SOWER '58

THE SOWER

1958

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Published by

The Committee on Publications and Department of English

Dana College, Blair, Nebraska **Spring, 1958, Volume XIII**

FOREWORD

The year 1957-58 has been one of change at Dana, a year when the seeds of progress have certainly begun to take root and grow. It has also been a year of change for **The Sower.**

The Sower was first printed as an anthology of creative writing in the spring of 1942, and progressed to include work from the art department; in 1956 the first original musical composition was published. This year we are proud to include creative writing, two original musical compositions, art, and also several translations of poetry from the Spanish and the Danish.

The Sower travels far sowing seeds of creativity. It is my desire that this year's anthology may instill new thoughts and ideas in the reader, sow seeds of new creativity and reap new crops of original composition.

I wish to express special gratitude to all who have had a part in creating the 1958 **Sower**, to Professor Joseph Langland, University of Wyoming, for judging the poetry and prose, and to Professor Norman C. Bansen for unceasing advice and encouragement.

Marlene Paulsen, Editor

PROSE

POETRY, Original

POETRY, Translations

MUSIC

ART

Hal Evans Cole Award in art
Cover, Richard Brink

Hal Evans Cole Award in music
"Have Ye Not Known," Camilla Watt

Joseph Langland Award in prose
"Worse Than Any Pain," Harry Landbo

Joseph Langland Award in poetry
"Mirror" and "What? Me Worry?" Tom Christensen

John D. Linahan

COSMOS

David Oestreich

The year is 2058. It is the one-hundredth anniversary of the Atomic War that nearly destroyed the civilization of the planet Earth. One-fourth of the population of the earth was killed in that war. There had been open rebellion against the governments on both sides. The people of Earth did not want to fight a war that no one could win—a war of self-destruction.

Man came a long way after that fateful year. He learned the futility of war and formed a united world. In the new democracy, culture and technology flourished; the "sky" was no longer the limit—space was the limit. After twenty years, this limit had also vanished; inter-stellar flight had become an accomplished fact, and the stars belonged to mankind. The next fifty years were years of colonization and development; man moved to the stars. The inhabitable solar systems within fifty light years of Earth were colonized, and a Federation of Worlds was born.

The univacs and electronic computers of 1958 had given way to new electronic brains of great complexity which dwarfed their predecessors in both size and ability. Each world had an Integrator, as these machines were called. The Integrators performed the tasks of government so much more efficiently than humans, that in essence, they were the government.

In 2058 it was decided by the Federation of Worlds that the Integrators on all the inhabited world should be linked together by a network to form a "super-brain" capable of solving the remaining problems of mankind—cancer remained to be conquered, and the mystery of life had yet to be unravelled. There were complex problems in astro-navigation that remained unsolved. The Super-brain was expected to do what the best minds from five thousand worlds could not do. . .

The year is 2058. The most eminent scientists of the Federation are gathered at a ceremony which will mark the placing of the final link into Cosmos, as the Super-brain is now known. Doctor David Schmidt of the California Institute of Technology, Earth, is now soldering in the last link. The first question is fed into Cosmos. It is a question which has been asked before of smaller computers, but to which the answer has always been "insufficient data." The question is, "Is there a God?" There is an expectant hush from the group. Millions of relays open and close as the seconds tick away. The machine answers: "NOW THERE IS." Doctor Schmidt rushed to the master switch and is struck down by a bolt of lightning from a clear sky.

LOST GLORY

Emory Anderson

How proud we were at this, the peak of prime
Success; and oh! how wonderful it seemed,
As if it were a dream come true! The time
Had come to prove which team was more esteemed.
Within our grasp, so near and yet so far,
Lay victory, together with a crown
To show the world that none thus far could mar
Our record. Win? We could not fail our town!
The night was cool and damp; the crowd was tense,
Completely unaware of what was about
To happen. Every player now could sense
Uneasiness, and some forecast a rout!
The play was rough and fierce, but when the game
Had ended, ours was the forgotten name.

LIFE'S CRISIS

Marlene Pedersen

He had to ask her! He just **had** to! The girls had told her he was planning to—but why did he wait so long? Of course it was still over two months until the prom, and as yet only three girls in the whole junior class had dates. But a whole week ago he had told some of her girl friends that he'd like to ask her. Every day since then the girls had said, "Has he asked you yet?" and every day she would meekly shake her head, "No."

At first she hadn't even believed that he was thinking of asking her. It was just too good to be true, so she certainly wasn't going to build up her hopes for nothing. But the more she thought about it, the more she hoped it were true and the more she would like to believe it. Soon she found herself feeling very disappointed as each day passed with no results. She just knew it would turn out as she had always feared; each day would pass without results right up to the day of the prom and she still wouldn't have a date!

Already plans were getting under way at school. Of course, they were quite unofficial, being mostly in gab sessions among the girls; but, after, all, wasn't that just about the most exciting part of it? Then every two weeks the boys felt a jab from **The Needle.** This was the school paper which would come out with notices such as, "Attention: Only 67 more days until the prom!" She was positive that this created far more anxiety among the girls than it ever encouraged planning among the boys.

Then it happened! A boy asked her—but she would rather stay home than go with this one. In that moment of panic as she groped for an excuse, she said that she couldn't tell him for sure because a long time ago someone else had asked her in a rather joking way. She had taken him up on it but wasn't sure if he actually meant it or not, so she had better wait awhile to see if he mentioned it again. Now, this excuse went over surprisingly well with the fella, even though it did make her feel a bit guilty, to say the least.

But the "living end" really came when a second boy asked her.

Although he was better than the first, he still just wasn't the right one. "Listen, kid, you've got to be consistent," she told herself, so she blushingly gave him the same excuse.

Now she was really in a fix! Instead of would he ask her the question was: would he ask her in time? She decided to wait one week, and if he hadn't asked her then she would accept the second offer.

The agonizing days flowed on carrying away more and more of her hopes. He would walk her to the locker and talk about the plans for the prom (official plans, that is) which were not beginning. He would walk her to classes and comment on the number of days left until the prom. But would he so much as ask her for a date? No!

Here it was—Thursday—and he had to ask her either that day or the next, for the first thing Monday morning she must give the other two fellas her answer. Now she was getting just plain panicky! If, as they talked, he didn't bring up the subject, she did. But still no results.

Friday came and in desperation she threw a very large hint. "I hear Edna has a date for the prom. She's sure doing better than I am." "Don't you have a date yet?" was the rather surprised response. "No," she said and walked on to her locker as he stopped at his own. "Well, that's that," she thought. "If that didn't bring results, nothing will."

At four o'clock she walked despondently out to the school bus. Suddenly she stopped to turn around. Hadn't she heard her name called by a masculine voice? Yes! And there he was across the drive in a car with several other boys. She started toward the car not even daring to hope. He probably wanted to ask about an assignment. Of course, that was it.

"You really don't have a date for the prom, huh?"

"No." Her stomach turned a sommersault and lit way down at her toes.

"Would you want to go with me?"

"Would I!" she wanted to exclaim, but instead, "Oh, I'd like to," was all she could find to say.

She didn't remember much after that except that she could hardly wait to get home to tell Mom. Couldn't that old bus go just a little faster?

Cooperation Versus Competition

Tom Christensen

Man has ever been striving for the "unattainable." Today, after so many "unattainables" have been attained, man seemingly no longer recognizes a condition as being incapable of being achieved. Apparently, all things whatever are at a definite risk whenever God provides the planet with a "thinker." There is not a phase of literature or of noble science that is not subject to constant and complete revision. Upon each revision new thoughts develop. This string of thoughts and of revisions has increased and still continues to increase in fantastic proportions. Our realm of thinking is ever increasing, lengthening, broadening. The most evident fruits of man's long process of thinking are perhaps revealed in that great systematic classification of experience, of knowledge, of organized common sense—science! Science has corrected man's misconceptions with every new perception in the realm of relative truth.

Science has not been an open book, by any means. It has required a medium by which it could carry on this great chain of thought—a means by which thought might be communicated. Languages have been the essential keys of science. By this aid man has shaped and taught religion, ordained and administered laws, built and destroyed civilizations. Language is an art which has sprung from necessity, and all science whatever must center in it.

Language is the foundation for all the powers man has achieved or shall achieve. The most powerful drugs used by mankind are not found in medical books. They are found alphabetically in dictionaries. They are words. The right word striking the right persons at the right time can change the course of history. There was never a period when the consequences of loose and indefinite expression could be more hazardous. The wrong word—the word that does not say scrupulously what is meant—may prove to be a dictional atom bomb capable of damaging or undoing things of vastly greater import than mere cities or a mere plane. The great hazard lies not so much in national relations as in international relations. where the languages are unlike. To continue this unbroken chain of thoughts, there must be a device by which these

thoughts are being communicated and fully comprehended by everyone involved. It is not possible to understand what is in the minds of other people without understanding their language. And without understanding their language, it is impossible to be sure that they understand what is in our minds.

If peoples of diverse nationalities are unacquainted with each other's languages in any way, the relationship can not be good between these nations because no understanding has been established. As man knows himself, where there is no common understanding between one another, an antagonistic atmosphere is ultimately developed. An antagonistic attitude between nations can provide nothing but trouble until a remedy has been discovered and applied.

An individual who thoroughly understands one or several foreign nations, through some familiarity with their language and their behavior, is worth more to his country at the present time than several atomic physicists. Striving for a basic understanding between peoples is much more important than striving and competing for leadership—supremacy in this and supremacy in that. Our sense of values is deteriorating and degenerating when we cannot perceive that it is much more important to work for understanding, love and peace than it is to go to the moon. If man does attain that goal, do you believe it will essentially help him? Man's great battlefield will grow larger. I do not wish to condemn our fine physicists and scientists. Their achievements have been magnificent. However, the world needs not only these students of science, but also a great number of the students of man.

Man's knowledge of foreign languages can help create harmony of understanding among the peoples of the world more efficiently than any other medium man has. The world needs harmony. If all the peoples of the world could understand each other well enough to work effectively together, a much greater unification process would be possible. This is necessary in great organizations such as the United Nations, NATO or SEATO. These organizations, no matter how much good they do, do not get to the heart of the problem. Only a small percentage of people are working together in these organizations, and they cannot possibly accomplish that which is necessary. The people of one nation must know the people of another nation—not merely the representatives of the people. Such an understanding is possible if the people themselves are willing to learn foreign languages. An enlightened, non-aggressive, untrammeled atmosphere may then be obtained as thoughts are shared and the great thought chain allowed to prosper. Minds could work together on a cooperative basis, not a competitive basis.

Nevertheless, although the gift of a common language may be a gateway to understanding, it is only a gateway and not the realization itself. It must never be allowed to clutter up the roads of understanding which can be trod only by people who are ready to build the roads with hard labor, genuine thought and a readiness to take as well as to give. He who has much to give to his fellowman must also learn to be a good taker. This requires both personal and national humility.

May we then forsake our "war-ful" ways and assume an amiable attitude toward our fellow.

We can break their bones
With bullets and bombs
And make them head for cover.
But better yet, let's ditch all that,
And try to talk it over!

ONLY

John Klug

Tires squealed
people gathered,
children stared.

Arched back,
twitching limbs,
body slowly stiffening,
he lay in a pool of red.

Wide eyes,
bewildered eyes,
filming eyes
roll over his audience
and stare toward the sky.

Mouth slowly opens,
lips roll back against white teeth,
  a rasping sigh escapes.

Man in blue appears.
A sharp report
  and silence.

In the disbanding audience
a voice . . .
"Come along son, it's only
  a dog."

FLUSHED WITH VICTORY

Harry Landbo

At a home in the States, a boy ran to his mother with the daily newspaper and said, "Hey, Ma, listen to this: 'Fresh, spirited American troops, flushed with victory, are bringing in thousands of hungry, ragged, battle-weary prisoners.' I bet Willy is having fun!" . . .

Willy glanced at the broken bits of buildings as he trudged with a hundred other men, ninety of them enemy prisoners, through the shambles that had once been a small town. There wasn't even enough of a building left to make a shelter for one family. Funny he thought about that. He hadn't thought of these people as family units before.

He hadn't really thought much about anything but his tired body for the last few months. Now his feet were cold from the water that had soaked his boots. They had been walking through mud for the past four hours. The wetness had softened even his calloused feet and they had blistered for the first time since basic training. But numbness from the cold was replacing the pain, and his feet felt as if they were no longer his own.

It was faster, but trickier, walking on the rocks and ankle-twisting rubble that was the main road through town. Plodding through three inches of mud had been slow going. His legs grew so tired that he had finally just been dragging his feet. He almost wished that he was one of the prisoners. They didn't have to carry a rifle and wear a steel helmet and cartridge belt. That made their load fifteen pounds lighter. His feet felt as if they weighed fifteen pounds more now, too, with the mud caked on them.

He felt his stomach growling for something to work on. He wished the sergeant in charge would call a break for chow, but then he remembered he didn't have anything else to eat. Probably no one else did either. They had all been given a C-ration box when they left the lines that morning for this twenty-mile trek with the victims of their latest conquest to the nearest prison camp, but they had finished them. "Ha, listen to me," he thought. "Twenty-mile trek!" He remembered the day in high school that he had misspelled "trek," including a "c" in it, and the teacher

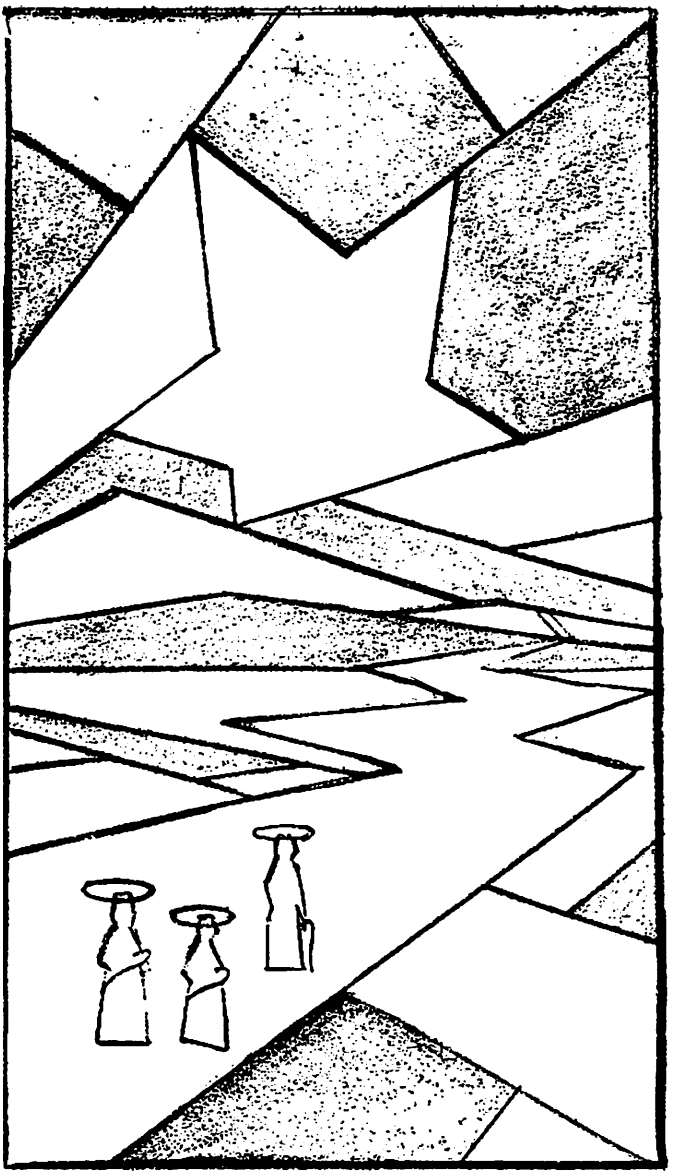
had made him look it up in the dictionary: "Trek—A migration to a new home." So this was a trek—for the prisoners. Maybe for him too. If he stayed at the prison camp for two days it would be twice as long as he had spent in any other spot for the past two months.

Willy wondered how many miles his outfit had covered in these two months. They had been moving fast—too fast, the guys had been thinking. They never had a chance to get a rest. "Move" was the only word the C.O. knew. Sometimes they wished they would soon hit an enemy line that would hold for a while so they could take things easier.

"It's getting colder," he muttered. He was surprised that he had started talking to himself. He hoped he wasn't going nuts. He figured that maybe with this mud his outfit's push would slow down a little. He hoped they would soon get some winter gear issued. They had had to leave most of it behind one night when they moved out, and they never returned to get it. He was wearing the only clothes he had left, outside of a couple pair of socks, and they were getting shabbier by the day. He noticed some of the prisoners had new-looking uniforms and jackets. Must be some second or third echelon boys we trapped," he decided.

His stomach rumbled again, and he felt a pang of hunger which had gone nearly unnoticed among his other aches. He wished they'd take a break, a good ten-minute break, not the usual Army break in which you were told to take ten, so you expected five, and then only got two. Then he supposed he might be better off if he kept pushing himself because if he sat down he wouldn't be able to get up in only ten minutes. He wished again that he had something to eat. He remembered that when they had stopped to eat in the middle of the mud field earlier in the day it had begun to pour rain just as he got his cans of C-rations open and before he finished there was more water than food in the cans and he was forced to throw them away half full. He repeated the words, which the Army had taught him for just such occasions, to himself. He certainly didn't ever want this prisoner-guard detail again, and he vowed not to take any more prisoners if he didn't have to. It was easier to leave them lying on the ground than to march them twenty miles to a "new home."

The group of men passed through the town and again into the mud across the fields. "Probably about five more miles to go," Willy calculated. "God, but I'm tired."



The Three Shepherds

Richard Brink

The Shepherd's Meditation

Jeanette Paulsen

O light that shines this quiet, peaceful night,
Show me the baby in the bed of hay.
I heard the angels telling me the way.
But, guide me onward to the blessed sight.
I wish to see this king who is the light,
Who came to save from sin, the prophets say.
So star, show me the face of him that they
Compare to one with kingly power and might.
O light, you are the map to lead me to
The manger bed of one who'll keep me from
The doom of those who don't believe this word.
So shine, dear star, before the night is through,
I wish to gaze upon his face and come
On bended knee to worship this, my Lord.

MIRROR

Tom Christensen

I've taken one huge draught of life—well nigh ninety years,
And doubt this sagging, weazened frame can bear me too much
longer.
My fleshless, withered arms dangle like broken branches,
Leather-bound in their shriveled skin.
Tortured by the burden of too many years, my
Back, pressed down by Time, stands bent.
Tottering on those inflexible brown, broom handles.
My crumbling, rattling huddle of bones
Are already mortgaged to the cemetery—beside Pa.
My cheeks, sucked in with age, though channeled by my tears,
Are strained to drum-head tautness.
Behind their silver-rimmed spectacles, my eyes,
Set in shadowy bone-rimmed sockets,
Grow ever dimmer in watery beds.
As I wait, I have but one function—to ache.
Now! Isn't that a light from heaven,
Beckoning me there, in my mirror?—I wonder.—
Have my ears grown too deaf to hear Death's summons?
Or must I, like my body, ache and rot before I die?

THE LEADER FOLLOWS

Ellen Andrews

A gray-haired Negro sauntered into the office of the Preston Printer's Shop. He looked at me, smiled, tipped his hat and said, "Good Morning." He shuffled to the back with a soft, slow step that seemed to say: "It's been a hard life." And yet, that smile of his seemed to add: "But, I've enjoyed it."

He soon found a place to sit, and as he relaxed, he began to talk about himself. For many years he was the operator-owner of a printing firm. Racial problems grew to larger proportions and fewer people brought him their printing.

An acquaintance offered financial aid for only minute shares of the firm's stock in return. H. C. Hathaway, the Negro who was speaking, stopped to take a quick breath.

"As often happens when people say they don't want anything for their trouble, my so-called friend soon controlled our business," he sighed. Hathaway was left with nothing when his friend sold out. A prejudiced white man had purchased the shares and refused the help of a Negro.

Hathaway had no relatives to help him, and he hadn't the means to rebuild his business. Disappointment continued as publishers refused to print his Negro newspaper with him as editor.

In 1953, Hathaway came to the Preston Printer's Shop with hopes that they would become his publishers. The Preston printers were apparently void of any racial prejudice. They eagerly accepted his work, and have continued to be his publishers to this day.

A recent copy of his newspaper, The Leader, had one advertisement—this was a good week. Subscribers are scarce, but The Leader is being published and Hathaway shines through each issue. His pride and his life are united in the Leader's fight for survival.

Hathaway's health is failing, and his years are gaining on him. Even so, he is still actively interested in living, and he has gained an interest in God and the Church.

He used to spend his Sundays at the news office. "But," he says, "I may have to go to see St. Peter someday, and when I do, I want to make sure my press pass will get me through."

From *Rhymes and Legends*

Gustavo Adolfo Becquer (1836-1870)
Translated from the Spanish
Joanne West

XV

Filmy silk floating in light mist,
curled ribbon of white foam,
sonorous murmur
from a golden harp,
kiss of the gentle breeze, wave so bright,
this is you.

You, airy spirit, who always vanish
as the flame, as the sound,
as the cloud, as the moan
of the blue lake,
when I try to caress you.

Wave sounding in the boundless sea,
wandering comet in the vacuum,
long lament of the husky wind,
perpetual desire of something better,
this is I.

I, to whom, in my agony, your
eyes are closed night and day;
I, who unwearied run demented
after a spirit, after the burning daughter
of a vision.

From *Ryhmes and Legends*

Gustavo Adolfo Becquer (1836-1870)
Translated from the Spanish by
Delores Petersen

VII

In a dark corner of the hall,
perhaps forgotten by its master,
silent and covered with dust,
a harp was seen.

How many notes were sleeping on its strings,
like birds asleep on the branches
awaiting the hand of snow
that knows how to arouse them!

Ay!—I thought—. How many times genius
thus sleeps in the depths of the soul,
and, like Lazarus, awaits a voice
that tells it: "Arise and walk!"

X

The invisible atoms of the air
tremble and become inflamed;
the heavens disolve in rays of gold;
the earth shivers in excitement;
I hear floating in waves of harmony
murmur of kisses and beating of wings;
my eyelids close . . . What is happening?
It is love, that passes!

GRECIAN JUNGLEMAN

Tom Christensen

I didn't like the way he looked at me. He made me feel as welcome as a collect telegram from Moscow. Those eyes smoldering there in his head emitted a kind of smoke—not from fire, but from a heap of dry ice. You might well say that he had all the qualities of a fireplace poker without its occasional warmth. And his name—Karabatsos—that was enough to make one want to leave. He seemed as impersonal as a beer-vender at a baseball game, and it looked as though the only friendship I'd ever strike with him would be similar to the relationship of a goldfish to the family cat.

I began to do a little thinking. "Tom," I said to myself, "you didn't want to go out for baseball anyway. You might just as well leave now and not get involved with this character."

Karabatsos opened his mouth to say something. "Awright, girls, shut up and listen," he said.

"This guy is as cynical as his Greek ancestor, Diogenes," said I to myself. "He must have been born in a cemetery."

When all the deflated baseball prospects had stilled the gymnasium into the likeness of a monastery, Karabatsos proceeded further to make mice of us young men. He was as frank as a mirror—the type one sees at the county fair, which makes one look like one feels he shouldn't look. Within ten minutes he had outlined the entire situation. He went through things like a customs inspector, and when he had finished I still didn't like him; nevertheless, some "evil spirit" advised against my departing.

As the weeks of practice went by, I interested myself in the study of this peculiar creature. Physically, Karabatsos was a man of oak and rock—as inflexible as the marble pillar with roots. His thick body was merely five feet, six inches high, but it was a solid block. A curious nickname we had for him was "Jungle Jim," for his entire body—with exception of the top of his head, which was hairless as an egg—was shrouded with ragged, shaggy, blue-black Greek hair. His very existence gave weight to the theory of evolution stating that man is a direct descendant of the ape.

One cloudy Wednesday afternoon during the season, (we had dropped our eighth game in a row the night before), the team climbed on the school truck to drive the half-mile to the practice field. Karabatsos roared away from school, driving as if he was attempting to catch up with himself. Newk—he was my best buddy —was sitting on the back of the truch when Karabatsos tried to make the truck leap a crater in the road. The truck refused and the terrific bump tore Newk loose from his perch. Newk landed with an emphatic "thump" on the pavement, bounced a couple of times, and then lay still.

It took an unnecessary amount of racket to induce Karabatsos to stop the truck, but he finally did so. Growling and snarling in usual vigorously uncouth language, he came around to the rear of the truck and followed us back up the street to where Newk was lying.

Newk didn't move. His mouth was half open, and he was gurgling and whimpering in a most pitiful fashion. On his chin, soaked in blood was half of his tongue, bitten neatly off when his head had hit the pavement. Three of the guys immediately doubled over and vomited in the street.

Newk was crying when Karabatsos got to him. "Jungle Jim" was in a hurry. He couldn't stand around all afternoon and watch some dumb kid lie in the middle of the street.

"Get up!" he barked. "You're all right! You ain't hurt! Come on, come on, I ain't got all day to play nursemaid to you, ya little squirt! Get up!"

I knew Karabatsos was a beast, but I had no idea he was so bereft of anything humane. We all stood like monkeys in a row—too dumbfounded and confused to do a thing but hang our mouths open.

Karabatsos began cursing at Newk, growing more and more impatient. He prodded Newk with his foot, demanding him to get up. The blood was coming in spurts now, and Newk was coughing and spitting. But he couldn't move.

Karabatsos jerked his foot back as the blood sought to touch its liberator. He cursed, and again drew back his foot to kick Newk, this time slopping blood on his shoes. The blood infuriated him. Karabatsos stood there kicking and kicking, breaking Newk's ribs. Each "crunch, crunch" in Newk's side, and the resulting pitiful moans, drove "Jungle Jim" on and on. Newk's eyes rolled in a frenzy, but he couldn't move. He looked to us for help, but we couldn't move. Karabatsos screamed and cursed and kicked.

Hot blood surged into my brain. I swung the bat with all the might I could muster. Karabatsos screamed once more—then slumped dead on his victim's bludgeoned body.

Worse Than Any Pain

Harry Landbo

Norma Jean Angelano was her name. To him it would always be a symbol, a symbol of a woman, a woman with a soul that was hurt.

They met in Oklahoma, in a town near her home. He had been lonely for eight months, the longest eight months of his life.

He had left camp late on a Saturday afternoon in October with a weekend pass and had been driving for a couple of hours to get as far from military life as he could. He finally stopped in a small town the map called Clinton, and decided to spend the night there. He parked his car and got out to walk and look over the town.

They met—when he stopped her as she walked, pausing at every store's window to inspect its display. He explained that he was a soldier stationed at Fort Sill and had come to town for the weekend, and asked her what there was to do for excitement. When she told him a dance—at a barn-like club with hill-billy music—and the movies—Roy Rogers—were the two places people went for excitement, he replied that he didn't want either. He told her he wanted someone to talk with.

They got acquainted—over sodas at the drug store. Norma Jean Angelano was her name. She lived on her folks' farm nineteen miles from town and had come in with her brother, who was at the movies. She was eighteen years old and in her last year of high school.

They walked—and talked of their growing up: he told her about his city-bred self, while she compared his life to her life on the farm. Her name was Norma Angelano.

They sat—in his car when they grew tired from walking. And they waited for her brother to come from the movies. She said her name was Norma Jean.

They drove—to her home, slowly, after they had seen her brother, and she had told him, "Wayne is taking me home." He called her "Norma."

They parked—in the yard back of her farm. She told him she

was lonely, and that she needed someone who would understand. He didn't understand. How could one be lonely at home? He explained how he was lonely in the strange community called "The Army. "She understood. And she said, "Call me 'Norrie.' "

They kissed—and he devised his own name for her, from her surname. He called her "Angel." It was this night that he got his first hold on her heart.

He saw her the next day, and the next Sunday too, then not for two months which were divided between K.P., guard duty, four weeks at the special school, and a ten-day Christmas leave. Finally he saw her the weekend after New Year's Day, and then, when possible, on successive weekends that came too slowly. And every time he saw her he used every bit of his knowledge and power to make her care for him, because here was the means to end his loneliness. They soon fell into a type of love.

He became fully accepted around the house on weekends and experienced the feeling of the loneliness Angel had told him about. She was called on to wash clothes, wash dishes, clean house, and cook meals, and no matter how skillfully she did these jobs, her parents were never pleased. She was the scapegoat for everything that went wrong in the house. He saw why she was lonely at home.

About this time—the unexpected. He received orders to report to Fort Lewis, Washington, for assignment and shipment to the Far East. And when he left, with him went a part of Angel.

They wrote to each other, and he came to realize that the two of them had looked at their relationship from different viewpoints, had given it different meanings, expected different things to come from it. She wrote and mentioned their getting married. When he didn't discuss this subject she asked about their getting married; then asked directly if he planned to marry her or not. When he got that last letter he realized that what had been merely an "end to loneliness" for him had been love for her.

He tried to put himself in her place when he answered that letter. He saw her now as a tender woman, with a heart eager for love. Now, how could he re-bury these qualities he had brought out of her soul? Now, too late, he saw what he had done.

He wrote her, telling her what was in his heart: he liked her; he wished she was with him; but their backgrounds and their personalities were too different. He told her he didn't intend to marry her.

He lay on his cot each night after that for many hours, wonder-

ing, "What is she doing? What thinking? What does a woman in love feel? How does she take it, having given love and gotten nothing more than letters and memories in return?"

When he got her answer to his last letter he learned some of the answers. She wrote:

Dear Wayne,

I see that it was a mistake to love you, because now this love hurts worse than any pain I ever felt. I wanted you, but since you don't want me I don't ever want to see you or hear from you again. I just want to try to forget, so the hurt will go away.

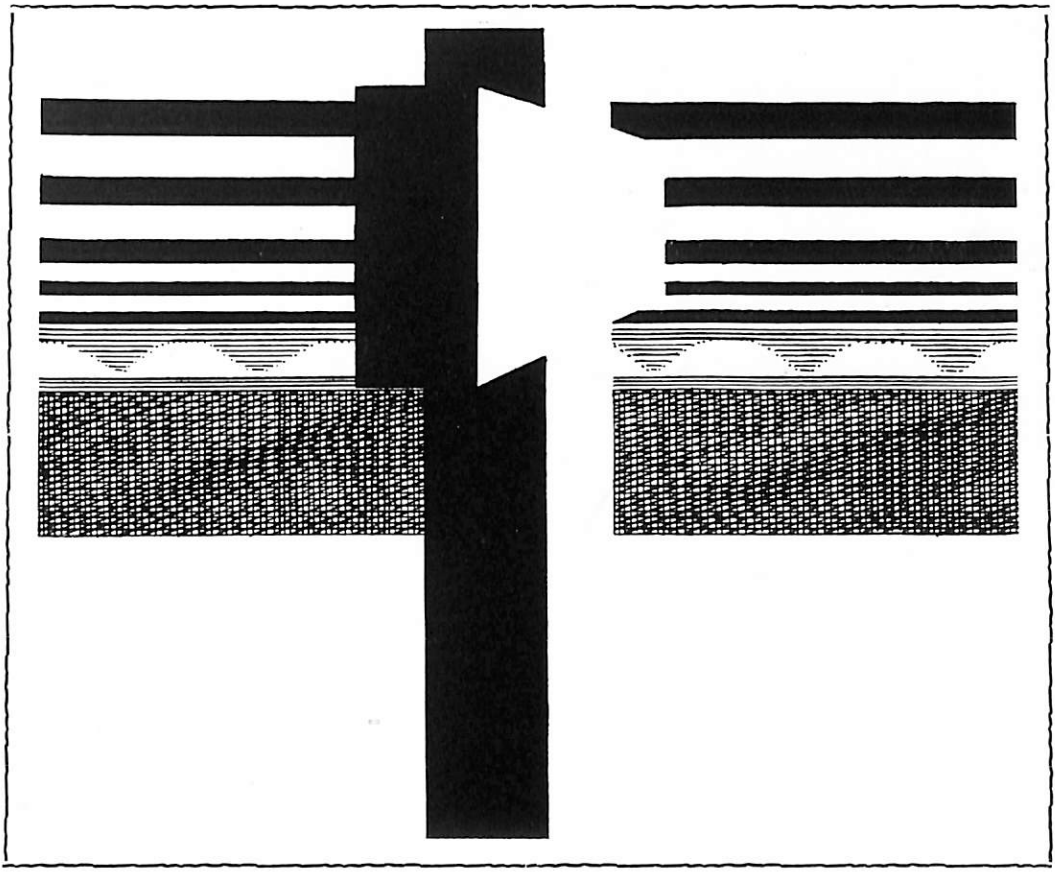
Angel

Norma Jean Angelano was her name, a woman with a soul—a soul that was hurt.

WHAT? ME WORRY?

Tom Christensen

If one of my contemporaries knew
The things I say of him behind his back,
He'd more than likely claim that some old brew
I'd taken in had knocked me from my rack.
But then again you must believe that though
(Opinionated critic that I am!),
I'm really much superior to my foe.
Oh my! He's such a brilliant science fan!
All day he tinkers with a nasty bomb,
To try and blow us all to kingdom come.
At night he doesn't sleep in any calm
Because he fears some lousy Russian bum
Will throw another Sputnik in the air.
Could be that I'm a dunce—but I don't care!

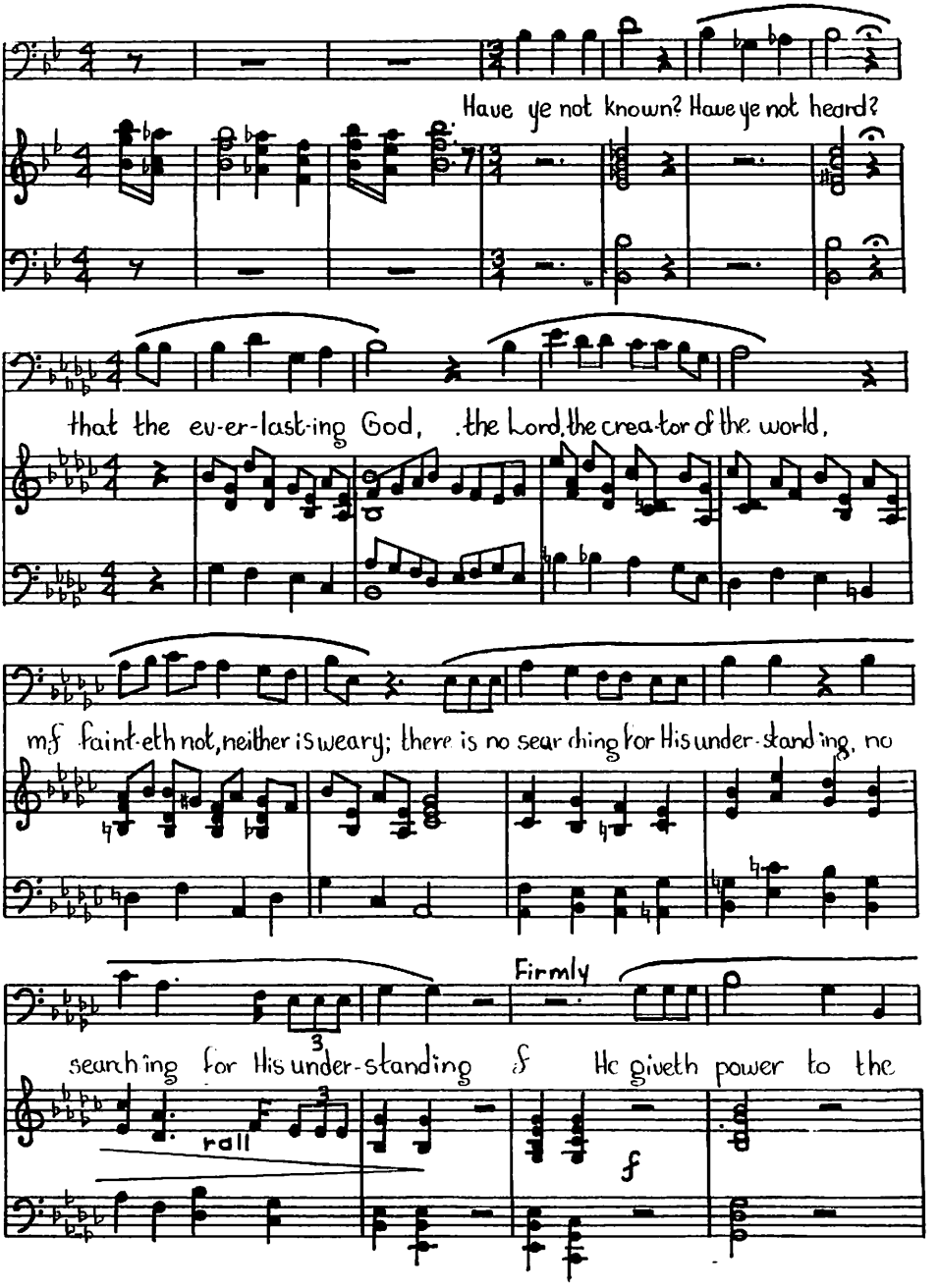


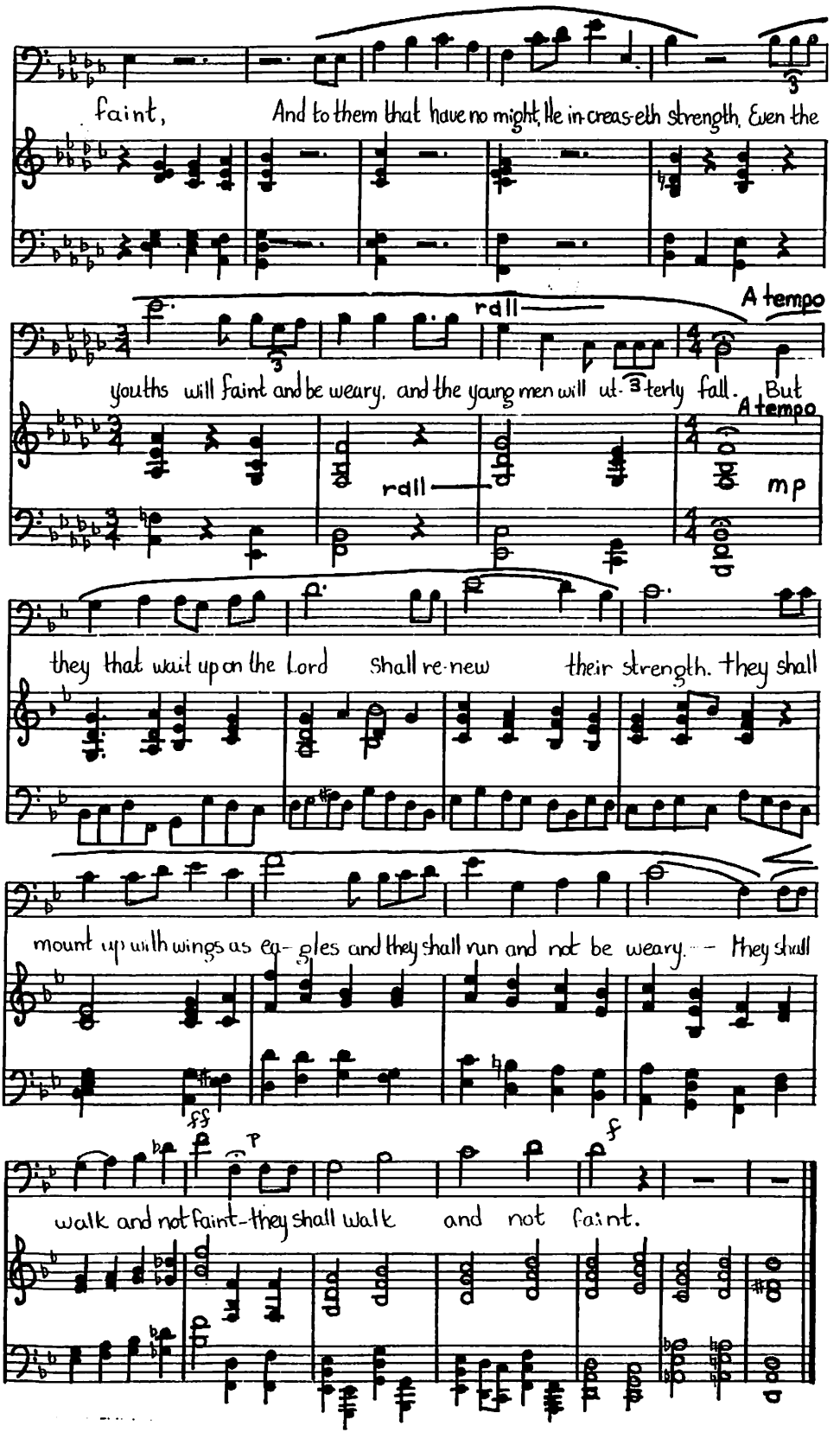
White Forevermore — *John D. Linahan*

Have Ye Not Known

Camilla Watt

Isaiah 40, 28-31




faint, And to them that have no might, He in-creas-eth strength. Even the
youths will faint and be weary, and the young men will ut-terly fall. But
rall
A tempo
they that wait upon the Lord shall re-new their strength. they shall
mount up with wings as ea-gles and they shall run and not be weary. - they shall
walk and not faint-they shall walk and not faint.
mp
ff
p
f

LAREDO

John Klug

The short block leading to the bridge was humming with activity. On the left customs inspectors were busily checking cars, papers and an occasional pedestrian's packages. Stands with signs reading cambio, souvenirs, exchange your money here, last chance before entering Mexico, were strung along the right.

Jerry exchanged five dollars for a fistful of bills and coins and moved along with the line leading to the ticket office at the bridge entrance. An M.P. standing nearby glanced at his shoes, which were military low quarters, and asked to see his papers. He showed him the three-day pass given to him at San Antonio.

"Is this your first time in Mexico?"

"Ya."

"Okay, buddy, Watch yourself and your wallet and don't wind up in a Mexican jail. Laredo is no play pen."

Jerry grunted in reply, with the G.I.'s usual contempt for military police showing in his face, and passed on to the ticket office. Soon he was crossing the Rio Grande. Ahead a peeling, red sign proclaimed "Laredo, Mexico."

The atmosphere seemed to thicken as he approached the end of the bridge. The smell of humanity, decay, and rotting refuse mingled in the air. As he moved up the dirt road leading to the main street, his left leg was encircled by a pair of grimy arms. Startled, he looked down into the dirty, streaked face of a tousle-haired Mexican urchin. Three other equally tattered kids stood behind him.

"Uno centavo, uno centavo," he cried, tugging at the American's pants leg.

Mustering up his limited Spanish, Jerry replied, "Anda, anda, no tengo dinero."

"Uno centavo, uno centavo."

"No money, no dinero." This seemed to discourage the spokesman's three followers and they moved off silently as they had come. However, the small pair of arms retained their grip.

"Uno centavo."

"Beat it, scram!"

"Uno centavo."

Jerry sighed deeply. Persistency was paying off. "Here." He handed the small scrapper a nickel. The coin received a suspicious

glance, but his leg was freed and the aggressive crab walked away scrutinizing the coin and scratching his head.

The busy life of the dusty, sewerless main street moved before him as he stepped up onto the small stone sidewalk. A black-shawled, old woman with a red-faced baby in her arms shoved a wrinkled hand in front of his face and looked at him pleadingly. Mexicans lounged along the sidewalk staring at the passing people or gossiping. Merchants hawked their wares from open front stores. Painted prostitutes, with a smile on their lips and boredom in their eyes, sauntered along the street or sat in an occasional balcony looking at the people below. Smells of roast corn drifted from a cart where a man was taking it and selling it from a charcoal grill. Shoeshine boys scampered along the sidewalk glancing at shoes and looking for prospective customers . . .

"No, I don't want a shine." Jerry's dusty shoes had the attention of a small army of eager, young businessmen.

"No!"

Temporarily free, he continued on his way. Then there was another tug on his pants leg. He stopped. "I shine shoe, one penny." Oh, well, what was a penny? If they're shined, I won't be bothered anymore. "One penny. Uno centavo?"

"Si."

"Okay, bueno."

The triumphant salesman set down his box and shoved it under Jerry's shoe. With advice and comments from three or four other barefoot associates, he began work with an almost professional flair. Three swipes with a rag and the dust was off. Plunging his finger into a colorless grease, he applied it to the shoe and a fingertip of brown polish immediately followed. With an occasional smile of encouragement thrown in Jerry's direction, he spit on the shoe and proceeded to buff it to a high shine. In a matter of minutes the other shoe had received the same treatment. With the contract completed, Jerry found a brown stained hand thrust in his direction. Upon dropping the agreed amount into the hand, he was eyed reproachfully and thanked with a loud, whining scream.

"No, on, one dolah."

"You said a penny."

"Feefty centavos."

"But I gave you your penny." Jerry had been warned about overpaying the Mexicans.

"Tweenty cents, por favor." The boy was now assisted by his companions who joined in the clamor.

"No."

"Ten centavos, ten centavos." The boys' voices rose to an even higher pitch.

"But you said . . ." Jerry noticed people were looking at the small congregation curiously. "Here." He held out a handful of Mexican coins.

The boy scanned them quickly. "No, no ten cents."

He dropped the coins in the outstretched palm and hurried away from the curious eyes into a large bazaar. Hundreds of stalls lined its aisles. There was strong smell of raw meat, fruit, and fish intermingled with the more subtle smells of chocolate, straw, and leather. Pottery, blankets, leather goods, woven straw and linens were crammed in the stalls. Jerry wandered aimlessly past Mexicans bargaining with each other until their voices raised in seeming rage and finally settling on a price. A few Americans roamed through buying purses, jewelry and blankets. A Mexican's eyes lighted up as an old gray-haired American woman haggled over the price of a bracelet. These strange Americans who always paid the first prices asked. It was a pleasant change to find one who bargained.

Soon, Jerry again strolled out into the street. A tall, skinny, half-drunk Mexican, with tobacco-stained teeth and one half-closed eye, approached him.

"I got seelver bracelet. You want? Genuine seelver bracelet."

"How much?"

"One dolah."

"No."

He held on to Jerry's elbow, gave him the benefit of his alcoholic breath and shoved the bracelet under his nose. "Seventy-five."

For the sake of fresher air, Jerry handed him the money and shoved the silver-coated trinket into his pocket. "Oh well, I can always send it to my sister as a souvenir," he thought as he watched the Mexican stagger down a side street.

His rationalizing was cut short by a touch on his elbow. He turned around slowly. "I don't want any."

He was greeted by a short, middle-aged man who glanced furtively around him. There was a bright flash in his hand. "You want buy diamond? I geeve good price."

He was answered with silence.

"Maybe you want buy peectures? Look see. Nice eh?"

Encouraged by Jerry's silence, he moved in closer. "I know place where have very nice girl. Muy bonita. So, so. You understand? He winked at Jerry slyly and rolled his eyes. "Very nice. Ay, uno momento."

He looked curiously at the American who had turned on his heel and was walking down the street toward the Rio Grande and its bridge. He shrugged his shoulders and cocked his head as his eyebrow raised quizzically. "Ah, these strange Americanos."

HIS FRIEND?

David G. Ihrig

"He's out and smiling. Hope he'll stay out. Haven't seen him for such a long time. I wonder if he's warm. I am, for once." Blip was standing on the open grate of a manhole between two warehouses. The wind was coming down the alley in quick flurries, like a small boy playing hide-and-go-seek. Yet the warmth from the grate crept through Blip's canvas shoes and up his legs like red heat creeping up a poker in a fire.

The wind pushed a small popcorn sack past his feet. Blip hardly noticed it, but then he remembered that there had been a football game at the college that afternoon. "Might not be a bad idea to go up and look around." The idea of finding something, no matter how small or miserable, stirred him to move. He headed toward the street.

Coming out of the alley Blip turned for the stadium. It was only eight blocks away, but the brisk wind was chilly. He glanced across the street at the clock on a bar. It was still early so that he had time to get back to his temporary home. Home for Blip was simply an empty back seat. He would have to be there soon, though. The winoes filtered in fast.

He walked slowly because he knew no other way. He was never in a hurry. People amused him the way they were always hurrying. "What for?" his eyes seemed to ask when they looked at the crowds marked by haste and confusion.

"Hello, Blip."

"Evening, Al."

Blip's thoughts had gotten ahead of him. He almost passed Al's taxi stand without knowing it. The bulky, black cab stood at the curb and Al was slouched on the fender, dragging on a bent cigarette.

Flipping the butt into the gutter, Al slid off the fender and faced Blip. "What are ya up to, Blip?"

"Just walkin' around."

The radio in the hack squacked and Al said, "Well . . . I got a fare out on South 48th. Third this evening. Business is really lousy. "See ya, Blip."

"O.K.," replied Blip, indifferently. He turned and continued on his lonely way. A glittering, greenish neon caught his eye. It flashed one gaudy word, Liquor. "A shot sure would set well,

but I only got two bits. Better pass it up, damn it all! I sure hate to. Oh well, I'll get tight tomorrow if I find anything tonight." He went on, casting an occasional glance at the street.

The shape of the stadium rose out of the darkness like a huge fog-shrouded skyscraper. Blip walked up to the fence which surrounded the grounds. "Ya, that's the only way I'll be able to get in. Have to climb her, I guess." This fence presented no problem to him. He had been here before and he knew how to get in.

"O.K. buddy, what are you up to?" This voice Blip recognized at once. "Cop," thought Blip, "Didn't count on no static."

Blip eyed him and muttered, "Just takin' a walk officer."

"Make sure you don't walk where you ain't s'pose to. In fact, why don't you turn your tail and walk the way you just came." The policeman prodded Blip with his night stick to emphasize his instructions.

"All right, all right," retorted Blip, "I get ya! . . . Damn cops, anyway."

He shuffled to the corner and crossed the street. The policeman, full of self pride, started to whistle to the night and continued on his rounds.

The clouds slid over the face of the moon, darkening it; Blip was unaware of this. His friend noticed it, though.

Blip waited on the corner until the policeman had gone and then returned to the fence. He climbed over, dropped to the ground, and looked around. The officer wasn't to be seen so Blip started searching. A good cigar butt or maybe some change a vendor dropped was what he hoped to find. He scrutinized the bleachers and the track without finding anything. The stadium was all that was left.

"This will take some time, but so what, I got plenty."

He went up the rows of steps slowly, looking, his eyes turning like a radar scope. A scarf, once a bright yellow, lay under one of the benches. Now it was a dirty brown, as if someone had wiped his feet on it. Blip didn't mind the grime. He picked up the scarf and snapped it like a whip. As he wrapped it around his stumpy neck he muttered to the night, "Nice, and warm. Thanks, stranger."

The darkness played tricks on Blip. A roof column took the shape of a tree only to correct itself when Blip touched it. Other strange shapes arose and vanished until Blip wished he hadn't passed up the drink.

An hour later he was almost finished. The top row was all that was left to search. The cantilevered roof's shadow and the wall made the blackness a dense sponge. A small gleam caught Blip's eye. "What's that?" he wondered. Stooping down he picked up a square package. It was covered with thick, slick plastic.

Blip unzipped it and pulled out the fuzzy contents. "I'll be damned, a blanket!" This was more than Blip had counted on. Now he wouldn't get so cold this winter. No more newspapers for blankets.

Highly elated, he folded the great find and stuffed it back into the cover. Then he descended the steps, walked over the concourse and up to the fence. He climbed the fence, crossed the street, and started for the car lot.

He looked at his friend. He was still there, but he wasn't visible. "Oh well, he'll be out again. I'll tell him about this blanket then."

The alley in back of the used car lot was empty. Blip turned into it, examined the garbage can in back of the bakery, and found it empty. Replacing the lid he went to the break in the board and tin fence. Stumbling through, he headed for the old car he called home.

"Hope no wino is in there. Hate a fight." Blip started to say good night to his friend. As he did he noticed that his friend was a little too bright, and he looked angry.

"Don't be p.o.ed at me! I'll get cold this winter and I'll be needin' this here blanket." Blip's feeble excuse didn't affect his friend. "Even if you are the only guy I like, to hell with you too." Blip stepped into the car, wrapped the blanket around himself, and lay down on the back seat.

The clouds slid over the face of the moon, darkening it once more. Blip didn't realize this. He was warm, but scared.

WEEPING BIRCH

John Klug

Bowed by the Spring rains—
Her long fingers of green,
heavy with emerald jewels,
droop toward the earth.
Shadowed white arms
swing in tempo to the breeze.
Burdened by the seasons,
bowing respectfully to the sun,
morning tears glistening,
her ivory torso
lacerated by man and nature,
she faces the new day.

John D. Linahan

WINTER NIGHT
(*Vinternat*)

Jens August Schade (1903-)
Translated from the Danish by
Robert L. Ostergaard

All is quiet in the little village.
From many small houses light flows out
over the snow which lies in the streets,
light and soft as white sheets.

After each step there is a footprint,
as the snow creaks underfoot.
Silent and peacefully alone I walk in crystals,
snow that twinkles. I walk as on a thousand stars.

Yes, amidst the gleam of thousands of stars
my feet pass with the ease of soft steps,
while my head suddenly feels
the snow and delicate, cool air.
Hear the pleasant crackle out among the stars.

TO BELIEVE
(*At tro*)

Johannes Jorgensen (1866-1956)
Translated from the Danish by
Patricia Andersen

To believe is to lift your gaze
to the eternal stars
and hope against doubt and know against wisdom
that hidden in the dizzy depths
there wakes one who guards and defends.

To believe is to feel an abyss
under your life and your works—
an abyss of darkness, an abyss of light,
a depth of joy, a depth of shuddering sadness,
and to wander in everyday streets
as in a solemn church.

AH, BIRCHTREE
(*Ak, birketrae*)

Thor Lange (1851-1915)
Translated from the Danish by
Carlene Petersen

Ah, birchtree, white birchtree!
Is it difficult to stand in the deserted field
and look ever towards the green forest,
to the green forest you can never reach?

Ah, love, young love!
Is it difficult to live with your old husband
and look ever towards your first friend,
to your first friend you can never reach?

THE CHASE

Harry Landbo

Sid panted hard as he scrambled up the cinder embankment leading to the railroad tracks. A policeman was behind him in the darkness, yelling, "Stop, punk! You won't get away!"

But Sid had no intention of stopping. He thought that if he could only get across the tracks and onto the narrow ledge of the wall of the coal yard, the cop wouldn't dare follow him. The wall ran straight out from the tracks. The ledge was only an inch and a half wide, and a guy had to walk on that, pressing himself to the wall, hanging on with the edge of his fingers to another little ledge by his head, and inch his way along. If he slipped he would land on the concrete floor twenty-five feet below. Sid figured he could get around the corner of the wall and over to the spot where the coal was piled nearly to the ledge, jump down and run from there.

If only the cop had not been in the drug store, everything would have been perfect! Sid hadn't seen him sitting in the phone booth, and when the druggist looked out from the back room and saw Sid pulling bills out of the cash register, he yelled, and the cop looked out and asked him what was wrong. Sid had never been so scared in his life! He shot out of the door and raced down 71st Street toward South Chicago Avenue with the cop right behind him.

The bills Sid had in his hand he crammed into his pocket as he ran. He had enough to feed the gang next week and still have plenty left over. There were ten guys in the gang, all twelve to fourteen years old, and each week it was a different one's turn to treat the members to a soda or hamburger every night. The guys stole the money any way they could. Sid's stepfather had given him the idea for this drug store job. He had pulled one like it when he was a kid.

Sid dashed across the tracks. His shoes were full of cinders, but he hardly felt them. His only thought was to get to the coal yard wall. He knew exactly where it was. His gang had often played "chase" around the tracks and the coal yard, and he had often wormed his way along the side of the wall. He wished he

had his gym shoes on now because they weren't so slippery. But it was too late to worry about that. He pictured himself flattened out on the concrete and decided he had better be careful and make sure he didn't slip.

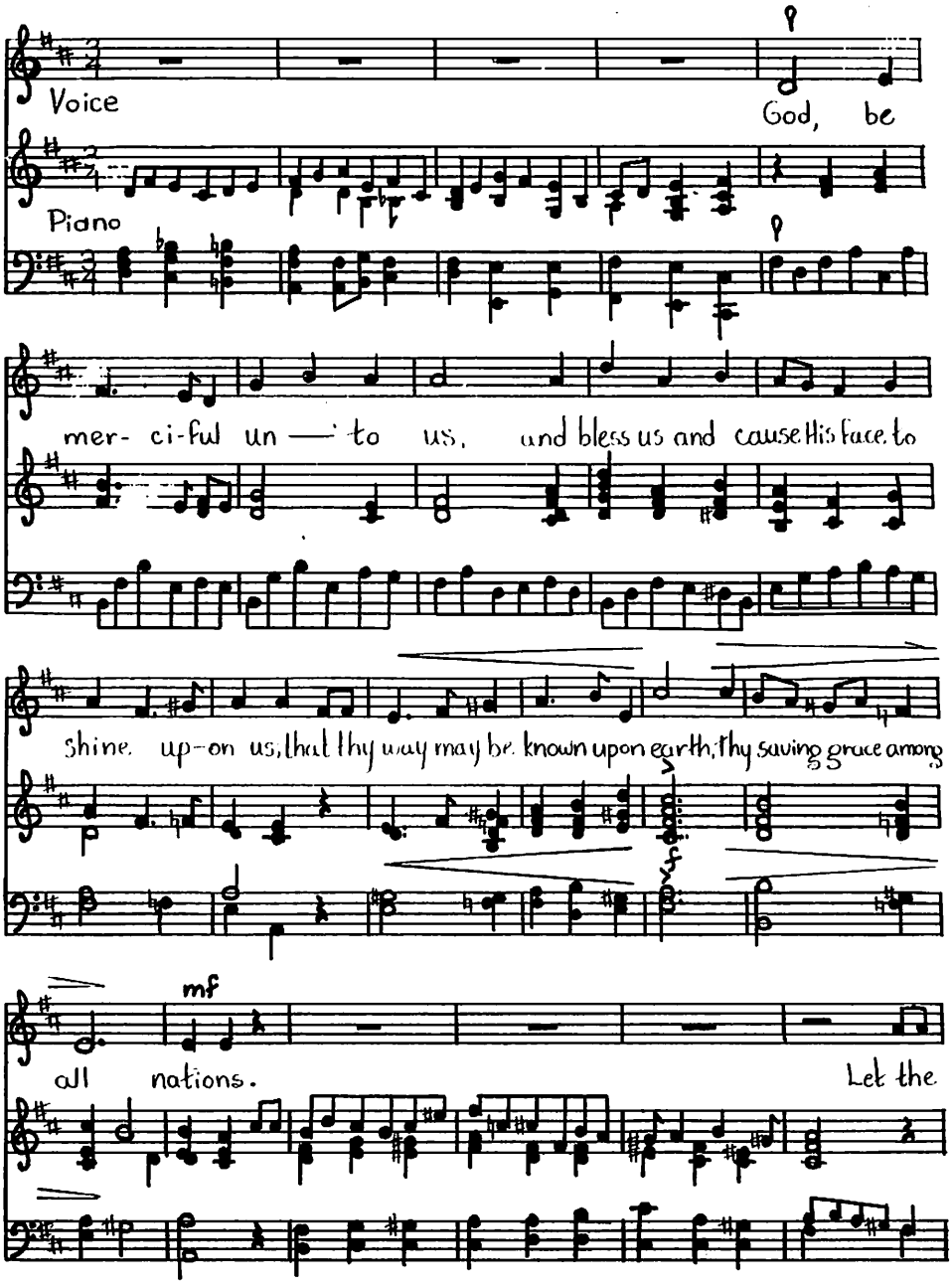
The wall was a few yards ahead. There was just enough moonlight for him to make out its outline. He was sweating now, and as he brushed his arm across his forehead he didn't notice the empty bottle in his path. Stepping on it, he twisted his ankle and sprawled to the ground. He felt cinders bite into his hand and elbow, and his head hit something hard, but he stifled a groan, sprang up, and with his aching ankle limped to the wall. As he reached the wall and edged onto it, he heard the cop's steps behind him. Sid could apply barely any pressure on his ankle, and the hand which the cinders had dug into just wasn't able to hang onto the ledge. But he got about three feet from the tracks by the time the policeman reached the wall.

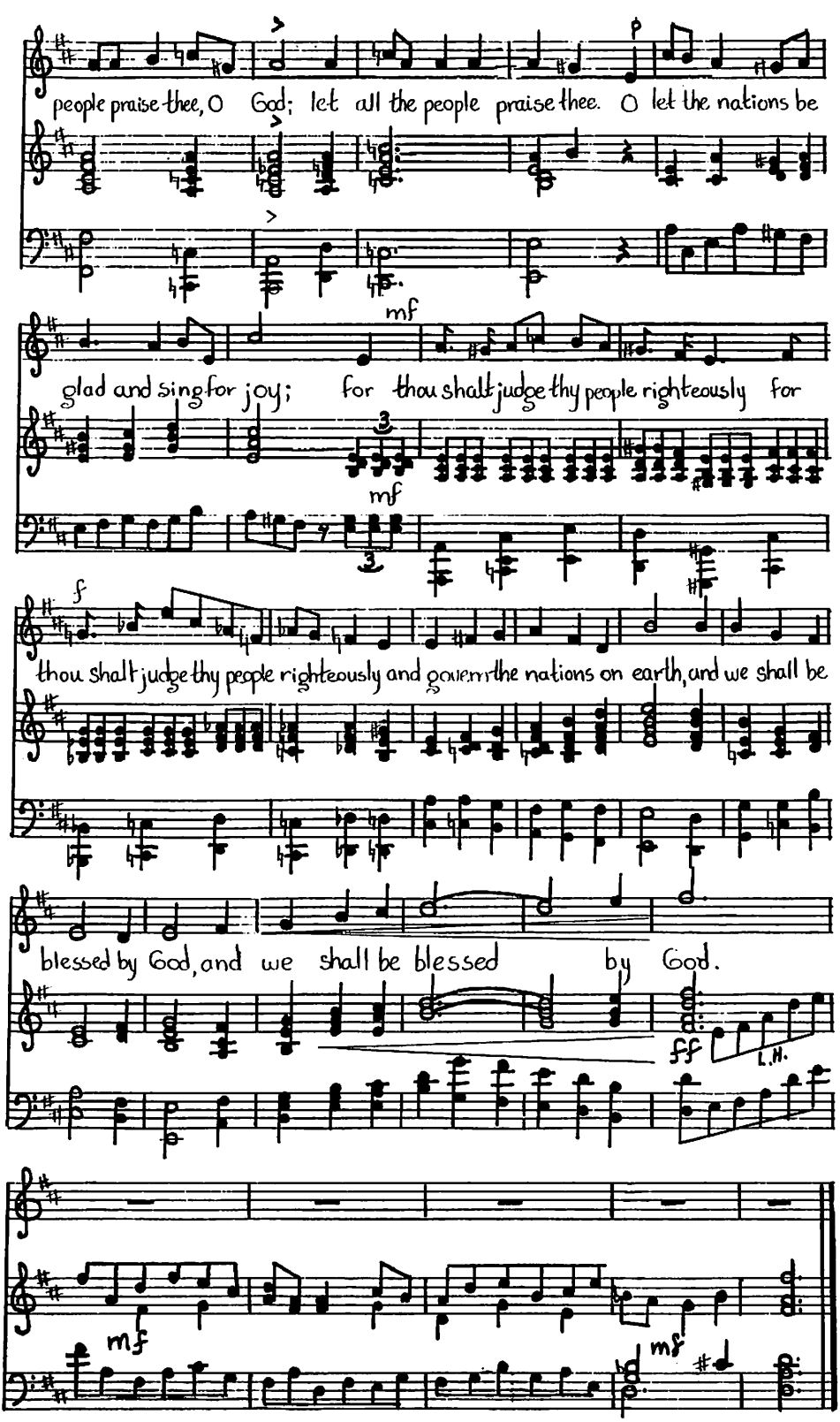
The policeman stepped onto the ledge with one foot and grabbed at Sid. Sid tried to take a big step to get out of reach, but he stepped on his weak ankle. His foot slipped from the ledge, and with his now-bleeding hand he couldn't hang on. He screamed as he fell, and the policeman heard the nauseating thud as Sid hit the cement in the darkness below. Then there was silence.

Ten minutes later an ambulance was at the scene. The night watchman at the coal yard opened the gate and seconds later the driver and intern were easing Sid onto a stretcher. While the doctor was saying he didn't know if Sid would live, the policeman thought to himself, "Maybe this city will be better off if he dies. When his kind live, they only live to rob again. They never learn."

God Be Merciful Unto Us

Patricia Andersen **Psalm 67**




people praise thee, O God; let all the people praise thee. O let the nations be
glad and sing for joy; for thou shalt judge thy people righteously for
thou shalt judge thy people righteously and govern the nations on earth, and we shall be
blessed by God, and we shall be blessed by God.
mf
mf
f
ff
L.H.
mf
mf

John D. Linahan
Mount Fuji

AMERICAN HAIKU

Harry Landbo

Vari-colored valley
Lies below us as we nap,
Abstract, as by Dali.

Nippon—land of Fuji,
Sake, rice, raw fish; G.I.-san
Dreams on his tatami.

Man with wrinkled face
Follows ox and plow in water
Planting this year's rice.

Flowers on fruit trees tall
Withering and dying . . . then
Quiet raindrops fall.

Fuji looks so near,
Broad and high, deep gray and white,
Many miles from here.

Japanese Haiku

D'Arlene Morton

None broke the silence . . .
Nor visitor, nor host, nor
White Chrysanthemum
Ryota

The poetry of Japan is a poetry of the people. Never has there been a country where poetry was as much a part of the everyday life of a people as in the small group of islands that make up Japan. Poetry was written by all the people at any time. A soldier just in from battle might write down a little verse or a dying man might comment on the beauty of a cherry blossom. Tsuryuki, in his book, **Collection of Ancient and Modern Poetry** said, "What man does not compose poetry on hearing the song of the nightingale among the flowers?"[1] and the same question was asked 800 years later by the poet Onitsura.

Is there, I wonder,
A man without pen in hand—
The moon tonight.[2]

Poetry was used by lovers to converse, and it was also used by a man and a woman before they were married. The custom of the boy and girl not meeting and becoming friends before marriage forced them to find other methods of communicating, and poetry was one of the methods used. Keene states in his book, **Japanese Literature,** "It remains true today that poetry is not felt to be exclusively the business of poets, or even educated people."[3]

The Japanese have more tightly set bounds for their poetry than that of any other country. The rhythm in Japanese poetry is generally avoided, and the formal rules of prosody rduce themselves to a matter of counting syllables. There is a general smoothing away of the rough edges of emotion, as something indecorous and rather vulgar. One finds in Japanese poetry a marked rarity of poems of an intellectual or otherwise non-emotional character. The number of moods in which Japanese poetry can be written is also limited by tradition. There are few poems written in burning indignation, few which touch more than vaguely on metaphysics or ethics. Rather they discuss emotions of love, or the

changing of seasons, or some insignfiicant but beautiful thing in nature.[4]

It has been said that the native poetry of Japan springs from the heart of man as its seed, producing countless leaves of language, and this is especially true of the form of Japanese poetry called haiku.[5] The poet Takahama Kyoshi has expressed this idea in a poem.

The winds of fall—
And the things one looks upon
Are Haiku all!

The haiku, or hooku as it is sometimes called, is a short verse form of poetry which the Japanese have been using for hundreds of years. Haiku first came into great popularity in the seventeenth century, and is an outgrowth of the long linked verses which were so popular in Japan for a time. It was, in fact, the first verse of these poems.

"It is a short epigrammatic poem of only seventeen syllables, and is composed with subtle and miniature skills."[6] The haiku has only three lines, the first and last ones contain five syllables and the middle one has seven. Rhyme has little importance in Japanese poetry, "because it would have little force in an unstressed language where every word ends in one of a few simple vowel sounds, and there are few consonant clusters."[7]

There is almost always in good haiku, more than a mere statement of feeling or a mere picture poem. There is a switch to a different viewpoint in the course of the poem—a switch signaled in Japanese by a "cutword" which makes the poem an implied metaphor.[8]

One feature of Japanese poetry, which has been highly praised by critics, is its power of suggestion. A really good poem, and this is especially true of haiku, must be completed by the reader. It is for this reason that many of their poems seem curiously passive to us, for the writer does not specify the truth taught him by an experience, nor even in what way it affected him. Thus for example the haiku by Basho.

The peaks of clouds
Have crumbled into fragments—
The moonlit mountains.

A western poet would probably have added a personal conclusion, as did D. H. Laurence in his "Moonrise," where he tells us that the sight made him "Sure that beauty is a thing beyond the grave, that perfect bright experience never falls to nothingness."[9]

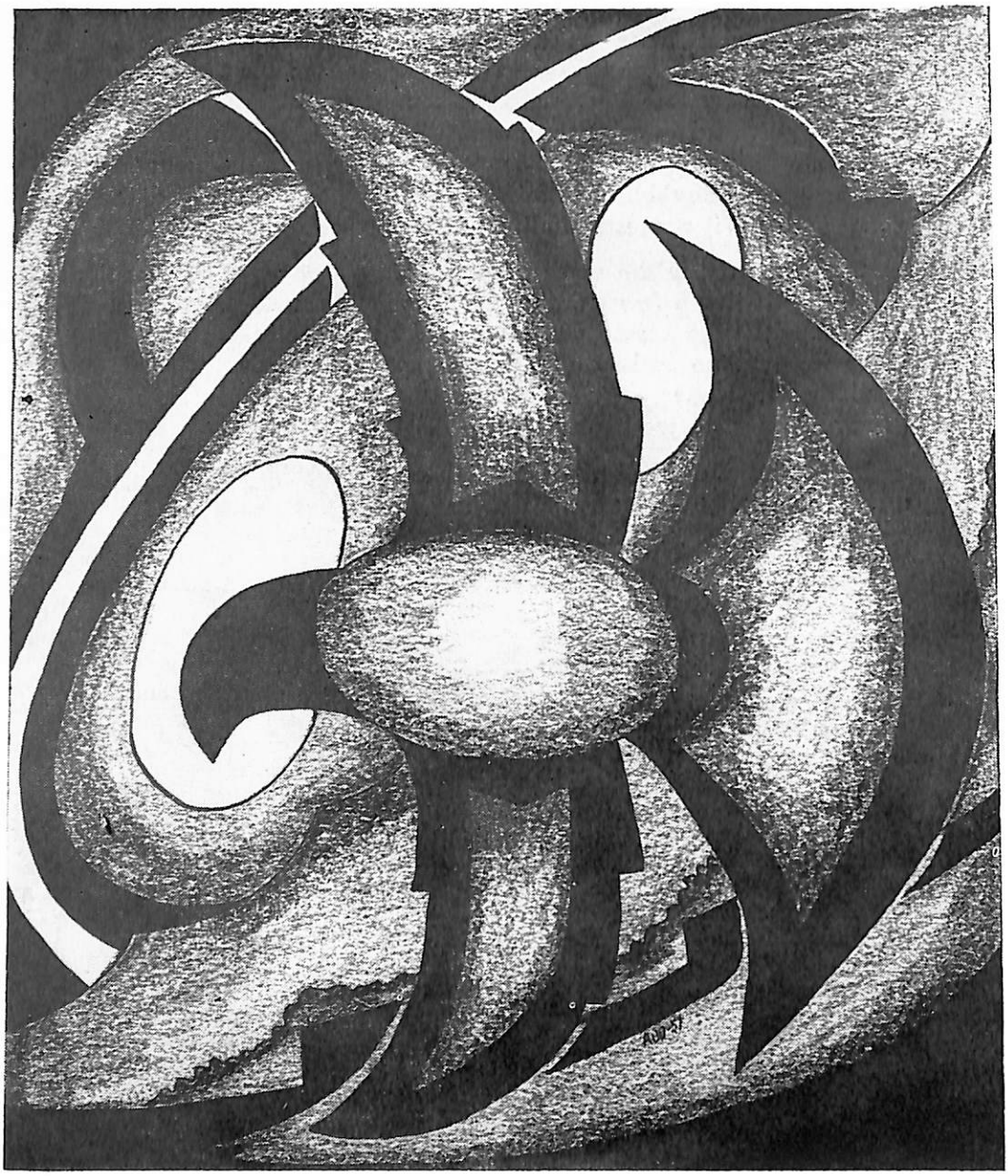
But this is what no Japanese poet would say explicitly; either his poem suggests it, or it fails. The verse of Basho's just quoted has failed if the reader believes that the poet remained impassive before the spectacle he describes. Even for readers sensitive to the suggestive qualities of the poem, the nature of the truth perceived by Basho in the sudden apparition of the moonlit mountain will vary considerably. Indeed, Basho would have considered the poem faulty if it suggested only one experience of truth.[10]

Haiku poetry is the work of an artist. It paints a beautiful picture with just a few words. "What Japanese poets have most often sought is to create with a few words, usually with a few sharp images, the outline of a work whose details must be supplied by the reader as in a Japanese painting a few strokes of the brush must suggest a whole world."[11]

It has been claimed that the Japanese probably show their highest purely literary qualities in the haiku, not to mention the most shear enjoyment, and this I feel is definitely true.

No oil to read by
  And so I'm off to bed . . . Ah!
My moonlit pillow.

1. Donald Keene, **Japanese Literature,** p. 25
2. **Ibid.**
3. **Ibid.** p. 26.
4. **Ibid.** p. 27.
5. Ki no Tsurayuki, "Man and His Cultural Heritages, Japanese poetry," in **World Literature, An Anthology of Human Experience,** p. 5-7.
6. "Japanese Literature" in **Cassell's Encyclopaedia of World Literature,** p. 310-311.
7. Earl Roy Miner, "Forms of Japanese Poetry," **Atlantic Monthly,** (January, 1955), p. 166.
8. **Japanese Haiku,** p. 1.
9. Keene, **op. cit.,** p. 29.
10. **Ibid.**
11. **Ibid.**



"Rise Up And Sing Our Song"

Audrey O. Ericksen

The contributors in the 1958 Sower come from varied backgrounds, lending an element of versatility to the contents. Many wrote from personal experiences, changing only names, places, and external situations.

Ellen Andrews, freshman from Blair, Nebraska, characterizes a personality she met in her newspaper work. She is the 1958 business manager. Freshmen Emory Anderson, Evan, Minnesota, and Marlene Pedersen, Atlantic, Iowa, both wrote about high school experiences. Seniors Harry Landbo, Chicago, Illinois, and John Klug, Green Bay, Wisconsin, who are both veterans, wrote from experiences in the service. John was editor of the 1957 Sower.

Composers in this year's anthology, Camilla Watt, senior from Buffalo, Wyoming, and Patricia Andersen, junior from Ferndale, California, are both music majors.

Poetry translations from the Danish and Spanish were made by Patricia Andersen; seniors, Robert Ostergaard, Coulter, Iowa, Carlene Petersen, Eugene, Oregon; Delores Petersen, Parsons, Kansas; and sophomore Joanne West, Green Bay, Wisconsin.

Science fiction is presented by David Oestreich, junior from Missouri Valley, Iowa.

Freshman Jeanette Paulsen, who wrote the Christmas sonnet, is from Blair, Nebraska. David Ihrig, author of "His Friend?", is a sophomore transfer student from Lodgepole, Nebraska. D'Arlene Morton, senior from Lodi, California, is a business major. Freshman Tom Christensen, Cedar Falls, Iowa, exemplifies versatility in ability by writing poetry as well as prose. His "Cooperation Versus Competition" was one of the winners in the annual college essay contest sponsored by the Nebraska Modern Language Association.

This year's artists all have the distinction of being athletes. The cover and "Sower" on the title page were done by sophomore art editor Richard Brink, Pender, Nebraska. Football player John D. Linahan, junior from Omaha, Nebraska, exhibits a precision in his pen and ink drawings which is characteristic of all his work. "Rise Up and Sing Our Song," done by Audrey O. Ericksen, Glenville, Minnesota senior, was used as the cover on the October, 1957 issue of The Alumnus.

Editor Marlene Paulsen, Blair, Nebraska, is a senior English major. Sophomore Melba Junker, associate editor from Chicago, Illinois, will take over as the 1959 editor.