

Spring Literary Issue

The



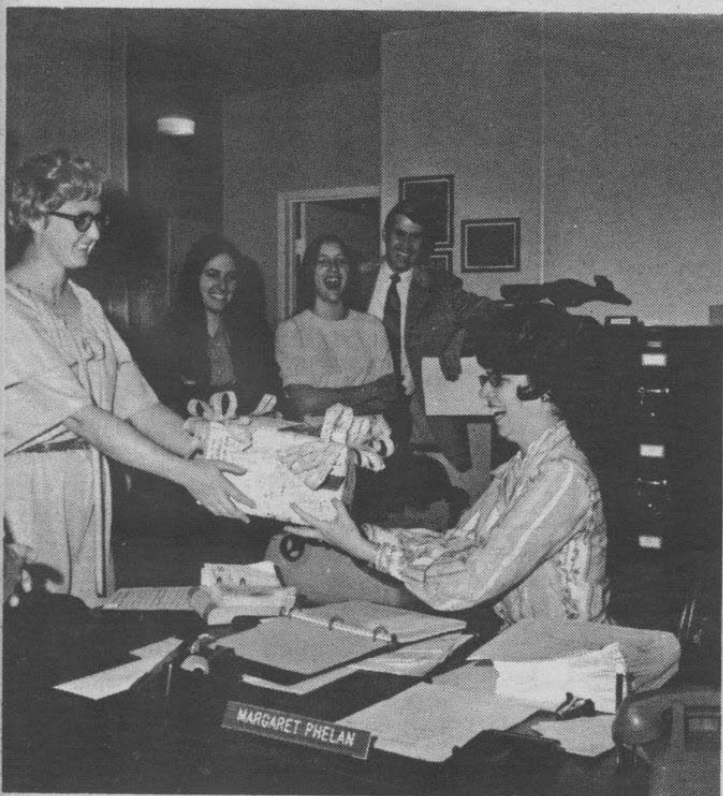
Commuter

Volume 2, Number 16

LINN-BENTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE, ALBANY OREGON

June 7, 1971

Margaret Named "Top Secretary"



THE COMMUTER staff named Margaret Phelan "Secretary of the Year." Currently secretary to President Needham and Recording Secretary to the Board at LBCC, Margaret has also been helpful to journalism students sharing the same LBCC facility. The staff presented her with a card attached to a gift wrapped with COMMUTER newspapers and tied with punched paper tape and bows. Thinking everyone was surely psychic, she said, "What is this, a year's subscription to THE COMMUTER?" Greeted by the sight of numerous crumpled COMMUTER newspapers, she at first thought that there wasn't any gift, however, after another search, she uncovered a 10 cent pencil sharpener. She said, "I'm so touched. I will treasure this always." The pencil sharpener was in answer to Margaret's faculty column in the last issue of THE COMMUTER.

Coast Run Car Rally Successful

Seventeen entrants, including two staff members, took part in the Annual Coast Car Rally May 23rd. The rally, starting in the LBCC parking lot, took contestants north to Independence then westerly to Monmouth, Valsetz, the Siletz burn area and over to the coast where it ended at Fogarty State Park with a wiener roast.

Winners of the rally were: 1st place, Leroy Schultz, driver, A. J. Simpson, navigator; 2nd place, John Franklin, driver, Sheila Matson, navigator; 3rd place, Jim Humphreys, driver, and Cindy Flood, navigator.

LBCC staff members Margaret Phelan and Lynn Boyd stated that the rally "is one of the most entertaining kinds of events students are sponsoring, well-managed and conducted." However, entrant Bob Lang,

who suffered two flat tires and a punctured oil pan, tacked his entry card to the bulletin board in the student government office with the following words written across it: "In the future this number shall be retired from active duty in all car rally's, No. 13." Nearly all participating members of the rally reported that they had a good time and look forward to the next event.

THE COMMUTER announces the selection of Editor-in-Chief for the 1971-72 school year. Jean Hammel, presently Feature Editor, was named to this position by the Publication Board on Wednesday, June 2.

Needham Views 1st Year

Another year for LBCC and the first in many years to come in a growing friendship between Linn-Benton and its new president, Dr. Raymond Needham.

In his first year of observing a growing community college in which he is now fully initiated, Dr. Needham felt that Linn-Benton has lived up to and better than anyone's expectations. He observed a growing sincerity and concern in the teachers for the students. He not only wishes but hopes to make Linn-Benton a more student-oriented school where learning really happens to each individual in all classes, and

also to make information more easily obtainable for each student.

Dr. Needham was also amazed at the "pioneering spirit" of the dedicated staff for each individual student. He believes that much of the spirit originated from Dr. Adams influence on the people he had hired. Dr. Needham expressed his pleasure with the involvement of faculty and students working together in the decision-making process of directing the college.

One of the major goals Dr. Needham had set forth to accomplish this year was the year-around-college concept

which proved a success and will be implemented this summer term. Also he was very relieved to see the levy passed early this year which left the spring for more educational purposes than the passing of money.

Next year with the growth of students up 30 per cent, the addition of 20 new staff members and the facilities equally tight, Dr. Needham will have his hands quite full in trying to make Linn-Benton more of a student's college than an institution. His major goal next year will be to make Linn-Benton available for entering and exiting any quarter of the year.

NEWS BRIEFS

JAZZ BAND

The OSU Jazz Ensemble performed for LBCC students in front of the Student Center on Friday, May 21st.

Marlan Carlson, bandleader, and his wife Angela, have performed for LBCC students on several occasions earlier this year as members of the Baroque Ensemble, and by themselves.

Their next, and last appearance of the year will be at the graduation ceremonies to be held June 11, 1971.

SCHOLARSHIP

A new "Health Careers" scholarship, sponsored by the Linn County March of Dimes, will be presented to a Linn-Benton Community College student this fall.

The announcement was made jointly Wednesday, May 26, by Dr. Raymond Needham, College president, and Mr. Marvin Saxton, treasurer of the Linn County March of Dimes.

The scholarship, in the amount of \$300, will be awarded to a student enrolled in one of the Health Occupations offered by the college. These programs include: Associate Degree Nursing; Dental Assisting; and Nurses Aides, Orderlies and Assistants. The recipient will be selected by the college.

Saxton also announced that an additional scholarship of \$200 will be given by the Linn County March of Dimes to assist a qualified Linn County resident in furthering his education. It is not limited to a specific college. LBCC has been asked to assist the March of Dimes committee with the selection.

GRADUATION

Graduation will be held on June 11, 1971 at 8 p.m., at Albany Union High School.

ICE CREAM SOCIAL

The Ice Cream Social held May 19th in the Student Center proved quite a success when the faculty and students consumed 8 gallons of various flavors of icecream. The main feature was the old fashion prices; two scoops for a nickel, three scoops for a dime.



The winner of the "Name the Doll" contest sponsored by the Nursing class was announced Wednesday, May 26th. The winner is Jeanette Graham for the name "Miss Annie Sepsis." She will be presented with a \$5.00 gift certificate to any of the Albany area theaters. The second place name was "Enamay" submitted by John Heilman. John will receive a back rub from the nursing student of his choice. (Sounds like the second place was the real winner)

EDITORIAL

2 Years Since September

When I first came to LBCC, I wasn't quite sure of what to expect. The year just prior to my beginning college I spent in southern Germany working for the U.S. Army in an education center. My work consisted, mostly, of helping servicemen with their own interests in education. It wasn't the job alone that made me want to further my education, but the idea of it and my "being stranded," as it were. I was doing something but going nowhere. So I realized that what I was doing was not for me, at least at that time. And so I quit my job and started in the early summer of 1969 the journey back to America. It was several months after I had landed at JFK in New York before I finally enrolled for my first term at LBCC. I've never regretted it either.

My experiences in life are various. They include the extreme of my having quit school a long time ago, and later, nearly two years since September of 1969, my coming back. Late in the last century Thomas Huxley put it this way: "Perhaps the most valuable result of all education is the ability to make yourself do the thing you have to do, when it ought to be done, whether you like it or not; it is the first lesson that ought to be learned, and however early a man's training begins, it is probably the last lesson that he learns thoroughly."

Thus, doing the thing I have to do has been going to LBCC for the past two years. Indeed, I have acquired that ability to make me do the thing I have to do. It isn't the end of that experience, however. For I have come to realize my thirst to perfect my ability to learn my own thing, and I know that education is a process of which I will always be a part.

I have learned that sit, sat and set are all words for apathy, unless one thinks, has thought, or is thinking. I've learned that wonder and wander are not synonymous but that certainty and education go hand in hand. And, I have learned that there is more than one way to express the meaning of friendship. I've made friends with people I thought I'd never get to meet. I thought at first that some were too high or too low for me to get to know. I later realized that they were just like me, pretty much average.

I'm glad I got involved in it all when the school was so young. The experience of my growing at the same time the institution has grown is unique, and I'll always remember it in my return visits to the new campus in the coming years. I will especially look forward to the development of student activities. Involvement in student government and with the COMMUTER have played an important part in my life during the past two years. Having been the first full time editor of this newspaper is one of the most rewarding tasks I've ever undertaken. Ironically, the special esteem that comes with the publication of each issue cannot itself be put in words. It is something each journalist feels for himself down deep inside.

I'm a transfer student and very proud to have started my college education at LBCC. I am confident that in years to come this institution will be at the top of the list of leading community colleges in the nation. To me, it already is. Much of the proof of that last statement will come at the end of this week when our graduation ceremonies commence. I hope you'll all attend. It should prove most worthwhile.

jh

Staff Column

Paradox

By BOB BILLINGS

Lack of funds and a feeling of uselessness led me to the facing of my future. I've always had a strong desire to be a writer, but I knew there were many things I must learn first before becoming one. So, taking advantage of my VA benefits, and the proximity of a college nearby, I decided to further my education.

Journalism seemed to be the answer to my need for knowledge in becoming a writer, so I enrolled in the Journalism class here at LBCC.

After spending most of a term in this class, I have learned relatively little. I HAVE learned the MECHANICS of putting a paper out, such as laying out of articles and pictures to fit a page, setting headlines, and the assignment

of articles, news stories, editorializations, and sports to their own pages. But the skills I most wanted to acquire, in writing, were not taught.

I have been told that lack of funds for an instructor and lack of classroom facilities, were the causes for the lack of a class teaching METHODS of Journalistic writing. Well, it seems to me that a class of this sort should have priority over the publication of a school paper. Competent journalistic writers are needed before a competent paper can be created. And that puts LBCC in the

position of putting the cart before the horse. I think this paradox should be resolved before another year begins for LBCC in the fall.

A Look At The First Year

By CHRIS BRODERS

As I look back on these past months I have spent as a student at LBCC, I see that I owe a great deal to this institution—more specifically, to the many people I have encountered.

For a high school student to be able to attend college classes at the same time as completing her senior year was a tremendous opportunity for me. I was given the chance to prove myself

academically, and for this I thank the administrations of both Linn-Benton and Albany Union High.

There were many conflicts of interest, but somehow they seemed to straighten themselves out.

Attending AUHS was a required duty, while my going to LBCC was of my own choosing. There is little parallel between the two schools, and the main difference boils down to the simple query of whose standards I follow.

In high school, one is guided by the faculty as the procedures like handing in assignments and missing classes. In college, one must be more independent for the only person who has to be answered to is yourself.

Being the youngest student on the LBCC campus has been an unusual situation, especially socially. Its been difficult to explain to people around me, particularly the police, the hassels of curfew violations while going home from college activities. Its always hard to accept the fact that my age difference prevents me from taking part in social functions that I otherwise would if the legal blockade were not there.

I most certainly would not claim that I am completely mature, but I do feel that I've grown considerably this past year.

Tail Feathers

To the Editor:

From all of us on the staff, thanks to all of the students for planning another outstanding student-staff picnic.

The volleyball game (which we won without question — or competition), the food, and the Frisbee matches made the entire afternoon complete.

Again, our thanks to all of you who worked so hard to make the day such a success.

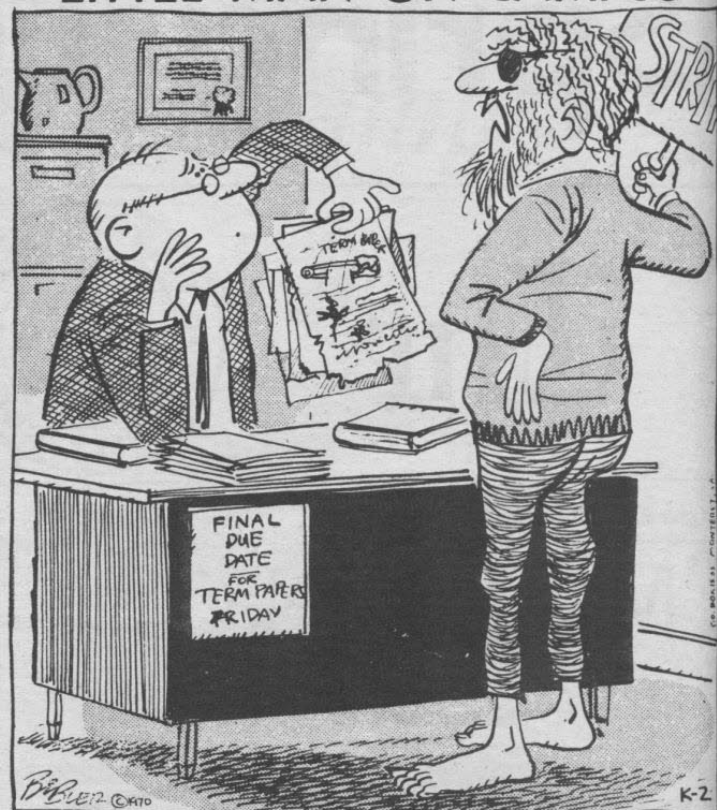
The LBCC staff

To the Editor:

As a student of LBCC, I would personally like to thank Mary Huber for all the time and energy she put forth on the picnic. I'm sure it was appreciated by all who attended.

Thanks again.
Penny Bulmer

LITTLE MAN ON CAMPUS



"WHADDAYA MEAN MY PAPER AIN'T HANDED IN PROPERLY? — YER LUCKY YA EVEN GOT A PAPER!"

Faculty Column

PRIDE — Appropriate Word

By KEN CHENEY

Having absolutely no journalism experience has been, at least in some respects, a distinct advantage to me in my capacity as advisor to the COMMUTER. Being ignorant of what the experts say, I have been free to bumble along doing what seemed right at the moment without fear of professional journalistic self-recrimination.

And as I bumbled, I discovered a series of "original" journalistic laws, one of which follows:

CHENEY'S FIRST LAW OF ACADEMIC JOURNALISM — The quality of a college newspaper is a directly proportional reflection of the institution which produces it. This does not say that a college newspaper SHOULD reflect its school in total; it says that, willy-nilly, a college newspaper DOES reflect its school in total whether it wants to or not. Reduced to lay terms — show me a crummy college newspaper and I'll show you a crummy college and vice-versus.

All of which leads up to (at the risk of end-of-the-year

sentimentality) a statement about the kind of a newspaper and the kind of a college we have here at LBCC.

I think PRIDE is an appropriate word. The students who produced the COMMUTER had pride in themselves, their paper, and their college. I'm reminded of the Thursday afternoon I left work wondering if we had enough copy for an eight page paper. Friday morning I found scribbled on the journalism blackboard the note that we were going to print a sixteen pager. The note was written at 3:45 that morning.

And the time everybody else got an unexpected three day vacation thanks to icy roads. Not the COMMUTER staff. We had a deadline to make, snow notwithstanding. And the issue was out on time complete with a front page picture of a downed power line in front of the LRC.

I remember the time a staff member looked at me over his typewriter late one afternoon, long after most students had left the campus. "You know," he said, "this class is sure worth a lot more than three non-transfer credits." He thought about that for a moment, then shrugged philosophically and went back to his typing.

And I remember my own feelings of pride those countless times when mature, responsible, constructive criticism were offered editorially, when the photographer brought in the last photograph after endless hours in the darkroom, when everyone stood around smiling as the last hectic headline was waxed in place and our paper was "put to bed."

It's easy to become cynical about newspaper work. At some time or other everyone involved with it gets the sinking feeling that all anybody ever uses the product of his labor for is to wrap fish or line cabinets. But it's a fleeting emotion, replaced soon enough by the satisfaction that comes from doing a common job uncommonly well.

I think the COMMUTER is a good paper. That says quite a bit. It says something about the kind of people who produced it. And it says something about the kind of college we're building at LBCC.

THE COMMUTER

THE COMMUTER is a bi-monthly publication of the Associated Students of Linn-Benton Community College and students of Journalism 9.026. Editorial views are expressions of the individual staff writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of either the Associated Students or the Administration of Linn-Benton Community College.

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LBCC—From Dream To Reality You've Come A Long Way Baby

By BETH ATKINS

When the idea first came about to have a community college in Albany, in 1963, the drive was spearheaded by the Linn County Chamber of Commerce and its committee on State and National Affairs. Soon their enthusiasm and support led to the combination with Benton County. Funds were raised and a study was made by the Bureau of Educational Research at the University of Oregon. In November of 1964 a report entitled "A Study of the Need for a Community College in the Linn-Benton Area of Oregon" was submitted to the Linn County Chamber of Commerce. From that point, it was a long hard struggle to obtain the College, but the enthusiasm stayed high and the fight went on.

In December of 1966 an organization of Linn-Benton Community College Area Education District was approved by the voters of the two counties. In late July of 1967 the College moved from its temporary quarters in the Linn County I.E.D. office to the building at 203 West First Avenue in Albany, the former location of Capital Business College.

On September 25, 1967, Linn-Benton Community College offered its first classes in temporary quarters situated throughout the district, with most classes being held in the First Baptist Church Building located at Third and Jackson in Albany. In the fall of 1969 the LBCC Park Campus was put into use, consisting of several trailer modules located near Swanson Field. In February of 1970, the voters of the two counties passed a 6.1 million dollar bond issue to construct a campus for LBCC. After the permanent site was decided upon, temporary classrooms and offices were located south of the permanent site in trailer modules. After a budget request was passed on the second try, seven new trailer units were acquired for the fall of 1971, these to be used for faculty offices and storage space.

The student enrollment figures have increased at an increasing rate, however the physical aspects of the College have not increased at the same rate of enrollment due to temporary facilities. In the school year 1967-1968 total enrollment figures were recorded at 2,807; in 1968-1969 enrollment reached 4,877; increasing even greater in 1969-1970 to 5,799; and the present years total enrollment has reached 6,650. Next year's enrollment is expected to increase 30 per cent.

As the enrollment increased, so has the faculty. In the 1967-1968 school year, Linn-Benton Community College began with 15 contracted instructors and has increased that number to the present figure of 40 contracted instructors with 13 more to be added by the fall of 1971.

The development of the curriculum has been on an upward trend also. When the College began, only night classes offering limited studies were taught, but the program changes have helped the College to grow. Next year, two new programs to be added to the curriculum are a two-year transfer course in law enforcement and an occupational education program in body and fender repair.



Pictured above is Dr. Needham, LBCC President, and Harvey Scott, ASB President, working together to make LBCC the school it is.



Several students enjoy the temporary facilities provided by the trailers and the temporary sunshine provided by the weather.



With LBCC's future campus site in the background, an English class reclines to study in the warm sun.

Many programs are being considered for future years. According to Mr. Bill Jordon, Director of Occupational Education, programs being considered for the 1972-1973 school year are, child care, food service, metallurgy, machine technology, physical therapy, and cosmetology. Other courses are being considered for the future too; but many things, including community and student needs, must be considered before a program is established. Other future programs under consideration are: real estate, insurance, veterinary technology, forestry technology, electronics, construction technology and engineer aides.

For a program of study to be considered at LBCC, a need must be expressed by the employers in the area and a student need established. An advisory committee is then formed to develop curriculum and for future study of the program.

Student government and student activities have also grown with the College. During the first year, student government and activities were almost non-existent. By the second year, however, activities had a beginning and student government was beginning to take shape.

In 1969, Linn-Benton Community College hired a director of student activities to work on coordinating activities and to aid in student government. The College also acquired the use of the Swanson Building as a student center and activities soon began to develop. Even though LBCC is a commuter college, participation in student activities have been good and are now well established.

According to Mr. Bob Miller, Director of Student Activities, the 1970-1971 school year "was a great step forward" in student activities. Mr. Miller said

that one of the major reasons for this was the centralization of the campus. He also stated that activities at LBCC "are as good as any established community college in Oregon" and he is hopeful that next year will be the best year yet for student activities.

Replying on the question of student government, Mr. Miller stated that student government is "definitely more involved" than in the past. Students on the whole are becoming more involved in school activities. It wasn't until the 1968-1969 school year that the first club was formed at LBCC, to date there are 12 clubs at LBCC. Students aren't on campus all the time, thus they are not around to participate in all the events. When they are around, they participate, they "absorb through osmosis" according to Mr. Miller.

As stated in the LBCC catalogue, the philosophy of the College is that, "Linn-Benton Community College is dedicated to providing educational opportunities at a minimum cost to the student because of the conviction that the fullest possible development of each individual's abilities is essential to the welfare of the community, the state, and the nation."

That philosophy is reflected in the words of Dr. Robert Adams, Dean of Instruction, when he stated that "the factors that have contributed to the growth of Linn-Benton Community College are the fulfilling of the needs of the people and the community. If an organization meets its needs then it will grow, LBCC is doing this." Dr. Adams went on to comment on the reasons for LBCC's fast growth by stating that there is "a strong community interest and support" and that "the vitality, interest and enthusiasm of the students for the school and for life in general, have all combined to help LBCC become the school it is."

MONDAY MORNING

By JEAN GRACEFULLY

Vaguely Humorous Atrocities Spring "Gracefully"

It's the last days, nearing finals and time for the studying parties, where the party not only precedes the studying but often consumes it. It's also time for those year end research papers and special projects that students try to crowd into the wee hours of their fading grades.

But who cares about grades at a time like this, with the warm sun gracing us with her healthful rays. Who am I kidding, there's not enough sun these days to disturb a protruding spider web. (and we all know how spider webs are affected by the sun).

Does it sound like I'm wandering? To tell the truth, I am. Since this is my last column and I've planned it only to be a potpourri of terribly witty and sarcastic remarks (this is my week to imitate Margaret Phelan), I will confess to you that it is now 2:30 a.m., two days before publication, and I've not yet finished this column.

That's the way it's always been, 1:00 a.m. or 2:00 a.m. in the morning, when all decent people are in bed (that probably includes all the LBCC administrators), yours truly is desperately rambling on to fill

column inches. Besides the very lateness of the hour tends to make one ramble in a sleepy manner.

To illustrate the aforementioned statements, I need only ask my readers to recall some of my past gems. You will soon find yourself asking from what depraved mind did these rambling, yet somehow vaguely humorous atrocities spring (if somewhat loosely)."

Actually, one only needs to glance over this particular perpetration of evil with a wary eye to notice and classify my mental state.

In a quick review we notice that I started out with a typical (I might even say sane) subject for this time of year, finals, then I spiced it up with parties and a joke about the weather. Grabbing at straws, I decide to be honest and confess my past sins as I continue to commit said sins. I even throw in a good punch for Margaret and the LBCC administrators.

Really sinking now, I make light of my own sanity and as I slowly sink for the third time, I bring up this last column and its haphazard (yet somehow vaguely humorous structure).

For my trick I will exit "Gracefully."

Record Attendance Noted Campus Day LBCC's



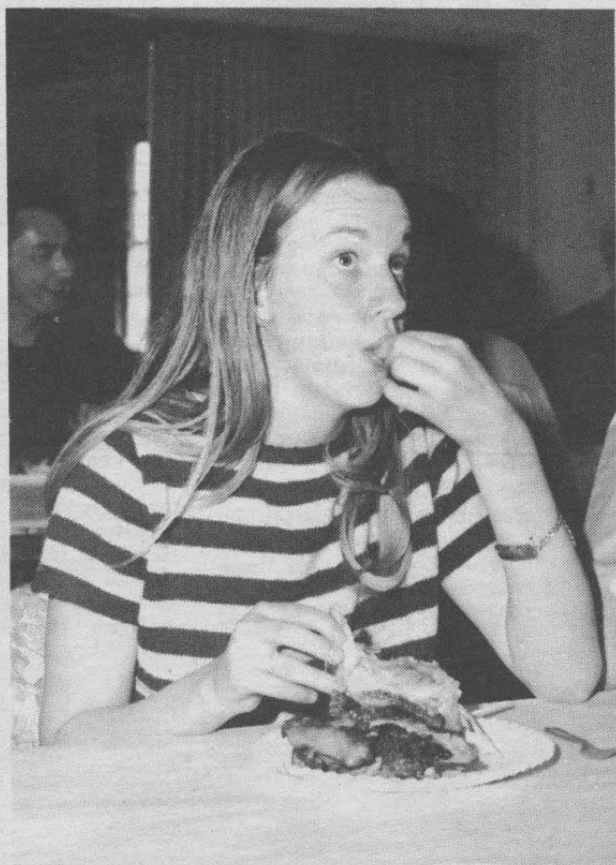
"Let us fowl up your diet," says Judy Tollefson as she serves chicken to mouth watering students.

Threatened by overcast skies and an unusually cool, wet spring, the LBCC Campus Day Picnic was moved from its scheduled grounds at Bryant Park to the 4-H building located at the Linn County Fair Grounds insuring that the event would happen, rain or shine. But shine it was for the picnickers and game contestants. Sun shining through broken clouds brought afternoon temperatures into the mid sixties allowing scheduled games and fun, nearly all of which was built around the premise of outdoor recreation, to take place.

Enthusiasm was the idea from the word go at the picnic. Students, staff and faculty were all served half a barbecued

chicken, potato salad, and a cold drink upon their arrival at the picnic. The many tables and chairs were constantly in use as people drifted in, filled their plates with the abundant helping, and sat down to eat, meet and talk with each other. Mary Huber, Chairman of the picnic, said, "Everything came off smoothly and there weren't any real hangups. We had a mixup in ordering the chicken, it was ordered in terms of quarters instead of halves. But the whole thing was quickly taken care of. I think only once did people have to wait for the chicken to finish cooking."

Some people took their time eating, others hurried to join



Hilary Gray shows that Linn-Benton has finger lickin' good chicken also. Students filled up on chicken and some were seen going back for seconds and thirds.



Under partly sunny skies, Linn-Benton Roadrunners gathered at the 4-H building for barbecued chicken and fun and games. Frisbees



Mom says if we hurry we can go back some more of that barbecued roadrunner, or whatever it was.



Sack it to 'em was the name of the dust before they could cross the finish line.

picnic Termed "Finest Hour"

in the fun outside the 4-H building where games had already been started by the volunteer cooks waiting for more chickens to barbecue.

Frisbees were everywhere, sometimes more than a dozen at a time were sent sailing through the air by the diversified age group that had gathered. Badminton placed a poor second when Coaches Dick McClain and Butch Kimpton set up a volleyball net and started the ball rolling — or rather, bouncing. If there was a generation gap, nobody knew or cared about it; all were enthusiastically enjoined in the completeness of the afternoon event.

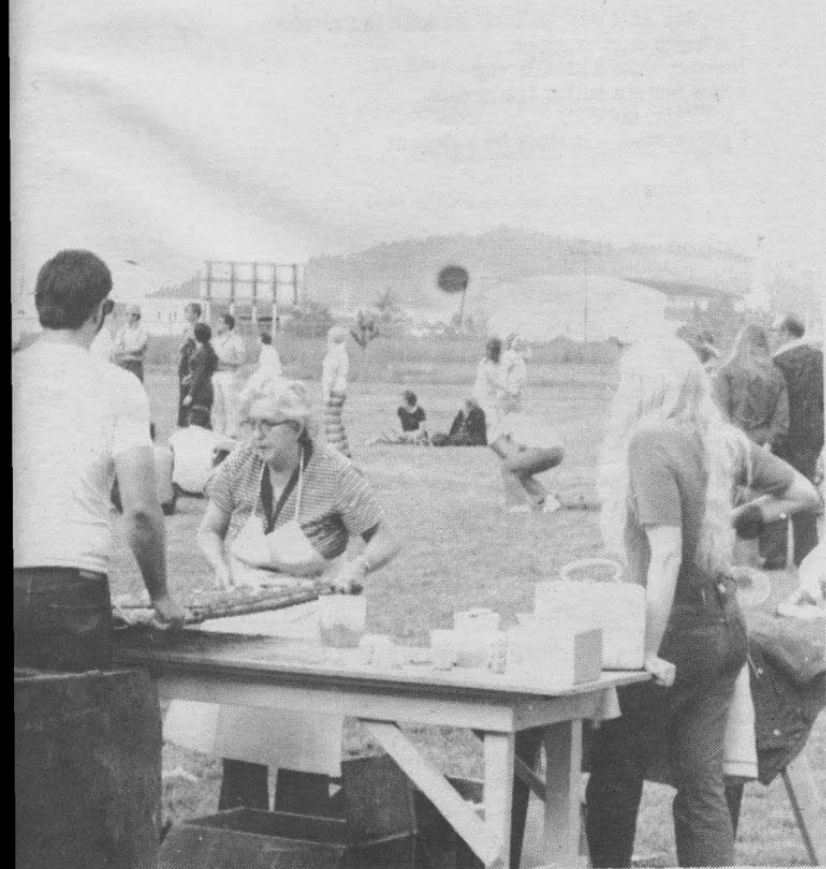
Contests for which prizes were given were the three-

legged sack races; tricycle rally and tricycle race sponsored by the Ecology-Outdoor Club and the Literary Club. Dan Sorensen won the tricycle race and Tony Foster the rally. It was not reported who won the three-legged sack race, but many received a bang from the many falls they encountered.

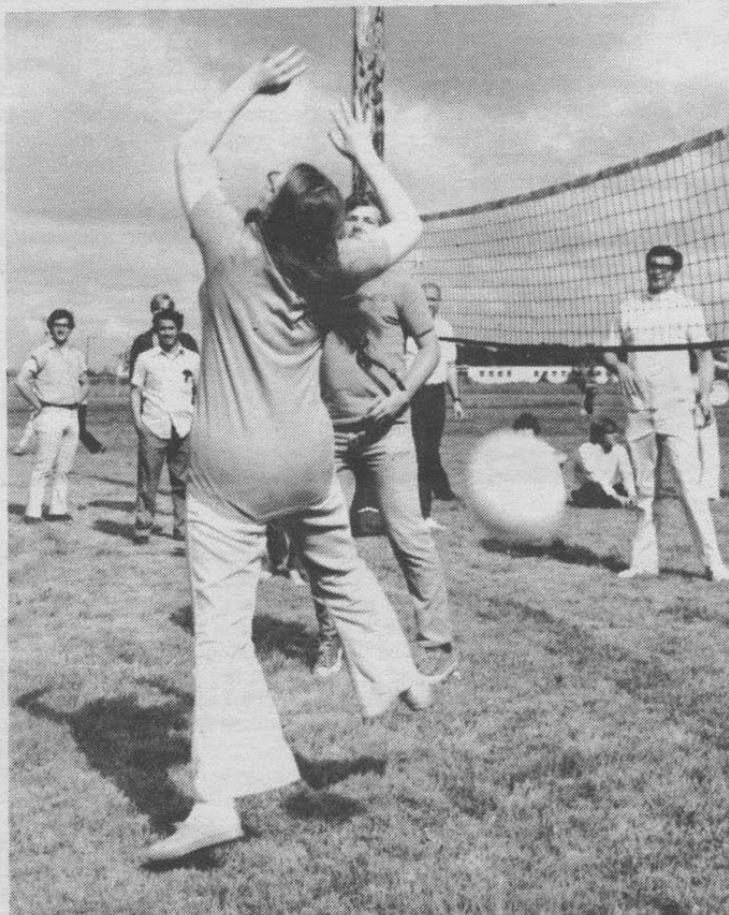
"I am really pleased with the way everything turned out. I never could have done it without the help of all the neat people who pitched in and helped. From my point of view the picnic was our finest hour, or should I say our finest four hours," said Mary Huber after the picnic.



As if trying to pull his opponent over the net, a volleyball player fights to regain control of the ball. Volleyball was the main attraction while other activities went on around the area.



flew and friends flocked and talked as the afternoon progressively proved enjoyable for one and all.



Not a modern dance but an energetic effort to return the ball to the other side. Posterior pose is by Jean Hammel.



ree legged sack race. Most contestants bit the



With a patch of rubber and a screech of tires the tricycle race was off and going. Arm power instead of leg power was used as demonstrated by Deon Nash, Rose Miller and Ladi Nassar, left to right.

LIFE IN A BIRDBATH

All the little birds jump, splash and sing,
As life goes on in a water-filled ring.
Droplets splash up as waves flow over,
They dry themselves on a lawn of clover.

Sitting in the shade during the afternoon light,
It's filled with birds from morning till night.
The tree seems a place for added fun,
As all the little birds jump, flutter, and run.

Up jumps a cat as black as night,
Scattering the birds left and right.
Surprisingly he never caught one,
So off he trod in the afternoon sun.
First came one, soon still another,
As each bird again began to flutter.
All the little birds jump, splash and sing,
As life goes on in that water-filled ring.

Wayne A. Doolin

"SOUND"

His voice comes out in a low vibrating tone,
It sings of the trouble in the world.
There is a guitar wailing in the background,
Creating the atmosphere that is understood.
Everyone feels;
They move with the sound.
It's hypnotic.
Passion is in each chord.
And sweat pours from the singer's brow.

K. Rinehart

some of them fall

Some of them fall like snowflakes
in the winter chill.
Some of them fall with no sound at all
and just roll down the hill.

It is here upon the breaking dawn
you wonder where
the life has gone.

Some of them fall like acorns
in a forest dense,
strung on a line of steel so fine
that makes a barbed wire fence.

There is probably a mother, grandmother,
a sweetheart someplace;
But all too quickly those tears will
dry upon the fence
dry upon the face.

And some of their names are Eddie
and some of their names are Joe . . .
I can't say why some of them die;
that's not for me to know.

Some of them fall like raindrops
on a summer day,
there in the ditch the poor and the rich
with hardly a chance to pray.

Was just a few
short hours ago,
We were talking
of the snow.

Now some of them fall like seagulls
off in a foreign land;
the blood flows from their cuts
the life from their guts
spread over the silver sand.

And some of their names are Peter
and some of their names are Bill . . .
I know not why some of them die;
I guess I never will.

h.m.s.
Vietnam 1969



TO A BATHROOM

Writing, writing, on the wall,
I wonder if your author's tall,
Or if he's short, or fat, or bald,
Or if he believes what he writes, at all?

Bob Billings

THE USELESSNESS OF THE SUN

The illiterate man who says,
"Poetry is of no use,
It hasn't helped me."
Is no better than the blind man who said,
"The sun needn't shine today,
I can't see it anyway."
Or the warmonger who said,
"Peace is a farce,
It will never really be in this world."

The sun doesn't stop shining
Because one man can't see,
Pacifist don't stop trying to make peace.

Because one man doesn't want it,
And poets don't stop writing
Because one man doesn't understand it.

The sun shines for those who can see.
Peace is for those who want it,
And poetry is for those who appreciate it.

HERE!

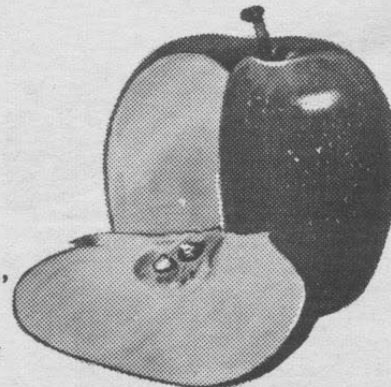
I threw a piece of driftwood
far out into the sea.
I wished it to the loneliest place,
where ever that might be.
It bobbed upon the surface,
and drifted from the land.
Later I went to where I threw it,
and found it sunken in the sand.

Jo Ann Olson

"THE APPLE"

By JOHN JOHNSON

The apple is the root of all
evil. It started with Eve and
eventually engulfed the world.
If it wasn't for the apple there
would be no wars, no fig leaves
or loin cloths, just nature at
its best. Yet because of a
single woman and an apple,
which probably had worms, the
earth has started its lifetime
tumble journey through space.
I imagine the end will come in
an apple orchard with the
elements which survive this
trek, living off the fruit of
an apple tree.



"DAWN CREPT UP"

dawn crept up behind me
as I stood gazing at the night.
It wrenched me from my feet
and tossed me tumbling, rolling
up through the glowing air.
a fiery bullet thrilled me to the heart,
dispersing all taint of clammy stars,
and I fell to the mint-green earth,
laughing
under a pool
of turbulent gold.

Jo Ann Olson

THE LAST MAN TO DIE IN VIET NAM

Corporal John G. Doe loved his mother,
liked apple pie, Hershey bars and peanut butter,

He was a good American, hated Fidel
and wanted to be an engineer for Mattel.

At 15 he had the first design for a toy mortar,
two months later he had 10,000 on order.

At 18 he went in the marines
to get more ideas to fulfill his dreams.

Mommy and Dad proud and conceited
knew John would give those hippies what they needed.

A taste of mace, the feel of a butt
in the teeth will take care of any nut.

But John went to Viet Nam
to serve his Uncle Sam.

When he came home he was a hero
He could have ruled like Nero.

Except John's throne was a rubber body bag
Yes! cut in half by U.S. V. T. frag
Guess Mattel will have to hire a hippy fag.

G. Clement

LISTEN TO THE WORLD

Listen to the warm of the sun
As it beats against the surface of the land.
Listen to the cool of the night
As it encloses the quiet surface.
Listen to the blowing of the wind
As it calmly swirls over the earth.
Listen to the laughing of the children
As they happily play in the park.
Listen to the chirping of the birds
As they sing sweetly to the sun.
Listen to the pounding of the rain
As it sizzles against the hot, dry dirt.
Listen to the rushing of the cars
As they go by, never caring about the land.
Listen to the blasts of the guns
As they aim, fire, kill, destroy.
Listen to the cries of the people
As they see friends and family lying dead.
Listen to the quiet of the earth
As it mourns in silence the death of mankind.

Beth Atkins

NONSENSE IS EFFIGY

One day as I was walking through the desert
I noticed a man chewing on stale wood.
I said with a grin,
"How happy you must be."
He said,
"Yes, three."

One day as I was walking through the clouds
I tripped over a spoon
Rustier than a plastic cup
I saw angels eating ice cream
"Oh, no!"
I exclaimed — it must be a dream.

R. Harris

ONLY NOW

Together within the cave—
Exploring the depths of our minds
Questioning every new find
Though our goals are similar
(motives never count)
I doubt we will reach them
Shall I say that I have been
an archeologist for many miles?
Better that I also say that
I do not search long.

Chris Broders

SILENT SAND

They stand so quiet,
Every grain of sand,
And listen so intently
That they don't move.

They listen to the roaring water,
Telling as it goes,
The troubles which it has
As it rushes by;
Flowing down to the
Endless sea of life.

The sands are deep in thought
As they listen unresponsively.
Only receptive when the waters
Move close enough to cause.

The concentration is perfected
By the many years as a listener.
Never being one to talk, never
Having one to talk to.
Sad it is for the silent sand
To never speak of itself.

Beth Atkins



Each time you hear a robin's trill
or pick a Spring flower on some hill
Or watch the war break the earth
or watch a daffodil's rebirth
Or view the cloud's pattern of grace,
or feel the cold of a buddie's face
It's God who's saying "Lo, I bring
new life to all . . . I am the Spring."
For all of nature, bird and sod,
is but a hymn of praise to God.
And all its beauty, joy and grace
is the reflection of God's face.
h.m.s.
Republic of South Vietnam

I am here,
But I must become more —
More than a merry-go-round just doing its thing,
Or an impetuous kite tugging at its string.
I want to be a giver — not a taker,
To be like the flower which gives freely to
The bee of its sweetness.

I must throw off pretence, for they are an
Unwanted uniform that keep the soul fenced in.
For what good is a dream unborn,
If it is not sought after — it dies.
So when I arrive at the end of the road,
I will not have trod it in vain, but
Come to my ultimate destination.

Barbara Snyder

THE BUTCHER'S

meathooks
raw and bloody
rare
stench of rotting America
dripping red, flies suck
what is left to sell

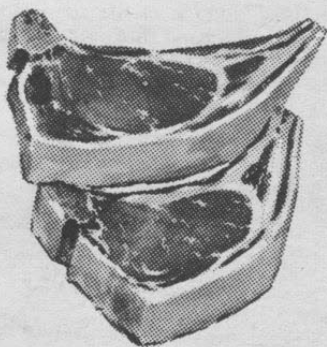
trysts and rot
mold and puky smell
dripping fat,
cuts of bleeding string
dot the store.

real odors grip
the nostrils there.

Lick the chops
slap the rump
squeeze the ribs
they're spare.

what of it
no one's looking
and you can't get out
without buying something.

Nancy Bryan



"CHILLY MORNING SUN"

I have walked into my empty room;
A room once filled with love:
My bed has just lately grown cold;
And a chill is on the floor.
In the darkened corner lies an empty bag.
On the window sill is perched a tiny blue bird
Singing with
Singing with all its heart at the morning sun.
A golden stream of warmth strikes my heart
A golden stream of warmth strikes my breast,
A trickling tear glistens like a crystal jewel prism,
Remembering the night before.
And the blue bird wings in the rising sun.

K. Rinehart



"RAIN IN THE CITY"

The rain comes down like crystal jewels,
And shatter as they hit the pavement.
The steady stream of cars creates
A constant drone in the ears of the city.
The drone is interrupted for a second
By the insolent whistle in the harbor near by.
And the hours creep by unchanged,
As the people stand in their doorways
Restraining the children that yearn
To play in the rain.
There is a river of water
Running off the visor of a cop directing traffic.
He is silently cursing the people
And the weather.
He is angry,
The cars ignore one another.
The water is persisting.
A child cries for its mother.
Everyone's mumbling:
It's because of the rain.

K. Rinehart

Just called
But no answer.
Everyone was gone
Somewhere in the night
Unaware of the sound of the bird
(
Calling.
It seems to be
That way quite often with me.
I am the bird with a song
Either heard and misunderstood
Or heard and passed by.
My songs belong in the moments
People only pass through —
Someday someone will hear me
And will answer the questions I pose
Neither considering me silly
Or part of an illusion . . .
No more part of a game —
Just someone who sings songs
And needs to be loved

Lynne

I know of one
Who hears my songs.
He answers with chocolate kisses
And peppermint smiles
Each time new —
Tasting of the colors he sings
And laughing inside while we taste together
Of silence.
Our songs are mind melodies
Played to one
And heard by none other.
In these songs we become
As one

Lynne

ME AND MY PROBLEM

i have a blue problem
it's deep down inside
i can't get it out,
but i won't let it hide.

it resembles an animal
ferocious and tame,
but one day i'll capture it
hopefully — not lame.

it growls and it bites
and sings a grey tune.
something quite catchy
but always too soon.

deep down inside and
quite out of reach
it's witty and clever
similar to a leech.

and one day i'll catch it
and train it to be
not quite a problem
but just part of me.

Nancy Bryan

Love — what is love?
Love is a mutual enlightenment.
Enlightenment is a natural high
High is a feeling — mellow and warm
Warm is cuddled in the blanket of living
living — grateful
Grateful to be alive;
Alive is life,
Life is love,
Love is life.

R. Harris



YOU EVEN DARE

By DON McNAIR

Standing at the bottom of a
cliff looking up at the trees
looking down.
Nature is always looking down
at futile man. Man, the learned
one, can never match the
wonders of ignorant nature.
Nature with no knowledge, only
the will to survive, can and
does create wonder and
beautiful things that man can
only strive at.
Even with his greatest accom-
plishments man can never look
down on nature. Little man,
why try?

MEMORY OF FIRST-GRADE ART CLASS
(On Viewing Sunrise, in Ashland, July '70)

I remember 2 o'clock at five

Metal against paper for the first time
groaning against the forceful strokes
as one becomes
two
and of that
more.

Jagged edges cut by God
at the moment of
dawn.

Chris Broders

LIKE ME

Have you ever stood lonely, on top of a dune,
Staring silently out to the sea;
And wished you could be in some far distant land?
If not, then you aren't like me.

Have you ever just climbed to the top of a hill,
To see just what you could see;
And found there was beauty all about and around?
If not, then you aren't like me.

Have you ever watched geese flying south in the fall,
Unconsciously forming a vee;
And wished you could be them when snow comes around?
If not, then you aren't like me.

Have you ever felt springtime, all warm in the air,
Smelled flowers, and buds of a tree;
And felt just like singing from pure happiness?
If not, then you aren't like me.

And last, but not least, have you ever found love,
Received it, and given it free;
And found out that it is the best thing on earth?
If not, then I thank GOD, I'm me.

Bob Billings

Herbie's Formula

By JAMIE KILBURN

This is a fairy tale. Any similarity to real or dead people is merely coincidental.

Once upon a campus a strange occurrence took place. Although the occurrence itself was strange the campus it took place on was a bit strange also. Having been founded by an old Mexican named Barnswallow it was originally meant to be a correctional college for wayward college students. Thus the name El Barnswallows Correctional College came about. More affectionately known as El B.C.C.

Now it seems that over the years a certain Biology professor named Dr. Soss had been working on a formula to change living organisms from one form to another.

This was all fine and dandy but the only form the Professor had been able to change the organisms into was a glazed doughnut.

He thus far had successfully changed four paramecium, six liverworts, three cats and one rowdy student (supposedly by accident) into glazed doughnuts.

To say the least this was not beneficial to the welfare of those being changed into doughnuts and Dr. Soss was not particularly pleased with the results either.

Into the round file the formula went. This was meant to be the end of the whole affair. Doughnut hole affair that is.

Not as far as Herbie Diddle was concerned. Herbie was your average, all-American perverted Biology student.

Somehow Herbie got his grubby little hands on the formula and immediately dastardly visions of evil danced in his twisted mind.

Herbie figured that if he played his cards right he could change the entire campus of El B.C.C. into a gigantic glazed doughnut. He could make millions charging people to see the world's largest doughnut.

Before long Herbie was boasting to what friends he had of his crummy plan. Tomorrow he would execute his foul, rank and detrimental deed.

The next day Herbie Diddle arrived at school early. He went to the edge of campus and waited for classes to be excused. He would throw the flask of evil potion into a group of students causing a chain reaction which would turn the whole campus into a doughnut.

Meanwhile Dr. Soss had somehow heard of the plan and was sprinting over to Herbie in an effort to stop him.

"It's too late!" Herbie yelled as he glanced up at Soss, "classes are out!"

Herbie raised the flask to heave it into a group of students but as luck would have it the lid on the flask popped off and the liquid ran all over Herbie.

"My money, my entire life of luxury was based on the success of this plot," Herbie gulped as a glazed look came into his eyes.

In a puff of smoke Herbie was transformed into a five foot three inch glazed doughnut.

Which brings us to our moral: Students who act MONEY CRAZY always turn out to be DOUGH NUTS.

The German Nerve Plus Two

By GARY CLEMENT

My name is Carl, I live here with a number of others, an exact count is unwarranted because it's never the same one moment to the next. We transcend time nicely here. All is calm except last week, Judy, the brown-eyed girl with pink cheeks, ate a paper flag off the Boston Brown bread and Mr. Young, the ex-bureaucrat, arrested her for conspiracy to commit treason. Aside from interludes of that sort, we live a very potted existence.

Tomorrow I shall go for a walk and watch jonquils turn into frogs with plate size yellow eyes. At times I wonder if others are as lucky as I to see all of the beauty in the world. To see beyond the golden plume

to the lice or the fly in the silvery dew-laden web. I fear, I fear that many view life as a cold work-a-day toil with no joy to fill the empty hours. I find joy in thinking and seeing my ideas turn to snakes and slither away or hear a sunset full of deep monoxide gold.

Have you ever seen a goldfinch attack a white tufted lion. Savage beauty first plunging the green body to the brown earth then tearing the fluffy infants from the living mother's womb? In the end only the despairing carcass of a once living thing shrivels in the morning sun. The yellow bird is gone and all is quiet. I cannot hear, I cannot see, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot, I cannot...

By JEAN HAMMEL

A cane tapping the floor hesitantly, searchingly, caused the writer's face to turn up from his work.

Resting on a cane as if it were his only support, stood a teetering old gentleman. Winter seemed to drip from his long black coat, filling the paper cluttered room with an uncomfortable chill. Even though black glasses hid his eyes, the rest of his face was soft and expressive. It was just as if his face held all the emotion he had felt, or would feel, from his first breath to his inevitable last.

"Are you Ben Stalger, the famous novelist?" the old man asked of the man behind the desk.

The writer was tall and somewhat younger than the figure now standing in front of him. He held himself erect in the oversized office chair, as he always did when concentrating on a particularly puzzling plot. Now, sensing an earnest tone in the questioning voice, his mind shelved his present work to bring his attention to the old man.

"Why, yes I am. What can I do for you?"

"My name is Edward Thomas and I've come to offer my services."

"I see, and what do you have to offer me?"

"My world," the old man said. Not waiting for the impact of the first sentence to settle, he went on. "Being a writer,

Birth Of A Cup

Gary E. Martin

1st cup: Wow! That was fun, I'm born, I'm free, see ya guys later. Oh wow! He's taking me to his table, he's going to take a drink of me, I'm so glad he likes me. Oh! Here comes some of my friends.

2nd cup: Hi! 1st cup, isn't this neat, what's happening?

1st cup: Some thing they call lunch. Oh wow! Hot dogs from "ptomaine alley"! Oh I do love the taste.

2nd cup: What are the chances of staying here?

1st cup: Beautiful, it's all fixed!

2nd cup: Hey! What's he doing?

1st cup: Oh man you'r set. That's cigarette butts going down your throat. Now they won't throw you into that machine called trash. Oh wow! Isn't this neat.

2nd cup: Say! Since there are so many of us, let's tell them to have a race with the other tables.

1st cup: Oh yeah! King of the mountain, okay fellows? Now put as much garbage as you can in us. Oh yeah, let it all hang out. Hee! Hee! Oh what a way to go fellow, chomp! chomp! Now, stack us up, high, higher. Oh! Beautiful, man, look at them go.

2nd cup: We're winning, three hours and we're still going, these guys are beautiful.

1st cup: Hey what's this, I don't like that guys looks, what's that "Ecology now" sign doing on his notebook. Oh no! He's picking up my friends — not that. Oh sad! Oh hurt, the trash got them, you "sim-dirty 'ole man" (learned that from paper towel in the restrooms, compliment of the literary graffitti board).

Well, here it is, five o'clock, all is well, at least I made it. Hey! Oh no, get that sponge off the table, get your hands off of me, no, not in there, no-o-o-o-o-o-o.

Feathers Come From Pillows

By W. J. BRICK

Last week my wife was telling me about some starlet on one of the daytime give-away shows who was wearing something that had a lot of feathers. The M.C. went on to ask her if she didn't feel sorry for all the birds that had had to die so that she might have those lovely feathers to wear.

"Silly," was her reply, "feathers don't come from birds."

"Oh?" "Where do they come from?"

"Feathers come from pillows!"

Yes, for true, — pillows, it was not a put on. Yet, the other day I caught myself in a similar error.

I was visiting with an ex-student of mine who is an extremely talented pianist; we had bumped into each other on the street, and she just had to have me come over and hear the new Beethoven Sonata that she had been working on for the past two weeks. While Momma was fixing the coffee, Kathy unfolded the sonata; a small volume of about twenty pages, each page BLACK with notes that appeared formidable even at my distance from the other side of the room.

For the next fifteen minutes or so I was treated to Kathy's customary brilliance and bravado at the keyboard; I

experienced a number of those uncontrollable shivers of delight that start somewhere just above the ankles and quickly pulse their way to the chest when an exceptionally fine passage of Beethoven, or Kathy, got to me. I even idly thought of an electronic galvanometer for music critics that could be strapped to their person and automatically register shivers, thus arriving at a pure scientific evaluation of an evening's performance. What a boon to the concert hall this would be. Such was my expansion of the moment.

I again marveled, as I had so often done, at the exquisite chain of sequences that flowed from eye-brain-nerve-fingertip-pige and keyboard that produced such unflinching performances. Today I even expanded a bit beyond the fingertips and let myself into the fine trip-hammer mechanism and tensed wire of the piano that converted the articulate hands to precise segments of audible frequency. And then suddenly, BAM! I was thrown back through the hands, Kathy's scanning eyes, the printed pages of the sonata, beyond the clatter of the printing press, the type-setter, proof-readers, bookbinders et al to another hand, the hand that held the original pen to the original portfolio of blank lines and

Never More

By MICHAEL LANG

Tall, strong trees reach high from deep in the ground. Their arms spread out and over smaller bushes, seeming to push them down or at best contain them. Survival in this unknown place, is a struggle. Majestic trees have battled for their life many years. They are on top of the forest; at the front of the race. They fought hard battling nature's bugs and diseases. They have moved tons of earth searching for water and have rooted themselves so deep that winds merely tickle them. The trees are firm, strong and well established. Even the biggest have only begun their life.

In the valley over the hill, men are working. They have the best and most powerful equipment. At a constant pace, the men and their weapons are marching through the forest. Nothing stands behind them; all life has stopped.

blank spaces, Beethoven's hand. In an instant I was beyond that hand, elbow, clavicle, and into the very brain of Beethoven himself. What a cavern! I was lost in its vastness; the acoustics were beyond the most articulate architect's conception of the ultimate of concert halls. Great tuning forks hung like stalagmites in the Mammoth Cave of his mind and hummed in the winds of his spirit. I cowered at the fringes, frightened at the unexpected, unfamiliar and intricate grandeur.

Such is the state of the world that we live in. We have become so adept at the craft of reproduction and distribution that we have all been washed, yea submerged, in a flood of ALMOST originals. Such is the benefit of having the world brought to us via the slight interposing of the mechanical process. In our search for hi-fidelity, we have come to accept the reproduction as being as good as the original, if not the source and well-spring of creation itself.

Yet that brief flickering kalidescope trip into Beethoven's head had left me in as ridiculous a position as the starlet, "Silly, feathers come from pillows!" Silly, Beethoven comes from long-play records.

The Eyes Of The Beholder

Mr. Stalger, you create for your readers a world of fantasy. You subsist entirely on what exists inside your mind. Each writer is competing with the others to show the world something its never seen.

No writer has ever been able to create a world entirely of fantasy, without going mad, or it being distorted by reality.

I've never seen this world of reality, Mr. Stalger, I've been blind since birth and as a result I have always lived here," he gently tapped his graying temple, "inside my mind, creating a world equal to both heaven and hell. I live in a world completely untouched by reality, and yet I'm sane. I have this world here for you, to draw from,

to study, and to record."

Mr. Stalger was thoughtful. His mind was working quietly now as he went over the possibilities of the blind man's offer. Finally he spoke.

"Your offer is very tempting but what would you expect in return, Mr. Thomas?"

"My price is not high. I ask only that you help me find the reality I will never see. I want you to create for me the best word pictures you can of the world that you live in. I want to know what the world looks like when it's covered with snow. Spin for me silver tales of sea and sky, make me see what I long to see, that's all I ask."

"You want to trade my world of reality for your world of

fantasy, is that it?"

"Yes, yes, exactly. I can lead you down every dark path of the human mind if you will show me a path cut in the earth. Do you like the idea, Mr. Stalger?"

"I do, very much, Mr. Thomas. Why don't we go have a glass of sherry and discuss the matter. On the way there I will describe things we pass as best I can."

"Thank you, Mr. Stalger, thank you," the old man said, just barely trembling with anticipation.

It was indeed strange, two blind men walking side by side on the snow-caked street, one listening to what the other was saying about wisps of pink clouds and castles in the sky.