end of the most successful season in TCU Rifle team history. The team brought home trophies from every meet they participated in this season, quite a haul for a

team from a school that from 1958 to 1968 won only one trophy.

And the outlook is even better for next season. All members of the team will return and rifle team coach 1st/Sgt. George E. Beck believes their potential is unlimited.

"Carolyn, Sherryl and Cheryl are a year ahead of themselves in ability," said Beck. "Where they are right now anybody else would be shooting around 220 but they're firing 250 and 260. Another semester's experience and there's no telling what they'll be able to score."

"And what can you say about Linda and the four boys except outstanding," adds Beck. "The dedication, the spirit and the enthusiasm they have shown the past two years is inspiring."

Considering that the TCU Rifle Team receives little outside support, it makes their efforts even more outstanding. Most of the cost of competing in these meets across the Southwest was borne by the team members themselves. "They're fighters," sums up Beck. "And they're proud to be from TCU. I'm certainly looking forward to next year."



YOU'VE COME a long way, baby! 1970 Rifle Team compares trophies they won in 1969-70 to the one trophy TCU won from 1959-68. Team members are (back row) Doug Tyler, Mike Garr, coach 1st Sgt. George Beck, David Walker and Mark Harold and (front row) Linda Robinson, Sherryl Stine, Carolyn Faubion and Cheryl Garrett.