

Cooking on a Slow Burner-Founders Roof



ON THE 'BEACH'—A bucket of water for their brows and a play-pool for their feet on the Founders Hall roof—Nancy C. Showfety, man, Margaret Zeigler and Charlene Barnes. It's suntan time at RPI.

Mary Lou Ferrell and Peggy Bullock. Center—it's water, not catchup for well-done coed Marsha Robbins. Right—Becky Trout-

Photos by Boswell

Some Tan, Others Freckle or Burn

By Bobbie Bennett

To the long list of American pastimes, add the slow-burn process known as sunbathing.

As evidence note the large numbers of coeds who head for the roof of Founders Hall with advent of springlike weather.

But, just one minute, Sunbathing Coeds! Unless you know exactly what you're doing, you may, in the long run, cause permanent damage to the tissues of your skin. Tch.

According to a Richmond dermatologist, there are three major types of skin—the tanners, the frecklers and those who burn. "Generally speaking," he said, "brunettes belong to the first category, blondes to the second and redheads to the third."

If you happen to be lucky enough to belong to the first class, then

fine and good, a moderate amount of sunshine is healthy. But if you belong to the second or third class, beware! You may be the eventual victim of prematurely aged skin or, even skin cancers.

"Of course even a person who tans easily is also subject to these maladies," remarked the doctor, "especially, if they overdo their sunbathing."

Persons the sun's rays don't treat so kindly need not completely give up a day or so at the beach, however.

"One way in which to avoid a bad sunburn," he stated, "is to stay out of the mid-day sun, which projects the most ultra-violet rays."

Other precautions against sunburn include a sun-screen lotion,

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PROSCRIPT

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Senior Class Elections Scheduled Next Week

The junior class will go to the polls next week to elect next year's senior class officers. Through Wednesday, 7 candidates had filed petitions, and three candidates were unopposed.

The campaigns were held this week, and the elections will be held Monday, Tuesday and Wednesday.

The candidates are: for president Frank DuPriest, commercial art major, and Ann Kane, fashion major; for vice president Beth Massey, art education major, and Lois Weintrob, fashion design major; for secretary Frances Graham, fashion illustration major; for treasurer Mary Ann Belton, art education major; and for SGA representative Billy Ayers, social work major.

Ann Kane is president of her dormitory and a member of the Inter-Dorm Council. She is also SGA representative for the council.

DuPriest, is currently SGA representative for the junior class, and last year he served as president of the sophomore class.

Beth Massey, 20, is secretary of Cotillion Club and secretary of her dormitory. This is her second year at RPI after transferring from William and Mary. She is also one of the Junior Marshals.

Lois Weintrob, who was recording secretary for the Hillel Organization her sophomore year is president of it this year.

Frances Graham, 21, is secretary of Ritter-Hickok dormitory this year.

Mary Ann Belton, has been treasurer of her class for the past two years, and this will be her third campaign for class treasurer. She is also one of the junior marshals, and is the Sweetheart of RPI.

Ayers, who is president of the junior class this year, has held several offices.

To run for the senior officers, students must have had a C average for the past two semesters.



Belton



Ayers



Kane



Massey



DuPriest



Weintrob



Graham
Photos by Bishop

Senior Week End Starts Today With 10a.m. Meal

By Pat Hensley

Today marks the beginning of a fun-filled week end for seniors. The festivities began this morning when the seniors, who are excused from classes, were served breakfast at 10 a.m. in the cafeteria. Money for the meal came from the class treasury.

After the breakfast, the group will head for the south side of Richmond where they will spend the after noon picnicking at Forest Hill Park.

Saturday will be highlighted by a banquet and dance at the John Marshall Hotel. The banquet is scheduled for 6:30 p.m. After the meal, the Accidentals, a local combo, will provide the night's entertainment.

Seniors who have paid their class

dues will be issued free tickets to the banquet and dance and may buy a guest ticket for \$1.50. Non-paid members may get tickets for \$2.50 from the SGA office.

Entertainment for the banquet will be supplied by Dorcus Campbell, a sophomore music student, and Bob Buchanan, a senior in drama. Dorcus will sing a solo and Buchanan will present a skit portraying a college student from the time he enters school as a freshman until he graduates.

Also on the program for the banquet is the presentation of the gift to the school from the senior class. George Bulger, class president, will present a silver punch bowl, tray and ladel appropriately in-

(Continued on Page 12)

Miles Woods Reviews Literary Supplement

Mr. Miles Woods, assistant professor of English, was asked to review student contributions to the Literary Supplement, which appears today on Pages 3-10.

By Mr. Miles Woods

I have been asked to give, in about 400 words, some sort of assessment, critical or appreciative, of some five stories, fourteen poems, and eight drawings appearing in this issue of the Proscript's literary supplement.

It is obvious, then, that not much can be said about every individual item on exhibit. And so I shall try to select some peak of interest which an individual work may have achieved and may be worthy of note.

To begin with, "The Chain," a story by Sharon Godsey, is unusual, I think, for its intriguing blend of magnolia blossoms and the odor of gunpowder from the Hatfield and McCoy feudist guns. Told with effortless ease, this is the story of a ten year old girl, who, seething with latent if vague heresies, is led to a kind of familial auto de fe', the inquisitors being two rather formidable aunts and some ancestral eyes looking down from

their gilt frames. This little autobiography is charming and deliciously naive.

Another story I liked is Lawrence Lilliston's, "Something Like A Scream." It is a Hemingwayesque tour de force directed toward the quaint pathology of an unhappy American marriage. A young man, Jimmy Dolon, roars into a bar, stoned, hysterical, having just punched his wife in the jaw, sick of her, of home and everything. Several beers and a cup or two of coffee later, Jimmy calms down, rises and goes uncertainly and meekly home, having, perhaps, concluded that one's or his identity is not worth the struggle.

Mr. Lilliston can write, and he can write better if he wants to.

Mr. Charles Bryant sees in "Fireside Farce" a rather sad irony, that of the complacent modern man sitting "on his white hands," unwilling or unable to master the forces he had released from the atom. He is mastered by it as he unconcernedly sits in his split-level suburbia, surrounded by his luxuries and with The Saturday Evening Post on his martini-stained coffee table.

(Continued on Page 2)

PROSCRIPT

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Robert Boswell, Editor
Susan Smith, News Editor
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Interpretation

An unfortunate choice of words in Section I, Article VIII of the SGA Constitution caused unnecessary confusion during the SGA campaigns.

Diane Sadler, a junior and a transfer student now in her second semester here, submitted her petition March 22 to run for vice president. On Wednesday, April 6, after three days of campaigning she was informed by the Executive Council that since she had not completed two full semesters at RPI she was not eligible for the office.

Council's decision was based on its interpretation of these words:

"Each candidate must have had two semesters enrollment at the Richmond Professional Institute immediately previous to the election of candidacy . . ."

Dean O'Connell said that this section of the constitution had always been interpreted to mean that the candidate must complete two semesters here.

To avoid further confusion Section I of Article VIII should be changed in the next issue of the handbook to read, "... Each candidate must have been enrolled at RPI for two full semesters . . .". As it reads now it is easily misunderstood. J.H.

Democracy?

Light has been shed on the Dark Continent in the past few weeks, exposing to the world still another case of man's inhumanity to man.

The South African "Europeans" (all white residents are called Europeans; the Negroes are "Africans") are possessed of the missionary spirit. Their means (education, sanitation, and moralization) are commendable. But they lose sight of the end. The black man has been given the keys that should open doors to social and economic freedom in HIS country, but a master-servant relationship still persists.

The average African is paid \$20 a month. He may hold only minor jobs. He is paid less than a white man working beside him at the same job, i.e., the double standard.

In school he is taught democracy, and yet black principals to these schools are paid less than teachers in white schools. In church he is taught tolerance, and yet he is made to eke out a squalid existence in huts outside cities occupied exclusively by whites.

A few weeks ago the pot boiled over. During a non-violent protest against a law requiring Negroes to carry passes, someone threw a rock, and police fired point-blank into the mob, killing 67 and wounding 186.

Films showing bodies strewn in the red dust of Sharpsville, like fish in a fish mart, were reminiscent of Hungary and Warsaw. One wondered if there were not cause to re-examine the meaning of democracy in South Africa.

C. B.

Literary Supplement Review

(Continued from Page 1)

Now, some of the poems. This part of my review is indeed the most difficult one. When young people attempt verse, as seemingly they must, and bring it to me to read and judge, I often feel a peculiar incompetence, that of expecting from young amateurs what I do from professionals like T. S. Eliot, Auden, or Olyon Thomas. But I will say this with one or two exceptions there is not, I think, a really immature poem among the fourteen published. In fact, most of them are surprisingly good. The titles I shall mention are those which do show considerable perceptive, imaginative and technical strength. The ones that I like are these "Purple Eye," by Deane Randolph Sadler; "Fly

Tree," by S. Williams; the sad little Sapphic gem, "Incidentals," by Patricia Draper; Paul Steuke's powerful "Life Moves On," Pat Hensley's beatnik cry, "The Beat of the Bongo;" and this one, "When Coldwhite Winter," by Sandra Bernstein. I do not have the space to tell you why I like these.

The drawings in the supplement are all excellent and varied as to styles and means. I think that Paul Steuke's line drawings are by long odds the most interesting, the most original, and the most pleasing.

I congratulate the staff of the Proscript and the young artists who have combined their talents to give us a really exciting and valuable contribution to the cultural and intellectual activities of RPI.

Campus Calendar

April 29—Senior Day—Seniors breakfast together in the cafeteria. All day picnic at Forest Hill Park.

April 30—Senior banquet and dance, John Marshall Hotel, 6:30—12.

May 1—Reception for seniors at Dean and Mrs. O'Connell's home, 3:00—5.

May 5—Westminster Fellowship, Music building, 6:00.

Ysella Perea

Secretary-ing Is a Sideline

By Bob Boswell

Being a secretary is only a sideline for SGA secretary Ysella Perea.

The 5'-2" dark brunette from El Paso, Texas, in addition to studying art education, is a model, dancer and a former lieutenant in the ROTC.

She explains that in her junior year in high school (also in El Paso) she was a member of a 54-girl squad that sponsored the boys' ROTC units. "We had uniforms and drilled just like they did, even if it was pouring rain. But the best part of all was that the lower ranking males had to salute us."

Brains sometimes accompany beauty. Ysella, with an "A," average, was among the top 10 in her high school graduating class of 312.

And then a tip came from a friend—a former teacher at William and Mary—that RPI was the place to study art. Next, an impressive catalogue and a short while later a long ride.

Almost Cried

"When I got here last September, I was so disappointed I almost cried. But now I like it here and wouldn't change for anywhere—not even to go to Harvard."

What changed her mind? "The people here," she says.

One month later, SGA secretary Kay Robinson, a very close friend of Ysella's, had to resign because of illness. Ysella was asked to replace her. As to the procedure by which she obtained office she replied, "I don't know how they did it."

Ysella has been dancing since she was 12. "I took lessons every day until I came to RPI," she said. She studied classical ballet and modern. She has done summer stock dancing at Texas Western, has danced at service clubs at home and also danced at the cities' annual Sun Carnival. Here Ysella has danced for scholarship week shows and recently was in a dance therapy demonstration at the YW-CA.

Modeling New

Modeling, like RPI, was new to her last fall. It was suggested to her by a teacher, and since then she has done action poses and sittings.

Horseback riding is another favorite of this secretary. "But not the way they do it here," she exclaimed. "At home, whether you can ride or not they give you a horse and turn you loose. If you don't come back, the horse does. But here you have to follow someone on a trail."

Ysella has traveled in Mexico, California, Arizona.

"Once in California we were at a curb service place, and an earthquake hit. It wasn't a bad one, but it spilled everything."

Ysella also works at Miller and Rhoads department store, is a baseball enthusiast and wants to get a red-orange TR-3. Now 19, she'll be only 21 when she finishes college. To this she replies, "I'll never be able to have an apartment while in school."

Plans for the future include teaching art either here or in Washington. I want to teach in this section because the art schools are more advanced." She says she is not considering marriage until after she begins teaching.

Plans for the summer call for summer school if parents let her stay here, and, "I have an offer to tutor a fourth grader."

"But if I have to go home, I'm going to take the long way through New Orleans, and at home I'm going to paint and drink whiskey sours all summer long." Incidentally, this is National Secretaries' Week.

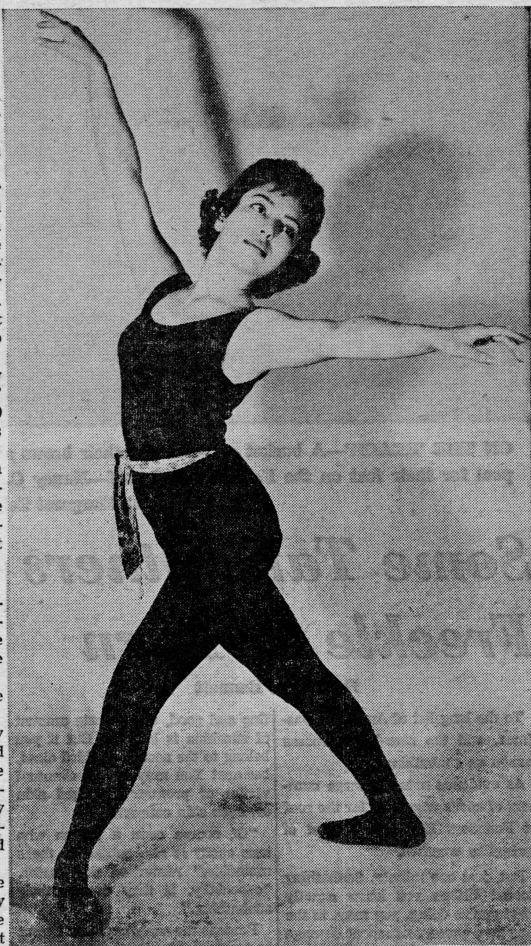


Photo by Boswell

Ysella Perea
SGA Secretary

Day Students Elect Officers

Denny Putt is president of the Day Students' League, for next year. The psychology major is a junior from Richmond, Va. He was elected, unopposed, in a bi-weekly meeting of the league last week.

The League also elected the following officers to head the club in its second year of operation. Vice-president, Cecilia Mansfield, junior, Social Science; secretary, Peggy Paters, junior, Applied Social Science; treasurer, Kenneth Spruill, sophomore, Business; SGA Representative, Larry Prentice, freshman, journalism; Alternate SGA Representative, Jo Ann Mistr, junior, Social Science; corresponding secretary, Lora Leake, freshman, Art, and historian, Ann Patram, freshman, Applied Social Science.

Faculty to Give Concert Tonight

Two RPI faculty members will present a concert at 8:30 tonight in room 203 of the Hibbs Building.

They are Mr. Louis LeGrand, teacher of clarinet, and Mr. Lawrence Robinson, teacher of organ, who also plays piano.

The concert will consist of two sonatas, played in duet with Mr. LeGrand on clarinet and Mr. Robinson at the piano, and a group of three toccatas played by Mr. Robinson.

Tickets on Sale For Fashion Show

Tickets for the annual Costume Design department fashion show will go on sale Monday. They are \$1.00 and may be pur-

chased from the Student Government Association office, first floor Ad Building, Thalhimer's department store, sixth and Broad st., or from any Costume Design student.

The show will be held in Thalhimer's Auditorium at 7 p.m. May 6, and is sponsored by the Alumni Association.

Junior Class Schedules Picnic

The junior class picnic has been postponed until May 19, according to Bill Ayers, class president.

Ayers presented a plan at the Freshmen class meeting Wednesday night, asking that the two classes go together for the picnic. Results of the voting were not known in time for this publication but will be printed in next weeks Proscript.

Fine Arts Club Sets Sidewalk Sale

The annual Fine Arts Club sidewalk art sale will be held from noon until 5 p.m. Sunday, May 15, in front of the Meadow Laundry, 412 N. Harrison st.

Students' paintings, sculpture, etchings and jewelry will be on sale according to Tom Waters, president of the club.

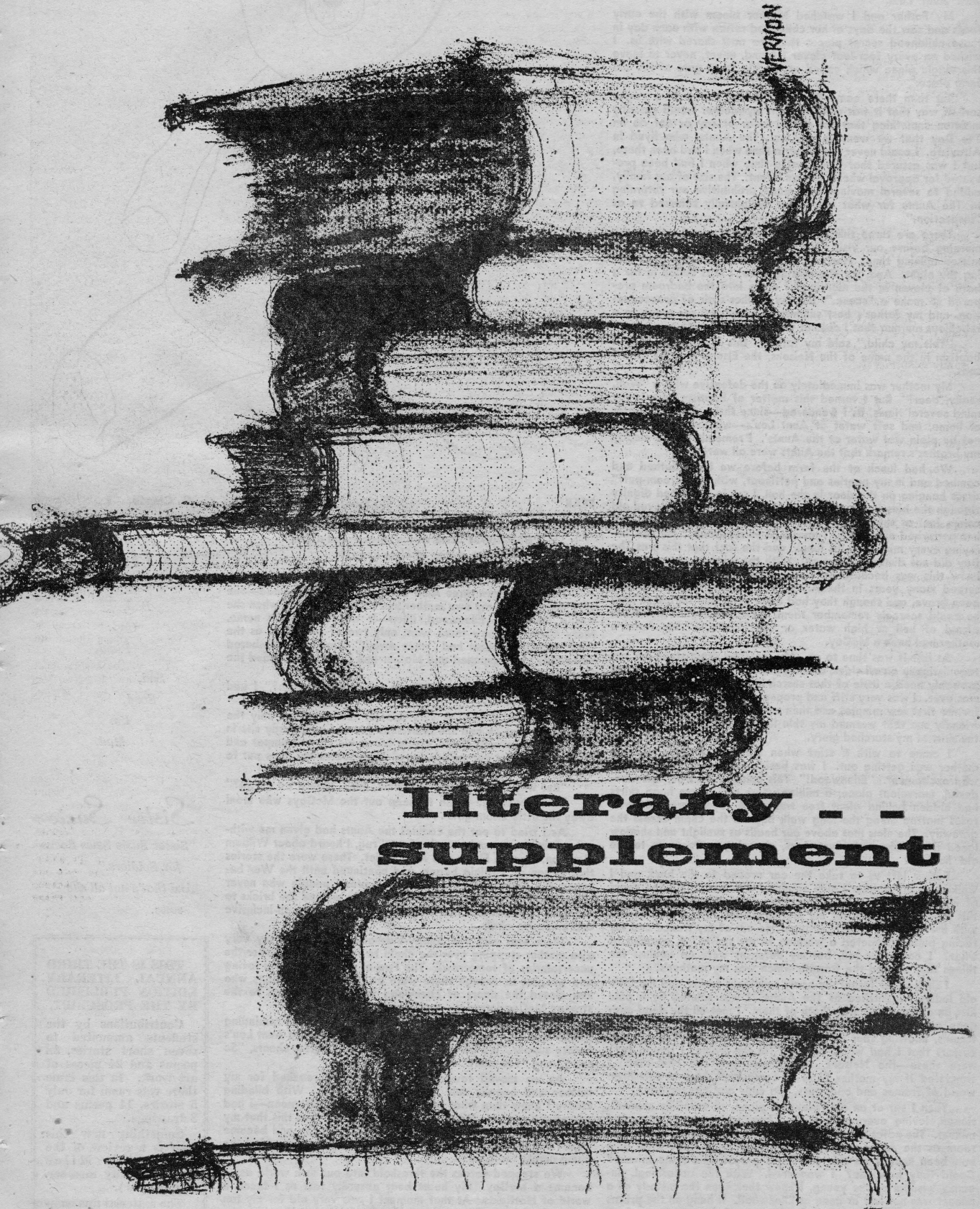
Art Exhibit Set May 8

The annual Spring Exhibition of the School of Art will open May 8 at the Valentine Museum.

Participating departments are Arts and Crafts, Commercial Design, Costume Design, Fashion Illustration, Interior Design and Fine Arts.

The presentation will last through May 29.

PROSCRIPT



**Literary . .
supplement**

The Chain

by K. Sharon Godsey

... I loved being ten. "Nine, ten, big fat hen." I would sing, knowing that there could be no truth in this rhyme for skinny me. The object of my affections was Harry, a turtle, whom I found under the front porch of the big farm house. Wonderful days! Full of new sights and sounds and smells for the child that comes to a Virginia farm in June. More wonderful these days became with the arrival of Father who joined Mother and me for the last part of our vacation near Lynchburg with Aunt Lula.

My Father and I watched Mother bloom with the early roses and saw the days of her childhood return with each day in those childhood secret places that she now shared with us. I wished on every four-leaf clover I found, never, never to leave this magic place which ended at the big front gate of the old farm place.

But then there came The Day. I had known in a vague sort of way that it was coming when my Mother would casually mention something that we should wear or say or not do on The Day that we went to call on The Aunts, who lived in Altavista. I could never remember a time when I had been there, but I was assured that there was a time when I had been presented for approval when I was an infant. The size of our family, added to several movings had made prohibitive our returning to The Aunts for what my father delightfully referred to as "inspection."

There are three things that I remember clearly about the morning before our visit. No one had called me, and I had missed milking time. Harry had mysteriously disappeared during the night. And, for a crowning blow, I was called in for a bath at eleven in the morning! I came into the bedroom prepared to make a "scene." But my mother's air of preoccupation, and my father's best summer suit reduced my scene to a rebellious murmur that I did not want or need a bath.

"This my child," said my father, "this is no bath. It is a baptism in the name of the Nelsons, the Elsons and the Harrisons."

My mother was immediately on the defensive with a "Well, really, dear!" But I turned this matter of baptism over in my mind several times, as I wondered—since there was hard water at home, and soft water at Aunt Lou's—whether there might not be plain wet water at the Aunts'. I remembered so clearly my brother's remark that the Aunts were all wet!

We had lunch at the farm before we left. Bathed and combed and in my panties and petticoat, with my "cream-puff" dress hanging on the door in the hall, I sat in unclothed dignity through the blessing and watched the twinkle in my beloved old aunt's face as she poured iced tea and milk for my mother and her perturbed off-spring. I marveled at my father. He was enjoying every minute of his lunch, and the fact that this was The Day did not disturb him at all. With the wisdom of ten years I knew this was because he was a brave man. My father had served many years in the Army. His parents before him had been brave, and though they had been dead and buried so long he could scarcely remember them, I knew they had not been afraid of hell or high water or the Hatfields. My father's mother had been a McCoy.

At last it was time to go. My starched dress stuck out antagonistically on all sides, and my father remarked that I would probably need a little of that starch in my spine before the trip was over. I was very stiff and proper in the back seat of the car for the first few minutes and then surrendered completely to the friendly sun that warmed my thin legs and lay in a belt across the skirt of my starched glory.

I came to with a start when the car stopped, and my mother was getting out. I was beside her instantly, caught in wild excitement. "Ellenwood!" This couldn't be true, this wonderful, marvelous place, a million years old, where hoop skirts had hidden behind giant tree trunks! A royal carpet of wild roses matted along the long walk beyond the chain across the gateway. The elms met above our heads as sunlight and shadow laced the bricks with mysterious, changing patterns up to the old house.

Father left us to take the car around to the back and I walked at my mother's side subdued and awed. All ten years of me filled to the brim in response to the faded dearness of this place. I reached for my mother's hand to share all of this with her. Her icy fingers brought me out of my trance and my racing pulse trumpeted a warning to my senses. A warning of what? I could not tell, but my defenses were up against the things that marred the warmth which was my mother's.

I shall never forget my coolly courteous father and the little old ladies I identified as The Aunts. I was saluted by a pale kiss on either cheek from both of them. I met all the dead-and-gone ancestors who smiled down on me from their tarnished frames, knowing that in the opinion of the aunts the only ancestors that I had worth hanging (in the frames I should say) were these—the Nelsons, the Elsons, and the Harrisons. I wondered if my mother liked to come back here to this little world of frames and ancestors, tea cups and conversation.

Then I sat at an old rosewood piano, so carefully reconditioned, loving every pale yellow key, and played my recital minuet. The notes dropped into the listening stillness of the dim room as the Aunts nodded in approval. How many little girls had been seated on this chair and played this same minuet? Could they hear me? I wondered. With the occasional, uncanny wisdom of the young, I knew that even the melody of a minuet was not lost or gone at Ellenwood. It hung on the prisms of the chandeliers or caught in the lace of the curtains and remained with all the other treasures of the old house. The minuet was finished, and I slipped from the chair before a strange, rebellious desire to play something very loud and very gay got the best of me. Of one thing I was sure. No one ever straddled the chair of this piano to play two-finger chords as accompaniment for laughing voices singing:



BEAR

"Up stepped Susie with a snicker and a grin
Ground-hog grease all over her chin
Wack-fol-doodle-all-day."

There had been three Aunt Elsons living at Ellenwood—the very house where my own mother had lived and visited when she was a little girl. Ellenwood, Ellen—it was her middle name, Mary Ellen! But now there were only two of the Aunts as the most ancient of them had "gone away." Dimly I remembered when that had happened and Mother and Dad had attended the funeral.

"Do you think that the Aunts will go to heaven?" I had asked my brother.

"Heaven! I'll say! A very special heaven where only the Elsons, the Nelson and the Harrisons go, and everybody sits in a gilded frame until Uncle Vivian blows his silver trumpet and Aunt Juliet plays her golden harp. Then somebody goes out to hang the chain from Ellenwood across the peary gates."

"But why do they hang the chain, Jim? How'll we get in?"
"They hang the chain to keep out the McCoy's who steal away the little Elsom girls..."

As I tried to eat the cookies the Aunts had given me without getting any crumbs on the Aunts' rug, I heard about William Harrison, George Elsom and Aunt Juliet. These were the stories that began as Virginia began, and continued until the War between the States. They concerned a proud people who never quite faced the new ways of progress, who walked the bricks to the gate at Ellenwood and stopped where hung the all-inclusive and exclusive chain.

There was also the happy-ever-after story with my very own mother stepping over the chain to face with my father the uncertainties of tomorrows. The two of them living and loving and working as though there were no disapproving Aunts who had closed the doors of Ellenwood for so many years to the strange McCoy intruder—my father.

My reverie was broken by the grandfather clock reminding Father that we wanted to get back to Lynchburg and Aunt Lou's before supper. We all rose amid those meaningless chants, "So sorry" and "Too short" on and on.

As we moved toward the front door I reached for my mother and happily felt her hand take mine. With blinding clarity I knew then what had bothered me all afternoon—I had missed my mother. What wicked enchantment was this that my mother should cease to be, should lose all identity and become a part of this small, cramped world where reality stopped at the chain across the gate?

We stepped across the threshold into our own world and I became a McCoy. My heart beat absurdly fast as I faced a world of Hatfields. At that moment I was very old for my ten years. For I knew then, as I have known since, that I could never conform or follow the pattern, that I could not live in the dry pride of that tarnished frame. I knew there would be battles ahead; I also knew the hardest battle would often be with my other self who sat at the rosewood piano and watched, with eyes misted by tears of unfulfillment, a world which passed by the gate where the chain so long had swung.

G. Claude

Mad

Pad,

Bad,

Cad,

Plaid,

Sad,

Scad,

I'm

Mad.

Sister Suzie

*"Sister Suzie Sews Socks
for Soldiers."*

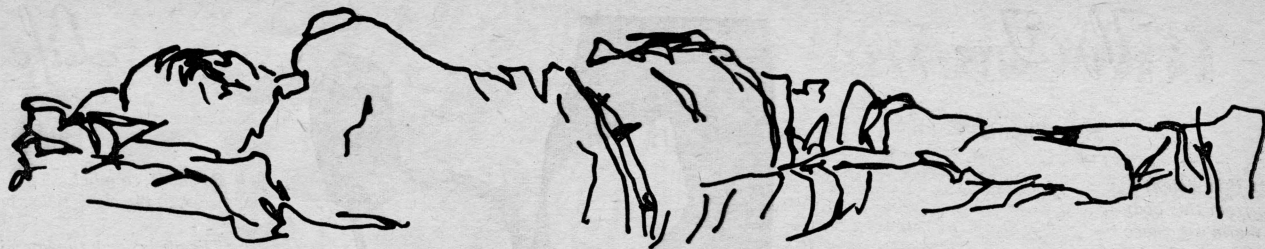
*And that's not all she
sows.*

THIS IS THE THIRD
ANNUAL LITERARY
EDITION PUBLISHED
BY THE PROSCRIPT.

Contributions by the students amounted to seven short stories, 38 poems and 24 pieces of art work. In this issue there was room for only 5 stories, 14 poems and 8 drawings.

Something new this year is a review of the supplement by Miles Woods, faculty member. (See page 1).

The material was compiled and edited by Carole Sandy, editor; Shirley Volland, and Mrs. Gertrude C. Curtler, advisor.



P. S.

April 1865 . . .

by Carole Sandy

The deserted field swayed knee-deep in its tangled virginity. Red tipped clover bobbed tousled heads in the breeze, while the hills beyond shimmered in the sun streaming down their banks. From swollen blossom to swollen blossom the tissue-winged insects drifted, clambering over the golden centers, escaping heavy laden. A meadow lark "tweeood" deep in the clover.

It was not the battlefield of warring nations, not the home of charred flesh and the smoke of gunpowder; nor had it heard the sound of screaming men and wild eyed horses. Instead it lay quiet, bypassed by man and history.

From the woods at its far end emerged a solitary rider. Slowly, his horse picked its way out into the liquid motion of the clover. The rider was young, red eyed, and had a scraggly beard. Over his slender frame, the gray uniform seemed presumptuous, yet he was a veteran. Saddle weary, he slumped low over the reins, the only foreign sound, the creak of dry leather beneath him.

In the saturating warmth of midmorning, his eyes drooped over time-etched memories of those he would soon see. First was his father, strong and stern over the plow as it poured rich loam from either side. His father could guide that blade from sun-up to sunset. His mother's image pushed into his mind as she stirred the soup over the kitchen hearth, tapping the spoon against the great iron kettle. He saw Margaret and Joel, his younger sister and brother, waving goodbye on that day so long ago when he had enlisted. He remembered Claire, her green eyes misty, and the hasty hour

spent declaring their love before he left. Two more days of travel, and he would be there again.

His horse shied suddenly and jerked the boy forward. "Easy hoss," he said, patting the thick mane. But the horse would not calm. His ears lay back, and his nostrils twitched furiously. "Easy," the boy repeated, his body strangely alert, taut and tingling, as it was before every battle. His hand dropped warily to the gun at his side. He scanned the distance for any sign of movement, as the horse tramped nervously beneath him. Startled at his discovery, he yanked the reins so short that his mount reared up awkwardly, bed-roll and mess kit slapping hard.

At the opposite end of the field where a clump of goldenrods marked its boundary, a soldier faced him, also mounted. He wore a blue military jacket; a visored forage cap was low over his eyes. Like the rebel, he too was surprised, cocked forward in the saddle, questioning his eyesight. His new gear gleamed brightly, so did his father's gun in the hip holster. "A Johnny Reb," he breathed. He swallowed jerkily, and his adam's apple bobbed up and down. The flowing black moustache he had succeeded in growing seemed not brave enough to meet this situation. He had never raised a gun at another man but his eyes narrowed coldly and he stood his ground.

For a full minute each blood thirsty, hate-filled enemy eyed the other, hands hovering over weapons. There was still time to ignore each other and change course, but would they? They were a quarter mile apart when the boy in blue

started his horse forward—the signal. The boy in gray matched his pace. The meadowlark trilled lightly in the space between them. The rebel's horse broke to a trot; perspiration beaded his rider's forehead. He watched the Yankee draw his revolver and spur his horse to even greater speed. Great swaths of broken blossoms fell behind them as they narrowed the distance.

As knights jousting, they raced toward each other, a deadly tournament. There were no streamers flying, no deafening cheers, only the glorious sunshine, the quiet hills, and the heaving rhythm of their progress. The lark took flight, first flitting one way and then the other in his bewilderment. Closer and closer they came, until each could see the other's open mouth and gritting teeth. The barrels were poised. BAM! The report rolled down the valley, echoing, re-echoing its lament, farther . . . farther away, until all was silent again.

One boy slid to the ground leaving a scarlet trail down the horse's flanks. The other dismounted to watch, leading his horse, the pistol smoking in his hand. Where was the medal? he thought. Where was the honor? Where was the appreciative general or fellow comrade to slap him on the back and say, "Well done, soldier"? With leaden movements, he turned and swung his leg over the saddle. After a final look he galloped away.

He left the sun still shining, the tall clover gently swaying, and the hills silent. In the midst of the field a dead boy sprawled, while his horse grazed contentedly on the clover around him.

When Coldwhite Winter

Sondra Bernstein

*When coldwhite winter
Melts into sungreen spring,
What then?
Where will I go, my heart?
Who shall I love?*

*When iceblack skeletons
Become greensoft haloed,
What then?
What will I do, my heart?
Who shall I turn to?*

*When madrush wind
Drifts warmsoft to home,
What then?
I cannot go there, my heart,
Where shall I go?*

*Long ago sweetthoney bloomed
Home, where I loved,
What happened?
In iceweather waxblooms, my heart
Sweet sad drifting.*

*Wherever I am when I taste
Bitterlonging scent
I cry,
In you, my heart.
Where will I go?*

*I want, my heart, to go back
To where I lovedlonging.
To the warmsoft cradle, my heart.
Waxbloom, sweetthoney
Dark, redsoft, redwarm.*

*Bitter sad, my heart, to where
I lovedlonging.
My heart, I cry.
Redsoft, redwarm, longingsad.
My heart, there is no return.*



NITE WALK

Faith Butler

Fly Free

S. Williams

When this violent life
Goes from this body—
Put me in a furnace
Of red hot coals
And burn this meat to ashes.
Cremation!

"Ashes to ashes and
dust to dust."

Take the remains
And put a bit of each
Where I want to remain forever.
Never bury this body.
It has a wandering soul.

Do not mourn this passing.
Laugh, as I laugh now.
Who knows where I go?
Just let ashes
Remain on my beloved land.

"The Lord giveth
And the Lord taketh away." (I wonder ...)

Remember the lake at night
Where we walked? Remember
The snow on the ground, the
Icy whiteness of our breath in the night air?
Remember the quiet calmness?
"This is what my life shall be."
Put some dust here.

When I was a child
I ran and played in the waves
Of a great ocean.
Lean built, long yellow wet hair, nakedness,
Sea foam on a black beach.
Throw some ashes into a wave.
Let them go to their mother.

Sunrise, sunset.
Time is but a weary soldier
Marching to what?

Wind, silently console the littered gutters.
Scream not when you pass through
The shadowy alleyways. Men and women
Have passed through these. Men and women
Have died in these. Work some dust
Well into the cobblestones.

Through time and fate, who take their toll
From human lives
Our destinies are planned.
Love was my mother. My father
Was the West Wind that rips through
The hills on a dark, brooding night.
Send ashes on the Highways of the Winds.

Destinies, destiny ... I wonder
if we leave foot prints long upon the sand?

Today, if it should be, I am ready to die;
There is no fear; there is no heaven or hell;
Man is a candle whose flame burns tall and bright,
Makes momentary, dancing, flitting patterns on the wall
Sputters in the wax,
And then is gone—extinguished and merely gone.
"Yet—what a lovely light it gave," they say.

Hands

Charles Bryant

Hands creased at the folds
Never wearing out
Course caloused hands worked and weary
Soft white pure hands peaked in prayer
Supple caressing hands seeking love's first delight
Hands gloved in night
Simple loving child hands, renascent, reaching out to life,
Dry brittle hands grasping, unable to hold, falling, falling,
falling



FIGURES

Sy L. Shames

Incidentals

Patricia Draper

Rain drops slide down a window pane
Leaves of memory rustle
My heart is lonely. ...

Sun clouds burst
Over fields of poppies
Happiness is here. ...
Somewhere



THE PARK

Life Moves On

Paul Steucke

So silent, so quiet,
... the clock ticks; but that is all.

The air is dead, the lamp is dead,
my breath is the only thing that moves;
... and time ...

It does not arrive, it does not depart ...
... a strange feeling comes over me ...
for time is life,
and life arrives and departs.

I hear the sounds of the street below me,
I realize I am not alone on earth.

and I wonder ...
is it worth it?
One dies in the end.

Why try to conquer all? Why battle with life?
Is it not better to forget the whole affair?
The preacher says there is a better life ahead ...
Is there?
or

Isn't there? ...
There is!—Then let's not tarry!
There isn't.
Does it make any difference?

Yet life moves on, the babe is born.

The Sun opens, the Moon closes,
the day is hot and sweaty,
... the work is hard ...

Life has such responsibilities,
... to exist, to eat, to sleep, to breathe,
to find another,
to be an outcast of society.

Would it not be better to have no mind at all?
To stand like the tree and be happy, merely to bend
giving life by seed at will.

Man is put on the earth to live and to be happy,
and yet,

He is accused of a great sin.
Now we wear clothes ... and shave.
Were there to be no more than two on the earth?
Was there a sin at all?

The primitives wear no clothes.
... are they to be locked in hell?
What is this society we live in?

Would it not be better to have no mind at all?
"The world will die by fire" ...
Man has never lived in harmony ...
And the mind now has the power, ,
to ignite the world.

Yet life moves on, the babe is born.

Man is anger, man is compassion,
he is asleep, he is awake,
Why?

The mind is unstable, it wanders ...
It is too restless to remain still,
and constantly falls into many pits,
only to be stepped on when climbing out.

The life will punish the mind.
Walk the rocky ledge,
prodded if we dare stop, by life.
One false step,
It's a long fall.
All the minds on all the rocky ledges look down,
and smile as you disappear.

A path to the side looks smoother ... two young men
start up,
with emotion and youthful passion,
tripped by a third. ...
And they all look down and smile.

Yet life moves on, the babe is born

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LE CHAT NOIR

Pat Draper

The Beat of the Bongo

Pat Hensley

We descend
deep, dank corridors of despair
through endless doorways
into fathomless depth of depression
for we are the soulless ones
who breathe
the Beat of the bongo

Our motivation
is our obsession with depression
the monomania inspiring us to create
not the sweet lyrics of flowers and spring
but blazing hot words spawned by the heat of hell
sung with
the Beat of the bongo

To us
life is a deadly cycle
full of nothing that has not been.
we are the fortunate few
who live the moments as they are hurled upon us
blending the seconds with
the Beat of the bongo

We walk
the empty aisles of life
nothing all
but feeling nothing
we expect nothing
we desire nothing
for we are
the Beat of the bongo

The Show

Marla Cohn

The show must go on
Alone on an empty stage
I wait for cues
But hear nothing
No one tells me
What to say, what
To do, where to turn.
Yet over the footlights,
There is an audience,
Expecting me to act my part
According to the script.
I dare not disappoint them.
The show must go on.

Words and Music

K. Sharon Godsey

Great Aunt Lula;
My Aunt Lou,
What's she like?
I'll tell you true!

Four-thirty smoke at a restless dawn
Belched from the chimney to hug the lawn;
Vagrant breeze from the knoll swoops down
To raise it, perfumed with fat-back brown
And coffee strong enough to shake
That smoke and kick your palate wide awake.

Great Aunt Lula!
My Aunt Lou,
What's she like?
Like lilacs blue!

Lilacs blue—O, fragrant bliss
And leaves, dew-tipped to pop a kiss
On the face of a tow-head out to score
A long home-run to the spring-house door
For butter churned to a queen's own taste,
And thick, fat cream—"Child! Child! make haste!"

Great Aunt Lula!
My Aunt Lou,
What's she like?
A cornfield too!

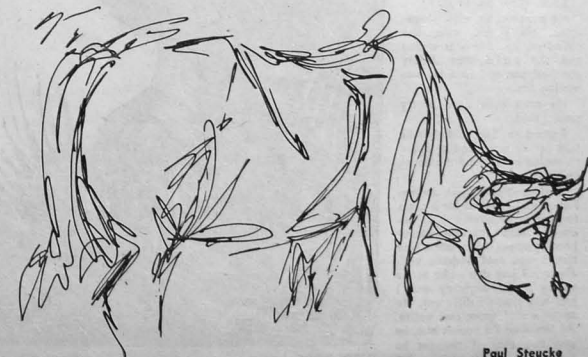
A trip to the cornfield—hop, skip, jump,
Follow the path by the old green pump
Into the field where nobody walks—
Hide and seek in an acre of stalks!
Corn-cob tassels, little black flies,
Bean sprouts poppin' before your eyes.

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What's she like?
Why words won't do!

Like rain on the roof, and the feather bed
In the gathering storm when you hide your head
At the rumbling thunder—lightning's glare
On the ancient oak, see it standing there!
And the mind, with a tug, sends the rope-swing high
'Til it whips like a snake against the sky!

Great Aunt Lula!
My Aunt Lou,
Listen close
And I'll tell you!

Nine children of her own to come on call
And the four of us, at night's fall
On reluctant day. The shadowy swarm
With sounds of dust about a farm.
Mama ... mother ... Dear Aunt Lou!
And yet no word have I for you.



Paul Steucke

Life Moves On

Paul Steucke

... but that is all.
 ... lamp is dead,
 ... thing that moves;
 ... does not depart ...
 ... eling comes over me ...
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 ... onder ...
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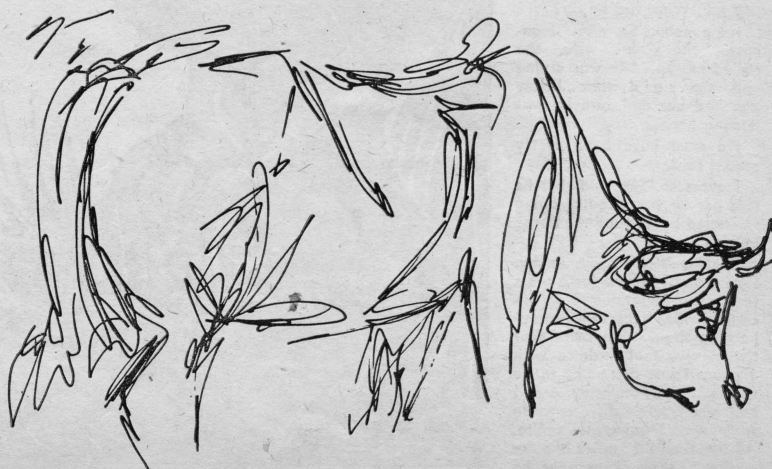
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 Mama ... mother ... Dear Aunt Lou!
 And yet no word have I for you.

Something Like A Scream

by Lawrence Lilliston

The big guy came in at about seven-thirty on a real slow Thursday night.

Jimmy Dolan been in tonight? he said.

And I said, I don't think so. I haven't seen him.

I yelled down the bar to Babe, whose real name I don't know but everybody calls him Babe and I don't know why they call him that either.

Hey, Babe, I yelled. You seen Jimmy Dolan around here anywhere tonight?

I don't know him, he said. You know him, I said. That kid with the nice clothes. Acts real cultured. Quiet and pleasant. You know him.

I don't know him, he said. He don't know him, I said to the big guy.

He hasn't been in, huh? said the big guy.

I haven't seen him, I said. He don't make hisself seen much.

What do you mean? said the big guy.

Oh, you know. He's quiet. You don't notice him much.

I notice him, he said.

And I said, Anyway he don't come in every night. He don't drink much. A two beer man, you know.

Yeah, I know, said the big guy.

And he sat down and ordered a beer. He was a nice looking guy. Real big and he looked like he could have been mean when he was young but now he was getting along pretty well in years but he still looked sharp. His clothes were nice and his hair was slicked back and his fingernails were cut short and even. I figured that he was maybe an insurance salesman or that he owned a little business of some kind.

You a friend of Jimmy's? I said.

Yeah, he said. I'm his father.

No kidding?

No kidding.

He's a good boy. Don't cause no trouble, good looks, clothes, nice car, quiet. He's a good boy.

I know, he said. I brought him up good.

It shows. Tonight's not like him though, he said.

The big guy wanted to talk. I could tell by the way he said that.

What do you mean? I said. What did he do?

Oh, hell, I don't know. I guess he just lost his temper. You know how it is.

Yeah. What did he do?

He punched his wife. Jeannette, that's his wife, she called me up. She was crying and she said that Jimmy punched her and said he was leaving her.

He must have been pretty mad, I said.

I guess so. She said that he told her he was tired of being strangled by her and the house and all.

That don't sound like Jimmy, I said, and I looked for a glass to wipe or something to do because I wasn't too crazy about hearing about it any more. Not that I was real buddies with Jimmy. I just don't like to be wrong about anybody and I had him figured different. He seemed real quiet and polite. All the time I'd known him, he was like that. I thought he was kind of peaceful. But

that's the way I am. I don't like to be wrong about people.

The big guy sat there looking at his beer. He hadn't taken more than a couple of swallows. Just looking at it. It's really not like him, he said.

That's what I was thinking. I don't know why he wants to leave. I don't understand all this business about being strangled.

You'd think he'd be happy, I said.

The big guy didn't hear me. Hell, he said. He's got it pretty good. Better than I had when I was his age. Much better. He was brought up in a fine home. We taught him right, his mother and I. We aren't rich but we make it o.k. We taught him right from wrong. And when he got out of school I got him that job over at the company. I thought he liked it. I thought he was doing all right. He sure never acted like this before.

He acted happy, I said.

The big guy didn't hear me. He said, He never saw me hit his mother. I never hit her. It's not like him.

I wouldn't think so, I said.

We gave that boy some good solid values. A good life.

The big guy looked like he was through talking and he just sat there staring into his beer. It was hot and he didn't want it. I can tell about things like that. I call it the beer stare. He didn't want to drink. He just wanted to have a beer

to look at so he wouldn't have to look at anything else. He watched the beer and I watched him and he didn't look like he could be mean anymore, sitting there like that. He didn't even look sharp anymore. He looked tired. That's how he looked. Real tired.

He got up and threw a quarter and a nickel on the bar.

I think I'll go, he said. I don't guess he's going to show up.

He may be in later, I said. Better wait.

No, that's o.k.

I'll tell him you were here, I said.

Yeah, thanks, he said and he opened the door and went out.

I fooled around for a few minutes, wiping the bar, washing a glass or two, keeping busy, thinking about that big, lonely guy. He hadn't been gone long when Jimmy came in. He was different. He was walking fast and light and he didn't have a tie on and he was real wild-eyed. Laughing kind of crazy.

Give me a beer, Tony, he said. Quick.

What's the big rush, Jimmy? I said.

Celebration, he said. A big celebration.

A big celebration.

I gave him the beer and said, Your father was just in.

He wasn't even surprised. He gulped down about half of

the beer in two or three big swallows.

What did he want? he said. He just wanted to see you, I said. About you and your wife and all.

Oh? You heard already.

Yeah.

Isn't it wonderful?

I don't know.

What the hell do you mean you don't know? he said and he was laughing.

Give me another beer, he said. Give me three or four. We'll drink the whole damn town dry.

Hey, I said. You're really stoned, aren't you?

Yeah, he said and he grabbed my arm and shook it up and down and said, Look, Tony, take tomorrow night off and we'll get a pair of broads and really - - -

The phone rang and I picked it up and said, Hello.

The voice on the phone said, Is Jimmy Dolan there?

She had a real sweet voice.

Not sexy. Just real sweet.

Yeah, I said. He's here. You want to talk to him?

Yes, please. Tell him it's Jeannette, she said.

It's for you, Jimmy, I said.

Who is it?

Your wife.

I don't want to talk to her.

He don't want to talk to you, I said into the phone.

Ask him to please come home, she said.

She wants you home, I said to Jimmy.

I don't want to talk to her, he said. Hang up.

I don't think he's coming, I said to her.

O.K. Well, thanks. Talk to him anyway, will you? Tell him I want him.

O.K. Goodbye.

She sounds real sweet, I said to Jimmy.

That's what you think, he said. You don't know what she's been doing to me.

What's she been doing? Aw, hell, you wouldn't understand, he said and he lit a cigarette and said, She's been strangling me.

She was strangling me, Tony, he said. You know? It's like I had that house and a wife and a good job and all that stuff. And they were all choking me. But now I'm through. I'm going to live, I mean really live, from here on out. It's not for me, all that stuff.

He lit another cigarette. He had one going on the edge of the ashtray but he didn't notice it.

They were all choking me, Tony, he said. I'd wake up in the middle of the night all sweaty and trembling and I'd want to go somewhere and hide and I couldn't because I was trapped and being strangled. It's like . . . aw, hell, I don't know how to explain it but it was awful.

It sounds like you were having a rough time, I said. But I never noticed it. You always acted real peaceful.

He was real excited and he said, That's the worst part, Tony. You can't show it. You got this creepy feeling and you can't tell anybody about it. You wish you could scream, you know? If you could just scream about it. But you can't. That's the worst part.

I didn't say anything. I couldn't think of anything to say so I just watched him and he rubbed his chin and cheeks

and mouth again and then he seemed calmer.

Hey, he said. I'm getting pretty excited. You better give me a cup of coffee. I don't want to blow my whole roll on my first night of freedom.

I gave him a cup of coffee. He took a sip and started to say something but the phone rang and I answered it.

Hello, I said.

Is Jimmy still there?

It was his wife again.

Yeah, I said.

Will he talk to me?

Hey, Jimmy, I said to him.

Your wife wants to talk to you.

He didn't hear me. He was just sitting there staring into his cup of coffee. Just like his old man had done with the beer. Jimmy had the coffee stare. That's what I call it. The coffee stare. It's like the beer stare only it's deeper.

Hey, Jimmy, I said to him again.

Yeah, what? he said and he looked up at me.

Your wife wants to talk to you.

No, he said.

He don't want to talk to you, I said into the phone.

Please. Tell him I'm begging.

I'll tell him, I said.

She says to tell you she's begging, I said to Jimmy.

Let her beg, he said and then he stood up real quick and said, Wait a minute. Hell, I don't know. I guess I'd better talk to her or she'll keep calling up.

He took the phone and I went down to the other end of the bar because I didn't want Jimmy to think I was nosy but I could still hear him talking and I heard him say, Yeah, a couple of times, Stop crying, and then he said, Go to hell, and he hung up, and sat back down.

I looked at him but I didn't say anything and neither did he. He had the coffee stare again and he sat there staring at the cold coffee for fifteen or twenty minutes and finally I said, Your coffee's cold.

What? he said.

Your coffee's cold.

Oh, yeah, he said and he took a sip and said, It's cold.

He looked at me and I said, Is everything o.k.?

Yeah, he said. I guess so.

And he stood up and threw a bill on the bar and said, Keep the change.

He walked over to the door and I said, Hey, where're you going?

I've got to be going, he said.

Wait a minute, I said. Don't go to any hotel. You can sleep over at my room. No sense paying for a hotel room.

Thanks, Tony, he said. But I don't know. I guess I'll go on home.

Oh, yeah, that's good. I'm glad.

Well, he said, I was really going anyway.

I didn't say anything and he stood there for a moment and finally he said, I was just kidding about all that stuff. You knew it all along, didn't you, Tony? You knew I was just kidding you all along?

Yeah, I said. I knew it all along.

He went out the door and I watched him walk past the window. Kind of quiet and peaceful, just like he had always been.



THREE BIRDS

Betsy Bennett

A Cycle Unending

John A. Blazer

*The coma called death is a comma
In the complex sentence of life.
Denoting a pause in the drama,
Between scenes of harmony and strife.*

*A man is only an editor
Of an apparently meaningless phrase,
And he renders accounts to his creditor
According to the role that he plays.*

*The source of all life is Divinity.
And Divinity has no end.
So life flows into infinity,
And man cannot comprehend.*

*He perceives no continuous motion;
Unaware of perpetual flow,
As the tide comes in from the ocean
And again must outward go.*

*Man cannot grasp continuity.
He must see a beginning and end.
And eternity is but incongruity
Because he cannot apprehend.*

*By miles he measures his distance;
By hours, the passing of day;
By years, his time of existence
From birth to a state of decay.*

*He observes the winds' directions.
And by dollars he measures his gain.
His features are judged by reflection;
His ease by the absence of pain.*

*This comma is Man's limitation—
Just an arc in the circle of life—
Not a sign of life's termination;
Not a sickle, a sword, or a knife.*

*It is only a transfer station
Where Life a new vessel obtains—
A result of divine contemplation—
Where we pause for a change of trains.*

*The grave is an insignificant wicket—
Merely a hole in the ground—
Where Life deposits its ticket
For a ride on the merry-go-round.*

*Your life is a cycle unending,
And life itself is you;
And the body is only attending;
So bid it a merry adieu.*

Gandhi

Andrew Ramsey

*Skinny, far-sighted, realistic mystic—
Defying your very cremation to
Penetrate our Southern city:
Walking through meek men's minds,
Severing bonds; Gadfly (we say
Horsefly) to a great nation.
Who are you of India's teeming
Millions; how does one survive,
Stirring so vigorously after death?
You would so knowingly remove
From us our caste system—
And the task well done?
See the task well done?
Back to ashes! What know you
Of Broad Street, U.S.A.? Settle
For British pomp and pride;
Suffer us our lost, myopic way.*



CRANES

Fireside Farce

by Charles Bryant

The fire in the hearth flickered and spurted out the pain and silent suffering of the universe, and a pale smiling man gazed into its warmth and said, "All is well with the world." The soft white creature gazed into the devilish red warning and thought he saw denizens of loftier regions. And outside, the wind swirled the sad song of anguish and the rain tapped out in code upon the window the futility of all endeavor. The man sat contentedly on his white hands and saw nothing of the forewarning in the glimmering fire, or the whistling wind, or the tapping of the rain on the cold blue glass.

Winging its way 4000 miles across the ocean a small silver comet searched out a predetermined target with its all-seeing eye. There was no sound as the cylindrical ghost glided over the house of the soft white man with the white soft hands; there was no sound until, some 100 miles further on, the shiny silver spectre met mother earth, who had no choice but to accept her unwelcome and explosive guest.

The man by the fireside was startled by the noise and light that rivaled the sun in its brightness. He turned his head on its rubbery neck just in time to see a large grey tree growing up and over the world. In his blind sheltered existence he had never heard of bombs or intercontinental ballistic missiles or any of the other toys that the wind and the rain and the fire in the hearth had been trying to tell him about.

He thought that surely this magical tree had fallen from above and that all he had to do was climb its silvery skin and walk into a thousand and one wondrous things which must be contained at the summit.

He looked at the fire that had given up its vigil and died into cold blue embers and said, "Surely this soft grey dust that shrouds my white hands is the dust from the feet of angels, and tomorrow I will awake at the foot of that tree yonder."

Spooks

Annette Darrell

*You're just behind my shoulder, love,
no matter what I do.
I've tried to shrug you off, but no;
Where I go, you go, too.*

*You're lurking in my coffeepot,
and every cup of tea
Reflects your face, I must admit—
you haunt exquisitely.*

*You've scarcely left me any songs
In which you don't appear,
To flit about, and make me wish
The rest of you were here.*

*And even when I'm fast asleep
'There's no escape. It seems
You've wrangled all the starring roles
In all my many dreams.*

*The books I read; the plays I see;
The heroes all are you.
I take a walk, you're by my side,
You never miss a cue.*

*You're all the noodles in my soup;
The butter on my toast;
And I admit I love it, you're
my very favorite ghost*

P")-%od

Robert Stone

*I write poetry, uninhibited, obscure,
but there's two of us that require a cure,*

*e. e. cummings, who also writes verse,
but I guarantee that I am worse.*

Betsy Bennett

There is a Barn

by Malcom Carpenter

There is a barn that I am partial to; it stands on the farm on which my mother was raised. It is a red barn, or rather, was. Today, it is mostly grey where the weather has peeled the paint and faded the wood. When I was very young it sat proudly at the edge of the road that went from the house to the fields. Now it leans away from the road as though it is trying to get away from that corner.

Each summer as I was growing up I spent at least two weeks on that farm. I can remember how on arriving at the farm I would kick off my shoes, pull off my socks, run into the kitchen of the house, grab a handful of biscuits and race for the barn. I was a noisy, growing boy and all the dogs would follow me in my run for the barn.

I would climb the steps by the corn bin, sniffing the dried corn flavor from the air. The steps led to the hay loft. When my head poked above the level of the floor there would be the squawk of a frightened chicken who flew out the door of the loft. The smell of the dried hay now entered my nostrils. After a few deep breaths of the elixir I would feel as though I had been changed into a

country boy. Feeling in character, I would stuff my hand into my biscuit-filled pocket and pull out half a crumbly biscuit and cram it into my mouth.

Standing there chewing the doughy crumbs I would start to survey my palace—to me it was a palace for it was the glorious symbol of the country. The sun falling through the open loft door had struck something in the stringy hay. An egg. Oval, brown, and warm from the hen and the sun. A gift from one of my subjects! Clasp- ing the gem I would march through the hay with all the care of a city boy whose feet were un- accustomed to the sharpness of the straw. Care- fully I would grip the side of the door of the loft, sit down and drop my feet out the doorway. The barn hadn't begun to peel, then. It was a red scream against the pale blue sky and the somber yellow-white soil.

Not only was the sight a treasure but the smell and the sound were equally as rich. The pungent smell of manure, mingled with that of hay and corn were like an odorous symphony entitled— "The Farm." The sound added the brass and drums to the soft melody of the smells, or—more cor-

rectly—it was the absence of sound. The quiet- ness of space, of forest and fields of crops, and of distance canceled all but the most important noises—a dog barking—an answer to his bark from an- other direction and the cluck-cluck of the hen, in- dignant at being dethroned, on the ground below.

I was royalty in this kingdom of the farm. I would lie back in the prickly hay and swing my feet out into the air above the farm and think about nothing—not a single thing. I was purely a receiving set for the esthetics of the farm. Though I did not realize just what was happening I was moved to feel good, for everything then, as it still is today, was an experience to revel in and en- joy for what it was and for no other reason. Just existing at that particular instant was wonderful.

A month ago I was back in that same barn, eat- ing biscuits, absorbing; everything was still excit- ing but in a more mellow way. Experiences that I had been affected by were all back but they were pleasantly familiar. I still am looking forward to returning to that barn even though it is now a race with my return and its falling over—I hope I win the race a few more times.

Purple Eye

Diane Randolph Sadler

*Nature gets in my eye and
I cannot get it out!
Even the purple and blue bird
flying through the
limbless tree . . .
Even the bird is in my eye!*

*Pink leaf and purple bird
Silver gravel
Solemn fish
Bursting bubble
Shimmer for a moment.*

*Nature gets in my eye
though my eye is filled with
spatterings of the bursted bubble and
I am blind!*

Paradox

Bobbie Bennet

PART I

*It is today;
And I tell myself
That today is
Most important,
That yesterday need
Never have existed.
But my reflections
Are in vain.
For yesterday—
Like a shadow—
Walks hand in hand
With today, when
the form of you
Runs after me
Down the leaf-laden lanes
Of Autumn;
And the laugh of you
Echoes back to me
In the sweet-scented streets
Of spring.*

PART II

*"It is today,"
I tell myself.
And yet, today
Is but a stage
On which the dreams
Of yesterday parade
Before my weary soul.
I hear the voice of you
Entreating
From the windswept waysides
Of Winter;
And feel the arms of you
Surround me
On the sun-splashed sands
Of Summer.
It is today,
But you are not here.
You—you and my heart—
Must dwell forever
In the mist-mantled meadows
Of yesterday.*



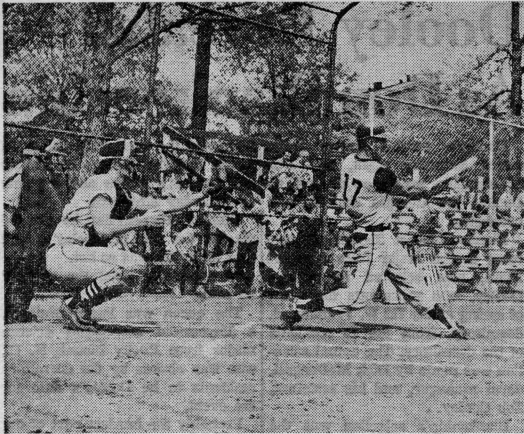


Photo by Jamerson
First baseman, Warren Burke, hits double
The Green Devils beat the Shipbuilders, 8-7.

Green Devils Whip Yellow Jackets, 7-4

RPI won its third straight game last Tuesday as it again defeated Randolph-Macon, 7-4.

The victory marked the first time the Green Devils had beaten Randolph-Macon at Ashland.

Duke Talbot beat the Yellow Jackets for the second time this season as he spun a brilliant three-hitter. Talbot allowed two hits in the second and no more until the eighth.

The Green Devils came up with a five-run uprising in the seventh to put the game out of reach, as they sent 10 men to the plate.

With one out in the seventh Tom Wright tripled and winning pitcher Talbot singled him home for the first run. Bob Soffee and Joe MacNamee singled to load the bases. Warren Burke walked to force in

one run and Bill Graham delivered a two-run single. Successive walks to Bud Reid and Marvin Russell brought home the final tally.

The Yellow Jackets scored in the second to take a 1-0 lead as they got two of their three hits off Talbot.

The Green Devils tied the score in the fourth on a double by MacNamee and a single by Graham.

They forged ahead by a 2-1 score in the sixth. Tom Wright got to first on an error, continued to second as the leftfielder fumbled the ball and scored on a single by Talbot.

The Yellow Jackets tallied a run in the eighth on two walks and a single and their final two in the ninth on 3 walks and an error.

Talbot tired in the ninth and was replaced by Sonny Binns, who struck out Walt Pendley for the final out.

MacNamee, Graham and Talbot each collected two hits as the Green Devils pounded out 10 in all. Graham also knocked in three runs.

The win gave Talbot a 2-0 mark and gave the Green Devils a 4-5 seasonal record.

RPI Defeats Newport News; Binns Is Victor

RPI won its third game of the season last Saturday at Byrd Park as they edged Newport News Apprentice School 8-7. RPI won the game in the last of the eighth inning as they pushed across two runs. Two walks and a two run triple by Joe MacNamee produced the winning runs. In the last of the ninth inning the Shipbuilders started a rally of their own with two straight hits, but it was squelched by a pop-up to the first baseman and an inning ending double play.

Sonny Binns went the entire route for the Green Devils, striking out nine and walking six.

Marvin Russell who led the Devils on attack with three for four, raised his batting average to .462.

Bob Soffee had a double and triple and had two RBI's.

Devilettes Lose to Longwood

The Devilette's tennis team lost their first home game last Thursday afternoon to Longwood College, 3-2.

The girls won one singles match and one doubles match, but that just wasn't enough to win the game for RPI.

Barbara Wilke, who won the only singles game, played a very lengthy match but won, 6-3, 5-7, 7-5.

Betty Vaughan, who played number two position and Pat Kloss, who played number one position, lost their singles matches but not without giving their opponents a hard struggle.

Pat and Betty, playing number one doubles, just couldn't seem to get the points at the right time. They lost their match, 4-6, 2-6.

Dot Neatrou and Grace Linton,

who played number two doubles, seemed to enjoy their game which they won 6-4, 6-2.

Dot and Grace played a good game with Dot stealing the show with her unusual net returns. It was the first time that Dot had ever played a game of doubles.

When Miss Nancy Alexander, Devilette coach, was asked why

she had lost her last two games, she said, "I am at a complete blank as to why we lost because we have good tennis players."

The Devilettes had another home game Thursday afternoon against Mary Washington College. They also have a game with Westhampton College tomorrow afternoon at 1:30 at Byrd Park.

Coed Badminton Starts Monday

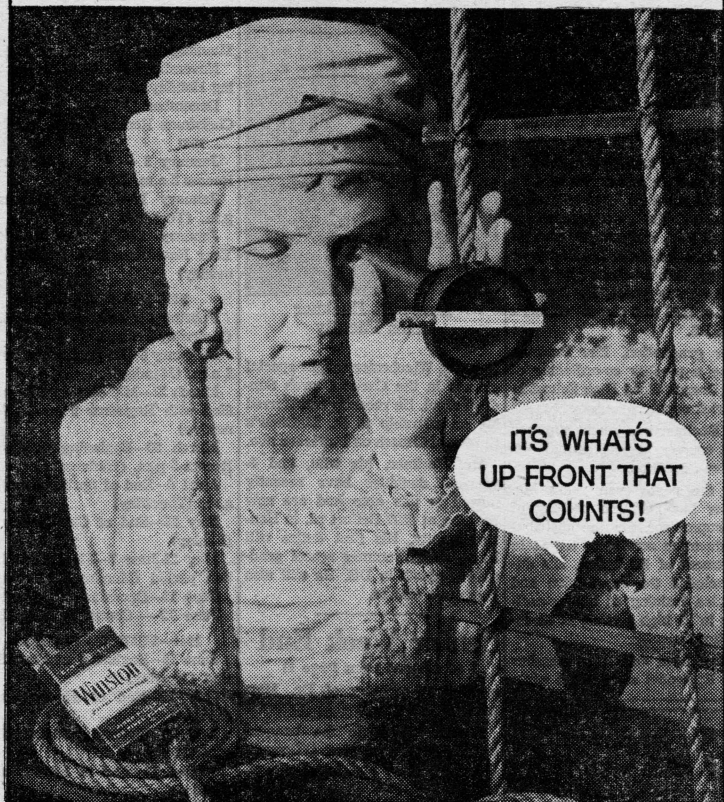
Girls' Badminton intramurals will start Monday night for the first time in four years.

Miss Nancy Alexander, director of Physical Education dept., announced that all girls interested in this sport may sign up with her or the manager of intramurals, Sylvia Snyder, 838 Park dorm.

The games will run every night from five o'clock to 6:45 and the girls will compete with each other individually rather than by dormitories, she added. There will be awards for the winner and the runner up.

The games will be played on the lot in back of 838 Park dorm.

Columbus discovers the Winston Hemisphere



"Flavor, Ho!" The Admiral Shouted As He Sighted **FILTER-BLEND**

From the Captain's Log...

One Day Out. Weighed anchor and set sail in search of a filter cigarette that really tastes like a cigarette. Crew thinks this is wild goose chase.

One Week Out. Have sighted many filter cigarettes and smoked same. Crew still thinks the world is flat.

One Month Out. Discovered New World of smoking pleasure:

Winston! It is the only cigarette with a modern filter *plus* Filter-Blend—rich, golden tobaccos not only *specially selected*, but also *specially processed* for filter smoking. Crew now thinks this is a pleasure cruise.

One Year Out. Crew has mutinied. Refuses to go back to the Old World (non-Winston Hemisphere). I agree. Therefore I am founding a colony called Filter-Blend. Colony's motto will be:

Winston tastes good...like a cigarette should!

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AMPLE PARKING FACILITIES



BEHIND THE SCENES—Leland McGhee sews bathing suit for Marcy Block, who will have the part of Dulcie in the Drama department's production of "The Boyfriend," a musical to run May 11, 12, 13 and 14.

L. Buckner Named DE Dept. Director

Leroy M. Buckner will assume duties as associate professor of distributive education and head of the Distributive Education department on June 1, Dr. Ralph A. Rush, director of the School of Distribution, announced this week.

Mr. Buckner received his bachelor of science in distributive education from RPI in 1951 and received a master of science in retailing from New York University in 1953.

Mr. Buckner has been in the DE field since high school. In 1944 he graduated from an Augusta county high school. The next fall he enrolled at RPI, majoring in distributive education. After his first year in college, Mr. Buckner joined the navy for three years. He then returned to RPI and completed work for his BS.

After graduation, Mr. Buckner became a teacher co-ordinator of DE at James Wood High School in Frederick county.

Mr. Buckner has taught summer school courses in professional distributive education.

For the past seven years Mr. Buckner has held the position of area supervisor for the distributive education service of the State Department of Education. His duties included the supervision and in-service training of DE co-ordinators in 32 high schools in northern Virginia.

He has been an active member of the Episcopal church and while



Leroy M. Buckner Joins Faculty

living in Winchester taught special classes in the Christ Church Sunday school. He recently transferred his membership to St. Matthew's Episcopal Church on Patterson ave.

Mr. Buckner, his wife, and 4-year-old daughter have recently moved to this area and are now residing at 9309 Belfort rd. in Henrico county. His first duties will be to direct summer school graduate students in DE. He will also teach two classes.

Senior Week End

(Continued from Page 1)

scribed in memory of Dr. Margaret L. Johnson.

Guests invited to the banquet include Dean and Mrs. O'Connell, Dean Gladding and her husband, and Dr. and Mrs. Donald Tennant. Dr. Tennant, head of the Department of Music Education, is the senior class sponsor. Also invited are the junior class marshalls and their dates.

Sunday the class is invited to a reception, beginning at 4 p.m., at the home of Dean and Mrs. O'Connell.

Calendar For '60-61 Released

Classes will begin September 19 for the 1960-61 school year, according to the College Calendar released this week by Provost Oliver's office.

Freshman orientation begins September 11 and the first-year students will register on September 15.

Other students register on Friday, September 16 and start lectures the following Monday.

The new calendar sets spring vacation from 5 p.m. Wednesday, March 29 until 8 a.m. Thursday, April 6. This period includes Easter.

Classes are to end at 5 p.m. Friday, May 26, and commencement exercises will be held Monday, June 12.

Following is the 1960-61 calendar: September 11-17—Orientation Period (Sunday-Saturday)

September 15—Freshman Registration (Thursday)

September 16—Registration of Other Students (Friday)

September 19—Beginning of Classes: 8 a.m. (Monday)

November 9—Mid-Semester Reports Filed with Registrar 9 a.m. (Wednesday)

November 23—Beginning of Thanksgiving Holiday 5 p.m.

November 28—End of Thanksgiving Holiday: 8 a.m. (Monday)

December 16—Beginning of Christmas Recess 5 p.m. (Friday)

1961

January 3—End of Christmas Recess 8 a.m. (Tuesday)

January 17—End of Classes 5 p.m. (Tuesday)

January 23-February 1—Mid-Year Examinations (Monday-Wednesday)

SECOND SEMESTER

February 2 and 3—Registration (Thursday-Friday)

February 6—Beginning of Classes 8 a.m. (Monday)

March 22—Mid-Semester Reports filed with Registrar 9 a.m. (Wednesday)

March 29—Beginning of Spring Recess 5 p.m. (Wednesday)

April 6—End of Spring Recess 8 a.m. (Thursday)

May 26—End of Classes 5 p.m. (Friday)

May 29-June 7—Final Examination period (Monday-Wednesday)

June 11—Baccalaureate Sunday

June 12—Commencement Day

1961—SUMMER SESSION

June 19—Beginning of First Session (Monday)

July 28—End of First Session (Friday)

July 31—Beginning of Post Session (Monday)

August 18—End of Post Session (Friday)

Dooley Revealed As Don Blankenship

Dooley's annual spring frolic ended Saturday night, and Don Blankenship was revealed as Dooley, the Georgia skeleton and prankster.

Blankenship, a 21-year-old costume design major from Newport News, was selected to portray Dooley, who represents the spirit of spring at the 712 W. Franklin st. dormitory, from the 76 residents of the dormitory. The actual selection was made by Dick McDougall, dorm manager, and his assistant, Zeb Conley.

Blankenship's selection was the

Coeds List Ways To Get Suntan

(Continued from Page 1)

wearing a hat when out in the sun or seeking the shade of a beach umbrella. Of course you can also stay in your room and study.

What do RPI girls use to obtain the coveted coat of tan? Here are the remedies of a few:

Bess Martin, a brownette retailing major, says "I don't use anything. I just let the sun do all the work."

Another retailing major Kathryn Spoon says she usually freckles. "When I lie in the sun I rub myself with Baby Oil but I still freckle and even though I get a tan I still manage to look white," explained the petite blond.

Another blond, Sarina Overmyer, with one enviable tan for so early in the season, said that she uses nothing to aid her tan.

While Courtney Mann, a brownette Education major, says "Sometimes I use a commercial sun-tan lotion, and sometimes I use nothing."

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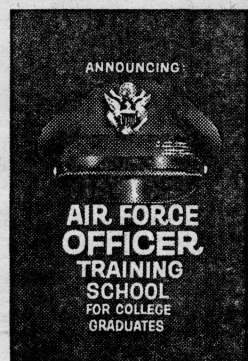
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