

'Dynamite  
Chicken'  
Reviewed  
(See Page 6)

# The Skiff

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

Volume 69, Number 53  
Friday,  
April 30, 1971

## House Urges Faculty Raises

By CANDY TUTTLE

Asking guidance for Mike Usnick and Charlie Thompson, Eric Smylie opened the last House of Representatives meeting late Tuesday afternoon with the invocation.

Amidst the regular end-of-the-year rush on House approval of various bills were those concerning class attendance, class reservations and faculty salary increase. All three passed after some discussion.

House Bill 57 provides that professors must inform their students of class attendance policies at the first class meeting. The amendment to the bill states that the House is "greatly displeased with the policy of some professors of penalizing students merely for missing class beyond prescribed limits."

### Reservations

Bill 714 asks the administration for permission for students to make class reservations at each department for all classes that will be taught the following semester. This procedure will merely reserve a place in a specified section for returning students but will not eliminate registration as TCU does not have the needed equipment for computerized class scheduling.

With the proposed method of class reservation, registration should only require a half hour rather than the two hours it now takes. At the same time it would practically abolish the mass confusion in the coliseum.

### Salary Increase

The faculty salary increase bill was defended by Tom Lowe who cited many Texas schools which rank equally or below TCU in academic standing that offered their faculty amazingly more compensation than does TCU. SMU's doctors are awarded almost \$4000 more than those at TCU.

Most House members agreed that in order to uphold TCU's good academic standing it is essential to have an outstanding faculty. "Paying second-rate salaries means second-rate teachers," Lowe explained. "And I don't think any of us are paying a second-rate tuition fee."

### 'Pay Him a Living' . . .

Dr. John L. Worham, chairman of the Economics Department and Vice Chairman of the Faculty Senate, told House members, "If you want to keep a good man around, you have to pay him a living . . ."

Lowe, using another angle of defense, explained that TCU must raise its median as foundations often consider faculty compensation when giving grants. When asked where the proposed money might come from, Lowe answered, "It's here,

it's just being mismanaged. If you're worried about a tuition hike, it's bound to happen anyway; so why not have our money do some good?"

### Farewell Bid

After routine business was finished, House advisor Lee Douthit thanked the House members for their cooperation in her two and a half years as advisor and wished them luck as she left. Mrs. Douthit encouraged the House to "continue being concerned with the issues that matter, especially the University committees and relations with the administration. You must work together to accomplish anything."

The House adjourned until the fall semester after a standing ovation for Mrs. Douthit.



HERE IS just a taste of 'Dynamite Chicken' which will be shown tonight at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. in the Student Center ballroom.

## Annual Journalism Blast Honors Student Scribes

Nancy Elaine O'Neill, Fort Worth, won honors as Sigma Delta Chi outstanding journalism graduate last night in a Journalism Department banquet that lionized dozens of other student stars and heard the comments of a distinguished Washington newspaperwoman.

Joining Miss O'Neill in the "outstanding graduate" bracket was Shirley Ann Farrell, Fort Worth, who was cited by Theta Sigma Phi, women journalists, in the annual event at Colonial Cafeteria's Freedom Room on West Berry.

Robert Stephen Lefler, also Fort Worth, claimed the Alpha Delta Sigma (professional advertising fraternity) "outstanding graduate" award.

The banquet, presided over by Dr. Clifton O. Lawhorne, Journalism chairman, heard Margaret Mayer, chief of the Dallas Times-Herald's Washington bureau, relate some rollicking tales of the national capital beat.

The Fort Worth Press Club \$500 scholarship in memory of Steve Pieringer, TV newsman who lost his life in a disastrous Kennedale fire, went to Charles M. Hawkins, Crowley; and another memorial to young Pieringer, a \$100 tuition credit contributed by individuals and organizations, fell to Louise M. Ferrie, San Antonio.

Still another Pieringer memorial, this one by the Fort Worth Fire Fighters Association, was awarded Janie Liles, Florissant, Mo.

### Ridings Award

The Ridings journalism award, presented by Paul O. Ridings in memory of his father Willard,

who founded TCU's journalism department, became the property of Carol Belange Nuckols, Fort Worth.

Miss Nuckols has been named editor of The Skiff for the fall semester, and will intern this summer at the Corpus Christi Caller-Times.

Sara Ann Routh Suchowerskj won the Thomas L. Yates Memorial Advertising Award.

Rosalind Routt and Gary Kimbrell, both of Fort Worth, were cited by the Fort Worth Press as the outstanding reporters on The Skiff for the 1970-71 school year. Both are juniors.

John VanBeekum, Lubbock, managed to snag an eighth-place \$150 award from the Hearst Foundation in that organization's photographic sweepstakes, des-

pite working full time as a Star-Telegram photographer while attending college.

Alpha Delta Sigma's outstanding service key to student in advertising went to Deborah Gross, Cincinnati, Ohio.

Best-of-Skiff awards, an annual judging by Fort Worth Star-Telegram and Fort Worth Press editorial executives, went to a round dozen of students whose names have become familiar to Skiff readers.

### First in Two

Placing first in both news and feature categories was Sue Ann Sandusky, Findlay, Ohio.

Second in news was Miss Liles, and third Steve Walters, Fort Worth. Jerry McAdams, Burle-  
(Continued on Page 5)

## The On-Again, Off-Again Folk Opera Is On-Again

Despite the controversy earlier this semester, the folk opera "Legend of Serpany Doyle" will be presented May 9.

The opera was written by Kirk Ray and Jim Unfried of TCJC. It is, in their words, an "expression of eternal brotherhood, freedom and love in the form of a modern-folk opera."

It is the story of a troll who eats part of an enchanted forest and regrets what he has done. He goes to find the god, Serpany Doyle, to apologize. On his way he finds a child named Dolcim-

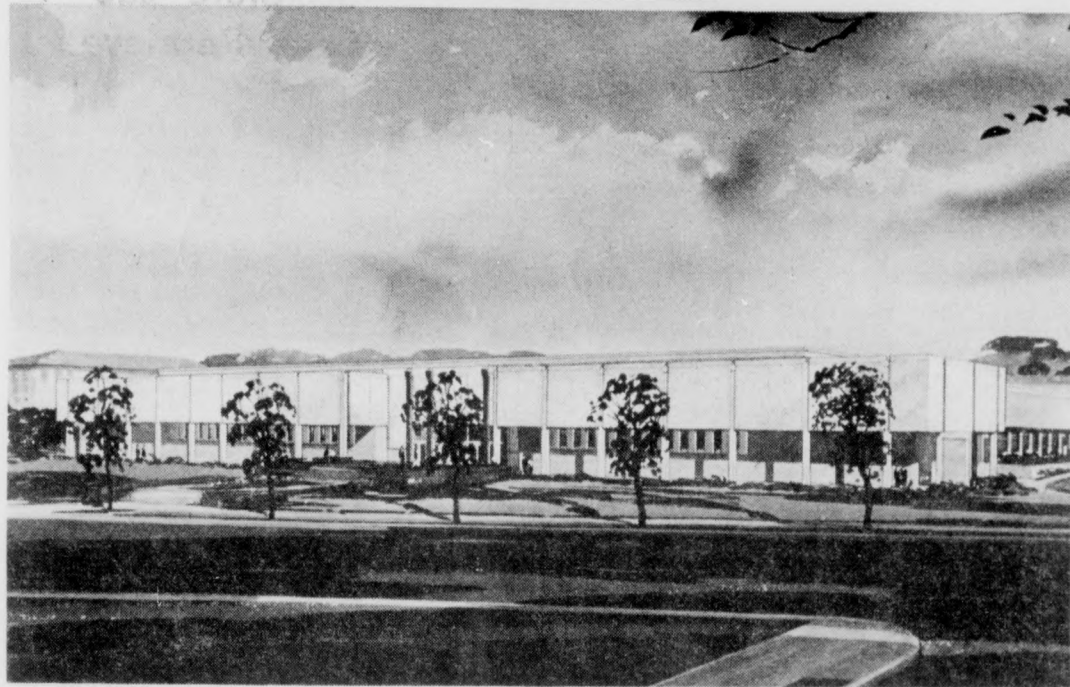
er. The rest of the story involves Dolcimer's downfall at the hands of a Swedish couple who give him a life based on materialism.

The TCU ballet department is providing the cast with Jack Ward as choreographer. The cast will perform in contemporary ballet.

Ray and Unfried will play other numbers to fill the evening.

The "Legend of Serpany Doyle" is being sponsored by Canterbury and the TCU programming board. It will be seen in Ed Landreth Auditorium at 7:30 p.m. Admission is \$1.00.





Work has begun on the \$3.3 million Cyrus K. and Ann C. Rickel Health and Physical Education Building. The new facility will occupy a 140,000 square foot space behind Milton Daniel Dorm.

# Rickel Building Advances Plans for Fall '72 Target

By the fall semester 1972, TCU will have a new physical education building. Construction was to begin this week on the \$3.3 million Cyrus K. and Ann C. Rickel Health and Physical Education Building.

The 140,000 square foot building will be located near the northeast corner of Stadium Dr. and Bellaire Dr. North. About half of the cost of the building is being paid by the Cyrus K. and Ann C. Rickel Foundation.

The building will include an aquatic center with two pools and an adjoining outdoor terrace. The 48-by-75 foot pool for recreational and competitive swimming meets NCAA standards; the 48-by-40 foot diving pool, also to be used for scuba diving, exceeds the standards. Both will be equipped with underwater light and sound systems and below-water viewing windows. There will be room for more than 1,000 spectators at competitive events.

### 10 Handball Courts

The new building will have 10 handball courts, compared to the present two. Four of these will have glass back walls and tournament seating for more than 200 spectators.

An adaptive room and a research laboratory for advanced instructional programs will be equipped with a whirlpool and special weight devices. These are intended for studies of the physiology and psychology of exercise, and to aid in correcting physical abnormalities and delayed physical development.

The Rickel Building will also have an indoor golf area, rhythmic units specially designed for runs and leaps and fold dancing, a gymnastics unit, a weight room, a conditioning room, and areas for fencing and combats.

The building is designed for a student population of up to 8,000; current enrollment is about 6,250. Dr. Herbert F. LaGrone, Dean of the School of Education says he expects health and physical fitness activity to at least double in the first year of the new building due to current unmet needs.

With the \$7.6 million Science Research Center, dedicated earlier this month, and the \$1.2 million building for the Harris College of Nursing and the Department of Home Economics, the Rickel Building will bring TCU close to meeting the goal for construction purposed in the first phase of the New Century campaign, according to C. C. Nolen, vice chancellor for development.

The first phase of the New Century campaign seeks \$43 million by the University centennial in 1973. Only \$12.8 million of this was earmarked for capital construction; the rest is for permanent endowment and annual operations.

## Class Slots Open for Fall

Students who are enrolled at TCU this Spring and who plan to attend the University during the Fall '71 semester will have the opportunity to reserve places in classes offered in the Fall.

To make class reservations, students should report to the various department offices during the week of May 3—May 7. These will be on a first come, first served basis.

Marvin Keith, associate registrar, said that the plan was discussed at the Dean's Council meeting with Dr. James Newcomer, vice-chancellor for academic affairs. He added the plan had never been tried at TCU, but was being tried all over the nation. "At the present time the

class reservation plan is the most feasible," commented Keith.

Class reservations made during the prescribed period will be held only through the three days of registration and unclaimed places will be released for the four day period allowed for late registration and changes in schedules. Students wanting to change their class reservation must make the changes during the three days of registration.

**TUXEDO RENTALS**  
at  
**Tuxedo Junction**  
By TCU Theater  
724-2281



## GO-KART FUN in FOREST PARK

- Weekdays: 2-11
- Weekends: 9-12

## FOREST PARK GO-KARTS

1685 S. University ED 5-5962  
(Across from Carlson's)

### ATTENTION DRAMA STUDENTS!

AUDITIONS FOR THE  
DIRTIEST CLOTHES

Now Being Held At Your Nearby KWIK-WASH  
Where \$2 Dry Cleans 8 Lbs.

**LAUNDRY KWIK WASH DRY CLEANING**

2219 West Berry At Wayside

**PIZZA**

- SPAGHETTI
- SEAFOOD
- STEAKS

**GIUSEPPE'S**  
**Italian Food**

1908 West Berry WA 7-0000

Now Clothes

**PIZZAZZ**

**25% OFF**

**All Guys' Dress Shirts**

Be Sure to Ask About This Special Sale

at **PIZZAZZ**

6706 Camp Bowie — Ft. Worth  
Six Flags Mall — Arlington  
Northeast Mall — Hurst  
1224 W. Hickory — Denton

Master Charge American Bank

BRING THIS COUPON AND GET:

**\$1.00 Off** | **50¢ Off**

ON ANY  
LARGE PIZZA

ON ANY  
SMALL PIZZA

**3033 Cockrell**  
**Phone: 926-4117**



# Editors Named for Fall

Next semester's student editors and advertising managers were appointed at Tuesday's 2:30

Student Publications Committee p.m. Student Publications Committee meeting.

Siegfried announced plans to change the traditional hardback year book to a new two-volume magazine type format. Siegfried, the annual's sports editor this year, said the book would come out in two issues. The first will be magazine type feature articles on TCU and coverage of students, faculty and administration; the second volume will be distributed in August with a slip case for storage and will cover campus beauties, organizations and individual pictures.

Carol Nuckols, assistant managing editor of The Skiff this semester, was named its fall editor. Miss Nuckols has not yet chosen her staff.

The literary magazine will be edited by freshman Randy Eli Grothe who hopes to "resurrect" the magazine with an active staff, more publicity and greater effort to find contributors. He

said he hoped to enlist the help of the Creative Writing class as well as English and Art professors and said he wants to give the magazine a variety of content, including satire, stories, poems, essays, art, and photography.

Management of Skiff advertising will be under junior Debby Gross who has been an ad salesman for both the paper and yearbook.

Brenda West, this semester's yearbook advertiser, has been re-named to her post for the fall semester.

## Sculpture Lab Gets Reprieve

The sculpture lab has been saved.

Last week the administration notified the maintenance department to drop plans for the physical re-location of the controversial structure. Harry Geffert, sculpture instructor, said complications arose when cost of moving the building surmounted cost of raising a new facility.

John Thomas, head of the Art Department, said that a general clean-up of the lab and its surrounding area is still in progress. Classes will be held there next semester, he assured.

## Ballet Mayday Program Tops Weekend Calendar

If you're a ballet enthusiast, be sure and mark Saturday, May 1, or Sunday, May 2, on your events calendar. On those two days, the Young Choreographers Workshop of Original Works of the Fort Worth Ballet Association will present a five part ballet, "Ballet Mayday."

Each ballet will have its own choreographer. The first ballet, "View from the Gallows," will be choreographed by TCU graduate student Wayne Soulant. The second part of the presentation, "Fantastical" will be arranged by Peggy Willis. The third ballet, "Move Out," will be entirely jazz and will be choreographed by Bruce Lea. "In the Spring," the fourth part of the ballet, will be arranged by Elisabeth Orwig, and

the finale of the performance, "A Fool's World" will be choreographed by Nell Fuson.

All five of these choreographers are TCU students in the School of Fine Art's Ballet Division. The weekend performances are presented to give the young choreographers involved some valuable experience.

Fernando Schaffenburg, director of the TCU Ballet Division, and his wife Nancy will both be performing in the ballet.

Admission to the event is \$2.00 for adults and \$1.00 for students. The Saturday evening performance will begin at 8:15 p.m. and the Sunday afternoon presentation will start at 2:30 p.m. Both weekend performances will be held at Scott Theatre.

**STUDY SOUNDS**  
**IMPROVE GRADES**  
 Improve Grades While Devoting The Same Amount Of Time To Study  
**USE STUDY SOUNDS**  
 Increase Your Concentration And Improve Your Comprehension. Study At A Faster Rate.  
**ELECTRONICALLY PRODUCED SOUNDS CAUSE THIS TO HAPPEN**  
 Please Specify  
 8 Track Tape, Cassette, Or LP Record  
 Send Check or Money Order — \$9.95 Each  
 Include 75c Handling and Postage  
 Sound Concepts, Inc. — Box 3852  
 Charlottesville, Va. 22902

**Fox Barber Shop**  
 3028 SANDAGE  
 Reg. Haircuts—Long Haircuts  
 Hairstyling  
 (Across from Cox's On Berry)

you are invited  
**REGGIE'S COIFFURES**  
 why - moving entire staff  
 where - 2747 8th Ave.  
 when - open may 4

featuring

Renown for the European Method of  
 \* HAIR SINGEING \*  
 — Makes Hair Shiny and Managable  
 — Abolishes split ends

by Mr. Geza  
**REGGIE'S COIFFURES**

RSVP  
 2747 8th Ave.

924-2209

Your mother loves you, no matter what.



Send her a BigHug bouquet, and send it early. Make Mother's Day last a little longer. Call or visit an FTD florist today. He'll take it from there. Delivered almost anywhere in the country. A special gift. At a special price. For a special mother. Yours. Usually available at less than

\$12.50\*



Send her the  
**FTD BigHug Bouquet early.**

\*As an independent businessman, each FTD Member Florist sets his own prices.

# GRADUATING SENIORS AND TRANSFER STUDENTS

TO INSURE THAT YOU GET YOUR  
 1970-71 HORNED FROG  
 You Must Leave Your Address,  
 Or Where You Want Your  
 Annual Delivered

If you have taken 9 hours or more both semesters, go to the Business Office and pay \$1.00 to cover the cost of mailing. Then bring your receipt to Room 116 in Dan Rogers Hall, there you will fill out a mailing address and your annual will be mailed.

If you have taken less than 9 hours for either of the last two semesters and want an annual, go to the Business Office and pay \$2.50 for each semester during which you were enrolled for less than 9 hours in addition to the \$1.00 mailing charge then bring your receipt to Room 116 in Dan Rogers Hall.



As I See It...

# Provisions of Peace Treaty Ignore Legitimate Opposition

By GLENN JOHNSON

On May 5 the TCU student body will be asked to express its opinion on the "People's Peace Treaty." Given the desire of every college student for peace, the possibility of its passage would seem almost certain. However, this particular document contains no guarantees of peace and, in fact, contains several provisions that the majority of students, including those that are "anti-war," should oppose. These provisions should be brought to light so that a clearer understanding of the treaty can be formulated.

However, before the specific provisions can be discussed, it is necessary to have an understanding of the history of the "People's Peace Treaty." In August of 1970 the National Student Association, (NSA), a radical group of student governments, in order to increase its membership and rejuvenate the Peace Movement decided to press for a "People's Peace Treaty." A group of students went to Hanoi in December of 1970 and returned shortly before Christmas, bringing with them the "People's Peace Treaty."

Besides the most obvious reason, there are several reasons why the "treaty" is questionable. Of course the most obvious reason is that there is no such thing as a "people's" treaty. Alexander De Conde in his book "History of American Foreign Policy" points out on page 858 that, by definition, treaties are between sovereign states, not between people. Nevertheless, there are more reasons for questioning the "treaty."

### Unconstitutional

First, the "treaty" is unconstitutional. Article II, Section 2 of the United States Constitution reserves the power to make treaties to the President with the advice and consent of the Congress. This is backed up by the Logan Act of 1798 that forbids individuals to negotiate with a foreign government.

Second, the "treaty" was written by the North Vietnamese and the terms were not negotiated by the American students and representatives. This was admitted by Ron Eachus, one of the delegates and reported by the St. Louis Globe-Democrat on Feb. 15, 1971, in a column by Edward O'Brien. The "treaty" is merely a restatement of the demands Hanoi is making at the Paris Peace Talks.

Furthermore, the "treaty" claims to represent the opinions of the South Vietnamese students, while, in fact, there has

not been a referendum on the treaty in any of the South Vietnamese universities, and only one person, the President of the Saigon Student Union, has signed the treaty in spite of the fact that that organization has not endorsed the "treaty." ("National Review," April 20, 1971, pp. 407-408.)

Third, the "treaty" commits the United States to "immediate and total withdrawal" from South Vietnam while it does not commit the North Vietnamese from removing their forces from Laos, Cambodia and South Vietnam.

Fourth, the "treaty" does not commit the North Vietnamese to releasing the American Prisoners-of-War. All that is required is that discussions shall be entered into. One remembers the very long time spent in discussions Mark Wefers, another delegate to Hanoi, called the American POWs "pirates and murderers." (AP Wire Dispatch, December 26, 1970). Perhaps the release of American POWs was never contemplated by the American delegates and the "treaty."

### Interference?

Fifth, the "treaty" calls for U. S. interference into the internal workings of the South Vietnamese government which was elected constitutionally. It calls for the removal of the Thieu-Ky government in violation of the wishes of the South Vietnamese people.

Finally, the methods of enforcing the "treaty" leave much to be desired. "Whatever actions are appropriate" are to be used to insure that the U.S. government follows the "treaty" it did not negotiate. What are "appropriate actions"? Does that involve kidnapping high government officials? Or does it mean the bombing of the tunnels that run under Washington, D. C.? Or does it mean "shutting down" Washington, an action contemplated by Rennie Davis for this May?

Contemplate the "treaty." Remember, opposition to the war does not mean it is necessary to support the "treaty." There are legitimate, rational, workable ways to oppose the war in Vietnam without being the puppet of North Vietnam or a dupe to a radical student organization that is frantically trying to increase its membership so as to remain solvent. Read the "treaty," consider the nine points. Then decide whether it is fair to all parties, whether it is workable and whether the TCU student body should endorse it. Then vote in the referendum May 5.

## Skiff / Opinion

# Street People Show Lack of Reason

Chalk up a big minus for the Fort Worth counter-culture: Last Tuesday night on Berry Street near TCU we witnessed exactly what an out-of-control street scene can do.

About a month ago members of the Fort Worth street scene moved in on the area surrounding the House of Pizza. These folks were not patronizing the House, they were just sitting around, raising hell.

Their rowdiness and blockage of the doorway to the House of Pizza and its neighboring establishments interfered with business and was, in general, a nuisance.

The merchants and police had been trying to clean it up a bit during the last week, but not much had happened. So Tuesday night while the usual crowd was gathered around outside, someone nailed a passing car with a mug which had been stolen from the House of Pizza.

Police came and entered the House to find the mug hurler. A number of the street people gathered around, drowning out the regular, paying customers, and jeered the police as they took away a suspect. The harassment by the crowd got worse, and the street people filed out to the place where they are most comfortable and functional: the street.

Tired of all the street people's hassle, the House of Pizza closed. It would seem most people would leave, but not this gang.

Hooping and yelling by about 50 persons attracted at least 150 more spectators. The passing police cars were jeered and a few things were thrown. A few kids even sat down in the street.

The stupidity of the street people's reasoning was then quite obvious. They thought that the police would just drive by and let them raise hell, but all this time the police were grouping in the Safeway and Buddies parking lots. They had dogs and teargas but did not use them.

A quick sweep en masse cleared out the area with a few arrests being made, but there was no evidence of brutality.

So what did this little skirmish accomplish? It probably set back a lot of the things we have been trying to accomplish with the older members of the community. In a week that has seen peaceful anti-war protests in Washington, D. C., many people will associate our stupid and directionless street scene with the anti-war movement and other movements for social change. Many of these people have the political rhetoric, but do not understand what it means.

We are going to have to clean up the act, theirs and ours. Confrontation can be a legitimate tactic in gaining meaningful change, but the misuse and abuse of such strategy, like last Tuesday, just may bring that policemen's truncheon down harder when it really matters.—J.L.



"NOTICE HOW THE EYES ON THAT SEEM TO FOLLOW YOU?"

# Counseling Ignorance Hurts

Editor:

One of the biggest farces at TCU is again in full swing—counseling. Many professors have no idea of degree requirements and sometimes not even the major requirements within their department. There appears to be no pressure put on them to know anything about counseling. So when you get counseled you usually end up counseling yourself and embarrassing the professor. It is a waste of time for

everyone concerned.

The people who are hurt by the counseling are not the professors, but the students. This to me shows a lack of concern on the part of the faculty and administration for the student.

As an alternative to the present inadequate and ineffective system, each department could designate one or possibly two professors as counselors for the department. These professors could either teach fewer courses

or be paid extra for knowing about requirements.

They could actually help confused students by knowing department requirements, related courses in other departments that might be useful and other pertinent information for the student. It would certainly be a tremendous help, although I realize right now the administration is in a financial bind and can't spend money frivolously.

Daryl L. Gustafson

## The Skiff / An All-American college newspaper

Editor-in-Chief ..... Johnny Livengood  
 News Editor ..... Rita Emigh  
 Managing Editor ..... Shirley Farrell  
 Asst. Managing Editor ..... Carol Nuckols  
 Contributing Editor ..... Steve Walters  
 Sports Editor ..... Greg Burden  
 Business Manager ..... Mike Cooke  
 Faculty Adviser ..... Lewis C. Fay



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



# Prize Winning Entries

## Writing Contests: April 1971

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

### MARGIE B. BOSWELL POETRY CONTEST

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

First Prize: "Michelangelo Doesn't Work Here Anymore: To Clark on the Occasion of His Priesting," Mary Dell McCrory, Gainesville, Texas.

Second Prize: "Near the Helicopter Training Base," Tony Clark, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "The Bird (Like the Stag)," Carl Sutton, Denton, Texas.

Judges: Mrs. L. M. Anderson, Department of English, Texas Wesleyan College, Fort Worth; Dr. Leonard Koff, Department of English, University of Texas at Arlington; Dr. Tom Ryan, Department of English, University of Texas at Arlington.

### GRADUATE ESSAY CONTEST

Open to T.C.U. Graduate Students in English.  
Given by the Woman's Wednesday Club of the Fort Worth Woman's Club, Mrs. Charles Wolverton, President.

First Prize: "The Overgrown Garden: Marvell's 'The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn,'" Sarah Gordon, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "The Role of the Earthly Venus in The Romance of the Rose and Spenser's Faerie Queene," Jane Prokesh, Dallas, Texas.

Third Place: "No One to Drive the Car: the Novelistic Techniques of William Carlos Williams' Spring and All," Chester L. Sullivan, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mention: "Regaining the Cosmos: James Dickey's 'The Shark's Parlor,'" Jerry Bradley, Fort Worth.

Judge: Professor George Bond, Department of English, Southern Methodist University.

### SPECIAL AWARDS

The Honorable Dillon Anderson Creative Writing Prize.  
Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.

Given by the Honorable Dillon Anderson.  
Winner: Berkeley Smith, San Antonio, Texas.

**JUNIOR MERIT AWARD**  
Given by the Woman's Wednesday Club of the Fort Worth Woman's Club. A merit award given in the spring semester to a junior English major.  
Winner: Janis Butler, Houston.

### THE JOAN ELISABETH STEPHENS MEMORIAL AWARD

Open to Sophomores.  
Given by Mr. and Mrs. David Wynne Stephens.  
Winner: Judy Hammonds, Houston, Texas.

**THE DR. AND MRS. FRANK DOUGLAS BOYD FRESHMAN MERIT AWARD.** Given by Amy Margaret Boyd Chamberlin.  
Winner: Martha Jean Munger, Lake Jackson, Texas.

### UNDERGRADUATE AWARDS THE WALTER E. BRYSON POETRY CONTEST.

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

First Prize: "Look Up Free," Margo Price, Fort Worth.  
Second Place: "The Inadequacy of Perfection," Dennis Cone, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "Listen to the Wind," Pamela Jackson, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mention: "Thoughts of an Exhibitionist," Marsha Rainbolt, Fort Worth.

"Birds in a Downson," John Hughes, Honolulu, Hawaii.  
Judge: Dr. Tizzie Johnson Cox, Dallas, Texas.

### SHORT STORY CONTEST

Open to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors.  
Given by Dr. Rebecca Smith Lee.  
First Prize: "Long Way Down," Judy Hammonds, Houston, Texas.

Second Place: "Standing Alone," Steve Urban, Perryton, Texas.  
Third Place: "The Goblet," Mar-

go Price, Fort Worth.  
Honorable Mention: "Brookfield Manor," Karen Jean Griffin, Tulsa, Oklahoma.  
"A Day in the Life," Judy Thrash, Houston, Texas.

Judge: Mrs. Beeman Fisher, Fort Worth.

### SOUTHWEST LITERATURE

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.  
Given by Judge A. L. Crouch.  
First Prize: "Ghost Story," Linda Newman Biggs, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "June 'Baccar,'" Catha Hall, Weston, Missouri.  
Third Place: "Ghost Town," Pamela Jackson, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mention: "My Grandfather," Steve Urban, Perryton, Texas.  
"The Road to Espanola," Althea H. Murray, Fort Worth.

Judge: Mrs. Claude D. Roach, Keller, Texas.

### DRAMA CONTEST

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.  
Given by Dr. Mabel Major.  
First Prize: "Factions in 3/5 Time," John D. Hughes, Honolulu, Hawaii.

Second Place: "Eve of Destruction," Ralph S. Poore, Wichita Falls, Texas.  
Third Place: "Hansel and Gretel Puppet Play," Margo Price, Fort Worth.

Judge: Professor Howard Hughes, Fort Worth.

### NON-FICTION PROSE CONTEST

Open to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors.  
Given by the Thursday and Saturday Sections of the Fort Worth T.C.U. Ex-Students Association.

First Prize: "Adventures of Huckleberry Finn: a Social Criticism," Janis Butler, Houston, Texas.

Second Place: "The Changing Scene," Vicki Wooldridge, De Kalb, Texas.

Third Place: "Charms Against Children and Other Monsters," Dale Billingsley, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Honorable Mention: "Schliemann's Dream: The Transcendences of Troy," Linda Pigg, Dallas, Texas.

"The Food of Love," Janie Liles, Florissant, Missouri.  
Judge: Mr. Pruitt Davis, Department of English, North Texas State University.

### LENA AGNES JOHNSON LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN CONTEST

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

First Prize: "The Quill Pen and the Violin," Rebecca Reid, Cleburne, Texas.

Second Place: "The Button Box," Pamela Jackson, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "The Chase," Althea H. Murray, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mention: "Companions," Karen Ann Cox, Fort Worth.

"Me," Barry Phillips, Burleson, Texas.  
Judge: Dr. Luther Clegg, School of Education, Texas Christian University.

### C. S. LEWIS PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.  
Given by anonymous donors.

First Prize: "The Regeneration of Fidelman," Linda Newman Biggs, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Sunt Lacrimae Rerum?" Dennis Cone, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "The Unpardonable Sin," Valerie Neal, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Honorable Mention: "Advice to an Unborn Son," Loy Paxton Jones, Raytown, Missouri.

"Seven Bodies One Mind," Daryl E. Kaire, West Babylon, New York.

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

### ALPHA LAMBDA DELTA-PHI ETA SIGMA AWARD FOR NON-FICTION PROSE

Open to members of the T.C.U. Chapters of these organizations.  
Given by the T.C.U. chapters of

Alpha Lambda Delta and Phi Eta Sigma.

First Prize: "The Welfare Monster," Steve Cross, Tempe, Arizona.

Second Place: "Commentary: Emerson's Thoughts on Education and the Scholar," Valerie Neal, Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Third Place: "Contemporary Controversy and the Special Interest Group," Jim Phillips, Huntington Beach, California.

Honorable Mention: "Role of the Navy during the English Civil Wars and the Commonwealth," Loy Paxton Jones, Raytown, Missouri.

"The Changing Scene," Vicki Wooldridge, De Kalb, Texas.

Judge: Mary Hatcher Glade, Fort Worth.

### FRESHMAN CONTEST: NARRATIVE OF FACT

Offered by the Dallas T.C.U. Woman's Club.  
First Prize: "Tommy," Constance Cox, Shreveport, Louisiana.

Second Place: "One Tennis Day," Juan Corominas, Mexico, D. F.

Third Place: "It Was a Long Day," Dave Wise, Houston, Texas.

Honorable Mention: "Creative Writing Assignment," Keith Williams, Tulsa, Oklahoma.

Judge: Mr. Lawrence Dee Burks, Azle, Texas.

### ESSAY

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

First Prize: "Fields," Marta Lynn Keen, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Ghost Town," Ben Brown, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "Education, American Style," Don Dowdey, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mention: "Durham: a Reminiscence," Mary Therese Poundstone, Borger, Texas.

"Abortion: Idealistic Panacea?" Brenda West, Kerens, Texas.

Judge: Mr. Arthur Pritchard, Department of English, Tarrant County Junior College.

Contest results continued on page 5.

## Four Lyrics in Antique Style..... Jacques Burdick

### For Lorraine Sherley AUBADE

Graced in Gloriana gold,  
So many folded springs awoke  
since then,  
Turned sapphire-spined,  
Then ambered,  
Ignoring in that early day  
All save the blue, the curl, the  
scent  
Of hyacinth.

O Chthonia,  
Before the sweet earth umbers  
me again,  
I tender you the tenderest,  
Longed-for forever since  
awakening,  
Now safely flowered.

### RONDO

Shrew-soft and as humid as  
lovers  
The sigh-sighing Gulf night  
came,  
Gray-layered upon panting

grayness,  
Moiling the pearling eddies of  
the bay.

Touch-deft and as furtive as  
perfume,  
The hair-fingering Gulf wind  
traced  
Dune runes upon netted runic,  
Truckling to lucubrations of the  
moon.

L'Envoi:  
The wind-graven skin  
remembers;  
No less does once night-fingered  
hair,  
But  
The pearls go on pearling the  
roilies,  
While the wind casts its sand  
spells there.

Sing moily-O, roily-O,  
Go and yet stay!  
Moily-O, roily-O  
Here and away!

### SONNETTO

Again my winter-wrinkled  
beasties preen.  
I slumber slug-a-bed into the  
thaw.  
But sighted touch will meet the  
surging green  
With workday nudges. I'll  
awake to awe.



MISS LORRAINE  
SHERLEY

Another April thumps and airs  
and sings.  
Her slavey's rudeness plucks  
me out of bed.  
She spreads the unsunned wings  
of folded things,  
Makes quick whatever's quick,  
discards the dead.

I blink my thinking refuge into  
sight,  
Appalled again at what it takes  
to see.  
Spring's honeyed hand laves vein,  
crook, limb with light,  
Erecting summer's dreams to  
toss me free.

Till sleep snuffs out all rousings  
from this life,  
I'll sing the waking wonder of  
this strife.

### PAVANA WITH GALLIARD RETURN

Bless the gift of the dew on the

rose that blows;  
Bless the kiss of the wind on the  
grass that grows;  
Bless the scent of the pink on the  
breast that knows;  
Bless the now of this life as this  
day it goes.

Galliard:  
Come, step we, mindful of the  
way  
April will pass along to May.  
Come, step we, summer cedes to  
fall;  
Flame fades to snow. So shall  
we all:

Bless the gift of the dew on the  
rose that blows;  
Bless the kiss of the wind on the  
grass that grows;  
Bless the scent of the pink on the  
breast that knows;  
Bless the now of this life as this  
day it goes.



# The Overgrown Garden . . . . . Sarah Gordon

The Overgrown Garden: Marvell's "The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn"

Perhaps no other poem in Andrew Marvell's canon, with the possible exception of "The Garden," has occasioned as much critical controversy as "The Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn." A cursory review of recent scholarship reveals, moreover, no ultimately satisfactory reading of the poem; far too many scholars, it seems, are concerned with raising allegorical possibilities and suggesting myriad sources of literary ancestry until the poem itself is lost in the debate. Leo Spitzer, in an article published in 1958, divides the critics of the poem into three categories: those who might be termed the literalists, who tie themselves closely to the narrative level of the poem; those who provide allegorical explanations, interpreting the fawn as Christ or as the Church of England; and, finally, those critics who attempt to reconcile the literalist and the allegorical readings by suggesting that the poem has "religious overtones."<sup>1</sup>

However, in spite of the present state of critical confusion surrounding this poem, much of the scholarship—although often strained and tenuous—contains valuable insights into certain sections of the poem. For example, the somewhat unimaginative reading of the poem as Christian allegory, such as that of M. C. Bradbrook and M. G. Lloyd Thomas in 1941, is important in the responses elicited from Edward S. LeComte, Don Cameron Allen, and others. Although LeComte sees the conflict between civilization and nature as the center of the poem rather than reading the poem as Christian allegory (in which the fawn is viewed as Christ slain by the "wanton troopers" who represent mankind), he does protest against subjective flights of fancy in the critic's attempt to allegorize. Pointing out that the *Oxford English Dictionary* records no mention of the word "troopers" before 1640 when the word came to be associated with the army of the "Covenanters," LeComte proposes that a reading of the poem as political allegory is just as valid as the Christian reading.<sup>2</sup> Both LeComte and Don Cameron Allen deal with the subject of classical influences on the poem; Allen, in particular, devotes a great deal of space to both classical and Christian influences in attempting to see the poem as "a sensitive treatment of the loss of first love, a loss augmented by a virginal sense of deprivation and unfulfillment."<sup>3</sup> On one hand, he sees the fawn as the Ovidian deer, the blessed creature who, in the medieval tradition, comes to be associated with both Christ and His saints in Christian thought and literature (especially in the Song of Solomon and saints' legends); on the other hand, the deer is also associated in classical mythology with metaphors of love. Allen concludes, therefore,

that Marvell united the Christian and the classical traditions in this poem to present the idea that love is "everlasting only in the world of art."<sup>4</sup> Generally, there appear to be two flaws in Allen's reading. First of all, he devotes much attention to specific uses of the deer in classical and Christian literature without definitely establishing that Marvell had access to these sources, some of which are obviously obscure. Indeed, the extent of Marvell's classical knowledge has been questioned by the critics H. C. Grierson and John Bernard Emperor.<sup>5</sup> Secondly, Allen's conclusion that the poem is essentially concerned with the idea that immortality can be achieved only in the world of art seems a part of the subjective critical approach against which LeComte argues.

That Marvell uses as the framework of his poem the familiar classical situation of a girl's bereavement over the loss of her pet—a situation treated, as many critics are quick to point out, by poets from Catullus to Spenser to John Crowe Ransom—should not be surprising. The revival of classical patterns of pastoral verse in the Renaissance, based as these patterns were on Theocritus and Virgil, combined with the Christian view of external nature as the "book" through which the Creator might be known to form the basis for other important Marvell poems, most notably "The Garden." Indeed, the garden motif, as it appears in several Marvell poems, has become the object of much critical concern in recent years.

In a perceptive introduction to Marvell's poetry, Frank Kermode discusses the complex image of the garden as the seventeenth-century mind would have understood it. Gardens are traditionally associated with positive forms of art which are capable of the restoration of "the ruins of the first Eden."<sup>6</sup> Kermode is careful to point out, however, that complaints are often lodged against too great a luxury in the garden, adding that over-cultivated gardens (which in turn stimulate the senses excessively) are the result of too much "art." Furthermore, the garden as it is in its more natural or less cultivated state is often viewed as a means for exploring "the interior life" and is thus like a mirror "in which to see nature writ small, convenient editions of the Book of the Creatures. . . ." <sup>7</sup> Kermode then makes an important point about the life of solitude often placed metaphorically within a garden setting in much of Marvell's poetry. It is a conclusion which anyone who has experienced solitude may eventually draw, but Kermode's wording is particularly lucid. He writes that the function of the garden is corrupted when "the pleasures of solitude merge with the sins of sloth."<sup>8</sup> Although this general statement is later applied to Marvell's poem "The Mowers," rather than specifically to the poem now under consideration, Kermode's point is well taken and these ideas do seem

to have some bearing on "The Nymph Complaining. . . ." Moreover, Jim Corder proposes that Marvell's "interest was not in natural beauty, but in the adorned beauty of nature brought to order by man"<sup>9</sup> and adds that what Marvell praises in "The Garden" is not "rustic nature"<sup>10</sup> but the order inherent in a formal garden. Corder concludes that the formal garden in Marvell's poetry is most frequently used as the metaphorical representation of an order which involves "more than innocence."<sup>11</sup> The reader may remember, nevertheless, that the garden which is referred to in "The Nymph Complaining . . ." is described as so "overgrown" with roses and lilies that it appears a "little wilderness" (11.71-74). The present state of this garden, then, is not orderly; the garden is, rather, a place where the fawn romps and plays in great freedom. It is important for the reader to bear this fact in mind when he analyzes the thematic structure of the poem.

The speaker of the poem is the nymph herself, and as several critics have observed, the point of view of the girl is consistently innocent throughout the complaint. Kermode goes so far as to suggest that all of our critical problems with the poem are caused by our overlooking the fact that the speaker is a simple girl and thus often does not herself understand the import of what has happened to her.<sup>12</sup> Although Kermode unfortunately does not take this idea any further, his suggestion is provocative. At any rate, on the narrative level the poem records the fact of the shooting of the nymph's beloved fawn, given to her by the "Unconstant Sylvio" (1. 25); a lengthy digression in which the nymph explains the process of her growing affection for the fawn, who reciprocated

her love; and finally (line 70 and following), the nymph's description of her garden where the fawn played, a description followed by the account of her severe grief over the fawn's death. Indeed, so distraught is she by the loss of the fawn that she desires to follow it in death; the poem concludes with her wishes concerning the elaborate manner of their mutual burial. The narrative, moreover, is not difficult to follow, primarily because of Marvell's use of simple, straightforward diction and his use of the iambic tetrameter couplet, the latter giving the entire poem a quickness of movement which is not heavily tragic.

Without denying the essential tragedy of the nymph's dilemma, however, the reader does well to remember that the nymph expresses her grief in the extreme terms which a young girl would use (see particularly lines 93-122). After all, the innocence of her world has been destroyed, and it is fitting that she respond in what may seem an exaggerated fashion. Her response is appropriate in terms of the simple narrative being presented here. The reader may recall a similar treatment of the loss of innocence (on a much grander scale, to be sure) in Milton's *Paradise Lost*. In Book X, Adam, having succumbed to Satan's temptation by joining Eve in eating the forbidden fruit, listens to her suggestion that perhaps suicide is the only alternative for the corrupted couple. In both poems, the despair following the loss of innocence is great enough to provide its own temptation—the desire for self-annihilation. Indeed, the thematic structure of Marvell's poem seems remarkably similar to Milton's depiction of the intrusion of the world of time or process into the world of eternity (the earthly paradise before the Fall).

In a recent and important study of Marvell's poetry, Harold Toliver discusses "The Nymph Complaining . . ." as the poet's attempt to show the necessity for balance between what Toliver calls the "real" and the "ideal" worlds.<sup>13</sup> The ideal world, which is the nymph's protected garden, is invaded by the real world, both in the form of the "wanton Troopers" who actually slay the fawn and in the form of the untamed Sylvio, who gives the nymph the fawn and whom the nymph loses, apparently because of his fickleness. The two worlds, nevertheless, cannot exist separately, although they appear to do so for a time. Toliver concludes his illuminating discussion by noting that the nymph, faced with a problem with which she cannot deal, desires to leave the world. Her statue, he adds, will be a telling representation of her as it reflects the nymph's inability to reconcile "the conflict of cold passivity and warmth. . . ." <sup>14</sup> Although she will have become a stone, the nymph will reveal her failure to unite the two worlds by her very human tears (1. 116). As Toliver puts it, "If Shakespeare's Hermione is a statue coming to life,

the nymph is life wishing to become a statue."<sup>15</sup> The necessary balance, then, between the real and ideal worlds—or the world of process and the world of eternity—is not attained by the nymph.

In spite of the value of most of Toliver's comments on this poem, however, his comments on the garden image, undoubtedly the most troublesome and important image in the poem, are scanty and disappointing. The nymph's description of the garden and the possibility of the fawn's metamorphosis there (11. 71-92) appears to be the poem's center. The nymph reveals that the garden is her own (1. 71) and that it resembles "a little wilderness" (1. 74) where the fawn "loved to be. . ." (1. 76). These lines inadvertently reveal that the nymph somehow realizes that a garden is, in some measure at least, a place of order. Moreover, order in this world comes about, not through a denial of the realm of reality or process, but through a serious attempt to unite the realm of process with the realm of the ideal. The nymph's garden is disorderly because she has attempted to shut out the knowledge of that other world—the world where lovers can be unfaithful, the world where disappointment and death exist. It is a world which the nymph cannot "tame," as Toliver suggests,<sup>16</sup> as she has tamed the fawn. The reader will recall that earlier in the poem (11. 47-50) the nymph allows herself to wonder, momentarily, if the fawn's love would eventually have proved false; but she reassures herself (11. 51-54) that the love of the fawn was superior to "the love of false and cruel men" (1. 54). She thus refuses to cope with (or even to confront fully) the existence of the world of time and change. Instead, the nymph escapes into the memory of the garden, specifically to the time when her fawn loved her there with a love which promised to be eternal.

Thus the garden itself functions symbolically in several ways. It is, first of all and most literally, the place of apparent happiness for the nymph; it is the environment she has chosen for herself and for the fawn who, as Toliver notes, may be in a sense a "fiction" created by the nymph.<sup>17</sup> Yet the garden also symbolizes the nymph's willful exclusion of the mutable world and thus can be said to represent the nymph's own mind. The garden of her mind is not an orderly place because she allows her belief in the purity of the fawn's devotion to take the place of the necessary synthesis, which always involves a certain suffering, of the real and ideal. Given the opportunity through the fawn's death to pass into a higher kind of innocence, the nymph rejects the opportunity and thereby rejects the real world of time. It should not be surprising, then, that she herself describes, in lines 87-92, the very real possibility of the fawn becoming the garden. The nymph has elevated

(Continued on Page 5)

## Boswell: First Michelangelo

DOESN'T  
WORK HERE ANYMORE:  
TO CLARK ON THE OCCASION  
OF HIS PRIESTING

Mary Dell McCrory

The view impresses: God leans  
Adam-ward

In secondary splendor (for the  
paint,

They say, is being touched up  
at this moment.

Humanity has redefined the lines,  
Impigmented the old Mosaic  
forms,

And put a good flesh tone in  
God's old cheeks.)

You say the fire still passes  
from the faded

Fingertip? In truth, I don't see  
how.

Were you inflamed from here,  
the chapel floor,

With us? Or did you somehow  
stumble on

Scant bits of scaffolding the  
master left?

Ah, sir, I'd like a lift up, if you  
please.



# Long Way Down

Judy Hammonds

I saw the river only in the springtime. When I first came, it was frozen hard, and everybody skated on it after school. I couldn't skate, and I didn't know anyone, so I stayed away. But when it thawed, nobody wanted to go there any more because it was not a good site for fishing or swimming. And so I explored the banks of the river.

The only kind of stream I had ever seen before was called a bayou, a word that no one else in Whitfield, New Jersey, had ever heard, probably. The Bayous were swampy, and no one could see beneath the soupy, tan-colored water. When I had to go near the bayou, I always stood on the bank high above and held my breath for fear that some of the germs I could smell rising out of it would get into me.

The river was different. The whole of it was long and wide, but the part that I visited was so narrow that I could skip a stone almost all the way across it. The spot was secluded and shady, and time passed so slowly there that it seemed almost nonexistent. The water was a runny brown color, and beer cans were always floating in it. But the sun hit it in a way that made it light up as if it had currents of gold dust running through it, especially in the middle of the day when the sun's rays could come straight down the river without hitting any trees and throwing shadows on the water. When I looked carefully and stared a long time without moving my eyes, I could see the dim shapes of fish swimming in their yellow world below. The woods came down right to the very edge of the river, and the trees were tall and had rough gray bark that made the woods seem dark and mystical and full of secrets. Their thick roots were uncovered on the river bank, and they plunged in and out of the earth, creating tunnels and arches and caves beneath the trees. Between the roots the dirt was pounded hard and smooth, and it made a bench that I could sit on with my legs dangling out inches above the water. When the river was down, I slid down onto the wet sand below and walked next to the water, leaving small footprints and picking up sticks left stranded by the water.

I populated the woods and the river bank as I pleased—Robin Hood, elves, pioneers, Huckleberry Finn all lived there, and I was their cherished friend. I watched the fish and the birds and the small scurrying wild creatures and dreamed of taming them and talking with them in a language that only we could understand. At the river I found consolation and a kind of contentment with my aloneness. The river was my protector, and my only friend in Whitfield—until I met Jane Christopher.

I didn't even notice Jane at first. She was short and serious, with big eyes and washed out hair, and she was always on the edge of a group, laughing un-

easily like someone who didn't hear the punchline when everyone else laughed. She was one of the numerous minor satellites that orbited around the Group. I knew the Group well, because its members live in every town, even my hometown in Texas. They are the ones everyone envies—popular and pretty and born with the ability to tell other people what to do.

As a newcomer, I had soon learned that even the seventh grade class had a complicated social ladder. No one was automatically accepted; a new girl had to start at the bottom, knowing no one, being stared at, sitting alone in the crowded cafeteria. Without anyone ever telling me, I understood that with time I might move up in rank, if I was a diligent follower of the Group, but even moving into the group, was no easy task. Linda Porter, the class leader who decided who was Somebody and who was a worm, wore hose and makeup and had a steady boyfriend and looked about sixteen. No matter how often I examined myself in the mirror my appearance was still that of a skinny, bedraggled twelve-year-old, and every time I saw Linda I was acutely aware that my hair was stringy and drab and that my glasses had slid down to the end of my nose. Besides, Linda wore a bra because she needed one, and I wore mine because I was too embarrassed to undress for gym without one, and that was a gap that I thought I could never bridge.

I finally noticed Jane Christopher by the sheer physical fact that we were thrown together by our mutual unpopularity. Like me, she was always chosen last for softball teams and excluded from whispered conversations in the library. The day that Linda pounced on me, commanding "Say 'side,'" and in confusion I twisted the word into a question ("Side?"), Jane was the only person present who did not snicker at my "accent." She stood back, looking at the others without expression. I interpreted this as disapproval of Linda's persecuting me, and I knew that Jane would be my friend. A resident of Whitfield for ten years, Jane could be legitimately classed as a social failure, but I didn't mind. I was content to be a failure as long as there were two of us.

I gained Jane's friendship slowly and painstakingly. We always talked during gym class—no one else spoke to either of us except to yell at one of us for striking out or letting an easy fly drop out of the softball glove. But outside of class I was agonizingly shy, too shy even to approach Jane in a friendly way. I was afraid that the caste wall between me, as a "new girl" and everyone else would stand even between Jane and me. I had to summon an incredible amount of courage finally to go up to Jane in the cafeteria one day, but my bravery was rewarded when she smiled delightedly and asked me to eat with her. Then

I knew that everything was going to be all right.

We ate together every day after that and walked home together in the afternoons. We began holding our own whispered library conversations, and between giggles we noticed that Linda and her friends were staring at us. That gave both of us a heady feeling, and we giggled even harder.

One Saturday Jane asked me to come over to her house, and I was sure that I had finally arrived. Jane's house was big and old, red-bricked and three stories tall. Her room was on the top floor, and it had a ceiling that slanted towards the floor and had a window in it. We lay on her bed all afternoon, munching homemade cookies and watching the rain slide down the window in rivulets, talking of school and families, Texas and New Jersey, and Linda Porter.

"She's so pretty!" Jane said worshipfully.

"Yeah, I guess so," I said. The mere thought of Linda made me feel small and ugly and uncomfortable.

"Don't you wish you were pretty as her?" Jane wanted to know.

I had to concede that this was so. "Yeah, I do. D'you?"

"I sure do," said Jane, rapturous at the thought. "You know, though, her mom lets her wear hose and makeup every day. I wish Mama would let me do that. I can only wear hose on Sundays."

"You're too young," I pointed out.

"Linda's not too young." This was true. "Well," I said, "Someday we'll be old enough to wear hose and makeup, too, and then . . ."

We spent the rest of the afternoon planning for the day when we would burst from our cocoons, beautiful high school girls, and all the boys in the class, even Linda's boyfriend, would be madly infatuated with us. This would be totally without design on our part, however, and we would remain sweet and kind and would deal generously with Linda and the other ex-social leaders of the class.

That night I heard my mother tell Daddy, "You know, I think Sara's beginning to like this town now." He said, "It's about time!" And silently I agreed.

I talked constantly when I was with Jane. I bubbled with the things I had to say, and the words tripped and fell over each other as new thoughts crowded out older ones that I hadn't quite finished saying yet. I clung to Jane like a pilot holds on to his parachute, because I was afraid of falling, and how painful the long way down would be without her!

I told her everything. All the secrets I had ever had were hers, if she wanted them. Eventually, because I wanted to share everything with her, I even took her to the river.

The day was warm for a Northern April, but it could not

compare to Texas' burning heat. We walked down to the river bank, and I plopped down on a gnarled, protruding root, but Jane sat carefully on her spiral notebook.

"Isn't this keen?" I asked. I looked across the slow river, and the breeze riffled my hair.

"Yeah." Jane was trying to get comfortable on her notebook. She drew herself up tight, as though she were afraid of getting dirty.

"It's just like our own little world, out here away from everything."

"Huh?"

"I mean, nobody ever comes here," I said lamely.

"Oh," she said, and I tried to think of something to say.

"Hey, look!" she said, pointing to a small quick shape that flickered beneath the surface and was gone, almost before I had a glimpse of it.

"That's a fish," I contributed. "A trout."

"It is not! That's just an old trash fish. They're nothing but bones. Nobody wants them," she scorned. "Don't you know anything about fishing?"

"My daddy doesn't go fishing much," I apologized. Actually, he never went fishing at all, but I didn't want to be completely disgraced. I plunged into safer waters.

"At home we got rivers called bayous, and alligators live in 'em. My cousin caught one once."

"A bayou?"

I gaped at Jane, knocked off-balance by her use of one of Linda's favorite tricks, deliberately misunderstanding and making her victim look stupid.

"No, an alligator."

"You're kidding. She was skeptical."

"Yeah, really." I warmed to my subject. "With a rope!"

"You're making it all up," she accused. "Nobody catches alligators with a rope."

"They do, too! That's the best way to do it!" I didn't know of any other way. "His picture was in the paper and everything!"

"They sure do things weird in Texas."

I looked at her helplessly. She didn't like the river; she was bored, I could tell. She was drawing pictures in the dirt with a stick, and her eyes were hard, and the corners of her mouth were turned down. I didn't know what to do, and dismay writhed in my stomach. Everything was falling away in pieces.

Suddenly Jane squealed, and I turned and saw a chipmunk perched on a stump about fifty yards away. He had been alerted by Jane's cry but stood his ground, watching us.

"Ssh! You'll scare him!" I lowered my voice almost to a whisper. "Sometimes I can get real close and feed them." Once.

Her attention was diverted. Appalled, she stared at me. "You mean you touch them?" Aversion was in her voice.

"Sure," I said uneasily. "Aren't they cute?"

"Linda Porter got bit by one once and had to have fourteen rabies shots. She said it was awful, and she was just in pain for weeks! She won't even go near one now. They all carry rabies."

"They do not!" I said, indignant. I would have been against any part of the Linda Porter doctrine, even if she hadn't been slandering the chipmunks. I groped for ammunition. "At least, Wilbur doesn't!" I said triumphantly, idiotically.

"Wilbur? Who's that?"

Too late, I saw what I had done. Sold my soul for a lousy chipmunk. I didn't answer.

"You've named him?"

"No," I denied. It was true. I had already disowned the crazy thing I had done only ten seconds before.

"Then who's Wilbur?"

"Nobody."

"You did so name him!"

"No, really, it was just a silly thing I said."

Jane was silent. Then she stood up. "Well, I'd better go now."

I needed a chance to salvage this fiasco. "Oh, stay, there's something I want to show you." "What?"

I thought hard. I looked up to the bend in the river where low limbs were sweeping down close to the water. "It's up that way," I said.

Jane glanced unwillingly at the bend. "No, it's too hot," she decided. I looked at her; her cheeks were flushed, and little wet tendrils were curling around her face. Something surged inside me, and I bit out, maliciously, "You wouldn't know a hot day if it stepped on you."

She looked at me as though I were crazy, and I didn't care.

I didn't want to go to school the next day, but my mother didn't know why, so I had to go anyway. And it was when I was in the restroom during lunchtime that I heard the voices outside the door.

"... and she even holds this animal and pets him and . . ."

"How gross!" Linda's voice.

"... and she calls him Wilbur!"

"You're kidding!"

"Oh, my gosh, how can there be people like that!"

"She's really weird—I think she spends hours just sitting by that old river. And she tells the wildest stories . . ."

Linda handed down her verdict. "She's mental."

All the little voices laughed again, and they kept on laughing all the way down the hall, until I couldn't hear them any more. And the words echoed mockingly in my head, mental, mental, mental . . . That afternoon I saw Linda and three of her disciples and Jane walking together, and I knew that Jane had found a way to climb the ladder.

I never went back to the river again, because it wasn't mine any more, and six months later my family packed up and moved back to Texas.

And it was a long way down.



## Non - Fiction Prose

# Huckleberry Finn: A Social Criticism . . . . . Janis Butler

Viewed as a social criticism, the *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* is a rejection of ideologies and of the sham of civilization. Comparing the innocence of individual man with the corruption of social man, Mark Twain attacks his own background, the pre-war South, presenting its provincial attitudes with vernacular realism. Through the eyes of an innocent country boy, the institutions of social stratification and religious morality appear as elements of society which fail to realize the ideal and attempt to idealize the real.

In the characters of *Huckleberry Finn*, Twain illustrates the distinct social classes of the antebellum South. Judge Thatcher, the Grangerfords, and the Shepherdsons represent the comfortably moneyed, aristocratic South — the cream of the "quality" (p. xv)<sup>1</sup>, or respectable, educated church-goers, such as the Widow Douglas, Miss Watson, Aunt Polly, and Mary Jane and her sisters. Below the "quality" are the "miscellaneous itinerants" (p. xv), represented by the duke and the king, whose lives are characterized by instability but who have more status than "white trash" like Pap. The free Negroes, liberated by law in the free states or by kind masters in the slave states, are just above the "niggers" (p. 13), or slaves. Among the white classes, there is some mobility from class to class; Huck's new wealth, in the eyes of St. Petersburg, makes it necessary that someone "sivilize" (p. 11) him. For the free Negro, mobility is rare but attainable outside the slave state; Pap describes the "free nigger" who is a "p'fessor in a college, and could talk all kinds of languages, and knowed everything" (p. 40). The slave, however, is without rights or opportunity and is considered little more than property.

*Huckleberry Finn* exposes this social class organization as an institution breeding prejudices, irrationality, and, in the slave system, especially, exploitative subordination. Many of the characters exhibit inconsistent attitudes toward their own social positions and often resentment toward those in other positions. Jim, as a slave, runs from the unfairness of a system in which

members of his race are treated as animals, and yet he assumes racial inferiority when he threatens, "I wouldn't 'low no nigger to call me dat" (p. 97), or, as Huck relates, "allowed we was white folks and knowed better than him" (p. 231). Pap, in a drunken fit, raves about "that old Judge Thatcher" (p. 39), while he, himself, hopes to be "one of the wealthiest men in this town" (p. 39), and he curses the "free nigger" (p. 40) who is technically below his status but maintains a material and educational standard far above his own. Mrs. Loftus, though kind in extending her hospitality to the disguised Huck, assumes in blind prejudice that the rumor that *Huckleberry Finn* was murdered "by a runaway nigger named Jim" (p. 72) is correct. The Grangerfords, representing the highest class level, offer Huck a home (p. 118); as Huck notices, "rapsallions . . . is the kind . . . good people takes the most interest in" (p. 93). Caught up in the cruelty of the Southern aristocratic code, however, the Grangerfords and the Shepherdsons murder each other "on account of the feud" (p. 130). Even Huck, who is able to see Jim as a human being, fails entirely to see the immorality of the slavery system; in explaining a fictitious riverboat wreck to Aunt Sally, he declares that the explosion hurt no one but "killed a nigger" (p. 252).

Huck's acceptance of Jim as a person can occur only outside society in which men are valued by preconceived ideas of status. Huck and Jim, lacking the financial status that would place them high in society, are the bottom rungs of the social ladder; Jim is a slave, and Huck comes from "white trash." Ironically, both are victims of material lust. Huck is escaping Pap's agreed, and Jim is fleeing a society in which his owner, Miss Watson, "could git eight hund'd dollars for me, en it 'uz sich a big stack o' money she couldn't resis'" (p. 58). On the raft, race and class lines are diminished, and Huck begins to see Jim in a new light. He learns that Jim has feelings, and, after a thoughtless prank, he decides to "humble myself to a nigger

. . . and I warn't every sorry for it afterwards, neither" (p. 105). He is touched by the man's kindness in standing watch the entire night (p. 244) and by his love for his family: "I do believe he cared just as much for his people as white folks does for their'n" (p. 183). Gradually, Huck comes to an understanding of human dignity, and he decides to help Jim out of slavery, although it means he will become a social outcast (p. 242). He is able to see beyond a class system that tries to justify its unfairness by denying the possibility of worth in a Negro.

In addition to bucking the social structure of his society, Huck, in deciding to help Jim, must go against an established moral code, which demands that Jim be returned. Huck does not recognize his own moral perception and assumes that the standards to which he has had a limited exposure are just. He cannot accept the hypocrisy and restrictions of these standards, but he believes the obstacle is his own "wickedness" (p. 242). In violating society's moral code, Huck considers himself damned: "people that acts as I'd been acting about that nigger goes to everlasting fire" (p. 243). Ironically, Huck's "wickedness" is true morality. His decision to liberate Jim is based upon an inner compulsion to do right, rather than upon an imposed sense of duty to obey rules laid down by society. Because his social instruction has been limited, Huck has a natural, intuitive response to most that he encounters. The moral conflict that he experiences is the result of contradictions between his innate values and those "values" that he fails to understand as an individual who is detached and independent of the community. Huck's experience implies that the individual has available in himself a constant source of truth; in society, the faith in personal moral truth is weakened, and institutions replace thought.

Throughout *Huckleberry Finn*, Twain attacks institutionalized religion as a poor substitute for reflective morality. The widow reads Bible stories to Huck (p. 12), and Miss Watson attempts to impress upon him the advantages of "the good place" (p. 13) and proper behavior. Each woman tries to indoctrinate him with her beliefs, but Huck is confused by conflicting dogmas:

Sometimes the widow would take me aside and talk about Providence in a way to make a body's mouth water; but maybe next day, Miss Watson would take hold and knock it all down again (p. 21).

Huck fails to see the usefulness of prayer (p. 21) and does not understand the widow's preoccupation with as irrelevant a topic as "Moses, which was no kin to her, and no use to anybody" (p. 12). He is irritated by the arbitrary distinctions between right and wrong that he encounters in the ladies' virtuous household:

Pretty soon I wanted to smoke, and asked the widow to let me. But she wouldn't . . . And she took snuff too; of course that was all right, because she done it herself (p. 12).

Disturbed by paradoxes, Huck develops a strong suspicion of religion and dogma. His escape down the river temporarily shields him from both, but his suspicion persists as he continually encounters hypocrisy in those adventures which take him from the ideal world of the raft.

On the shore, Huck witnesses gross inhumanity coexisting with professed religious morality. In their parlor, the Grangerfords display a big family Bible, *Pilgrim's Progress*, and the Hymn Book (p. 120). Huck notices, however, that the Grangerfords and the Shepherdsons attend church services with their guns between their knees or against the wall, while the preaching is "all about brotherly love" (p. 132). The next day, Huck mourns the senseless murders of Buck and his father and brothers. Threatened by the disparity between the beliefs of men and men's actions, Huck returns to the freedom of the raft (p. 139).

Huck is confused by the contradictions of doctrine and performance, but he is truly disturbed by the use of religion as a tool for deception. He hears the king declare, "Preachin's my line . . . and missionaryin' around" (p. 146) and watches him play upon the emotionalism of a religious campmeeting in order to collect money (p. 158). The king's impersonation of the British preacher, Harvey Wilks, uncle of Mary Jane and her sisters, is "enough to make a body ashamed of the human race" (p. 191). The false piety of the duke and the king as they pretend to pray over the coffin of Peter Wilks (p. 193), the "pious goody-goody Amen" (p. 193), and the "chipping in of a little Scripture, now and then" (p. 224), as the king stands next to the auctioneer who is selling the property of the deceased — the religious mockery, coupled with an obvious lust for money, disgusts him. In one of the few passages in which he speaks favorably of religion, he describes a preacher who "never charged nothing for his preaching, and it was worth it, too" (p. 258). Huck rejects religion as a way to further personal gains; he is not without self-interests, but he is honest and does not try to disguise them with religious trappings. In con-

sidering the widow's concept of "spiritual gifts" (p. 21), he remarks, "but I couldn't see no advantage about it — except for the other people" (p. 21) and resolves to "just let it go" (p. 21).

Huck's self-honesty precludes a fundamentalist approach to the question of Jim's liberation. He has attempted to convince himself that he wants to follow institutionalized morality but has found that "you can't pray a lie" (p. 243). Rejecting morality for its own sake, Huck makes his own choices, "moral or no moral" (p. 279). His decision to free Jim defies the institution of religion as he understands it: "All right, then, I'll go to hell" (p. 244). Huck has found no compromise between himself and a society in which religion fails to be a mature quest seeking the elevation of man to an ideal, rather than the justification of man as he really lives.

Thus, through Huck's adventures Twain presents the social institutions of class and religion as moral substitutes that do not strive to achieve ideality but project a false interpretation of reality. In *Huckleberry Finn*, man is viewed as an inherently good being, contaminated only by the demoralizing influences of civilization. Presenting his cynical observation in the manner of a frustrated idealist, Twain does not explain how civilization, as an institution of man, became corrupt, or how to deal with it by means other than escape. He leaves the reader dissatisfied with an unsettled future; in his submissive obedience to Tom Sawyer in the Phelps farm episode (pp. 249-328), Huck appears to return to the society that he has tried to escape. At the same time, the decision to free Jim indicates that man may sometimes overcome society's doctrines. Huck has tasted this freedom and promises to light out for the Territory ahead of the rest, because Aunt Sally, she's going to adopt me and sivilize me and I can't stand it. I been there before (p. 328).

Although Twain appears to doubt that man may sustain individual freedom, he does not deny man an occasional glimpse of truth.

<sup>1</sup>Mark Twain, *Adventures of Huckleberry Finn*, ed. Leo Marx (Indianapolis, 1967). All future references to this edition will be noted by page numbers following the text.

## Freshman Poetry

Marla Harris

### Death's Final Calling

What is it in the stillness, dear,  
Makes you shrink together closer  
to the drum of animal fear?  
You shake like a dog, my mortal  
friend.  
I see your kind in every corner,  
and  
When I draw near they but shiver  
more,  
And to me each killing is sweeter  
than the one before.  
But first tell me how you knew  
it was I who called you and to  
what end?  
Why do you hide, my wily  
friend?  
The candle of your running eyes  
Would betray you to a blind man.

Soon you shall be trapped by the  
gleam of my eyes:  
You will fancy they are silver  
fish swimming toward you in  
the darkness—  
Or so some have told me in the  
last madness.  
Now the rhythm of my dervish  
dance has you by the throat,  
and you follow willing, wanting  
me.  
The black river of my hair shines  
in the sweat of your hot face—  
You smile. Ha! Fool!  
Wilder yet and crazy spinning  
Flings about my head the  
awning—  
Watch the silken stix descending,  
Python cords around your neck.

## Bryson Poetry

### Look Up Free . . . Margo Price

Look up free and laugh with me  
Run thru summer grasses;  
Watch the cotton clouds skip by,  
Laugh as each puff passes.  
Look up free and sing with me;  
Chase leaves that whirl and  
scatter;  
Breathe crisp air from wing-  
brushed skies,  
Sing of things that matter.

Look up free and come with me  
Thru snowdrifts ever piling.  
See diamond tears on crusted  
white  
As snow-sun sets red-smiling.  
Look up free and dance with me  
Thru April's purging shower  
Feel the warming chinook-wind—  
Love me this spring hour.



Mime Play—Factions In 3/5 Time . . . . . John D. Hughes

FICTION

Given by the Woman's Wednesday Club of the Fort Worth Woman's Club.

First Prize: "The Waterhole," Russ Burkett, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "The Night of the Buffalo," Fred Lahmer, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "The Savior," Eugene Klotz, Corpus Christi, Texas.

"The Teddy Bear," Wendy Evans, McAllen, Texas.

Judge: Miss Cuyler Etheredge, Department of English, Tarrant County Junior College.

RESEARCH PAPER OR ARTICLE

Given by the Woman's Wednesday Club of the Fort Worth Woman's Club.

First Prize: "The Natural Innocence of Billy Budd," Martha Jean Munger, Lake Jackson, Texas.

Second Place: "Martin Luther King: Response to Injustice," Don Dowdey, Fort Worth.

Judge: Deborah W. D. Miers, Department of English, University of Missouri at Columbia.

POETRY

Given by Mrs. Cecil B. Williams.

First Prize: "Death's Final Calling," Marla Harris, Houston, Texas.

Second Place: "Journey Home," Debbie Evans, Calgary, Alberta, Canada.

Third Place: "Morning Shower," Douglas Allen Millison, Lafayette, Louisiana.

Honorable Mention: "Summer," Sandra Stettler, Lawrence, Kansas.

"Resurrection," Robert Neal, Fort Worth.

Judge: Mr. Paul Miers, Department of English, University of Missouri at Columbia.

Setting: about three or four feet back from the front of the stage. The lighting is focused at the front (imitating a sunrise) becomes progressively brighter as the play continues. The predominant color of the light shifts from red-yellow-bluewhite. The focus changes gradually: after the second half breaks off, to the area with the objects; then, after the men find their objects, to encompass the whole stage. Except for the props, the stage is stark.

Props: four hubcaps, a light bulb, three coke bottles, a yo-yo, and a piece of white chalk are stationed about seven feet back from the front of the stage, scattered around in the shadows. There are also five signs saying BOO and five saying HURRAH.

Enter, stage left, ten men in black tights marching in single file, with white make-up, soldierlike in 3/5 time, fit snugly together (i.e. their heads are about six inches apart, bodies almost touching, arms and legs moving together, eyes looking straight ahead). They get approximately two-thirds of the way across the stage when a black curtain descends from the flies (perpendicular to the stage) and splits the group in half (the curtain descends, first breaking eye contact, which immobilizes the second half, before continuing down). The forward half continues moving to exit stage right; meanwhile, the second half (bewildered by its loss of leadership), stands in formation for a minute marking time.

They stop marking time and hesitate a moment before breaking up their formation. They break up—the curtain lifts. They stand around in a group for a few minutes, anxiously making gestures as to the possible location of the other half and what they should do. They shrug, unable

to reach any successful conclusions, turn and casually, with almost indifference, begin to look around in the shadows.

The first man finds the hubcaps and begins to play around with them: rolls, stacks, drops, throws, and retrieves them.

The second man finds a light bulb, looks at it, then plays with it.

The third man finds the yo-yo and examines it, plays with it but is unable to find out the secret of how it works.

The fourth man finds the three coke bottles, looks at them, plays with them (ends up stacking them).

The fifth man finds the chalk, contemplates it, then begins to draw pictures of the other men and their objects.

All the men bring their props back out to the general area, through which they had marched, yet remain apart from each other in their activity.

Enter, stage left, the first half of the original group moving in the identical manner in which they first entered, following the same course, they march past the second half (without looking at them, eyes straight ahead).

The second half tries to reform itself so it can rejoin the first half, but they can't decide upon what order to line up in. After a lot of gesturing and shuffling around, they do decide (that any order, so long as it is an order, is sufficient), but, by then, the first half has moved off stage.

They stand in line for a minute or two, then shrug and resume their previous activities, this time staying closer together.

After a few minutes, the man with the hubcaps begins to contemplate them. He becomes bored and looks around at what the others are doing.

The man with the light bulb begins to toss it into the air and catch it. After a few successful attempts, he breaks it. He looks forlornly at it for a

while, then he also begins glancing around at what the others are doing.

The man with the yo-yo finally discovers its true potential and begins to do 180's, 360's, etc. with it.

The man with the coke bottles becomes uninterested in stacking and playing around with them and also starts looking around. The man with the chalk continues to draw pictures of the men and their objects—refining and enlarging them.

The man with the light bulb then the man with the coke bottles, then the man with the hubcaps move over (with their objects or remains, placing them beside themselves) to watch the man with the yo-yo perform.

The man with the chalk continues to draw, ignoring the other's interest in the man with the yo-yo. The man with the yo-yo notices the chalk man's apparent lack of interest in his feats. This distresses him (his ego), consequently, he goes over to investigate. The other men follow. The man with the yo-yo is flattered by the chalk man's rendering of him and his yo-yo. The yo-yo man and the others begin discussing (with gestures) the relative merits of the chalk man's work (each is eager to gain the attention of the others). The chalk man remains aloof from their discussion and responds, only nominally, to their excitement over his work.

Enter, stage left, the first half, this time they march through the center of the second half's activity, purposefully disrupting it (i.e., smudging the chalk man's drawings and knocking him over), they keep their eyes focused straight ahead.

The second half becomes extremely aggravated, but are unable to organize any resistance before the first half has moved off stage. Consequently, they set a watch, the light bulb man. After deciding his duties, gesturing toward the area he is to watch, they resume their activities (watching the chalk man reconstruct his damaged drawings, even more elaborately). The light bulb man takes the remains of his light bulb with him, stage left of the group, facing the left wing. He appears dejected with his new position.

Enter, stage right (following the same path as before), the first half marches through the second half, again disrupting their activity (taking them unaware), messing up the chalk man's drawings, and bumping over the watch set for the left wing. The second half becomes even more enraged than the previous time (gesturing wildly), but are unable to organize any resistance before the first half has moved off stage.

The second half sets two watches: one stage right (the man with the hubcaps), the other (the light bulb man) stage left.

Enter, stage right, the first half, this time the watch spots them and alerts the second half,

which organizes itself into a semi-circle, facing the first half. The first half stops (in formation). The leader of the first half motions the second half to move aside. They all refuse, shaking their heads. The leader of the first half motions for the rest of them to deploy themselves, completing the circle. The lead man from the first half again motions the second half to disperse, the chalk man of the second half motions no! Both groups become progressively more enraged (gesturing wildly), they finally rush together, arms flailing. They fall in a heap. They arise quickly and march off, in separate directions, in the same formation they originally entered in: the first half exits stage left, the second half exits stage right.

Enter, stage left, the first half (upstage carrying signs saying BOO, in close formation, with their free arms gesturing in self-righteous defiance. The second half enters, stage right (downstage), carrying signs saying HURRAH, in close formation gesturing also in self-righteous defiance, with their free arms. Both groups move elliptically towards the center of the stage.

At first, it appears as if the two groups will collide, at the point where the ellipses are closest, however, they miss each other completely and exit. They both enter again, following the paths of their respective ellipses. The lights begin to dim at the apparent point of contact and they march off. By the time they exit, the stage is black.

Boswell: Second Prize Near the Helicopter Training Base

Tony Clark

Things other than vultures, Gray mourning dove, Mallard and teal in season, Contend for sky Over Palo Pinto now:

Huge black buzzing things, They could be taken for giant ancestors

Of the snake-doctors— Those dark dragonflies that patrol

The ponds and quiet creek of Palo Pinto;

But these grimmer dragonflies Are creatures of today, Insistently more current than

The stream, the county and its seat That are all called Palo Pinto.

For history and the past have held dominion

In this region of cedared hills That break with sudden skyline The monotonous, numbing vastness

Of the West Texas plains. Continued on page 8

The Overgrown Garden . . . Continued from Page 2

the fawn to the position of sanctity which only the garden—in its perfect blending of the worlds of process and eternity—should possess. The devotion of the fawn or the unchanging love which the fawn appears to have for her (although, as we have seen earlier, the nymph has momentarily doubted this) becomes for the nymph what is tantamount to religious conviction. Hence she attends to the matter of their mutual death and burial by using the language traditionally associated with religious devotion, here with reference to the classical pagan tradition. Since the world of process has been shut out, it is fitting that the nymph and the fawn be preserved in stone of the purity suggested by marble and alabaster, for it is only in stone that their world can remain immutable. Moreover, the nymph suggests that no legend but the one inscribed in the stone by her tears will be necessary for her

tomb, thus indicating the entry into her world of a kind of sorrow with which she, even in death, was unable to cope. But she has felt the sorrow, as her tears suggest; she is nonetheless incapable of assimilating the world which sorrows represent and therefore withdraws from it. The garden itself has become transformed to a lifeless place, cold and white in its purity, and thus has lost the lively, colorful aura it possessed in the days of the fawn's pleasure there. As a metaphor for the mind, the garden as we view it for the last time in the poem promises to become a frozen, emotionless environment which denies entry to those facts which make men human.

<sup>1</sup>Leo Spitzer, "Marvell's 'Nymph Complaining for the Death of Her Fawn': Sources versus Meaning," *MLQ*, XIX (1958), 231.

<sup>2</sup>E. S. LeComte, "Marvell's 'The Nymph . . .,'" *MP*, 50 (1952), 98-100.

<sup>3</sup>D. C. Allen, *Image and Meaning: Metaphoric Traditions in Renaissance Poetry* (Baltimore, 1960), p. 165.

<sup>4</sup>Allen, p. 185.

<sup>5</sup>John Bernard Emperor, "The Catullian Influence in English Lyric Poetry, Circa 1600-1650," *University of Missouri Studies*, III (1928), 114.

<sup>6</sup>Frank Kermode, "An Introduction to Marvell," *The Metaphysical Poets* (Greenwich, Conn., 1969), p. 314.

<sup>7</sup>Kermode, p. 314.

<sup>8</sup>Kermode, p. 314.

<sup>9</sup>Jim Corder, "Marvell and Nature," *N&Q*, n. s. (1959), 59.

<sup>10</sup>Corder, p. 60.

<sup>11</sup>Corder, p. 61.

<sup>12</sup>Kermode, pp. 323-324.

<sup>13</sup>Harold E. Toliver, *Marvell's Ironic Vision* (New Haven, 1965), p. 92.

<sup>14</sup>Toliver, p. 136.

<sup>15</sup>Toliver, p. 137.

<sup>16</sup>Toliver, p. 133.

<sup>17</sup>Toliver, p. 136.



# Freshman Winning Entries

*Narrative of Fact*

## Tommy . . . . . Constance Cox

When I talked to Tommy last, the complete reversal of his life was apparent. He is now a stable, kind, real person. I have known Tommy for two years, and I have never seen a life changed so radically in such a short time.

At the time that I met him, Tommy O'Neal was an adorable, mischievous boy of seventeen. Almost six feet tall and well-built, he was very attractive. He had definite goals mapped out for himself that he was eager to fulfill. These goals included getting married and becoming a veterinarian. He let me know from the very start that possibly I could become a part of his plan.

He began to call me on the telephone every night, and we talked, many times, for hours. I came to know him better, and I could see that his outgoing attitude was a cover-up for a deep insecurity. He needed repeated assurance that he was liked by me and by our friends. And when given any criticism, he would become angry and hurt. Moreover, he complained about almost anything in order to get sympathy.

During that time I was first discovering the real Christian life. I realized that the "abundant life" can only be obtained by allowing the Savior Jesus to be Ruler of the life, and permitting Him to give us what He earnestly wants us to have. I learned that the plans that our feeble minds have tried to form for our lives are not nearly as beautiful and complete as the plans that God's infinite mind has for us just for the asking.

When I shared all of these thoughts with Tommy, he scorned my faith and said, "You're too weak to handle your own problems so you have to lean on God. I don't have to. I can get along fine without God." Soon I realized that this difference would be a great obstacle in our relationship.

Finally, after we had dated steadily for six months, I made the decision to break off my relationship with Tommy. He had become too dependent on alcohol and had begun associating with boys that brought him down even more. When I told him how I felt, he was hurt and I knew he would rebel even more. But if I stayed with him, I knew I couldn't change him.

I started spending more time with my Christian friends, and I became stronger in my relationship with God. I told others about the love of Christ, but I knew the person that needed Him most was Tommy. I prayed for him and had faith that God would work it out in the best way.

In the next year I saw Tommy less and less, and finally I went off to college and didn't see him for several months. After the first semester was over I went home for the Christmas break and was shocked to find Tommy active in my church.

I was immediately interested and wanted to find out what had

caused him to come to church. He told me that it was a series of persons and events which led him to Christ. The first was when against his approving I stood up for my faith. This played just a small part but showed him that a meaningful relationship with Christ was very important to some people.

Soon after I broke up with him, Tommy started to date other girls. His insecurities were still there; so he started to join clubs at school to become well-known. He was allowed to join a nationally-known high school service club. As a result he was popular, but he knew that something was still missing from his life.

It was during this time that Woody, one of my Christian friends, had been talking to Tommy about becoming a Christian. He told Tommy, first of all, that God loves him and has a plan for his life, but that most people are not experiencing the abundant life because man is sinful and therefore separated from God. Because of that, he cannot experience the love of God and His plan for his life. So God sent His Son to be a mediator between Himself and man. Through Him we can communicate with God and know His plan for our life. Then, knowing this, we must receive Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord and He will come into our life as He promised in Revelation 3:20, "Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any one hears My voice and opens the door, I will come in to him."

Tommy had listened carefully to what Woody had to say. It all made sense to him, but he wanted to think about it before making the decision. He could see the peace that Woody had, and he wanted it. He also realized that Woody had a real love in order to go out and tell friends about Christ. That night Tommy made the decision and prayed to receive Christ. After praying, he felt as though a great load had been removed from him.

The next day he called Woody to tell him the good news. Woody was ecstatic. He told Tommy he wanted to talk to him that afternoon. So later he went to Tommy's house. He explained to Tommy that being a Christian does not come about overnight because God has to "overhaul" his life to His way. It is a gradual growth process. And in order that we can learn things by experience, God allows us to be tested. But He will never tempt us with something that we can't withstand. If we fail, we simply have to ask forgiveness and be thankful that we have received it.

Since that night last November, gradually Tommy has become full of love and truth. He soon lost his insecurity and fear. Now Tommy and I are as brother and sister. The miracles that Christ Jesus performed while here on earth were no greater than the miracle that transformed Tommy.

*Essay*

## Fields . . . . . Marta Lynn Keen

Many of my childhood days were ones of awkward yet rewarding solitude, days in which the other children took trips to the city zoo or ran in herds playing games with unimaginative store-bought toys. I discovered quite early in my life that I could not enjoy this kind of play; it lacked something. Of course, it wasn't easy, being the richest kid in the neighborhood, knowing that friendships were often feigned for the purpose of obtaining access to our private pool and playgrounds. It was at this point that I began to turn to things around me for answers; closer, friendlier things such as trees, and the exotic woods near our spacious house. With ever-increasing curiosity and interest, I began to realize the wonder and complexity of spider webs and lady bugs. Oh, such revelations my groping little mind underwent during this time! I discovered the rich, fertile smell of brown, moist earth on warm days, and began to develop a skill in identifying a feast of floral scents. On mysterious summer night, my eyes began to sharpen as I was introduced, eerily at first, to a host of strange nocturnal creatures: belligerent, hollowing toads, screeching crickets, stately, secretive owls, and sometimes even ominous bats who sailed across uncertain dusky skies like banshees. I watched the same earth that so cordially accommodated all creatures comfortably in spring and

summer turn bleak and gray and barren in winter, forcing all either to adopt themselves or to seek lodging elsewhere. When spring finally returned, I eagerly awaited the grand homecoming parade of feathered flocks dotting the sky in proud formations, and the stout, comical, multicolored caterpillars migrating from deep inside the earth to the fresh air, as well as the numerous squirrels, raccoons, opossums, turtles, and jackrabbits whose arrivals would be triumphantly greeted by a fresh-flowering earth. My horse became my best friend, and the three green-golden fields of our pasture became a stage upon which I acted every role that came to my small, stumbling mind. I was alone with nature, free to think what I wanted to think, to play whatever game I wanted to play, and to be whatever person I wanted to be. My field was an ocean upon which I rode a winged horse to the edge of the earth, or it was a battlefield full of imaginary Indians. Often it was a cliff overlooking a Norwegian fiord, from which I could watch massive Viking ships returning from the wars. The more densely wooded areas of our field held monsters too horrible to imagine! Sometimes my field was my own royal estate; the aluminum-sided barn became a pompous castle, the water trough a moat, and the hayloft my bedchamber; my gilt and velvet-padded tower from

which I would graciously view my vast wealth of trees and grass.

Nature taught me more about myself than I could possibly realize at the time. Keeping myself surrounded by it taught me to keep aware of the marvelous ballets performed daily by the hundreds of sparrows, who certainly must have been aware of their captive audience, and the buzzing mounds of lively red ants. I was made to see my place in the natural world and how I related to other living creatures. My horse spoke to me of ages long gone by, and I spoke to him of the many things to come, and together we romped and roamed the fields of the present, in constant awe of the huge kaleidoscope moving around us, always changing, always changing, yet always the same; always to return in the next year's corresponding season. Pity the child who never learns, at this vulnerable age, what it's like to smell the excitement in the moist heat of summer soil and race through flowing fields of Indian paintbrush with the wind's loving fingers caressing his young body; or feel all the creatures tremble with the first brisk winds of autumn and share their industrious preparation for winter; and then, after all has been cold and cracked and wind-whipped, to feel the elation at the sight of the first green shoots and the first cardinals, eagerly shouting the arrival of spring!

*Fiction*

## The Water Hole . . . . . Russ Burkett

In the late desert afternoon hardly anything stirred; the sound of flies buzzing and the slow circling of buzzards were the only signs of life. Minutes earlier there had been two shots, the sound of these shots ringing across the desert wasteland to die out without anyone to hear them. Just seconds before those two shots was a loud low-pitched, then high-pitched, then again low-pitched laugh. A laugh as if someone was laughing just to hear himself laugh, a laugh that was unstable, contorted, maybe insane . . .

The Apache had been raiding both small settlements and lone settlers trying to start cattle herds in south central Arizona Territory. The governor of the Arizona Territory finally called for help, and the 4th Cavalry moved out and established an outpost eighty-five miles northeast of Tucson at Gila Bend.

B Company, 4th Cavalry, had been on the trail of a small raiding party of Apaches which had just raised hell with some settlers back the trail sixty miles or so. No one white had survived, so B Company had set out in hot pursuit.

After three and a half days of hard riding through the bad-

lands of south-central Arizona, Captain Ten Eyke, who commanded B Company, decided that this small raiding party was heading for Mexico. More important though was that he figured they were heading for a large water hole right next to the border. The only water hole within miles. Captain Ten Eyke also knew that the raiding party would skirt the lower Saucedo Mountains, a taboo to all good Apaches, and then head southwest towards the water hole.

Ten Eyke planned on cutting through these mountains by taking a more westerly and direct route; hoping to get to the water hole before the Apaches. He drove his company of thirty men hard, their water supply running dangerously low as both the men's and the horse's consumption of water rose with the effort they put out. After two days ride the scouts came in with word that the water hole was only a short ride away and looked unoccupied.

Johnson was a private and had been breathing all of Arizona he could handle as it rose off the ground from the horses hoofs, billowing down on him and the rest of the miserable men. By the end of each day the dust was layered on the men so thick

that when they stopped and tried to thrash it off it would billow up and fall back down on them if they didn't move.

At last they reached the water hole, and since they were first they were granted the privilege of drinking and washing. The breather was very short though, for rifle pits were to be dug and men to be stationed on the banks. The men soon set to work on their minor fortifications.

The water hole was a large spring which had eroded away, a gully opening out to the desert with the hole itself at the mouth of the gully, the spring long since gone underground and only coming up in the large shallow pond. The banks of the pond afforded a good view of the desert from the gully side.

Johnson found himself nodding to sleep when the call was raised that a dust cloud was approaching them from the desert. Both he and O'Riley, beside him in the pit, were almost dead. They had to raise their heads with a maximum of effort to face the fast approaching foe.

It looked as though the Apaches didn't know that B Company was there, waiting, the way they were heading for the water hole. It looked to Johnson as if maybe

Continued on page 8



# Freshman Research

## The Natural Innocence of Billy Budd . . . . . Martha Jean Munger

In his last novel, *Billy Budd*, Herman Melville lashes out at the structured forms of society which destroy natural innocence. To strengthen his indictment against the injustice of human power structures, he creates a hero with perfect Christlike innocence. The resulting character, Billy Budd, is repeatedly compared to Christ or Adam before the Fall. Although he is beloved by his shipmates, his mystifying, incomprehensible innocence becomes a threat to the order of human structures, and like Christ, he is killed because natural innocence does not conform to the brutal scheme of earthly existence. Thus, Billy Budd, with his Christlikeness as an ultimate condemnation of the forms of civilization, represents "the perpetual sacrifice of boyish innocence to law and society."<sup>1</sup>

From the beginning Melville sets Billy Budd apart from his fellows by referring to him as the "Handsome Sailor." He equates Billy with another such Handsome Sailor whom he describes as "the center of a company of his shipmates" appearing to be "representative of the human race."<sup>2</sup> Billy likewise effortlessly gained disciples—for "they took to him like hornets to a treacle . . . they all loved him." (p. 9).

As the Handsome Sailor Billy is a superb physical specimen. Having no physical imperfections, Billy is further set apart by resembling a statue of Adam before the fall. (p. 58). But his perfection is more importantly evident in his unblemished innocence. Like Adam, he has absolutely no concept of evil and is utterly helpless in the presence of wrong. As one critic concludes, "his simplicity is completely baffled by anything equivocal; he [has] no knowledge of the bad, no understanding, even, of indirection."<sup>3</sup> In order to emphasize the completeness of Billy's innocence, Melville ascribes Budd's purity to Adam when he says Billy is "transmitted from a period prior to Cain's city and citified man," and is "as perhaps Adam presumably might have been ere the serpent wriggled himself into his company." (p. 5)

It is this simple innocence that Claggart, the master-at-arms, envies and despises. Melville relates Billy to Adam and Claggart to Satan in a striking parallel where he quotes directly from John Milton's *Paradise Lost*.<sup>4</sup> Milton used the phrase "pale ire, envy and despair" in describing Satan when he viewed Adam in the Garden. Satan scorned and envied the innocence of Adam and Eve. Melville used Milton's line "pale ire, envy and despair" as a title to the chapter in which he describes Claggart's anguish in seeing Billy Budd. Claggart laments, "to be nothing more than innocent!" (p. 42)

It is often debated whether or not Adam intentionally disobeyed God. The question is somewhat inconsequential, for he was none the less banished from Eden. This can be likened to Captain Vere's affirmation at the trial<sup>5</sup> that "Budd's intent or non-intent is nothing to the purpose."

(p. 74)

Intentional or not, Adam did succumb to the temptation of Satan, whereas Billy was like Christ who "offer[ed] up an entirely pure soul to God."<sup>6</sup> Billy's Christlikeness is unmistakable in the direct parallels that can be traced between his life and the life of Christ. When questioned as to the name of his father, Billy replies, "God knows," subtly suggesting that his beginnings were not of human conception. Yet Billy's speech defect distinguishes him from a god, just as Christ's humanity distinguishes him from God.<sup>7</sup> Both Billy and Jesus are instruments of reconciliation. As Christ is named the Prince of Peace, Billy is similarly described as a peacemaker. The captain of his first ship, the *Rights-o-Man* bemoaned Billy's impressment onto the *Indomitable* by describing Billy's influence upon his fellow crew members:

Before I shipped that young fellow, my fore-castle was a rat-pit of quarrels. It was black at times, I tell you . . . But Billy came; and it was like a Catholic priest striking peace in an Irish shindy. Not that he preached to them or did anything in particular, but a virtue went out of him sugaring the sour ones. (p. 9)

Then, in desperation the captain cried out, "You are going to take away my peacemaker." (p. 9) It might be noted that in the beatitudes it is said, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called sons of God." (Matthew 5:9) Here again Billy becomes a Christ parallel, a son of God.

Billy is tempted in a manner reminiscent of Christ's temptation on the mountain, and though Billy is shocked, repulsed, and terrified by such a blatant confrontation with evil, he is unswerving. When confronted by his accuser, Billy never says a word. This is an inescapable similarity to Christ's silence before the priests and elders at his own trial. After Billy struck Claggart, Vere said with tremendous insight, "Struck dead by an angel of God! Yet the angel must hang!" (p. 64) These words reveal the paradox akin to Billy's situation in that even though Christ was the Son of God, not merely an angel, He suffered even death for the release of mankind for the sins He never committed.<sup>8</sup> Betrayed by Claggart as Christ was betrayed by Judas, Billy was hanged on a mast with "the same charge: Treason."<sup>9</sup>

But these similarities between Billy Budd and Christ, made rich and unmistakable by repeated Biblical imagery, appear somewhat superficial when considering the human element which was the ultimate cause of the death of both men. What killed Christ was the ordered hierarchy of the Jewish establishment, and Billy died at the hands of Captain Vere, a strict disciplinarian, representative of the establishment of naval society.

For Vere can be compared to Pilate—both men allowed a man to be condemned to a shameful

death when the defendant was known to be blameless.<sup>10</sup> But Vere does not wash his hands as did Pilate, because to him "with mankind, forms, measured forms, are everything." (p. 90) For while he pretends to side with Billy, he actually stands with Claggart against Billy. Vere "stifled the sound of his own heart and learned to live by the head alone as his calling required . . . abdicating his full humanity in the interests of a utilitarian social ethic."<sup>11</sup> The captain is portrayed invariably as a man of logic and rationality directed entirely by the "head" who never tolerate[s] an infraction of discipline. (p. 23) Billy, on the other hand, is associated numerous times with the "heart." Many critics mistakenly surmise that Melville condoned society's strict insistence on legalistic forms in Billy's final benediction on behalf of Captain Vere. But Melville himself once wrote in a letter to the Nathaniel Hawthorne, "I stand for the heart, to the dogs with the head."<sup>12</sup>

Unlike Melville, Vere thinks any exposure of the heart is a weakness. He explains at the trial that the heart is feminine and undesirable in a courtroom. He expounds:

The exceptional in the matter moves the heart within you. Even so too mine is moved. But let not warm hearts betray heads that should be cool . . . Well the heart here denotes the feminine in man is as that piteous woman, and hard though it be, she must be ruled out. (p. 73)

Obviously, Billy as the heart and Vere as the head are dangerously at odds. Also contradictory are the mores of natural and military law. Moral or natural law would judge Billy innocent. Even Vere admits this when he says, "before a court less arbitrary and more merciful than a martial one, . . . the plea would largely extenuate. At the Last Assizes it shall acquit." (p. 74) But Vere does not defend the unquestionably valid recoil of his conscience at the thought of condemning Billy. Instead he queries:

Do these buttons that we wear attest that our allegiance is to nature? No, to the King . . . However pitilessly that law [naval law] may operate, we nevertheless adhere to it and administer to it . . . Private conscience should . . . yield to that imperial one formulated in the code in which alone we officially proceed. (p. 73)

Billy has a much simpler and purer allegiance to the King,<sup>13</sup> as evidenced by his statement, "I have eaten the King's bread and I am true to the King." (p. 68) This is heartfelt and natural, quite unlike the sentiments of Vere Claggart, and "so serviceable to authority, so zealous for order, so irrespective of persons. And where artificial virtues are honored above the natural, evil is sure to prosper."<sup>14</sup> But lest Vere be condemned with the sole responsibility in Billy's death, it should be remembered that Vere is merely a representative of the warped legalism in

human society. His fault lies in the fact that he, being completely opposite from Billy, is an "over-civilized man."<sup>15</sup>

Civilization, not Vere, originated the "measured forms" that the captain is so religiously devoted to. Vere did not fabricate the military viewpoint toward Billy's case. For Vere, as a loyal sea commander, was not authorized to make a decision on the primitive basis of right and wrong. (p. 66) Man has trapped himself in a world where doubt and suspicion overrule optimism and trust. Life, and military life in particular, "teaches one that unless upon occasion he exercises a distrust keen in proportion to the fairness of appearance, some foul turn may be served him." (p. 50)

Not only does the military negate natural and moral law, thereby robbing its members of their innocence and trust, but it also completely undermines their creativity as individuals. Melville himself interjects his ideas concerning the antagonism between the natural and the overcivilized when he says, "personal prudence even when dictated by quite other than selfish considerations surely is no special virtue in a military man." (p. 21) The personality and rights of the individual are sacrificed for order. In other words, "social stability based upon expediency is paid for also with a general, blighting human mediocrity."<sup>16</sup> And "every sailor, too, is accustomed to obey orders without debating them; his life afloat is externally ruled for him." (p. 50) This is revealed in Melville's three references to the sailors' sheep-like acceptance of their stable, well-ordered, unchallenging life-experiences. In three scenes the crew is about to protest the injustices of the naval code only to yield docilely to the "mechanism of discipline" at the sound of the boatswain's whistle and the drumbeat to quarters.<sup>17</sup> When the crewmen hear the announcement that Billy is to be hanged, "a confused murmur goes up. It begins to wax. All but instantly, at a sign, it is pierced and suppressed by shrill whistles of the boatswain." (p. 79) No matter what the catastrophe, even the loss of one held in highest devotion, these men had been so disciplined by military suppression that their slightest utterance of protest could be easily checked.

In the light of these insights, how can *Billy Budd* be interpreted as Melville's "testament of acceptance"? It cannot reflect an acceptance of man's eternal compromise of innocence and justice for expediency. How could a man like Melville who grappled with the forms of a dogmatically legalistic society all his life suddenly acquiesce to the belief that man was created only to regulate himself with dehumanizing and unnatural legalism? Because Melville exposes a society so ensnared in impersonal institutions that it hangs a man of perfect, Christlike innocence, "*Billy Budd* has the angry, frustrated tone which too few readers have noticed."<sup>18</sup> Even Melville's choice of the names of the ships

in *Billy Budd* imply that "every Billy Budd impressed by an *Indomitable* is forced to leave his *Rights-of-Man* behind."<sup>19</sup>

Melville deliberately leaves undecided the question of whether social expediency was a valid excuse for Budd's immediate execution.

Even though the navy had been frightened by recent mutinies, there was no substantial evidence that any real "disaffection actually exist[ed] on the ship."<sup>20</sup> For Melville admits that "very little in the manner of the men and nothing obvious in the demeanor of the officers would have suggested to an ordinary observer that the Great Mutiny was a recent event." (p. 23) Vere could have confined Budd to quarters and turned him over later to a higher court. In fact, Melville includes several characters' expressions of their amazement at Vere's hasty decision to try Billy without delay. The ship's surgeon even proposes that Vere's actions result from insanity.

It is obvious that Melville has pronounced a prodigious indictment against man's insane society—and has skillfully made believable his every charge. Ultimately his accusation is that man falls so far short of the natural innocence and perfection of the Christlike Billy Budd that his very institutions refuse to recognize and finally destroy that innocence. But Melville offers hope, and it is through the unjustified execution of Budd that he reveals that the hope, because "Billy never died. The aspiring yearning and goodness of man's heart is indestructable."<sup>21</sup> That Billy's spirit is undying is inescapable because of this obvious allusion to the Crucifixion in Melville's description of Billy's ascension:

At the same moment it chanced that the vapory fleece hanging low in the East, was shot through with a soft glory as the fleece of the Lamb of God seen in mystical vision, and simultaneously therewith, watched by the wedged mass of upturned faces. Billy ascended; and, ascending, took the full rose of the dawn. (p. 86)

If this is not proof enough that Melville intended Billy to be triumphant over death as was Christ, the astonishing similarities between Billy's execution and the Crucifixion lend greater credibility to the idea of Billy's immortality. Before dawn Billy lay in the gundeck with a mystifying and incomprehensible Christlike serenity. He is flanked on both sides, like Christ by the thieves, by two guns "as if nipped in the vice of fate." (p. 82) But he is calm, for he has reconciled himself to his fate. And "Billy's very acceptance of his role is the evidence that proves man can be trusted, that man can rise above the need for forms."<sup>22</sup> Billy re-emphasizes the hope man has in Christ when he forgives man from atop the gallows saying, "God bless Captain Vere." (p. 86) This simple, unhesitatingly given benediction draws deeper implications as a

Continued on page 8



# The Natural Innocence of Billy Budd . . . . . Continued from page 7

promise of forgiveness—for "vir" is the Latin word for "man."<sup>23</sup> Therefore, although Melville paints a rather bleak picture of the nature of man and the evils of society, he reminds us that natural innocence transcends man's preoccupation with forms. Billy represents an idealism that serves as an inspiration to all men just as he inspired the blue jackets who "recalled the fresh young image of the Handsome Sailor, that face never deformed by a sneer or subtler vile freak of the heart within" and who revered a chip of the spar on which he was hanged "as a piece of the cross." (p. 94) Society cannot

ever successfully obliterate the eternal spark of innocence and beauty within a man's soul, for these have the capacity for self-renewal in the minds of those that live after.

<sup>1</sup>Richard Chase, "Billy Budd, Antigone, and The Winter's Tale," *Melville's Billy Budd and the Critics*, ed. William T. Stafford (San Francisco, 1961), p. 144.

<sup>2</sup>Herman Melville, *Billy Budd and Typee* (New York, 1962), p. 6. Hereafter, page references to this source will appear in parentheses in the text.

<sup>3</sup>F. O. Matthieson, "The Form of Billy Budd," *Melville's Billy*

*Budd and the Critics*, ed. William T. Stafford (San Francisco, 1961), p. 159.

<sup>4</sup>Lawrence Thompson, *Melville's Quarrel With God* (Princeton, 1952), p. 140.

<sup>5</sup>Newton Arvin, "Melville's Nunc Dimittis," *Melville's Billy Budd and the Critics*, (San Francisco, 1961), p. 137.

<sup>6</sup>Tyrus Hillway, *Herman Melville* (New York, 1963), p. 140.

<sup>7</sup>Ray B. West, Jr., "The Unity of Billy Budd," *Melville's Billy Budd and the Critics*, ed. William T. Stafford (San Francisco, 1961), p. 120.

<sup>8</sup>West, pp. 120-121.

<sup>9</sup>Nathalia Wright, "Melville's

Use of the Bible," *Melville's Billy Budd and the Critics*, ed. Wm. Stafford (San Francisco, 1961), p. 133.

<sup>10</sup>E. L. Grant Wilson, "Melville's Testament of Acceptance," *New England Quarterly*, VI (June, 1933), p. 323.

<sup>11</sup>Merlin Bowen, *The Long Encounter* (Chicago, 1960), p. 218.

<sup>12</sup>William Braswell, "Melville's Billy Budd as 'An Inside Narrative,'" *American Literature*, XXIX (May, 1957), p. 138.

<sup>13</sup>Bowen, p. 220.

<sup>14</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>15</sup>Bowen, p. 218.

<sup>16</sup>Wendell Glick, "Expediency and Absolute Morality in Billy

*Budd*," *PMLA*, LXVII (March 1953), p. 106.

<sup>17</sup>G. Geovannini, "The Hanging Scene in Melville's Billy Budd," *Modern Language Notes*, LXX (November 1955), p. 492.

<sup>18</sup>Milton R. Stern, *The Fine Hammered Steel of Herman Melville* (Urbana, 1957), p. 210.

<sup>19</sup>Glick, p. 106.

<sup>20</sup>Bowen, p. 227.

<sup>21</sup>Stern, p. 38.

<sup>22</sup>Stern, p. 238.

<sup>23</sup>Phil Withim, "Billy Budd: Testament of Resistance," *Melville's Billy Budd and the Critics*, ed. William T. Stafford (San Francisco, 1961), p. 88.

<sup>24</sup>West, p. 121.

# The Water Hole . . . . . Continued from page 6

the captain had set up a real nice little ambush.

The dust cloud loomed closer and closer. The loud "black" sound of hammers being locked at full cock on the Spencer carbines resounded through the rifle pits as men tensed up and prepared for the jarring recoil and tediously slow act of re-loading.

But the order to fire was never given; rather, a cry of dismay arose from Captain Ten Eyke as the Indians reached the opposite shore. Johnson then saw what the captain saw and let out a moan himself.

Those three Indians leading the dust cloud were all there was of the raiding party. Tethered behind them were clumps of mesquite bound together and dragged, producing enough dust to look like a raiding party. "O God we've been screwed this time!" realized Johnson. Instinct made him whirl around to meet the inevitable.

B Company found itself being torn apart by rapid rifle fire of the Apache's stolen Henry repeaters, and arrows (being just as deadly in the hands of an Apache at close range). They had crept up through the higher rocks of the gulley behind B Company and well used the surprise which they had achieved.

Unusually enough, B Company didn't break, and it met the fierce Indian charge with its own rifle fire. Johnson had whirled around and simply fired his rifle behind him in hopes of catching the Apache he imagined would be right on him at that moment.

No one was there; so he quickly reloaded and moved to a better position, a large boulder just to his right. There he stayed all afternoon, firing at heads, arms, anything that moved. Never really expecting to hit anything as the targets were so fleeting and obscure.

Captain Ten Eyke had accomplished one thing and that was to keep the Apaches from the water hole. The Apaches were desperate for water and made desperate, vicious charges through the slow firing soldiers to reach it.

At first the attacks were made to destroy B Company, but after several failures the attacks showed the desperate need the Apaches had for water. They would run past soldiers, who were firing at other Apaches, not even looking at the soldiers, just trying to fill a gourd shell with

water. But these Apaches were picked off as they stopped by the water to dip their gourd. Any attempting to get water from the opposite bank were also picked off by troopers seeing them.

To Johnson it was just too bizarre. An Indian could be seen filling a gourd right next to a trooper firing up into the rocks. The trooper then reloaded and blew the Indian into the pond, but there was an instant in which it was agreed that neither would bother the other. Johnson had never really seen a truly thirsty man, but now he had and he knew then that he wouldn't ever want to be that thirsty for anything.

The fight raged as the number both B Company and the Apaches dwindled. Normally the Apaches wouldn't take such losses and would usually break off and clear out. But they needed water and were forced to give up their normal tactics; the Apaches had to keep attacking.

By nightfall the Apaches withdrew; at least the fire on Johnson quit. Johnson found himself alone; at least no one alive was near him. He crawled through the bodies of troopers and Apaches, some still contorted in deathlocked struggle.

Finally he came upon O'Riley, who almost blew Johnson's head off. "Son of a gun, why don't you say somethin'!" rasped O'Riley. "Oh Hell, I though you were dead too, least wise you smelled like it," quipped Johnson. "Nobody else is alive and I'm hit," O'Riley said.

Johnson did what he could for O'Riley and then fell back exhausted. O'Riley was to take first watch for a couple of hours, then wake Johnson up. Johnson didn't think O'Riley's wound was very bad; so he slumped into a deep sleep.

\* \* \*

The dawn would have been beautiful any other time. The sky grew grey, and the stars blinked out from east to west. The early morning light made everything blurred, less discernible than the moonlight did the night before.

The sun became visible and rose with great speed past the horizon, then slowed to its normal route across the sky. Johnson woke up and was startled at the light; he orientated himself then looked over at O'Riley. O'Riley was sitting up with his hand and his chin resting on the edge of the rifle pit. His other hand grasping his wound. John-

son could see that O'Riley was dead and had probably died early in the night.

Now he was the lone survivor of a massacre. "And probably won't find myself in this position too long," he thought to himself as he took O'Riley's rifle and four rifle rounds and placed them next to himself. He then waited.

The morning hours were long, too long, time almost stood still. "They're late," he would joke to himself. Into that afternoon he waited. The bodies of both white man and Apache were strewn about in grotesque forms. The buzz of attracted flies was horrendous, making Johnson's nerves ragged.

Just to do something, he looked over at O'Riley, who still sat as though he had fallen asleep on his hand. "Well O'Riley ol' boy, it won't do, you being in here with me the way ya are. Sorry about this, I'll see ya later anyway." With that apology he heaved the stiffened body out of the rifle pit and onto its edge but couldn't push him farther.

Unwilling to expose himself, Johnson left O'Riley where

he was, the hand and chin in the same position, though the body was on its side. The only sign of O'Riley's previous inhabitation was a large dried pool of blood at the bottom of the rifle pit.

Now again Johnson was faced with the buzzing sound and still, quiet, stifling atmosphere of the water hole. The sun was then past its apex and on its way westward when Johnson heard the shuffling in the rocks to the right and saw the small white flag attached to a bow being waved between two large rocks.

Then the figure of a man approached Johnson, waving the little white flag wildly. The man was Apache yet didn't have the stance of an Apache brave. He was stooped, and his hair had a lot of white in it. Johnson's mind pondered, "I guess they want to talk about something. Lord knows what. They got all the water they wanted last night, I'm just a fly they gotta brush away."

So Johnson rose, his carbine on his hip, pointed towards the lone Indian approaching him. The Indian finally reached Johnson,

still waving the bow and flag, as though if he should stop, he'd be blown apart. Johnson stood there waiting for the Indian to speak, to hear a shot and feel the burning fragment pierce his body, for something to happen. But nothing happened, just the loud, monotonous buzzing of the flies.

Finally the old Apache spoke in broken English. His voice was old, cracked, and trail-worn but still carried the fear he felt, pleading to the white soldier with the wild eyes.

"No food, no arrows, all Apache dead, no kill? No Kill!?"

"The old man could never have made it across the desert himself," Johnson said out loud, "so he came to me! He came to me," he screamed.

A lone piercing laugh rose, louder and louder, resonating between the rocks in the gulley and finally flowing out into the desert like a wild animal escaping the bounds of the gulley. It died in the unstirred air only to raise again, louder and stronger. The laugh of a man, maybe going insane . . .

Near The Helicopter Training Base

The history is of Indians  
Whose trails plot the wanderings  
Of game; history of gold-mad  
Spaniards;  
Of land-hungry Anglos and their  
towns that saw  
Their fates sealed by the  
coquetry of railroads.

But the bypassed town of Palo  
Pinto survived  
By craft, playing its courthouse  
as its trump;  
Hence a holding action became  
the character  
Of the locale: it neither surged  
With a restless nation, nor yet  
expired.

The antique region defined itself  
Through names, Anglo mostly,  
but  
Embracing the leftover Spanish  
When imagination failed  
Or romantically succumbed.

Thus Palo Pinto—Painted Stick,  
For some long-rotted ritual relic  
The Indians left by the stream.  
Found by the conquistadores, it  
might  
Have told the prologue of a  
final chapter.

The Anglo inheritors of Palo  
Pinto

Cont. from page 5

"Operations Areas,"  
And these painted sticks would  
not blend.

BIEN HOA and LONG VINH,  
they proclaimed,  
And a conflict more distant  
than the homes  
Of the Spanish name-givers  
Suddenly had landmarks  
In the heart of Palo Pinto.

With these strange signs came  
the swarms  
Of manmade dragonflies, trailing  
their shadows  
Over creek and courthouse  
And gorging the sky of Palo  
Pinto  
With their drone of death and  
Asia.

And ghosts other than Indians,  
Armored Spaniards, fair men  
With dreams of land,  
Haunt the cedared hills  
Of Palo Pinto now—

Spirits blood-tied to the buzzing  
things,  
They return an awesome  
distance—  
Suspend a quest for beginnings,  
To thrust upon the reluctant  
region  
Full measure of its nation's soul.

Took but little of the twentieth  
century;  
Progress they rated largely by  
the  
Changing styles of county  
officials' autos  
And weapons used to stalk the  
Indians' deer.

Palo Pinto was not much  
altered, either,  
When America went to its wars;  
An older design kept weaving  
there,  
Its peaceful pattern flawed but  
slightly  
When a few sons were borne  
home under flags.

Painted sticks were revived in  
the area,  
These erected by the State to  
chart  
Its highways. From Palo Pinto  
They pointed the way to  
RANGER,  
METCALF GAP and MINERAL  
WELLS.

The signs served for decades  
After the compliant landscape  
accepted them.  
But at length new markers  
appeared,  
To give directions to

Page 8



# Southwest Literature Ghost Story

Linda Newman Biggs

The car rattled over Cresson's triple railroad tracks, and I laid aside a comic book to watch the longest part of the forty-mile drive from Fort Worth to Granbury, the ten miles between Cresson and the bridge over the Brazos. We passed Cresson as quickly as the railroad track; only a one-pump gas station with a Dr. Pepper sign and the Cresson Baptist Church fronted the highway. The rest of the town, population 350, stretched itself out along the railroad tracks beyond the sight of the whizzing cars.

Gnarled grey pine posts held the rusting barbed wire along the road that kept the cows from the cars. Fields that had been apple green carpets with blue-bonnet clusters at Easter were now bleached into yellow mats by the July drought and sun.

Now I could measure the miles with my private landmarks. The new lumberyard flashed by on the left of the highway; a natural stone chimney and fence crumbled under advancing weeds on a ridge on the right; a windmill missing some blades rusted on the windless hill.

More fence posts rushed behind us. Then came the junction with the road that led to Acton and the white frame general store on the corner that my relatives called "Little Leonard Brothers" because it sold almost as many things as the big store in Fort Worth. Down that lane was Acton's cemetery where Davy Crockett's first wife was buried. Above the grave the arms of a white marble woman reached to the East as if to suggest his wife's arms beckoning Davy from the hills of Tennessee. I knew from the Walt Disney movie that he finally did return victorious from those Indian wars only to find this overgrown grave as a welcome and to suffer a captive's death in the Alamo.

The car topped another hill, and at last the Brazos bridge flashed silver against the yellow valley. Then the lazy brown water lapped shallow between the white sand banks below us, and I knew we had finally arrived. I looked up to see the Hood County Court House tower rising above Granbury's trees. The tower clock had made Granbury famous, because just like triple tomatoes and the man who went over Niagara Falls in a barrel, its story had been in the Sunday comics in Ripley's Believe It or Not. Its distinction, according to Ripley, was that the tower clock hadn't lost over a minute in the past seventy-five years, and the same watchman had wound it every night.

Once past the bridge, the car sped through town, past the square, and into my grandparents' gravel driveway. I ran to the covered porch where my grandfather met me with a crushing hug and a cigar-scented scratchy kiss.

"How's my favorite granddaughter?" He always said that to my cousins too, but I believed he really meant it only to me. "I hear you're going to spend the week with us."

"I sure am. Is Alice in the house?" I wanted to see my cousin who was visiting from Kansas for Vacation Bible School Week. It was her first visit in a year.

"She's in the kitchen with your Grandma. You'd better get on in there and see what's holding up dinner!" He swatted my behind, and I scampered through the screen door and sniffed my way to the kitchen. A female swarm of aunts, cousins, and my grandmother were getting in each other's way as they tried to get the Sunday dinner on the table. They got Alice and me from under their feet by sending us to the corner grocery to buy a bag of crushed ice for the super-sugary iced tea and the wild grape juice that only my grandmother could make here with the soft well water.

The banquet of baked chicken, my grandmother's cornbread dressing moist with giblet gravy, mashed potatoes, and fruit salad with whipped cream was topped off with German chocolate cake (without coconut as I liked it) and apple pie. I ate as if it were my last meal, but I knew that the rest of the week would be better when Alice and I would be the visiting queens, and our mothers couldn't tell us we couldn't have another biscuit or a second ear of corn. Sliced tomatoes still warm from the sun of the garden and mounds of chilled cantaloupe slices would begin the noon dinners. We could have hot corn-on-the-cob oozing butter every day, and a basket of hot rolls and biscuits with either honey or jam at every meal. Not to mention Nehi grape sodas every morning at Vacation Bible School recess and K-Oranges or Fudgcicles from the corner grocery in the afternoon. Sunday dinner was only an appetizer for the week's feasting.

We kept out of the way the rest of the afternoon, playing in my grandfather's feed store adjoining the house. The high stacks of calico-bagged chicken feed became Everests for us to conquer, wild horses to tame, or stockades for our vicious chinaberry wars. When the dusty smell of the grain parched our noses and our voices cracked from too much shouting and giggling, we lay down in a panting truce on the cold, smooth concrete floor.

"Shhh," I hissed. "Alice, did you hear something?"

"Where?"

"Up there, in the attic."

We lay motionless a minute, then I interrupted, "There it is, that thumping sound. Did you hear it?"

"Ah, go on, that's just the wind," Alice answered, refusing to be frightened.

"It can't be the wind, it's still as a church outside," I insisted. "Besides, Uncle Phil told me just last week that the attic is haunted! He discovered the ghost when he was a little boy, and he played out here in the evenings after Granddaddy closed the store. One day he had a brand new catcher's mitt and he was throwing it up in the air, just for fun, you know? Well, he threw it up close

to the trap door to the attic, and guess what? It didn't come down! When he looked up, he saw a long, bony hand holding it disappearing into the attic!"

"I don't believe it!" Alice stubbornly rejected anything wonderful about Texas. "Uncle Phil just made that up to scare you."

"No, he didn't either!" She made me mad. "He didn't even know I was listening. I heard him tell about it to my folks one night when I was supposed to be asleep."

"Haven't you outgrown believing in ghosts by now? I quit believing when I was only four!" Alice thought she was so smart just because she was in the "A" level of her fourth grade class, and I was just a dumb second grader. But I knew secrets about Granbury she would never discover.

I ignored her insults, though. "Well, if you're so smart, Miss Alice, then you won't want to know how the attic came to be haunted in the first place." I knew I had her hooked. After the proper amount of her coaxing and wheedling, I told the story.

"A long time ago, before the Civil War, a damn Yankee moved . . ."

"Mary, you said that word! You'll get in trouble. I'm going to tell Grandma!" Alice exulted at revealing my sins.

"You tell her, and you won't hear the story. Now be quiet and listen, no more interruptions." I began again.

"Like I said, this Yankee moved to Granbury and set up a farm. This building was one of his storehouses. When the War came, he went North and joined the Union Army, but he left his wife and child here. The other men around here went with the Rebels, though, under General Granbury—the town was named after him later. Anyway, in one of the big battles, it turned out that the Yankee soldier killed General Granbury, but later that same day, the Yankee lost his right leg.

"Before he came back from the war, the town burned down his house with his wife and baby inside. They said they didn't want any 'damn Yankees' in their town, but the soldier stayed on anyway, living here in this storehouse. People passing by at night would hear him singing and talking to his wife, even though she was gone. The whole town really hated him because he had killed the General, and I guess he hated them too for killing his wife. Nobody would sell him any food, or talk to him, or even let him come to Church.

"Finally, one year when it didn't rain all summer, all his garden and animals died because the town wouldn't sell him any water. He still wouldn't move out, even without food or water. After awhile no one saw him around, and when the tax man came in October, he found him dead, starved to just a skeleton with that peg leg."

"Ooh, how horrible!" Alice had no stomach for blood and guts stories, but she didn't argue against its truth.

"Listen!" We lay still and

heard a noise above the ceiling, a knock and a shuffle moving across, like a man walking with a peg leg.

"It's him," I whispered. "Let's get out of here!"

We ran panting to the house, but before we went in, I made Alice promise not to tell what had happened. I had thought that Uncle Phil had made up the story, and I had never believed in ghosts at all, but that shuffling nearly convinced me.

Soon afterwards, my parents left, and I arranged my clothes and belongings for a seven-day reign.

Near sundown, we ate watermelon slices on the cement roof of the storm cellar in back of the house, fed the rinds to the chickens, and washed away the seeds and juice with a hose. As Alice and I were sticky from the juice, we were forced inside early to bathe and dress for the meeting at Church.

Grandma buttoned up my dress and fixed my braids; I was proud that I wasn't tender-headed like Alice and didn't cry with every brush stroke. Her wispy yellow hair took a long time to braid, and Alice streamed silent tears when we finally left. Because my grandfather was both an elder and the custodian of the Church, he had driven to Church at sixty, but Grandma, Alice, and I enjoyed the five-block walk in the summer twilight.

When we entered the building, the air conditioning chilled my bare arms still warm from the sinking sun. Grandma introduced me to some of the members in the entry hall.

A white-haired lady patted my head. "You're Charlsa's girl, aren't you. I taught her in Sunday School when she was just your age. I think you'll be in my Vacation Bible School class tomorrow."

I wondered that my mother had changed her name from Charlsa to Ann when she moved to the city, but I smiled and made a small curtsy.

A man in overalls walked up to greet us. "That's a mighty fine pair of granddaughters you've got there. They're Tidwells through and through, that's plain."

I was suddenly proud to know that I was somehow a part of this Granbury dynasty, that my grandparents were leading members of the Church, and that I had no shameful explanations to make here because my Daddy never went to church.

As we sat in the pew and the service began, I sang the songs with new strength and volume. Alice's uncle, not a Tidwell, led the singing with vigorous waving arms. I whispered to Alice, "He looks like a ripe tomato ready to burst!" We both giggled until Grandma pinched our necks. As we sang "I Want to Be a Worker for the Lord," "Blessed Assurance," and "Back to the Bible," my grandmother's twanging voice whined above the melodies, her pitch spoiled by her age or her Texas drawl. During the sermon I wrote notes to Alice and looked at the pictures

in my Bible. When I heard the preacher's voice rise in pitch and loudness, I reached for a songbook for the invitation song.

I heard his closing words. "So now, all you lost lambs of God, to receive the gift of the Holy Ghost, come forward and be baptized into his Church and be saved from the eternal fires of Satan's Hell. Come now, while we stand and sing."

As we sang a song urging people to "Be Washed in the Blood of the Lamb," a boy about Alice's age walked down the aisle; his mother was crying, as well as the people around us. The preacher took him back through some doors beside the pulpit, and after we sang another song, "O Happy Day," they opened some curtains behind the pulpit. A beautiful scene appeared, green fields, blue mountains, clouds in pale sky, and a river more beautiful than the Brazos flowing into a pool of water. Then two people in white flowing robes walked into the water. The tall one grabbed the small one, I think it was the boy, and pulled him down into the water. Splashes and thuds almost covered the words, but I heard, "I now baptize you in . . . the Holy Ghost." The tall one pulled the small one out of the water, and against the beautiful scene, they looked like the angels I had just seen in the pictures in my Bible. The curtains closed, and everyone around us was smiling and happy, but I sat stunned and speechless. "So that's how they make ghosts," I realized. "They make them in this church by drowning people in water and singing for them." Perhaps every attic in this magic town had one, or even whole families of them. I was sorry that I had called our ghost a damn Yankee, and I understood why he had taken my uncle's ball glove.

After the closing prayer, all the grown-ups stood around the pews to talk, but I went out on the front lawn to chase fireflies around the trees and gossipy groups of old women dressed in the same calico as the feed bags. I had to be careful not to fall down and stain my dress on the grass, but when we left, my left side smarted with sharp stabs from too much running.

After watching the Texas News on television, Grandma made a pallet of quilts for Alice and me on the living room floor where we would be cooled by the breeze passing from the front door to the windows on the sun porch in back. Alice fell asleep right away, but I lay listening to the crickets, the darkness, and an occasional cattle truck thundering by on the highway in front of the house.

I wondered at their sudden appearance and disappearance into the night that violated the stillness of my kingdom. Only the humming turns of the fan, the driftings of the curtains, and the gentle rise-and-fall of breathing bodies moved against the blanket air. I slept sheltered in my town of make-believe, make-believe most wonderful because it came

(Continued on page 12)



# The Quill Pen and the Violin . . . . . Rebecca Reid

The twelve-year-old boy sat at the window of his alcove room watching the rising sun drawing the townspeople from their homes. Timothy saw Master Phillips as he unshuttered the windows of his shop in the grey morning light. As the sun gained height illuminating the cobblestone street and shops, the colonial women in their mob caps and plain homespun dresses began sweeping the shops or dusting the merchandise in readiness for the long day ahead.

Even though Timothy had been an apprentice in Williamsburg for his uncle, Master Parker, for six months, the boy was fascinated by the bustling shops, the cobblestone streets, and the aristocrats in their silks and velvets. The capital of the colony was grand when compared to Timothy's former home in the Virginian wilds where there were log cabins and twisting paths through the woods, and the men wore buckskin and carried rifles to protect themselves from roving Indians and bears.

Setting type for the Virginia Gazette, his uncle's paper, and training to become a printer like Master Parker were interesting, but Timothy felt dissatisfied. Fine people rarely came into his uncle's shop for fear they would stain their soft velvets and crisp brocades. Instead they would send a messenger boy. "Of course," Timothy thought, "my uncle is respected throughout the colony, but that does not suffice for the pleasure of getting to know such people." He grimaced; soon his hands would be as permanently black as his uncle's, and he felt both pleasure and resentment at the knowledge. He was proud to be training to become a printer rather than a backwoods farmer like his father, and yet, seeing the fine people of Williamsburg created dissatisfaction in Timothy. He wanted to dress as they did and to be looked up to by the shopkeepers. The boy began to dream of himself in a gold silk shirt with cut-velvet knee breeches and a brocade waistcoat and coat. His dreams were interrupted by the breakfast call.

After breakfast and chores, Timothy went down to Raleigh Tavern where, on his free day, he helped the tavern keeper by setting tables, cleaning up, or even stabling the horses. The boy liked it there. Many of the men came in to drink and talk, and he could sit, chin propped on knees, before the fire and listen to them. There travelers lodged who revealed news from the other colonies and even across the sea. But the main attraction at Raleigh Tavern was the students from William and Mary. The affluent young men came in gaudily dressed, powdered and perfumed, and ready to drink and sing.

After cleaning his hands as best he could with the homemade lye soap and cold water from the washstand, Timothy carefully combed his hair and put on a clean homespun shirt. Grabbing a loaf of his aunt's freshly-baked bread, he shouted a good-by and began running down the cobblestone street to the Raleigh. He arrived; breathless and flushed, but ready to begin preparations for the day's work. Master Tarleton, the portly tavernkeeper, was already

busy sampling the pots on the stove, tasting the new kegs of ale, checking his stores, resetting the pewter on the rough tables, and making sure the furniture was dusted and spotless. Sandwiched between his commands and gestures of approval and disapproval were complaints of the cook about the smoke from the fire or the spoiled greens, questions and coy smiles from the new blue-eyed maid, and muffled laughter from the amused hostler who was eating his breakfast of ale and wheatcakes.

Master Tarleton, disentangling himself from the web of the pretty maid, walked over to Timothy and, mussing the boy's hair with his large colloused hand, said in his slow Virginia drawl, "I kin use ye; go shine the pewter." Timothy nodded and, picking up several large pieces and a soft cloth, he went to his corner of the hearth and began his work.

The boy remained in his chosen spot for hours, occasionally leaving it to fetch more pewter or to clear a table. It was late afternoon when the college boys began to arrive. Timothy sat meekly in his corner trying to look busy but also to see what they were wearing and overhear their conversations. The two maids were busy carrying mugs to the crowded tables of the boisterous college men when a strange young man appeared in the doorway and seeing an empty table walked over to it and sat down.

The stranger, a tall gangly young man in plain white linen shirt and black breeches, did not cut an impressive figure as he began shuffling through a stack of papers while he waited for someone to take his order. Seeing that everyone was busy, Timothy reluctantly stopped his polishing and walked over to the young man.

Looking down at the hunched shoulders and fine reddish brown clumsily-tied hair of the stranger, who didn't even notice him, Timothy cleared his throat and said, "May I help ye, Sir?"

The young man looked up and smiling said, "Thank you. Port, please."

Timothy was surprised. Most people ordered ale, for it was the cheapest. He started to ask the stranger if he could afford the wine, but the solemn searching grey-blue eyes of the stranger read his surprise and hesitancy. Taking out his purse, the young man laid two gold coins on the table, then began sorting through his papers again.

Embarrassed at his own thoughts and the stranger's reaction, Timothy rushed to get the bottle and glass. As he set them on the rough-hewn table, he noticed the papers with which the man fumbled were sheets of music. Interested, the boy loitered near the table and finally gained enough courage to ask, "Do you sing or play?"

"I play," answered the young man as he tapped the brown case beside him.

"The fiddle?" questioned Timothy, recognizing the odd-shaped case.

"No, the violin," corrected the stranger. "Would you like to hear a song?"

"Can you play 'Barbara Allen'?" asked the boy, forgetting

all etiquette by sitting down at the young man's table.

The red-haired man nodded, and, unstrapping the case, he carefully removed his violin. With a few deft movements the violin was tuned, and the sound of an old ballad filled the tavern. The students stopped their carousing and began to crowd around the table, singing the familiar song as the young man played.

As the stylish students and gentlemen pushed to get nearer the violinist, Timothy was forced to the outer fringes of the group where he had to stand on tip-toe to see even the tip of the bow as it cut the air. The boy could feel the soft pile of the velvet coats as the straining bodies pushed against him. He wanted to elbow his way through the group, but he did not dare because these men were gentlemen. Slowly, Timothy shuffled back to his corner and began polishing pewter.

Looking over at Master Tarleton, the boy saw the tavernkeeper's ruddy face growing redder as he stalked toward him. The master was angry because the customers were no longer eating and drinking but were singing. He grabbed Timothy's shirt and dragged him toward the door but was halted by a crowd of gentlemen entering the shop to listen to the ballads. Master Tarleton immediately transformed himself into the genial laughing host and, tousling the boy's hair, led the men to a table.

Timothy knew that he had escaped punishment for the moment. His practical nature told him to leave, but his sense of honor and love of music beckoned him to stay. The latter won, and the boy slowly wound his way to the kitchen where he waited for the tavernkeeper.

An hour passed as he sat, fingering the flatware, deeply lost in his dread of punishment. A figure moved into the room, but several seconds passed before Timothy became aware of its presence. The boy slowly raised his head, expecting to see Master Tarleton, but instead he found the tall lanky stranger smiling down at him. The young man extended his right hand saying, "Thank you. I enjoyed the evening."

The surprised boy stammered, "I--I don't understand."

"Well," said the young man, pulling nearer one of the rough wooden benches, "I am a new student at William and Mary and haven't had a chance to meet many of the townspeople of Williamsburg. Tonight with your help and the help of this," he said, tapping the violin case, "I got to know them, so thank you."

This time Timothy took his outstretched hand. The boy felt a gentle strength in the young man's handclasp. Even though the stranger's hands were calloused and he did not wear silk or velvet, Timothy liked the quiet young man.

The two sat at the table for some time talking of their past experiences. Timothy told Tom, the young man, the folklore he had learned from the hunters and trappers. He talked of his log home, his parents, and why he had come to Williamsburg. Tom explained about his responsibility, the family farm in the Blue

Ridge area of Virginia, which he had managed since the age of fourteen when his father died. He had come to college to prepare to study law, and as his mother, one of the ruling Randolphs said, "To get a gentleman's education." Timothy smiled at this idea because he could not see the young man as an aristocrat. After all, he did not wear a wig and had spent more time reading than preparing a wardrobe.

The boy forgot about Master Tarleton and the punishment as he and Tom talked, but later in his alcove room Timothy wondered why the fiery tavernmaster had let the incident pass.

The afternoon after their talk in the tavern, Tom appeared in the printer's shop. He stood for a while watching Timothy set type and then moved over to the jovial inksmudged Master Parker, who was relaxing near the stove as he smoked his long-stem clay pipe. The two men began to talk and before long were locked in conversation. Timothy overheard such large words as "democracy" and "equality;" he wondered what they meant.

The next time Tom came to the printer's shop, he was carrying his violin case tucked under his arm. He leaned against the counter where Timothy was setting type and asked, "Would you like to learn to play?"

Startled, Timothy almost pushed his work off. "Yes, yes, yes—I want to!" he answered, his eyes large with surprise and pleasure. The happiness faded from his face as he explained, "But I don't have any money to pay you."

"That is all right," said Tom, and with a smile, he said, "I've always wanted to know more about printing; perhaps you would teach me."

Timothy nodded, and they sealed the gentleman's agreement with a handshake. The next minute Tom began his first lesson in printing, and the same afternoon Timothy started to learn the fingering of the violin.

During these lessons, the two began to talk, and Tom told Timothy about equality, the importance of education, and how it was really the pioneer family who built the colonies. Once Tom brought a book by John Locke and read Timothy some of this philosopher's ideas. Under his friend's influence, the boy, who was schooled in reading by his mother and the family Bible, learned to use the dictionary and began to read the books Tom brought him or those he bought with his savings. Timothy found that he liked discussing some of these ideas learned from Tom and from reading with Master Parker, Tom, or even some of the other shopkeepers.

Occasionally Tom, who loved to write and had a flair with words, would write for the Gazette. It was with a sense of pride that Timothy would carefully set the type of his friend's essay. He liked Tom's words, but even more he admired his friend's interest in people. Once he had seen his rangy friend ruin his best silk shirt as he helped a farmer push his cart out of a mud hole, while he, the printer's apprentice, stood and watched. The memory of this incident troubled Timothy many nights. He wondered why he had

not helped.

One day while Timothy and Tom were talking to Master Phillips, the silversmith, the King's governor of the Virginia Colony strutted into the shop accompanied by his young wife. The governor was a short stout man, and his knicker-like velvet breeches and silver embroidered turquoise coat made him appear even heavier. His tricorne was tucked under his arm so his powdered, lacquered wig styled in a pompadour would not be flattened by the hat. In his other hand was the broken lid and bottom of a little, delicately designed silver snuff box which all the gentlemen in England and the colonies carried.

Master Phillips saw the governor but continued his conversation with Tom. The governor stood at the counter while his satin and lace gowned wife looked at the silver candlesticks. His wife was a petite blonde with clear blue eyes, and although she was just in her late twenties, hard lines were beginning to form around her mouth. Her gown was the latest cut from England, and the ladies in the colony were constantly copying the cut of her dresses as well as her manners.

Tom noticed that the governor was impatient so nodding to Master Phillips, he said, "You go ahead and help the next customer while I decide which piece of pewter I want."

The silversmith walked over to the governor. In the commanding voice of a person accustomed to having his whims answered, the governor ordered Master Phillips to repair his snuff box. "I shall send one of my servants to fetch the box tomorrow," he said. Holding out his hand for his wife's hand, the couple began their march out to the cobblestone street and their carriage. The wife's voluminous skirt raked a silver jewelry box and some silver rings onto the floor. The clash and clatter of the metal did not halt the couple. Without turning their heads to check what damage was done or without even uttering a word of apology, they left the shop.

Tom began to help Master Phillips pick up the scattered rings and broken jewelry box while Timothy just stood at the window watching the governor's carriage drive away. Timothy had often watched from his alcove window as the fine velvet suited gentlemen like bright gaited cocks had strutted along the streets of Williamsburg. The boy had often dreamed of being one of these fine gentlemen, but the governor's rudeness and the lady's set, determined face had dampened the boy's ideal.

Timothy could not understand his change of feelings. He tried to tell Tom, but it all came out muddled and almost nonsense. Tom only smiled at Timothy's confession. The young man's eyes seemed to reassure the boy and say "I have been through the same experience as you." Tousling the boy's hair, Tom said, "Timothy, you are growing up. You are beginning to learn that it is not as important what a man wears outside as what he wears in his heart."

(Continued on Page 12)



# The Regeneration of Fidelman . . . . . Linda Newman Biggs

Arthur Fidelman is the central character of three stories by Bernard Malamud which examine the problems of creation, the sources of inspiration, and the regenerative triumph of the artistic experience. In each story, because of Fidelman's development as artist, he changes his relationship with art, his involvement with the world, and his understanding of himself. In fact, his change is so great in each succeeding story that only faint reminders of past experience and his name convey a continuity of identity.

In "The Last Mohican" Fidelman comes to Rome as a student of art history attempting to write a critical study of Giotto. Soon after his arrival, the first chapter of the manuscript is stolen by a pushy Jewish beggar named Shimon Susskind because Fidelman refused to give him a suit. This loss paralyzes Fidelman. He at first tries to recreate the lost chapter, but failing that, he spends his valuable time on a savage search throughout the city for the pesky Susskind, whom he never could avoid before but who now seems to have vanished from the earth.

Fidelman's problem of creation is that he cannot work without a beginning to build upon:

Nights, . . . he kept his eyes glued to paper, sitting steadfastly at his desk in an attempt to re-create his initial chapter, because he was lost without a beginning. He had tried to write the second chapter from notes in his possession but it had come to nothing. Always Fidelman needed something solid behind him before he could advance, some worthwhile accomplishment upon which to build another.<sup>1</sup>

He is obsessed with the missing chapter, but what he truly lacks is a sense of his own history. This lack of personal history is ironically set off by Fidelman's consciousness of and almost obsession with art history. Nevertheless, from the beginning it is apparent that Fidelman does not understand the foundations of his Jewish identity. He carries a pigskin, hence unclean, briefcase (Mohican, p. 504), and he utters "Shalom" only when Susskind obliges him to respond (Mohican, p. 505). Even more serious than these formal aspects of his past, the moral dimension of Fidelman's history has been forgotten. When the needy, if obnoxious, Susskind appeals to this moral sense by saying:

"You know what responsibility means?" . . . "Then you are responsible. Because you are a man. Because you are a Jew, aren't you?" (Mohican, p. 513).

Fidelman rejects him and his own history in this defense:

"Yes, gooddamn it, but I'm not the only one in the whole wide world. Without prejudice, I refuse the obligation. I am a single individual and can't take on everybody's personal burden. I have the weight of my own to contend with" (Mohican, p. 53).

These words reject the Jewish belief that Jews are the suffering

servants for all the world. Because Fidelman is separated from this aspect of his history, he is correspondingly alienated from the men around him, especially Susskind. It is this alienation that blocks his creative process so that he diffuses his energies in a ridiculous search through the slums of Rome.

The inspiration which removes this block ironically comes from Fidelman's dream observance of a Christian fresco by Giotto. He sees Saint Francis giving his gold cloak to an old knight (Mohican, p. 527). This vision of Christian charity reminds him of Jewish ethics. He brings his extra suit to Susskind without expecting anything in return. However, he receives the brief case, empty. Susskind explains his destruction of the manuscript: "I did you a favor . . . The words were there but the spirit was missing" (Mohican, p. 528), and Fidelman, transformed by his renewed contact with history and mankind, calls to the refugee: "Susskind, come back . . . The suit is yours. All is forgiven" (Mohican, p. 528).

Thus "The Last Mohican" shows that art may achieve regeneration of man by restoring his sense of history and recalling him to mankind. Although this story ends upon a triumphant note, Fidelman's success as artist remains to be accomplished.

In "Still Life" Fidelman has abandoned art criticism that he apparently recognized as a sterile pursuit for him, and he renews his attempts at painting. To do so, he shares an attic studio with an erratic woman artist, Annamaria Olivino, for whom he immediately becomes impassioned. This precipitate involvement with life's passions contrasts sharply with the earlier aloof Fidelman. His capitulation is described:

But after ten minutes, despite the turmoil she exuded even as she dispassionately answered his hesitant questions, the art student, ever a sucker for strange beauty and all sorts of experiences, felt himself involved with and falling for her. Not my deep dish, he warned himself, aware of all the dangers to him and his renewed desire to create art; yet he was already half in love with her . . . Though he labored to extricate his fate from hers, he was already a plucked bird, greased, and ready for frying. Fidelman protested within—cried out severely against the weak self, called himself ferocious names but could not do much, a victim of his familiar response, a too passionate fondness for strangers.<sup>2</sup>

Again an obsession blocks the artist's creative ability. Here his unlimited desire for Annamaria subverts his art into a tool for his conquest over her. Also, because of his passionate involvement, Annamaria completely dominates him, absorbing all his money as well as dissecting and altering his artistic attempts. His creative block not only comes from his preoccupation with Annamaria but also derives from his concept of the artistic process. He fights against repeating

tradition or using prefigured images: "A curse on art history—he fought the fully prefigured picture though some of his former best painting had jumped in every detail to his mind. Yet if so, where's true engagement? Sometimes I'd like to forget every picture I've seen" (Life, p. 39).

This belief prepares for his source of inspiration not in another work of art but in a vision of the city:

With slow steps he climbed the Pincio, if possible to raise his spirits gazing down at the rooftops of the city, spires, cupolas, towers, monuments, compounded history and past time. It was in sight, possessible, all but its elusive spirit; after so long he was still stranger. He was then struck by a thought: if you could paint this sight, give it its quality in yours, the spirit belonged to you. History become esthetic! (Life, p. 44).

This capture of spirit in art he uses to gain possession of Annamaria by painting her as "Virgin and Child" (Life, p. 44). She responds accordingly: "You have seen my soul" (Life, p. 45), and she surrenders to him.

The identification of this brazen woman with the Virgin begins a series of ironic associations of sexual images with Christian symbols. Fidelman is denied three times his consummation as Annamaria continually jumps out of bed to answer the door. When he fails to control himself, it is a spiritual dying: "Although he mightily willed resurrection, his wilted flower bit the dust" (Life, p. 48). After this failure, he is even more dominated by Annamaria and his art more obstructed. His condition is described:

Fidelman had more than once complained to her that his punishment exceeded his crime, but the pittrice said he was a type she would never have any use for. In fact he did not exist for her. Not existing how could he paint, although he told himself he must? He couldn't (Life, p. 49).

Finally, however, he sees a bowl of white carnations and realizes that "If I could paint those gorgeous flowers . . . If I could paint something. By Jesus, if I could paint myself, that'd show them!" (Life, p. 54).

Thus he dons a priest's cassock to paint himself as "Portrait of the Artist as a Priest." He hopes the picture will convince Annamaria of his worth, but actually his disguise effects her surrender. She confesses to him, and the story closes with the ironic triumph of a Jew disguised as priest exacting penance through sexual conquest of the penitent.

Fidelman's reason for adoption of the Christian symbols is left deliberately ambiguous. He originally came to Rome to study the definitely Christian paintings of Giotto, but whether he employs the symbols here because he recognizes Annamaria's susceptibility to them or because he is also affected by their power is not revealed. However, it is evident that Fidelman is aware of the efficacy of reflected images in

the progress of love. He paints Annamaria as she would like to be seen, and he seduces her in the disguise of the person to whom she wishes to surrender.

In "Naked Nude" this love for the created work becomes the dominant element. Fidelman's problem of creation in this story arises from the peculiar nature of his task. He apparently has fallen on hard times after leaving Annamaria, and in attempting to get money to return to America, he bungles a pickpocket job and is saved from the police only by the shielding of Angelo, padrone of a hotel for prostitutes.<sup>3</sup> Now the artist is reduced to being "maestro delle latrine" until one day when Angelo and his secretary-lover, Scarpio, propose that Fidelman make a copy of Tiziano's famous painting, "Venus of Urbino," so that they may exchange it for the original and hold it for ransom. For Fidelman to regain his passport and escape, he must achieve a copy within a month. Besides this pressure, he also sets limits upon the task that increase his difficulties. He will not allow himself simply to copy the painting, but he must recreate it. He feels initial guilt about stealing another painter's idea, but Angelo reassures him:

"Tiziano will forgive you. Didn't he steal the figure of the Urbino from Giorgione? Didn't Rubens steal the Andrian nude from Tiziano? Art steals and so does everybody. You stole a wallet and tried to steal my lire. It's the way of the world. We're only human" (Nude, p. 123).

Nevertheless, Fidelman again has some obsession blocking his creative powers. He employs mathematical formulas, practices copying other paintings, and even seeks the inspiration of a nude model, but still the Venus eludes him (Nude, pp. 127-128). As Fidelman seems about to fail, he tries to escape his "patrons," but he is brought back and beaten (Nude, p. 130). Thus the artist operates under duress perhaps as extreme as Michelangelo's suffering while painting the Sistine Chapel.

Again, Fidelman's inspiration finally comes in a dream when he recalls watching his sister Bessie bathe and his subsequent theft of fifty cents from her purse. When he awakes, he is inspired:

As he was scribbling down this dream he suddenly remembered what Angelo had said: "Everybody steals. We're all human."

A stupendous thought occurred to him: Suppose he personally were to steal the picture? (Nude, pp. 132-133).

Thus Fidelman is inspired to create art to obtain the painting which he so intensely desires. In recreating the Urbino, he steals from his memory of all nude paintings:

As he painted he seemed to remember every nude that had ever been done, Fidelman satyr, with Silenus beard and goatlegs dancing among them, piping and peeking at backside, frontside, or both, at the

"Robeby Venus," "Bathsheba," "Suzanna," "Venus Anadyomene," "Olympia," at picnickers in dress or undress, bathers ditto, Vanitas or Truth, Niobe or Leda, in chase or embrace, hausfrau or whore, amorous ladies modest or brazen, single or in crowds at the Turkish bath, in every conceivable shape or position, while he sported or disported until a trio of maenads pulled his curly beard and he galloped after them through the dusky woods. He was at the same time choked by remembered lust for all the women he had ever desired . . . Although thus tormented, Fidelman felt himself falling in love with the one he painted . . . Still she was his as he painted, so he went on painting, planning never to finish, to be happy as he was in loving her, thus forever happy (Nude, pp. 133-134).

At last, Fidelman achieves the true ecstasy of the artist: he loves his work. This painting, although begun as a means to literal escape, in fact brings his spiritual freedom as an artist. The experience of recreating the "Venus of Urbino" fulfills Fidelman's potential as artist. This triumph is delightfully emphasized by the ironic conclusion to the story. When Fidelman and Scarpio take the copy to the island to exchange it for the original, they are nearly caught by the guard. This fright gives Fidelman the opportunity to execute a switch of the paintings: "Are you crazy? That's mine. Don't you know a work of art when you see it?" (Nude, p. 138). They take one painting and hang the other, but which is the "real" one? Does Fidelman still want the original or his own? When they reach the boat, Fidelman knocks out Scarpio and escapes with his prize: "In the pitch black, on the lake's choppy waters, he saw she was indeed his, and by the light of numerous matches adored his handiwork" (Nude, p. 139). Thus Fidelman is finally transfigured and liberated by creating for his own pleasure. His Pygmalion-like love for his creation implies that he will never be able to part with any of his paintings.

In these three stories, there is a progression of the ends to which Fidelman applies his artistic energies. In the first he is the dissecting critic who knows all the facts but lacks the passionate understanding. In "Still Life" art is his tool of conquest, not an end in itself. But finally in his re-creation of Venus, Fidelman understands his vocation. His understanding of art is achieved through art: the fresco of Giotto teaches him his moral history; through his paintings of Annamaria, he gains an understanding of his identity and his needs; the "Venus of Urbino" leads him to the delightful experience of artistic creation. The Fidelman who came to Rome to gather facts about the long-dead Giotto leaves with a fully redeemed understanding of another artist, himself. The Jewish stu-

(Continued on page 12)



# The Welfare Monster ..... Steve Cross

The United States seems to be caught in a vicious circle: the more the government spends to ease the burden of the nation's poor, the greater the need for increased expenditures. Fourteen billion dollars were spent on welfare recipients last year, and it appears that it will be necessary to spend upwards to forty billion dollars just to unscramble the welfare maze.<sup>1</sup> The present bureaucratic operation, slowed by a seemingly unending chain of command, "might have been designed in a demented collaboration between Franz Kafka and Rube Goldberg" and operates just about as effectively.<sup>2</sup> The system was begun out of

necessity and did stave off disaster during the Depression. Franklin Roosevelt's 1935 Social Security Act included aid to the unemployed, aged, blind, and dependent children of parents who were unable to care even for themselves. Since that time such a vast number of additions and revisions have been made that even now there seems to be no universal agreement about which programs actually embody the welfare system. And the confusion is compounded by various state standards which allocate \$840 a year for a mother and three children living in Mississippi, but provides \$4164 for a family in similar circumstances

in New Jersey.<sup>3</sup> Although welfare is technically composed of many different programs, about seven out of ten cases qualify under the provisions of Aid for Dependent Children. Under this program, families without a full-time working parent are eligible for aid. Currently over nine million Americans receive more than five billion dollars in aid under this program.<sup>4</sup> The welfare lists continue to grow at an unprecedented rate of twenty-six per cent nationwide and much faster in some states such as Texas and Oregon.<sup>5</sup> Until a 1968 Supreme Court decision, families were generally

ineligible for welfare aid when an able-bodied man lived in the house. Consequently, many husbands deserted the household enabling the family to receive aid. Such actions often resulted in unstable matriarchal family structures. An estimated thirty-one per cent of the children were born illegitimately as compared to only six per cent of the total United States population.<sup>6</sup> Even today, eighty per cent of the families under Aid for Dependent Children are fatherless.<sup>7</sup> (November 30, 1970), 32.

Many Americans imagine the welfare mother with her brood of fatherless children as typical of the poor who continue to carelessly bear more children. Surveys, however, show that most welfare families are no larger than average American families. Unfortunately, children in families receiving public assistance do seem to be socialized to transmit the welfare tradition. Obviously, such an outcome is not desired, but there is an increasing number of third and fourth generation recipients.

Race is an inescapable factor among the welfare cases. Blacks constitute only a tenth of the total population, but almost fifty per cent of those receiving welfare are Negro.<sup>8</sup> Not surprisingly, this figure varies in the cities and in the South where racial prejudices are instrumental in forming policy. In New York, ninety per cent of the welfare load is non-white; the figure is eighty per cent in Detroit and ninety-three per cent in Washington D. C.<sup>9</sup>

And in the South, welfare is sometimes used as a means of social control. After the voting rights legislation of the early sixties failed to result in many improvements, blacks were asked why they did not vote. A large portion of those questioned revealed that economic pressure was exerted on them. The Negroes, who were dependent on the white-dominated county governments and banks, feared loss of their welfare checks and loans. It was not the amount of income that was important, but rather the source. In the Mississippi counties of Holmes and Jefferson, two of the poorest in Mississippi, blacks voted in an effective bloc because they did not fear economic sanctions. In some wealthier counties with white economic power structures, black candidates were defeated despite a large majority of eligible Negro voters in those districts.<sup>10</sup>

Not surprisingly, education and technical background are also factors determining a person's need for assistance. Ironically, the high level of technology which has been a blessing to most Americans has reduced the need for unskilled and semiskilled labor. Large scale commercial agriculture, using the latest scientific farming techniques, has replaced the small farmer who has been forced to migrate to large urban centers and compete unsuccessfully with an already abundant labor supply. Consequently, many poorly trained and displaced people have been left jobless.

Many Americans continue to

hold unfounded beliefs about those receiving governmental aid. "The poor are that way because they are afraid to work. And anyway they all have big cars. If they were like me . . . they could pay their own way. But they prefer to live on the dole and cheat the taxpayers."<sup>11</sup> But the latest study by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare estimates that only four out of one thousand people cheat. And people do not remain on the rolls indefinitely; the typical applicant remains on welfare for only twenty-three months.<sup>12</sup> Southern blacks do migrate north looking for jobs, not for increased doles as many claim. In fact, most do not seek compensation until several years after their arrival. Obviously, the traditional form of social blindness has no foundation. Basically, the poor are where they are because "they made the mistake of being born to the wrong parents, in the wrong section of the country, in the wrong industry, or in the wrong racial or ethnic group."<sup>13</sup>

The dilemma of poverty is far worse in the United States than elsewhere. In our heterogeneous society, economic differences are compounded by racial and cultural norms. The movement of the American population has hurt family stability. A change in mores has added to the problem's complexity. Furthermore, the very success of modern technology has been a problem. Small farmers have been displaced to the cities. Automation has relieved scores of semiskilled factory workers of their jobs. The present welfare system is simply an impossible conglomeration of problems which oftentimes hurts those it is supposed to help.

<sup>1</sup>"Welfare: Trying to End the Nightmare," *Time*, XCVII (February 8, 1971), 14.

<sup>2</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>3</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 15.

<sup>4</sup>"Welfare—The Shame of a Nation," *Newsweek*, LXXVII (February 8, 1971), 23.

<sup>5</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>6</sup>*Time*, p. 18.

<sup>7</sup>"Behind Rising Alarm Over Welfare Cost," *United States News and World Report*, LXIX

<sup>8</sup>*Ibid.*

<sup>9</sup>*Ibid.*, p. 24.

<sup>10</sup>Lester A. Salamon, "Family Assistance: The Stakes in Rural South," *The New Republic*, CLXIV (February 20, 1971), 18.

<sup>11</sup>Michael Harrington, "The Invisible Land," in *Critical Thinking*, ed. J. Zucker and I. Konigsberg (New York, 199), pp. 58-59.

<sup>12</sup>*Newsweek*, p. 23.

<sup>13</sup>Harrington, p. 59.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

"Behind Rising Alarm Over Welfare Costs," *U. S. News and World Report*, LXIX (November 30, 1970), 32.

Salamon, Lester A. "Family Assistance: The Stakes in Rural South," *The New Republic*, CLXIV (February 20, 1971), 17-18.

"Welfare—The Shame of the Nation," *Newsweek*, LXXVII (February 8, 1971), 22-30.

"Welfare: Trying to End the Nightmare," *Time*, XCVII (February 8, 1971), 14-23.

Zucker, J., and I. Konigsberg, editors. *Critical Thinking*. New York: The Macmillan Company, 1969.

## The Quill Pen ..... Continued from Page 6

Timothy remembered these words as he sat in his alcove room. He was the oldest apprentice now; Samuel, having finished his internship, had opened a shop in Philadelphia. Timothy looked down at his grimy hands and tough clothes. He felt no shame but a pride in his work. He picked up the wet issue of the paper and looked at his editorial on the quarrel over a tobacco tax between the House of Burgesses and the Royal Governor. Tom had read the rough draft and felt it was good: as he said, "It is

fair to both parties." Timothy laid down the paper, and wiping his hands on a rag, he fingered the brown leather violin case. Before Tom left Williamsburg two days ago after finishing college, he had come by the Parker shop to say good-by. Timothy was at Yorktown when Tom left the violin and a note which read:

To my first friend in Williamsburg.  
Tom Jefferson

Timothy refolded the note and took out the violin. He began to

bow the sweet strains of "Barbara Allen." As he played, he dreamed. It was planned. He would take his uncle's shop as soon as his apprenticeship was finished, and he hoped to build the *Virginia Gazette* into a paper for the people. "The people" he mused, and he thought of Jefferson's ideas of equality. Tom still did not know what he would do—go back to the farm or go to law school. Timothy knew what he would become; he now wondered about Jefferson.

silver under moonlight gave guarded entry to my city of ghosts; friendly ghosts who peopled the churches and attics and who now sat softly in a ring around me, white angel guardians protecting my dreams.

## Fidelman Concluded

dent who was so completely victimized by Susskind, Annamaria,

and Angelo now escapes as a whole man to live a whole life. <sup>1</sup>Bernard Malamud, "The Last Mohican," in *A Malamud Reader* (New York, 1967), p. 519. (All future quotations and references from this work will be indicated parenthetically by Mohican and page number.)

<sup>2</sup>Bernard Malamud, "Still Life," in *Idiots First* (New York, 1967), pp. 32-22.

<sup>3</sup>Bernard Malamud, "Naked Nude," in *Idiots First* (New York, 1967), p. 117.

## Ghost Story Concluded

true. Here, Davy Crockett was not a television star or a picture in an encyclopedia, but a lost husband whose wife still waited with reaching arms. Here, when the tower clock tolled eleven bongs, I knew that the faithful clockkeeper was climbing the stars to set the hands for another day of measured minutes. Here, the Brazos bridge still flashing

# CONTENTS

"Four Lyrics in Antique Style," Jacques Burdick	1
"The Overgrown Garden," Sarah Gordon	2
"Michelangelo," Mary Dell McCrory	2
"Long Way Down," Judy Hammonds	3
"Huckleberry Finn: A Social Criticism," Janis Butler	4
"Death's Final Calling," Marla Harris	4
"Look Up Free," Margo Price	4
"Near the Helicopter Training Base," Tony Clark	5
"Factions in 3/5 Time," John D. Hughes	5
"Tommy," Constance Cox	6
"Fields," Marta Lynn Keen	6
"The Waterhole," Russ Burkett	6
"The Natural Innocence of Billy Budd," Martha Jean Munger	7
"Ghost Story," Linda Newman Biggs	9
"The Quill Pen and the Violin," Rebecca Reid	10
"The Regeneration of Fidelman," Linda Newman Biggs	11
"The Welfare Monster," Steve Cross	12



# Speaker Maintains Blacks Ignorant of Available Funds

By CHUCK HAWKINS

Eight per cent of all Federal procurement money is allocated to the blacks, but many are ignorant of just what is available. Otis Martin told a TCU-Fort Worth Business Week audience Monday.

"Young black boys and girls need to be motivated," he said. "After hearing Mr. Nixon in 1968 promise more opportunity, we (Martin and his wife) went to Washington, and were told to come back home and set up a

foundation."

Result: the Economic Development Foundation, designed by Martin and his wife.

When Superior Tools Co., of which he is president, was founded, he said members of TCU's Economics Department helped set up the books for the concern and now help audit them.

"We (the blacks) realize we can't do it alone, and blacks trying to go into business for the first time find it confusing and frustrating. I believe it is im-

possible for one race to make it alone in America, and keep it the great country and the world leader that it is."

He said Superior Tools applied for a government contract 10 months ago when it began manufacturing suspension lags, which hold bombs in aircraft until they are dropped. If one lug should fail to release an activated bomb, the plane and crew would be destroyed. It is obvious, he said, that this part must work every time.

In rural east Texas, he said some persons work for as little as two dollars per day. The houses they live in are shacks and many persons are dying, making it essential for new hope to be developed in such areas. He said corporate enterprise is scheduled to move into these disadvantaged areas soon in an effort to bring new hope to the people and to stop them from moving into the inner city areas creating slums.

Partners for Progress was formed by Martin, with a complete legal team and accountants. These men have worked for the government, are experienced and can tell them when contracts are likely to be let by the government and can channel them to the right businesses so they can make a bid.

## Student Scribes' Awards

(Continued from Page 1)

son, took second in features, and third in this category went to Robert Kerstetter, Wooster, Ohio.

Ranking first in editorial writing was Miss Farrell, who so placed with the same editorial that won first place in this category for her at the Southwestern Journalism Congress, at College Station, last winter. Miss Farrell will go, upon graduation, to the copy desk of the Columbus Dispatch, which chose her last year as one of 31 from a field of 500 to intern on that desk. She was fall 1970 editor of The Skiff.

Johnny Livengood, Norman, Okla., and spring 1971 editor of The Skiff placed second in editorials, with Miss Rouff claiming third place.

Walters topped the column classification, with Miss Nuckols taking third. Second place went to a last-December graduate of the department, Susan Whitaker, San Antonio.

### Other Awards

Jim Snider, Cleburne, won first and second places in photography; and Tom Siegfried, who will be 1971-72 editor of the Horned Frog, won third in this category.

Greg Burden, Palos Verdes, Calif., and spring 1971 sports editor of The Skiff, topped the sports category; McAdams placed second, and Chris Farkas, Fort Worth another graduating senior, third.

Many awards and citations to and from individuals and groups complemented the program—mostly of serious nature, but peppered here and there by spoofing comment and inside jokes.

David Stinson, 1971 Horned Frog editor, dedicated the book, to Mrs. Betsy Colquitt, associate professor of English; and retiring marketing professor, Dr. Samuel Leifeste, was handed a "special award for long and devoted service to advertising education." Dr. Leifeste lately presented the student chapter of Alpha Delta Sigma with the original charter of the organization, which included not only his name but those of many other now distinguished practitioners in the advertising and marketing fields.

Besides The Skiff's Miss Nuckols and the Horned Frog's Siegfried, editor of the student magazine, Title Waves, for 1971-72 was introduced; he is Randy Eli Grothe, who succeeds Raymond Teague.

Miss Gross will be Skiff business manager, come fall, and Brenda West, Kerens, Texas, will take over the business functions of the Horned Frog.

Recognition and gifts were tendered retiring editors Miss Farrell, Livengood and Stinson as well as members of their respective staffs.

'phone 921-3101

**Wright  
Dungarees  
Are For  
Looking  
Good.**

Easy Rider jeans, with front patch pockets in purple, light blue and red twill, the start of something good. Also, the famous Faded Sueded Easy Rider jeans in rugged brushed denims.

*The Hip Pocket*

3056 South University

The Stones

**GIMME SHELTER**

GP

Starts TODAY!

7TH STREET 332-6970  
3128 WEST 7TH STREET

SIX FLAGS MALL  
277-9991  
Cinema!  
HIGHWAY 80 and 360

**BOGGED  
DOWN?**

The  
Stables  
is  
here!

**NEED  
DIRECTION?**

The  
Stables  
is  
here!

Open 2 p.m.-2 a.m.

The  
Stables

Just  
for  
you  
TCU

We're Special  
and Open 2 p.m.-2 a.m.  
You'll Love It!

The Stables

3058 S. University (Next to The Hip Pocket)



# 'Dynamite Chicken' Presentation To Be Just That --- Dynamite!

By SHIRLEY FARRELL  
Managing Editor

"Dynamite Chicken" is not your run of the mill movie, but the Films Committee will present it tonight in the Student Center Ballroom at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. Admission is a dollar, reasonable fee for the premier showing in North Texas.

Ernie Pintoff, who won an Academy Award for "The Critic," has melted together some of the best parts of the pop culture in a 70-minute montage of music, commentary, and art.

It is rather laborious to attempt to reduce the flick to a 500-word review because of its pace. The movie itself has no unifying theme, save for its exposure of the growing cult which criticizes the flag; sees nothing obscene about sex, and pokes fun at traditional institutions.

The 70 minutes pass quickly as the movie, and the viewer's mind, jumps back and forth in non-sequential sequences. John L. Wasserman, reviewing for The San Francisco Chronicle, said it "is a blinding panorama of what makes Uncle Sammy run—whether after Marilyn Monroe, Andy Warhol, or Whopper Hamburgers..." So blinding, in fact, that it would take more than one viewing to catch all the satire and humor of the film.

**Glimpses . . .**

Even though blinded by some of the film's speeding commentary, we did catch some glimpses in a special screening for The Skiff Wednesday evening.

"Dynamite Chicken" has music. Joan Baez sings "Carry It On," Sha-Na-Na makes a brief

appearance learing at the lens, Jimi Hendrix plays in the background, and the "2001" theme, "Thus Spake Zarathustra," begins the movie.

It has the American flag. People on the street say "I carry my flag in my purse because I love it," or "What they told me about it isn't true."

It has obscenity: camera s close in on the mouths of persons as they utter some of "Those" words. The movie mocks it's own obscenities with a sequence on bleeping, and pictures throughout the adventures of a 300-pound obscene phone caller who has to conquer the phone booth before placing his calls.

**Mocking the System**

It has dope, sex, nudity: various scenes mock the system's attitude, the illegality of naturalness, the war, violence, religion.

Women's libbers deride the chauvinists, while talk of the masculine image highlights a tearful Joe Namath.

As might be expected, it has

political figures: the campaign of George Wallace is interspersed with scenes of Blacks; Lyndon Johnson becomes frustrated when he tries to pronounce a non-Southern-accented Negro; Richard Nixon flashes his peace signs and his winning smile.

The title could come from many sources. The content is DYNAMITE, and some people would be too CHICKEN to show it.

Marilyn Monroe, the Whopper Burger, Vick's VapoRub hair, cigarettes, nudity on the stage, police brutality, Black Panthers, St. Patrick's Cathedral, et al, this movie has something for everyone.



Ace Trucking Company from 'Dynamite Chicken'

**Are You Concerned About Your Future**

Join The Ft. Worth Chapter of

**Zero Population Growth**

IN DEFUSING THE POPULATION BOMB

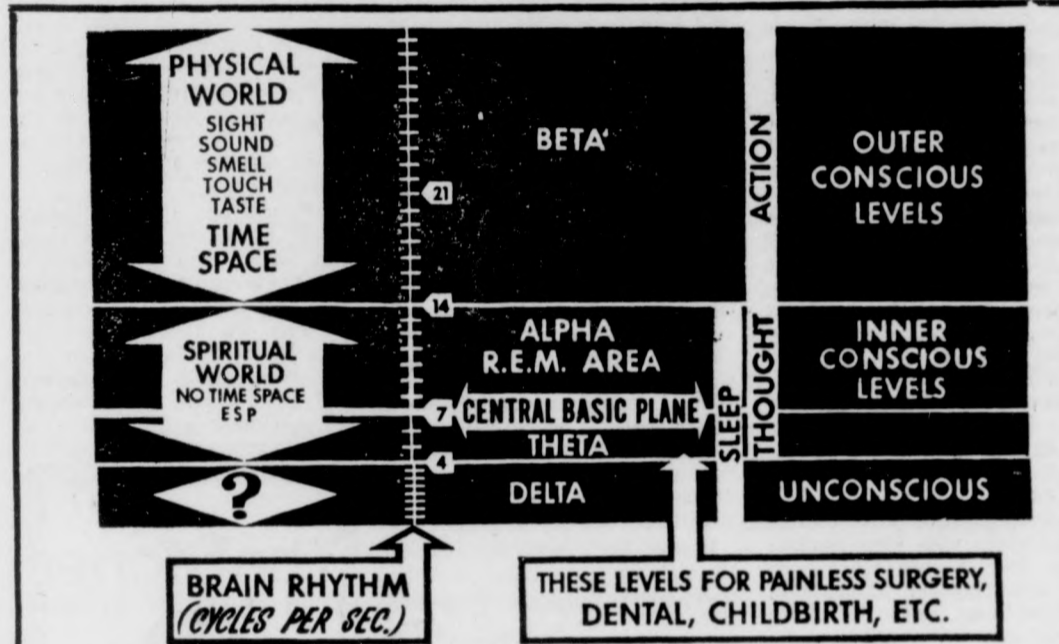
**MEMBERSHIP:**

Student (\$4) - Regular (\$10)

To Join or Obtain More Information, WRITE:

Ft. Worth Chapter of ZPG  
4312 Spring Branch Dr.  
Ft. Worth, Texas 76116

5 hard working men needed who want to make money now as well as this summer.  
CALL MR. WILLIAMS  
443-0364



SCALE OF BRAIN EVOLUTION—Follow the chart of the functioning of the innermost workings of the brain and learn how to develop controls to improve your whole

way of life at the seminar to be held today at Silva Mind Control, 5201 Camp Bowie Blvd.

## Silva Mind Control releases the powers stored in the mind to help one to a better way of life

The mind can select the levels of awareness at which it operates. You can learn to sleep through the noise of the train passing your house every night, and still be awakened by the thin wail of a child. You need merely choose the level at which your mind will operate and it will do so with training. In listening to a symphony you can, by concentration and training, select and hear only the piccolo or the big bass drum. Or, you may choose to hear the whole orchestra. The Silva Method enhances these responses.

The Mind Control Program helps you to improve skills within your intellectual potentials such as concentration, memory retention, creative imagination, verbal and artistic expression.

You can bolster such resources of personality as self-confidence, motivation, and leadership. You can correct disturbing habit patterns such as excessive drinking, smoking, and over-eating, procrastination, nervous tension, shyness, and insomnia.

Deliberate training can make you more aware of the world around you to enjoy it to the full, and yet react intelligently and without stress to the problems it presents. Live and

enjoy it with the Mind Control program!

Mind control has an amazingly practical philosophy. It promotes instruction in ESP for businessmen, doctors and other professional people. Its scientific interest in ESP is tempered by a stress on its problem-solving potentials.

The brain collects valuable bits and pieces of information, but uncontrolled fails to use them. The controlled mind sorts, regulates, and uses this information in a most constructive way. The controlled mind can move mountains, corner disease, create masterpieces, bring happiness and solve any problem.

Today, we live in a world of stress which takes its toll in many ways. The controlled mind adapts the body to stress protecting it from the emotionally and psychologically caused illnesses so many of us suffer to a greater or lesser degree.

You are what you think. Your attitude can result in health and happiness, overcoming any obstacles, or can lead to a life of desperate existence.

Expanding your mental capacities is not so much a matter of "adding to" what you possess as it is of learning to utilize the already existing abilities within your own mind.

Scientists tell us that at most we are using only 10 per cent of our brains potential — tremendous abilities lying dormant, untapped.

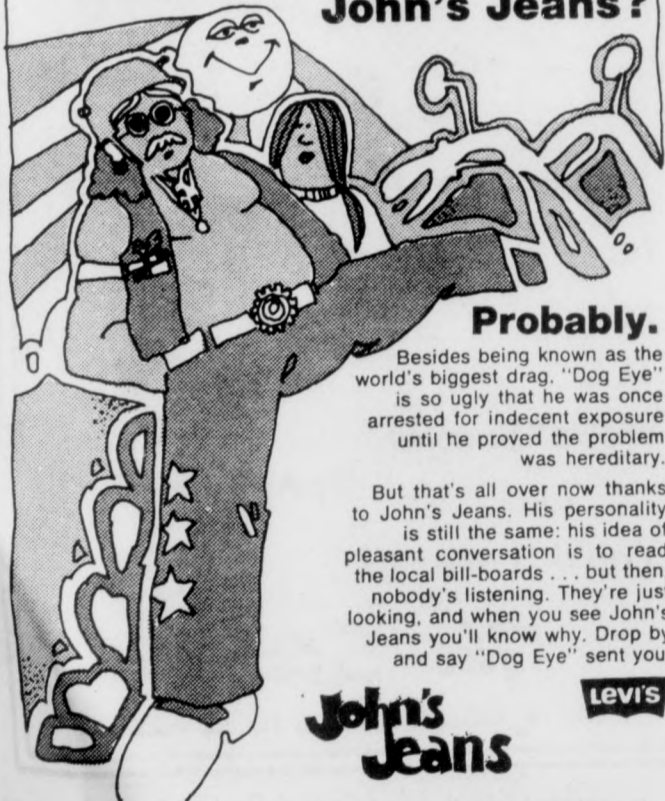
The Silva Method can be taught — it can be learned! This is a proven method for developing controls at inner conscious levels. After twenty seven years of research and teaching experience the "Silva Method" is now being offered you. In a series of short courses the results you get will astound you and your loved ones. The "Silva Method" had been taught to thousands with results acclaimed by all.

"Our theses is that man has within him the ability to solve all his problems through the faculties of his mind," Hap Arnold, director says. "Problem-solving is an important part of our program"

Today, Monday, May 3 seminars will be held at 2 P.M. and 7:30 P.M. at 5201 Camp Bowie Blvd. The tuition fee is only \$3.00 — the benefits are unlimited.

For further information call 737-5161. Paid Advertising

**Will "Dog Eye" Charlie's reputation be ruined at John's Jeans?**



**Probably.**

Besides being known as the world's biggest drag, "Dog Eye" is so ugly that he was once arrested for indecent exposure until he proved the problem was hereditary.

But that's all over now thanks to John's Jeans. His personality is still the same: his idea of pleasant conversation is to read the local bill-boards . . . but then, nobody's listening. They're just looking, and when you see John's Jeans you'll know why. Drop by and say "Dog Eye" sent you.

**John's Jeans** **Levi's**





GATHERED AROUND their numerous trophies, George Beck's TCU Rifle Team has closed a highly successful season.

# Women Riflers Shoot Down Competition in San Antonio Meet

Sweeping the girls' division and placing second in the open class of 38 teams from colleges and universities in Texas, Louisiana, Arkansas, Oklahoma and Missouri, the TCU rifle team brought home 17 trophies from the St. Mary's University Fiesta Invitational in San Antonio.

The four women, Linda Robinson, Cheryl Garrett, Carolyn Faubion and Sue Ann Sandusky, successfully defended the women's title TCU captured last year at St. Mary's and walked off with all the women's individual aggregate honors.

Cheryl Garrett fired a 560 on the international half course, good for high women shooter. Her teammates, Linda Robinson and Sue Ann Sandusky, completed the top women's list, coming in two and three points below her, respectively.

fifth prone award with a 199.

Among the teams in the open class were the University of Houston and the University of Missouri at Rawlins, both prominent nationally in collegiate shooting. The University of Houston, currently holding down the top position in the country for college rifle teams, beat the girls from TCU by a slim 41-

point margin, while the Missourians fell third to TCU triggers.

Coach George Beck said he couldn't be more proud of the team's performance. "We accomplished the goal we set at the beginning of the year: to finish the season with a 275 average. We ended up firing better than a 278 average," Beck noted.

## Rural Areas Best Bet For Teacher Opportunities

By ELAINE HOLLAND

Students can still find teaching jobs after graduation—but the competition is rough, according to Mrs. Frances Lobingier of the Teacher Certification and Placement Office.

Graduates can't pick and choose as they have in the past, says Mrs. Lobingier; they may not be able to work in the location they want. Most graduates want jobs in metropolitan areas, but the demand is in the rural areas, she says.

The Teacher Certification and Placement staff blames the shortage of jobs on the economy. Many women have gone back to teaching to support their families, they say, and teachers cannot afford to quit their jobs.

Teaching jobs are particularly scarce in the Fort Worth-Dallas area due to the General Dynamics cut-backs, according to Mrs. Lobingier. Families with children are moving out of the area and fewer teachers are needed.

Elementary teaching jobs are very scarce, but there are many openings in special education and kindergarten, she says. Even metropolitan schools, such as Spring Branch in Houston, are

hiring special education teachers. If Texas opens public kindergarten schools, there will be a great demand for certified kindergarten teachers, says Mrs. Lobingier.

"A large percentage of our students are being hired compared to other schools," she says. "They have rated us tops in scholastics, appearance and attitude." She says all TCU education graduates can get jobs if they are willing to work in the areas where jobs are available.

"I don't want to discourage the kids," Mrs. Lobingier says. "We will always need teachers." The competition is probably a good thing, producing better teachers, she adds. Students know they have to be better prepared now.

### Standing Events

Miss Garrett also took fifth place open class individual awards in the standing and kneeling events.

Miss Faubion shot a perfect 200 prone to win the second place trophy in that event. The first four place in the prone event were all perfect 200's and the ties were broken by the number of "x's" or dead-center bull's-eyes. Miss Sandusky took the

Ray  
Neighbors  
Drug Store

"Let's Be Neighborly"

1555 W. Berry  
Phone: WA 7-8451

DENNY MATTOOM  
ENCO SERVICE STATION  
Three blocks east of campus  
"We appreciate your business"  
Road Service Ph. WA 3-2225  
2858 W. Berry

## MINI BIKE RIDES



Forrest Park  
Mini Bike Rides

Open Weekends 12 noon - 11 p.m.  
Friday—5 - 11 p.m.

1683 UNIVERSITY  
Right Next to the Go Kart Track

## CERTIFIED SCUBA DIVING LESSONS

Beginning Tues., May 4 at 6 p.m.;  
Water Works on Wed.

at

## THE AQUATIC SHOP

in  
SEMINARY SOUTH

We furnish tank, back pack, & regulator  
Student furnishes mask, fins, snorkle  
COST \$35.00 3 WKS. TO COMPLETE

Headquarters for U. S. Divers Co. and Voit  
Seminary South

921-2656

**CINEMAS**  
**4 CINEMAS**

Double Feature

1. "THE HARD RIDE" GP  
Daily: 6:00-9:30  
Sat./Sun. Matinee: 2:30  
Peter Sellers—George C. Scott  
"DR. STRANGELOVE" GP  
Daily: 7:40  
Sat./Sun. Matinee: 4:10
2. The Power, The Passion,  
The Terror of Emily  
Bronte's Unforgettable  
"WUTHERING HEIGHTS"
3. Double Feature:  
Jason Robards—  
Katharine Ross  
"FOOLS" GP  
Daily: 6:15-9:35  
Sat./Sun. Matinee: 3:00  
Marlo Thomas—Alan Alda  
"JENNIE" GP  
Daily: 7:55  
Sat./Sun. Matinee: 1:25-4:40
4. Double Feature  
Steve McCQueen as  
"BULLITT" GP  
Daily: 5:40-9:20  
Sat./Sun. Matinee: 2:00  
Warren Beatty—Faye Dunaway  
"BONNIE AND CLYDE" GP  
Daily: 7:30  
Sat./Sun. Matinee: 3:50  
Student Discount Cards  
Available With Identification

ALBUM OF  
THE WEEK!

DOORS  
L. A. WOMAN  
Includes  
LOVE HER  
MADLY  
Electra Records

LIST PRICE \$5.98 OUR PRICE **4<sup>98</sup>**

"Always First With New Releases"

**the UNIVERSITY STORE**

It may be love...but it's definitely exhausting!

**"Lola"**

She's 16. He's almost 40.  
It's the funniest love affair that ever jumped the generation gap.

"SHE OUGHT TO BE IN SCHOOL!"  
"...HE OUGHT TO BE IN JAIL!"  
"THEY BOTH OUGHT TO KNOW BETTER."

"I'D SAY SHE OUGHT TO GET ALIMONY!"  
"...I'D SAY CHILD SUPPORT!"  
"I'D SAY HE NEEDS THE SUPPORT!"

CHARLES BRONSON and SUSAN GEORGE  
HONOR BLACKMAN · MICHAEL CRAIG · PAUL FORD  
JACK HAWKINS · TREVOR HOWARD · LIONEL JEFFRIES  
KAY MEDFORD · ROBERT MORLEY · ORSON BEAN

EXCLUSIVE ENGAGEMENT! TECHNICOLOR® GP

**BOWIE** 737-5700  
CAMP BOWIE BOULEVARD

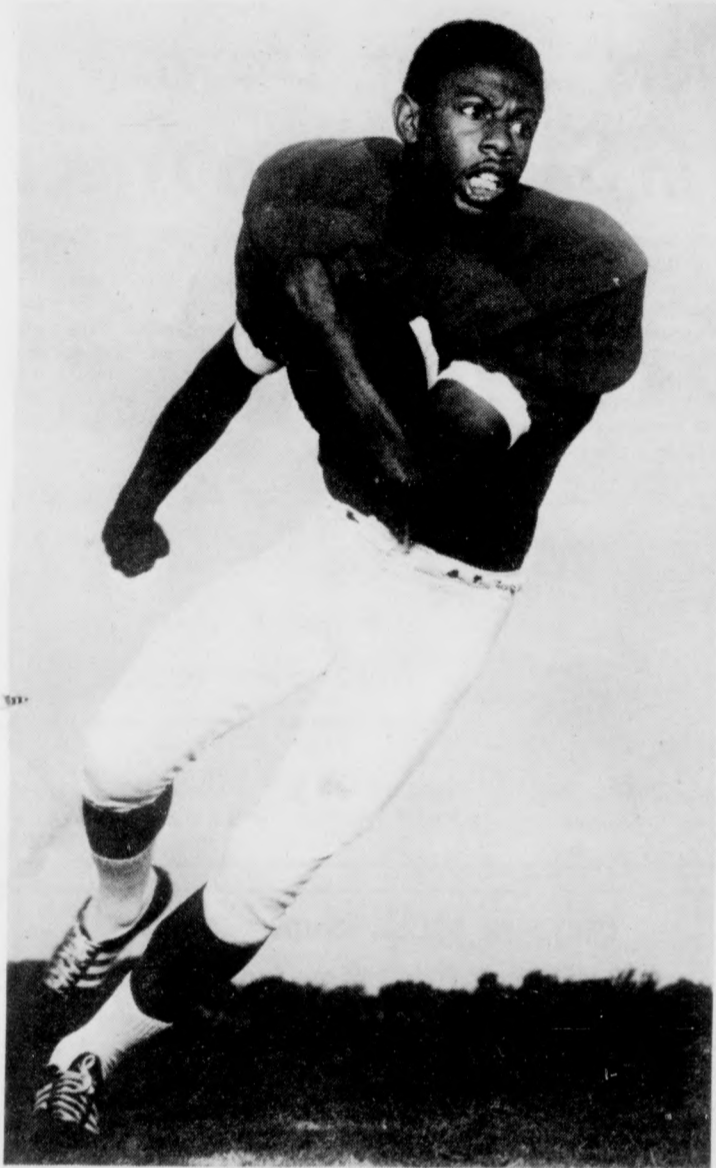
**FIRST RUN** **STARTS TODAY!**

WEEK DAYS  
DOORS OPEN 5:15 SHOWS 5:30-7:30-9:30

SATURDAY and SUNDAY  
DOORS OPEN 1:15 SHOWS 1:30-3:30-5:30-7:30-9:30

Special Discount With College Activity Card





LARRY HARRIS, who has established himself as the Frog's top rusher this spring, will start for the Whites tomorrow night. KTCU-FM will broadcast the Purple-White game at 7:30 p.m.

# Pittman, Gridders To Debut Tomorrow

By GREG BURDEN  
Sports Editor

TCU football fans will get their first glimpse at a bunch of new faces tomorrow night as the Horned Frog gridders will present yearly spring preview—the Purple-White game.

More than the faces will be new, however, as coach Jim Pittman and his staff have made all sorts of changes during their short tenure here.

The big switch is in the offense, as Pittman has instituted a new wishbone "T" formation reminiscent of the one used by the University of Texas. Changes have also abounded at the various positions. All spring Pittman and his crew have shuffled players from spot to spot trying to find just the right place for each player. Tomorrow night should give some indication of how successful they've been.

Also different tomorrow will be the way the game is played. Last year the purple squad was made up of the first and second-string ball-players while the white team consisted of the third and fourth strings. This, of course did not make for a particular well-matched ball game. The final score was 63-0, but it wasn't as close as all that.

This year it should be a bit more competitive. Two captains were chosen and they picked two evenly matched squads.

Leading the purples will be a familiar face for Horned Frog fans, quarterback Steve Judy.

Other offensive leaders on the purple team are fullback Bobby Davis, tight end Lane Bowen, and split end John Hetherly.

On defense, the purples will be led by two big tackles, Charley Davis and Ken Steel. Other defensive stalwarts are Doug McKinnon at linebacker and Harold Muckelroy at safety.

Offensive standouts for the whites are left halfback Larry Harris and tight end Ronny Peoples, both of whom have looked particularly strong this spring.

The Defense will be anchored by Toookie Berry at linebacker, and Sidney Bond and Graig Fife at tackles.

Pittman, who will view the game from the press box, has left the actual on-the-field coaching to his assistants.

The Whites will be coached by Russell Coffee, Bordon Boudreaux, Tommy Lucas, Marvin Lasater and Mike Adams.

The purple mentors will be Billy Tohill, Marvin Kristynik, Andy Bourgeois, Ralph Smith and Tommy Rannels.

The game will begin at 7:30 at Amon Carter Stadium.



Split End John Hetherly

## Skiff / Sports

### Baseball, Track

# Spring Sports Face Finales

Fresh from a startling three-game sweep over nationally-ranked Texas A&M, the TCU Horned Frog baseballers of Coach Frank Windegger wrap up the 1971 campaign Friday and Saturday with a three-game set against the Texas Tech Red Raiders.

The Frogs presently rank 9-5 in SWC play and are 22-16 on the season. The 22 victories tie a school mark for the most wins in a single season. Windegger's

charges are also riding the crest of a nine-game winning streak.

Pitchers Frank Johnstone (7-3) and Earl Wallace (8-2) will take the mound for the Frogs in Friday's doubleheader. Johnstone, who Windegger says "has the chance to become our best pitcher ever," picked up two of the victories over the Aggies and Wallace the other. Johnstone is a freshman, Wallace a senior.

Captain Glenn Monroe, an all-

SWC choice at shortstop last year, is pacing the Purple batsmen with a .378 season average, including 6 home runs. Centerfielder Jimmy Torres is next with a .350 mean and 5 round-trippers.

The remainder of the lineup shows first baseman Pat Carden (.333), second sacker Phil Turner (.331), third baseman Don Bodenhamer (.327), rightfielder Roger Williams (.298), leftfielder Mike Turner (.250) and catcher Dana Carden (.189).

When Johnstone takes the mound in the opener, the Frogs will be starting five freshmen. The others are the Carden twins and the Turners (no relation).

Two defending champions, long jumper Carl Mills and high hurdler Larry McBryde, will head TCU's hopes in the 1971 Southwest Conference Track and Field meet this weekend at College Station.

McBryde, a senior from Weatherford, was a surprise victor in last year's meet at Houston. Despite having been troubled by injuries this season, Horned Frog coach Guy Shaw Thompson feels McBryde is "running better than he was at this time last year, but the injuries have kept him from being as consistent." McBryde, who set a school record of 13.8 last year, has a season's best of 14.0.

Mills is a two-time champion, having won with a wind-aided leap of 25-8 1/4 in 1969 and then taking his second title with a final jump of 24-7 3/4 last year. The junior from Castleberry has

a best of 24-6 1/2 for 1971.

Thompson also has gold medal hopes for senior high jumper David Quisenberry. The Burleson ace reached a career best of

6-10 last week in the Drake Relays.

Coach Thompson will take a squad of 14 contestants to the meet.

## Horned Frog Linksters, Netters in SWC Tournaments

Looking toward the upcoming SWC Golf Tournament, TCU hopes to improve on last year's seventh place finish. The Frog linksters have come on strong in their last two matches defeating Rice 6-0, and Baylor 4-2. On the year the Frogs have won four matches while losing four. However, three of those victories have come over SWC opponents.

Sophomore Eddie Vossler and senior Jerry Gatti will represent TCU in the SWC tournament. Vossler, a one year letterman, hails from Oklahoma City, while Gatti is from Sherman.

A strong finish in the conference tournament will be a big boost to new coach Ted Hajek in his attempt to upgrade the school's golf program which has fallen on hard times in recent years.

TCU's 1971 golf results:

	Won	Lost	Match
N. Texas State	5 1/2	3 1/2	W
SMU	1	5	L
Arkansas	2	4	L
N. Texas State	1	18	L
Texas A&M	5	1	W
Texas Tech	2	4	L
Rice	6	0	W
Baylor	4	2	W

Two sophomores will head TCU's list of entrees when the Frogs compete in the SWC Tennis Tournament this weekend in College Station. Sophomores John Fletcher and Ned James will join Juan Carominas and John Kritzer for singles competition. Carominas and James will form one of the doubles teams while the other will consist of Fletcher and Kritzer. This weekend's SWC Tournament will also mark the end of Buster Brannon's first year as the Frog tennis coach.

TCU	6	TWC	1
TCU	0	Okla. City	6
TCU	5	East Texas State	2
TCU	0	Oral Roberts	7
TCU	0	Tulsa	7
TCU	2	New Mexico State	5
TCU	0	Minnesota	9
TCU	0	Oklahoma	7
TCU	0	Texas	7
TCU	2	Baylor	6
TCU	0	Rice	7
TCU	2	Lamar Tech	5
TCU	0	Texas A&M	7
TCU	0	SMU	7
TCU	0	Texas Tech	7
TCU	2	East Texas State	5



TRACK COACH Guy Shaw Thompson has two returning champs in this year's SWC meet. They are Carl Mills (left) and Larry McBryde (right).