

# Winter Literary Issue

# The



# Commuter

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LINN-BENTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE, ALBANY, OREGON

March 13, 1973

## World Wildlife Safari: a new kind of zoo opens in Oregon

### Fred Waring's Pennsylvanians to be in Salem



in natural surroundings.

The animals seem to have no problems adjusting to the climate of Oregon although the elephant houses are equipped with radiant heat. Dr. Follis, the zoological director of the Safari, said, "We aren't worried about the rainfall here as tropical animals and others are believed to adapt to any weather conditions. Lions, tigers, elephants, and other Asian and African animals are doing well in similar safaris in Canada where winters are much colder than in this area."

"The animals appear to be adapting themselves to the environment here very nicely," Dr. Follis says. "We see the natural characteristics of the animals reflected in their actions almost the instant they are placed in the Safari. The tigers immediately began 'staking' out their individual territories, marking the border of their area with urine on the trees. We placed a 'foreign' ostrich chick in with an ostrich mother and her family, and the family refused to have anything to do with the strange chick for some time. These are the things that make this type of animal display more interesting; you're really seeing them just as they would be in their native element."

The Safari is now composed of two sections — an African

and an Asian section. There are plans being made for a North American section which will be open in a year and for an aviary.

Although the Safari is interested in entertaining the public, it is equally interested in research. The Safari is presently researching endangered species of animals. The cheetah and the brown hyena are now under study and are not on display to the public. They are living undisturbed in a large section of the park set aside in hopes that breeding will be successful.

The petting zoo area features small and young animals. Visitors can feed Sicilian (dwarf) donkeys, baby Mouflon sheep, llama, Aldabra tortoises and other gentle animals. Included in the petting zoo is an Angora goat which was one of the Mt. Nebo weather goats. When this goat was very small, it fell off the mountain. After being taken to a vet, the young goat wouldn't go back to the herd, so it now lives at the Safari.

One of the most interesting attractions at the Safari is the lion pride which is dominated by 600-pound Caesar, the largest lion in captivity. There are fourteen other lions in the pride. Caesar's status is now under challenge by two other large, but younger males — Captain Jack and Amos Badheart.

The Willamette Valley will ring with music when Fred Waring and His Pennsylvanians appear for one night only at the Salem Armory on Wednesday, March 21, at 8:00 p.m.

After 56 years of challenge, Fred Waring has accepted a new one — taking a young, eager family of Pennsylvanians and teaching them five generations of music for this year's show. Fred has retained a few of the old-timers, but over 80 per cent are new, hand-picked, talented musicians and singers, including the usual quota of talented beauty queens of the past two years. They will have the honor of joining one of the most prestigious musical groups ever assembled. Joining the youngsters will be such all-time favorites of Fred Waring fans as Bassos Ralph Isbell, Leonard Kraneondonk, and comic Poley McClintock.

Many established fans who have always looked forward to the Fred Waring Show when it appears at the Portland Civic Auditorium can now enjoy this fine performance at the Salem Armory. Fred Waring brings, as usual, a program that appeals to young and old alike, providing a masterful blending of chorus and orchestra in a program both exciting and varied.

Tickets for the Fred Waring Show, priced at \$5.00, \$4.00, and \$3.00, are available at Stevens and Sons in Salem and French's Jewellery in Albany.

Some people will collect animals, breed animals, and even talk to the animals, but COMMUTER reporter Linda Fox even mixes with them socially! This is what they call "reporter spirit." Here, she is shown in the petting area of World Wildlife Safari.

The concept of the zoo is changing. Instead of caging the animals, it has proved more natural and educational to cage the people in their cars where they can view animals in the more natural and spacious environment of a wildlife park.

World Wildlife Safari is a wildlife park of this kind located in Winston, Oregon. It is a 600 acre drive-through reserve surrounded by oak and madrona forested hills. There are presently 300 animals of 40 different species roaming free

## The Writer and The Real World

### Conference will begin next Monday

During spring break, March 19-24, five prominent Northwest writers will be on the LBCC campus.

Each writer will give a lecture based on a specific

topic that relates to the general theme of "Man and the Land." The writers will also participate in a discussion that will follow each lecture and a workshop period the day after the

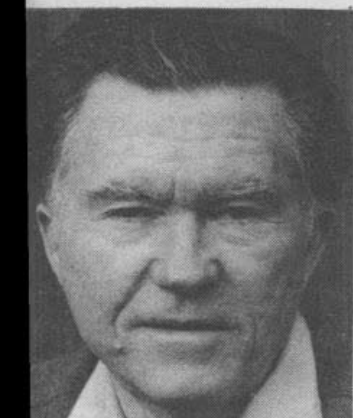
lecture.

Interested persons may sign up for three hours of transfer credit at the standard rate. LBCC students, carrying 12 hours or more, may add the

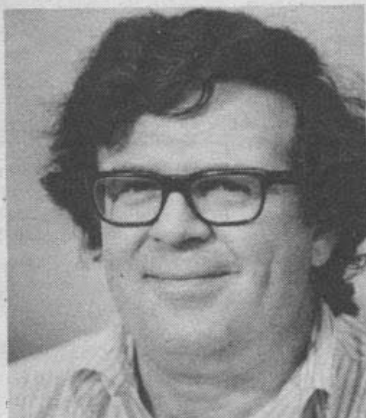
conference as an additional class without charge. The class may also be applied as part of the regular full-time load for Spring Term.

All activities of the con-

ference are open to the general public as non-students without charge. Further information can be received by contacting Bill Sweet at ext. 71 or the Humanities Department.



WILLIAM STAFFORD



WILLIAM KITTREDGE



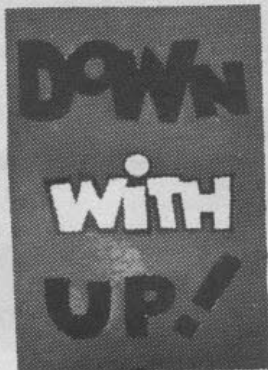
RICHARD HUGO



BILL SWEET

# Opinion

## Editorial



By S. COLLINS

In my past two terms as editor of this publication, I have seen just how ridiculous people can really be. The things that people become concerned about, when they read the paper is usually so futile and wasted that the total purpose of the material in the paper is destroyed. If people would reason when they read, this old would be a lot better off. In the past terms, I have discussed the silly proportions that the Women's Liberation movement has taken, the futile existence of student government, and many other subjects.

The time has come for me to resign as the editor of the COMMUTER. I can honestly say that I have enjoyed the work and the reactions to the things that I have said. My readers might be interested in knowing the reason behind many of the editorials in this publication since fall term. In the event that this is not already known, the most successful editorialists have put themselves in the positions of becoming targets for criticism and in many cases, write an outrageous opinion in order to stir public opinion out into the open where people are aware of it and get some reaction (printable reaction, that is) and use it as the means to get people thinking and spread the feeling of controversy.

The new editor is a woman (and frankly, she should do real well) named Linda Dirks, who prefers to be called "Ruby." I recommend that you follow her editorials religiously, for she should have some interesting viewpoints.

## THE COMMUTER

THE COMMUTER is a weekly 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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Office hours in D-2 are 3-4 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Address correspondence to: THE COMMUTER, 6500 SW Pacific Blvd., Albany, OR 97321.



Your recent "Rise and What???" — which I just read 22 Feb. '73 Thursday is positively depressing when we consider the effect it has had and will have on our student body who will now — after you have opened Pandora's box; let the cat out of the bag, et cetera — will have a few more excuses and ruses to employ to avoid the good ole American Rise and Shine Syndrome. What you need, young lady, is some discipline. It's too bad they haven't come up with discipline pills for our young cop-outs who lie around in bed "dreaming up" excuses and clever procedures to avoid getting up and facing themselves and another day. What kind of an example are you, a reporter, setting for our student body and faculty?

It's up and at 'em girl — and you'd better believe it — for every red-blooded non-commie and non-hippie American boy and girl. Where has your old Oregon Trail type of pioneer spirit gone? Discipline, discipline, discipline — repeat it. Pray it and psyche yourself in girl. Today is the life, the very life of life in this land of the free and the home of the bravest — You'd better believe it. Up and at 'em with gusto — a few push ups, deep knee bends, and you're ready to take the world on. Try it. Change those old slovenly habits. I'll be prayin' for you girl. And up, up, and out, and away we go! Rise and what?? — Shine baby, shine!

Al Schlich

## Shine and WHAT???

By LINDA FOX

I received Mr. Schlich's letter, read it, and had a good laugh. It was a very funny letter. I read the letter again and realized there were possibly some serious points there. After the third reading, I discovered that not only did the letter have some serious points, the whole letter was definitely a serious effort at showing me the error of my slovenly ways.

Before this letter, I wasn't aware that I, as a reporter, had such an influence on the student body and faculty. Now that I know this, I have made an honest (well, fairly honest) effort to set a good example and improve my rising habits using Mr. Schlich's suggestions. Results are as follows:

The pushups were out right off. I have enough strength in my arms to do two consecutive pushups — and this is when I'm fully awake. Instead, I did 20 deep knee bends. The next morning, my knees were so sore, I could just barely make it out of bed to go see the doctor and find out what was wrong. The doctor informed me that the deep knee bends were also out. (He also told me that he didn't have any

discipline pills he would prescribe for me.)

My next effort was to be brave — land of the free and home of the brave and all that stuff. I dug up my Oregon Trail pioneer spirit and did not set my alarm clock. I was so brave I was going to get up on my own. Who needs an alarm clock? All a person needs is a little bravery strategically applied. When I overslept two hours the next morning, I realized that my new-found bravery was not the solution. From now on I'd leave the bravery to the guys with the purple hearts.

Discipline! That's what I need. The next morning when I woke up to the alarm clock, I began repeating to myself: "DISCIPLINE, DISCIPLINE, DISCIPLINE, Discipline, discipline, discip... snore. This seemed to affect me something like counting sheep.

I guess I'm just doomed to be one of those people who rise no earlier than they absolutely have to (and sometimes later) and only shine in the afternoons. Until I can find an effective and practical way to get up on time, I will remain a slovenly, blue-blooded, commie, hippie cop-out who thoroughly enjoys her sleep. snore...

## Tailfeathers

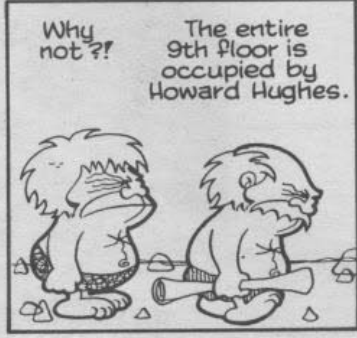
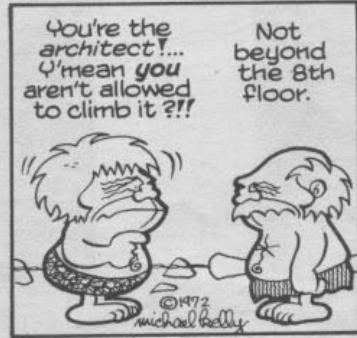
Linda Fox's "Roundabout" a real winner

To the Editor:

I want to commend Linda Fox for the superb job she is doing each week in our campus paper. Not only does she write in a fresh and lively way but she always has something original, interesting, and entertaining to

say. Her contribution to the paper has been tremendous and her journalistic enthusiasm, so evident in all her articles, is contagious. Anyway, I've become her "fan."

Don Minnick  
Humanities



LETTERS TO THE EDITOR will only be printed when they comply to the following simple guidelines:

1. No letters will be printed that contain personal attacks on individuals. Issues can be made clear without using mudslinging to make points.
2. No letters will be printed anonymously. All letters must contain a full signature of the author.
3. All letters selected for publication must be submitted to spelling and grammatical correction. This editing will not apply to the content of the material. As long as letters comply to the above guidelines they will be printed.

Skip Collins, Editor

# Features

## Pen in Hand

The book: The Social Order

by Robert Bierstedt

Part 2: The Natural Condition of Human Society; Section 2, The Biological.

By WES HOFFERBER

Concluding last weeks section on the geographic factors, I ended my article with the note of "Man being a product of man," this in my mind is most obvious. Society too, is just another product of man.

Within the section devoted to the Biological Factors, Bierstedt expresses here too, that the biological factors are, as the geographic factor were found to be, just limit setters and not the decisive factors they were once thought to be.

Man, in his present form, has been for thousands of earthly years; basically the same; basically man; basically woman. Size, weight, color, sex, all somewhat variable, but what if one or all were to be changed? Twice the size; half the weight; one color; three sexes; society would have to change, but to what?

Man, as the ultimate earthly animal that he is, has shaped the surface and the depths of human society from early existence. From the non-social survival to the now, and yet most devastating society ever conceived. Man has plotted his species from the ape to the almost atomic extinction of self. Man has used man in some human and inhuman ways. Man has exploited his fellow man. The ruthless have enslaved the passive; The strong have tortured the weak; The exceptional have surpassed the average; yet biologically society has remained the same.

Man has, through his technology, added to and taken from his society more in the last century than ever before. Biologically he has not changed himself, except he was now the advantage over man of the past, in that today he has more control over man's physical being. Sickness due to biological decay has seen its' last days. Man can now save life even before birth, yet not even this has more than little affect on society as a whole.

Man has recently discovered his useless destruction of earth and his ecological rebalance has started. Few men are now seeing the self-destruction of

man through his own technology. Man has outstepped his limits of survival in trying to satisfy his own needs by the use of unnatural means.

Man has had question after question answered, through the science of biology, about man, but man's answers are not satisfying those asked by society. Questions of peace; questions of race, questions of man; questions of time; questions of why; why, in a time of man, when all races are asking for peace, hasn't man found the answer?

For the biological factors of man have allowed man to live as the animal he is. Man is, unless man destroys.

Next week, section three; The Demographic factors.

## Motor vehicles subject of Congressional bills

Several bills have been introduced into the Oregon House and Senate proposing changes in the licensing of people and their cars. They deal mostly with examinations, license renewal, and driving while intoxicated (with some redefinitions of amount of alcohol in the bloodstream).

Senate bill 142 proposes requiring colored photographs and fingerprints for motor vehicle and chauffeur licenses and increasing license fees. This bill had its first hearing February 22nd before the Senate Transportation Committee.

Senate bill 204 proposes establishing a program of annual safety inspections of motor vehicles. It prescribes the standards and fees which would be used and directs counties to establish and

operate the inspection stations. A certificate for the car would be provided after the inspection and operation of a vehicle which does not have a certificate would be prohibited. The first hearing on this bill was held before the Senate Transportation Committee on March 1st.

House bill 2258, the "Habitual Offenders" Act, is a bill which involves operation of motor vehicles and number of moving violations convictions within a five year period. The "Habitual Offender" could be ordered not to drive for a ten year period if so declared by the court. This bill has been referred to the Judicial Committee.

If anyone wants information or a progress report on these or other bills, you can call the following toll-free number: 1-800-452-0290.

## Education in England costs less than US

How would you like to study in Britain? A new British government policy has fixed a standard tuition rate at any of 700 British universities and colleges for overseas students, of \$625. This covers 45 quarter credits or 30 semester credits.

As a result, the Study in Britain Association reports that the total cost for an academic year at a British college or university (including round trip air fare) can now run as low as \$2500 to \$3500. This includes tuition, meals, lodging and books.

Furthermore, American students (or faculty members) can now study on any of five levels:

1. At a campus of an American University in Britain.

2. As a visiting student, scholar or fellow.

3. As a graduate or undergraduate at a college or university, combined with research, work experience or independent study.

4. As a student of British institutions such as the theatre, the arts, welfare services, politics, medical services, the law, etc.

5. For teachers doing special research or sabbatical study.

Complete details of these work and study programs, how to enroll, where to apply and how to combine travel and study

are available from SIBA. Preliminary planning takes three months, so now is the time to plan for the next study year.

For further details about SIBA's reference kit and other services available, write "British Universities Department", British Tourist Authority, 680 Fifth Ave., New York City, New York 10019.

## IM Sports

Intramural sports have really fared well this term, according to David Bakley, LBCC's director of intramural athletics.

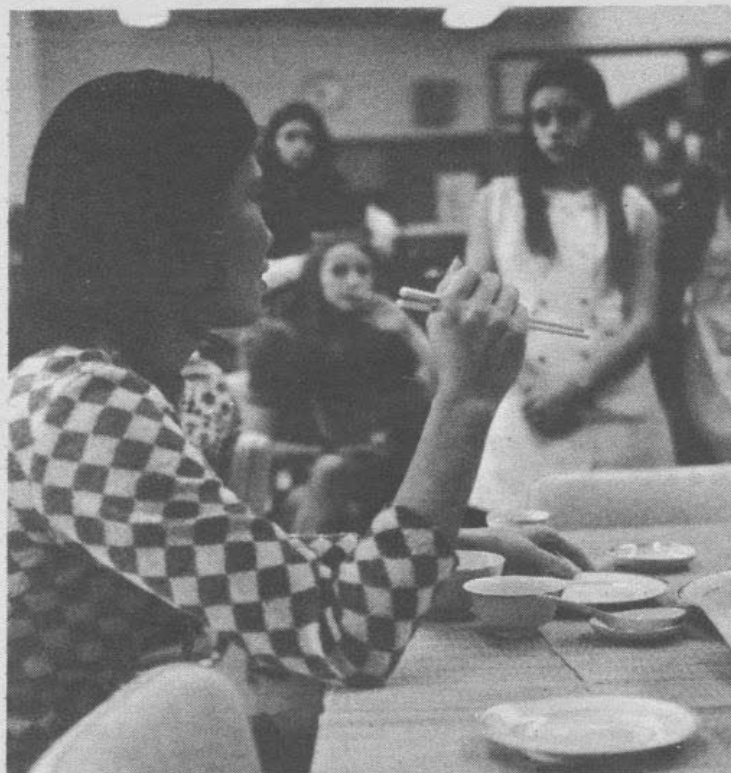
"They've really been successful," he said. "Lots of people have taken advantage of the facilities at the Y."

Intramural sports will still be available for the spring term. Those desiring more information should contact Bakley in the Occupations building or check the intramural board in the student center.

## Chess Club

The LBCC Chess Club is sponsoring a Chess Tournament this coming spring term, which will be open to all students in Linn-Benton. There will be an admission fee of 25 cents to cover the cost of running this tournament. All those people who would like to play will have to sign up on the list in Margaret Orsi's office in the College Center. All contestants must be signed up before April 6th. Prizes will be given.

In coming events for the LBCC Chess Club, there will be a tournament with the University of Oregon Chess Club at LBCC on April 17th and again on May 1st in Eugene at the Memorial Union building.



Chung Li (Mary) Ramsdell, Layout Editor for the COMMUTER, shows the Home Economics class of West Albany High School the art of eating with chop-sticks and getting enough to stay alive.

## LBCC student cooks China-style for high school class

This was one of Chung Li (Mary) Ramsdell's statements during her Chinese cooking demonstration at West Albany High School on Friday, March

"The good thing about Chinese food is that it is fully seasoned and, when you eat, you don't have to add salt or pepper or anything."

2nd. Mrs. Ramsdell was asked by a home economics student to do the demonstration for her

particular class. The demonstration began with a student of the class who seemed proficient with chop-sticks, who showed the other members of the class how to hold and manipulate them. Then Mrs. Ramsdell began her side of the

demonstration by explaining the difference between American housewives and Chinese housewives, which seemed to be a rather limited subject. She

explained that Chinese housewives, in most cases, make daily visits to the market, and that very few housewives have freezers or ovens.

The dish she made was called Beef and Green Peppers, but she said that if you order it in a Chinese Restaurant, it would be called Green Pepper Steak.

Mrs. Ramsdell seemed nervous at first, but after getting started, she seemed right at home in the classroom. She is a student at LBCC with hopes of someday becoming a teacher.

## RPM Car Club

On the last Sunday of Spring vacation, the RPM CAR CLUB will have an autocrosse, in which cars will be competing against the clock on a simulated road course. The cars will be divided into classes to make the competition equal among the cars, with separate classes

for the ladies. Prizes will be awarded in the various classes for the fastest cars in each class.

Linn-Benton Community College does have a car club, we're called the RPM CAR CLUB.

We speak the many languages of motorsports, be it roadrace, drag, off-road, etc. We want to do things with and for you, the students of Linn-Benton,

all we need is you! Our club meets every Wednesday at 7:00 p.m., in the Auto Tech building. Hope to see you there.

### Sloopy's Tavern

Corner of Pacific and Santiam.

Happy Hour Nightly, from 8 - 9 p.m. Beer: .35 a pitcher

# Sports

## Lightning flashes

### The fall and rise of the Yankee Empire

"The Yankees are back!" I've been uttering that cry for about eight years now, but I believe I could be right this time.

Actually, they began their return to the American League contenders in 1970 when they finished a surprising second behind the Baltimore Orioles. They slipped somewhat the following season but were right in the thick of the race this past season right up until the end.

A decade ago, the proud Yankees were at their peak. Featuring a line-up of Bobby Richardson at second base, Tony Kubek at short stop, Roger Maris at right field, Mickey Mantle in center field, Elston Howard behind the plate, Tommy Tresh in left field, and Cleve Boyer at third base, they were seemingly invincible.

But slowly the great dynasty showed signs of weakening. They lost the '64 World Series to the Dodgers in four straight and succumbed to the Cardinals in seven the following year in the October classic . . . Mantle, Maris, and Howard were over the hill; Mantle retired in a couple of seasons, Maris was traded to St. Louis, and Howard was shipped to Detroit. The others stopped performing as they had before and most of them departed by the way of the bartering table also.

Suddenly the once proud Bronx Bombers found themselves with a line-up consisting of "can't misses" which eventually did, "used to-ers," and "has beens" such as Doc Edwards, Billy Bryan, Jake Gibbs, Bill Robinson, and Rocky Colovito. They eventually lost all semblance of the baseball team which they had been and began to wallow in the mire of the second division; once they even ended up in last place.

The Yankees had died. It was certainly a sad day for all died-in-the-wool Yankee fans such as myself. But even then, there was a brief tell-tale sign of a heartbeat if you employed a very sensitive stethoscope. There was Mel Stottlemyer, the young pitching star, who had just made it to the Yankees in '64 when the Yankees won their last pennant.

Another couple of seasons and they found Fritz Peterson, a young left hander, to go along with Stottlemyer. Thus they had the nucleus of a pitching staff and for several years depended on that completely for their life; their batting order was just too anemic to depend on.

There was also a bright star coming up in the Yankee farm system, billed as the heir to Mantle's position in center field. Bobby Murcer was his name, and although he was a couple of years away, it still gave Lee MacPhail something to look forward to.

Thurman Munsen came along to handle the catching chores as Gibbs just never did live up to expectations. He provided a receiver of the likes of his predecessors, Howard and Yogi Berra.

Roy White established himself in left field to replace Tresh who failed to pan out after a few good years when he first came up. Murcer did finally mature. Although having yet to make Yankee fans forget Mantle and Joe Dimaggio, he has provided the Bombers with an all-star center fielder.

Then came the trading season last winter when the Yankees pulled off a couple of great trades. (Perhaps it will somewhat vindicate their unloading of Stan Bahnsen a year ago.) They finally got themselves a bona fide third baseman in Craig Nettles whom they obtained from the Indians. Then they got a high average hitter from the Cardinals, Matty Alou, to provide adequacy at first base.

Now they should be able to go. With Stottlemyer, Peterson, Steve Kline, and Mike Kekich composing a dandy mound corps and Murcer, Munsen, White, Matty Alou, and Nettles to spice the batting order, they Yankees should go.

That is, with a little bit of luck and a strong tail wind!

## RPM autocross coming

Linn-Benton's RPM Car Club held a driver's performance practice on the campus parking lot Sunday, March 4, with Lloyd Johnson getting the best time. Johnson, driving a modified Mini-Cooper S, finished the lap with a time of 1:30.2.

Tom Hill had the second-best time of 1:31.0, driving a modified Saab Sonett V-4.

The club has another event coming up next month. They are planning to sponsor an autocross here at LBCC in the early part of that month. They will be using an electric timer during this event so the lap times will be available in fractions of a second.

The cars will be divided into classes with separate classes

for the ladies. Trophies will be awarded to the fastest in each class.

The RPM car club meets every Wednesday night at 7 o'clock in the Auto-tech building.

FROM THE SPORTS EDITOR: I'm leaving the state for a couple of months and will not be back for spring term. Consequently, an opening for sports editor is now available.

I've enjoyed serving in this capacity and hope that I've presented you with an interesting enough sports page each time.

## Lose to S. Idaho in finals

### LBCC Region 18 runnerups

Linn-Benton's hopes for a trip to Kansas were shattered Tuesday evening in C'oeur d' Alene, Idaho, when they were bombed by the College of Southern Idaho 81-53 in the regional finals.

By virtue of the win, SIC will represent Region 18 in the National Junior College Athletic Association championship tournament in Hutchinson, Kansas, March 13-17.

The Roadrunners had advanced to the finals of the regional by upsetting Northern Idaho the previous evening on a last second shot by Gary Michel, giving them the 77-76 victory.

Michel had earlier in the contest provided the heroics also when he hit a last-second bucket to give his team a slim 41-39 lead at half time.

In the second half, the 'Runners took the control of the game for a while, leading by nine at one point. But with 45 seconds left in the game,

NIC took the lead by a 76-75 margin, thus putting extreme pressure on the Roadrunners.

They elected to stall away the waning minutes of the contest, playing for the one shot. Their efforts were successful, thanks to Michel's bucket which dropped through the hoop with only two seconds showing on the clock.

"It was our greatest victory ever," claimed Roadrunner Coach, Butch Kimpton, after the game in an interview with the Albany Democrat-Herald. It was the first time an Oregon club had ever beaten an Idaho team in the regional tournament.

In the previous contest, SIC had crushed Blue Mountain, the other OCCAA representative.

Craig Martin, in spite of playing with four fouls for all but 30 seconds of the second half, led all scorers with 21 points. Glenn Hubert, scoring 14 points, claimed runners-up honors for the 'Runners with 14 points.

But with SIC, the Roadrunners could not keep up with the strong, fifth-ranked junior college team in the country.

Only by some brilliant shooting, could they stay in the ball game for the first 12 minutes. After that, it was all over but the crying.

By half time, the Roadrunners had fallen behind by a 41-27 margin.

Martin was completely stifled in the contest, hitting only a pair of field goals for four points before fouling out.

Michel had the scoring honors for LBCC with 11 points while Jim Davidson chipped in ten. Ricky Sobers paced SIC with 18 points.

Linn-Benton finished the season with a 26-7 record and were also the Oregon Community College Athletic Association tournament champion.



Craig Martin, with his arms outstretched over the dark-shirted Clatsop player, is shown in action against Clatsop Community College earlier in the season. The 6-10 center closed out his LBCC career against SIC, in a disappointing note, scoring only four points.

LINN-BENTON (77)

|          | fg    | ft   | fta | pf | reb | pts |
|----------|-------|------|-----|----|-----|-----|
| Peterson | 3-4   | 1-2  | 2   | 1  | 7   |     |
| Michel   | 6-15  | 0-6  | 7   | 6  | 12  |     |
| Davidson | 4-18  | 3-6  | 1   | 1  | 11  |     |
| Martin   | 9-17  | 3-4  | 4   | 12 | 21  |     |
| Hubert   | 6-10  | 2-2  | 4   | 7  | 14  |     |
| Coston   | 6-14  | 0-0  | 0   | 0  | 12  |     |
| Bishop   | 0-1   | 0-0  | 1   | 4  | 0   |     |
| Totals   | 34-79 | 9-14 | 14  | 33 | 77  |     |

NORTHERN IDAHO (76)

|           | fg    | ft  | fta | pf | reb | pts |
|-----------|-------|-----|-----|----|-----|-----|
| Taylor    | 7-21  | 2-2 | 2   | 2  | 15  |     |
| Stockwell | 8-19  | 1-2 | 0   | 0  | 3   |     |
| Bemis     | 6-22  | 1-2 | 0   | 11 | 9   |     |
| Rose      | 10-21 | 0-0 | 2   | 17 | 20  |     |
| Kenny     | 1-5   | 0-0 | 4   | 4  | 2   |     |
| Stanley   | 5-9   | 0-0 | 5   | 7  | 10  |     |
| Podrabsky | 7-16  | 2-4 | 1   | 11 | 16  |     |
| Totals    | 35-89 | 6-8 | 14  | 52 | 76  |     |

Scoring by Halves

|             |    |    |    |
|-------------|----|----|----|
| Linn-Benton | 41 | 36 | 77 |
| North Idaho | 39 | 37 | 76 |

LINN-BENTON (53)

|          | fg | ft  | fta | pf | pts |
|----------|----|-----|-----|----|-----|
| Peterson | 1  | 0-0 | 0   | 2  |     |
| Davidson | 5  | 0-0 | 0   | 10 |     |
| Heins    | 1  | 0-0 | 0   | 2  |     |
| Michel   | 5  | 1-2 | 1   | 11 |     |
| Martin   | 2  | 0-0 | 5   | 4  |     |
| Hubert   | 2  | 0-0 | 0   | 4  |     |
| Coston   | 3  | 0-0 | 1   | 5  |     |
| McDonald | 2  | 2-2 | 1   | 4  |     |
| Dorsing  | 4  | 0-0 | 1   | 8  |     |
| Totals   | 25 | 3-4 | 10  | 53 |     |

SOUTHERN IDAHO (81)

|          | fg | ft   | fta | pf | pts |
|----------|----|------|-----|----|-----|
| Fryson   | 8  | 0-0  | 1   | 18 |     |
| Williams | 6  | 2-2  | 0   | 14 |     |
| Groves   | 3  | 0-0  | 0   | 6  |     |
| Sobers   | 9  | 0-0  | 2   | 18 |     |
| Boimut   | 4  | 5-6  | 2   | 13 |     |
| Swanson  | 5  | 2-3  | 2   | 12 |     |
| Thompson | 0  | 0-0  | 2   | 0  |     |
| Heaps    | 1  | 0-0  | 0   | 2  |     |
| Sprague  | 0  | 0-0  | 2   | 0  |     |
| Totals   | 36 | 9-11 | 11  | 81 |     |

Scoring by halves:

|                |    |    |    |
|----------------|----|----|----|
| Linn-Benton    | 27 | 26 | 53 |
| Southern Idaho | 41 | 40 | 81 |

## 'Big three' bowling stats; Seattle leads league

Gary Burgess of Seattle, substitute Stan Roth, and Frank Bitterman of Brisbane have established themselves as the Cities League's "big three" bowlers during the past few weeks.

Burgess is currently sporting the best average in the league, 175, while Roth and Bitterman follow him with averages of 173 and 171, respectively.

Burgess, who held a much more comfortable lead earlier in the season, has watched his advantage dwindle down considerably during the last three weeks.

Seattle is still in first place in the team standings and widened its lead out to two games last week over second-place Lebanon.

### Standings

| TEAM             | W  | L  |
|------------------|----|----|
| 1. Seattle       | 22 | 6  |
| 2. Lebanon       | 20 | 8  |
| 3. Twin Falls    | 20 | 8  |
| 4. Brisbane      | 16 | 12 |
| 5. Santa Barbara | 16 | 12 |
| 6. Albany        | 14 | 14 |
| 7. Quartzville   | 13 | 15 |
| 8. Nampa         | 11 | 17 |
| 9. El Paso       | 11 | 17 |
| 10. Missoula     | 9  | 19 |
| 11. Kansas City  | 8  | 20 |
| 12. Corvallis    | 8  | 20 |

### Top ten

| NAME                    | AV  |
|-------------------------|-----|
| 1. Gary Burgess (S)     | 175 |
| 2. Stan Roth (sub)      | 173 |
| 3. Frank Bitterman (B)  | 171 |
| 4. Doug Anderson (SB)   | 162 |
| 5. Dick Kennedy (L)     | 159 |
| 6. Mike Long (L)        | 158 |
| 7. Valerie Vernon (Q)   | 158 |
| 8. Keith Pearson (A)    | 153 |
| 9. John Mayer (S)       | 151 |
| 10. Courtney Kreft (TF) | 151 |

Lebanon is still in that second spot only by 43 pins over Twin Falls which has an identical 20-8 record.

## From the driver's seat

Almost anybody who drives a sports or high performance automobile is a competitor at heart. The enthusiastic driver is constantly testing himself and the superior handling and responsiveness of his sports car or sports sedan. It may be on a brisk early morning run up the Pacific Coast highway to Monterey or in the sometimes serious game of outwitting the lethal incompetents on the Connecticut Turnpike.

Or, the driver may test himself just for the sense of accomplishment that comes from mastering a spirited motorcar that demands something of its operator.

Racing, of course, is the ultimate competition. A driver forges himself and his machine into a tough, race winning combination and competes directly against other equally determined men in close, wheel-to-wheel battling.

But, for better or for worse, not everyone can or may even want to be a racing driver. Racing is an expensive and sometimes dangerous game that makes great demands on time and energy.

Is the non-racing motorist

therefore doomed to sublimate his Jackie Stewart fantasies to the demands of profession, family or budget?

He is not and never has been. The non-racing competitive driver has always had before him a dazzling array of single car tests of skill and speed in which he can participate without running afoul of the expense and hazard of racing.

Solo events in which one car at a time is pitted against the clock have always been a cornerstone of motorsport. Countless parking lots, abandoned roads, airports, hillsides and sometimes even racetracks in all parts of the world echo to the patter of little production wheels all year round.

These closed-course, time-and-maneuverability events place an emphasis on the deftness of the driver and agility of the cars. Because they are inexpensive for the participant, they form the best driver education available.

To drive through a course at their maximum speeds, the driver has to race the course itself, judging how fast he can go, accelerating down the straight-a-ways, and into the corner without sliding off. He must select the path or "line" through each corner that will be the fastest, but he also has to keep in mind his position and speed coming out of it for

the next corner. And he has to do it lap after lap. Changing gear 20 times just to complete one lap is not at all unusual.

The challenge of these events is essentially "you against the clock." The human animal needs to gauge himself against his peers, however. The profusion of car models and types, with great differences in acceleration, braking, and maneuverability, make it essential that they be segregated into competitive groups.

The cars race against each other in classes, but the top drivers compete mainly against the course, trying to shave a tenth of a second here and reducing their lap time to one that will eventually put them ahead of the opposition. To do this perfectly every lap involves many driving skills which take time and training to achieve.

The many classes offer many chances of taking home a trophy for your Sunday sports in an event. This fits perfectly with the basic "fun" premise of the program.

These Sunday afternoon events at the local parking lot attracts ordinary sports and sports type cars used for daily transportation. Their owners inflate the tires to more than normal pressures, remove the hubcaps, empty the interior or loose items, buckle the seat belts and have a go.

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From the drivers' seat, *The woman's touch*

## My first taste of auto-crossing

By CAROL LANE

or

"that chick in the hot pants"

WOW! What a groovy feeling. I could hardly believe I was finally Autocrossing after all the times I have had to stand-by straining at the bit while others had all the fun.

Dale, my husband, ran first, so I had been waiting for a couple of hours in line to run and by this time I was really nervous, and by the time I was really ready to pull up on the starting line, guess what? It was potty time! Well, relief would have to wait because I got the green flag and off I went. Right off, a couple of pylons jumped in front of me and I told myself, self, take it easy. I thought I was doing better than my husband, but needless to say I was disappointed when I learned that he bettered my time by a large 12 seconds. It really felt like I was giving it all I needed to,

but the next time I'll really put my foot on it! One nice thing about my first taste of autocrossing and that is, after all the scores were tallied, lo and behold, I won myself a first place trophy. I sure wish I would have had some more competition. Seems to me that all the gals I have talked to who don't autocrosse, confess to being scared. There's really nothing to be afraid of, after all, I feel just driving back and forth from work there is a greater risk than a closed-circuit controlled autocrosse.

We toured to Yakima, Washington for my next go at autocrossing, and let me tell you, this was all together different than the first. The course was laid out on the speedway or at least half of it, and they had the other half of the course on the go-cart track in the infield of the large oval. You really of the large oval. You started out on the long south sweeper and by the time you really got to speed, you had to be on your toes, because everything came to a screeching halt and you had to cut a hard 180 degree in the middle of the back

straight and head back from whence you came thru that long sweeper only to find that you were back up to speed and had everything under control . . . bang, a hard right and on to the go-cart track. I straightened out that hard right-hander on my practice lap and almost got into the weeds but I sure learned something and I closed the gap to within 5 seconds of my husband at this event and took home another first place trophy, again with little competition in my class. I wish the rest of you gals that haven't tried autocrossing would come out and join me and have a go at it, it's really fun.

GIRLS, the RPM CAR CLUP is planning an autocrosse sometime after Spring Vacation. Give it a try and bring your boyfriends and hubbys, it should be a gas (bad pun, huh?).

If you'd like to hear more of this and other motorsport activities, the RPM CAR CLUP has it all. We meet every Wednesday evening at 7:00 in the Auto-tech building. WHY NOT GIVE US A TRY!

# The Trap

By MICHAEL GIPSON

Along the Southern Oregon coast there are a series of wind-whipped cliffs where the land meets water. At the bottom of these cliffs there is an occasional cave where the timeless Pacific has found a bit of softer rock in a cliff of harder material. At high tide the caves are covered. At low tide they are accessible to an enterprising rock climber. There is an ongoing challenge to any adventurer . . . get to the bottom, explore the cave, and get back out before the sea returns.

Dave Allen and Gene Ryan were two of these hardy climbers. During their climbing activities they had explored well over a hundred of these caves. Dave and Gene were a team, buddied up for mutual security. Each of them was confident that if one was in trouble the other could come to his aid.

This day was another climbing day, again they were together at the waters edge. They had discovered a number of new cave mouths and were ready to enter.

"Hey Dave! This one's lowest, let's check it out first."

"Right. Follow you."

Dave following Gene, they enter the narrow mouth and emerge into a large sunken chamber, covered with a couple of feet of water. Probing forward with their lights, they can see that the cave continues deep into the cliff. They splash farther into the cave.

"Burr! I hope this cold bastard doesn't get any deeper."

"We should'a brought our hip boots."

Dave replies sarcastically, "Right!"

"Oh, look at that rock!"

"Where?"

"Up there, to your left. The yellow one."

"Hey! That's nice. Reminds me of swiss cheese."

Gene attempts to chip the rock from the cliff ceiling with his rock hammer, but has no success. He does, however, locate a small crack in the rock and tries to pry it down, again with no success.

Dave says, "We left the bar outside, I'll go get it." As he splashes out, Gene continues to apply prying pressure to the crack. Then Dave, outside, hears the rumbling sound all miners dread. As he attempts to enter he is met by a cold rush of water. Over the rush he can hear Gene's wild scream.

"Gene! You all right?" Dave waits for the water to subside and reenters the cave. With his light he can see a rock the size of a small car pinning Gene's right leg against the cave wall.

Gene replies, a bit shocked, "Well, I got the rock. How about moving this sorry mother?"

As Dave attempts to lever the rock away, he realizes he can't move it. "Gene, it's huge. I'll have to get more help."

"Right. Remember, I can't breathe water."

"I'll be back in a flash."

Dave splashes through the water and out into the open. He checks his ropes and begins his ascent up the cliff wall.

Gene heard Dave leave but he couldn't see him. He was faced toward the rear of the cave, caught between the jagged

edge of a rock and a hard place. He became aware of the rhythmic reverberations of the Pacific just outside. He used his light to examine his situation once again. The rock and the wall had joined and crushed his leg. He faced the rear of the cave. Only with a great effort could he manage to see its mouth out of the corner of his eye. From his vantage point, in a slight depression, he could see the water lapping around the mouth of the cave.

The strain of turning caused Gene's crushed leg to send spears upward through his body. His cry was mercifully followed by unconsciousness.

When Gene fought his way back to the world, he first became aware of the rhythmic splashing behind him. The agony of his leg was dulled by shock. His cries for help echoed hollowly back to him. He had never felt so alone. Only time was there, and he knew time was working against him.

The returning tide sent its first rush of cold salt water over the lip of the cave. To Gene it might well have been lava. The current of water pushed Gene's leg first toward the rear of the cave and then tried to pull it back. This rough movement combined with the new salt in open wounds brought another scream and, again, merciful blackness.

When Dave came back and shook Gene roughly awake, the sea had risen to Gene's middle. The ebbing of the water allowed the interior of the cave to drain and for Dave to see Gene's leg.

"C'mon Gene! Gene! Gene! Gene! Wake up!"

Gene's reply came very weak, "Yeah?"

"The ride's coming in and nobody's around up there. We got to do this one ourselves. The ride'd be in by the time I'd get back."

"O.K., so what do we do?"

"Gene, this is serious. I mean, like, somethings drastic got to happen damn fast or you've had it. Gene, it's life or limb. You can't move with your leg there. We can't move this rock, and the water's here now. Understand? Do you understand what I'm saying?"

"It's crazy, Dave . . . do it."

Dave removes his belt and forces it around Gene's upper thigh and cinches it off. Gene's cry is terrible but he stays awake.

"Hang in there buddy."  
"Look, I'm getting wet — do it!"

Dave bends down and just above the cruel jaws of rock, uses his knife and cuts through cloth and flesh. Gene collapses silently. The bone, broken already, gives Dave no trouble as he lifts Gene's inert body to his back. The stump oozes only slightly. The belt is doing its job. Dave packs Gene outside and steps to higher ground. There he binds Gene's hands

together and hangs them over his neck. With Gene on his back, he begins the slow climb up the rock face. Below, the Pacific slams into the cliff and the trap is gone, buried under tons of water.

# Snow Warmth

By SKIP COLLINS

The ground glistened as I walked among the mounds of snow, struggling to stay erect on the thick sheets of ice covering the streets of the small residential district of the city.

I had seen all of these people before, in cars or in their yards as I drove by, but I had never really noticed them before. I had never noticed how impersonal my world is until this heavy snow had put it to a temporary stop.

I had been out walking in the cold about an hour and my fingers and toes were between numb and the pain that usually accompanies a walk in the snow. It seemed that the black gloves I wore were not doing their job any better than the three pairs of heavy sweat socks that my ski boots covered. My heavy, fur collared coat was more than warm enough but I could feel an occasional bit of cold through the tan colored jeans I wore. My face and ears were at the mercy of the winter cold.

The children caught my eye more than the sluggish adults along the edges of the streets and in the walkways that had already been shoveled. The children all looked as though they had been carefully bundled by their mothers before entering the winter wonderland. Then, as soon as they stepped outdoors, they began to unbuckle the parental project.

There seemed to be at least one sled, saucer, or inner-tube for every two children. They all certainly seemed to be enjoying themselves.

I watched for a short while and then continued my walk.

My hands had gone past the pain point and were very numb, but my toes were still causing me some problems.

I soon came upon a brown cap that was bobbing up and down behind a high mound of snow piled off to one side of the street. I worked my way around to see a young boy of about twelve working away at the snow, shoveling the walk. The boy was clad in an old blue coat and big black boots that were obviously not his own. The brown cap had ear flaps and a flimsy visor that bounced with the shoveling movements of the boy.

I noticed the shovel that he was using. It was nothing more than a stick of wood with a piece of thick plywood nailed to one end. It appeared to work quite well as long as the boy put his best into it.

I stood and watched the young man for about an hour when I was startled by a hand on my shoulder. I turned around to see an old man with a rather childish expression on his age-worn face. He was dressed in a black tattered coat and brown patched pants. His boots were covered by a pair of grey socks that, apparently, offered amazing traction on the icy streets.

The old gentleman seemed to have trouble speaking but managed to get the words out after a short silence. He said, "Young man, uhm, I was wondering if you would mind helping me for awhile. You see, I'm too old to do certain things like I used to. Anyway, would you mind shoveling my walkway for me?"

Somehow the expression on the gentleman's face was irrefusable, so I followed him through the snow to his nearby home.

He took me to his garage which held a large tricycle, the kind that you occasionally see elderly people riding in the summer, and a well equipped wood shop. Although his shop was well equipped,

many of the bigger tools didn't look as though he had used them in years.

Along the wall were stacks of snow shovels like the one used by the boy I had been watching before. The man explained that since a snow like this was so rare to this area, many of the people in the neighborhood didn't have snow shovels. So he made shovels for them and sold them at the cost of the wood.

The more the gentleman talked the more I developed respect for him.

Soon, he picked out one of his better homemade snow shovels and showed me what he would like me to do.

There was a walkway on the north and east side of his house with a narrow one up to the front door. Around his house the snow was about three feet deep and I could tell that the job was going to be a real project.

I worked for about two and a half hours and the old gentleman occasionally would come out and look things over and then go back into the garage.

When I finished I went to the garage but the old man wasn't there. So I put the snow shovel among those of the stack and went to the front door of the house. The old gentleman answered and displayed a delight of a seven-year-old at Christmas. He raved about the job and then insisted on paying me for my time.

I refused but was out-talked and the man went back into the house to get his wallet. So, when he turned to go back into the house, I slipped away.

As I headed home over the ice-covered streets I thought about the old gentleman and his snow shovels and his child-like expressions of gratitude and didn't feel cold anymore.

## Rainbow Patches and Mushroom Embroidery

When your life is full of rainbows,  
baby lambs, gentle rain, soft grass,  
blue sky, and sunshine, keep it that way.  
And you can hear the sound  
Of one hand clapping  
The wind that blows your hair is  
An experience not a nuisance.  
When you read "Birches"  
You can feel your hands  
Sore from holding the limbs.  
The sun shining on a  
Bare tree of winter  
Making it more beautiful than the summer same.  
And the clouds make designs  
And not rain.  
A leaf, brown and dry,  
Looks like a butterfly  
When pushed by the air.  
The piercing of a jet  
So far away in the sky  
Leaves only its long white tail.  
An apple core  
Rotting in the sun  
Is so very much alive.  
And the street light  
Burning in the daylight  
Matched only by the sun.  
Green grass swaying in the wind  
As the golden wheat do.  
The little birds speak  
Especially to your ears.  
The old horse on the corner  
Says 'Hi' to you.  
And the wind wings to you  
From the tree branches.  
Hitching becomes an occupation  
Not a game.  
A sunset calls to you  
"Come see me."  
You hold her hand  
Let the sun heat warm them,  
And your spirit flows freely.  
Finding a bottle cap  
Alongside the road  
Is a buried treasure.  
A daisy in your lapel  
Is a special gift  
From God to her  
To you.  
Ducks in the water at night  
Are softer than the day.  
Yogurt is a meal  
And she asks no more  
For there is no more.  
Old dresses and hats  
Entrusted only to museums  
Become a part of you;  
Even through the glass.  
An old 'iron horse' breathes  
Mystery and beauty through its rusty lungs.  
A ride on a bike in the country  
So cold you shake  
And you (both) are free  
And you (both) are together  
And you (both) are one.  
Incense burns,  
Your eyes water from the smoke,  
The smell is from heaven.  
Rocky Mountain High plays on  
You know what it means  
You are there  
You are not in a dream.  
A voice so tender and sure  
Taking only that which you give  
Never asking for more,  
And returning that much  
And so much more.  
Beer dropped on napkins  
So that things there on  
Grow and grow.  
She is moving towards her home  
And me away from mine.  
Death may turn lips blue and nill  
Hands may cripple up  
But where our spirits have touched  
Nothing of this earth  
or of God's Heaven  
Can put asunder.  
When your life is full of rainbows,  
baby lambs, gentle rain, soft grass,  
blue sky, and sunshine, keep it that way.

## Riding Free

Round the corner on two wheels,  
Wind pushing at my face.  
Bugs mash against my mask,  
Into a drift I crank it on,  
Out into the straight,  
I'm almost gone  
Fast as I can through the curves  
My bike performing at my embrace

Timm L. Lovell

# Summer Roses

By BOB MACK

I have lived in this town for twenty-one years, and I have never seen anything so strange. The talk about the death three years ago of Mrs. Richner has been circulating through the town again since last month, when the remains of a third victim were found out on Townsend Land. The body was too much like the first two to be a coincidence; the terrible scars and dried skin were ghastly to behold.

If my theory holds true, the story starts eleven years back, when Mrs. Richner first moved into her cottage on Townsend Lane, coming there from London following the death of her husband, who was a very wealthy businessman, and left her well off.

She was accompanied by her household staff, consisting of a maid and a butler, and also accompanying her was a dear friend she had known for years, a woman who had a job as a nurse in a large London hospital, and had helped Mrs. Richner when she was very sick two years before. Her name was Mrs. Leland, and she came from London every summer to be with her friend, since her husband was gone also. They enjoyed each others company very much. She was a very intelligent woman, and had a high position at the hospital.

They did everything together during the summer. They would take trips across the country occasionally, but most of the time they spent in the neighborhood of the town, going to garden shows and having parties for new friends. That is how I got to know them. I was invited to one of their dinners, and went back to see them many times. You see, both they and I are interested in raising roses, a hobby from which we receive much enjoyment. Mrs. Leland especially had a nice touch, but she would let on to no one (not even Mrs. Richner knew), just what her secret was. She finally confided in me on what turned out to be the last time I would ever see her again.

Four weeks after her eighth summer visit, she was killed in an automobile accident. I took the heartbroken Mrs. Richner to the funeral in London. We would both miss her very much.

At her home in London, she had been experimenting with her plants, and some of them were doing very poorly. She had a wild idea, and tried it, and had found success at last.

Being an expert nurse, she knew that blood plasma was high in nutrients. When experiments were conducted with it at the hospital, or when there was a surplus, much of it was thrown out. She could get as much as she wanted from them,

so she asked for some, and used it to fertilize one plant, and the results were hard to believe. The plant grew tremendously fast, and the flowers were perfectly formed, with brilliant colors.

She came each summer with three or four gallon jars of it, and would sneak it by Mrs. Richner and use it on the roses, which responded to it as vigorously as her first try.

The following summer was a very lonely time for Mrs. Richner. She tried to keep busy, tending her garden and the roses, and getting together with friends, but she wasn't enjoying herself, and it was apparent to everyone. We tried to cheer her up, but it was difficult, and she gradually faded back to loneliness.

One day near the end of the summer, I went out to her house to ask if she needed anything, as the maid and butler were both away, and I found her scarred, dried up body near the back of the house. The police investigated and found no murderer nor clues of any kind, and everyone was deeply stunned.

That winter the house was purchased by a family from Oxford, and they moved in the following spring. Another death occurred, and suddenly I knew.

The roses, deprived of their yearly ration of blood, are providing for themselves now.

## Serendipity

By WES HOFFERBER

Behind me the warmth of a long pillar of bright sunlight hangs on the lower portion of the wall. As I watch it, I see millions of airborne objects. Some hang as if they have no place to go. Others float out and in, appearing and then disappearing.

Passing my hand through the column of illuminated air, a feeling of power overtakes me. Now much faster, darting in and out, much like a rapid eddy caught in a cold mountain stream. I can change the course of colorless bright; I have altered the flight, ever so slight, of the unknown, within the dusty beam.

A movement now noticed is the final landing place of the satin shaft of sun. Starting at the high place on the wall, it now takes the shape of a wide yellow stripe down the middle of a chair. The top starts on the wall then travels softly over the full-body of the chair. With the same mellow softness it falls to the floor and tries to flow to the center of the

room. But no indication is given as to which end came first. Maybe the ends are really the sides and one of the sides came first. The radiant ray travels on. Down side, up, and side up, down.

Over there! Listen! A tick, another tick. Even and regimented. Endless and loud. There's no way of stopping them. Wait! There's an almost quiet hum under or between those ear shocking ticks. The brain, maybe? It's so apparent, it's a constant roar that seems to bring on the next crushing blow. Tick! Tick!

My third finger of my left hand has just explored, to great depth, the endless forest of shag that I am sitting on. Soft and flowing on top and hard and rigid within. Long strands growing like the mighty fir trees. Each growing as close to another as the other is to another. Strong at base and free flowing at the end. Each one made up of a million others. Yet the million make but one.

## The Refusal

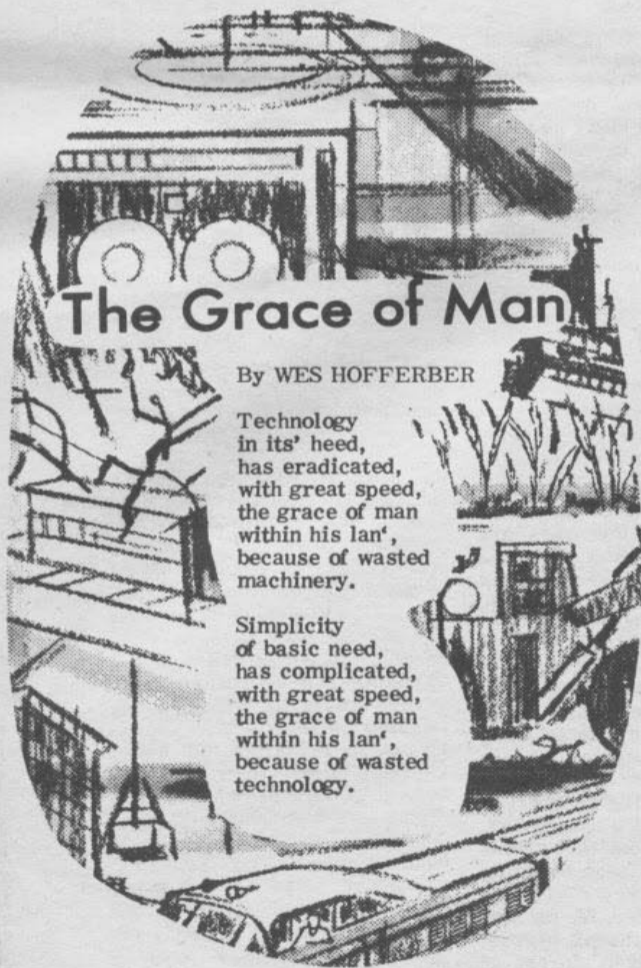
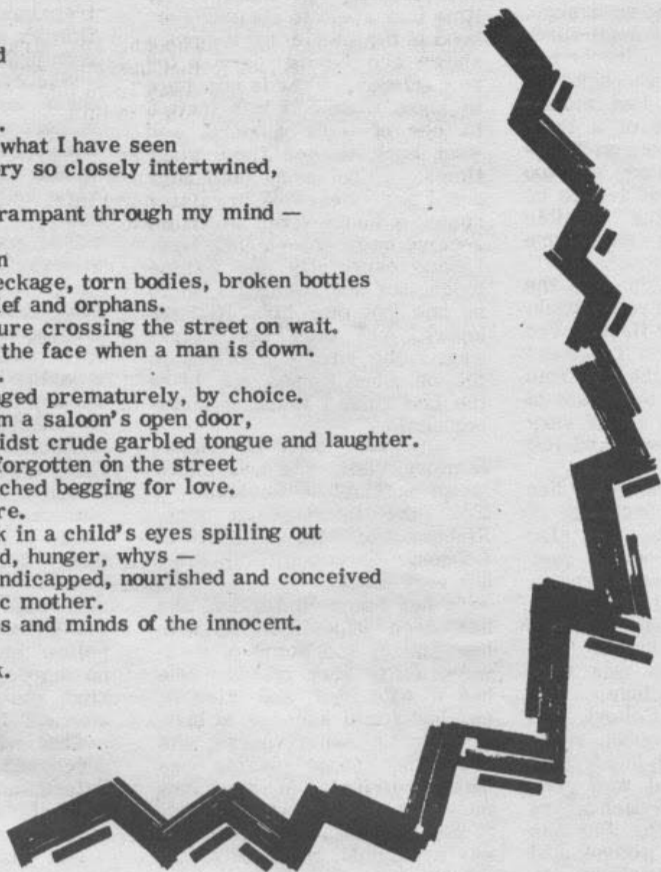
A bottle extended  
Offered.

No, I don't drink.  
If you could see what I have seen  
Smell and memory so closely intertwined,  
As if one,  
Scenes speed rampant through my mind —

Head on collision  
Within the wreckage, torn bodies, broken bottles  
In a home, grief and orphans.  
A staggering figure crossing the street on wait.  
A brutal kick in the face when a man is down.  
Blood running.  
Old young men aged prematurely, by choice.  
The stretch from a saloon's open door,  
floating out midst crude garbled tongue and laughter.  
A weeping waif forgotten on the street  
arms outstretched begging for love.  
It was not there.  
The haunted look in a child's eyes spilling out  
confusion, cold, hunger, whys —  
The mentally handicapped, nourished and conceived  
by an alcoholic mother.  
Scarred bodies and minds of the innocent.

No, I don't drink.

A. Ruth Toews



## I Want to Come Back Home

Black poison seeps out from my mind  
A "No" to all that seeks life in thought and deed  
Negative mind in positive world  
My mind is poison — Polluting all around me  
But I don't see the good  
The positive people — The positive ideas  
Only the grey-black underside of nowhere,  
The underside of all there is  
In shadow I do dwell.  
I want to see some sunlight again  
A far look — past my nose.  
I'm trapped with venom in my mind,  
I don't know how to break it.  
I don't know how I let it in,  
I don't know how to get it out.  
Help me release my tension  
Neutralize my poison  
I want to come back home  
I want to be in your world  
Help me  
Help me  
Help me

Mike Gibson

## Guilt Relief Through Belief

It matters not how straight the gate,  
How charged with punishments the scroll,  
I am the master of my fate:  
I am the captain of my soul.

William Ernest Henley

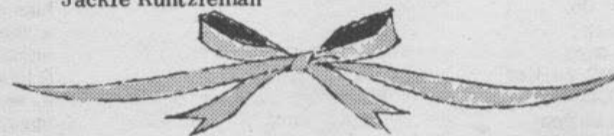
## To Mr. Sweet

Mr. Sweet  
Turns white as a sheet  
When we write  
Something trite.  
A toothless grin,  
Black as sin,  
Are words he cannot stand.  
He sounds the alarm,  
He'd give his right arm  
For something original.  
Like black as an aboriginal?

Poor Mr. Sweet  
Turns red as a beet  
When we write something bland.  
He simply can't stand  
A cliché, a device,  
A fragment will never suffice.  
Too much, too heavy, too pat are too bad.  
Not sentimentality,  
Give him reality,  
And don't be too wordy.  
Make the plot sturdy.

If at first you don't succeed  
Cover up your dirty deed.  
Try again, and never say  
You didn't get a well earned A.

Jackie Kuntzman



## Unt

The time ticks by  
I hear it pounding  
Reminding me that  
That nightfall again

Why do I rise at  
To watch its mo  
What does the m  
What does it have

It says that I am  
Into its rhythmic  
Saying the toils of  
Tomorrow will be

For tomorrow's  
Of what today sh  
And my tomorrow  
Until I have nothing

So I rebel against  
The ever rising  
And I rebel again  
When my work sh

Harriet Fischer

## One People

Little people  
that's all they were  
and they smiled  
'cause they had the answer  
but no one bothered to ask.

So they existed  
and they didn't have thoughts,  
Black and red and white and yellow  
... weren't  
love was the only color they knew  
and it colored everyone's sharing.

For a long time (and it was a long time)  
things were good  
they lived from joy to joy  
until one day  
someone asked,  
who they were.

Starr Fox

## His D

Where have you gone  
Off to see the world  
Or gone to find the d

Come back when day  
Your mother worried  
Your dinner grows c

Have you seen the w  
Have you caught the  
Have you tamed the

Is there no limit to  
On tenny-clad feet  
And legs so short?

You have lost the day  
While you played it  
Off to bed now,  
Let tomorrow come

Jim Walter



## Then...

In the soft predawn gray  
 The deep green grass stirred by the chilly wind  
 Wears a cloak of vernal dew.  
 Crickets warn one another  
 Of the coming light  
 As the world begins to wake:  
 Trees turn their leaves to the east  
 Beasts of prey retire to their lairs  
 The nocturnal animals lay down for their rest  
 But after the rooster crows  
 What do you hear?  
 Ralph Hooker

## Thoughts

Thoughts that stray,  
 that take me away.  
 Away from this.  
 Away to this.

Thoughts I pray,  
 from day to day.  
 The day I miss.  
 The way I miss.

Thoughts that pay,  
 that pay my way.  
 A way of bliss.  
 The way of bliss.

Thoughts I say,  
 are they the way?

Wes Hofferber

## Carry on

Good morning. Or is it good night?  
 Or is it even good?  
 Is it the nascency of a new age,  
 Or the dissolution of the old one?  
 Or has neither one ever been?  
  
 Is it dawn or dusk?  
 It's up to you and me.  
 And we are us  
 And we are the only ones  
 Ralph Hooker

## Masses Verses

I certainly want to write,  
 Not tripe  
 The pollutes the mind of man.  
 Retrospection, he can understand;  
 To common man I edit  
 Not to please the critic.  
 Raymond Boyd

## Degeneration

The erotic wind picks up the skirt  
 of each submissive tree,  
 while desert dune and sea and stone  
 consent on bended knees

to cold and harsh relentless zest  
 that's mauled this land since birth,  
 with technique crude and endless, yet  
 does not offend the earth.

Some million years of changing moods  
 from rage to gentle gust,  
 still all the while compatible,  
 until man lent his lust,

molesting taste and sight and smell  
 and seeming not to care,  
 exhausting waste at will, with his  
 contaminating air.

Ramon  
 (Ray Richter)

## Train Depot

A cemetery  
 Cold, devoid of life.

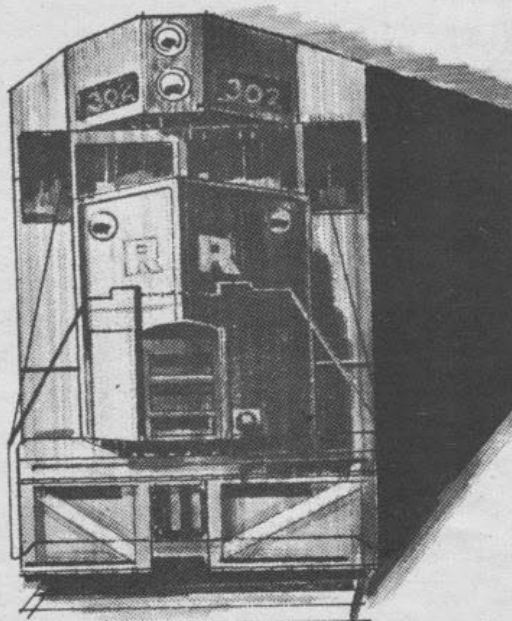
In order,  
 Symmetrically,  
 Tombstones stand in their slick varnished finish  
 The epitaph carved in each scratch  
 Engraved on the rough edges  
 Written in the dust of time.

Entombed is the echo of  
 the stationmaster's call  
 hum of the bustling happy crowds  
 squeak of the express cart  
 slap of the shoe shine rag  
 the telegraph machine ticking off  
 Minutes, hours, days, years —  
 Faithfully 'till death.

Mourners weep — there is no comfort.  
 Only the screaming of birds overhead  
 heckling, mocking the tragedy,  
 unaware that some day

We must all die.

A. Ruth Toews



# Crossing the Front

By JIM WALTER

The screaming pitch of the engines on the massive helicopter lessened a little, and this brought Jim to his senses. It seemed like he had been riding in this thing for hours, but a look at his watch told him it had only been a little less than one hour.

The seats were uncomfortable, all with their backs to the fuselage wall, and Jim strained to look over his shoulder to see out the tiny window behind him. There below was a long beach, flanked at either end by towering mountains of stone, now beaten to a pulp by hours of bombardment a few days before. The once smooth and beautiful sand was pitted with craters and strewn with the debris of war.

Nearly in tears, Jim looked away. How could they do this to such a beautiful beach? They were animals. They devoured this place and then left it wasted and gaunt. He looked down the line of soldiers on the other side of the helicopter, but none of them showed any sign of remorse at the condition of their country. They were just like the intruders.

The helicopter slowly settled down to a landing zone toward the north end of the beach, and well clear of the tidal zone. A helmeted crewman came through kicking all of the men, and pushing them to hurry their departure from his sacred bird. Jim was the last off, and received a little extra push that landed his face in the sand. He lay still a moment as the helicopter came to a hover and departed, driving sand into every opening in his clothing, stinging and drilling into his skin. If they had been his own people, they wouldn't act like that. They really thought they were something, coming from another country across the ocean.

A motley row of tents stood a short distance from the helipad, and Jim followed the rest of the men to a large tent marked "Replacements". Inside, he finally arrived at the desk of the processing NCO. "Give me your papers," the man snarled. "Jesus, they're sending the worst bunch of slob through here lately. Well, says here you're a machine gunner.

I've got a place for you out at the front, if there is such a place in this goddam war. Last one of you punks I sent out there went and got himself killed, and for all I care you can do the same."

Jim smiled. "Thanks a lot, Sarge. I'll do my best to oblige you."

"Shut your damn mouth, boy. I'm not through yet. If it was up to me I'd put you on detail until lunch time, but the Captain says we can't do that, so just get the hell out of my sight until then. There's a garbage truck leaving here about one. You be on it. It will take you out toward your unit when it goes to the dump. You'll have to walk from where he turns off, but it's only a few miles. It'll be good for you. Might put some meat on your bones."

Jim picked up his papers and stepped outside, relieved to be away from that man. He walked toward the tent where some cooks were busy with lunch, and found a shady spot to sit down and rest for a few minutes. It seemed like only a few minutes later when he was awakened by someone kicking him hard on the leg.

"You wanta eat, you better get up off the ground, boy. Too bad you didn't go fall in a hole someplace."

For a minute, Jim had drifted back to the streets of home where he grew up. Home! He could hardly call it that. It had never really been a place to go. There were six brothers and a father who all resented him for killing his mother when he was born. What little food he got was scraps they didn't want. He learned early that his chances were as good out on the streets as they were in that house. Begging didn't get him much, but by scrounging around a little, he found out where he could usually get a little food and a place to sleep. Sometimes there was even the chance of finding a small treasure in the form of a few pennies.

At fourteen he departed the city altogether and made his way around the country doing odd jobs and hitch hiking. He

had worked hard when there was work to do, and starved when there wasn't. The Army was an easy choice, but he had a lot of trouble getting in because he was too short.

"Get your ass up, boy! I'm not going to tell you again. Either go get some chow or go hide somewhere. You're getting on my nerves here."

There was nothing left to do but get up and humor the man. "OK, Sarge. I'm sorry. I guess I'm awful tired."

"You're just a lazy slob. Probably never did an honest day's work in your life, and you want to sit on your butt all the way through the Army, too. Well this ain't the ghetto, Boy, so you better get moving and keep moving."

The truck ground to a stop, and the fog of dust caught up and enveloped it for a moment, then passed on by. Chow had gone fast and the ride in the truck hadn't taken him far. The truck driver had hardly spoken, and Jim hadn't prodded him. He looked too angry to talk.

"You just get out and head on up that road over there." The truck driver was mocking him. "It's only a couple of miles up to our lines, and the road will take you right to them. If you get moving you can be there before dark. Think a puny little guy like you can carry all that gear? Ha! I bet you'll still be standing here when I come back out of the dump. Get going. I have a lot of things to do.

Jim got out and faced up the road. The hills had turned into mountains and the road led up into them. He set out walking, and wondered if they did this to all replacements that came this way. He really didn't think so. It must be just him. But why did people always treat him that way? He had never tried to hurt anyone.

"Halt! Where you going so fast with all that gear? Think you're running away, fella? Hey, I said halt. You don't listen very good."

Jim stopped and slowly turned to face the voice. Looking around, he saw that he was very near the tops of the mountains in a small pass. He must have walked three or four miles to get up this high, but he didn't remember any of the walk. "Is this 'D' Company?" he heard himself ask. "I'm supposed to report to 'D' Company today."

"Yes, that's where you are. Tell you what, Boy. You walk around in a daze like that up here and you're gonna get yourself shot. Now you walk on over to that tent over there and report to the CO. He'll take care of you."

As Jim turned to walk away he was followed by the voice telling him to be careful because the CO didn't like scrawny little punks. He walked up to the tent and stepped in. "Excuse me, Sir," he said. "I've been sent up here as a replacement, and the guard at the road sent me over to see you."

"You Harrison?"

"Yes, Sir."

"Where the hell have you been? I got word you'd be here three hours ago."

"The truck driver made me get out down by the dump, Sir. He said I would have to walk, and I walked as fast as I could. I'm sorry I'm late."

"I want to talk to you about this later, Harrison," the CO said, "but it will be dark soon, and I want you to meet your partner. Just walk down this little road here. You can't miss the gun position. It's right by a big downed tree."

The CO wasn't really a bad sort. Maybe the whole world wasn't against him after all. He could get along with people if they tried to get along with him. He saluted, turned, and walked out and down the trail. Nearing the tree, he was hoping his new partner might turn out to be alright.

"Who the hell are you, and what are you doing here?" The voice came from the position he was walking toward. He jerked to a stop, surprised at the gruff greeting.

"I guess I'm supposed to be your assistant gunner," he half mumbled. "The CO sent me down here and told me to settle in with you."

"You want to settle in here, boy, you better get out your shovel and start digging yourself a hole! Well, don't stand there with that dumbass look on your face! Put down your gear and start digging, BOY!!" The "Boy" wasn't lost on Jim. He had heard it so many times before. "Come on. Get at it. Or do I have to come up there and kick in a few of your teeth."

Trembling from the massive force of an explosion from deep within his body, Jim threw down his gear and leaped into the hole. He swept the surprised man up by the front of his shirt and screamed at him. "Listen, you two-bit son of a bitch. I've taken more crap in the last few days than I can stand! I've been taking it all my life! I'm sick and tired of everyone giving me a hard time! Well, that's all over now! I'm going to give out a little of it!"

He threw the man down and stood defiantly over him. "Now, if you want to make something of it, just come on up, but don't figure on quitting until one of us is dead."

He stopped, a little shaken at what he had just done. He had never known anger before, but this must be it. He was still trembling from it, and now he grew scared. He couldn't defend himself against this man who towered above his height and outweighed him by a full fifty pounds.

The man chuckled a little and stood up, extending his right hand to Jim. "Friends?" he asked, and they both relaxed a little.



## Into Darkness

By DICK COLLINSON

The nose of our transport plane began lifting as we approached the foothills of the Himalayan mountain range in Northeastern India. The transport had been maintaining a low altitude to stay well below radar.

As the first rays of light appeared and the mountains grew near, we needed to climb to clear the ridge tops, then down again to follow the contours of the valleys on the other side. Once we neared the mountains it was a steep zig-zag climb to clear the top, but never high enough to allow radar to detect us, always using a ridge to conceal us. It took both pilots to handle the controls with the sudden air currents buffeting the plane, and the erratic movements of the plane to dodge the rough terrain below.

We'd been flying several hours now in the dark, in a meandering course to confuse anyone who may have been monitoring our flight.

The morning sun rising over the mountains awed us with its brilliance of color, dancing across the snow below and glistening on the ice crystals floating in the air. The sharp contrasts of the blue and whites of the mountains against the sky, the streaks of light stretching like fingers into the valleys below.

The ride was getting quite bumpy, tightening our seat belts and hoping the equipment didn't break loose.

As we crossed the Nepal-Chinese border, the plane began descending rapidly down the northern slope of the mountains.

In this country, if we did crash we knew that no one would ever come to look for us, we were on our own now. The plane was unmarked, and all our equipment was of foreign origin, we ourselves carried no identification or personal belongings, the agency was quite explicit about this. If we were found or captured, hopefully not alive, there would be no way of determining our origin or identity.

Our flight began early evening at Udorn Air Force Base in Thailand. From there, we hedgehopped across Burma and Pakistan into Nepal. All during the night the moon shimmered on the jungle below us, interrupted only by an occasional rain squall.

Now flying low over Chinese territory we began thinking about our mission and why we volunteered. We would be chuting down about 300 miles inside China, our job, to make our way in, undetected, to the Chinese nuclear testing area near Sinkiang Province and monitor their next nuclear test. Our intelligence sources expected

the Chinese to detonate a device in 2-3 weeks and we had to make our way in, set up, then make our way out, to be picked up by plane in southern Tibet.

This area of the world was almost totally uninhabited and chances of making our way in and out unnoticed were good.

Our biggest worry was the plane, getting us to the jump zone undetected.

A lot of planning had gone into selecting our air route. The pilots had been training for months, practicing flying in low under radar installations in the mountains and deserts in the southwestern part of the U.S. inside China, our job, to make our way in, undetected, to the Chinese nuclear testing area near Sinkiang Province and monitor their next nuclear test. Our intelligence sources expected the Chinese to detonate a device in 2-3 weeks and we had to make our way in, set up, then make our way out, to be picked up by plane in southern Tibet.

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in low under radar installations in the mountains and deserts in the southwestern part of the U.S.

I don't think anyone was hearing the engines now, just the beating of our hearts. No one was talking, we were all just staring into space in front of us.

How would it end? A crash into a mountain ridge, — a parachute that didn't open, — being captured and tortured, — or facing a firing squad! I don't think any of us really thought we'd make it or expected too, but it was too late now, and we just hoped for the best.

Just the twelve of us staring at the jump signal light glowing red above us. All of us were well trained specialists in many fields. Trained to operate and exist in a hostile environment within an unfriendly nation. How foolish it seemed to waste all this training for what, no one really knew, if it were at all possible for us to succeed.

It all began to seem like madness now, for people to . . .

The jump signal light turned to yellow, — the order, — "STAND UP AND HOOK UP," — "CHECK YOUR EQUIPMENT" — "BUNDLES TO THE DOOR," it was time, — "No. 4 ok, — 3 ok, — 2 ok, — 1 ok," —

"STAND TO THE DOOR," — Green light, GO!!!

## The Adolescent

By A. RUTH TOEWS

Morning softly moved across the valley, scattering sparkling dew on the grass. The pasture was glittering with diamonds. This was my birthplace. Here I met the warmth of the sun, the big sky, the challenging humps and dips of the land. Here I took my first faltering steps and when I fell, a dotting mother was by my side. The greatest sympathy she could offer was that endless supply of rich liquid that seemed to warm my entire body with a delightful feeling of being much alive. This was my world.

One day, I was rudely torn from my freedom, my mother's pleas of instinct were unheeded. I was tied with crude rope, fighting every inch of it as my four legs were securely fastened together. I kicked spasmodically but to no avail. I heard my mother's desperate cry — my bleating response was heard only by the skies. I was lifted, laid down — and my body cringed as it felt the foreign touch of cold metal.

Then a roar, a lurch, a forward thrust and the breeze was whipping me with cold lashes, causing my eyes to

weep, my nose to tingle. The ride was beyond my scope of imagination. Reality was a vague shadowy form hovering near me and I fought to touch it but it eluded me. The nipples, the nuzzling of a wet nose, it was fading away. Away. I was a four day old calf on my own.

My new home was extremely confined — a contrast of the endless space I was acquainted with. A stall, three by four feet. The smell of hay was a pungent odor, an awakening of a sixth sense within me but four walls were having an adverse effect on me. I kicked — my legs shot out like bullets from a gun against a barrier. The wall was unresponsive. Placid. I must, I must be freed from this — these walls, this choking rope! I threw my weight against the wall and found myself prostrate, feet buckled beneath me, my neck stretched out in a strangling position. My strength was ebbing away, my will was almost spent, but instinctively, I made an attempt to rearrange my wobbling limbs and stand. One more advance — the thud echoed throughout the barn and I had gained nothing. I was a

broken calf.

Some time nostalgia had an inner effect on me and I didn't know what I longed for. It seemed to grip my stomach and painfully wring out the contents only leaving an awareness of something missing. But miraculously, I was offered a nipple. It was cold, stiff, repulsive but soon I discovered it offered a satisfaction, momentarily. Then I was left with my slobbering tongue reaching for more. Always more. Those are the nights I cried. For what — I wish I knew.

Some days I felt secure in my little stall — that is when rude laughter would penetrate the barn. I knew I was clumsy, awkward, uncoordinated and my most graceful movements could be disastrous. I seemed to be all limbs — my torso but a shadow on four posts.

The day I was promoted to a larger home — a fenced in area outside the barn — that day was enlightening for me. I had forgotten how large the world was. I hesitated at the barn door, my squinting eyes were trying to look at everything at once, creating a scene of weird blurry shapes and

colors. Out of curiosity, I ventured away from the doorway. My legs immediately were in action, my tail sprouted wings, I was ecstatic with life as I leaped and loped utilizing every muscle in my body. Not even the sky was the limit.

The next moment, I was sprawled on the ground and it seemed as though night had arrived in a flash. The sky was mysteriously shadowed and stars were spangled across the expanse. Soon the stars blinked out one by one and dawn shoved the darkness away and I saw the slatted wooden fence. Another barrier. Almost, there had been communication with the world.

With my promotion, came the sudden realization that I was weaned from the nipple. I was expected to thrive on grain and hay. Not that it wasn't appetizing — Never! But seemed like I was robbed of my last sense of security. That first night under the stars was a fearful lonely one.

In the early morning hours, the same old nostalgia started to torture my stomach. No pain has surpassed this experience. My stomach was rolling and tossing and pain

intermittently jabbed me with severe attacks. I laid with my head forced back, my eyes protruded in a wild delirious manner and my legs flashed like bolts of lightning into the sky. Nothing relieved the pain. I even longed for death — a release.

Then I felt it, crawling up my throat. It wanted to choke me! I twisted my head, I struggled for every breath, a suffocating cough, a thundering burp, and it was there — a strange mass of regurgitated food. My cud. My body rested, my tense muscles relaxed, and I chewed, contentedly.

I looked beyond the fence. Morning was moving in scattering its dew. The pasture was glittering with diamonds.

The thoughts were interrupted with the appearance of three climbers coming toward them from above. George and Tom thought this was unusual in that for some reason there must have been something ahead which had made them turn back, for it was too early for them to come down from above lest they had spent the night somewhere up on the mountain. Soon they had reached them and Tom asked, "What's up ahead?"

# The capture of Short Story

By LEM KANGUR

There once was a Kingdom called Writing which was ruled by Queen Barb. One day she called her subjects together and told them that in order to reach the highest honor of the domain, they would each have to go out and capture Short Story. This is the story of one of her subjects' quest for the elusive Short Story.

Student was new to this Kingdom and naturally lacked the finesse for this type of expedition; some of his colleagues seemed to know where Short Story lived and were successful in pleasing the Queen, but Student did not even know where to look and time was growing short; he could still hear the Queen's words, "Short Story will be due here at the palace by next Monday;" the subjects reacted to this proclamation with horror — next Monday!! — for they knew that Short Story had many defenses and not easily conquered.

Student was off roaming the Kingdom now, looking everywhere, and he knew he had to be careful because Short Story had many agents in the field disguised to lure Student away from Him. Student had hardly begun his journey and right away he met Easy Life; Easy Life had always been a friend of Student's, but Student knew this time that Easy Life could be an agent for Short Story.

"Hi" said Student.  
"Hello friend" said Easy Life, "What's goin' on?"

"Oh, I'm looking for Short Story and I have to bring Him to Queen Barb and Her subjects for the royal reading at the palace by next Monday."

"Well," said Easy Life, "that's work indeed." (and of course work was an enemy of Easy Life).

"Look" began Easy Life again "that's a whole week away, let's go together and meet my best friend Good Time and you can go looking for Short Story on Sunday, Short Stories are easy to find."

So Student went off with Easy Life and Good Time although he did have apprehensions about the whole idea; but Easy Life did make sense and besides, he was such a good friend that Student could not say "No."

Now it was Sunday and Good Time and Easy Life were gone. Student was ready to devote the whole day to seeking out Short Story. As soon as he got out of bed, Student ran into another good friend, "GREETINGS!!" hailed All Day Sunday Football "You gonna watch me play today?"

"Naw" replied Student, "I've got to find Short Story for the Queen by tomorrow morning."

"Listen" said All Day Sunday Football, "I've got the greatest games for you today, the Redskins-Vikings, 49ers-Cowboys, Jets-Rams, Raiders-Giants, just to mention a couple of them — please stay and watch, you can find Short Story tonight."

"All right" answered Student, not having the heart to say "No" to All Day Sunday Football — "I'll watch."

So Student began watching the game and as soon as it started, he heard a knock at the door and another friend came in furious.

"What are you doing hanging out with All Day Sunday Football without me along? You know we all stick together" shouted Student's ally Budweiser.

"Yes, I know Bud, but I have to find Short Story tonight and you'll only slow me down or even stop me altogether."

Look at all the good times I've given you and now you have the guts to try and keep me away from All Day Sunday Football!"

Student felt hurt, Bud was right, he had no cause to keep his door closed to any of his friends.

"All right, you can stay."

As it always seemed to happen with Student, Bud was not by himself; Bud and his brothers always roamed in packs of sixes and sometimes

there'd be 24 Buds and they'd always be looking for parties to go to.

Now All Day Sunday Football was gone and so was Budweiser and so was the day. Student was now ready to look for Short Story again when his very best friend showed up.

"Student, it's time to go off to dreamland together" cooed Sleep.

"I can't said Student, "I've got to find Short Story by tomorrow morning."

"You'll never find him now, it's too late" said Sleep with his lulling voice, and Student felt his eyelids grow heavy as they always did when Sleep came around.

It was now Monday morning and student was worried; the subjects were to meet at the palace and start with the royal readings; but Student then thought since everyone else couldn't possibly show off Short Story in the period of time, Student would let the others show their captures before the Queen and Student would wait until the next meeting; that way the Queen would never know he hadn't any luck yet.

It was now 11 a.m. and the subjects were all in their places; as sometimes happens with royalty, the Queen was again late and this gave the subjects time to find out how each other did — no one was too talkative; this, thought Student, was going to be Miserable Monday. Finally, in came the Queen, huffing and puffing, heavily bundled up in clothing, and rosy red cheeks illustrating the cold weather outside. The subjects did not stand, for she was the Good Queen and ruled with all fairness, in fact, no one really thought of her as being a Queen; but all the subjects knew the power she wielded come the day of reckoning.

"Hello" she singed, "everyone have a great weekend?"

Student felt the silence hang, dead blank faces; it was like she was talking to a museum filled with busts. However, being the understanding Queen

(or so the subjects hoped) she managed to drag out a little life from her subjects and then sent them off again.

Student was again looking for Short Story when he met his friend Hunger who had in his supply Pepperoni Pizza. As Student had known these two for some time, everything seemed all right. But events turned for the worse, Short Story had poisoned Pizza and everyone's enemy Sickness fell upon Student.

"Go away!!" cried Student.  
"I'll make you suffer" said Sickness.

"Please, bring Relief" pleaded Student.

"The only thing I'll bring you will be my good friend Regurgitation, he'll make his rounds about every half hour tonight and he'll bring his friends too; the Flash Brothers, Hot and Cold, Fever, and Diarrhea. Have fun!!"

Student suffered for a couple days and after he recovered, he set out for Short Story, more determined than ever before. Soon he was almost at the point of capture, all he needed was Good Ending, for several hours every turn Student made he ran into Bad Ending, Student decided to rest awhile, Good Ending was just a matter of time away.

At the palace on Friday, student did not yet have Good Ending, but he knew he would have it by Monday and this in fact he promised to the Queen and he knew he could not break his promise. Other subjects had found Short Story and done a good job bringing Him to the Queen and there were also others who had found Short Story as elusive as Student had found Him.

Now it was the final weekend and on Friday night Short Story sent another agent — Old Buddy sent another agent — Old Overseas Buddy From The Service — this was too much, Student now had to show Old Overseas Buddy From The Service his friend Great Weekend In Town For A Buddy and this he did.

Now it was Sunday, now or never, Student sat down, Good Ending was going to come. As Student started writing, he was interrupted.

"Hi" said Nothing You Write Is Good.

"Oh no" moaned Student.  
"I also brought along my friend, I'd like you to meet Blank Mind."

And so Student sat for five hours and along came another agent.

"You might as well give that story up, it stinks" said Frustration.

"I can't replied Student, "I've put too much time into it."  
"You'll never get an ending you'll like — throw it away!!" ordered Frustration.

So Student on Sunday night threw it away; he was now at the same point he was at a couple of weeks ago. Student was determined and started to look again for Short Story when he was interrupted by another good friend.

"Hey!" said Cold Duck, let's go to a tavern and get it on."

"No" said Student, "I have to get Short Story by tomorrow morning for sure."

"Look" answered Cold Duck, "we'll have just one and I'll help you with an idea, and besides, think of all the pretty girls we'll see."

"OK" said Student, "but just one, I'm going to come right back."

Cold Duck gave Student his secret little grin.

Now it was Monday morning and Student was hurtin', He got up early and went to the palace, dismayed. As he was walking, he heard a voice say, "Come here, come here, you can be free from Short Story's agents in here" and so Student went in to see his acquaintance Library and in two hours found Short Story and kept his promise.

## Life goes on

By SCOT NICHOLS

The file stands stiffly at attention, clean shaven, close haircuts, and immaculate uniforms. All of us with the same thought, this is it, our last inspection and then call me mister instead of sergeant.

A shake and bake, ninety day wonder lieutenant is inspecting the men about to be discharged. He is a boy trying desperately to fulfill a mans' role. He is inspecting two ranks in front of me so I relax and mull the last four years over in my mind.

Boot camp was nine weeks of hell on earth. Humiliation, physical and mental abuse was the sum total of the D.L.'s personality. An animal in human clothing is perhaps a more apt description. I survived and to this day wonder how. Boot camp passed and so did the other training periods and the thing I learned most wasn't even taught, hatred for the military system.

Viet Nam came next and my hate for the system continued to grow, stupid mistakes made

higher up cost the lives of friends and injury to myself and thousands of others. In an attempt to relieve the anxieties of the war I turned to scag but found little relief in that.

My tour ended and it was back to the states, where the laxness of military pettiness I had known in Nam, returned and more petty than ever. Four years of standing in line, no hair and petty regulations is about to culminate.

The boy wonder with bars steps in front of me and my mind snaps back to the business at hand. He begins berating me because my medals are out of order. He is so green, he probably doesn't even know what they are for, just how to wear them. He continues with sarcastic remarks and flippant mannerisms. I would stand in line to piss on his grave and I swore I would never stand in line again.

John, John, get up, it's time for school. I bury my head in the pillow and try to erase

the dream from my mind. My mind clears and I realize that I am free of all the military harassment and bullshit. I drag out of bed and into the bathroom. As I glance at the face in the mirror I see long, dark, hair and a beard have replaced the clean jaw and naked scalp. A quick shower clears my head and the only thing that remains from last nights smoke out is a pair of red roadmaps like eyes. As I stand there drying off, I reflect on the chances that have taken place. Rebellion has replaced submission and this rebellion has taken many forms. Good booze, good weed, easy women and fast cars. I guess that about sums me up; me and a million other young vets. The be the most pleasant in my life; the transformation of a tired leatherneck into a happy-go-lucky civilian.

Following breakfast, I stroll out to the car and pause and think again about my freedom.

It is mid-fall and the Indian summer is still here with its warm days and frosty nights. The leaves are turning color, and as I drive along, the green landscapes is broken by flourishes of color, reds and yellows in a brilliant display of nature's artistry.

The weed produced euphoria relaxes me as I speed across the smooth ribbon of sunlight. Another mile and it will be time for the morning Monte Carlo race. The race is simply a personal contest on an old, unused logging road. The course is a five mile stretch of road full of sharp corners, and hairpin turns with the worst one at the bottom of the mountain. As I descend the mountain, sliding out of and into corners my mind turns to the day ahead. Two tests, a paper and four hours work after school. The course is nearly finished with only the last turn left, then across the valley and school. As I round the last corner, the road is totally enveloped by a large yellow logging truck.

I swerve to avoid it, but it's all in vain. My right door catches his bumper and in the death cry of metal scraping metal the car flips over the embankment. Rolling, twisting, and turning the car crashes down the slope, covering bushes and small trees in an avalanche of rocks and dirt. Coming to rest on its side, I want to get out but, my body lacks the strength. As I mull the accident over in my mind, a distant calling voice snaps me out of my reverie. Rocks and dirt cascade down the slope followed by the typical "Paul Bunyan" figure of a logger. He rushes

up to me and stands momentarily paralyzed, turns, flees my field of vision, and suddenly my only companion is the sound of violent retching. I wonder at my physical condition and as the logger scrambles up the slope, fear grips me. Fear of being left alone and fear of dying.

Time passes like a tethered snail and the logger returns. He is still shaken and all my attempts at communication have failed. I try to speak, but the words echo in my brain instead of coming out my mouth. My body is still unresponsive in commands to move. Faith and hope for life return as the sounds of an electronic siren and flashing lights appear on the road above.

My communication efforts are still in vain and the trip to the hospital is a nightmare of motion and sounds, until mercifully it ends. The stretcher moves silently down the long corridor, past a sea of faces, some crying and some just staring. A sharp right turn and into the emergency room. I relax, knowing that I'll be alright now. The doctor enters all clothed in blue, looks, scoffs, and shakes his head. Again I attempt to cry out but, the words choke in my throat as he says "KILLED INSTANTLY . . ."

## Did the Monsoon Affect you?

By KATHY POWELL

Two brown hills side by side erupt from a broad plain of sand and dirt. The cleavage wouldn't be there at all except for the creek trickling to meet Barren Lake on the plain. Barren Lake is wet for two months of every year. For 10 months the light powdery dust flows with the wind whipping the sand into the lonely waves of no water. In the suffocating, still heat of late summer, a long ride will weary the mind into seeing water on Barren Lake. Then the sand waves lap the waning energies of late day and urge the tired horseman on to his home. For that pretension the dry waves were formed. It is not wise to stop and stay in the valley. Barren Lake sits at the opening inciting rider and beast to ride quickly through and forget the valley. Most ride out to the lake's beckoning but few forget the bitterness in every kick of dust. The bisecting creek, settled solidly for ten months and stirring to an ancient yearning for two months, is the legendary cause of snakeless venom in the valley. The legend is whispered to warn those heading in and explained to those coming out. I reprint it here:

"One spring below the recent strength of men and women the valley was a mountain. A mountain of mountains rising in majesty of imposing magnitude. This mountain was tall, and sleek with no scrub or trees or protruding rocks. It was as if dryness had been piled into a tall monument to sterile dust. In its youth the mountain felt the power of height and naively expected to reach the moon, soon. The mountain already knew that if it wasn't for its eminence the sun would be lost. It thought the universe danced around it and celebrated its magnificence. In the spring of one year, the sky became irritated at the mountains loftiness and decided to show the mountain the special limitations it must endure. In arrogance

and divine expectancy the mountain resisted advice. Sorrowing at the mountains stupidity the sky cried for a time. To a mountain time is not into months or years; so the mountain was unaware that the rain lasted two months exactly. The mountain was aware that the usually dry desert region at its base held this liquid and weakly played games of erosion, to the mountains initial terror and eventual delight. The water running down its sides filled up every eroded hole at the bottom with slag. Again the mountain felt its superiority and laughed at the ground below. After the onset of the onslaught the mountain tired and since "sitting it out" was its specialty it did just that. There was no reason to watch for the sun, warmth would signal its return, so the mountain closed his eyes and waited for drought. Two months were passed to the day when solar heat melted the mountains eye coverings. The awakening was a new experience. Something the mountain had not felt before wormed its way between the specks of soggy soil. The sublimity of elevation was gone. The mountain had been betrayed by water intent on dividing and shattering its pride. It felt the humbleness crawling inside but memory of a vanquished hauteur forbade submission. The proud precipice had been waterworn into two brown hills but the mighty pride remained." Over the years the lake, formed from the skies attempt at wiseness, watched pride decay into rancor. Barren Lake was remorseful but had no power and could only allude travellers away from the vile-ness. The mountain could have accepted water and subsequent foliage. The sky had expected the mountain to understand and love the water as the sky did, to take advantage of the marvelous substance. It was not to be. Now, for two months every year, life-giving water ashamedly shuffles through the hills and wonders what went wrong.

## Overkill

By BOB DURFEE

World wars had been abolished, but a few factions still waged small sporadic battles at well chosen and profitable times and places throughout the world. World wide computer control (W.W.C.C.) (a massive, imposing, six mile long, thinking, reasoning, acting, man made computer) constructed and housed in the abandoned S.A.C. base inside the mountain at Colorado Springs) absorbed all the bits and pieces of information, facts and non facts of all these battles and decided to put a stop to killing once and for all.

After much careful and mechanical thought and reason, W.W.C.C. decided an anti-kill satellite must be launched into orbit around the earth to locate and stop killing before it could start. The plans for the satellite were drawn up and construction was begun without knowledge to any human. On January 1st, 2029, the anti-kill satellite was launched into orbit to begin policing the earth. The new year brought a promise of absolute peace world wide and the job was handled skillfully and with speed until there was no fighting or killing anywhere in the world.

One peaceful day anti-kill was circling the earth with nothing to do when it sensed a killing taking place. Focusing its' electronic eyes on the earth, it sighted a man plowing a field, killing grass, weeds and the small animals that live immediately underground. Anti-kill would not let man kill so it stopped the man immediatelu by destroying his tools of destruction, the tractor and the plow. Next it sensed

a man killing fish by removing them from the ocean, it stopped this man by destroying his boat and nets.

On it went around the earth stopping any and all forms of killing. As a result of Anti-Kill's intervention into man's planting and harvesting both earth and seas, the world soon began to run short of food and people began to die from starvation.

World Wide Computer Control (W.W.C.C.) immediately sensed the situation and decided something must be done; it could not let its' creators die, so another satellite was assembled and launched to bring down Anti-Kill. But Anti-Kill would not let itself be killed so it destroyed the satellite sent up to bring it down. W.W.C.C. sent up many larger and more powerful satellites but Anti-Kill would not be killed. Finally, W.W.C.C. sent up a killer satellite so large and powerful it was second only to W.W.C.C. itself in size and strength, this killer succeeded in destroying Anti-Kill. Then yet another problem arose, the killer satellite circling the earth was caught in a tremendous electrical storm and was struck many times by lightning, destroying the control circuits W.W.C.C. had installed to retrieve it after its mission was completed. When these circuits were destroyed, the satellite was sent on a killing spree that encompassed the whole of the earth. It killed every living thing on the earth and in the seas, leaving a parched, brown, dead planet inhabited only by a massive, imposing, six mile long, thinking, reasoning, acting, man-made, useless piece of junk.

# Satanachia

By RICK MITCHELL

Colorful red and gold leaves floated gently to the ground. It was fall and the greenness of summer was giving way to the sterility of winter. In one part of a town in Massachusetts, on an obsolete cobble-stone street, stands a white house of times past. Within this house live two antiquated women, Elsie and Edna.

"Elsie," Edna called, "Elsie come in here and taste this broth, there seems to be something missing from it and I'm not quite sure what it is."

"In a minute," answered Elsie, "I want to finish watching this." Elsie sat in her cushioned rocking chair with her gray eyes glued to the television set. On Elsie's lap lay Satanachia a pet cat. Edna journeyed to the kitchen doorway and looked to see what her companion was watching that was so important.

"Parents are warned to check their children's treats this Halloween. In recent years things like razor blades in apples and drugs in popcorn balls have been given to children as treats. We suggest that you allow your children only to eat sealed candy. Be suspicious of opened or homemade treats, and that's the daily news." The newscaster finished his report. Satanachia leaped from Elsie's lap. Elsie rose from her seat and propelled herself to the television set. "How gruesome," Elsie said as she rose from her seat and propelled herself to the tele-clicked the television to silence.

"Ghastly," Edna agreed, "People are making it hard on us that enjoy treating and tricking little children. Oh dear," Edna continued, "That didn't come out quite right."

"That's ok dearie," Elsie reassured Edna, "I understood what you meant." The two old women entered the kitchen. One whole wall of the kitchen was filled with shelves from the bottom of the floor to the top of the ceiling. These shelves were filled with bottles and jars containing herbs and spices of almost every kind. On the other side of the kitchen three large pots of broth were simmering over the burners.

Elsie just finished tasting the broth. "Why this broth is perfect," Elsie assured Edna, "It's just missing the final ingredients, just let it simmer. About eleven o'clock we'll add the last ingredients and can the soup."

Darkness fell and along with darkness came a thick fog. With the advent of darkness, children ventured on to the streets dressed in boughten and homemade costumes. These little devils and ghosts would knock on each and every door and the occupant of the house would hear the familiar words, trick or treat.

Elsie and Edna were well prepared for the children. At the sound of rapping on their door, Elsie answered it. Upon hearing the phrase "Trick or Treat," Elsie seemed to have a list of questions she would ask each child or group of children at the door. "Why, treat of course" Elsie always answered. Then came the questions, "What's your name," "Would you like some hot chocolate and doughnuts." Every single child entered, and Edna served each child the hot chocolate and doughnuts promised by Elsie. Both of the women seemed to have smiles molded to their faces. Satanachia sat in the corner watching. His tail swished back and forth in steady rhythmic time, his large green eyes stared at the children who came and went. It was about ten thirty. "Now you've done it," Edna stated, "You've waited too long." But

before Elsie had a chance to answer Edna's charge, there was a knocking on the door. Elsie made her way to the door and answered it.

"Trick or Treat" a portly lad in a red and blue clown outfit said enthusiastically.

"Why treat of course," Elsie answered. But then Elsie strayed from her standard line of questioning. "My my," Elsie said, "How muscular we are, and what's your name, little clown."

"Richy." The boy answered quickly. "Do you want to feel my muscle?" He asked. Richy held up his arm and clenched his fist to make his plump arm become tight.

Elsie pinched the boy's plump arm, then she smiled at him and said in a friendly voice, "Delicious. Would you like some hot chocolate and doughnuts," she asked.

"Yes, please," he answered and entered the house like many children had done before him. Edna served Richy hot chocolate and doughnuts. Satanachia's green eyes watched the boy called Richy with great interest and as he watched, his tail moved back and forth in steady rhythmic time. Richy finished his hot chocolate.

At about eleven o'clock, Elsie spoke. "Come, let's finish our soup, she said to Edna. Both ladies rose and walked into the kitchen. First the women dumped three pots of broth into one giant kettle. "My, my," Elsie laughed, "that almost looks like a caldron."

At this remark, Edna mussed her hair and her blue eyes flashed as she scurried around the large kettle, "Double, double toil and trouble, fire burn and caldron bubble," she quoted jokingly a scene from Macbeth by Shakespeare. Both women laughed and laughed at Edna's very funny joke.

They added the final ingredients needed into the broth and seasoned it with the many herbs and spices they had on their shelves. Then they began to can their homemade soup. Satanachia lay on the floor and his large green eyes watched the women as they worked. His tail seemed always to swish back and forth in steady rhythmic time. The women worked all night canning their soup.

About noon the next day there was a knocking on the door and as before Elsie answered the door. "Police, ma'm, a tall sandy haired man said in a rehearsed manner as he flashed a badge in Elsie's face. "Lieutenant Ted Collins, and I'd like to ask you ladies a couple of questions," Collins explained.

"But of course, young man, come right in," Elsie invited. "We just finished canning some homemade soup this morning and we were just about to have some for our lunch. Won't you join us, we would really appreciate your qualified opinion," Elsie asked.

"Oh, do join us," Edna agreed. The Lieutenant agreed and Edna brought three steaming bowls of soup to the table. "I'm from missing persons," the Lieutenant explained. "Last night a boy named Richy Tandum went out trick or treating and never returned home. I'm questioning people to see if anyone remembers seeing him last night."

"Well," answered Elsie, "there was a boy named Richy here last night. He wore a red and blue clown costume."

"That's him," Collins interrupted.

"He was here about ten thirty," Elsie explained, "he drank some hot chocolate and ate some doughnuts and then he left about, eleven o'clock, I think."

"Anything else you can remember," Collins asked.

"No," answered Elsie.

"Nothing I can remember, either," added Edna. "I do hope nothing happened to him, he seemed like such a sweet boy."

"But do give us your opinion of our soup" Elsie said.

"Delicious," Collins said, "This is the best soup I've ever had, these chunks of white meat are really tasty. The two women beamed at Collins' remark about their soup. Collins slurped down the rest of his soup and then asked, "Might I have the recipe. My wife could really use it."

"I don't see how," Edna muttered.

"No, no," Elsie added, "It's not possible. It's a secret family recipe. I'm very, very sorry."

"That's ok," Collins answered, "I understand. But really, I've got to go now, I have to visit many more houses." Elsie and Edna showed Collins to the door. They stood and watched Lieutenant Collins as he strode to his car.

"Good-bye" Elsie shouted to Collins, "Do come again."

"Good-bye" answered Collins as he climbed into his car.

Elsie turned and smiled at Edna. "Delicious," she said, echoing Collins' description of the soup, "My words exactly." Both ladies started laughing.

On the window sill sat Satanachia, their pet black cat. His tail as always swished back and forth in steady, rhythmic time. His large, green eyes had witnessed everything and there as a smile on his catlike face.

# Mary

By JACKIE KUNTZELMAN

The old woman sat in a straight backed chair with her hands in her lap. She wore an apron over her outing flannel night gown, and quietly visited with an unseen husband. Her hands were busy folding and unfolding the corner of a bed sheet that tied her securely to the chair.

Her daughter sat near the window and now and then caught snatches of the old woman's conversation. She was herself an old woman, and hated this house of dying. She had kept her mother at home as long as she could. Now she visited the home everyday and waited for death to remove the last traces of responsibility.

The old woman's murmurs changed to whimpers and tears came into her eyes.

The daughter moved her chair closer. "What's the matter, mama?"

"Papa won't let me have any supper."

"It isn't time yet, mama. It's early."

"I didn't get any lunch either."

"Mama, you wouldn't eat. The nurse tried to get you to eat. Don't you remember? They had lentils. You like lentils." The daughter stroked her mother's hand and dabbed at her eyes with a flowered handkerchief. She smoothed out the apron and straightened the twisted sheet.

The old woman went back to her murmuring and now folded and rolled the handkerchief. "Papa doesn't care."

She remembered papa as a stubborn, brutal man who, once in an almost uncontrollable rage, had tied the frightened bay mare to a tree and beat her with a buggy whip until he was exhausted. With each stroke of the whip there was a whumping sound that seemed to echo deep inside the horse. The pitiful neighing rose to a shrill cry. Blood mixed with the lather on her back and haunches. Red foam dripped from her mouth, where the bit cut into her as she reared and jerked against her hinds. Mary huddled in the dark closet under the stairs, and covered her ears with her hands to shut out the hysterical screams of the terrified horse and her father's angry curses. As papa's physical endurance waned, the whip ceased to bite so deeply into the mares' flesh, but the worn leather on the bridle gave way, and the horse, finding herself free, ran off at full speed, crashing through the wooden gate and across the lower pasture. Later the horse was found tangled in the barbed wire fence. Her front legs were broken and one eye hung loosely out of its socket. She had been a strong proud horse. The finest of papa's stock.

A nurses aide came into the room and put her hand under the old woman's nightgown, feeling the folds of gauze and flannel between her legs.

The old woman slapped feebly at the intruding hand. "Don't do that." Just checking to see if you're dry." She smiled and left.

"I tried to tell you, papa," the old woman pleaded. "Will tried to tell you too."

Will tried to tell him that day he came home from the mill with sacks of flour, cornmeal and bran in the wagon. Fletcher needed a girl to keep house and take care of the stock at the mill. The Indian who worked for him and cared for

his invalid wife all these years, was getting old and no longer able to keep up with the work.

Mary had been to the mill several times during the summer and fall with wagon loads of wheat and corn, and had met Mr. Fletcher on her first trip. She had scooped huge shovels full of grain out of the wagon into the low bins that rolled on casters into the building where the noisy machinery clanged. It was hard work even for a man, but Mary liked it. She liked to feel the strength in her arms and legs. The muscles along her slender back and shoulders stood out under her thin cotton dress. The grain in the wagon gave way under her bare feet and created a tingling sensation around her ankles. It was the hottest part of the day and her dress grew wet and clammy and clung to her body. Sweat gathered under her armpits and ran down her arms and ribs. The shovel became intolerably heavy. Her arms felt weak and rubbery and she paused and leaned against the back of the buckboard. She wiped her face with the sleeve of her dress.

Mr. Fletcher had been leaning against the door jam watching intently. Now he spat and shifted his chaw of tobacco to the other cheek. He went to the well and took a dipper of water from the draw bucket and called to Mary, "Come on over here Girlie and get yourself a drink of water."

Mary climbed down from the wagon and put her feet in her hard leather shoes. She didn't like this squat little man. He smelled, not from the clean sweat of hard work, but from the stale old sweat of many days without a bath. His eyes followed the movement of her legs and breasts. He brushed against her body and he rested his hand on her lower back when he reached behind her to hand up the dipper.

Mary moved away from him quickly. A red flush crept up her neck and cheeks. She ran back to the wagon and climbed up carefully to expose as little ankle and leg as possible.

Mr. Fletcher grinned, showing his tobacco stained teeth in a red face with a stubble of gray beard. "Herman's feeble-minded daughter turned out to be quite a piece," he thought. She wouldn't need brains to tend the stock and do the cooking and cleaning. The old Indian could attend to his whining wife, and if Mary didn't cook and clean too good — well, he wasn't fussy about that any way. He wondered what wages Herman's greed would demand. "Mor'n I can pay prbly."

Will had come, with the hay rack loaded with straw, as far as the Barten's place. He unloaded the straw and then came on to the mill to collect the money for his father's grain. "Hey, Fletcher, when you gonna sell my old man that dried up patch of weeds out by our place?"

Fletcher knotted up his chin and scratched the stubble on his cheek. He looked at Mary sitting on the buckboard ready to leave. "Purty soon, Boy, purty soon."

Mary felt weak and sick to her stomach. Perhaps it was the heat. She was tired and her mouth was dry.

The old woman's daughter took a glass of water from the bed table and put the straw to her mother's lips. "Drink this, mama, the Doctor wants you to drink lots of water."

The old woman sucked at the

straw and then pushed the glass aside. She looked at her daughter. Recognition came slowly into her eyes. "Is it supper time?"

"Not yet, mama, are you hungry? I could peel you a banana." The daughter rummaged through the drawer of the bed table. The banana was gone and the old woman was already withdrawn to her own inner world.

It was nearly Thanksgiving when papa and Mr. Fletcher reached an agreement. Papa was proud of his hard driven bargain. Land! That was the measure of a man. That one hundred twenty acres would make him one of the biggest land owners in the county. Fletcher wasn't getting cheated either. Mary was a good worker, better'n most, and no whining and complaining either. In seven years the land would be paid for and maybe Fletcher would keep her on and pay her wages. Not much chance she would ever get married. Folks already made up their minds about Mary, and maybe they were right. She wasn't clever about a lot of things, but hell, she kept to herself and did more work than his other two girls put together, and no sass.

After supper, papa took out his black tin box and unlocked it. He took out the deeds to his land, "be adding another deed soon." He picked up five one dollar bills, put the deeds back in the box, hesitated and then lifted the edge of the deeds and tucked two of the dollars back in. He locked the box and put the key back in its hiding place.

It was Mary's job to bring in the cows and Liz and Minnie were already picking up supper dishes, but papa asked for another cup of coffee. "Mary, sit down here. You, too, Will. Liz, you and Minnie go get the cows in."

Mary sat down at the table with Will and her father. Something important was happening.

Papa held out the three one dollar bills, "Mary, you take this and put it away for yourself in case you ever need it." He leaned back in his chair, pleased with himself, yet a little uneasy too. He wasn't sure just ho to break the news. "Well, we got a lot of work to do if we're going to get the old Fletcher place fenced in before the ground freezes.

"Fletcher Place!"  
Yep, been wantin that place for a long time."

"You bought it?"  
"Well, not exactly," pa shifted in his chair. He flanced shifted in his chair. He glanced at Mary and then at Will. He better not make trouble. "By God, I'm head of this house," he thought, so he told them about the bargain he'd made.

Will knew his father's greed for land, and feared his sudden fits of temper. He had always avoided arguments, if he could, but this time he would not oblige.

"Pa, Fletcher don't want no house keeper. Look what people say about him and that old Indian, and you know it's true. He says so hisself. Be the same thing for Mary."

"Oh Hell! Mary ain't no Indian, Fletcher ain't gonna bother her. Mary's a good girl."

It's the same as selling her. That's agin the law."

Pa was mad now, "Ain't no law says I gotta support a feeble minded girl all my life. Let her earn her own keep." He stoppd up, put his hands flat on the table, and leaned

across toward Will.

Will swallowed hard and fought against his own anger. He tried hard to be reasonable.

"Pa, listen, Mary's a good girl, don't let her go for a stinkin patch of weeds."

Mary had said nothing, not fully realizing what part she played in the purchase of Fletcher's land. Now she began to understand. She had never been away from the farm for more than a few hours at a time and could not imagine living anywhere else. She thought of Fletcher with his tobacco juice mouth and smelly clothes. The words feeble minded echoed in her brain. She was afraid and a little dizzy and thought she might throw up. She stumbled to the door and ran out into the darkness.

All of Mary's belongings fit easily into a carpet bag. Will had borrowed a buggy and he put the bag under the seat.

Mary had occasionally gone to church with Mamie's family in this same buggy. She always felt proud and lady-like riding to church in a carriage, and it made her arrival at the mill more dignified somehow.

Fletcher also felt the mood.

"Hand me down that bag, Will, and I'll tote it in for her."

Will passed the bag down to Fletcher and patted Mary's hand. "You go on in, Mary, I want to talk to Fletcher a minute."

The screen door slammed behind Mary and the old Indian standing by the big hot stove, sitting the supper stew, lifted the dripping spoon and pointed with it to the door on the other side of the big oak table, that stood in the middle of the kitchen. The rough wood floor was stained with years of dripped food, mud and probably animal dung. The house smelled of cooking odors, grime and sickness.

In comparison to the kitchen, the attic looked new. It was dusty and the deserted webs of spiders hung in corners, but it had obviously not been used much. The only means of getting heat up to the room was through the door at the bottom of the stairs and with it closed, the room was cold. The ceiling and floor, the heat failed to penetrate, was no barrier to the odors, however, and Mary unhooked the window and swung it open. She took off her coat and hung it on a nail on the door.

## Untitled

You caught me early in my shame  
before I knew communion is only grain  
bread and drunks' wine. Holding the iron  
cross above my head, a book of fables  
for life's steady lure flowing red with  
passion and satan, you would have me think.  
So I dance with the devil, I do not crusade to kill  
Ireland, you Turkey. Shielding immorality  
with pompous, pious, 'popery'; explain  
again the divinity of you and  
damnation of me. You voracious victimizer  
enslaving me by promising eternal  
living in an idyll. Gee, that's swell but freely tell them;  
while William and I skip away.

Kathy Powell

# Steps in Becoming

By LEM KANGUR

To the east, the sky was just beginning to show the light of a new day; to the west, the darkness beginning to fade from the night just past. The wind was crispy cold, blowing up and down and around the mountains. This was nature's country, virtually untouched by man; no highways, no houses, no electricity. Here, man is just another animal. Here, nothing exists but life itself; no governments, no wars, no manmade creations — it is no wonder there is beauty here; the trees gloriously green in many different shades, the snow-fed streams running over the green-carpeted earth with icy clearness reflecting the freshness of the land about it.

As the first rays of dawn were striking the top of the mountain, two lonely figures were far below slowly inching their way upward. George and Tom had set out before sunrise; their goal was to get to the top of the mountain; they had a long 5000 feet of climbing ahead of them. Today, for the first time, they would go above 10,000 feet, a new personal record.

After a couple of hours of climbing they were finally at the foot of the glacier. The climb had been tedious and very physical. The ridge had been steep and covered with loose rock, requiring extra effort with each step upward. Few words had been spoken, all energy directed to placing one foot above the other; this was neither the time nor the place for chit-chat. The glacier would be a welcome relief from the loose rock. Now the crampons would be attacked to their boots to ensure good footing on the glacier.

As they sat down, Tom said, "It looks like the worst part is over. We can traverse the glacier to the southeast ridge, follow the ridge up to the saddle and scramble up the pinnacle."

George merely nodded, he thought the worst part was over too, the glacier gradually angled upward and appeared to be easy walking; however, they had never been on this mountain before, they could not see the southeast ridge, nor the end of the glacier, and not even the summit from this point. Somehow, George felt this mountain would not come so easy. Both of them were left to their own thoughts and feelings. They had already risen over 2000 feet from camp and they were beginning to rise over the other mountains within their view. George had always felt a sense of pleasure of looking at things from above. As a little boy, he remembered, he would go into the woods and climb trees as close as he could to the very top, where he would

perch himself and feel the tree swaying back and forth from the pressure of the wind. Now, he was above the trees and nothing but ice and rock above him. It was time to get started again; without saying a word to each other, George and Tom rose together and began again with silent anticipation of what lay ahead.

The ice on the glacier was firm and with the aid of the crampons, provided excellent footing. There were a few crevasses, but they were of little difficulty to jump over or go around them. However, the glacier had been very deceiving, the distance and slope of the monstrous ice was longer and steeper than it had appeared; after each rise, there was another one, and another. The walk was grueling and slow; George felt as if he were walking up on an escalator that was going down. The only sound he could hear was the crunch of his crampons into the ice and the thrust of his ice axe into the snow with each step. It was becoming monotonous . . .

stepppp  
thhhrrust  
stepppp  
thhhrrust  
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. . . at times he would find his rhythm and he could no longer feel the lead in his calves nor the pounding of his heart; but it seemed that each time his feeling of weightlessness came, Tom would stop and pause for air as George would walk into him from behind.

George was thinking that the whole thing was becoming ridiculous, "What am I doing up here?" he would say to himself. "What is it that's inside of me to keep going up?" He could come up with several good answers, "because I like it" — "it's good exercise" — "the beauty of the ice and mountain and the country surrounding it" — and other answers; but there still seemed to be one missing piece — "What is it?" Still, he was going up . . .

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. . . and he knew he would keep going higher on the mountain until the whole of it would be below him and then there would be another mountain and another.

They decided to rest again and have a snack. With a chance to take in the scenery around them, they could see they had made progress. In every direction they could see pollution below them; to the west, the populous valley was just a yellow-brown mist and it

crossed over the range of mountains to the east. The sky above had become a deep, dark blue, the way it used to be ten years ago from the valley. George wondered how many people had forgotten what an unpolluted sky looked like.

The oldest of the three answered, "There's an ice fall up ahead with some bad crevasses; we couldn't go through it and there's an unclimbable rock wall above it and you have to go way down the mountain to get around the crevasses. You guys might be able to find a way through it but it looks pretty bad."

Tom thanked them for the information and they were on their way.

"Well," Tom said to George, "What do we do now?"

George, disappointed, "I don't know, if we can't make it this way, we aren't gonna make it at all. It's too late to try another route; let's go up as far as we can and see what happens."

Tom silently concurred.

Once again, they were on the seemingly never-ending glacier . . .

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. . . and suddenly they came over a rise and saw the ice fall ahead of them. George was leading and thought, "It doesn't look all that difficult" — there were numerous cracks and breaks in the ice and George spied one place on the steep pitch where there appeared to be a small snow bridge crossing a giant crevasse. He could hardly believe it was there; it was the only possible chance but then George held little hope. The other climbers must have seen it and decided that it was unsafe to cross. George approached the bridge anyway, cutting steps with his axe up the steep wall of ice until he was at the edge of the crevasse. Testing the bridge for firmness with his axe, he found it reasonably solid and proceeded carefully across the abyss below him. George could see the ice was only a couple of feet thick and that below him was nothingness; finally he was across and up to the top and there was the southeast ridge looming ahead. He signaled for Tom to come up and soon they were together. For the first time they could see the summit above them, scarcely another 1000 feet. Tom began leading now to the ridge, all that remained of the glacier was this one last pitch. Again the glacier had deceived them. This pitch was the most physical of all; George thought he would collapse, his legs only operating by instinct alone . . .

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. . . and then, as if he were a hundred miles away, George heard Tom's voice, "We're almost there."

George could only reply, "We're never there."

Tom grunted.

The rock ridge was a welcome relief from the glacier. The ridge was steep, but unlike the one they had climbed earlier, this one had very little loose rock; it was made up of huge boulders and it would be easy climbing. Seeing no snow above them, Tom and George left their ice axes and crampons at that point along with other items from their packs that would be unnecessary for the final push. They found the ridge easy climbing although the steepness had made it somewhat physical. Finally, they had made it to the saddle, the summit pinnacle only 300 feet above them; but they had seen immediately that they had made a mistake.

In order to climb to the summit, they would have to make a traverse on the west face to the north ridge. To their disbelief, they saw that 200 feet of the traverse was snow and now the afternoon sun had made the snow soft and unstable. Without their ice axes and crampons, the traverse would be very difficult and precarious. They approached the snow and it was almost vertical; however they saw steps that had been cut by climbers the day before. A decision had to be made.

"Do you want to try the traverse?" George asked Tom. Tom answered by asking, "What do you think?"

George said "I could never come this far and turn back now — besides, if we're careful we can make it."

George started first, after two steps he was hesitant, he was face to face with the snow, his hands above him trying to grip the ice he knew that would never hold him if he slipped, he cursed, with an ice axe even if he slipped he could hold himself. But there was no way he would turn back now, each step was taken with careful consideration and much apprehension. Finally, George reached the other side and set up a belay for Tom, and soon he was across; but it was not over yet, they would have to cross this once more coming back.

Now there was only some moderately hard rock climbing left; they had done much more difficult pitches before and soon

George was at the point where there was only sky above; he turned around and Tom was beside him, they shook hands and sat down for lunch. Like the majority of the climb, there was little conversation; each had his own feelings and joys and thoughts on being on the summit. George wanted the feeling to last forever, he saw several hawks fly around him spreading their beautifully patterned wings and soaring through the air; at this point he could feel that freedom, if only he could spread his arms and soar too, he could be forever free. George had made his goal for today, but now he felt a sense of disappointment in one respect in that his excursion was now over, he would savor the brief time on top and then he would be on his way down.

The descent is always the hardest part of the climb. George and Tom knew that they would have to be extra careful, but at this point, the desire of reaching the goal is gone and along with it, alertness. The body is physically exhausted and the only objective is to get back to camp as fast as possible for the victory wine.

George and Tom were again at the treacherous traverse, this time Tom leading and George belaying. Suddenly George saw some flying snow and felt the rope tighten. Tom had fallen and George braced himself, George then felt all the pressure on the nylon pulling him; he was holding Tom, but his position was bad; he could not get himself secure, the melting snow had made him slide until he was almost on his back with a rock at his wide which was keeping him and Tom on the mountain. George could not see Tom, but was hoping that Tom could somehow straighten himself out on the steep snow, kick steps and get back up; George's arms were aching and he knew if he could not hold Tom that they would both go tumbling down the mountain together for at least 3000 feet. After what seemed like eternity, George felt the rope slacken and he knew that Tom was making progress and as suddenly as the fall had happened, it was over now, Tom was safely on the other side.

The rest of the descent was fatiguing, the knees feeling as if they would give away any minute. The crossing of the glacier was frustrating as the snow was soft and slippery. The sun was now setting and George and Tom were almost to camp. Darkness was falling, Venus was directly over the mountain. As they were nearing camp, George heard Tom mumble "We're almost there." George knew they would never be there.

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