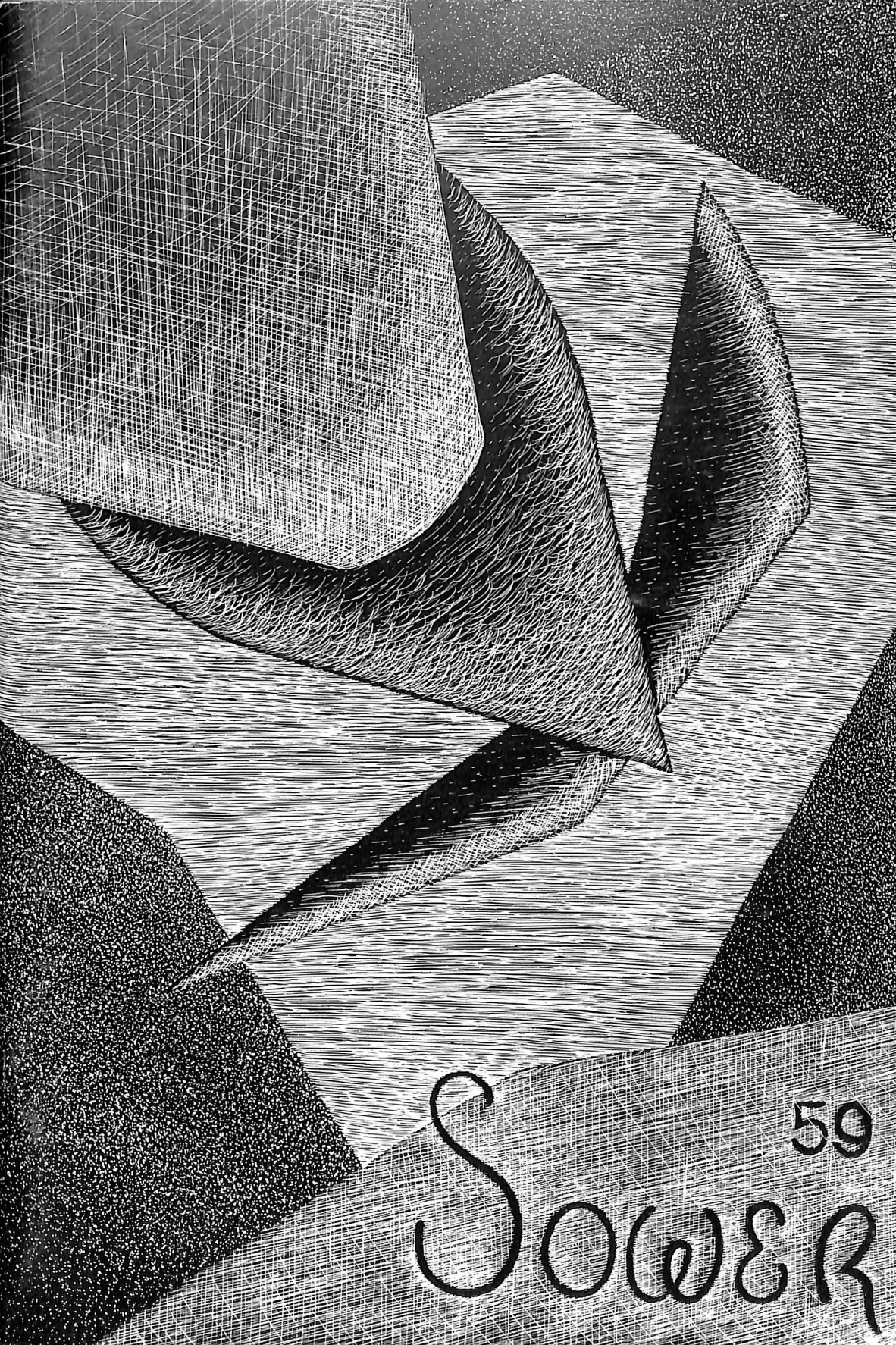


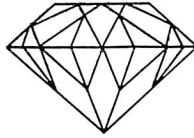


59
SOWER

SOWER

1959

**DANA COLLEGE
DIAMOND JUBILEE**



1884

1959

Editor — Melba Junker

Assistant Editors

Arlyce Fuchs

Brenda Francis

Jerry Martin

Art Editor — Marlene Pedersen

Music Editor — Patricia Petersen

Business Manager — Ronald Johnson

Advisor — Norman C. Bansen

Committee on Publications and Department of English

Dana College, Blair, Nebraska — Volume XIII

Awards . . .

Joseph Langland Award in prose

First place	Billy Anderson
Second place	Carol Larsen

Joseph Langland Award in poetry

First place	Stanley Cupp
Second place	Carol Madsen

Hal Evans Cole Awards

Art	<i>Panther</i> by Dick Brink
Honorable mention	<i>The Sower</i> by Marlene Pedersen
	<i>Still Life</i> by Jim Olsen
Music	Isaac Jenkins
Honorable mention	Patricia Andersen

Cover . . .



The approach to this year's cover is somewhat different in three respects: (1) A bird form represents the sower, (2) the idea is presented through abstract art, (3) and the medium is scratchboard. The sketch at the left shows the basis for the cover design—a bird carrying in its beak a twig which bears seeds. When the seeds are scattered, the bird is a sower.

The nearly vertical, narrow object in the center of the design represents the twig which is held by the bird (the form entering at the upper left). The surrounding lines are abstractions of clouds, placed in keeping with the rules of good design.

The medium itself, scratchboard, is a special type of paper covered with a black ink. The design is produced by scratching through this ink with a very sharp tool to expose the white of the paper. The lines are produced in white rather than in the usual black.

Table of Contents

PROSE

Gone To The Store	Susan Jorgensen	5
One Of The Robbers	Carol Larsen	9
Rear View Mirror	Mary Jo Andrews	14
Premature Spring	Larry Jorgensen	15
Poor Beulah	Dick Jensen	19
Dust In The Rockies	Holger Madsen	20
Return	Billy Anderson	21
Best Foot Forward	Keith Elliott	28
Honeymoon	David Oestreich	32
It's All For My Country	Susan Jorgensen	34
A Portrait Tells	Clayton Krueger	40
Cycle	Keith Elliott	45
The Happy Whistler	Jerry Martin	47

POETRY

Freedom In Eternal Things	Jerry Martin	6
Old Main Tower At Night	Stanley Cupp	8
Lonely	Clayton Krueger	12
Troubled Soul	Terrence Hess	17
Lights	Carol Madsen	29
Stability	Carol Madsen	31
Same One	Billy Anderson	31
A Dying Day	Keith Elliott	33
Release	Carol Madsen	42
Spring	Stanley Cupp	43
Ode To Mankind	Terrence Hess	44
The Lonely Hunter	Keith Elliott	46
American Haiku	12, 35, 41,	44

POETRY, Translations

Perhaps A March Night	Carol Madsen	38
Perhaps A March Night	George Jensen	39
Perhaps A March Night	Shirley Nielsen	39
The Tree	Dave Parrish	42

MUSIC

Chaud	Isaac Jenkins	11
Nebraska	Patricia Andersen	27

ART

The Sower	Marlene Pedersen	
Still Life	Jim Olsen	7
Block Print	Dick Brink	13
Block Print	Lowell Madsen	18
Block Print	Marlene Pedersen	30
Panther, <i>Scratchboard</i>	Dick Brink	36
Panther, <i>Scratchboard</i>	Marlene Pedersen	37
Flowers, <i>Water Color</i>	Marlene Pedersen	43

Gone to the Store

Susan Jorgensen

"MIKE WENT to the store, dear."

Every time his brother went out the door, four year old Jamie would ask where he had gone.

Half an hour ago Lois Miller had sent her oldest son, Mike, to their neighborhood grocer. Mike had sat for fifteen minutes scrawling out the list. "A pound of butter, a quart of milk, and two large onions." "Pretty good for an eight year old," Lois thought.

Now, two hours later, Mike still hadn't returned. Lois looked out the window for the third time since he had left and then went out and walked the block and a half to the store.

"Mike? No, he hasn't been here for a couple of days. Probably just forgot and started playing with some friends."

Lois called every mother she could think of. Always the same answer—"Haven't seen him all day."

"Doug, Doug!" she screamed in the phone. "Mike's lost. I sent him to the store and he didn't go. I can't find him anywhere."

Doug was home in ten minutes and the police followed.

Soon the radio was blaring out: "Small boy, age eight, last seen at 44th and Elmore, wearing blue jeans and a striped T-shirt. Anyone having seen this boy please notify the Bradley City Police Department."

One day, two days and still no answer to the plea. Policemen had questioned neighbors but no clue could be uncovered.

In the Miller home hope never died. To little Jamie, Mike was at the store. He asked over and over again if he wasn't coming home soon, for the faith of a child is so much stronger than an adult's. Little did he realize the many misfortunes that could befall a child in such a short walk. How much happier he was than his parents whose minds were hampered by experience. Without Jamie, Lois and Doug would have lost their faith, too. But his certainty that Mike would come home gave his parents courage.

Now three days had gone by. Three hopeless days that revealed nothing. The radio brought nothing, neighbors could offer nothing, and the police seemed to be working in vain.

It was nine o'clock the morning of the third day. The detective

in charge ordered the dragging of the near-by river. Equipment was brought in. Crowds began to gather—some out of curiosity, some out of love, and some out for adventure. Their faces all carried the expression of wonder—wonder if that river with its hungry rapids would swallow up a defenseless boy.

The equipment was moved into the water. One hour, two hours, nothing.

“I’ve got something! Can’t tell for sure what it is,” a man shouted.

“Mommy, is this what they’re looking for?”

Lois reached down and took what Jamie handed her. Through tear strained eyes she looked at the pitiable handwriting and read:

“a pound of butter,
a quart of milk, and
two large onions.”

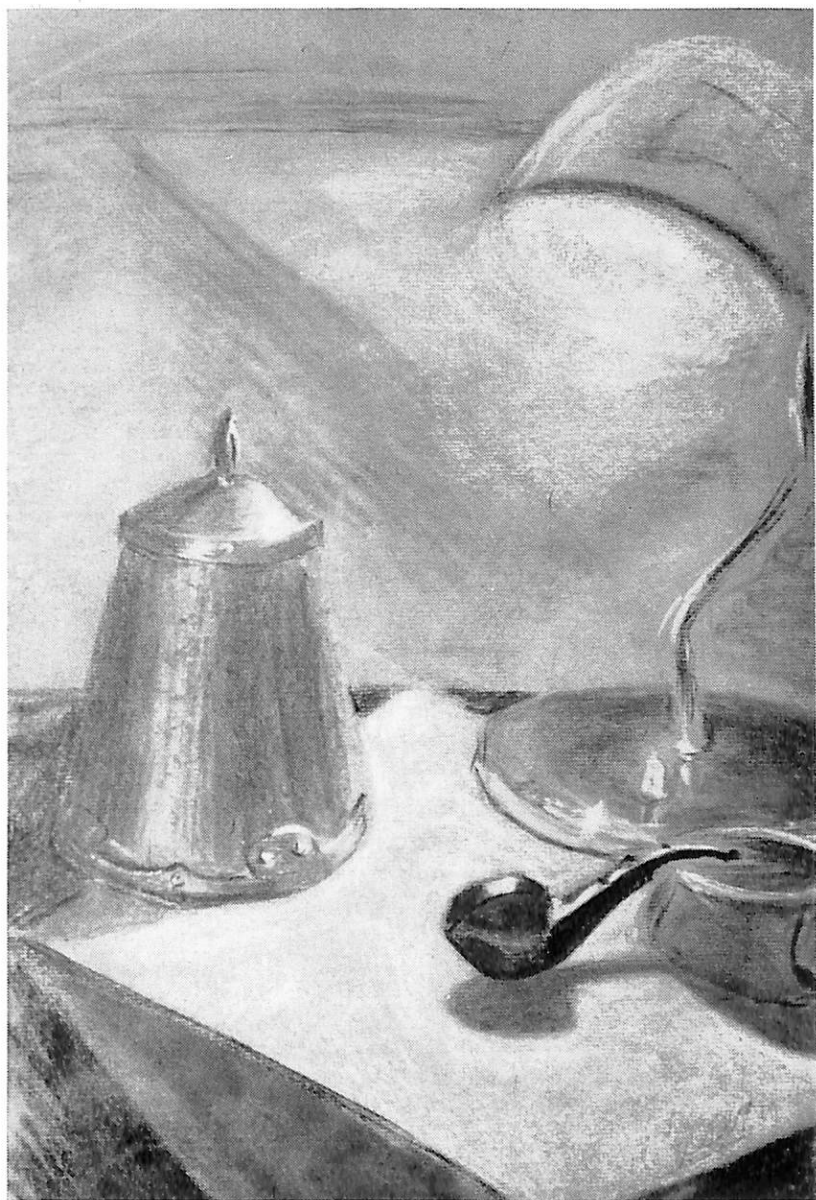
Freedom In Eternal Things

When a rich man by his treasure is forsaken,
Beauty fades, patterns run, gold is wrought by thieves.
Young can mend, the old man it bereaves,
And both must through the needle’s eye be taken.

He chooses it not as easier by skill;
It ties and binds to check and steer — demands obedience.
But common closeness, boredom, audience,
Satisfy till conflict, then resolve in hate and kill.

Eternal treasure, pattern then divine,
Gives him never ending tasks which lead him wider, higher.
Then, praising God and Christ, our humble Buyer,
He finds his quarrels just as small as he, almost benign.

Jerry Martin



Jim Olsen

Written in honor of NELL CARTER—*Old Main's greatest admirer*

Old Main Tower At Night

She hovers in the black of night
In view of passers-by,
Suspended in a shower of light—
A sentry from the sky.

For many years she's kept her watch,
Safe keeping hallowed ground,
And from her windows one may catch
The peaceful slumber of our town.

But though her raiment displays age,
Her features tired and still,
All we would think it sacrilege
To tear her from our hill.

The chapel nights we hold so dear
Are held within her breast,
And as the time for sleep draws near
She lulls us to our rest.

It seems to me she's much distressed
When students journey home;
Her weary eyes stare from the crest—
Dismayed—and left alone.

But as each traveler comes in view,
Her frown becomes a smile;
For she forgives our past adieu—
Forgets that we were gone awhile.

So let her withered boards remain,
Withstanding storm and throng,
For we who've learned to love Old Main
Despair to say, "So long."

Stanley Cupp

One of the Robbers

Carol Larsen

THE FIRST RAYS of the early sun, coming through the window in the clay wall, were a bit too bright that morning. Rachael wanted to curse the dawning of that day, but she could not. Her heart had become but a heavy stone in her breast, dead to emotion. She had cried too much, slept too little, and hated too intensely. She detested that Jerusalem with its shadowy arches, damp alleys, moaning beggars, smelly camels, its Herod and Caesar, and their repulsive soldiers.

Last week on the eve of the Sabbath, Joshua, her husband, had been arrested. He would hang on a cross today at noon till he was dead because he had taken a few shekels from a well-fed official who was very much under the influence of drink, but not drunk enough to lose the feeling of protectiveness toward his purse.

Joshua was not a bad man, but a man with no alternative. Taxes were high and had to be paid. A sandal maker on David Street did not earn much, and after the tax collector had been around, there was little to live on, so Joshua borrowed from the rich.

Rachael turned her face from the wall to the cradle where her tiny son lay sleeping. "How Joshua loves him, and such big plans—what is there now? I shall have to beg in the streets, and Samuel . . . I will have to give him to the king. They will teach him to become a soldier. He will learn to despise his own people. Joshua is going to die . . . that accursed cross of a million deaths. I must cry . . ." But there were no tears, only a gnawing pain of desolation and helplessness.

Then she lifted her head and went to the heavy wooden table in the middle of the room. She slipped something into the waist of her robe as she came back toward the cradle. Rachael wrapped the child with a cloth and gathered him into her arms. She slipped her feet into a pair of dusty sandals and, without a backward glance, left the house.

Through the dirty streets with their smooth stones, past the chattering marketplace and the town well, walked Rachael with her child, aware only of her destination. Upon reaching the north wall, she passed through the gate and stopped. Her eyes followed

a crooked, bumpy road for about a mile to a hill known to Jerusalem as Golgotha. She could barely distinguish three stark outlines at the very top of the hill. One of these was Joshua. Rachael could feel the nails tearing her own hands and feet; she was sickened.

The torture seemed to strengthen her as she walked toward the hill, and she said, "I must!" The sharp rocks cut at her feet, but she did not care.

Then the sun went behind an immense black cloud, and it was as dark as night. The birds stilled their singing, and all Rachael could hear was the clatter of stones disturbed by her feet. Rachael puzzled at the colorless sky, void of all light, and covered Samuel's head to protect him from the coming storm.

The way became steeper and Rachael realized she was climbing the hill. As she reached the level ground at the top of Golgotha, a man voiced breathily, "Today you shall be with me in paradise." Such strange words. In the next instant the same voice whispered, "It is finished," and there came a roar of wind and a crash of thunder. The very earth trembled. In a flash of lightning Rachael saw the figure on the cross to the right. The face of the man was scarred, and his eyes were shaded with heavy black brows. His jaws were distorted with pain, and his naked body was rigid; the muscles knotted grotesquely. His torn hands opened and closed in defiance of his approaching doom.

In the next flash of light Rachael saw the cross in the middle. The face of this man showed not bitterness, but a willing surrender. A crown of thorns placed on his head had caused tiny rivulets of blood to streak his face.

Now Rachael knew where Joshua was, and she clutched Samuel to her side as she drew a knife from her robe. She was going to shorten Joshua's agony. The few spectators were too frightened at the thunder and lightning to take notice of a woman at the foot of a cross with her hand poised high in the air holding a knife. When the sky lighted again, she saw her husband but could not strike. There was not anguish or torture on his face, but peace and well-being. His body was not distorted, but relaxed as if in sleep. "He is already dead," thought Rachael, "but no, he is speaking."

"Wife . . . do not . . . I have forgiveness." Then his head bowed and he died.

The storm quieted as quickly as it had begun. The widow lowered her hand and the knife dropped, echoing in the black stillness.

Chaud

Isaac Jenkins

Solo for Flute

p *p* *f* *f* *p rit.* *f Cresc.* *p* *f* *f* *ff* *p* *pp* *p*

Lonely

Limitless space, a desert country,
A land that has exhausted many.
In the distance appears
The skeleton image of a windmill.
No faint breeze to stir the dust;
Only stillness and utter desolation.

I feel so still and alone,
Even as if death would be more alive.

Here sleeping is so peaceful,
One doesn't have to think;
It's before one sleeps that's difficult,
Then one thinks so much.
Strange how people whirl around,
I'm frightened . . .
but they'll stop.

I'm so lonely . . .
 I'm so tired . . .
 I must sleep.

Clayton Krueger

How quick our coming,
but more sudden our dying . . .
short the space between.

Donald Forsberg

Where does the moon go
when its work is done? Like life,
quietly it goes.

Lonnie Hayne



Dick Brink

Rear View Mirror

Mary Jo Andrews

THE SETTING SUN dresses up the town in gold. Long gray shadows overlap into blackness. A crisp wind whispers winter's message of death to the leaves. Brown and gray leaves sever their contact with life and drift sadly to their ground grave.

Everybody seems to be outside doing yard work. There in the next block is the Smith tribe out helping the wind scatter Mrs. Smith's regimental piles of leaves. Little Sally Smith is like the wick of a firecracker. She burns bright with an idea until her brothers catch on fire. Then she burns out and watches their energy explode into the prank. Sally is brushing the dust and leaves off her black peddle pushers and black shirt, looking innocently in this direction while the boys bury themselves in the leaves.

Mr. Smith is driving the car right behind me. I can see his unsmiling but proud face in my rear view mirror as he watches his active boys. He is probably working up to scolding the boys into raking the leaves before supper.

Suddenly the steering wheel jerks. A thump comes from the front wheel. What did I hit? Must have been a rock or something in the road. Now I can see what looks like a black tire reflected in the mirror. That's odd, Mr. Smith just sprang from his car, left it right out in the middle of the road. Look at him run. He's running toward the tire.

Oh my God, it's Sally Smith! I hit her!

Somehow my car stopped. I sat in it staring through the rear view mirror. The neighbors gathered in the street, the after light of day blending their forms into a cold gray mass. My hand froze on the door handle. Why don't I get out? Why can't I move? Do something! Do something!

The mirror came closer, closer engulfing me like prey. Everything began spinning around and around. Stop, stop, stop. I've got to get out. I've got to!

Darkness encased me. Cautiously I rolled one eye around trying to see something, anything. I could not move. My muscles stayed locked against my bones. My fingers seemed welded together and to the cloth they gripped. A hot tear slipped out of the corner of my straining eye. Slowly I opened my other eye.

Casting a ghost light through a window, the moon came from behind a cloud. The eerie light crept into the room, my room. My nightmare and only my nightmare, thank God.

Premature Spring

Larry Jorgensen

FLURRIES OF SNOW BLEW at the window already covered with crystal frost flowers. The howling wind whined as it came around the corner of the house. Sixteen-year-old Clara pressed her finger to the window pane. The cold nipped at her finger tip. She scratched the frost from the window and made a little peek hole.

Clara didn't go to school anymore. The doctor had told her parents that they might be able to operate in the spring. She had a growth on the small of her back and after many nights of pain her parents had taken her to the doctor.

A flush came over her firm round cheeks when she recalled that first visit. The nurse had given her a smock to put on and led her to a little room. The smock was about ten times too big for her size twelve figure. She looked just like that fat Mrs. Jonas in her green sack dress. When she was dressed they took her to another little room and told her to lay on her stomach. The nurse stuck a needle into the growth and kept talking in her chit-chatty way.

"Well, Clara, who's taking you to the Sweetheart Ball next February? Surely a dozen fellas must have asked you by now. It's only six weeks away. Well, you know what? I bet that nice George Gibbens asked you, didn't he, or was it that Neil Lakton?"

Clara tightened as she felt a cold object on her back. Fear gripped her for a moment, but she answered, "It was Gary, Miss Jensen, Gary Gibbens. His brother George is in the Coast Guards—remember?" Pain—then it didn't hurt anymore.

"Oh, how silly of me. I should have known it was Gary you were sweet on. George is in the Coast Guards." Miss Jensen trotted across the room and picked up some cotton swabs. She didn't stop chattering for one second.

"My, I wish I could have been as popular with the beaus when I was your age. Boys didn't seem to like girls with glasses in those days."

Clara smiled to herself. She didn't think that boys minded girls with glasses, but girls with glasses that lolly-gagged all over them—well, that was a different story.

"There, Clara, you didn't feel a thing did you? Go put on your clothes." The doctor left the room and went to speak with her parents.

Riding home that night Clara noticed that her parents were extra quiet. Finally her mother broke the silence, "Clara, the doctor wasn't sure what was wrong with you. He said he would send a sample of that growth in to be tested. But don't you worry because Doctor Soren is a good doctor. We have to take you back in a few days."

"Sure, honey," her dad said, "you'll be able to help with the haying again next summer. But now we have to keep you home for awhile. Okay?"

Clara muttered something like okay. In her home she had been taught to keep her tears and emotions to herself. She wanted to scream but she suppressed her desire.

A few days later the doctor called and asked her parents to bring her to town. He was waiting for them at the hospital door when they drove up.

"Good morning, Clara. Feeling better? How's the back? Say, why don't you go talk to Miss Jensen. I'm sure she has a lot to tell you."

Clara walked over to the office door. Miss Jensen wasn't there so she sat down to read a magazine.

"We were right. Clara has a cancerous growth. If we are lucky it won't spread and we might be able to operate in the spring without too much danger. But if it becomes active she won't have more than nine months to live at the longest."

Clara's heart stopped as she overheard the doctor's voice. A cold numbness came over her and those long suppressed tears ran freely.

How she ever got through those days she didn't know. Here it was the twenty-first of March and there was a blizzardous storm outside.

The peek hole Clara had scratched on the window had iced over. It was getting late and her parents weren't back with the groceries yet. She got up from the old chair and went over to the table. Her flowered dress rustled as she moved. Clara picked up a vase. Her blue-gray eyes started to water. The first yellow Crocus of the year had wilted.

"Why couldn't it just be spring? Winter is so long and lonely," she thought to herself.

The room seemed cold. Clara walked over to the old iron cook stove. The fire had gone out except for a few glowing ashes at the bottom of the grate. The cob basket was empty. She picked up the old wooden basket and opened the door to go outside. The wind had ceased in its war on the snow flakes and the snow was falling softly—softly. It was warmer outside than it was in the

house. The loose slats on the basket slapped the rim as she tramped toward the cob pile.

The snow had blown away from the side of the old shingled house. The bare ground looked bleak except for one small green stem with a yellow bud on top. Clara leaned over to pick the stem. A sudden flash of pain shot through her back. Then it was gone. She stood up with the green stem in her hand. The yellow bud was so delicate—so soft. Clara wondered how it could ever last under the snow.

It was warm out here and almost seemed like spring. Once again she made her way toward the cob pile. It made her tired to walk through the snow. She cleared the soft white flakes from the cobs and sat there looking at the yellow floweret; it made spring seem so much closer.

The warm air felt like spring. It made you feel lazy and tired, very sleepy and tired. Clara leaned her head on the snowy pillow. The yellow Crocus was in her hand.

The snow fell softly—softly.

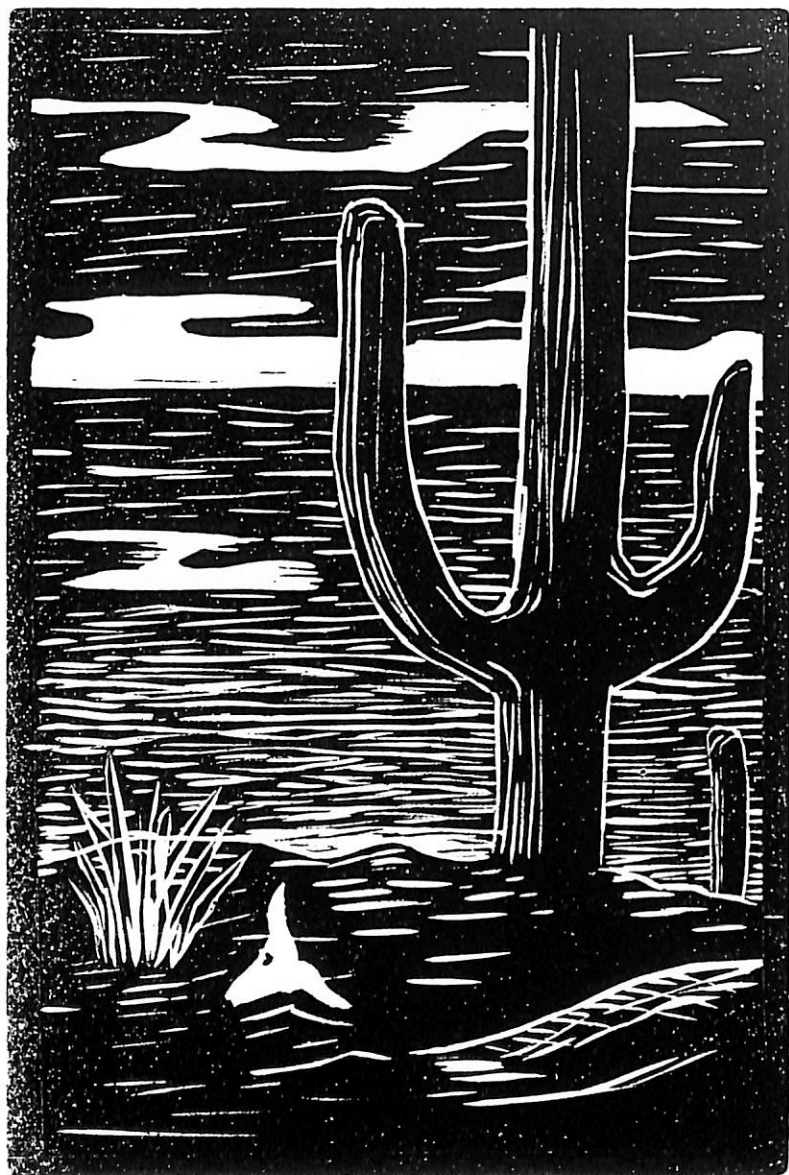
Troubled Soul

A misty day soothes
the soul of man;
In it find a balm
for healing hidden emotions.

Tramp along through
rising early morn's fog,
feel its cool fingers
caress your laden breast.
Look across the steaming fields,
fresh with dewy grass now gleaming . . .

Return, O Soul, to your resting place,
for God has given you a cool healing Grace.

Terrence Hess



Lowell Madsen

Poor Beulah

Dick Jensen

THE MUFFLED RUMBLE of the dynamite, the ominous thunder of falling rocks, and the shrieks of a doomed man burst on the stillness of the autumnal air.

"Is he dead? Is he dead?" rushed through the mind of the man, scrambling nimbly up the mountainside to the gaping mouth of the cave.

Ned was lying limp under one of the splintered mine supports. A large rock had crushed his left leg. The man stood staring at his partner.

"Jude! Help me!"

He came closer and knelt by him.

"Jude, what happened?" More blood gurgled from the edges of his mouth onto his already gory beard.

"God! I didn't know you were in here," he explained.

Ned let his weary head drop back onto his pillow of rocks. His veined hands groped through his long silvery hair.

"I've panned my last tray of fool's gold in this world," the words were slow and laborious and they seemed to echo the sentiments of the grizzled prospector.

"You can't die now. Not after we've hit the mother lode!" exclaimed his partner, a half-smile revealing crooked, tobacco-stained teeth.

"Roll me a cigarette, I haven't got much time left."

The man pulled out his grimy sack of Bull Durham and the brown, wheat paper necessary for the task.

"Jude, we've always been fair to each other. Would you make sure that Beulah has a good place to live out her days? She's been loyal to me for so long." A smile creased the face of the dying prospector as he thought of his faithful, lop-eared pack-mule with the stubby tail.

His partner nodded in assent as he handed him the saliva-soaked cigarette. Ned inhaled deeply and continued, "I ain't never told a soul about this but I guess I can make up for it now. Ya know that blonde barmaid at the Twin Butte Saloon? She's my daughter but I haven't been able to do right by her. Now, I could take her back in style, but it's too late. Would you give her part of my gold and ship her back to St. Louis?"

"Ya know I will, but you ain't gonna die." His voice betrayed what they both knew.

"I ain't never been much on religion, but would you say a prayer for me?" Ned crushed his cigarette on the rocks.

The younger man haltingly began, "Our Father, Which art in Heaven, Hallowed be Thy Name, Thy Kingdom come . . ."

Ned coughed and the blood again spurted from his mouth and nose.

"Thy will be done . . ."

The veins in his neck bulged out, his fingernails dug into the calloused flesh of his palm, his eyes looked unseeingly at the gold ore around him, he relaxed, and, then, Ned was gone.

Judas stared blankly at his partner and then jumped up.

"I'm rich! I'm rich!" he shouted to the echoing rocks.

Dusk in the Rockies

Holger Madsen

WHILE TREKKING THROUGH the woods on a late winter afternoon, in weather that was as crisp as crackers, I noticed the farewell glint of the sun on the eastern peaks. With great haste I made my way to a bald hummock and there sat down to view the scene.

With the sullen, sunset sentinels of the Rocky Mountains at my back, I gazed out over the wooded slopes of the Selkirks, where the shivering sun had made its last stand to stave off the night. In the far off distance the Columbia River silently slithered under a shawl of ice, on its way to the sea. As though a signal had been given the rollicking reverberation of a coyote's call hit the silent air, like a bugler sounding "Taps." Then dusk fell. Not like a clap of thunder, but like a snowflake wafting noiselessly to earth. The noisy squirrel cracked his last nut, then was silent. The sigh of the silvery spruce was stilled. The far reaching fir folded its boughs and froze. The portly pine was quiet as though in prayer. The rustling of the dry leaf on the poplar ceased. The wind wilted. Even the gushing creek seemed to sense the mood, and flowed more smoothly. Dusk was settling.

Day was in its death-throes. The forest slumbered in silence so still it could be heard. It was as though a spell of meditation had been cast on everything. Then dusk died and night fell.

Return

Billy Anderson

DAVE LEFT the little apartment just as the sun was setting. Dirty gray buildings turned red-orange for a moment and then black. Lights winked on here and there, giving notice that the rickety old buildings were really inhabited. Even the oppressive heat seemed to become bearable as darkness crept over the city.

David Russell liked the nights best. They covered the city and all its ugly people. Even the slum section, where he lived, looked better in the dark. You couldn't see the garbage cans and the bottles that spilled over into the streets before the sun came up every morning. From a distance you couldn't even tell that every other place on the street was a bar or poolroom. The girls hadn't started to wander the streets in search of a sucker yet.

The city was still in the heat-soaked stupor that followed every day in the summer. Later when the girls came out, the noise would start. Sodden old men and young punks would be hanging around the bars; some for drinks, some seeking any kind of "thrill."

He crossed at the intersection and continued on up the street. Some young boys were playing on the sidewalk and Dave had to walk in the gutter to get around them. He wondered what little boys in the country did in the evening. Were they so ragged and dirty in the country? Were they so mean? No, they were clean and neat and they were good most of the time—not in the streets fighting, stealing, pimping.

A young girl was leaning out of the window of an old brownstone. Not really young. Old-young. Old. She tugged at her wrinkled blouse and smiled at Dave.

"Got a minute, handsome?"

Dave kept right on walking. He had seen the girl before and he knew what she wanted. He didn't want to be seen talking to her even in this part of town.

"Hey! I'm talking to you," she yelled.

"Okay, I hear you."

He walked over to the window in order to keep the whole town from hearing the girl. He was glad that it was dark.

"Were you trying to avoid me, honey?"

"No, I—I didn't hear you the first time."

"I thought for a minute that you were trying to get away from me."

"Oh no, I was just thinking about something else and I guess I didn't hear you call. I'm in kind of a hurry."

"What's the big hurry?" she asked.

"I'm going to see a—a friend."

"A girl?"

"Yes."

"Why don't you stay and talk to me? What has she got that I ain't got? I've got a bottle inside."

"I don't have time to explain. I really have to go now."

"Aw come on, you can stay a little while," she argued.

Dave could smell the cheap perfume that was sprinkled between her large breasts as she leaned out the window to try and entice him. There was a big black mole on her left breast.

"I really have to go now, I'm late."

"Come inside," she cajoled. "I'll give you something to make you forget about her."

"No, I'm sorry."

Dave hurried away from the window and on up the street. He wanted to get as far up the street as he could before she yelled at him, as he knew she would.

"You bastard!" she shrieked. "You cheap little bastard!"

Dave looked around to see if anybody was watching before he remembered that this sort of thing was heard all the time in his section of the city. She would find somebody in a little while. Somebody who liked big breasts. Big dirty breasts with a black mole.

The city was coming to life as he continued to make his way towards his girl's house. People were walking the streets or sitting out on the steps of the buildings. He could hear a baby crying in some distant apartment. It seemed you could always hear a baby crying in the slums. Hungry babies with drunken fathers or no fathers. His baby would never go hungry, not his. Besides, he wasn't going to live in the city when he got married.

Sally was waiting on the steps when Dave arrived. She had come out to get away from the heat inside. Her white dress stood out in the squalid surroundings. She waved and came to Dave.

"Hi," she said, "I thought you weren't coming."

"I'm sorry that I'm late," he apologized. "I was held up for a little while on the way down."

She took his hand and they began walking down the street. Her hand was cool and soft to touch. Sally worked in a little office downtown; she didn't live like the other girls in her neigh-

borhood. Her daily trip away from the slums seemed to keep her from getting hard like the rest.

Sally affected deep thought, with a finger pressed to her lips. Dave always laughed at this pose. It made him think of a little girl in front of a candy store. A nice, clean little girl in a white dress.

"Let's take a bus to the edge of the city and look at the nice houses."

"Okay, let's go," Dave said.

They walked down the street to the bus stop with their arms linked together. Sally smiled up at Dave and he felt as if he could do anything in the world. He always felt good when he was with her. He felt clean. He felt like a clean little boy.

They were a few minutes ahead of the bus so they sat on the old green bench that had the beer advertisement on the back. Sally chatted about things at the office and Dave listened as if her every word held some special meaning. He didn't say much, he never did.

"Why are you always so quiet, Dave?"

"I don't know," he said. "I guess I'm just satisfied to listen to you."

She got up and walked around the bench. Her white dress shone under the streetlight. She had to be doing something all the time. Dave watched her with pride; she was his girl. He thought of all the other girls in his neighborhood, dirty, lazy girls.

"The bus is coming, Dave."

Sally pulled Dave to his feet and they stood laughing as the bus stopped. The doors rattled open and they stepped in. The driver gave them a sour look and jammed the bus in gear. They stumbled to the very last seat on the bus and Sally sat next to the window. The bus was almost empty at this time of night because the evening rush was over and very few people went out of the city for the fun of it.

"It's a little cooler on the bus," Dave said.

"Yes, I wish I could ride on it all night," she smiled, "Or most of the night. It would be better than listening to Alice snoring in the apartment."

She laughed and turned back to the window. They were almost at the edge of the city and they could already see some trees, and houses with small lawns. Sally would look out the window and then tell Dave to look at some little house she liked. They

talked of the future, when they would have a house of their own. Dave would point to a house and tell Sally of all the changes he would make if the house were his.

"Oh, look at that cute little house, Dave."

"No, I like this one over here," he laughed. "It has one of those doors with the initial in the center. I'd like to have a door like that. Besides, the house is white."

The bus turned, flooding the little houses with light, and stopped. The driver yelled that it was the last stop and both doors flew open. Sally and Dave hopped down and ran to the curb. Sally took a deep breath and danced down the sidewalk. She looked back at Dave and bubbled, "Oh, Dave, wouldn't it be wonderful to live out here? It's cool and there's room to breathe. A person could have lots of children and even a dog."

"Yes, and it's quiet," he said. "No kids yelling or little babies crying. I'll bet there isn't one bar in this neighborhood either. A man could let his kids play in the backyard and never have to worry about drunks or cars."

They walked on down the sidewalk and talked about every place they passed. They made all kinds of wild plans about what they would do in the future.

"What will you do to keep me in the fashion to which I've become accustomed?" she laughed.

"Why, I—I'll work hard and become a successful businessman. Then, I'll buy you a beautiful house in the country. We'll have a cook, a maid, and even a butler."

"I want two maids, sir."

"Ungrateful wench," he laughed, "I'll not give you more than one."

He chased her down the sidewalk and took her by the hand. They walked on in silence. Dave wondered if their little dream would ever come true. Would they always live in the slums? Would Sally become old before her time? Would she look like all the other women he saw? Would she look like his mother?

They came to a little park and stopped to look at the tiny fountain in its center. They took a bench and moved it to an open spot under the trees.

"Aren't the stars beautiful, Dave?"

He looked up at the sky and leaned his head against her shoulder. The white dress crackled under his head.

Sally was still talking, "I never seem to notice the stars in the city. Anyway, they look more natural out here. They belong out

here. Dave, are you listening to me?"

"Yes, I heard every word."

"I'll bet you think I'm crazy, don't you?"

"I think we had better start back to the city," Dave said. "The last bus will be coming soon."

He took Sally's hand and they retraced their steps towards the bus-stop. They were quiet for several minutes. Each was thinking of the city, the hot, stinking city. However, Sally could not stay quiet for very long and she was soon talking about everything at once. Dave answered now and then, but he just nodded most of the time.

"Here comes the bus again, Dave."

"Yeh."

"What's the matter?" she asked. "You act kind of funny."

The bus pulled up just as Dave was about to answer. They stepped in and headed for the rear again. There weren't any other people on the bus. Dave shoved his hands in his pockets and leaned back in the seat.

"You didn't answer my question," she said.

"Oh, nothing is wrong, I just wish we could have stayed."

"So do I, Dave, so do I."

Most of the little houses were dark now. The bus rolled on for several blocks before the lights became more frequent. The little neighborhood drugstores and then the bars appeared. Red neon glared against blue and green. The traffic became heavier. Where do people go in the middle of the night?

"Do you want a sandwich or something?"

"No, let's just go home," she said. "It will soon be time for breakfast if I stay up much longer."

Dave pulled the cord and got up to let Sally out of her seat. The driver pulled the bus to a stop and opened the doors, never looking around. They jumped down and headed for Sally's apartment. A few people were still sitting on the steps of their apartments. Sally took Dave's hand as they reached her steps.

"I'm sorry you can't come in, Dave."

"That's all right," he said. "I should be getting home now anyway."

"When will I see you again?" she asked.

"I'll have to call you."

She leaned forward and gave him a little kiss. He reached for her but she ran up the steps. She turned at the door and waved to him. He waved and turned back to the street. He shoved

his hands back in his pockets as he walked. He thought of the evening with Sally and of their dreams. Sally looked nice in her white dress. She would look nice in a white house, a white house with an initial on the door.

As he crossed the street, he saw some boys running in the distance. There was someone lying in the street. Dave ran to the spot and found an old drunk laying on his face. The man was groaning and mumbling something about money. His face was covered with blood from his broken nose. The red blood looked dirty in his gray beard. Dirty blood. Slum blood. Dave helped him up and tried to wipe his face. The man was still whimpering about his money.

Dave turned the old man over to the policeman, who had heard the yelling, and went on home. It was already getting light in the east. The buildings would turn from black to gray again. Soon the red ball would light the whole city and show its ugly buildings and its ugly people. A red sun over a dirty city. Dirty red.

He walked down the dim hallway and climbed the stairs to the flat where he and his mother lived. He noticed his hands as he reached for the door. They were red. He tried to wipe his red hands on his red hankerchief. The old door creaked as he pushed it open.

"Is that you, David?" his mother called. "Are you home?"

"Yes, Mom," he answered. "I'm home."

These words shocked him into the full realization that he was really home. The slums were his home. The dreams were foolish. He would always be here. Fine houses with women in white dresses were not for him, or Sally. She would grow old in a dirty building just like his mother. Drunks in the street, girls leaning out windows, and filthy streets were his life.

He walked to the window and watched the sun come up. The same old buildings were turning red-orange on the other side. Spilled garbage cans and empty bottles came back into view. A baby was crying in the distance and someone yelled.

Dave flopped on the bed and tried to think. His mind was whirling and he felt sick. Things were all mixed up. He saw Sally in her white dress. Then, he saw the whore in a white dress and Sally leaning out a window. He saw the drunk coming out of the white house. The white dress had gotten dirty; Sally was dirty, she lived in dirt. He was lying in the street, drunk. He was old. The sun was shining on dirt and he was part of it. He was home.

Nebraska

Norman C. Bansen

Patricia Andersen

Allegro

1. While Ne-bras-ka riv - ers flow Over plains where brisk winds blow, In the
 Allegrò. Far a - bove the wag - on trails And the gleam-ing i - ron rails There are

The first system of the musical score for 'Nebraska'. It features a vocal melody line with lyrics and a piano accompaniment consisting of two staves. The tempo is marked 'Allegro' and 'Allegrò'. The lyrics describe the Nebraska landscape, mentioning rivers, plains, winds, trails, and iron rails.

home-stead's morning light, In the city's glow - ing night, Through the rolling cat - tle
 paths to dis - tant space Where the soaring sky ships race. Where the prairie schooner

The second system of the musical score. The vocal melody continues with lyrics about home-steads, city lights, rolling prairie, and prairie schooners. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

range, Our sa-lute will ne - ver change: "Land of riv - ers smooth and slow!"
 rolled, There now waves the fair - est gold By Ne - bras - ka's west - ward trails.

The third system of the musical score. The vocal melody concludes with lyrics about the 'Land of rivers smooth and slow' and 'west-ward trails'. The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord.

Best Foot Forward

Keith Elliott

"WHAT'CHA GOT on your foot, Mr. Wilson?"

Wally leaned on his rake and looked at the boy. Kenny didn't return the look though; his eyes were riveted on the white cast.

"You see, Kenny, the other day at work, I fell down the stairs and hurt my ankle. The doctor put this cast on there so it would get better."

"Oh." Kenny was still staring. "Why d'ja fall down the stairs?"

Why, you stupid little—"I didn't fall down on purpose, Kenny. I tripped."

"Oh."

As if tired of this subject, his head snapped up and he started afresh. "What'cha doin'?" he asked.

Wally's eyes rolled back, and he shook his head slowly. "Stack-in' BB's on top of the Empire State Building," he said through clenched teeth.

"Whaat?"

Very slowly and emphatically, Wally said, "I'm raking leaves!"

"Oh."

Wally gave the leaves a couple of vicious swipes, then cocked his head as though he had heard something. "Wasn't that your mother calling you?" he asked.

"I didn't hear nothin'." Kenny looked at him innocently.

"Why don't you go home and see if she wants you?" coaxed Wally.

Without a word, Kenny whirled around, slapped his thighs with his hands, and went galloping off towards his house.

Thank God, he's gone, thought Wally. Man! can he ask the questions! He had just gotten back in the rhythm of raking when he heard a familiar shrill voice.

"Hey, Mr. Wilson! Mom said she didn't want me and I can help you." Kenny was running up to the pile of leaves beside Wally. Without slowing up in the least, he jumped headlong into the pile.

Wally bent over and picked him up a little more forcefully than necessary, and said, "Look, Kenny, I don't need your help, and what's more, I don't want it! Now run along and play somewhere else."

He turned his back as he saw the corners of Kenny's mouth

start to quiver and turn down.

"Mr. Wilson?"

"What now?" Wally's eyes were hard as he glared at the boy.

"I hope your foot gets better soon," he said.

A small battle of conflicting emotions waged within Wally as he watched the youngster walk away, his head and shoulders drooping. He managed a weak smile when he saw the dried leaves on the tousled head, and he thought of the day when he would have a son of his own.

"Kenny!"

Kenny stopped and turned half-way around. His face was still an upside down smile.

"How would you like to have a snowball fight with leaves?"

Kenny's face brightened a bit. "You're not mad at me anymore?"

"Nope. I never was, really."

"Yippee!" he cried, as he came running back.

The two of them were having the time of their lives when Kenny's mother interrupted their fun. "Kenny, time for supper," she called.

"I guess I gotta go, Mr. Wilson. You gonna rake leaves tomorrow?"

"Yup. Wanta help me?"

"Sure, we'll have lots of fun," Kenny said. "Bye," he cried, as he galloped off.

"Bye, Kenny, see ya tomorrow."

Lights

Candles stand and burn so brightly
So that all may see their light.
Winds may blow to make flames flicker—
Still they burn and break the night.

Mortals, too, are like the candles,
Giving light that all may know.
Lives may waver or be steady—
Yet they give a constant glow.

Carol Madsen



Marlene Pedersen

Stability

Little birds in treetops, swaying,
Swaying with the wind, obeying.
Gusts would blow them from their perches,
Still their feet cling to the birches.

Winds may rip and roar through forests
Overturning leaves and bird nests.
Cheery birds' songs blend with churches'
Still their feet cling to the birches.

Bird friends know they have no worry
Though the wind may blow with fury.
Calm—then wind—again branch lurches.
Still their feet cling to the birches.

Carol Madsen

Same One

Are you the girl that came to me last night
With hair all neat and face so sweet and clear?
Is this the girl with eyes so blue and bright
Who kissed and hugged her dad and stayed so near?
Now she is cross and quick to quarrel and fight.
For her the day has come too soon, I fear.
I know, poor dear, the time is never right
To leave the bed and give the day a cheer.

Bill Anderson

Honeymoon

David Oestreich

THE METALLIC NEEDLE SPED through the permeating darkness which was broken only by the unchanging stars. The needle was a ship traveling at a speed close to that of light.

In the ship were two human beings, a male, and a female. They were very much in love, and on this their honeymoon, were taking a roundabout way to Sirius so as to avoid the regular shipping lanes.

The wedding had been perfect. The ship was a gift from the bride's father, and was a wonderful gift, for it enabled them to be alone, away from the commercialism and ugliness that was civilization. The male spoke, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if it were like this? Just the two of us." The female looked back at him with the love in her eyes that had always said more than words. The two looked out into space, at the billions of tiny pinpoints of light. In the wonderful enormity of it all, an individual was nothing. They clasped hands in mutual admiration to maintain a slender thread of reality. Her hand was small and delicate with the long tapered fingers of a musician. His was square shaped and strong, and she drew strength from it.

The newlyweds watched the stars while listening to the deep hum of the ship's engines. The drone of the atomics stopped. "Darling! What's happened?" The girl jumped to her feet as she noticed the absence of the hum.

"The engines have stopped. I'll see if there's anything I can do to fix them." He put his arm around her to comfort and reassure her. She was crying softly, her face against his chest.

Two hours after going in, he crawled out of the space-drive compartment. He was black with grease, and wet with perspiration. His hands showed by the many marks on them, that they were not used to handling tools. "Main drive's completely shot, damn it."

Walking over to the communicator, his hand grasped the knob and turned it on. It made a loud buzzing noise, sparks danced about it, and smoke threaded its way through the holes in its back. The man put his head into his arms and cried in desperation. "That's it, honey. We'll never get back home; we can't call for help, and they'll never find us out in the middle of nowhere. The only thing we can do is use our emergency rockets to land in the nearest system."

The nearest system consisted of a yellow star with its planetary system of nine planets. The ship passed the five outermost planets which were gas giants, and unfit for human habitation, and landed on the third planet from the star.

After landing, the two climbed out of their acceleration couches, and ran the usual tests for toxic elements. There were none.

They went out of the ship and looked at the landscape. The green vegetation was a great deal different from the purple vegetation of their own planet. The sky was a beautiful blue instead of the reddish orange sky that they had lived under.

The man took tools from the survival kit and built a shelter. The woman prepared a meal.

The woman spoke, "Adam, it isn't anything like home, but it's a beautiful world, a world of our own."

Adam put his arm about his wife, Eve, as they made plans for their clean new world. They talked of their future children, and their children's children. The serpent patiently watched.

A Dying Day

The fading sun puts color in the sky,
Reflecting on the hills, the trees and clouds.
And as the evening forces day to die,
The people at the windows draw the shrouds.
That time of day the chimneys start to spew
The black, dead smoke that from the red coals rose,
And heavenward wind the gray then bluish hue,
Perhaps to where it takes a different pose.
The night absorbs the fading light of day,
And slowly dams the steady stream of life.
The children rest their bodies tired from play,
The more mature relax from daily strife.
Oh, who, but God, can know what lies in store,
Awaiting that which lives, yet lives no more.

Keith Elliott

It's All For My Country

Susan Jorgensen

SHE WASN'T EXACTLY a pretty girl. I don't know what it was, but there was something about her face I couldn't forget. Maybe it was her four eyes, although you couldn't see that in her face. You know, you've heard of people who have eyes in the back of their head. Well, that's where she had her other two.

We were married in a huge church. Half the town was there. Most grooms are too nervous to notice things like that. I was too, and didn't see a soul. But I didn't have to. Martha stood up at the altar continually whispering. "Well, for heaven's sake, there's the Browns. And Hattie Parker came. Oh, Sally Perkins has the prettiest dress. Well, who's that girl Pete Jones has with him." I kept worrying that she must be turning around. I was always forgetting about the eyes in the back of her head.

I had a hard time making up my mind whether to marry Martha or not. I was in love with her sister Helen too, and she had only two eyes. She had a figure that was better than Venus. And her legs, oh, her legs! I can't stop thinking about their beauty. All three of them. But after considering and reconsidering, I came to the conclusion it would be much cheaper to marry Martha. Helen wore out shoes so quickly. Walking was her favorite sport and she seldom got tired because one of her legs could rest while the other two worked. When not in use, she could bend up her idle leg at the knee and it would lock itself into place. It wouldn't work to just buy two pairs of shoes and use half a pair for the third foot. No, one shoe had to be tailor made. You see, her middle foot was neither a left nor a right. It had two big toes, one on each side. So that's why I chose Martha. Just so she doesn't need glasses, I thought.

They were really handy, those four eyes. She could be working at the stove and watch the children out the window, which was on the opposite wall. And we got two TV sets so she could watch two programs at once.

One day Helen came over to see us. Our three little girls just loved her and she sat bouncing them on her knees. Martha talked to her while she read a book she had propped up behind her. Helen was leaving in a week for the Olympics where she was

to run in a women's track event. We were all so happy for her, and when she left we waved and blew kisses to her as she put all three of her legs in gear and ran the fifty miles to her house.

A month went by and then a letter postmarked Moscow came for Martha. It was from Helen. The Russians had seen her at the Olympics and offered her \$10,000 a month if she would produce three-legged offspring for them. She had told them about Martha, and they were offering her the same. Of course, she must give up all her American relationships and she would never be able to return.

I begged Martha to stay if only for the children's sake. "Besides," I told her, "all our children are normal. What do you think the Russians will do when they find you can't give them an unusual child." But she said she was tired of the same old wifely and motherly routine and wanted something different.

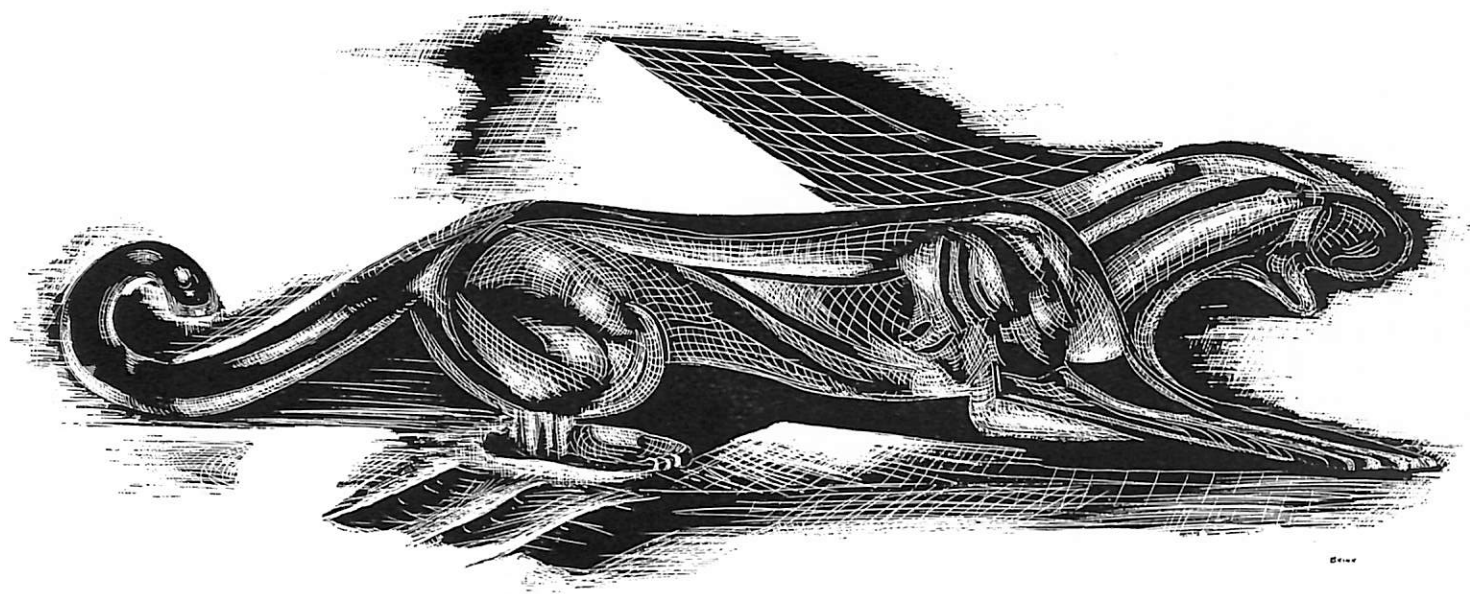
So I was left alone, and had to assume the role of both father and mother.

One day all three of my daughters came to me complaining of bad pains and itching on the back of their heads. With trembling hands I pushed aside their hair. As I feared, there, like two white pimples, were little eyes just breaking out of their scalps. Immediately I sat down and wrote a letter to Eisenhower telling him all about Helen and Martha being in Russia and now my daughters growing two more eyes. He came to see me personally and we decided those Russians weren't going to get anything on us.

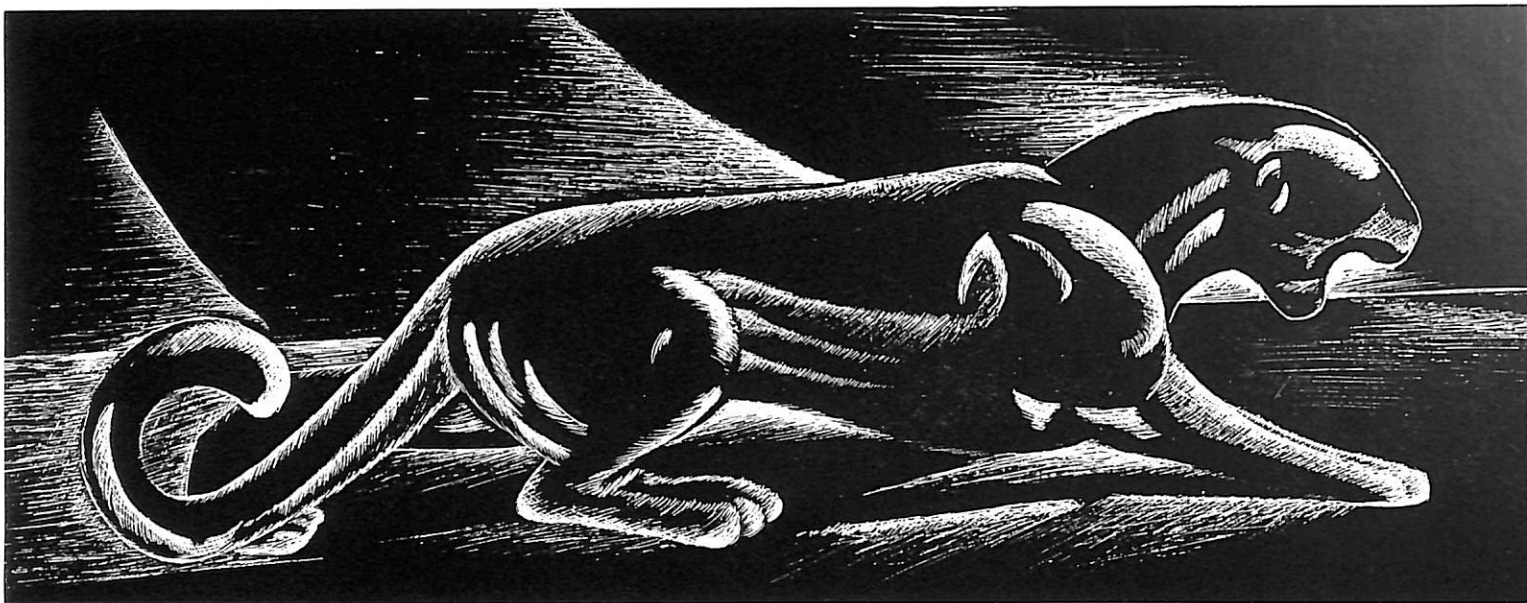
My daughters are living at Ike's farm in Gettysburg now. The oldest girl is fourteen, and I expect in about twenty or twenty-five years it will be quite common to see a wife watching her children and making dinner at the same time, as my dear Martha once did.

I looked at the eyes
and they looked back at me . . .
I finished peeling.

Carlene Benson



Dick Brink



Marlene Pedersen

Perhaps A March Night

Maske en Martsnat

Jeg dør en lille smule
for hvert sekund, der gar,
jeg bærer døden med mig
igennem livets ar.

En nat, maske en martsnat,
sa mild af regn og tøj,
skal jeg ga bort i mørket
og holde op at dø.

Grethe Risbjerg Thomsen

A bit of me must perish
At every second's flight.
I bear this long death with me,
With life's past years in sight.

A night, perhaps a March night,
When rain so mild descends,
I'll go away in darkness,
And there my dying ends.

Translated by

Carol Larsen

I slowly die a little
for every second here,
and carry death within me
through life's declining year.

Some night, perhaps a March night,
so mild with rain and thaw,
I'll pass away to darkness
and there escape death's jaw.

Translated by

George Jensen

I die a little every day
As seconds quickly fly.
I travel hand in hand with death
As life's years pass me by.

One night, perhaps a March night,
With fog and winds that sigh,
I'll go into the darkness
And there no longer die.

Translated by

Shirley Nielsen

This poem, "Perhaps a March Night," by Gretha Risbjerg Thomsen, was originally written in Danish.

On these two pages appear three translations of the poem, written by members of Dana's Danish class. Although each translation conveys the same thought, each is worded and rhymed in a slightly different manner.

A Portrait Tells

Clayton Krueger

MR. GILMORE BENT over his easel, hard at work upon a full-length portrait of a young girl in a costume of fifty years ago. The studio door softly opened and Aunt Mandy entered.

"Good mawnin', suh! I didn't think you'd come, today bein' a Sunday. I won't 'sturb ya. I'll just sweep up a lil mite; doan ya move."

Just one year before Aunt Mandy had first opened that door. She had had a note from Hank Simms, a friend of Mr. Gilmore's, which began with, "Here is an old Southern mammy who has seen better days; paint her if you can," and ended with, "Anyway give her a job." She was indeed an ideal mammy, including the lullaby resting-place for many a child, both black and white, to lay his head.

"Golly dat's a purty lady youse paintin'. Las' Sunday she didn't have dem ruffles 'round her neck dat you gib her now." Aunt Mandy was leaning on her broom, her eyes scrutinizing the portrait. "I ain't never seen none o' dem frocks since de ole times. An' de ribbons on dem lil low shoes! She's a livin' pussonecation—she is for a fac'! Uhm! Uhm!"

"Did you ever know anyone like her?" asked Gilmore. He had often tried to draw from Mandy something of her earlier life, but she always evaded the questions. Again he said, "Does it look like anyone you ever saw?"

"It do and it don't," she answered critically. "De feet is like Miss Mollie's, but de eyes ain't."

"Who is Miss Mollie?"

"One of my chillen, honey," she said with a peculiar softness in her voice. "She didn't hab dem kind o' shoes on her feet when I fust see her, but she wore 'em when she lef' me." Her eyes brightened. "I ain't never seen no satin slippers shine like dem slippers; dey was all ablazin' red."

Mr. Gilmore worked on in silence. Maybe the day had come when Aunt Mandy would open her heart and tell the wonderful stories of her earlier life.

Mandy began moving easels into one corner of the studio and piling chairs in a heap. This done, she stopped again, intently eyeing the portrait. "My! My! ain't dat de ve'y image of dat frock? But you got to put dat gold chain on it 'fore it looks

'xactly right." Aunt Mandy began to describe the necklace in great detail, her eyes kindling with every word. Gilmore began to work with his palette knife, nodding appreciatively, occasionally putting in a question to clear up a date or locality which Aunt Mandy's rambling talk had left unsettled.

"Bout Miss Mollie," continued Aunt Mandy, "I 'member de ve'y day she come. I see her comin' down de road totin' a big box an' a carpet bag mos' big's herse'f. She was my masta's niece. I could see dat he didn't 'tend to let dat chile come no other way 'cept like a servant; he was dat dirt mean."

"My picture has a new meaning for me, now that it looks like Mandy's heroine," thought Mr. Gilmore. But there was more to it than that. A secret lay in the story of the gold chain. Mr. Gilmore remembered that when he was only five, his father had told him about a similar gold chain. A year later his father died and he was taken and raised by his Aunt Sophie. When Mandy mentioned a tiny gold piece on the chain, with the initials M.G. engraved on it, he knew they must be the same. Yes, the gold chain was the same one that his mother had once worn.

"De next week come de weddin'. I'll never forgit dat weddin' to my dyin' day. After dat dey had five years—de happiest years dey ever had. I know 'cause I lived wid 'em de five years till de baby come, an' den—."

Aunt Mandy stopped and reached out her hand as if to steady herself. Tears were streaming down her cheeks. Then she stepped forward, fixed her eyes on the portrait again, and in a voice broken with emotion said, "Honey, chile—is you tired o' waitin' for yo' ole mammy? Keep a-watchin', honey, keep a-watchin'. It won't be long now 'fore I come."

All week the sun shines.

Lazy students lounge on lawn.

Then weekend comes. Rain!

Jerry Osborn

Soft furry kitten
sitting by empty bowl, your
motor is running.

Linda Buchfink

The Tree

("Traeet" by Helge Rode)

So peacefully the large trees stand,
And silent lift their full green crowns
To dawn's infectious gold light-strand
With blossom-sweet soft sounds.
The moving branches make no noise.
The morn is great and full and bright.
The tree stands silent and enjoys
The earth, and sky, and light.

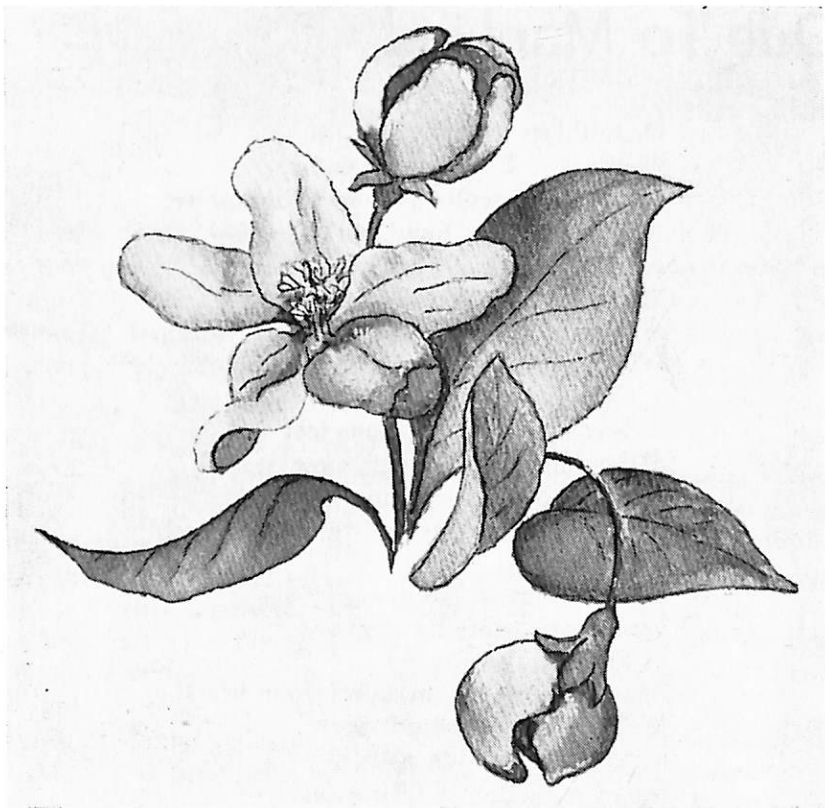
Translated from the Danish by

Dave Parrish

Release

The cruel driving wind brings freezing rain
Upon the barren fields and naked trees.
The creaking coat of ice creates a strain
That bends or breaks the boughs as it may please.
But then the sun in all its pomp shines through
And melts the burdens on the bending limbs.
Released at last, the branches spring anew
To heavens where the wind composes hymns.
We humans, too, have burdens we must bear—
That hold us fast and force us to bend low.
We look around and find no one to care
That we are bound in all our earthly woe.
At last we see the Son in Heaven above;
He melts our cares with His redeeming love.

Carol Madsen



Marlene Pedersen

Spring

Stanley Cupp

In March the New Year's babe is blessed
And Spring becomes a bride.
The Winter groom has been caressed;
His icy moods subside.

The groom is forced by rite to wear
A lustrous suit of green,
To watch the lovely bride appear
In beauty unforeseen.

And as the Seasons take their pledge
The bridesmaid ever near will hedge—
To live in peaceful grandeur,
Her name, of course, is Summer.

Ode To Mankind

O, faithless student,
wanderer of unknown paths,
explorer of well-trodden philosophies,
Where do your thoughts lie now—
Aristotle? Virgil? Socrates?
These are but founders
of an age long past.
Where do your true roots entwine?

A love now gained, now lost,
a thought now grasped, now tossed.
Perhaps a venture long past
Ekes through your full-thinking mass!

Anon, atoms, protons are
your favor, not the savor
of ancient flavors.
Spacious dreams surround your brow!
Would that you might seek
a refuge from this path,
for of a sudden it transpires
into a raging hell of fire.

Terrence Hess

The rush of living
through the day is slowed to a
gentle pace at night.

Keith Elliott

Busy little stream
running like man throughout life
through many rapids.

Anna Hundtofte

Cycle

Keith Elliott

WALTER WINSLOW was dreamily watching the lazy Sunday afternoon drift past his front porch. It was a soft, Indian summer day. The kind of a day that melts all of the foreboding thoughts of winter, and brings a flood of warm memories from summer. Memories like Timmy, his grandson. What a joy it was to watch his wild antics in the yard.

"Grandpa! Grandpa! come an' see what I found!"

"What is it, boy?" the kind voice answered.

"Come an' see! Come an' see!" cried Timmy. His eyes sparkled, and a slight pink showed through the tan on his cheeks as he jumped up and down trying to hurry his grandfather. Impatient with the pace that age sets, he grasped the large hand in his small one, and with tugs and jerks led his chuckling grandfather to a flat rock near the hedge. With a grunt, Timmy turned the grey rock over and pointed to a long, fat, slimy nightcrawler. "See?" he said.

"Boy!" exclaimed gramps, his eyes wide, "ain't that a beauty?"

Ah, yes Timmy, the summer was filled with "beauties."

The languidness of the day was marred slightly by the man across the street. He was cursing and sweating profusely as he tried to start his stubborn mower. He experimented with the carburetor and pulled the cord, adjusted the carburetor some more, and pulled the cord again. After ten minutes of this, the reluctant mower resignedly coughed and sputtered. The man's hand shot back to the carburetor, set it, and the mower was purring smoothly in the late October afternoon. With a I-guess-I-showed-you look on his face, the man wiped his greasy fingers on the front of his damp, clinging T-shirt, grasped the handle of the mower, and started pushing it across the wide expanse of slender, green spears.

As Walter watched him walking in the clearly defined wake of the mower, he thought of the never-ending life cycle. The grass grows, strong and green, only to be reduced to infancy by man's contrivances. Again it struggles, overcoming nature's forces, to reach the height of grasshood, but civilization steps in and, once again, cuts it down, severing it at the very base.

He shifted his attention to the gentle, billowy clouds floating in the sea of light blue sky, leaned his head back on the rocker,

and closed his eyes. The droning of the mower soon lulled him into an easy slumber.

He was on a plateau, barren, with the exception of a beautiful green ladder reaching up and blending into the sky. Some unknown force compelled him to grasp the rungs. Higher and higher he climbed, trying to reach the elusive height. Suddenly, the ladder was falling. He looked down and, for what seemed like a fraction of a second, saw an ugly lawn mower cutting the base of the ladder. In the same instant, he saw Timmy tipping the plateau and peering underneath.

He drifted gently downward into a black pool. The pool divided, letting him enter, then imperceptibly merged, hiding all beneath the smooth, opaque surface.

* * * *

Mrs. Winslow came out to the porch carrying a brown, wool sweater. "Walter, would you like your—" She stopped short as she saw his eyes staring at the greying sky. His arm hung limply at the side of the rocker.

The Lonely Hunter

Wandering about on a darkening street,
Broken and crushed after finding defeat,
Reliving past glories in silent retreat,
The heart is a lonely hunter.

Trying to see through red glistening tears,
Straining to hear with its smooth glossy ears
A welcoming something to wipe out the fears,
The heart is a lonely hunter.

Struggling along after part of it died,
Vowing to take future blows in its stride,
Trying in vain to retain all its pride,
The heart is a lonely hunter.

Keith Elliott

The Happy Whistler

Jerry Martin

"**B**EEM-BELFORD FUNERAL HOME" in stiff luminous lettering is my job for today. This is to be painted on a signboard ten feet by twenty feet. The illusion is to be that the silver letters are emerging from a sky blue background like jet planes diving from the icy stratospheres. Here I sit in this cow pasture, a hundred feet from the highway, not a tree for a quarter mile, and the sun is shining down so hot that the sky is turning white. I suppose the blue represents Paradise and the stamp of the funeral home is like what's written on gifts sometimes, "Don't open till your birthday."

They should have Arthur Godfrey sitting on the edge of a plush bronze casket, a cigarette in one hand and a friendly smile with the caption "Try our thrifty lay-away plan!" Why should mortuaries advertise at all? Do they expect by having beautiful signs with their names stamped on them that people will be dying to get there? One undertaker can't guarantee more comfort than his competitor. It would be impetuous to think of having a signboard with Art Linkletter sticking his head out of the window of a pink hearse saying "Satisfaction guaranteed—or we return the unused portion."

Funerals are always the same. There is a plush chapel, sombre, straight-laced, and cushioned, filled with people dressed in black and carrying white handkerchiefs. These people come in walking as though they were straddling a fence, afraid to scuff their shoes for fear of stubbing their hearts. I wonder how many of them had ever cried for him before. I remember hearing Mom say once that Dad never praised so highly his old suits until she had given them away. In front of the chapel surrounded by gay bouquets is a silver casket with white satin lining. It's brilliance is like Paradise on earth. In this is laid the dead body made to look alive and sleeping.

The preacher, downcast and with straight-faced sincerity, looks upon all the new faces and takes fifteen minutes to say, "Our dear friend is in heaven looking down from between the clouds upon this very gathering, so don't cry anymore." I once heard a mother who lived in the slums of a large city say to her minister, "Parson, nobody has to do all those things you are always preachin', unless they can't afford a decent burial. I was sure my last husband was going straight to the fiery furnace. But on the day

of his funeral everybody guaranteed me he was in heaven."

The mourners want the dead person to seem alive, and yet when told that he has wings and a golden halo, they become very disturbed. And now going before the casket to look for the last time at the person who filled the empty spot in their hearts, they begin crying even more.

After leaving the chapel, they get into their cars and go home. But as they drive over the highway they will see this sign: "Beem-Belford Funeral Home" in silver letters on a sky blue background.

I think I would rather see a series of signs like the advertisements for Burma-Shave saying, "If you've got the guts and a mere ten bucks—try CREMATION."

