THE DAILY SKIFF

Volume 70, Number 108 **Texas Christian University . . . Fort Worth, Texas 76129** **Friday, April 28, 1972**

Campus Datelines

THE LAST SHADOWS of doubt surrounding the publication of an abortion referral list in the University of Florida's student newspaper have been removed with an opinion from Florida's Attorney General Robert Shevin.

Shevin stated in an article in the Florida Alligator that a university president could not prohibit publishing of any material in a newspaper because "the university cannot make such a prior determination since its actions are state actions and would amount to censorship in violation of the First and Fourteenth Amendments."

AN INSTANT CITY, a demonstration of what a community can do with housing and government following a disaster was sponsored last week by the Oklahoma State School of Architecture. Exhibits included full-scale houses designed for those who may have lost homes in a disaster.

THE SCHOOL of environmental design at Louisiana State University reenacted the sinking of the Titanic in the city park lake last week. The scale model, Titanic II, was built of steel. The project did not reach one of its goals, ramming a papier mache iceberg floating in the lake.

Gusty winds and choppy water threatened to swamp the ship, and her masters were forced to blow a hole in her side by remote control before reaching the iceberg.

THE REMAINS of a 10-foot Colombian mammoth have been discovered by an Oklahoma University senior. Larry Simpson discovered a tusk sticking out of the ground in a rural pasture in southeast Oklahoma.

Two nine-foot tusks, a large jaw bone, teeth weighing 10 pounds each, and other assorted bones have been removed so far.

Studies of pollen found in the earth surrounding the remains have led Simpson to believe the animal drowned in a flash flood of a river which used to flow through the area. The bones are estimated to be one million years old.

Bill of Rights OKd, 401 - 40

The Student Bill of Rights passed the student body by a vote of 401 to 40 in yesterday's elections, for a total of 441 votes cast.

The number of votes cast in each polling place was: Student Center, 313 for, 27 against; Dan Rogers Hall, 59 for, 11 against; Worth Hills, 29 for, 2 against.

Less than ten per cent of the student body voted in the election.

Muskie Ends Primary Tries

WASHINGTON (AP)—Sen. Edmund S. Muskie has decided to withdraw from all presidential primaries and concentrate a less expensive, small-scale campaign on the search for delegates to the Democratic convention.

"I have made the decision to withdraw from active participation in the remaining Presidential primaries," Muskie said in a prepared statement.

Muskie said flatly he would not accept a vice presidential nomination, the part he held on the Humphrey ticket in 1968.

Muskie said he realizes "that this decision reduces my prospects in the campaign. Nevertheless, at the urging of friends and supporters around the country, I do not withdraw my candidacy."

His five strongest Senate supporters vowed Thursday to stick by him for as long as he remains a presidential possibility.

"I'll stay with him to Miami if he's still there," said Sen. Philip A. Hart, D-Mich.

There were similar statements from Sens. John V. Tunney of California, Harold Hughes of Iowa, Adlai Stevenson III of Illinois and Thomas F. Eagleton of Missouri.

Muskie said his name will continue to be on the ballots in future primaries and he did not release the 128½ delegates he already has accumulated.

Muskie, who seemed to suffer more than anyone else in the brutal primary grind which includes a near record 23 separate primaries this year, said the present system "makes no sense."

He said a system of regional primaries might be devised and would be preferable to the present expensive and exhausting grind.

Muskie was beaten by Sen. George McGovern in Massachusetts and by Sen. Hubert H. Humphrey in Pennsylvania. Those setbacks followed earlier losses in Florida and Wisconsin and a lukewarm victory in his own backyard state of New Hampshire.

POLLUTION TEST—52 out of 84 vehicles tested for safe levels of exhaust emission failed the exam sponsored by the Kiwanis club yesterday near campus. Despite the rain Frank Carriher (left), and Ralph LeMond recorded the results of the voluntary tests as Truman Gray attached the testing device to the vehicles, including motorcycles.
Photo by Bill Bahan

Home for GIs, Bombs for VC, Nixon Says

WASHINGTON (AP)—President Richard Nixon said Wednesday night he is withdrawing another 20,000 American troops from Vietnam by July 1. But he vowed to continue U.S. air and naval attacks on North Vietnam until it ends its "naked and unprovoked. . .invasion" of South Vietnam.

"We will not be defeated," Nixon declared in a nationally broadcast report to the nation, "and will never surrender our friends to Communist aggression."

The chief executive said the United States is returning to the Paris peace talks Thursday with the aim of halting the month-old invasion and "with the firm expectation that productive talks leading to rapid progress will follow through all available channels."

Nixon solicited public support for his determination to "be steadfast. . .not falter."

Grad Ceremonies Combine

Baccalaureate and commencement services for the Class of '72, combined into one event for the first time this year, will begin at 11 a.m., May 14 in Daniel-Meyer Coliseum with Chancellor James M. Moudy presiding.

The two-hour graduation program will feature Dr. D. Ray Lindley, chancellor of the University of the Americas in Puebla, Mexico, as speaker.

Dr. Lindley, TCU alumnus, was on the University's faculty in 1941-47, served as its dean for three years prior to becoming president of Atlantic Christian College in 1950 and returned to his alma mater as vice president in 1953. Dr. Lindley was University president from 1959 until going to Mexico in 1962.

Tentative candidates for bachelor degrees are as follows: bachelor of arts 254, science 37, science and home economics 33, business administration 186, science and education 92, science and physical education 23 and fine arts 47.

Others include: bachelor of science (speech pathology in Fine Arts Department) 8, music 10, music education 7 and nursing 59. This gives a total of 756 bachelor degrees.

In Brite Divinity School, degrees to be awarded are: master of divinity 34, master of religious education 6, master of theology 3 and doctor of ministry (the first time this degree has been awarded at the University) 1, for a total of 44.

A total of 157 masters are now scheduled to be awarded: master of arts 38, arts in teaching 10, public administration 5, science 18, business administration 31, professional accountancy 4 and management science 19.

Other masters include: education 16, fine arts 9, music 6, music education 1.

Candidates for PhDs now number 25. Together this totals 982 degrees to be conferred.

For the convenience of the graduating seniors who will assemble under the east stands of Amon Carter Stadium, and for faculty members, parking lots immediately west of the stadium — to be entered via the gate on Bellaire Drive North—will be reserved for seniors and faculty.

Final Chapel To Offer Food For Thought

While you say "Thank God it's over," you can feed your body and your soul in a combined supper and chapel service on Friday, May 5.

On the lawn in front of Reed Hall at 4:30 p.m., the food service will cater a barbecue dinner, which can be purchased with meal tickets.

Following the meal at 6 p.m., students involved in the Committee of Religion on the University and Campus Ministry will conduct a celebration-communion service with contemporary music in Robert Carr Chapel.

Tom Brown Schedules Summer Renovations

The atmosphere of Tom Brown Dormitory is unique and some people feel that this is due to the character of the building as well as the residents. This summer the aura of Tom Brown will be put to the test: the inside of this male dorm will be renovated culminating a three-year effort at improvement.

For the past three years recommendations have been made to improve the living standards in Tom Brown. This year the recommendations have been approved by the administration, clearing the way for the renovations.

The dorm will be carpeted to enhance appearance and cut down on noise; the sinks in the room will be taken out and replaced by sink and cabinet units.

Lighting systems will be improved, walls will be painted, new furniture will be put in and the bathrooms will be modernized.

Areas of major overhaul will be the library and TV lounge, where closets and sinks will be taken out and the wall structure will be changed to make the rooms more usable and appealing. Also the formal lounge, office and hall director's apartment will be revamped to make better use of space and increase attractiveness.

Dean Bob Neeb said that the University will do everything possible to keep the room rates down.

SC To Open Finals Nights

Beginning May 9 through May 12, the Student Center will remain open all night for those students who wish to study in a quieter atmosphere. Coffee will be available.

'Candlelight' Fete To Recognize Retiring Faculty, Staff Members

Retiring members of the University faculty and professional staff will be honored on Tuesday, May 2 at the traditional candlelight dinner, beginning at 7 p.m. at Ridglea Country Club.

Dr. J. M. Moudy, chancellor, will preside over the final social gathering of faculty and administrative staff for the current academic year.

Following the dinner, citations from TCU's Board of Trustees will be awarded to Dr. Leo Hendricks, professor of geology and member of the faculty since 1946 and Miss Lucile Houston associate professor in Harris College of Nursing since 1948.

Also Assistant Professor Gustavs Jurevics member of the Foreign Languages Department since 1959 and Dr. Edna Brandau, professor and chairman of the Home Economics Department since 1963.

Six residence hall directors retiring at the close of this academic year will receive special recognition. To be cited by Dr. Howard Wible, vice chancellor for Student Life are Mrs. Beatrice H. Bray, director of Jarvis Hall and Mrs. Adah U. Bridwell, head resident of Frances Sadler Hall.

Mrs. Ethel R. Johnson and Mrs. Vera Palmer, head residents of Tomlinson Hall will also be recognized as will Mrs. Ishmay Latimer, director of Sherley Hall and Mrs. Wretha Wallach, director of Waits Hall.

To be recognized by Dr. James Newcomer vice chancellor for Academic Affairs, will be Dr. Hans Fels, Evening College adjunct professor of German and Mrs. Lurine Logan of the library staff.

Also Col. Walter A. Divers, professor of military science; Sgt. Major Jack G. Colclasure instructor in military science and Mrs. LaRue Watkins of the Registrar's Office.

A special acknowledgement will be made by Chancellor Moudy to M. C. Duarte, member of the University's food service staff.

Also sharing in the fete will be Dr. Jerome Moore, dean of the University, and Dr. Ralph Guenther, professor of music.

Alpha Psi, Drama Society, Initiates Six, Elects Officers

Alpha Psi Omega, national honorary drama society, initiated new members and elected officers at its April 16 meeting.

New members include: David Freeman, freshman; Judy Helfman and Louise Williams, sophomores; Suzanne Morgan, junior; and Mary Ann Mitchell and Jeff Pate, both graduates.

To qualify for membership, students must acquire a designated number of performance and crew points after which members elect initiates by acclamation.

Winners of all acting awards will be announced at the thespian awards banquet, Sunday, April 30 at Cross Keys Restaurant.

New officers are: William Stalsworth, president; Charlotte Killian, vice-president; Suzanne Morgan, secretary; Mary Ann Mitchell, treasurer; and David Freeman, parliamentarian and historian.

Bulletin Board

FOR SALE: One Sear's solid state stereo. 8 months old, excellent condition. $135 NOW only $65. Ken Huffman 926-8556.

Bad breath of the brain can lead to funny friends- when is the last time you changed the air in your head?

STUDENTS: Applications for summer employment, full or part-time help. 282-3429

FOR SALE: Toastmaster box fan. Cheap. 924-6283

Large furnished bedroom with private bath, study with refrigerator and air-conditioning. $75 per month, bills paid. 3 blocks from TCU. 926-7383

FINALLY!! SMILEY'S is closer to campus. See this semester's party proofs at the BUDGET TAPE & RECORD SHOP on Berry Street between the Hi Hat and the Oxford Shop. Open 3-6pm.

WANTED: Typing of book reports, term papers, science projects, and other scholastic publications. Reasonable rates. Call 282-1523 or 282-6048.

FRISBEE TOURNAMENT: Thursday, April 27, 4:30 p.m., front of Student Center. Two events: SINGLES-distance, accuracy; DOUBLES-tricks, compulsory. For information call Betty SACKBAUER, 926-5947.

FOR RENT: Bedroom furnished duplex, 732-2650.

COLLEGE STUDENTS
Work on campus selling Britanica. Investigate the possibilities. Call Mr. Martin weekdays between 10 and 2 for appointment 336-2538.

Fiat 124-Spider (68) with new: interior, five-speed, clutch, valve-job, CD ignition, chrome reverse, Michelins, removable vinyl hardtop. 295-4827 Or 732-8788.

"PERSONS of various occupations regarding N. American and overseas opportunities, up to $2,600 monthly. For complete information write to JOB RESEARCH, Box 1253, Sta-A, Toronto, Ont. Enclose $5 to cover cost."

"WANTED: ALIVE"-- Men and women hall directors, resident advisors, and fraternity advisors. Open to graduate and undergraduate students. You get a place to call home and money in yout pocket. Contact the Dean of Men's Office for applications and further information.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

Creative Writing Addresses

Writer and Critic Consider Fiction

Two views on fiction—those of the writer and the critic—were explored during creative writing events this week.

Isaac Bashevis Singer, Polish-born author of "The Manor" and "The Spinoza of Market Street," discussed modern fiction's tendency to stray into other fields in his address at the Writing Awards Convocation Thursday, April 27.

"Modern fiction seems to have forgotten its essence and purpose," Singer said. He added that rather than admit literature is losing ground due to the general public's expanding knowledge, editors and publishers have tried to change the concept of literature.

"Many of the works sold as novels turn out to be more journalism than literature," Singer explained. Psychology and sociology also take a too-large place in modern fiction.

Singer said he feels the fiction writer's main task is to tell a story. "Storytelling is becoming a forgotten art," he commented.

Writers should not concentrate on the factors that are common to all people—generalities about mankind — but should consider "only that which sets them apart."

"If art has anything at all to teach us," Singer said, "it is that in the beginning there was the exception."

Singer added the writer must always consider his audience. 'Our era has seen the rise of the kind of author who hides his meaning behind riddles," he commented. "Human individuality is not discovered by hidden meanings."

"The writer was, is and must remain not only a teacher, but an entertainer, in the greatest sense of the word," Singer said.

He stated, "True progress in any field is achieved not by expanding its definitions, but by enlarging its content."

Alfred Kazin, interpreter of American literature, traced the history of the American novel in his address at the Cecil B. Williams Memorial Lecture Wednesday, April 26.

He attributes the novel in this country to two young men, Henry James and William D. Howell,

ISAAC SINGER

who were interested in what was happening to the new bourgeoisie following the Civil War.

These two young men talked about what the great French and Russian novelists could do for the United States, then began very businesslike to write about American mores.

The 19th century is known as the great age of fiction, but practical, God-fearing Americans did not consider fiction a serious occupation.

But gradually it became popular, due partially to the advent of magazines where many novels were carried as serials, and by the 1920s Wilder, Hemingway and other great names had begun to appear.

Authors were creating a realistic fiction in which Americans could recognize themselves.

Kazin said there have been only two wars in the history of the United States that have completely transformed the country (and its literature). The Cival War was one; World War II was the other.

World War II brought about a group of novels with a lesson about the avant-garde, but even the best of these is already dead, because, Kazin said, books since the cold war began in the '50s have for all practical purposes been about World War III.

When asked why the Vietnam War has not produced any great novels, Kazin said, "War is not written about well by persons who hate it."

American writing since the '50s has surprised both Americans others, Kazin said. "It describes the richest, most opportunity-laden country of the world, yet every aspect is described very bitterly and with great dissatisfaction."

Since World War II Americans have seen how different they are from each other and their fiction has started showing these differences.

In Our Opinion . . .

War Against Press Frightening

Note: What to say in a final editorial after four years at TCU is a difficult decision. After considering the tradition of a personal review of events here, either in a positive or negative vein, I concluded there is something much more important which must be said than how TCU has or has not changed since I first donned the purple beanie. That subject is therefore my last editorial, and I ask pardon if it is a bit more of an essay than usual.

A frightening movement is sweeping across the country today, one with serious implications, as everyone is affected by it to a greater or lesser degree.

The battle is nationwide, but the skirmishes are being fought on battle grounds from congressional committees to the United States Supreme Court and from city hall to the university campus.

That battle is the apparent war against the press and journalists in general being waged, not by one isolated group, but by many facets of our total society.

The recent critics of the media are many and vocal and their charges must not be dismissed as wrong without examining them first.

The press is not infallible, but it is very much influenced by the human element which is its prime ingredient—judgment.

Criticism should force us as journalists to re-examine our role in society and at the same time force society to take another look at the real function of the press in our governmental system today.

Historical Tradition

We are part of a historical tradition in America which stretches back to the days when John Peter Zenger stood trial in 1735 for printing uncomplimentary truths about the colonial government.

His acquittal was an important victory for freedom of speech and the press in America, for it first broke down the prohibition against criticism of government which held that the greater the truth printed, the greater the libel against the government.

In the two centuries since that time, the press has clung strongly to its right and duty to tell the public the truth as it sees it about all aspects of the society in which it functions, regardless of whether that truth is pleasant to hear.

The press has been a representative of the times as well as a recorder of them, reflecting political struggle during the 1800's, the war craze of the Spanish American War, the jazz era of the 1920's, the peace movement and consumerism of the 1960's and '70's.

Through this progression there has been a steady development of better, more impartial or "objective" reporting.

Guarded Freedom

Today the freedom and independence of the press is jealously guarded by journalists in the face of attacks by many.

The left complains the press is too much a part of the establishment, the system. The right complains the press attacks the government and undermines the system.

It has become commonplace for people from every side to declare, "You can't believe anything you read in the newspapers."

Those words are frightening for the whole future of this country if they are true.

But fortunately we can honestly say they are false. The press did not lie about the United States' early involvement in Vietnam, for example—the government did. Perhaps we can be faulted for not being discerning enough in such a situation, but we have at least learned from our mistakes.

Kill the Messenger

The press, like any other aspect of human endeavor, must cope with the fallibility of human nature.

Most often it is those on whom the truth casts an unfavorable light who are accusing the press of lying or distorting news. It is an unfortunate return to the ignorant practice of killing the messenger who brings the bad news.

Are we a part of the "system"? Of course. We owe our existence to the "system" which contains a bill of rights with those precious words "Congress shall make no law . . .abridging the freedom of speech or of the press."

Do we criticize government and public officials? We do when we observe abuses of power or ineptitude in government of which the citizens should be made aware.

We would be the worst kind of journalists if we were frightened off by threats or directives not to bring to light the inner workings of public bodies whose main function is to serve the interests of the public.

The main purpose of a representative government is to govern in the best interests of its constituents, not of itself.

Not Public Relations

Another criticism of the press is that it does not give a group or an individual enough good publicity.

The key word in these complaints is publicity. We are not in the public relations business. We report what makes news as fairly and accurately as we possibly can.

Many seem to have lost sight of the main purpose of the press and have sought to make it their mouthpiece or their tool. But our first and greatest responsibility is to inform the public—in our limited space, for no one can record all the things good or bad, which occur in our society—of the events most important to their lives.

Persuasion and entertainment are legitimate, but lesser, functions of the press. Nowhere is there a duty to assure any kind of publicity. It may be a by-product of the news, but that is all.

Criticism can be constructive and that received by the press has often caused it to re-examine and redefine its own goal. The criticism it offers others should be taken in the same light.

However, it is also necessary for the public to re-evaluate its attacks on the press and offer encouragement rather than trying to destroy or discredit the one means by which this country can survive, a free press whose goal is an informed citizenry.

L.A.

Letters to the Editor . . .

Editor:

Having studied the Daily Skiff editorial about the Student House of Representatives, I can only conclude that it was written by a person profoundly ignorant of the workings of governmental bodies, especially student government at TCU.

Having examined the House for only one semester, the author of the editorial is in no way qualified to do a comparative analysis of the House; she has no basis of comparison to make value judgments.

Implicit in the editorial is the premise that most of the work of student government is carried on at the Tuesday afternoon sessions. That is not true; the House meetings constitute a mere tip of the proverbial iceberg. The comment that the executive officers work only on Tuesdays indicates an obtuseness that is not worthy of the TCU student newspaper.

The personal attack on the legal adviser of the House was not only malicious, but also unjustified historically and objectively.

The legal adviser carries into her position extensive training in parliamentary procedure gained in competitive situations.

Objectively, the present adviser is surely as good as, if not most probably better than the two other legal advisers I have served under. (This is confirmed by a former legal adviser). The present adviser has gone far in instructing the House in the ways of parliamentary procedure.

As to the matter of "railroading" and "tabling" of legislation, it seems that the editorial writer is unaware of legislative actions.

Tabling is a tactical maneuver to enable a bill to be investigated further, or to allow the marshalling of strength to either defeat or pass the bill. It is used in all legislative bodies and to decry its use is to not understand its value.

The cries of "railroad" are usually made by a bitter minority, unhappy with legislation being passed. Parliamentary procedure provides for minority rights, but it also provides that the majority need not be bogged down with recalcitrance.

To say that the Bill of Rights was "railroaded" after being discussed for several hours on two different occasions is to indicate a lack of understanding of the term.

There can be some valid criticisms made of the House. However, the criticisms of the editorial for the most part missed the mark and were unjustified smears which misrepresented the facts and created false impressions through innuendo.

The editorial was poor journalism; the TCU student body deserves better.

Glenn E. Johnson
Director of Student Programming

Editor's Note: The editorial in question was never offered as a "comparative analysis" as a careful "study" should reveal. The author is well quaiified to make observations after observing House meetings from start to finish since the present administration took office. If House meetings are merely the tip of the iceberg, the editorial's comments about poorly attended committee meetings are especially valid. The editorial attacked nothing except the performance by public officials of their public duty and that is not "poor journalism."

Editor:

Many people have interpreted the Skiff article, "House Hangups Numerous, Needless" of April 25, in a variety of ways. Some have seen it as a personal attack on themselves or their efforts in the House.

Others have seen the article as a statement of many truths about conditions that should have been highlighted a long time ago.

As for me, I feel that the old, time-worn adage, "If the shoe fits, wear it," is most appropriate here. Unfortunately, for some members of the House, Melissa's article pinched a few toes.

If the "pinching" caused outrage and indignation, then the objective of the article was achieved for it apparently caused people to think.

It's one thing to have secret fears and hidden doubts about yourself, but it's an entirely different story to suddenly realize that someone else is telling you what you've known for some time.

Melissa's article did focus on some of the negative aspects of House action and conduct—but in a positive way. It was not written to completely downgrade and condemn the House, but instead to chastise certain members and factions for their behavior.

Anyone who has been in the House, or attended as many meetings as Melissa has, certainly knows that there are a lot of people who have put in many hours of hard work and effort to promote House activities.

However, these people are not the ones who inspired the editorial. I sincerely believe that Melissa's article was written to cause House members to evaluate themselves. It was also written to show there is hope for the future, if we can get things together.

My final comment for the House, in response to the editorial, is let's not dwell in the past but remember it. Let's not dread our mistakes but learn from them. Most of all, let's not view the future with distress but with hope. After all, time is on our side.

Nancy Inglefield
Treasurer
House of Representatives

Editor:

The "reluctant chairman" title for the semester is an unfair attack on a very controversial job.

I am not combating elections, but merely trying to present both sides of why or why not to hold an election.

The House and student body should know the pros and cons of holding any election at any time.

I have voted against the Impact '72 election only, because of lack of funds, and not "almost every election."

The election code is under strict evaluation by the committee, election's chairman and the House.

Due to the fact that I feel the election code should be strictly enforced, I contested the cheerleader election on the grounds that a technicality of the code had been violated and justice was due all candidates.

It cannot be denied that putting up posters, manning polls and counting ballots is not a fun or rewarding job, and if I am combating anything it is the lack of support for the committee past and present.

Robin Moore
Election Committee Chairman

Editor:

I just read the "Planned Parenthood Part of AWS Goal."

It never ceases to amaze me that we are always wondering where we have gone wrong. There is so much hate, violence, etc., that I think we have become blind to the reason why we find ourselves in such a mess.

I feel that it is in education of our young, including the "children" in college. The AWS, in all its glory, is planning to institute a Planned Parenthood clinic in the health center.

The "overt purpose" is to "educate" women about their bodies. Now I'm all for that! But, I think a little noticed "covert" purpose of this clinic will be the encouragement of promiscuity.

Now don't get up on your women's lib soapbox. Isn't advising women students about "how-to" contraception and referral services encouraging how-to-do-it and not get caught, just a little bit? Even a tinsy-winsy (sic) bit?

John E. Perkins
Senior

The Daily Skiff / An All-American college newspaper

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Young Texans For Barnes

HELP BRING A NEW DAY TO TEXAS

Bruce Baughman

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Tommy Dorsey

Kay Carnahan

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Wendy Moore

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Stephanie Marrs

Pete Wyckoff

Randy Hopkins

Jim Leeson

Steve Shellberg

Steve Unger

Val Gullette

Martin Miller

Lee Carter

Cheryl Walden

We personally know Ben Barnes to be a man of honesty and integrity; a man concerned with the affairs of students and teachers; and a man who knows the issues of this campaign. For instance:

1] COLLEGE STUDENTS LOAN PROGRAM. Speaker Ben Barnes in 1965 put his full weight behind the proposals of Governor Connally, Rep. George Henson and Sen. Grady Hazlewood for student loans for needy Texans to attend private or public colleges in Texas. The first state program of its kind, loans have been made to 68,000 students attending 123 state and private colleges in Texas. The program requires no new tax money, has earned a surplus and is self-supporting.

2] TUITION EQUALIZATION GRANTS FOR PRIVATE COLLEGE STUDENTS. Barnes early advocated saving Texas' private colleges from closing. He foresaw that a switch of tens of thousands of students could wreck private colleges and create higher tax needs for state colleges. As Presiding State Senate Officer in 1971, Barnes led to enactment this measure to conserve the buildings owned by Texas' private colleges of over $1 billion. Each student thus not compelled to attend a state college saves Texas $800 per student annually in teaching costs alone. Other hundreds of millions of tax dollars would be needed by state colleges to duplicate the needs of private colleges.

3] 18 YEAR OLD VOTE. Barnes long supported lowering the voting age and was the key mover behind swift Senate ramification to amendment to the United States Constitution.

4] ECOLOGY. Barnes believes in environmental protection to be one of the key issues of the 70's and one calling for strict enforcement of existing anti-pollution laws and new legislation to save the environment.

5] CONSTITUTION REVISION. To Barnes, Constitution reform remains one of the unsolved needs of Texas in that annual sessions of the Legislature are needed, the executive branch of the government should be strengthened so that the 19th Century Constitution can be changed to function effectively in the space age.

STUDENTS FOR BARNES

(Pd. Pol. Adv.)

WHERE TO EAT WHERE TO GO

Eating out in Fort Worth is a pleasure. Fort Worth has a large selection of restaurants, cafeterias, bar-be-ques, drive-ins, and ethnic foods. Something for every tastebud! Some of these eating establishments have been in Cowtown since the cattle came up the Chisom Trail; others are new to the community. All are well worth looking into. A wide variety of food, a warm "Howdy", leisurely dining — all welcome you to the delights of eating out in Fort Worth.

Bar-B-Q

Oriental Dishes

Italian Specialties

Steaks

Ice Cream

Hamburgers

Health Foods

Mexican Foods

Ham & Cheese

Delicatessen

Bread & Pastry

Prize Winning Entries

Writing Contests: April 1972

Published by the Department of English, Texas Christian University, in cooperation with the Department of Journalism and The Daily 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: "Separate Journeys," D. M. Kollor, San Francisco, Calif.

Second Prize: "Dawn Vision," Chris Willerton, Abilene, Texas.

Third Place: "The White Goddess: Mermaid Green and Faulkner Black," Chester L. Sullivan, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mention: "Daguerrotypes," Sherley Unger, Minneapolis, Minn.

Judges: Mrs. C. C. Calvin, Fort Worth; Dr. Guin Nance, Dept. of English, University of Auburn at Montgomery; Mrs. Ernest E. Wisian, Fort Worth.

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. Robert Spurck, President.

First Prize: "The Orphic Voice in **Paradise Lost,**" Linda Newman Biggs, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Poe's Use of Music in His Fiction," Jerry Bradley, Mineral Wells, Texas.

Third Place: "The 'American Dream' as Satiric Norm in the Work of Langston Hughes," Jim Bryant, Fort Worth.

Judge: Ruth Speer Angell, Fort Worth.

SPECIAL AWARDS

The Honorable Dillon Anderson Creative Writing Prize.

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.

Given by the Honorable Dillon Anderson.

Winner: Wendy Walls, Arlington, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: Mark Heckendorn, Fort Worth; Steve Urban, Perryton, 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: Donna Cordell, Oklahoma City.

THE JOAN ELISABETH STEPHENS MEMORIAL AWARD

Open to Sophomores.

Given by Mr. and Mrs. David Wynne Stephens.

Winner: Martha Munger, Lake Jackson, Texas.

Honorable Mention: Gay Wakefield, Gladstone, Missouri.

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

Given by Amy Margaret Boyd Chamberlin.

Winner: Bill C. Bradford, Arlington, 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: "Dirge," Sarah L. Perkins, Wichita Falls.

Second Place: "One for John the man with songs," Mark Douglas Heckendorn, Fort Worth.

Third Place: "Rain," Loring Johnson, Henderson, Texas.

Judge: Dr. Guin Nance, Dept. of English, University of Auburn, Montgomery, Alabama.

REBECCA SMITH LEE SHORT STORY CONTEST

Open to Sophomores, Juniors, Seniors.

Given by Dr. Rebecca Smith Lee.

First Prize: "My Last Hunting Trip," Steve Urban, Perryton, Texas.

Second Place: "Chrome and Gray," Michael Ienello, Bay Shore, New York.

Third Place: "Snake, I am Cold," Larry Bouchard, Longview, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: "Herman," Martha Munger, Lake Jackson, Texas. "Trilogy," Loy Paxton Jones, Raytown, Missouri.

Judge: Osborn Duke, Fort Worth.

SOUTHWEST LITERATURE

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.

Given by Judge A. L. Crouch.

First Prize: "A Rainy Spring," Steve Urban, Perryton, Texas.

Second Place: "Faces," Martha Munger, Lake Jackson, Texas.

Third Place: "Brit Bailey's Ghost," Jerry Wayne McDuff, Angleton, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: "The Story behind the Brand," Malcolm Shelton, Amarillo, Texas. "Quiet Fear," Dierdre Kearney, Lake Forest, Illinois.

Judge: Luther Stearns Mansfield, Professor Emeritus of American History and Literature, Williams College, Williamstown, Mass.

DRAMA CONTEST

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.

Given by Dr. Mabel Major.

First Prize: "Onions and Tulips," Mark Douglas Heckendorn, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Intention to Kill," Thomas F. Grisham, Abilene, Texas.

Third Place: "The Cheerleader," Larry Bouchard, Longview, Texas.

Honorable Mention: "Pink Crystal," Margo E. Price, Fort Worth.

Judge: H. Howard Hughes, Professor Emeritus, Dept. of English, Texas Wesleyan College.

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: "Jonathan Swift on Dung and Tulips," D. S. Dillinger, Dallas, Texas.

Second Place: "The Santa Fe to Chicago," Martha Munger, Lake Jackson, Texas.

Third Place: "Stark Naked!" Betty Lee Coffey, Dallas, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: "Hypocrisy's Critic, Religion's Defendant," Janie Liles, Florissant, Missouri. "The Green Rose," Jo Anne Yates, Wichita, Kansas.

Judge: Pat Castillon, Fort Worth.

LENA AGNES JOHNSON LITERATURE FOR CHILDREN CONTEST

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.

Given by Miss Siddie Joe Johnson.

First Prize: "Roco Coco Poko," Martha Munger, Lake Jackson, Texas.

Second Place: "Dreams," Loring Johnson, Henderson, Texas.

Third Place: "The Pig and the Mouse, the Cat, and the Gnome," David R. Glendenning, Bellrose, New York.

Honorable Mentions: "My Angel," Margo E. Price, Fort Worth. "First Morning," Debbie Caussey, Fort Worth.

Judge: Marie E. Shaw.

C. S. LEWIS PRIZE FOR LITERATURE

Open to all T.C.U. Undergraduates.

Given by anonymous donors.

First Prize: "The Crossbuilder of Tiberias," Larry Bouchard, Longview, Texas.*

Second Place: "Growing Pains," Loring R. Johnson, Henderson, Texas.

Third Place: "I and Thou," Linda C. Parker, Rowlett, Texas.

Honorable Mentions: "Death," George Econ, Evanston, Illinois. "The Stranger," Patricia Wenk, San Antonio, Texas.

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

*The length of the winning entry precludes its publication here.

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 Curvature of Straight Lines, and Other True Absurdities," Thomas Siegfried, Avon, Ohio.

Second Place: "Utopian Thought in Edward Bellamy's **Looking Backward,**" Donna Cordell, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma.

Third Place: "Hypocrisy's Critic, Religion's Defendant," Janie Liles, Florissant, Missouri.

Honorable Mentions: "The Military Conquest of England by the Vikings, 787-1018," Loy Paxton Jones, Raytown, Missouri. "Beyond Human Good or Evil," Martha Munger, Lake Jackson, Texas.

Judge: Luther Stearns Mansfield, Professor Emeritus of American History and Literature, Williams College.

FRESHMAN CONTESTS: NARRATIVE OF FACT

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

First Prize: "A Man," Bill C. Bradford, Arlington, Texas.

Second Place: "The Hottest Day in Camp," Cynthia Oliver, Tuscaloosa, Alabama.

Judge: Dr. Harold Lawrence, Department of English, Arkansas State University, Jonesboro, Arkansas.

ESSAY

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

First Prize: "Byron's Treatment of Man in **Manfred,**" Nancy Newman, Fort Worth.

Second Place: "Going Home," David L. F. Lawrence, Whittier, California.

Third Place: "Observations from an Oak," Sheryl Bristol, Midland, Texas.

Honorablt Mentions: "No 'Good Ole Girls,'" Cathy Mabee, Dallas, Texas. "Domination," Mark Alan Whitaker, Kansas City, Kansas.

Judge: Dorothy Anderson, Fort Worth.

FICTION

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

First Prize: "The Old Carpenter," Grace Kuikman, Evergreen Park, Illinois.

Second Place: "And No One Missed Him," Alan Avery, Seville, Ohio.

Third Place: "I don't Know What I Would Have Done Without It," David Gammon, Fair Haven, Vermont.

Judge: Cuyler Etheredge, Dept. 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: "Volunteer Army: No," David L. F. Lawrence, Whittier, California.

Second Place: "Lysergic Acid Diethylamide," Becky Allen, Dallas, Texas.

Third Place: "Traffic Safety," Gregg Kays, Fort Worth.

Judge: Dr. Carrie Sue Woods, Department of English, Tarrant County Junior College.

POETRY

Given by Mrs. Cecil B. Williams.

First Prize: "love poem to Richard," Meg Langhorne, Dallas, Texas.

Second Place: "For My Father," Grace Kuikman, Evergreen Park, Illinois.

Third Place: "Farewell to the Age of Sail," Doug Hay, Fort Worth.

Honorable Mention: "Change of Life," David B. Gammon, Fair Haven, Vermont.

Judge: Will Watson, Department of English, Tarrant County Junior College.

CONTENTS

Bryson Poem

Dirge

Sarah L. Perkins

Even then your eyes were
turned upward;
We should have known you'd
left us
Long before you died.
Years ago you refused the
world and us;
Yet we have detained you
At every age, in every room,
Suspended, framed.
Still we seek your approval
and comfort,
Though your uplifted profile
is resolved,
And you will not care.
We have mourned and
mounted the canvasses
Which yet would be unfinished,
had you lived.
We have coveted the peace
You convey behind glass.

Graduate Essay

The Orphic Voice in 'Paradise Lost'

. . . . . *Linda Newman Biggs*

Although the allusions to the Orpheus myth in Milton's poetry are limited to brief references in "L'Allegro" and "Il Penseroso," to a central symbol of the pastoral elegy, "Lycidas," and to a supporting image in the Invocation to the Muse in Book VII of **Paradise Lost**, the Orpheus image is nevertheless important as an evocative revelation of the nature of poetry, science, and religion. Certainly other mythological persons and ideas are given more space, drama, and creative energy in Milton's poetry, yet the Orpheus allusion is peculiarly revealing because, as Elizabeth Sewell stresses, "Orpheus is poetry thinking about itself, and every significant mention of Orpheus by a poet or scientist may bring the working methods a little nearer the surface."[1] Milton's particular use of the Orphic legend both reveals his own conception of the Christian poet and adds further depth to the meaning of the Orpheus myth.

To simplify the study of the myth, Milton's use of Orpheus in **Paradise Lost** will be the central reference. The invocation to Urania beginning the Seventh Book is a transition from the previous two books' lofty subject of the war in Heaven to the theme of beginnings which occupies the Seventh and Eighth Books. This invocation eludes the nature of Milton's inspiration and limits the power of the poet to his mortal voice:

> Descend from Heav'n **Urania**,
> by that name
> If rightly thou art call'd,
> whose Voice divine
> Following, above th' **Olympian**
> Hill I soar,
> Above the flight of **Pegasean**
> wing.
> The meaning, not the Name
> I call: for thou
> Nor of the Muses nine, nor
> on the top
> Of old **Olympus** dwell'st,
> but Heav'nly born,
> Before the Hills appear'd,
> or Fountain flow'd,
> Thou with Eternal Wisdom
> didst converse,
> Wisdom thy Sister, and with
> her didst play
> In presence of th' Almighty
> Father, pleas'd
> With thy Celestial Song.
> Up led by thee
> Into the Heav'n of Heav'ns
> I have presum'd,
> An Earthly Guest, and drawn
> Empyreal Air,
> Thy temp'ring; with like safety
> guided down
> Return me to my Native
> Element:
> Lest from this flying steed
> unrein'd, (as once
> **Bellerophon**, though from
> a lower Clime)
> Dismounted, on th' **Aleian**
> Field I fall
> Erroneous there to wander
> and forlorn.[2]

Milton thus identifies a Divine Spirit as his poetic guide and apparently rejects the reality and power of the mythological Muses. He also realizes that the poetic voice is better suited to the perceivable portion of creation on Earth; his attempted description of the spiritual war in Heaven has been limited by the poet's dependence upon material or sensory imagery.

Milton's limitation of the power of the pre-Christian mythological figures continues with his allusion to Orpheus:

> Half yet remains unsung,
> but narrower bound
> Within the visible
> Diurnal Sphere;
> Standing on Earth, not rapt
> above the Pole,
> More safe I Sing with
> mortal voice, unchang'd
> To hoarse or mute, though
> fall'n on evil days,
> On evil days though fall'n,
> and evil tongues;
> In darkness, and with
> dangers compast round,
> And solitude; yet not alone,
> while thou
> Visit'st my slumbers Nightly,
> or when Morn
> Purples the East: stil govern
> thou my Song,
> **Urania**, and fit audience
> find, though few.
> But drive far off the
> barbarous dissonance
> Of Bacchus and his Revellers,
> the Race
> Of that wild Rout that tore
> the **Thracian** Bard
> In **Rhodope**, where Woods
> and Rocks had Ears
> To rapture, till the savage
> clamor drown'd
> Both Harp and Voice; nor
> could the Muse defend
> Her Son. So fail not thou,
> who thee implores:
> For thou art Heav'nly, shee
> an empty dream.[3]

The description of the poet as "fall'n on evil days," "in darkness," and surrounded by dangers (implicitly, "the barbarous dissonance"), coupled with the violence of the death of the Thracian bard suggests a pessimistic view of the poet's vocation. Kenneth R. R. Gros Louis has employed this passage in his conclusion that the replacement of the triumph of Orpheus, so recurrent in sixteenth century poetry, by the dismembered Orpheus in the seventeenth century implies a defeat of the sixteenth-century Renaissance humanism by the disruptive forces of religious, political, and scientific conflict of the seventeenth century.[4] The selection by Milton of only the death of Orpheus omits direct mention of the triumphant portions of the myth.

Ovid's **Metamorphoses** is one of the more accessible, although not the earliest, accounts of the myth. Book Ten begins with Orpheus' loss of his new wife Eurydice to Hades and his heroic descent into the realm of death to reclaim her by persuading Pluto with his song. Here Orpheus is the supreme lover-artist as he persuades the underworld consorts:

> "I wished, I tried, to bear
> the loss, but Love
> Subdued by will, a god well-
> known above—
> If here, I know not; yet I
> well surmise,
> If tales of old elopement
> are not lies,
> Love joined yourselves."[5]

Orpheus' combination of words and music, stimulated by love, moves Hades' inhabitants to stop their compulsive punishments, brings tears even to the Furies, and forces the release of Eurydice, albeit limited by the command of his not looking back at her until they are beyond the edge of Hades. This is the Orpheus of romantic love poetry.

When Orpheus mourns his lost Eurydice in the next part, his beautiful song affects nature:

> A hill was there, whereon
> the grassland made
> A plateau green, with not
> a tree for shade.
> Here sat the heaven-born
> bard, and drew the sound
> From the plucked string, and
> shade grew dense around,
> No tree but came. . . .[6]

This Orpheus is the philosopher who, by ordering nature with his song, brings the gifts of civilization to man.

Finally, the murder of Orpheus by the frenzied Bacchantes at the beginning of Book Eleven corresponds to Milton's mention of the Thracian poet. Unmentioned by Milton, however, is the triumph implicit in this dismemberment. First, all nature mourns for the death of the poet, implying the harmony the poet had created among inorganic, organic, and human forms. The body lies dismembered, and the head and lyre float down the Hebrus River to Lesbos where Apollo intervenes to save the head from a serpent:

> But Phoebus at last stood
> by his own,
> And struck the serpent's
> gaping jaws to stone;
> While Orpheus' ghost passed
> under ground, to view
> The places he had seen before,
> and knew;
> And in the abodes of bliss
> he sought and found
> Eurydice, and flung fond
> arms around.[7]

Other versions add that Orpheus' head gave the Lesbians the gift of song and that the lyre was made into a constellation as a tribute to the poet.[8] The complete story of the death and transfiguration of Orpheus reveals the poet as priest, prophet, or perhaps even saint of religion. Ovid depicts Orpheus as a follower of both Apollo and Dionysus, even though Dionysus' followers were Orpheus' murderers.

The apparent defeat of poetry revealed by Milton's use of only Orpheus' death is contradicted by relating the mythological image to the full context surrounding it. Milton's earlier rejection of the nine Muses and the specific rejection of Calliope as efficacious spirits results partly from the Puritan movement in the seventeenth century to deny the spiritual validity of these pagan symbols. Milton complies with this mood in his description of Calliope, "shee an empty dream." Paradoxically, this denial of the reality of Calliope effectively reaffirms the entirety of the myth of Orpheus, reflecting all the complex elements of that myth back upon the meaning of Milton's poem.

The paradoxical affirmation springs from denial in the following manner: Milton does not deny the possible truth of the Orpheus myth: he rejects only the idea of its completeness. Thus if the Orpheus figure is seen as a limited conception of the poet, the philosopher, and the priest, then Milton's poetic conceptions of these figures must at least build upon those limited figures in the Orphic pattern and then advance beyond them because of his more complete inspiration by the true "Heav'nly Muse," Urania, instead of by the empty dream of Calliope. Therefore, even though Milton does not cite the full myth in this invocation, his paradoxical twist upon it reflects all of the aspects of the Orpheus figure back into Milton's poem. The simple image of the battered poet suggests the beauty of the lover-artist, the civilizing power of the philosopher-scientist, and the redeeming force of the transfigured prophet-priest, each an important personage in **Paradise Lost.**

First, the Orpheus image lends an evocative basis for the identity and function of the poet or artist. Although a cult later developed around Orpheus, he is never considered a god, merely a mortal or sometimes demi-god hero gifted with the divine power of song. The ability of Orpheus' song, in both its words and melody, to order nature and to influence even the dark forces of Hades to overcome death enlarges by association the poet of **Paradise Lost.** While Orpheus is motivated by conjugal love to dare to confront the world of death, Milton is infused with the higher love of the divine in performing his poetic tasks. Given the inspiration of each, most important is that each of the gifted men chooses to exercise this inspiration through language, the non-violent, non-material, non-coercive method of creating and sustaining civilization.

Against this ordering voice of the poet is set the violence, destructiveness, and materialism of "Bacchus and his revellers," or of any forces working against civilization. The ability of the poet to triumph over these forces simply through his poetry is of central importance to Milton's view of the poet. As Orpheus' head floats down the stream, it continues to sing after its death; and even when the poet's body is completely removed from Thrace to Lesbos, and with it its poetic powers, the gift of song rejected by the frenzied Bacchantes springs up anew in the land of Lesbos to begin new civilizations. Coming at the end of the invocation, this implicit Orphic promise of regeneration of the poet despite any physical defeat answers the earlier despair of being "fall'n on evil days." More indirectly, the citation of Orpheus at this point is an appropriate introduction for the poet's immediate task of depicting Raphael's revelation of Creation to Adam. Guthrie reports that the ancient literature attributed to Orpheus is also a theogony.[9] Orpheus' version attributes consistent power to Night, the daughter of Phanes, the original creator of all.[10] Milton's other reference to Orpheus in **Paradise Lost** may have some relationship to this preoccupation with Night. Milton writes in the "Hail holy Light" invocation to Book Three:

> Thee I revisit now with bolder
> wing,
> Escap't the **Stygian** Pool,
> though long detain'd
> In that obscure sojourn, while
> in my flight
> Through utter and through
> middle darkness borne
> With other notes than to th'
> **Orphean** Lyre
> I sung of **Chaos** and **Eternal**
> **Night**. . . .[11]

Milton recognizes that Orpheus is one of the first poets to write of beginnings, and although Orpheus' version is an inadequate and inaccurate version of the truth, the same poetic power will aid Milton in his painting of Creation.

Especially because of its juxtaposition with the Creation description in the Seventh Book, the allusion also suggests the philosopher-scientist role of Orpheus. As a poet, he both affects nature with his songs and describes nature in his poetry. The songs he sings while mourning his lost Eurydice in Book Ten of the **Metamorphoses** explore the change of nymphs and young men into flowers and trees because of the interference of Greek deities.[12] Thus Orpheus is one of the earliest natural historians, and his activity implies the use of the active, creative imagination in the understanding of the external, physical world. It is the same imagination which Milton possesses in his poetic interpretation of the Biblical version of beginnings, as, for example, the springing forth of the beasts from the earth:

> The grassy Clods now Calv'd,
> now half appear'd
> The Tawny Lion, pawing to get
> free
> His hinder parts, then springs
> as broke from Bonds
> And Rampant shakes his
> Brinded mane; the Ounce,
> The Libbard, and the Tiger, as
> the Mole
> Rising, the crumbl'd Earth
> above them threw
> In Hillocks. . . .[13]

Furthermore, that the divinely inspired poet has the ability to move nature, and that nature weeps for his death, implies a continuum of matter-spirit essential to Milton's conception of the universe. Although Orpheus as philosopher can thus present revealing interpretations of nature, Milton would limit this exploring aspect of the Orphic mind to that knowledge useful to man and eliminate idle speculations, as implied by Raphael's rebuke to Adam in Book Eight of **Paradise Lost.**[14]

The use of Orpheus as a media-

(Continued on Page 8)

Non-Fiction Prose

Jonathan Swift on Dung and Tulips

D. S. Dillinger

We "know" Jonathan Swift, all of us. He's the author of **Gulliver's Travels** and **A Modest Proposal** and, oh, maybe a few lines of curious verse. Right? Most probably. But we miss something in all our anthologies of English literature: we miss whatever an editor chooses to pass over for this reason or that. Most editors will choose a "dignified" work over a bawdy one almost instinctively, for they are subject to the whims of prudish publishers, a breed among whom the textbook publisher is of the most easily offended sort. Of Swift most of us really "know" a very little, and we do not suspect that the Dean could have authored verses that deal unabashedly with coarse topics . . . our editors, our publishers of textbooks blush more readily than many of us might wish, and they would rather hurry on to Pope or Johnson than suffer us to see this side of Swift. Indeed, there are many who would consider the reading of these poems unjustifiable; with them we must respectfully part company, for this is our task: to examine two of these works — these "bawdy" works — and try to learn there what it is that Swift has to say about beauty and love.

The first of these two poems is entitled **The Lady's Dressing Room** (probably written in 1730); it is composed in a rarely varied iambic tetrameter which is the vehicle for an hilarious and irreverent look into a pretty lady's boudoir. Strephon, a roguish fellow, decides to invade the lady Celia's bedroom, and there finds a smock well-stained at the armpits and elsewhere (Strephon bids us guess the rest); a wash-basin fouled by "The Scrapings of her Teeth and Gums;"[1] stockings "Stain'd with the Marks of stinking Toes;"[2] and a chamber pot disguised as a cabinet which, when opened unwittingly by Strephon, releases a fetid stench and occasions the following couplet: "O may she better learn to keep / Those Secrets of the hoary deep."[3] In his descriptive passages Swift is to-the-point and uses, as always, an unadorned, compact, and almost plain style, actually achieving emphasis on words he omits:

> So Things, which must not be expres't,
> When plumpt into the reeking Chest;
> Send up an excremental Smell
> To taint the Parts from whence they fell.
> The Pettycoats and Gown perfume,
> And waft a Stink round every Room.[4]

As one may see, the subject is a fairly rough one, and is as well suited to rough diction as Swift's pen. Yet, what is Swift trying to say? The poem is didactic, for if we read on we find that Strephon is punished for his "peeping": henceforth, "His foul Imagination links / Each Dame he sees with all her Stinks."[5] Swift admonishes Strephon to stop looking for human vileness and instead try to perceive the miracle of metamorphosis that leads, after hours of cosmetic repair work, to such a gorgeous fruit; if he did,

> He soon would learn to think like me,
> And bless his ravisht Eyes to see
> Such Order from Confusion sprung,
> Such gaudy Tulips rais'd from Dung.[6]

This is the theme of the poem; it is a coarsely physical view of physical beauty, and its lesson teaches us not to seek beauty for its own sake, since beauty cannot always withstand careful scrutiny.

This, too, is the theme of the second poem with which we are concerned, written circa 1731, entitled **Strephon and Chloe.** Like **The Lady's Dressing Room**, it is a humorous, didactic work, in a regular iambic tetrameter. This poem tells a tale of newlyweds: the groom fears that the bride is so faultlessly and immaculately beautiful that she will very likely be disgusted by the odors of his body and by his awkwardness, and so refuse him on their wedding night; the time comes, and she does refuse him—but because she must urinate, an act which she performs, astonishingly enough, while still in bed. Strephon (well within earshot!) is flabbergasted:

> Strephon who heard the fuming Rill
> As from a mossy Cliff distill;
> Cry'd out, ye Gods, what sound is this?
> Can Chloe, heav'nly Chloe, piss?

Not satisfied with this romantic state of affairs, Swift has Strephon develop the same urgency, which he then relieves on the spot (emboldened by his bride's actions, Swift informs us); he finishes by releasing some intestinal pressure: "And as he filled the reeking Vase,/ Let fly a Rouzer in her Face."[8] At this point the hovering cupids fly off, appalled by the spectacle.

All is not lost, however, for the lovers soon learn to accept each other's gross mortality, and Swift communicates a lesson on love the essence of which is to build love not on external beauty (which fades soon, "While all the gross and filthy last."[9]) but on good sense and wit; on intellectual compatibility; on a soul-to-soul friendship. Again Swift has dealt coarsely with a coarse subject . . . but he has led us to a valuable conclusion concerning external good-looks and love, reaching a Neo-Platonic "companion souls" sort of conception of love from a most un-Platonic route.

As we have seen, Swift can be stoneheartedly realistic in his perception of feminine beauty and interpersonal love; his bawdy poetry, with its harsh diction and ruthless irony, provides an excellent example. It is irony, that satirist's tool which Swift honed to such perfection, that supplies the startling effect each of these poems elicits in the reader; the bawdy situations and diction are the instruments for its expression. The primary contrasts are achieved in the point-blank opposition of beauty to vilest reality. Perhaps Swift's cynicism toward feminine allure and toward sexual love derives from his own inadequacy: Swift is known to have been a short and rather unattractive man, and he never allowed himself a moment with the woman he loved without someone else present.[10] His other "bawdy" poetry deals with beauty and love in the same sort of way; see **The Problem** or **A Beautiful Young Nymph** for examples. Our lesson? This: "Look beyond that fat anthology, student of literature; yonder lies the work of a fascinating and complex personality (if not a nasty fellow indeed!)."

NOTES

[1]Jonathan Swift, **The Lady's Dressing Room**, in **Poetical Works**, ed. by Herbert Davis (London: Oxford University Press, 1967), p. 477, line 40. Future references will be to poems in this edition.

[2]Swift, **The Lady's Dressing Room**, p. 477, line 52.

[3]Swift, **The Lady's Dressing Room**, p. 479, lines 97-98.

[4]Swift, **The Lady's Dressing Room**, p. 479, lines 109-114.

[5]Swift, **The Lady's Dressing Room**, p. 479, lines 119-120.

[6]Swift, **The Lady's Dressing Room**, p. 480, lines 139-141.

[7]Swift, **Strephon and Chloe**, p. 524, lines 175-178.

[8]Swift, **Strephon and Chloe**, p. 524, lines 191-192.

[9]Swift, **Strephon and Chloe**, p. 525, line 234.

[10]**The Norton Anthology of English Literature**, M. H. Abrams, general editor (New York: W. W. Norton & Co. Inc., 1968), p. 1504.

Drama Contest

Onions and Tulips

Mark Douglas Heckendorn

CAST OF CHARACTERS

JOHN LEWIS CLARK, 70.

LEWIS CLARK, JR., 35, his son.

TIMOTHY CLARK, 11, JOHN CLARK'S grandson and LEWIS'S son.

The action occurs on a Saturday morning in late May in the backyard of Grandpa Clark's house.

SETTING: A wooden bench, painted dark green, is set diagonally down right. Beside the bench, at the downstage end, is an empty wooden half-bushel basket. Upstage and to the right of the bench is visible the corner of Grandpa Clark's house. The corner consists of a screened back porch. The porch is a wooden frame structure with a slightly old and weathered coat of white paint. The foundation boards are painted gray as is the step up to the screened door. The door is painted the same dark green as the bench and faces stage left. The door opens toward the audience. The screening goes around the corner, and it is possible to see through the screen although it is not possible to determine any details of the interior of the porch. The porch is dark in comparison to the brightness outside. A white cyclorama forms the background and is lighted a brilliant sky blue throughout the play. (The curtain rises on an empty stage. OSL is heard GRANDPA whistling, "I'm Looking Over a Four Leaf Clover." He enters from SL carrying a wooden half-bushel basket filled with green onions. He is a tall man and a well-preserved 70. It is obvious that he was a large, handsome man in his youth, and he still has the spirit of a youthful swagger even though his steps are deliberate. He wears railroad overalls and a dark plaid shirt with the cuffs rolled up a few inches. He crosses to the bench, walking with his shoulders bent, almost as if he is timid about being both old and tall. He sits at the downstage end of the bench and places his basket inside the one already there. This all occurs as he whistles the tune through only once. The last note is heard as he sits leaning over the basket, holding a bunch of onions from which he is pulling the roots.)

GRANDPA
(calling OL)
Hey, Timothy, have you taken root?

TIMOTHY
(from OL)
I'm coming, Grandpa.

(TIMOTHY appears from the same spot as GRANDPA'S entry. He is a boy of medium non-athletic build. He also carries a half-bushel basket. It is not full, but for him it still requires the earnest effort of two hands.)

GRANDPA
(watching TIMOTHY)
Yes, I see. (turning to the onions) You know, if we spent every Saturday pulling onions we could feed the whole town.

(TIMOTHY crosses to the bench and sits beside GRANDPA)

TIMOTHY
With Onions!

(during the next segment GRANDPA constantly works the onions. He carefully pulls the roots from the onions and tosses the roots into his basket. Then he wipes the dirt from the onions with his hands and tosses the onion into TIMOTHY'S basket. TIMOTHY copies GRANDPA'S actions.)

GRANDPA
(thoughtfully, as if working a puzzle)
Well, perhaps that wouldn't be a universally popular diet. But people could eat other things too; yet they would always have green onions.

TIMOTHY
(countering as in a contest)
Are you sure that everyone would want onions, all the time?

GRANDPA
Well, that's a good point. I once read somewhere, let me see — yes, I once read in the Boy Scout Field Manual that onions are full of vitamin C. So, they should be good for you. But I suppose you're right about people not wanting them all the time. (he pauses) Anyway that has been taken care of. They don't grow all the time.

(TIMOTHY laughs at GRANDPA'S solution)
And besides, this is the first Saturday you've been over this month. Hardly the basis for starting a business.

TIMOTHY
(averting his eyes)
Dad says it's too far to walk by myself.

GRANDPA
Oh, I see. — Do you like your new house?

TIMOTHY
Oh, yah, Grandpa. It's a townhouse. Kind of like a big apartment, only you own it like a house. Dad says that you get a better "equity" that way.

GRANDPA
(with a smile)
So, that's what he says.—Have you got room for a garden?

TIMOTHY
Well, no. But there is a swimming pool and cable TV. (pausing) You really ought to come over. You'd like it. — You used to come over all the time when we lived on George Street.

GRANDPA
(carefully)
You're right about that; but your old house was almost in the neighborhood. I could walk over in just twenty minutes.

TIMOTHY
Mom says, that if you would just call, she'll come and get you.

GRANDPA
(quickly)
I'm sure she would. (then reassuringly) And that would be kind of her. But I've got quite a bit here to keep me busy. It surprises me how much I have to do. There's the garden and the house. I've got so many neighbors that it's hard to keep in touch with them all. Why, only today I promised Mr. and Mrs. Applebaum

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Onions and Tulips, Continued

(Continued from Page 3)

that I'd bring them some onions. (nudging TIMOTHY) So you'd better get to work.

TIMOTHY

(purposely changing the subject)

That sure is a funny name.

GRANDPA

What?

TIMOTHY

Applebaum. It's a funny name.

GRANDPA

Well, perhaps. Do you know what it means?

TIMOTHY

Nope.

GRANDPA

You should never forget that every name means something. Now let me see, Applebaum, that's a German name. It means apple tree.

TIMOTHY

Did you read that in the scout manual?

GRANDPA

(tousling TIMOTHY'S hair)

Now don't be smart, you little scamp. I bet you don't even know what Timothy means.

TIMOTHY

It's my great-grandfather's name.

GRANDPA

It means more than that but I won't tell you. You'll have to look it up.

TIMOTHY

O.K. I'll look it up. Do the Applebaums like onions?

GRANDPA

(pretending exasperation)

Where did you get such a head for questions? If you'll put your curiosity to work at school, you'll become a regular scholar.

TIMOTHY

Dad says I get it from you.

GRANDPA

What?

TIMOTHY

The questions. He says that you and I are a lot alike.

GRANDPA

Well, I say that there is no one like Timothy Clark, and I'm pretty sure there isn't anyone like me and of course the Applebaums like onions, and how long is it going to take you to finish your batch. Your Dad will be here soon.

(LEWIS enters from the right. He strides in as if he has just walked around the house. He is shorter than his father but has the hair that GRANDPA must have had when he was 35. He generally resembles his father. He has heard only GRANDPA'S last sentence but his entry breaks the jovial spirit that has prevailed)

LEWIS

(replying to GRANDPA)

Faster than soon.

(LEWIS crosses and stands beside TIMOTHY)

(to TIMOTHY)

Hey, scoot over and let me sit down. (he sits)

GRANDPA

(to LEWIS after a silence)

Did you finish your errands?

LEWIS

I finished Else's list.

(to TIMOTHY—a command)

Run in the house and wash up.

(TIMOTHY is surprised by the suddenness of the order but rises and heads for the door)

GRANDPA

(to TIMOTHY)

And after you wash up, do me a favor. Go down in the basement and bring up one of those crocks. They're down there somewhere. Then take it to the kitchen and wash it good with soap and water.

(TIMOTHY without looking to his father for approval rushes into the house. GRANDPA calls after him)

And don't be in such a hurry that you don't do a good job.

(to LEWIS, who sits at the end of the bench as if TIMOTHY was still in the middle)

Now what is it you want to say that Timothy isn't supposed to hear?

LEWIS

(looking down at the baskets)

You're always on top of things, aren't you.

GRANDPA

You forget where you grew up. I can tell when something is on your mind or when you're trying to pull some kind of maneuver. I knew something was up when you just dropped by out of the blue this morning, left Timothy, and then disappeared without a word.

LEWIS

Tim told you I had some errands to run, didn't he?

GRANDPA

Yes he did.

LEWIS

(quietly)

Well they weren't really very important. Some groceries, I had the car checked.

GRANDPA

(concentrating on working the onions)

I see.

LEWIS

Why do you always grow so many onions? Don't you ever get tired of onions!

GRANDPA

(playfully)

Uhm, I've never considered it. (pausing) No. I'm never tired of onions. They are my idea of the perfectly practical plant. They are a bright restful green, they have a strong personality and very down to earth. And besides they don't make excuses, which is a good trait of character.

LEWIS

(he is uncomfortable, he stops to compose his thoughts and then dives into an obviously preplanned speech)

It's a practical matter I want to talk about. Else and I have been talking and we . . .

GRANDPA

(interrupting)

How is my daughter-in-law?

LEWIS

(perturbed)

She is fine, just fine. We've decided that we would like . . .

GRANDPA

(purposely teasing)

And how does she like her new house?

LEWIS

(growing impatient)

She likes it very much. Now Dad, we've talked about this before . . .

GRANDPA

About my daughter-in-law?

LEWIS

(giving up)

That's enough. Every time I try to talk to you and you don't want to listen I end up sounding like an idiot. (with determination) Dad, we want you to move in with us. It's for your own good. It's the only sensible thing to do.

GRANDPA

(patronizingly)

Um huh, and as I've said before, that is very kind of you; but I've got several good reasons to stay right where I am.

LEWIS

(standing)

We are only thinking of you. Dad, you are not young any more. Look! you are seventy years old — and yet you still childishly insist on keeping this house and playing with that monster you call a garden. You could fall out there, and no one would find you for days!

GRANDPA

(maintaining his sense of humor)

My, my, you always did have a good imagination.

(raising his hand)

I plead guilty to being old but that is all. It need not be a crime. As for being lost for days, the garbage truck comes up the alley three times a week, no problem.

LEWIS

Look, you are always so practical about everything else. Why can't you understand this.

GRANDPA

(becoming angry)

Now, you look here. I'm 70, not 17. So, I'm not as young as I used to be, but neither am I as old as I plan to get. I can think of a time or two when a man 70 years old has had better sense than somebody half his age. Don't forget there's more than one way to be lost in the corn. Think on that.

LEWIS

(not giving in)

Sure, and we'll all live to be a hundred.

GRANDPA

(surprised at LEWIS)

And why not. (attempting to soften LEWIS) It seems that I remember a good friend of your mother's. What was her name? Yes, Polly, that was her name. Well, anyway, she was always in a fuss over her health and used to call old Doc Rob practically every other day. He would look at her, not a particularly easy task if I remember correctly, then he'd say "Polly just stop your fuss, you'll live to be a hundred." And she did. I remember her birthday, it was on a Saturday. Your mother and I went over and all her friends were there. Polly said that for the first time in forty years she would be able to sleep without wondering if Doc was right or wrong.

LEWIS

That's a fine story.

GRANDPA

(not listening)

She died on Sunday. — I guess Sunday is a good time to start something new, and I believe that's what she did. Off to hound someone else.

(LEWIS is undeterred by this excursion)

Yes, Sunday. If I remember right, Sunday was the day you got started. I remember that afternoon well. Boy, your mother could sure turn my eye.

LEWIS

(resigning)

I'm sure that was true; but I'm not old and so I can't pretend to be a sage or make up stories whenever I want to. You've got to stop fighting the truth and be . . .

(TIMOTHY enters from the porch carrying a small freshly scrubbed crock. He hasn't heard what has been said but he definitely knows that he is interrupting something)

TIMOTHY

I'm finished Grandpa.

(TIMOTHY brings the crock over to the bench and hands it to GRANDPA. LEWIS doesn't quite know what to do)

GRANDPA

(to TIMOTHY)

Thank you very much. (inspecting) You did a good job of scrubbing this. It must have been pretty dusty.

TIMOTHY

(unsure of what is happening)

Yes, it was dirty.

GRANDPA

There are two more things you can do for me. On the kitchen table are three paper bags full of bulbs. Count out five from each bag and put them in the basket on the chair. Bring them here and bring that wide-mouthed pitcher, on the counter, with some water. It may take two trips.

(TIMOTHY hesitates to leave, but since the silence makes it obvious that he should go, he does)

GRANDPA

(to LEWIS)

You should be easier on the boy. Timothy is bright. He has a quick mind.

LEWIS

(sapped by the argument)

I'm not hard on him. I just want him to behave. I don't want him to be like other kids.

GRANDPA

Who else should he be?

LEWIS

(becoming impatient again)

Look Dad, if you would move in with us, it would be good for Tim. One of the reasons we moved was because the new house is bigger. We have an extra room.

GRANDPA

Now hearing that is a real surprise. I thought you moved because of property values, or something about the schools, or just to be in a more "proper" part of town, closer to Else's bridge partners. But I see now that I am wrong. Uhm, an extra room. Have you thought of hiring a decorator?

LEWIS

Dad!

GRANDPA

(not listening)

Let's stop this. I thought this was settled the last time we talked. I have no intention of spending my days watching the water circulate in your pool. Ever since Else's father died in that rest home, I have had no peace. All people aren't the same and they don't become the same just because they get old.

(in the background TIMOTHY is opening the screen door. He carries a small round wicker basket which has a cover. On top of the basket he holds a wide-mouthed tin pitcher. He is careful to be quiet. He sets the pitcher just inside the door and then stands holding the basket. He lets the door slam)

TIMOTHY

Here are the bulbs. (without hesitation he puts the basket on the bench between GRANDPA and LEWIS)

I'll get the water.

(he rushes in the backdoor, letting it slam. When he is sure that GRANDPA and LEWIS have begun talking, he picks up the pitcher and moves quietly to the corner of the porch and continues listening)

GRANDPA

(concentrating on his work with the onions)

What were you going to say? That I should stop fighting the truth and be sensible. Something like that. Well let me tell you what sensible means. And I don't mean sensible for anybody else, but for me. I know that I've got one, two, maybe five years, maybe more. Time in which I can take care of myself. — Every man puts his life somewhere and then most people spend the rest of their days trying to find it. Well I know where mine is. It is here in this house, in this garden, in this neighborhood. In you and Timothy.—Do you know that in three blocks of this house there are at least fifteen widows? Yes, fifteen, not to mention a couple of old maids. To them I'm something special. Someone to invite for tea or someone who can compliment them on their flower beds or perhaps even flirt. When the day comes that I worry about dying in the onions, then I'll sell the house and move in somewhere where other people can worry about my health and I can still wink at the widows. That's sensible.

(LEWIS sits quietly)

GRANDPA

Look, Lewis, I'll tell you a secret. You don't want me to move in with you and you don't want to talk about this today. I understand. Else feels bad about her father. But you know we couldn't live in the same house and that's the way I want it. — You know it was your mother's idea for you to be John Lewis, junior. I could never say no to her. So I call you Lewis, not John, never Jr. I want you to be you. A man has to find his own feet, no matter how old he is. — The best reason I can think of for not moving in is that I like you. And that is special, for a father to like his

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The Curvature of Straight Lines, and Other True Absurdities . . . *Thomas Siegfried*

Contrary to popular belief, straight lines are curved. As ridiculous as that statement sounds, it is true. It is one of the many odd consequences of Einstein's theories of relativity, which really skew up all of the nice things you learned about lines and triangles in your high school geometry class.

The assertion that straight lines are curved seems so violently self-contradictory that one hesitates to give such nonsense even a moment of attention. But if you believe that light travels in a straight line, then you must accept that weird statement as it stands.

Well, you might ask, if light does travel in curves, why should we pretend that a straight line is the path of a ray of light? The plane geometry taught in high school (called Euclidean geometry, after the Greek mathematician Euclid) treats "line" as an undefined term. Teachers often point out, however, that a straight line is "the shortest distance between two points," and this explanation seems to satisfy most students. The problem raised by this definition lies in the use of the word "distance." The "distance" between two objects is commonly conceptualized as the "space" separating them. But Einstein demonstrated that time was as essential an element of separation as the three dimensions of space. Thus time becomes the "fourth dimension," and any consideration of the distance between two points must include the time component.

If we apply the time factor to the notion of "shortest distance between two points," we find that a straight line must be the path of quickest travel between two points (or more precisely, the path of quickest possible travel). Since light travels faster than anything else, the path of a light ray is by definition a straight line.

Although it is easy enough to believe that light travels in straight lines, it does seem rather strange that these "straight" lines are actually curved. So why, if a light ray traverses the shortest distance between two points, is its path curved? The answer, unbelievably enough, is that space itself is curved.

The difficulty of conceptualizing the curvature of nothingness makes this claim somewhat hard to swallow, but Einstein said that the presence of mass (such as stars, planets, etc.) curves, or warps, the space it is situated in. Now Einstein realized that such a contention would not be accepted as true merely because he said so; so he suggested methods of testing his theory. If mass did warp space, then a light ray passing near the sun would be slightly deflected. Thus by recording the position of a star when the sun was not around and then looking for an apparent change in position of that star when the sun was near the starlight's path, one could confirm or refute Einstein's prediction. Of course, the principal difficulty with such a test is that one can't see any stars when the sun is up; so the experimenters had to wait for an eclipse. The opportunity came in 1919, and sure enough, the apparent change in position of stars around the sun's corona indicated that the light had been deflected almost exactly as much as Einstein had calculated. The conclusion was unavoidable: space was curved.

Now if space is curved and straight lines aren't straight, why was everyone in the world fooled for thousands of years into thinking just the opposite? Euclid's geometry, which was developed about 300 B.C., seemed so obvious that nobody even thought about questioning it until the nineteenth century. All of Euclid's geometry was built on a few "self-evident" postulates, which appeared to be perfectly obvious and indeed worked quite well when dealing with small distances. The postulates were taken for granted, and the theorems of geometry were proven by logical deduction from the postulates. In the nineteenth century such men as Lobachevski and Bolyai discovered that by changing one postulate a perfectly good alternate geometry could be developed. In this "new" geometry, the sum of the angles of a triangle was **less than** 180°. In another system devised by Riemann, the sum of the angles was **greater than** 180°. Ah, you might say, this geometry is obviously wrong, since anyone can measure the angles of any triangle and find that the sum is 180°. However, for the predicted differences to be noticeable, the sides of the triangle would have to be billions of miles long, and no one has ever measured the angles of a triangle that big! So there is no simple way of telling which geometry is right and which is wrong. Einstein indicated that the correct geometry for a given spatial region depends on the distribution of mass in that space, and hence the true geometry of the Universe is a combination of the several possibilities. But if we limit our measurements to distances of a terrestrial magnitude, Euclidian geometry will yield results that are sufficiently accurate for any ordinary purpose.

It is rather frightening to think that for two thousand years people believed Euclid was right because no geometer ever measured a sufficiently large triangle. Upon discovering the fallibility of Euclid, a thoughtful person might ask what other never-questioned beliefs would be shot down by measuring things larger than those generally observed, such as in the case of the super-giant triangle.

Well, it just so happens that a lot of everyday, commonsense notions are demolished by Einstein's Special Theory of Relativity, the effects of which are noticed in bodies traveling in uniform motion at a velocity approaching the speed of light. Ever since the late seventeenth century, scientists had believed in Newton's laws of motion, which were based on observations of moving objects (with some theoretical considerations as well) and seemed to be quite accurate. The problem was that Newton never observed any material bodies moving at a speed anywhere near the speed of light. (Neither did anyone else, for that matter.) In 1905, Einstein published a paper that led to the overthrow of Newton, thereby rocking the foundations of physics, with many interesting consequences.

These interesting consequences of Einstein's theory involve the strange things that happen to bodies that travel with nearly the speed of light. Actually, these things happen to any body in motion, but they aren't noticeable until the velocity of light is approached. Because light zips through the Universe at the startling speed of 186,000 miles per second (a light ray could make a round trip between Fort Worth and Dallas about 2,500 times a second), not very many objects experience these strange effects to a noticeable extent.

What are these strange and mysterious effects of high velocity? For one thing, a body in motion gets heavier, or to be more precise, its mass increases. This phenomenon is a consequence of the equivalence of mass and energy, as expressed in Einstein's famous equation $E = mc^2$. Usually, when energy is applied to a body, its speed increases. But nothing can be made to go faster than light (according to relativity theory); so when a body approaches that speed the addition of more energy cannot increase the velocity very much. Instead, since energy is a form of mass (remember — $E = mc^2$), the body "absorbs" the energy and becomes more massive. Theoretically, when a body reaches the speed of light, its mass becomes infinite (which is a very good reason why a body **can't** reach the speed of light!). As fantastic as these claims sound, nuclear physicists have accelerated subatomic particles to speeds near that of light, and it has been found that these fast-moving particles gain mass, just as Einstein said they would.

A second confusing consequence of rapid motion is that a body shrinks in the direction of its motion. In other words, an arrow one meter long and one centimeter thick would shrink to a length of one-half meter at a velocity of ninety percent of the speed of light, but it would still be one centimeter thick. This shrinkage occurs because regardless of how fast someone is moving, if he measured the speed of light he would find it to be exactly the same as it had been while he was standing still. For this observation to be true, his measuring instrument must shrink in the direction of his motion, and because he doesn't notice that shrinkage, he must also shrink.

One other critical property is altered by rapid speeds. If you

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Onions and Tulips, Continued

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son is an honor to the father. It means he didn't push, he just planted.

(shouting toward the house)

Timothy! Are you waiting for rain?

(TIMOTHY rushes off the porch spilling some of the water)

TIMOTHY

Here I am.

GRANDPA

(looking at TIMOTHY)

Well don't take a bath in that water. Come over here and get to work.

(GRANDPA picks up the basket and motions to TIMOTHY to sit down. TIMOTHY steps over the bench and sits between GRANDPA and his father)

GRANDPA

(resting the basket in his lap and reaching for the pitcher which TIMOTHY holds)

Here let me have that. (he takes the pitcher)

(to LEWIS)

Want a drink? (LEWIS nods no. GRANDPA drinks from the pitcher and then hands it to TIMOTHY who takes a drink and then offers the pitcher to his father who hesitates but then takes a drink)

GRANDPA

(handing a bunch of cleaned onions to TIMOTHY)

Here wash these and then put them in the crock.

(TIMOTHY washes the onions in the pitcher and puts them in the crock. He continues until the crock is full)

GRANDPA

Now let me see what kind of tulips you brought me.

(he opens the basket)

LEWIS

(to GRANDPA)

So, you're still planting tulips.

GRANDPA

Yes. You know tulips were your mother's favorite flowers. Before she died I had never even picked up a trowel. Not even for onions. She did all the garden work. She grew everything, all kinds of flowers and vegetables. One day when we were still young I made the mistake of telling her how fresh the onions smelled growing in the yard. From that day on every year there were more vegetables and less flowers. Maybe it was a practical matter but I always felt that she did it to please me. After a while all we had was vegetables. And tulips. She never gave up the tulips. We had four kinds of squash, none of which I could stand, lots of onions and always tulips. So now there are only two things I know how to grow, onions and tulips.

LEWIS

(to GRANDPA)

What shall I tell Else?

GRANDPA

Tell her that I said thank you but that she should put a daughter in her extra room. (looking to TIMOTHY) Timothy needs a sister; it would teach him some things.

LEWIS

(to GRANDPA)

Well, what about lunch tomorrow. Will you come?

GRANDPA

(smiling)

Sunday dinner. That is a temptation I'll accept. But I can't stay all afternoon. I've got an invitation for coffee and cake later in the day.

LEWIS

(putting his hand on TIMOTHY'S shoulder)

O.K. We'll be by at noon to pick you up.

TIMOTHY

(to GRANDPA

Are they good tulips?

GRANDPA

Oh yes, a good selection.

TIMOTHY

Grandpa, why did you ask for fifteen tulip bulbs?

GRANDPA

(to LEWIS)

See there, not only is he inquisitive but he's a mathematical genius. — It's for fifteen old widows.

TIMOTHY

Oh, I see.

LEWIS

(smiling)

I would have thought you'd plant sixteen.

GRANDPA

(quietly)

No. I plant the onions for your mother. She planted them so many years for me. I guess they're both for her. She was the one that taught me to plant.

LEWIS

(to TIMOTHY)

Well, sport, we've got to go; lunch will be waiting.

(they rise to leave, TIMOTHY hands the full crock to GRANDPA)

GRANDPA

(he gets up and puts the crock on the bench beside the basket of bulbs)

Here take these. (he takes a handful of onions out of his basket and puts them on the bench on top of the bulbs. Then he lifts the full basket of onions and gives it to TIMOTHY)

Give them to your neighbors.

LEWIS

(standing with TIMOTHY)

See you tomorrow, Dad.

TIMOTHY

Bye, Grandpa.

GRANDPA

I'll say hello to the Applebaums for you. Give my best to Else.

(LEWIS and TIMOTHY exit right)

(GRANDPA turns toward the bench and takes the handful of onions from the top of the bulb basket and puts them on the bench beside the basket. He wipes his hands on his coveralls and picks up the crock of washed onions. He goes to the porch and opens the door, reaches inside and picks up a straw sun hat. He puts the hat on and closes the door, turns and walks off stage in the same direction as LEWIS and TIMOTHY, carrying the crock. After a brief silence the curtain falls)

THE END

Short Story Contest

My Last Hunting Trip

Steve Urban

I was awakened by the pressure of my father's hand on my shoulder. "It's time to get up," he whispered. When I opened my eyes and saw the outline of his face against the window, he smiled and said, "Hurry up. The quail won't wait," then left the room so that I might get dressed. It was still dark outside my open window, but the moon lay full and yellow like an eagle's golden eye on the western horizon. I rubbed my eyes and yawned several times — it must have been six o'clock — before getting up and slipping into my jeans and thin summer shirt. I stepped into the old, low-cut shoes I wore on the tractor and, thinking it would be at least nine o'clock before the sun burned through the morning cold, picked up a light jacket before leaving the room. As I left I glanced toward the window once again and saw the declining moon half-hidden by the curve of the earth, then turned and closed the door behind me.

My father was in the kitchen, drinking coffee with Tom Crane, a town-friend of his who was going hunting with us. Mr. Crane wore a pair of new, high-laced sportsman's boots and a nice leather hunting vest with loops for the shotgun shells and deep pockets for the game. His red cap was stiff and clean, and he was showing my father his new Franchi twelve-gauge, the barrel of which was polished and blue as the night. As I reached into the cupboard for some cold cereal he looked over at me and said, "G'morning," then turned back toward my father and snapped the shotgun open at the breech. He held it up to the light, squinted down the thick barrel as if gazing into a telescope, and said, "Still clean as a whistle. Maybe after today there will be a little carbon in that barrel." He twisted his head and smiled over the shoulder of his uplifted arm at my father who, his strong, calloused fingers curled protectively around his coffee cup, listened and nodded silently.

I finished my cereal as fast as I could. As I was putting the bowl in the sink, my father set his empty cup on the table and said, "About time to start gathering up our equipment, Steve." I followed him down the dark stairs into the basement, where we kept our hunting gear, while Mr. Crane finished his coffee in the kitchen. My father opened the door of the gun cabinet and handed me two leather cases and two shotguns — his heavy twelve gauge, its stock dark with age, and my thin twenty gauge. As I slipped the two guns into their cases, I could sense above the rich smell of the leather a hint of the sharp, metallic odor of the well-polished guns, an odor not unlike the reek of smoke from a grass fire or the throat-tightening stench of a dead animal. My father got the shell box and three old tow sacks to put the birds in and carried them out to Mr. Crane's pickup, while I followed, carefully carrying the guns, one in each hand, back up the dark stairway.

When everything was ready and Mr. Crane was closing the garage door behind him, my father looked down and said, "Where are your hunting boots?"

"I can't wear them any more," I said. "They're too little."

"You know you'll get burrs in your feet if you wear those shoes."

He sat down on the front porch, unlaced his heavy, high-topped boots, and handed them to me. They were loose and cumbersome, and I could hardly lift my feet with them on; I trudged around on the front porch, lifting my feet like a man slogging through a swamp, while my father laced up his work shoes. Then he stood up and led the way through the pre-dawn darkness to Mr. Crane's pickup.

Mr. Crane's truck was almost new; the air inside it smelled of fresh leather and cigar smoke. Mr. Crane drove with both hands on the steering wheel and, his face glowing green and eerie in the soft light of the dashboard, related in intricate succession stories of his hunting trips to Colorado for deer, to Canada for geese — excursions to Wyoming for bighorn, to Nebraska for grouse. I could see his lips fluttering beneath the blunt curve of his beak-like nose, and when he turned his head to smile at my father and me his broad teeth shone in the light like tiny and fluorescent plates. He was, I decided, friendly enough; he punctuated his anecdotes with little asides like "Isn't that right" or "You know what I mean" that I answered with phrases mumbled into my chilly hands. Sometimes I would turn my head to the right and look at my father, who gave the appearance of listening intently, although he had heard similar stories a hundred times before. He was bent forward, with his right elbow on his knee and his chin resting in the cup of his right hand. Whenever Mr. Crane laughed, my father looked over at him and smiled a thin sort of smile and then turned and stared back down the highway. I figured that he was thinking of the quail we would soon be hunting, of their floating, three-note calls and the sudden flutter of their wings as they fly and the way they spiral to earth — streaks of bronze and white — when they are shot.

As we drove closer to the caprock of the Canadian River, the eastern sky was gradually growing lighter, and when we passed from the cultivated flatland to where the curling river — now almost dry — had carved its basin deep into the caprock, the sun began for the first time to show over the horizon. My father touched me on the shoulder and, pointing to the growing sliver of light, said, "Nice sunrise this morning." Mr. Crane glanced to the east and then fell silent as the sun, almost gold against the pink of the sky, rose and spread its long rays over the broad, shallow valley. The steep sides of the caprock grew purple and buff, and the twisted cedar trees waxed from black to deep green against the long, blonde, autumn grasses which trembled like eyelashes around them. We didn't say anything for two or three minutes; then Mr. Crane cleared his throat and said, "Yessiree, a fine morning. She'll be a good day for hunting — why I bet we'll have our limit before noon." When I looked over at him, he smiled back at me, and in the yellow sunlight I could see that his face and lips were as pale as those of an old man.

A few miles past the rim of the caprock, my father pointed out a dusty side road that twisted off through the mesquite to the north of the highway. We turned and followed it through the rough bedland of the river. From time to time the road coiled up the side of a little rocky hill, and from the top we could see the Canadian trickling parallel to our path a few miles away. The land around us was thin and sandy; the buffalo grass wasn't lush like that above the caprock but grew instead in little brittle clumps. Even in the rainy season the grass there was withered and bent, and now only the yucca, which bristled here and there across the pasture, was green. Yet, even though the river-bed seemed barren, I thought I could detect a sort of beauty in it, a beauty like that of a mountain or a perfectly still, mirror-like pond, and as we drove on I began to clench and unclench my fists in my pockets, for I was ready to start hunting.

The road was getting fainter and fainter and soon consisted only of two deep, crimson ruts cut into the grey buffalo grass. "Hard as hell on the suspension," Mr. Crane said after one wheel had fallen into a chuckhole, and my father answered, "We'll be there soon, Tom." Sure enough, from the next hill we could see that the road crossed a shallow valley and ended atop the next rise in an old, deserted homestead. There, in the center of a circle of peeling, diseased elm trees, a grey frame house squatted on its foundation of cinder blocks. The top half of the chimney lay scattered on the ground as if it had been snapped off by the wind, and all the window-glass had been broken out of the frames. Behind the house stood some broken wooden corrals and a barn whose roof had long rotted and fallen in. It was as if the man who had tried to set up this farm, to carve the grassland up into fields and to scatter here and there a few cows that would chew their cud peacefully and give buckets of milk for the wife and kids, had succeeded only in setting up this one decrepit monument before giving up and letting the farm grow wild and natural once again. And at the time I was glad it had turned out that way; only later did I understand the far-away sound in my father's voice when, staring at the dilapidated house and the skeleton-like elms, he said, "A fellow they called Old Man Cotton used to live here back in the thirties. He lost all his cattle in a blizzard one winter, and when the dust storms came in the spring, he just up and left. He went to town and sold what stock he still had and went away without telling anyone. A few weeks later my dad and I came out here to see what had happened, and it was pretty easy to see how much trouble he had getting a start. We found one skinny red chicken that was left behind and lived in the house, and not much else. When we went inside the chicken scratched and fluttered just like this was its own place, and when we left it was strutting around on the windowsill and crowing like it was the luckiest chicken in the world."

Mr. Crane chuckled and said, "I guess the old codger just couldn't take the bad with the good, eh?" but my father was looking over at the house and didn't hear.

We left the pickup in the farmyard. There were several faint trails through the pastureland, but it would have been too hard on Mr. Crane's new truck to take it across the rocky ground to the river bed. So we unsheathed our shotguns, gathered up our shells and tow sacks and, crawling through a rusty, drooping barbed-wire fence that snagged Mr. Crane's new hunting vest, set out westward toward the river. We walked down a sloping hill, through the brittle grass, around the knife-like clumps of yucca. Soon, we reached a broad wash that spread out toward the river. There the tamaracks, their thin branches purple in the early sun, shivered in the wind. Toward the Canadian, a thicket of twisted mesquite trees seemed to writhe like a clutch of snakes in the rippling light.

"The birds'll be in this brush," my father said. "Tom, you skirt the outside along the base of the ridge. Son, you follow the creek along the other side of the thicket. I'll go down the middle and try to thrash them out."

This was the part of the hunt I enjoyed most. I could hear the brush rattle faintly as my father struggled through it; the crunch of my heavy boots on the sand of the creek bed sounded sharp and regular in my ear. Once a mockingbird sprung in a flutter of wings from a tamarack branch a few feet in front of me, then circled as I walked past, returned to the very same branch, and there began to chuckle once again. The air was growing warmer; before long I slipped out of my jacket and, knotting the sleeves in front of me, tied it around my waist to keep my hands free.

Suddenly, I heard my father call out from somewhere in the thicket, his voice thin and distant like the echo when you shout into a well. I began to run clumsily across the creek bed and then threshed my way among the prickly branches of mesquite. I soon slowed and shouted, "Where are you?" His voice sounded once again through the thin, grey-green leaves around me, and I started off toward my left. When I finally located him, he was kneeling with his head near the ground, peering into the dark cleft of a boulder that stood flat and imposing in a little clearing, like a place of sacrifice. "Look here," he said as I squatted beside him. Inside the crack I could see two dim circles which seemed to reflect, like tiny mirrors through a mist, the yellow sunlight. I shielded my eyes with one hand and soon was able to make out a dark, ugly face — a quivering flat nose and the curling line of a grey lip. "Porcupine," my father whispered. "You don't see many around anymore."

Just then Mr. Crane came crashing through the brush and hurried up beside us. Two little streams of sweat trickled from his face onto the barrel of his shotgun as he panted, "What is it?"

"Porcupine," said my father, without looking away from the cowering animal.

Mr. Crane moaned. "Jesus. I thought something was the matter, the way you two were yelling at each other." He leaned his shotgun against the side of the rock, then pulled a handkerchief from his back pocket, unfolded it, and wiped the sweat from his forehead and the bridge of his beak-like nose. He took a few deep breaths and sighed, "Jesus. All that for a measly porcupine."

Then my father stood up and said, "Let's get back behind these bushes. Maybe he'll come out so we can get a better look at him." Mr. Crane folded his handkerchief and sighed, then picked up his shotgun and followed my father and me as we moved away from the rock. We waited for almost five minutes, with my father squatting near a mesquite tree and Mr. Crane standing behind him, shifting his weight from one foot to another and making impatient hissing noises through his teeth. Finally, we saw a broad, black nose poke cautiously into the sunlight; then the entire head, moving slowly from side to side as if the animal were attempting to see into the brush, appeared. I was kneeling beside my father, listening to him marvel at the size of the formidable animal, when Mr. Crane's shotgun went off. At the same time, the face of the porcupine was peeled away, leaving only a horrid, bloody mask; the stubby, black legs jerked as the animal fell over on its side and began to thrash about in the dust, spewing drops of thick blood in a circle around it with every convulsion. In a few seconds it stiffened and only its bloody mouth moved, opening and closing mechanically, as if the porcupine couldn't believe what was happening.

"Got him," Mr. Crane shouted,

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Southwest Literature

A Rainy Spring

Steve Urban

One of the men in the cafe leaned back in his chair and said, "Here comes Mr. Branch, boys." The others at the table shifted and glanced out the big window which looked across the muddy street toward the other decrepit buildings of the little town. The clouds outside hung ragged and grey and shed a fine, misty rain which sliced down through the spring chill and whispered insistently against the glass. A figure was slogging across the street — a form at first undefined, becoming clearer as it approached. The figure clumped up the steps, and when the door of the cafe opened, the men saw before them an old, bent man whose shoulders sloped forward as if shaped by a weight too heavy for his thin frame. He stepped into the room with his hands clasped behind his back, his eyes fixed on the floor a few steps in front of him, his head drooping horizontally out from his shoulders like that of a drowned bird.

He ambled over to an empty chair, removed his soaked hat, and sat down beside the man who had first noticed his coming. "How's the weather suit you today, Mr. Branch?" The old man looked up at the speaker and, in a deep, slow voice which sounded incongruous in so old a man, drawled, "Can't say as I like it very much." The men at the table fidgeted and stared at the newcomer whose curling mouth blended in with the thousand tiny furrows which twisted off toward his pale cheeks. He cleared his throat and declared, "I can't remember very many springs as rainy as this one. Let's see, there was nineteen and fifty — that was the year the aphids got the wheat, you know — and before that nineteen and twenty-eight, when it was so wet we never made it into the fields to plant. Then there was eighteen and ninety-six, the worst of all. I don't know whether anyone's told you boys about that one or not." He looked around the room, and the listeners shifted once again, readying themselves for another of the ritual-like stories which they heard almost every time Mr. Branch came into the cafe.

"It was in the spring of eighteen and ninety-six that my family moved out here from Illinois. We left Centralia in an open wagon pulled by a pair of sharp grey mules bought with the money we got from our land. My father said he wanted to break his new land with a new team, and I can remember to this very day how his voice sounded as he said it — quiet, sort of sober, like you hear from a man who had his mind made up. And when we started off — us six kids in the back, him and my mother on the front seat — he looked straight ahead, like he was sighting between the mules' ears, and never said a word. He'd been raised in Ohio when that was the West, you know, and had spent half his boyhood behind a plow. A fellow doesn't have much to say when what he knows can only be learned by watching the plants growing and the seasons changing and things coming into being and then passing away again leaving everything about the same as before.

"My mother, though, it was different with her. She wasn't old and was even kind of pretty then, even though she'd had six kids, and she was always smiling and patting us on the head and then turning around to look deep back into the west — off where the sun went down all gold and promising every day. She was hoping things'd change when we got to Oklahoma, don't you know — hoping that there wouldn't be any failures or disappointments there. It seemed like she thought life changed with the land, and if you could find some fresh pastureland beside a nice clean c r e e k somewhere then the wheat'd come up by itself and the rain'd fall when you needed it and you could sit back and finally enjoy what life had to offer. She didn't realize then that life — and death — is all the same everywhere." Mr. Branch paused for a second, looking deep into the streaming gloom where the clouds twisted and curled like sad, swirling wraiths. Then he touched his finger to the corner of his eye and continued:

"Everything was fine until just the other side of Independence, when one of our mules died. He lay down one night and stretched his stiff legs out in front of him, and when morning came, he wouldn't get up. He didn't move at all — just stared along the line of his shadow down the road, and my father squatted in front of him all the while, like he had the time and the patience to stay there until the mule finally decided to get up. Then about noon, the mule shuddered like he felt a chill run all through him, and my father got up and hitched the other mule to the wagon, and we set out, leaving the carcass with its wide, white eyes staring at the buzzards that were dropping down all around it.

"We had no sooner crossed the Missouri than it began to rain— a strange sort of spring rain, though. It was cold, and the clouds were so low t h a t you could see the grey mist hanging in a layer down the road, and sometimes you could see lightning too, flashing green and sort of ghost-like through the rain. My brothers and sisters and I sat huddled up in back under an old blanket, but the water soaked on t h r o u g h, and everything smelled all musty and lonesome, like at a funeral.

"As the rain soaked the road, the going got harder and harder. Sometimes the mule would just stop and stand rigid with the muscles standing out beneath its skin, like it was trying to pull the wagon but had been frozen in this one painful position. My father would slack up on the reins and keep looking straight ahead until the mule jerked the wagon into motion once again. My mother, though, she'd stare up at those clouds for a time, then back at us kids shivering beneath the blanket, and we'd hear her say to my father, 'Ain't it awful that this'd happen just when we come here. Sometimes I figure we're getting punished for something, but I can't think of what it'd be. I just can't figure it out.' He'd try to ignore her, but she'd keep right on saying it. Finally he'd turn his head, slow, with the rain dripping off the brim of his hat making him look sad and older than he was, stare straight at her and say, 'It don't have anything to do with us. This rain would've come up whether we was here or not. The sooner you realize that what we do don't make no difference, the better off we'll all be.' Then she looked down at her feet, and you couldn't tell whether she was crying or whether it was just the rain.

"There were a lot of times like this, because that sort of weather m a d e you cross and lonesome at the same time; my brothers and sisters and I were on bad terms during this part of the trip. But even worse were the nights, when there was no noise at all—no mule sneezing or trees soughing or people arguing or complaining— only the constant dripping of the rain, a sad kind of sound w h e n it never stops. It'd keep you awake at night, and at times you'd be afraid you were going crazy; so you'd concentrate on one thing, something you could grab hold of and take comfort from, like maybe the first clear day, and you'd say to yourself over and over; 'It'll come soon. It'll all be over soon.' Then one night I heard a new noise—a rattling, hacking sound, like the sound a horse makes when you run him too hard. I heard my mother stirring around on her pallet, and when I looked up, she was sitting beside my brother David with her hand resting gently on his forehead. From time to time he'd double up in his sleep and cough, deep and painful, like he was coughing not from his throat but from deep inside him somewhere, and t h e n she'd run her hand through his damp hair sort of absent-mindedly. I could tell by the way her eyes twitched and blinked that she was worried, and sometimes her lips would move like she was whispering to someone.

"David never made it to the doctor in the next town. After three days of choking and panting, he f e l l silent. It was a frightening new sound—silence— and we all jerked up and turned toward him. All I can remember thinking was how his face looked like a mask, one of those white masks with a gaping mouth and two wide, staring eyes, thinking this while my mother crouched beside him and s o b b e d and twitched all over just like a little girl who can't figure out what's happening to her. Then I heard the wagon creak as my father got down and came around to the back of the wagon where the body lay. He bent over and looked hard at the corpse, and we thought he was going to show some sort of sorrow after all those hard years, but suddenly he straightened up, turned to my brother Jonathan, and snapped, 'Get the shovel.'

"We buried David's body there, not thirty feet from the road. My brothers and I dug a hole in the black Kansas mud, then wrapped the corpse in the blanket and lowered it into the grave. It sank in the mud a little, and we covered it up while my mother read the Scriptures. As we stood with our heads bowed, I heard a little growling, gurgling sound, glanced to the side to see my brother Isaac with his hand to his mouth, trying to clear his throat without disturbing the ceremony. When everybody had turned away and was filing back toward the wagon, he nodded and coughed once, a short and intense cough, and as he lowered his hand, I could see his face twisted up with fear and pain."

The wind suddenly rose up and sent a wave of sleet slapping against the window. The listeners started, looking o u t into the shower, then d o w n at their watches. The door vibrated resonantly in its frame, but the old man seemed not to notice and continued to speak, staring all the while out the window as if hypnotized by the rippling, grey veils of rain which hung, then disappeared, in the darkness.

"... pretty soon another and then another, three of them in all, choking and coughing day and night. A few days later Isaac died, then Jonathan, and about a week later my sister Elizabeth. With each death my mother looked a little older, and her eyes grew red and wrinkled from all the tears. But my father never changed, still staring between the mule's ears, leaving me and my little sister, Mary, in the back, waiting for what we knew would come, gazing back down the road toward Illinois. But what we were waiting for never came. Two days after the last funeral, the sky cleared. We woke up one morning and noticed that there was no dripping n o i s e in the background, and when the sun came up for the first time in almost three weeks, the sky shone a deep and beautiful blue, like it was trying to make up for all those days with this one fine morning. The next day we entered Oklahoma Territory.

"After we picked up our claim at the land office, we drove out to our farm. The land there was flat and grassy and there wasn't a tree anywhere around. It was ten miles to a creek and four to the nearest homestead, but this didn't seem to worry my father. The first thing he did was squat down, pull up a clump of grass, and study the dirt clinging to the roots. For the first time I could remember, he almost smiled. 'Good land,' he said, then held the grass with its spindly, muddy roots up to my mother. But she looked away and said, slowly, like it was something she'd been thinking about for a long while, 'If I'd've known it was going to cost this much to get here, I'd've sooner stayed in Illinois. At least there we could've buried them decent.' My father didn't look up at her; instead he squinted far off to where the grass brushed up against the sky and said, 'I told you already, it don't make no difference. What's bound to happen's going to happen no matter what you do about it.'

"Then my mother b e g a n to tremble — it was hard to tell whether she was mad or just feeling completely helpless—and she shouted, 'Why then? Why do anything? Why not just stay in one place and let it all come to you! . .' Her voice cracked high like an old l a d y's, and she couldn't go on. My father turned and looked at her hard, like he was trying to steady her with his sharp stare. 'Because,' he said, 'It's a man's duty to keep trying.' He brought up a wad of phlegm from his throat and spit it out on the ground. 'Anybody can keep going if he knows everything'll turn out in the end.' All of the sudden my mother stumbled a little and started running back to the wagon with the tears flowing down her cheeks and sparkling off into the grass, leaving my father squatting there, sucking on one of the green stems, looking calmly and coldly deep into the western sky.

"Soon afterward, w h i l e we were setting up homestead, my mother's health began to fail. Mary took over the housekeeping and watched after her, but it seemed that she just didn't care to live anymore. She would lie in bed and stare for hours at the sod walls of our house, and sometimes she'd cry for no reason at all and say 'No, no, no . . .' over and over again like a chant. I would remember how she used to love us kids, how she'd smile and pat us on the head and be happy when we were happy, and she didn't seem like the same woman. She sort of wasted away, and three years after we set up the farm, she died. But even then my father didn't spend much time grieving; the day after her burial, he was up with the sun and back in the field, following the team around like some machine looking straight ahead all the time. It was t h e n, while watching him guide those mules back and forth, back and forth and knowing that he expected the locusts or the hail to get the wheat before we did, that I finally understood him just a little. I realized that he was just like another part of nature, like the sun that comes up every morning no matter what, like the seasons that'd follow each other in perfect order even if there was nobody on earth to follow them; it was then that I saw how he managed to continue when there was no reason to at all."

The listeners were taken un-

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My Last Hunting Trip

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then ran forward to admire his prize. "A big one, too. Must weigh thirty-five pounds." As I watched him prod the motionless carcass with the barrel of his shotgun, I felt my stomach shrink up inside me, and I turned my head away and looked off into the mesquite.

I heard my father grunt as he stood up and then the sound of his footsteps as he walked over to Mr. Crane. "Tom, you didn't have to do that."

"What's that," he said.

"You really didn't have to do that. I just thought you two'd want to have a look at him."

"Oh." He paused, then said, "Well, I suppose it didn't really hurt anything. There are probably plenty of porcupines around here anyways."

We finished hunting the mesquite thicket without seeing a single quail. It was about eleven o'clock when we gathered near where the brush thinned out into the broad grassland of the river bottom.

"It's getting on toward noon," said Mr. Crane. "I suppose we might as well get on back to the pickup and try to find another place to hunt."

"Whatever you say," answered my father. "But there's another thicket just to the other side of that ridge." He pointed to the north with the barrel of his shotgun. "We could hunt that one out, and then if we didn't get anything we could head back."

Mr. Crane squinted up toward the sun like a rabbit that, perfectly still, is watching a hawk circle high in the morning sky. "I suppose we have time," he said.

We set out toward the spine of the sharp ridge that stood between us and the other thicket. The ridge was steep and covered with rocks, and there was no buffalo grass growing on the side to keep your feet from sliding in the pebbles and loose dirt. Several times Mr. Crane slipped and dropped his shotgun as he tried to grab the branch of a cedar tree or a prickly wild plum bush, and once cut the heel of his right hand on the sharp corner of a rock. He pulled out his handkerchief and held it against the cut, and soon you could see a little spot of blood, crimson and shiny like the juice of a choke-cherry, soaking through the cloth.

After crossing the ridge, we stood before the second thicket. My father rubbed his chin with two thick fingers and said, "This brush is too heavy to go through. We'll have to flush them out from along the edges." Then we split up, with Mr. Crane taking the far side of the thicket while my father and I followed the twisting creek-bed along the south side of the mesquite. The land there was more barren and lifeless than in the first draw. The soil was made up only of a sort of brownish-red sand and some coarse, crystalline pebbles that sparkled in the sun when you looked toward the south; the buffalo grass grew here and there in thin, isolated clumps, and the yellow-flowering yucca were masked by the bent, black branches of the almost-leafless mesquite.

I walked beside my father for a while; then he told me to stay about thirty feet to his right so that I could get a shot if he scared up any quail. That meant I could walk down in the furrowed sand of the creek-bed; once again I could hear my heavy boots making their regular crunch, crunch, crunch on the dry yellow sand. Soon I heard a faint rustle that sounded a little like the flutter and chuckle of quails' wings — then, two gunshots. I jerked my shotgun to my shoulder but saw no quail flashing through the mesquite or dropping from the sky in a cloud of brown and white feathers. Then I looked back toward my father; he was sitting on a grey clump of buffalo grass, frantically unlacing one of his shoes. I didn't know what to think when I first turned and started to walk toward him, but suddenly a little wad of phlegm came up in my throat as I saw, writhing and coiling on the ground a few feet from my father, the mangled remains of a rattlesnake. My throat made a little choking sound, and I ran up and knelt in front of my father. There were two little red dots like pinpricks on his ankle just above where the top of his work shoe should have come, and he was unbuttoning his shirt with fingers that were trembling and fumbling like an old man's.

"Get Tom," he said.

I began to call out Mr. Crane's name over and over again, then stopped, picked up my shotgun and fired into the air. I shouted for maybe fifteen more seconds before turning back to my father, who had torn a strip from his shirt and was trying to tie it around his ankle just above the snake bite. I had just finished tying the knot around a little mesquite branch and tightening the tourniquet when Mr. Crane came trotting up.

"What is it now?" he said. Then he saw the snake still twitching in the bloody sand and jumped back, dropping his new shotgun into the dirt less than two feet from the snake. "Oh hell," he said.

My father looked up at him. "Go get the pickup and bring it down the creek-bed. I don't think I'll be able to walk out of here." He smiled the faintest sort of a smile.

"All right," said Mr. Crane. "I'll be right back." He turned and began to run across the creek bed, then clambered up the side of the ridge and disappeared. My father leaned back on his elbows and sighed as if he had been expecting something like this all along and was glad it had finally happened. Suddenly he sat upright, and his eyes grew big and fearful again. "See where he's going," he said. I turned without thinking and followed Mr. Crane's path across the creek bed, running as fast as I could in the heavy, high-topped boots my father had given me that morning. I scrambled up the ridge, grabbing cedar limbs and rocks to pull myself up and finally reached the top. I could see Mr. Crane hurrying up the other side of the draw we had first hunted, heading straight toward the south. Only then did I understand the terror I had seen in my father's eyes, the constriction in his voice. I shouted, "You're going the wrong way. The pickup's to the east." I screamed as loud as I could, but he never slowed down. He never heard.

The Orphic Voice

(Continued from Page 2)

tor between the two tendencies in Greek culture also adds to Milton's presentation of Creation. Orpheus is by tradition the poet-priest of Apollo, yet Dionysus is saddened by his death, and the later Orphic cult development is associated closely with the Dionysic aspects of religion. This dual connection of Orpheus makes him the mediator between Apollo and Dionysus, sky deities and earth deities, Uranic time and Chthonic time, static order and emotional frenzy, philosophy and poetry, transcendent truth and spiritual communion. This central position allows Orpheus to pivot between two extremes and embrace two opposites simultaneously as truth. This pattern of reconciliation of opposites also contributes to the Baroque atmosphere of Milton's style.

Finally, and perhaps most importantly, Orpheus establishes the pattern for the prophet-priest creativity of religion. The mythological Orpheus is identified as a priest of Apollo during his life, and his descent into Hades and triumphal return implies certain spiritual powers. Above all, his violent death, dismemberment, and resurrection suggest the regenerative pattern of Christian redemption. Because Milton uses Apollo as a pagan archetype of Christ, the poet-priest follower of Apollo may similarly be interpreted as the prefiguring of the Christian martyr, saint, or disciple. Thus Orpheus effectively embodies the function of the Christian poet who not only sings his truth but is also willing to die for it. The resemblance of Orphic cult rituals to the practices and beliefs of Pauline Christianity (especially the sacrament and body-soul separation) reinforce the parallel.[15] Again the Orpheus pattern serves only as the foundation of the redemptive pattern, and its limitations emphasize the more complete Christian victory. For example, Orpheus' limited victory over the underworld in his descent to reclaim only Eurydice is far surpassed by Christ's promised power over the Gates of Hell that will free all men from the power of Death. In the same way, Orpheus' triumph through death and dismemberment is the limited personal triumph of the poet; Christ's defeat of Satan through his self-sacrifice is a victory promised to all men.

Milton's use of the Orpheus mythological pattern provides a concrete, evocative pattern for the development of the function of the poet, the interpretation of the physical world, and the exaltation of the religious martyr despite an apparent physical defeat. Thus the Orpheus image combines the three aspects of creative genius in a continuum; art, science, and religion reveal the facets of a constantly metamorphic vision of truth.

[1]**The Orphic Voice: Poetry and Natural History** (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1960), p. 47.

[2]John Milton, **Paradise Lost**, in **John Milton's Complete Poems and Major Prose**, ed. Merritt Y. Hughes (New York: Osyssey Press, 1957), pp. 345-346. Hereafter notes refer to book and line numbers of this edition.

[3]**Ibid.**, VII. 21-39.

[4]"The Triumph and Death of Orpheus in the English Renaissance," **Studies in English Literature**, 9 (Winter 1969), 63-80.

[5]Ovid, **The Metamorphoses**, trans. A. E. Watts (Berkeley: University of California Press 1954), p. 218.

[6]**Ibid.**, pp. 219-220.

[7]**Ibid.**, p. 242.

[8]W. K. C. Guthrie, **Orpheus and Greek Religion: A Study of the Orphic Movement**, 2nd ed. (1952, New York: rpt. W. W. Norton & Company, Inc., 1966), p. 35.

[9]**Ibid.**, pp. 69-71.

[10]**Ibid.**, pp. 80-81.

[11]**Paradise Lost.** III.13-18.

[12]Ovid, pp. 221-239.

[13]**Paradise Lost.** VII.463-469.

[14]**Ibid.** VIII.160-178.

[15]Vittorio D. Macchioro, **From Orpheus to Paul: A History of Orphism** (New York: Henry Holt and Company, 1930), pp. 186-204.

The Curvature of Straight Lines

(Continued from Page 5)

trained a pair of powerful binoculars on a friend who was flying past you at ninety percent of the speed of light, you would notice that his watch would be moving only half as fast as yours. (Ignore the fact that it is utterly imposible to make any such observation.) Relativity theory predicts this slowing of time for a body moving at high velocities; not only do clocks slow down but so does heartbeat, respiration, and everything else. In fact, if a body moved at the speed of light, time for that body would stop altogether. Of course, don't forget that a body **can't** move quite that quickly, although it can move fast enough to live a lot longer than it usually does. For example, small subatomic particles called muons are very unstable, decomposing with an average life of a small fraction of a second (if they are just sitting around). But muons travelling at speeds near that of light have measured lives several times longer than the lifetime of their lazy relatives, a fact that provides further confirmation of Einstein's unbelievable assertions.

Einstein's revelations concerning the true condition of nature made a profound impact in physics, but among the masses his effect has been felt in a rather distorted way. People may recognize $E = mc^2$ (without knowing what it means), but they have no conception of what relativity theory has done to the accepted model of the Universe. This situation is in sharp contrast to the Copernican Revolution, after which all educated people came to realize the heliocentric nature of the solar system. Of course, this conversion of popular belief occurred over the course of many decades; the crucial point is that a conversion did take place. No such conversion should be expected with relativity, since Einstein's theories deal with a part of nature that is seldom observed — the realm of velocities near that of light — and the great magnitude of that velocity places an inherent limitation on any common observations of the effects which Einstein has so startingly described.

A Rainy Spring

(Continued from Page 7)

awares by the end of the story, and for a few seconds the only sound was the hollow baritone of the rain drumming on the roof. Then a chair scraped and someone said, "It's getting late. The missus will have dinner on soon." One or two of the men stood up and bade farewell to Mr. Branch, who was still sitting with his hands pressed together between his knees, staring out through the black window. After a few seconds he turned away, placed one calloused hand on the table before him, and rose to leave. He shuffled over to the door, then, turning back to the other men in the cafe, said, "I'll be seeing you boys around." Then he stepped outside and disappeared into the cold, black rain which flowed and closed in on his bent figure like a pall.

The man who had first spoken looked away from the door and said, "I think Mr. Branch's mind is beginning to fail him. His stories don't make as they used to." "No, they don't," said another man. "He's getting old."

Freshman Poem

Love Poem to Richard

Meg Langhorne

I sold my house out
to a boy
faded blue
sleeping dead days
in moon quiet.
he fixed clouded panes
in broken windows
thinking of grass
tree tall
and summer high
he down took fences
of rock heavy
and touched me gentle
showed me open
his silent way
through eyes sun set
lay we
green children.

Boswell Poetry

Separate Journeys . . . . . *D. M. Kollor*

The pilgrimage of fate's intineraries, those separate journeys through the past dead politics of forgotten lives, impelled us through the crosroads of time, and we traveled as far as love could see.

Now, I drive east, and recall
how once we lived in dreams,
in those white distant hills
blazing against the eye in San
Francisco.
If I should meet you in some
unexpected theater, in that
heart of darkness redolent of
the past, torn posters advertising future films, what to
say? **(Kurtz fled to Africa;**
where shall we go?)
Picturing that, I write this; like
a broken Gold Seal record, there
is no music, no unheard melodies
or disharmonies, / love / bitter,
fruitless tears / all are missing.
Listening to **Wozzeck,** I cannot
comprehend your absence.
And I go to sleep, hugging
lost dreams like the beaten
flat pillow where you were, so
brief a time ago, against me,
and I remember waking at
night
when winds warred against the
sky,
clouds and planets sunk like
troubled ships far from shore,
and I was anchored safely then
in your peaceful arms.

Next day, waiting for the mailman,
I look out the grey smudged
glass,
not really knowing what I hope
but afraid to look within.

True, light perpetual shines,
but what light is that for
the blinded? The dead do not
resurrect, nor the absent return.
Bitter recognition, but
it serves, to stave off madness.
Musing, I stumble in a haze of
voices.
— **Si Iniquitates observaveris,**
Domine . . .
Domine, quis sustinebit? —
The prickly pear, the prickly
pear,
here we go round the
the rarest tear
of compassion . . . .
Like frightened children or broken
carousels, we rage
at bankrupt dreams . . . .
And in the Tarot mirror of my
mind, I read
the liner notes to the jackets of
our lives:
The catastrophe of Wozzeck
and Marie
is wholly ours.
Then, interweaving with Agee's
"Knoxville: Summer 1915,"
heard one heavy Houston summer, comes the ghost of Pursewarden:
There is nothing
like a good, clean healthy affair,
preferably as a child.
And from lost time, the unanswerable
Why did I marry instead?
It's in the nature of our lives,
I hear you reply.
Love, a scraped-knee and crying
child
in this wounded mortality of fail-
ures pages,
survives, beyond value. (Cross
the river, brother,
I'll be waiting over there.)
Next, a notation on the fever
chart of marriage
howls its inquiry: **Who**
has a bandage for philos-
ophy?
Well, from that dead legacy,
that whispering memory of faded
writings and grasshopper voices,
choose, take, reject, and in
counterpoint to value systems,
ten cents a glance,
the dilemna persists,
each patient his own surgeon,
whether love like cancer must
be
cut away, . . . risking death
by life,
or knife, instead?
Meanwhile, somewhere in America
— **like a photograph of the thir-**
ties —
the poet has company now, and
all his dreams
have turned to pain.
Sing softly, children:
Somewhere
there is a promised land
far on the wounded plains
of love.
And like a Beethoven symphony
in the strains of that vortex, **yes,**
yes,
and by the sweet baby Jesus and
his unwed mother,
I realize that loving you is like
almost — almost,
but never nearly, never, not by
all the concentrated
effort of heart or gonad, will or
mind —
discovering the square root of
minus one, and I see
you always, and that short-lived
season, that sonnet
summer, when we saw ourselves
as we would be, unscarred
by all our pasts; and from cheap
plywood guitars,
wandering in those dusty, hard
travelin' blues, comes
elusive music from the gate of
horn.

Children's Literature

Roco Coco Poko . . . . . *Martha Munger*

Roco Coco Poko was an extraordinary little boy. Simply by saying the magic jingle he could make himself as tiny as an acorn or as big as a giant. He could be just the size he wanted to be, and that got him into all kinds of adventures. He'd had a dream one night that he was in a very tight spot and needed to shrink from the evil grasp of an ogre. Suddenly the magic words came to him. When he woke up, he tried saying them and sure enough he was thimble-sized the next instant. Roco Coco Poko practiced and practiced in his room until he could shrink to the size of his littlest finger or swell up tall until he had to duck his head to keep from banging the ceiling.

One day when Roco Coco Poko waked up from his afternoon nap, he sneaked around the corner to the kitchen door and peered around to where he could see his mother busily baking a cake. She had gotten to the point where everything was in the batter, and she had just finished blending it all together with her electric mixer. "Oh boy!" thought Roco Coco Poko on tiptoes, "I'd sure like to get in that bowl with all that batter." So he closed his eyes up tight and clenched his fists and whispered the magic words: "Alakazoo, alakazam, make me **smaller** than I really am. Bif, Boom, Bam!" And the next second he was scurrying across the floor like a little mouse.

There he was at his mother's feet. "Whew!" he said to himself, "I never knew how BIG Mama's feet were!" He had to be very careful not to be stepped on when she shifted her weight from one foot to the other. One step from those gigantic heels and CRUNCH! the end of Roco Coco Poko. Now the problem was for him to get up onto the counter that towered above his tiny head. First he tried jumping up to catch the handle on the drawers that stuck out beneath the counter. He hopped and fell back and just couldn't quite reach the bottom drawer handle. Anyway, he was afraid he would catch his mother's eye with all that hopping about, and mistaking him for a spider, she might squash him flat with her big shoe. Then he saw the dish towel hanging down almost to the floor from a rung on the end of the counter. So up the towel he climbed being ever so careful to hold onto both ends of the towel so that it wouldn't slip from the rung and tumble down on top of him.

When he finally made it to the top of the counter, he was so tired that he had to sit down behind a mixing bowl and rest. Then he climbed up from the top of a nearby measuring cup onto the mixer from the back side where his mother couldn't possibly see him. He ran as fast as he could across the top of the mixer and down onto the shining silver beaters. He slid down one of the blades into the middle of the cage of the beater, and all the way down he kept his tongue along the blade to get a lick of that delicious batter. Mmm — Angelfood — his favorite kind. He stood in the bottom of the beater and licked each blade from the bottom to just as far as he could reach with his little red tongue. Then he hopped over to the other beater and licked it too just as clean as he could.

His mother was washing the bowls and things she had used in mixing up the batter, and she still had to grease the cake pan and wait for the oven to be just the right temperature. So Roco Coco Poko had all the time he needed to eat his fill of the foamy white batter. Now he gathered up all of his courage and leaped off the beater and into the sparkling, sugary batter. His landing was so soft that he cried out for joy. The batter billowed up around him like snow drifts, and he ate and ate at the piles of foam. He liked falling into the soft batter so much that he climbed up the side of the bowl and onto the beaters and made dive after dive into the creamy waves. Each time he fell he grabbed handfuls of the foam and stuffed them into his mouth. Pretty soon his little stomach was so full that he could hardly climb out of the bowl. He was dizzy from jumping and sick from eating, but it was such fun that he couldn't make himself stop. All of a sudden he heard his mother's footsteps coming toward the mixer! There he was sunk in the middle of the bowl of batter with his stomach so full he couldn't move. He waved his arms wildly, but his legs wouldn't budge. The batter that had tasted so delicious was drowning him like quicksand, and if he didn't get out soon his mother might start the mixer again. And if she spotted him before she turned it on, she might seize him from the batter and squash him like a bug. If he cried out or said the magic words and got bigger, she'd recognize him and know his special secret. Roco Coco Poko was desperate; it seemed that nothing could save him. Still struggling to climb out of the bowl, he heard the terrible click of the button on the mixer and the buzz of the whirring beaters. He looked up and the gleaming silver blades were being lowered into the bowl, coming nearer and nearer to little Roco Coco Poco. He stood flat against the side of the bowl, terrified. He felt the whirlpool of batter trying to suck him in when the beaters met the batter. He clung to the wall prepared to dodge the beaters when they came near. Suddenly he felt the bowl tilt and saw the blades heading right for him. All covered with foam he must have looked like a big lump of batter to his mother. It looked as if Roco Coco Poko were about to be smoothed out! Quickly he turned his back on the whirling, sucking batter and the approaching blades and with one last effort scurried up the side of the bowl. Since the bowl was tilted for the beaters to touch the side of the bowl, it was easy to run up the side like the slope of a hill. He jumped down onto the counter, then slid down the towel like lightning, and fell on the floor, panting. The room spun around him several times as he lay on his back. "Golly!" he thought. "I'll never try that again! There was more batter there than a boy my regular size could eat!" His little belly was as tight as a drum. "I know now to stop eating when I start getting full. I really made a pig of myself, and now I feel awful!"

Finally he managed to get to his feet and waddle back to his room. He had learned his lesson about cake batter and about eating too much, and he was ready to be his normal size again. "Alakazoo, alakazam, make me the size that I really am. Bif, Boom, Bam!" And once again his usual size Roco Coco Poko climbed onto his bed and lay there with his eyes closed and his hands holding his aching stomach. A few minutes later he heard the oven door close and his mother's footsteps coming down the hall. When he opened his eyes, she was standing over him, smiling. "My, you've had a good long nap today," she exclaimed. Roco Coco Poko smiled back at her, and when she turned her back to leave, he winked.

Boswell, Second Prize

from DAWN VISION
Chris Willerton

I.

Sea-bird rides the surge
quietly in the dimness before
dawn,
watches the growing glow glaze
the surface
above fathoms
cold in the night ocean which
now stirs, releasing mists
which die before the dying stars.
He shivers, preens, then
flaps upward and upward to
take command of his acres of
ocean,
soars to see the sun just showing,
ruddy sun—silver then hump then
half
it rises, pulsing
purple-orange-purple against the
eye.
In the sky the sea-bird coasts on
the wind,
hovers toward the sun, as toward
the altar
of the titanic cathedral of sky.

Like a slow shout the glory
grows,
till the sun is born from the
womb of the sea.

II.

Gnarled above the dark horizon
hills
the branches of mesquite make
filigree
against a haze that hides the rising sun.
Dark shards of rock, grass
clumps, remains of weeds
lie dim and stiff, scattered across
dry-riverbed sand.

Freshman: Short Story

The Old Carpenter

Grace Kuikman

"We won't bring you inside, dear; all the old men would ogle you and I know you wouldn't enjoy it, besides, you know what I mean, the way old people in places like this smell and . . ."

I took the turn under the arch marked "Home of Carpenters and Joiners of America, Lakeland, Florida" at 35 miles an hour in hope that Grandmother would change the subject of her lecture.

". . . so you just park the car and walk around the grounds, they have beautiful grounds here . . . you know what I mean, darlin' . . . This is a ten-mile-per-hour zone, darlin' . . . just park over here, no, up here is better . . . Park wherever you want, dear . . . oh- park there . . . Perfect."

I locked my car door and circled away from her, saying, "Right. A half an hour. Yeah, half an hour."

It was a cool summer morning, and dozens of old carpenters and joiners of America were sitting on hand-made park benches scattered around the acres of land that made up the union-run old men's home.

My first consciousness was of the bugs in the tall grass around my ankles. I was annoyed already by the fact that I was even there. What was I going to do walking around an old carpenter's home?

All I could see were trees and park benches filled with spitting old men. It seemed that all the oglers were outdoors that day. I was intensely aware of my chunky uncovered legs and kept trying to pull my shorts down farther onto my thighs as I walked along cursing the bugs and listening to shriveled old men clear their throats.

I noticed a small lake. I walked through a gazebo and down a stone path to the dock. It was weedy, and tiny frogs jumped over my toes.

I looked over the water and revisualized my grandfather, a now-departed carpenter and, no doubt, joiner. Somehow all the men I had seen had reminded me of him: thinning white hair, flannel shirts, bony hands and half-inches lopped off of fingers or thumbs by rampant electric saws. They all sat with their elbows up on the benches, their wrists hanging limp. They were quiet except when they loosened phlegm and spat.

I felt uncomfortable seeing the image of my dead grandfather brought to life by the old men. I wondered how much more of the half hour there was to go. I started back for the car. Why should I walk through all the bugs and unsettling old men when I could sit where no one could see my fleshy thighs?

I took a path along the lake instead of trekking back uphill. This route led me past only a few benches and I began to relax. I sat down on the side of a small mortar and brick fish pond and looked around. To my right there was a tree with deep green leaves and large white blossoms.

The breeze blew through the tree and toward me. The scent was delicate and sweet. I smiled.

"Yeh know what that there tree is?"

I turned and saw a tall man in a torn white shirt and green workman's slacks walking toward me. For a moment I hesitated.

"No, I guess I-uh-don't."

"Why, that's a genuwhine Southern magnolia!" he drawled in a thick southern accent. Then he grinned and wiped his forehead with a ragged sleeve and put a lightweight cowboy hat on his head. "What yeh doin' here? T'ain't offen we see a youngen like you 'round."

"I, uh, drove my grandmother here. She's visiting an old friend, and I'm just walking back to the car." I looked past him nervously then said, "You have a beautiful place here."

"Yeah. We do. Sometimes I think we have about the best place a old man could have. Y'know we stay purty busy here. Have yeh seen our green house?"

He led me down a grassy path grinning excitedly. "Y'know, in this here green house my friends Al an' Hank, they grow all, I mean all, the tomatas and green beans this en-tire place here eats in winter. All of it. And there's a lot o' us here, too. The whole hospital. Everone."

His blue eyes sparkled. For the first time I noticed that he was awfully thin. I guessed that he had been ill.

"Yeh got time to meet a friend a-mine? He went an' built hisself the nicest house, right over there. It'll just take a minnit to run down there. I think maybe yeh'd like it.

"Andy's kinda a loner here. He don't much like livin' with the resta us folks up in the big buildin' so he found hisself some wood and nails and built hisself the finest little house I ever did see. Right here now, see? Right through this here gate.

"Andy! Andy? I got company fer yeh! The purtiest youngthang we seen 'roun' here in a long time! OOOeeeee!"

Andy stepped out of his doorway wearing long green shorts and a visor. "Hello, Tex, whattya say? Who's this? I didn't know you had yourself a girlfriend!" He laughted and tapped his visor.

"She ain't my girlfrien', And, she's just a-visitin'. Thought I'd show her your place so's she could see the nice thangs we can do here. Ain't many places got pri-vel-ges like we got."

Andy led me through his gardens. The walk was made of bottoms of beer bottles placed in cement. On both sides there were bushes and flowers and weeds, unkempt but decorated with old dolls and canes and stuffed animals like one wins at carnivals. There was a small bridge over a shallow stream. The bridge had no railings and before you stepped onto it there was a large sign warning: CAUTIAN - BRIGE.

Andy took me into his house. It was small and built from scraps of wood. There were knotholes in the walls. At first glance the house seemed primitive. I scrutinized his workmanship, remembering all I had learned as the daughter of a carpenter, and noticed how evenly the wooden floor boards had been laid. The work of a true carpenter. He was old and proud.

The walls were decorated thickly with souvenirs and pictures of his family and wooden plaques with burned-in adages. On one wall there were two snakeskins nailed onto white pine planks.

"See here?" Andy pointed up to my left. "This is my Lion's hat. I'm a Lion, you know." I felt like saying 'So's my father', but did not.

"And over here's the pictures that my grandchildren drew for me. Last time I seen 'em was a couple-a years ago. They don't get down here much. They live up in Pensacola, that's a far drive, you know."

He pointed out a picture of his wife. "Her name was Ann," he said, "And mine is Andy. Folks used to say we was well matched cause of our similarity in names. Ain't it a coincidence?"

I smiled and laughed, "Yes, that's right. That is an unusual thing."

"Ann and Andy," he repeated and shook his head as he straightened the picture on the wall.

The Texan led me back through Andy's garden.

The Texan took long strides through the grass. I walked quickly to keep pace. He told me about Sundays and barbecues at the carpenter's home. He talked about his friend the taxidermist who died the year before. He told me that the carpenter's home was different from other old people's homes because the men were allowed a certain amount of independence: they could go to town by themselves, for instance.

We came to a small clearing at the edge of the home's land. The Texan stopped and tilted back his hat. The sun shone on his browned face. He paused a moment and looked wistfully over a patch of grassy land, then gestured with his hand over the area. "See this here piece-a ground? This is the finest piece-a ground on the whole place. Yessir, this is where I grew my sugar cane."

He grinned, watching the breeze gently wave the grass and wildflowers.

"On summer nights I used to come out here and sit and ever' night a fella use to come and bring me a pint-a mighty fine whiskey an' a pack-a cigarettes an' eighteen cent: a dime, a nickel an' three pennies. Ever' single night till I got sick and had to give up my sugar cane.

"Yeh know, I never did figger out why he brought that eighteen cent. He never brought me nineteen or seventeen, always eighteen cent. He musta had a reason, but I never did know it."

I knew my half hour was up. I thought of my grandmother's inevitable reproval. I touched the Texan's arm, "I'm sorry but I have to go now. My grandmother is waiting . . ."

He smiled and put his hand on my shoulder. "That's o.k." he said. "Let's head this way to the parkin' lot."

"Yeh know, we don't get many young purty gals to come visit us here, at least not many's who's interested in what we do. Nobody knows how good we got it here. People jus' don't know that there's a place where a old man don't haveta jus' go off an' die."

His grip tightened on my shoulder. We had stopped walking to say goodbye. I could see my grandmother by the car from where we stood. He released my shoulder and grinned broadly.

"It shore was nice meetin' you, miss."

"It was nice meeting you, too. It's beautiful here. Thank you so much for the tour, and bye."

I walked toward the car taking the keys out of my pocket.

"You should have seen Harm," my grandmother said as I reached her. "He's so bad off. These old folks homes are so bad for old men. They just haven't got anything to occupy their time. This is a ten-mile-per-hour zone, darlin' . . ."

As she spoke, I saw the Texan in my rear-view mirror. He was walking toward his sugar cane patch.

Freshman: Narrative of Fact

A Man

Bill C. Bradford

It was a typical day in the Tonkin Gulf. The sky was a clear blue, there were scattered cumulus clouds drifting about, and the sea was quiet and friendly. Everyone on the ship, with the exception of the on-deck watch section, was getting a chance to enjoy it, as we were assembled on the fantail for a change-of-command ceremony. As we stood at parade rest while the Admiral was piped aboard from his helicopter, the Honor Guard presented, the Drill Team inspected and the band blasted forth with "Anchors Aweigh," I was amused, since the man for whom all this pomp and ceremony was being presented considered it a complete waste of time.

Captain R. E. Scott, Commander, Destroyer Squadron 39, was being relieved after an eighteen-month tour as ComDesRon 39. He seemed somber as he sat to the left of the speaker's podium, where the Admiral was preparing to make his address, and fingered the Command-at-Sea star on his right breast pocket. Commodore Scott was one of those individuals whose presence commands attention and whose self-confidence is almost tangible. He looked like what all young boys believe a dashing naval officer looks like and what John Paul Jones should have looked like. His tall, lean build and his tanned face, backed-up by a full growth of dark brown hair, had drawn the envy of more than one corpulent and balding admiral. Why he, after twenty-eight years of naval service, was not an admiral seemed absurd. However, not long ago, as a group of us were having drinks with him in the Officer's Club in Sasebo, Japan, he explained, "That two inches of gold on an admiral's sleeve represents a huge chunk of personality that he had to sacrifice. I am not willing to pay that price."

The Admiral now started his address: "As you all know, Captain Scott is ending a distinguished tour as . . ." I suddenly thought of the stereo. We were two days out of San Diego enroute to Pearl Harbor on a calm, peaceful day when the event occurred. Since the Commodore and his staff had moved aboard shortly before we left San Diego, we were still getting acquainted. Our ship's captain, Commander George Elson, was demonstrating the ship's roll stabilizing system to Lieutenant Tom Jacobs, the Commodore's Operations Officer, with the manual control lever on the bridge. By operating the lever he caused the underwater fins on each side of the ship to rotate back and forth, eventually building up enough momentum to give the ship a hefty roll. He rotated the lever a few times and once managed a twenty degree roll that surprised everyone. A few minutes later, Tom left the bridge to talk to the Commodore. As he opened the door to the Commodore's stateroom, he stopped short at the sight of the Commodore sitting in the middle of his room, picking up parts of his stereo receiver, turntable and speakers. Tom knew what had

(Continued on Page 12)

Freshman: Research

Volunteer Army: No!

David L. F. Lawrence

Despite the recent renewal by Congress of the Draft Law, the United States is on its way to converting to an all-voluntary army within five years. "Today's Army wants to join you," flash posters in recruiting stations. Promotional campaigns, along with pay raises, relaxation in discipline and increased benefits, are designed to entice qualified young men into volunteering for service in the Army, in hopes of disposing with the Selective Service. President Nixon has vigorously supported the creation of an all-volunteer force. Republican senators Barry Goldwater and Mark Hatfield both support the idea[1]; Democratic senator Edward Kennedy is opposed to it. In a poll of Army ROTC cadets, nine out of ten voted in favor of an all-volunteer army, while only one out of ten said they would serve in such an army.[2] The issue of whether or not the United States should adopt an all-volunteer army is one that arouses strong opinions.

Why the tumult over what would seem to be a viable and desirable concept? Would the United States not benefit from an all-volunteer force of motivated young men? Supporters of the plan say Yes; critics say No. Debate over the issue centers around the cost of such a project and the quantity and quality of the men who could be induced into volunteering for the proposed army. Many even question the usefulness of maintaining an army in an age of nuclear weapons; the argument over the practicality of a volunteer army stems in part from this. The question is asked: Does the United States have any use for an army? If the answer is Yes, then emerges the question: Is the concept of an all-volunteer army, as envisioned by its advocates, one that would prove successful if adopted by the United States? If the answer to this question is No, as it proves to be under examination, then one must conclude that an all-volunteer army could not be used to an advantage by the United States.

Though in a nuclear war an army of any type would be virtually worthless, our present foreign policy dictates that the United States must maintain an army in order to honor its commitments abroad. And the threat or reality of a conventional war, such as the war in Indochina, makes necessary the maintenance of a large ground force. In his farewell address, President Dwight D. Eisenhower said, "A vital element in keeping the peace is our military establishment."[3] Many may dispute the morality of America's foreign commitments, and though that is not the point in question, it has a place in this argument. The usefulness of a strong military force as an instrument of foreign policy was pointed out in a recent U.S. Army handbook:

> In international affairs today, the power of a state ultimately cannot be divorced from military power. The prestige from past military victories, plus the ability to win future wars, make a great power. And the stronger the military instrument, the stronger the hand of the diplomat at the conference table.[4]

From a standpoint of what is moral, it is hard to always agree with the actions taken as a result of United States foreign policy; however, the idea of supporting a forceful foreign policy through the maintenance of a strong armed force is sound. If America is to remain the foremost world power, it must exercise a vigorous foreign policy, necessitating the existence of a United States Army.

Both the supporters and critics of the Army argue in favor of an all-volunteer army; just as many people of other varied opinions argue against it. In a large number of cases, the arguments in favor of an all-volunteer force are actually arguments against the existing Selective Service system. Critics of the system feel that the creation of a volunteer army would do away with the evils (and they do exist) present in the Draft.[5] Critics of the volunteer army say that doing away with the draft would only amplify the problems present. Another argument in favor of an all-volunteer army is that it should attract the skilled personnel needed to run a modern army.[6] This argument also comes under fire from critics. Finally, supporters feel that with proper enticements, the volunteer army would consist of a highly motivated and talented group of professionals. Though critics doubt that a volunteer army could achieve this goal, they feel that should it hold true, grave consequences would follow.

Critics of the Selective Service list a number of faults in the present system. They feel that a disproportionate number of people called upon to fight in a war are draftees, and that abolishing the Draft would eliminate this problem.[7] Critics of the Draft also feel that a disproportionate number of draftees are black, and that getting rid of the Draft in favor of a volunteer army would alleviate this problem. They believe that the little-motivated draftee should be replaced by the highly-motivated volunteer.[8] And, they say, a bloc of men of military age could affect United States foreign policy by refusing to enlist, should the United States convert to a volunteer force. Such an action, say proponents, would give citizens a voice in government lacking under the Draft.[9]

These arguments do not stand up under examination. The reason for the large number of draftees in combat arms is simple: the Army cannot afford to give specialized training to men who will probably not serve more than two years (the re-enlistment rate for draftees is 5 to 8 per cent).[10] With a volunteer army, a new problem would arise: in the first half of 1970, 2.5 per cent of the 71,342 who volunteered for the Army chose one of the combat branches.[11] An all-volunteer army could conceivably attract more than enough specialists but not enough combat soldiers. The people most likely to enlist in an all-volunteer army would be those who had the most to gain —the poor, largely blacks.[12] Unless the Army could attract a sufficient number of young men from higher socio-economic groups, it could not maintain an equitable ratio of blacks to whites without turning away a large number of blacks. It is estimated that two volunteers would be able to replace three draftees in the New Army. This is a concept that Captain Robert Voelkel of the Texas Christian University ROTC cadre believes to be nonsense. According to Captain Voelkel, in a platoon once under his command, almost all of the disciplinary problems occurred with the volunteers, while most of the promotions were awarded to the draftees. "People are looking for a bright, motivated young man who is willing to sacrifice civilian job opportunities for the Army: this just doesn't happen." The captain also believes that the draft is needed to provide the manpower necessary to operate today's weapon systems, and that since the draftee represents a cross section of the population, though he is usually less motivated than the volunteer, he is often the better soldier.[13] Proponents of the volunteer army are correct in saying that Americans would have more influence in the making of foreign policy under their plan; but the prospect of the United States being in the position of having to depend upon the whims of the public whenever a show of force is needed is not a good one.

The skilled personnel, expected by some to enlist in the volunteer Army, might never materialize. In the first place, it would take large sums of money to attract skilled men from high-paying job opportunities. It is estimated that a private's base pay would have to be increased to $4,200 per year to attract enough men to maintain a 2.65 million man force—the strength of the Army before the Vietnam buildup.[14] The total cost of maintaining an army of 2.65 million volunteers could run as high as $17 billion.[15] Regarding the quality of the men who would compose the volunteer Army, past experience predicts that it would not be very high. In the period after the Second World War, 300,000 men volunteered for Army service. Of these volunteers, the percentage of high school graduates was about 0.3 per cent.[16] In the three years following October 1, 1965, 24 per cent of those entering the Army did so under new standards, rating below the previous minimums of Army standards. Of these men, 53 per cent were volunteers.[17]

Britain and Canada both recently converted to volunteer armies, with less success than was hoped. As recently as two years ago, Britain's army was at a level 25 per cent below the minimum manpower requirements set when the program was initiated. Now the forces are 10 per cent below the minimum manpower level, a figure which officials feel will remain constant. The specialized fields have been especially hurt by the manpower shortages, which occur despite a 95 per cent increase in base pay and reduction of enlistment time from 6 to 3 years. Canada has fared better, with four applicants for every opening. However, say officials, not enough of the applicants qualify for positions in specialized fields.[18] Projecting the results of these two programs upon the United States program is risky at best. However, since the United States is very similar to Britain and Canada in both culture and language, some projections may be made. Assuming the United States could not meet its manpower requirements with a volunteer army under present standards, it would have to make one of two choices: it could either maintain an army of substandard size, or lower its standards still further and maintain an army of substandard quality. Neither solution is acceptable.

Although the predicted force of highly skilled and motivated professionals, envisioned by the advocates of a volunteer army, could possibly materialize, the chances are that it would not. However, should the improbable occur, it would be something distasteful to most Americans. The belief that America could depend upon the citizen soldier in time of trouble dates back to colonial times:

> To meet the danger of Indian uprisings, colonial governments revived the militia system that had existed in England before the rise of professional armies. **Universal participation** was a part of that system. . . . Among the strong military traditions that developed in the colonial period, the most lasting were belief in the competence of the citizen soldier to meet military emergencies, distrust of large standing armies and professionals, and a conviction that the civil authority must maintain strict control over the military forces.[19]

An army of conscripted men, though far-removed from the colonial militia, still represents a broad cross section of the population, and therefore is an example of universal participation versus a professional volunteer force. No longer would students enroll in ROTC programs to escape the draft; those who did enroll would be potential "career men." Omitting the officers and men who would volunteer because of the increased financial benefits offered, what would remain would be an army of professionals, alienated from the rest of the population. Under the present system, most soldiers still think like civilians. Should the all-volunteer Army prove successful, it would do away with most of the civilian control of the Army, simply by disposing of most of the people who think like civilians, and who respect civilian authority.

The plan to adopt an all-volunteer army is not a very practical or responsible one. By dissolving the current force of both draftees and volunteers in favor of a volunteer force, not only would the inequities and faults that are present in the Selective Service system remain, but new defects would emerge. With a program doomed to almost certain failure, America would be left to choose between an inadequately-sized army or one that would merely be inadequate. Should a volunteer army prove successful, America would have an army of professionals, alienated from the rest of society and almost completely free of civilian controls. In any case, an all-volunteer army would only create more problems than it solved and would give birth to new and more dangerous evils. The odds are against any success—other than superficial—for a volunteer army in this country. The United States could not use an all-volunteer army to any advantage and should not substitute it in place of the existing army.

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[1]"If the U. S. Tries an All-volunteer Army," **U.S. News and World Report**, LXX (March 1, 1971), 33.

[2]Interview with Captain Robert L. Voelkel, Reserve Officer Training Corps, Fort Worth, Texas, 16 November 1971.

[3]"Eisenhower's Farewell Address," **Current History**, LV (August, 1968), 105.

[4]Readings for "The Defense Establishment in National Security," U.S. Government Printing Office (Washington, 1969),p. 205.

[5]"The Case for a Volunteer Army," **Time**, XCII (January 10, 1969), 25.

[6]John Mitrisin, "Pros and Cons of a Voluntary Army," **Current History**, LV (August, 1968), 87.

[7]"If the U. S. Tries an All-volunteer Army," p. 33.

[8]"The Case for a Volunteer Army," p. 25.

[9]John Mitrisin, p. 89.

[10]**Ibid.**, p. 87.

[11]"If the U. S. Tries an All-volunteer Army," p. 32.

[12]John Mitrisin, p. 92.

[13]Interview with Captain Robert L. Voelkel, Reserve Officer Training Corps, Fort Worth, Texas, 16 November 1971.

[14]John Mitrisin, p. 89.

[15]John Mitrisin, p. 90.

[16]"The Case for a Volunteer Army," p. 25.

[17]"If the U.S. Tries an All-volunteer Army," p. 32.

[18]"How Two Allies Fare with Volunteers," **U.S. News and World Report**, LXX (March 1, 1971), p. 35.

[19]Readings for "The Defense Establishment in National Security," p. 205; italics mine.

Freshman: Essay

Byron's Treatment of Man in 'Manfred'

Nancy Newman

"Manfred," Lord Byron's first attempt at a dramatic poem, appeared in 1818. In the poem, Byron, through the use of the autobiographical, relates his views on mankind and nature. Manfred, the protagonist, clearly is the poet himself embodied in verse. Several elements of the poem support this viewpoint. He, like Byron, is unhappy in the society of men. He is a "loner" who revels in the solitude of nature. Also, like Byron, he is a nobleman, a Lord. Throughout the poem reference is made to Manfred's ill-fated love affair which is clearly representative of Byron's incestuous relationship with his half-sister, Augusta. Therefore it is correct to equate Byron with Manfred and to assume that Manfred's thoughts are a reflection of Byron's own reveries. The dramatic form utilized in "Manfred" makes it possible for Byron to relate to the readers his thoughts on mankind and nature as they evolve in the voice and thoughts of Manfred. (Let the readers keep in mind that Byron continually echoes his sentiments in the voice of Manfred.)

Byron's feelings of alienation from mankind are immediately made evident in Manfred's first soliloquy. Byron describes how Manfred, with his superior intellect, has been able to accumulate vast knowledge, but, paradoxically, this knowledge has led to only his increased sorrow. Manfred is alienated from mankind. The good, evil, power, passion and fears of men are meaningless to him. Manfred does not bear the hopes of men nor does he bear love for anything earthly. Manfred says,

> From my youth upwards
> My spirit walk'd not with the souls of men,
> Nor look'd upon the earth with human eyes;
> The thirst of their ambition was not mine;
> The aim of their existence was not mine;
> My joys, my griefs, my passion, and my powers,
> Made me a stranger, though I wore the form,
> I had no sympathy with breathing flesh,
> (Act II, ii, 11. 53-60).

Manfred cites one exception to his alienation. With one person, and one only, he has shared communion. But Manfred's love for this one brings only misery to them both. Like Byron's embrace for his half-sister, Manfred's embrace was fatal. (Act II, i, 1. 94) In Byron's case, the misery is a result of society's scorn. Thus this one contact with mankind results in an increased alienation from men.

Byron's alienation feeds on a feeling of superiority. Manfred, like Byron, finds his joy in nature and in solitude; hence he feels degraded when he crosses paths with a lowly mortal. Manfred, who is in a position of power, says this concerning his participation in the governing of men: "I disdain'd to mingle with / A herd, though to be a leader — and of wolves / The lion is alone, and so am I." (Act III, i, 11. 135-138) Manfred reiterates his alienation by comparing himself with a desert snake who ". . . seeketh not, so that it is not sought / But being met is deadly." (Act III, i, 11. 146-147)

Byron feels that other men can find comfort and happiness in society, but that he himself could never be happy leading the dull, patient, complacent life of men. He conceives of a man who is happy with mankind's lot as being like the chamois hunter:

> —peasant of the Alps,
> Thy humble virtues, hospitable home,
> And spirit patient, pious, proud and free;
> Thy self-respect, grafted on innocent thoughts;
> Thy days of health, and nights of sleep: thy toils,
> By dangers dignified, yet guiltless; hopes
> Of cherished old age and a quiet grave,
> With cross and garland over its green turf,
> And thy grandchildren's love for epitaph.
> (Act II, i, 11. 67-75)

For Byron it is not possible to receive comfort and companionship from either the company of men or from the prayers of holy men. Manfred is superior. He has no need of men's comforts. When someone advises him of the comfort found in patience, Manfred shouts, "Patience and patience! Hence—that word was made / For brutes of burthen, not for birds of prey / Preach it to mortals of a dust like thine / I am not of thine order." (Act II, i, ll. 37-40)

Manfred, who has power over the spirits that control nature, wants the one thing which the spirits cannot grant him: forgetfulness. The spirits offer him what other men would revel in:

> Ask of us subjects, sovereignty, the power
> O'er earth, the whole, or portion, or a sign
> Which shall control the elements, whereof
> We are the dominators,—each and all,
> These shall be thine.
> (Act I, i, 11. 142-147)

Manfred wants none of it. This contrasts the goals of men with Manfred's desires. Most men contemporary with Byron would be happy in his place, just as Manfred's father was in the poem. But to Manfred, and thus to Byron, his Lordship offers no consolation to his bitter fate: he is a mere man.

Even though Byron does not enjoy communion with mankind, he recognizes man's compassion for his fellowman. Two characters, the Chamois Hunter and the Abbot, in the play "Manfred," represent logical, upright men who are concerned about Manfred and attempt to aid him through the media of the Church. This is indicative of the fact that Byron felt that men find their primary consolation in the arms of religion. Byron makes it clear that he appreciates the compassion shown to him by men even though it is useless. Manfred says to the Abbot;

> Old man! I do respect
> Thine order, and revere thine years; I deem
> Thy purpose pious, but it is in vain.
> Think me not churlish: I would spare thyself,
> Far more than me,
> (Act III, i, 11. 171-175)

However, Byron also recognizes that consolation is not the only function of religion. He cites the fear of God and hell as a primary force utilized for controlling men. The Abbot tries to appeal to Manfred's fear of death. "There still is time / For penitence and pity: reconcile thee / With the true church, and through the church to heaven." (Act III, i, 11. 58-69) Manfred rejects the Abbot's appeal to his fear of death and hell by retorting, "there is no future pang / Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd / He deals on his own soul." (Act III, i, ll. 85-87)

Byron feels that to be successful in society man must tame his thoughts and create a world of fantasy. The Abbot, who is a representative of society, agrees with Manfred's assertions which voice Byron's sentiments. The Abbot conceives of the creation of a world of fantasy as being wholesome and desirable: " 'Tis strange — even those who do despair above / Yet shape themselves some fantasy on earth / To which frail twig they cling like drowning men. (Act III, i, 11. 114-116) Manfred replies,

> Ay — father! I have had those earthly visions
> And noble aspirations in my youth,
> To make my own the mind of other men,
> The enlightener of nations; and to rise. . . .

Manfred says that he lost these ambitions because

> I could not tame my nature down; . . .
> A mighty thing amongst the mean, and such
> The mass are; (Act III, i, 11. 130-135)

This passage emphasizes Byron's feelings of superiority: his feelings and thoughts were much too great to be trampled down by society as other men's are.

In "Manfred" Byron makes good use of an autobiographical character, Manfred, to present his views on mankind. He explains his alienation from mankind, which he believes is due to his superiority, and his disgust with the institutions of men, notably the church. This is accomplished by telling the story of a man and his search for oblivion.

A Man

(Continued from Page 10)

happened but could think of nothing to say but, "What happened, Commodore? Did your stereo fall when the ship rolled?" The Commodore slowly looked up at Tom and with a tolerant, wry smile said, "No, Tom, I take my stereo apart and put it back together this time everyday."

". . . after having had command of three destroyers . . ." I saw him staring at a flight of aircraft going overhead and I remembered our conversation a few months back when I had been on watch as Officer-of-the-Deck during the midnight to four "midwatch." As I stood on the bridge watching the staccato-like flashes of light from the bombs the B-52s were dropping on a North Vietnamese base, the Commodore came up and stood beside me for a minute, then said, "Bill, the people that are dying under those bombs may technically be your enemy, but never forget their humanness. For, once you do, you've lost contact with reality and, therefore, yourself. You and I started our careers as enlisted men and, as a result, realize that those little white deodorant cubes are just as necessary in the officer's head as they are in the enlisted head." I turned away from the bombing.

". . . has always conducted himself in the highest traditions of the Navy. . ." How that man enjoys parties, women, and the nectar of the grape. He is always the center of attention at any bar or party. Happy, robust and friendly, he will sit and talk for hours on any subject but his military duties — business subjects should, he says, be discussed during business hours, not bar hours. He has ingenious ways for enlivening parties and helping people to relax and enjoy themselves. Once, at the dignified and sedate dining room of the Hong Kong Hilton, he caused all six captains of the ships in the squadron acute discomfort when he took the taste sample of an excellent Burgundy from the Wine Steward and immediately upon tasting it, jumped up from the table, grabbed his throat with both hands and yelled "Aaaarrrgghh!" as loud as he could. Another time, in the States, he called Tom Jacobs at three in the morning and invited him to a party. It seems the Commodore and a girlfriend had met a Norwegian merchant seaman and his girlfriend in one of the better bars on the San Diego waterfront and all had staggered to the Commodore's apartment. However, Tom declined the invitation, saying that it was a little late to get a babysitter. Undaunted, the Commodore said, "Well, bring the boy along." Tom said that he did not think he should and the Commodore said, "Oh, I understand; he's on the wagon, huh?"

". . . in being awarded his third Silver Star for valor. . ." He was still fingering that Command-at-Sea star, and I could understand why, since I knew how he felt about it. He considered command-at-sea one of the gravest responsibilities any man could have because he had direct control over events that could endanger men's lives. We once conducted an intense gunfire support mission, as a squadron, against North Vietnamese gun positions in the DMZ. The Commodore was maintaining contact with U.S. forces ashore on one radio circuit, support aircraft on another, and his squadron of ships on another. He personally directed three hours of battle with all these units without a hint of confusion or hesitation. Once, when a shore battery obtained our course, speed and position well enough to bracket us with two near misses, the Commodore calmly looked over at the captain and said, "Well, George, what do you think?" The captain wasted no time in a change of course and speed. After the engagement was completed, the captain congratulated the Commodore on his perfect mission. The Commodore smiled, then looked at Tom Jacobs and asked, "Did we have any casualties, Tom?" Tom said that one of the ships had lost two men from a shell hit. The Commodore then drooped his head and murmured, "Not quite perfect, George."

". . . he will be remembered by the men of the squadron. . ." The farewell party we gave him in Sasebo, Japan, a few days earlier was our real goodbye to this man. The pomp and rhetoric of the ship's official ceremony was too alien to his nature to impress him. However, the party did. We rented the grand ballroom of the largest hotel in Sasebo and rounded up a large number of Japan's liberated young ladies to attend. As soon as the Commodore walked through the door, he stopped, looked around and smiled, since he knew that every man there was in attendance because he wanted to be. As he was led to where the six captains were primly sitting on the floor around the low Japanese table, a small frown appeared on his forehead. He stood by the table a minute and looked around. Finally, he said, "Don't you people know that when you wear a Japanese kimono you don't wear any clothes beneath it?" He came to our table, shook hands with everyone and, with a mischievous glint in his eye, bent down and whispered something to the girl sitting next to me. After he left I asked her what he had said. Still smiling, she said, "He told me that if I gave him a quarter, he would show me an obscene tattoo on his rear-end." I understand, from a reliable source, that he eventually made $3.38. I would like to know what he did for that odd thirteen cents.

". . . I officially relieve Captain Scott of all duties as Commander, Destroyer Squadron 39 and assign those duties to Captain Simpson. Gentlemen, I present your new Commodore." As Captain Simpson began his address, the Commodore looked thoughtfully at him for a moment and then seemed to stiffen as his hand again touched the Command-at-Sea star. He seemed aware of something as he looked down at the star and, with a glance at the new Commodore, slowly removed it. I then had difficulty seeing the Commodore, as a fine, light mist enveloped the clear blue day.

Bulletin Board

"CUT DOWN" ON YOUR COST OF APARTMENT LIVING IN THE BEST APARTMENTS IN FORT WORTH

I have several unusual propositions for persons interested in cutting down the cost of living in some of the best apartments in Fort Worth.

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Call Cliff at 738-2239

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COME RIDE WITH ME. First Methodist Chruch provides transportation to Sunday school (College & career class) and worship service each Sunday.

Departure from TCU Student Center (out front) at 9:15 arrive back 12:15. Look for brown Pontiac.

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SENIORS AND TRANSFERS: Want your Horned Frog yearbook? Taking 9 or more hours? Pay $1 at the Business Office to cover mailing costs, bring receipt to 116 Dan Rogers, and you will receive your yearbook next fall.

****

APPLICATIONS are now being accepted for position of assistant manager for TCU Gallery to begin training fall semester 1972. Promotion to top Spring 1973. Leave name with local and permanent address with Lee Chevalier, ext. 240. The exhibits advisory board will nominate a candidate at the semester's end.

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FINAL AUDITIONS for TCU BAND DEBS will be held Saturday, April 29 1:00 P.M. -- Band Hall.

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TEACHERS WANTED: Contact Southwest Teachers Agency. Box 4337, Albubuerque, NM 87106. "Our 26th year." Bonded and a member of N.A.T.A

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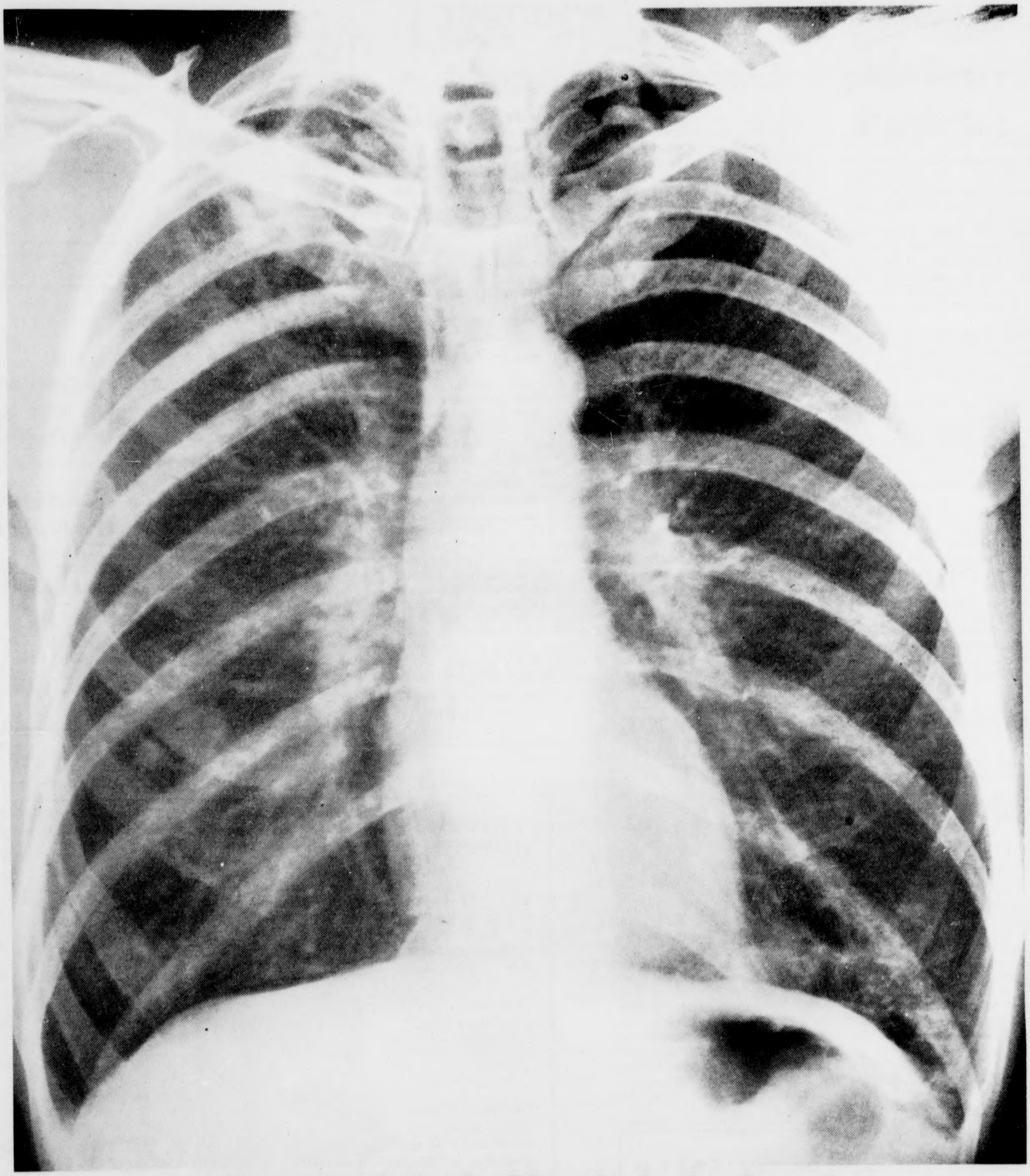
TEXAS RANGERS discount. The SPB has provided discount tickets for TCU students to the April 28 Texas Rangers baseball game. Regular $4 seats are available at the SC information desk for $3.



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Kodak More than a business.

Coffeehouse Blues Performer Personable, Unconventional

By LINDA WRIGHT

Playing both guitar and harmonica, the young man who last week brought 6,000 Aggies to their feet in a standing ovation sang to capacity audiences at the TCU Coffeehouse Monday and Tuesday nights.

Dressed in faded jeans and looking somewhat like a mountaineer, longhaired and bearded, Michal Hasek performed the blues oriented music he likes so well in the last circuit show of the year.

Hasek, whose home is Toronto, Canada, has been on the circuit almost a year. Before joining the circuit he toured on his own.

Circuit Life Hard

Traveling mostly in the Midwest, he has played in New York City, Detroit, Chicago, Minneapolis, Toronto, Montreal and Winnipeg, as well as a number of smaller towns.

Hasek, requested by a circuit scout to audition for a position on the road, said, "It's not hard to get on the circuit, but it's hard to stay on. There are a lot of persons who can play beautiful music, but not a lot who can travel and play it."

He explained traveling is a strain on the emotional being of a person. Arriving in a strange city without knowing anyone, spending three days there making numerous friends, then leaving to start the cycle over again would be hard on anyone, he claims.

Hasek has been traveling since January 16, spending one week in Toronto with his family.

Hasek said every place he has played is memorable. At one city where he was supposed to play two nights he was met at the stage door after his first performance and told not to come for the second. "That," he said "was a memorable place."

Hasek travels by plane or bus. He had a car but "wiped it out" on a New York turnpike in November. Hasek never hitchhikes, because of the expensive equipment he carries and because he doesn't like exposing himself to the problems a hitchhiker must face.

Quit College

He almost graduated with a degree in organic chemistry from the University of Western Ontario before he quit and began his musical career.

Blues is his favorite type of music because, Hasek said, "Blues is the medium in which you can express all your feelings." He has a wide taste in music though, which is seen in his writing. Though blues oriented, there is also a mixture of country and jazz sounds.

Hasek's original music exemplifies his philosophy of life. "Nothing Baby Like You" is described by Hasek as "just a happy song."

"To a large extent," he said, "my philosophy is one of total anarchy. The finest music anyone can hear is that they make themselves."

For this reason, Hasek does a number in which he gets the audience to chant while he does a song over the chant.

Television Gigs

In February Hasek appeared on the NBC rock TV show "Rollin' on the River." He has done much Canadian television work.

After his final performance here Tuesday, he flew to Pocatello, Idaho to do his last circuit gig before returning to Canada.

During the next few months he will tour with his group, "Sundog," which he describes as a "happy, goodtime, band." He will cut an album and appear on a number of television shows.

For two months during the fall he will play two children's concerts a day in a special program to provide music for underprivileged kids in the inner-city.

Hasek would probably like to spend the rest of life in music, but he is not sure for, as he said. "I'm not a very rest-of-life person."

Multi-Media Film of America, Past and Future, To Be Shown

"What Now America", a multimedia film which offers a nostalgic look at America in the late 30's and early 40's and gives a frightening glimpse of the possible future, will be presented at Will Rogers Auditorium, Friday, April 28, and Saturday, April 29, at 8 p.m.

The two-hour presentation is accompanied by such artists as the Beatles, Rolling Stones, Elton John and Janis Joplin. A feeling of total involvement is captured by a computer that directs 15 separate projectors and divides it into 16 movements. The first, "America The Beautiful," shows the clean outdoors as it was and shots of Midwest farmers.

The film also deals with the Vietnam war, race riots, the 1968 Democratic convention in Chicago and the riots that followed.

The purpose of the film is to entertain and it offers no editorial opinion. The director reports to inspire viewers so they may contribute to the betterment of America.

Tickets are available at the Central Ticket Office in the Sheraton Hotel, the Amusement Ticket Service at the Rodeway Inn and Rowland's Record Shop in Ridglea. Ticket prices are $2.50 in advance and $3 at the door.

Employment Panel Slated

A panel discussion on employment outlook in physical sciences will be held Friday, April 28, at 3:30 p.m. in Sid Richardson lecture hall 3.

Brought to campus by the Society of Physics Students, the panel will consist of Dr. R.J. Lysiak, Physics Department chairman; Wayne Anderson, Texas Employment Commission; and a representative of the U.S. Department of Labor Bureau of Labor Statistics.

Cinema Candids . . .

Cabaret Clicks, Liza Sparkles

By DAVE BECKER

"Sex," says starry-eyed Sally Bowles, "always did come between friends!"

Bona fide new star Liza Minelli captures the character of this lively performer in a sleazy Berlin nightspot in "Cabaret."

In pre-war Germany "Cabaret" is both a set of contrasts and a stage of reflection to the horrifying pathology of the Nazi rise to power.

Inside the Kit Kat Klub, Master of Ceremonies Joel Grey (colorfully recreating his Broadway role) invites the audience to "leave your troubles outside."

Offstage it is Sally's self-proclaimed "divine decadence" that reflects a larger social degeneracy after the fall of the Weimar Republic. It is shown too with a bloody body in the street, the brutal beating of the cabaret owner by swastika-banded arms, and a murdered pet dog thrown on the doorstep of a Jewish merchant.

Historically, the cabaret is a significant aesthetic form of theater during an era of "German Expressionism." The grotesque feelings are manifested in this film with such things as Sally's green fingernails and the MC's dark red lips, patent hair and rouge-dotted cheeks.

Well-produced

Beyond the tacit historical significance, "Cabaret" is a well-produced musical. Director-choreographer Bob Fosse ("Sweet Charity") has done a beautiful job with the show numbers. No songs of any notoriety are in the show but the full-stage production of the music and dance is a dazzling display of "vaudeville er German." The song "Two Ladies" with the nightclub clown (Grey) and two chorus girls is typical of the good-time antics of this stage.

Miss Minelli's an adept nightclub singer. In fact she is so superb that it is a shame she ever has to stop and act. She was supposed to portray a crude but lonely girl who would give herself and her life story to any man who would listen (or could make her a star). Her off-stage talents have only a few good moments but a little future polish will add perfection to her well-rounded talents.

Michael York plays Sally's stick-in-the-mud boyfriend, Brian. He comes to Berlin to get a PhD. but receives an indoctrination into a lifestyle he never dreamed existed, while tutoring "proper English" to pay for his little room across from Sally's. (It is around their lives that the story evolves.)

Aborted Relationships

The couple are really in love. After a complicated friendship with rich Baron Max (Helmut Griem)—he sleeps with both Sally and Brian—she gets pregnant and nobody knows by whom. The baby and the relationships are all aborted as Max flies to Argentina and Sally packs Brian off for a more sane life at Cambridge as she continues her search for stardom.

A highlight of the movie is a subplot where an impoverished Jewish fortunehunter (talented Fritz Wepper)—in the guise of a gentile—falls in love with a prim-and-proper Jewish heiress (striking Marisa Berenson).

There is "no use in sitting alone in your room...come to the 'Cabaret' " at Cinema II in Seminary South.

Vinyl Covers Still Available

Vinyl portfolios for the 1972 Horned Frog are still available in Dan Rogers Hall room 116.

Students who have already secured a copy of Volume 1 of the yearbook must pick up the portfolio before the end of this semester.

The portfolios, which serve to bind and protect the two volumes of the 1972 Horned Frog, are free to students who took nine or more hours last fall.

Spring Sale Of Art Slated

The annual spring art sale will be held in conjunction with the Fine Arts Festival in the Gallery of the Student Center, Saturday, April 29, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

The sale affords budding artists an opportunity to display their works and sell them to interested patrons.

A variety of different art forms will be offered, including prints, ceramics, jewelry, drawings and paintings.

The art sale is sponsored by the Exhibits Committee of the Student Activities Office.

Frogs Begin Final Series

The Frog baseball team travels to Dallas this weekend for the final three games of the regular Southwest Conference season against SMU.

The two clubs will play a doubleheader today beginning at 1 p.m. and finish up Saturday with a 2 p.m. contest.

A sweep of the series for TCU would insure the Frogs at least a tie for the conference championship. Both TCU and Texas are 10-5 in league play. Texas will be facing A&M this weekend in Austin.

Head coach Frank Windegger plans to change up the Frogs pitching order for the SMU encounter. Senior Johnny Grace is due to start in Friday's opener with the team's number one hurler, Frank Johnstone, scheduled for the second game.

Either Tom Ladasau or Jess Cole is expected to start Saturday's game.

Windegger says he's disappointed with fans' reaction to last week's losses to Texas. "I just don't understand the desertion. Sure, we lost two, but we're still leading the conference with them. Our chances of sweeping SMU in Dallas are comparable to Texas' chances of sweeping the Aggies in Austin. We're not out of it yet."

Jerry McAdams

'Horns Have Been Pesky

What does Texas have against TCU? As the Daily (near daily) Skiff publishes its final issue of the semester, it appears that the Longhorns will have knocked the Horned Frogs out of three different conference championships in the 1971-72 school year.

Look back to November 13. A football victory over Texas that afternoon in Austin would have firmly entrenched the Frogs in first place with only two weeks remaining in the season. Had the Purples been able to defeat the 'Horns that day (TCU beat Rice and SMU in the following weeks), the Horned Frogs would have been the Southwest Conference champions for 1971.

Now thumb through your calendar to March 4. It's basketball season and TCU is playing Texas in Austin again for a share of the SWC title.

A basketball victory over Texas that afternoon would have given the Frogs a co-championship and a chance to advance to the NCAA playoffs.

And those bums in orange are still at it. April 21-22, Texas came to Fort Worth and turned a one-game TCU lead in the league baseball race into a TCU-Texas tie. And what's worse, the Longhorns took two of the three games here which will put them in the playoffs even if the tie for the championship is not broken.

But take heart, Frog fans. There's still a chance to foil the villains from Austin. The Frogs are still deadlocked with Texas for a piece of first place. And while TCU is playing three games against SMU in Dallas this weekend, Texas will be hosting Texas A&M in a three-game series.

It'll take some doing, but if the Frogs win more games than Texas during the season's final two days, TCU can hang on for at least one Southwest Conference title this year.