

SOWER

1961



Dana College
Blair, Nebraska

SOWER

1961



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FOREWORD . . .

On August 6, 1945, the horror of an ultimate destructive power became a reality. Hiroshima, a large city on the Japanese island of Honshu, lost the majority of its population in the explosive force of a single atomic bomb. But more than the many lives lost, the spirit of the human race saw the probability of cataclysmic annihilation created by its own hand. Time is no longer counted from the birth of Christ, but rather from that terrible day when man's selfish pride led him to the threshold of his own destruction.

These statements seem rather hopeless and many people are unfamiliar with the contemplation of a futureless world. It seems, however, that this is not the case with America's young generation. As you read the pages of this year's SOWER, note how many works deal with the topic of death, and in contrast take notice of the number that see some hope in our modern world. Especially observe the few pieces that are basically Christian. Can these selections from a Christian institution represent the thought of the world's future citizens? The answer is clearly evident. Is it possible to change this attitude?

Our cover depicts a field that lies dormant in its winter sleep just as our country also lies dormant and oblivious to hope. But the field will live again in the rebirth of Spring; and the SOWER dedicates its pages to those young people of today who could make tomorrow a rebirth to love and hope and put an end to "The Eternal Killing."

I would personally like to extend my gratitude to Professor Joseph Langland, University of Massachusetts, and Dr. Herta Engelman, also to my very diligent staff and all of this year's contributors who have produced a truly outstanding 1961 SOWER.

Richard V. Carr, Editor

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Joseph Langland Award in prose

"After the Deed," Elizabeth Nielsen

Joseph Langland Award in poetry

"The Sower," Earland Estes

Hal Evans Cole Award in music

"Thy Word is a Lamp," Elliot Nielsen

Hal Evans Cole Award in art

"Portrait of the Skeptic," James Olsen

THE LIVING DEATH

Earland Estes

It's cold in the cramped little room where he works amid the jungle of glass. A thin ribbon of moonlight filtered by a spider's web flows through the tiny, high window, coming to rest upon a puny figure hovering diligently over his work. Beads of perspiration collect like dew on his shiny head to reflect the importance of that task which he is about to complete. In his frail, right hand the little man grasps a hypodermic needle which he is about to inject into a thinning left arm. Suddenly there comes a sharp, rasping knock on the door. He hesitates—lays aside his hypodermic—unrolls his sleeve—but doesn't answer. The knock echoes again—and again he doesn't answer.

"William . . . William, answer me! What are you doing in there?" barks a woman's voice.

"Just a minute, my dear," He wipes his hands on his dingy, gray-white frock and then goes reluctantly to the door, where he raises a pale, quivering hand to open the bolted lock. Without warning the door is thrown open from the outside, crashing into the little man and knocking him unmercifully to the cement floor.

"William, what are you doing on the floor?" she bellows. "Get up! You look ridiculous!"

Slowly and with bowed head he rises to his feet.

"William, why didn't you answer me? Are you deaf? What have you been up to in here?" Her icy gaze then follows a straight line to the long table where her husband has been working and stops upon the hypodermic needle. "Have you been poking needles into those poor, helpless animals again after I have repeatedly warned you not to? Why aren't you in bed where you're supposed to be at this hour of the night? . . . Look at me!" she explodes.

His tired, blue eyes fearfully depart from their downward glance and come to rest upon his wife, an obese creature whose red, swollen face and piercing, black eyes project cruelty, anger, and hatred. "I . . . I'm sorry, dear. I didn't hear you. I've been so busy with my work that . . ."

"Busy! You've been busy for over two years! You should be done by now. This crazed obsession of yours will kill you if you keep it up!! I won't stand for it any more!"

"Please, Beth," he breathes pleadingly. "You know how much this work means to me; it's my whole life. I have to make up for my son's death somehow. I loved him so much. He was everything to me. Please . . . please give me a little more time."

"Time?" she shouts questioningly. "Time won't bring him back to life no more than these foolish experiments of yours will! He's dead! Can't you understand that? A pile of dust is all that's left of him! Now come to bed!!"

As she turns to leave, he stares diminutively at this cold, heartless animal whom he must call his wife. "Wait! Please wait. Let me work a little while longer. I'll make it up to you after to-night. I promise."

"Oh, all right!" she yells, after hesitating briefly. "But tonight is the end! There will be no more such foolishness in this house! I'll not stand for it!" As she bolts toward the door her dirty, ragged nightdress follows in flowing disarray. She makes a furiously rapid exit, slamming the heavy wooden door behind her.

At last the verbal invasion is over. Once again William is alone in his private little world here in the dingy, damp cellar. He turns and walks excitedly back to the table where two-years' work rests in a hypodermic needle. Gently he takes it in his right hand, staring hopefully at the white liquid which could have meant life for his son and which would someday, perhaps, save the lives of thousands of heart patients like him. Its great potency lay in the fact that it was capable of slowing down basal metabolism to a point defying human recognition, to a point in which the individual, though fully aware of his faculties, would appear dead. The liquid could thereby remove the limit of time from heart surgery, enabling the surgeon to create more time if need be. It had proven itself successful on animals. . . . Now for the final test.

With anticipation in his eyes, William quickly rolls up his sleeve and injects the sharp needle into his flesh. When the last drop of liquid drains from the hypodermic syringe he calmly pulls it out, lays it on the table, takes a clean white handkerchief from his pocket, and wipes a tiny spot of blood from his arm. He then waits patiently for the resulting effects.

Within seconds he is attacked by a jabbing, knife-like pain in his heart; his head begins to swim in agonizing confusion. Then he falls helplessly to the floor, dragging his worklamp with him.

Sprawled there on the cold, dusty cement, William is fully aware of his total environment. Darkness encompasses him like a tomb, bringing awesome fear into every nerve and fiber of the little man's seemingly dead body. Without warning the fear becomes

almost unbearable as a hairy-legged spider begins its horrifying trek across his expressionless face. If only he had the strength to brush it off—to squash it on the cement, but he can't move. The hairy legs creep slowly across one tightly-shut eyelid, up over his forehead, and finally back to the cement.

Again he waits in motionless silence. It has begun to rain outside, slowly at first, but increasing steadily until within minutes a raging waterfall resounds within his ears. Suddenly it stops, leaving only the drip—drip—drip of a small leak somewhere in the cellar to remind him of death's endless eternity. Time passes slowly for the little man on the floor, but finally the first rays of sunlight brush against his eyelids. Minutes drag by tediously and then halt as a harsh knock reverberates from the door.

"William . . . William, come out of there," snaps the hyena-like voice. "Come out of there this instant! —William! —William!!"

He hears the doorknob turn and then the heavy door groans on its hinges. —The door! He forgot to bolt the door!! Footsteps hasten quietly toward his reclining figure.

"William, wake up! Get up from that dirty floor!" she cries loudly.

A plump paw grasps his shoulder and shakes him nervously. Then an ear-shattering scream pierces his ears, progressing swiftly through the door, then up the creaking cellar stairs.

Again he waits. Seconds, minutes, perhaps hours tick by until he hears the faint grumbling of voices descending the stairway. The voices become louder as grouped footsteps advance toward him in deliberate solemnity. A gentle hand clasps his wrist.

"Is—is he dead?" asks a deceivingly pious voice.

"I'm sorry, Beth."

William is lying elsewhere now, stretched out on what seems to be a hard slab of rock. A bright light penetrates his eyelids and an acute odor floods his nostrils. His head is spinning in a cloudy chaos—around . . . and around . . .and around . . . and—

"What is this place? Where have they taken me? My head! What's wrong? What's that strange odor? . . . Formaldehyde. That's it. Formaldehyde. Beth, where is he? Where's my son? . . . Everything is so quiet. Where am I? Bright lights? Formaldehyde? I don't understand."

Suddenly the religious silence is broken and his thoughts are interrupted by the approach of muffled voices. They stop to pause over him.

"This one looks easy, Harry," asserts a murmuring voice.

"Yeah, let's do him first."

The brief conversation abruptly restores order to William's mind.

"I remember now— the experiment. Yes, yes, the experiment. . . . That's it. It's wearing off now. I can tell. But what are they doing? — Dear God, no! It can't be!! This place . . . It . . . it's a mortuary!"

Sudden terror clutches his body as he realizes his present environment. Prying hands then begin to remove his clothing.

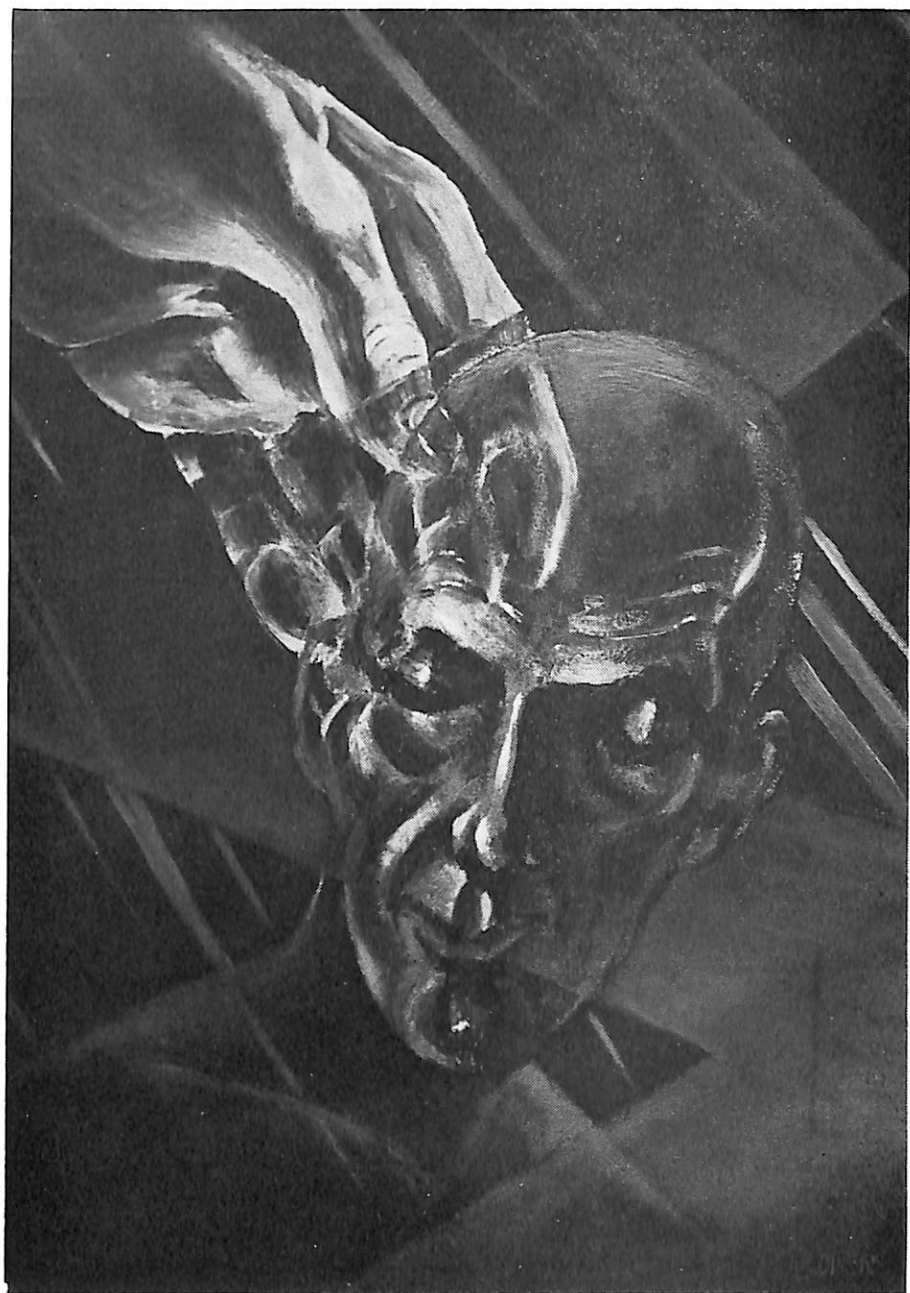
"The fools! Don't they realize I'm alive? All I need is time— just time enough to allow the effects of the experiment to wear off!! Oh, God, help me! Give me strength! Give me time!!

—But there is no time. The last article of clothing is removed and his body is made ready for the final process of embalming. Then a razor-sharp slash is made in his leg, bringing with it stabbing, agonizing pain, the dreadful anticipation of death, and a silent cry for mercy. Life drains like water from the helpless body, flowing into an open container below. The little man listens to the sickening drip—drip—drip of his own blood until audibility fades into eternity. A white sheet is at last drawn up over his face—a face only slightly twisted by pain.

THE VAGABOND

Dick Carr

All time is slow; it rambles on,
Gliding across the meadow pond,
Through life's green and autumn's red,
Under foot and over head.
Time never speaks nor does it yield
The secret that the heavens shield.
It comes to help begin a life,
Yet slowly does it end the strife.
All time is slow; it rambles on,
A hopeless, tireless vagabond.



PORTRAIT OF THE SKEPTIC

James Olsen

A SCANDIMERICAN CHARACTER OF CHARACTERS

Richard Jorgensen

A patch of tousled blond hair, laughing eyes set above ruddy cheeks, and a smouldering pipe sending creamy smoke past scholarly dark-rimmed glasses—these characteristics belong to one of Dana's most jovial citizens, a Nordic Santa Claus in modern dress. The first thing noticed when meeting our jocular friend is his great size. His luxurious brown sweater, tailored in latest Ivy League style, seems hardly able to contain his ample frame; in fact, his vast girth strains mightily at the wall of cloth, trying to break it down and go tumbling into space. His "button-down" shirts appear to face the same problem, but even under the terrific stress they draw many admiring glances from the most clothes-conscious Vikings. Indeed his apparel gives him the look of a snappy, but "over-stuffed," college student.

The next item that is quite noticeable about this gentleman is his flaxen hair. It appears as though it were hurriedly brushed into a semblance of order simply to satisfy society; and usually it is either plastered across his ruddy forehead or pushed back into a flat wave, much like a patch of wind-swept wheat.

Another distinguishing feature of our subject is his pipe. Each time he kindles a bowl of his favorite mixture, he seemingly experiences a deeper thrill. The very manner in which he reassuredly hangs the briar from his teeth and suspends the glowing bowl beneath his youthful double chin shows him to be a true master of the art of smoking. This, coupled with his habit of shifting from foot to foot as if anxious for high adventure, makes him an enlarged facsimile of Doyle's fabulous detective.

Truly our subject is a marvel; for who else could assume the appearance of a Nordic hero, Saint Nicholas, an Ivy League college student, an intellectual professor, and a skillful Sherlock Holmes, all rolled into one large bundle of humor?

IT HAPPENED IN AUSTRIA

Bodil Strom

Everything was at rest in the Austrian Alps, and all the little *chalets* on the hillsides were hidden by the summer night. About eleven o'clock the silence was broken by the roar of a motor, as a large bus crept up the steep mountain road. Its passengers, mostly young women, seemed to be in high spirits! They were singing and laughing, behaving almost like the Swedish high school youngsters they had left behind in order that they might be able to give a better German instruction after their vacation. The time these teachers were to spend in Kleidorf, a small village, would not be pure vacation; they were going to have three classes a day in German language and culture.

"Now join in—down there in the back seat!" It was a tall, fair girl with short-cropped hair and a slender boyish figure. She was standing in the front of the bus, directing the singers, not only by means of her pencil-slim arms, but also with her big, sparkling blue eyes and her energetic, cleft chin.

One of the girls in the front seat looked at her and heaved a deep sigh. "Christina actually radiates vitality," she whispered to her neighbor, "and she is kind of pretty in spite of her little snub-nose and the fact that she never seems to worry about her appearance. And she is so smart—did you hear her discussion with the German professor this morning? Rather funny that she doesn't have a boy friend, isn't it? But she doesn't seem to care for men—except if she can have an intellectual discussion with them! Oh, I wish I had only half of her intelligence and energy!"

She did not know Christina very well. In fact, nobody did. One could not help noticing that she was independent, ambitious, and had an insatiable hunger for knowledge, but not even her parents knew what she missed when she saw her friends becoming engaged and getting married. She had always been a hard worker; everything came easy to her, but she continued on her own record. All her free time was spent working with a church youth group. She enjoyed it, and the girls loved and admired her—but it did not leave any time for social life with young people of her own age.

In the morning Christina and her roommate Sonia came sauntering down the village road, absorbing the atmosphere of Kleidorf.

They walked past the charming old *gasthaus* "Zum Löwen" that was to be their headquarters during the course. It was a beautiful day; the sun was burning from an azure sky, and they could not resist the lake's alluring coolness. They felt perfectly happy while they strolled down the path to the water in their bathing suits. In the field that stretched right down to the lake, a couple of young men were working. One of them, mulatto tan, tall and brawny, stopped his work to look at the girls. He was wearing only a pair of trunks, and though he was obviously exhausted and streaming with perspiration, it seemed to Christina she had never before seen a man so virile.

The girls enjoyed their swim to the fullest, but all the time Christina felt the dark young man's glance dwelling on her. She could not quite decide if she liked it or not, but it gave her a strange feeling of weakness. He seemed to have finished his work; at least he was enjoying his beer and cigarette, never taking his eyes off the girls until he lost sight of them.

There was gaiety and vivacity that evening in the *gasthaus*. After finishing their classes all the Swedish teachers had gathered around a large table drinking wine, joking and chattering. Now and then one of the dark, slovenly-looking Austrians ventured to ask a Swedish girl for a dance.

Before long the girls were scattered around the crowded dancing floor and at the small tables in the low-ceilinged, gaily-colored room. Christina was one of the first to leave the table; the virile young man she had seen in the morning had asked her for a dance. He was a born dancer, and although he was rather poorly dressed and had probably had a little more beer than he should, she could not help feeling attracted to him.

"I saw you down by the lake this morning."

"Yes, I know." She smiled, and that gave him confidence.

"My name is Heinz Dorfinger. My farm is the red one right next to the *gasthaus*." She had seen that farm and noticed that an unusually pretty, but ragged little girl was playing in the yard.

"Is it your little girl I saw in the yard today?"

"Oh no," he laughed. "She is my sister's child. A dear little thing, isn't she? No, I'm not married."

"But the farm belongs to you?"

"Yes, the farm is mine. My parents are pretty old—can't do much work any more."

"Do they live at the farm too?"

"Why, yes, of course! And my sister, her husband, and their children."

Christina was shocked and could not help wondering if they had any privacy at such a small farm with all those people! She thought of her own good home where there was plenty of room for her and her two brothers. However, she did not live there now; for two years she had had an apartment of her own because she could not stand living at home any more. How would this be, then?

"Would you tell me your name?" he asked cautiously.

"Yes, of course. Christina Olson." He tried to say it, and his somewhat awkward attempt made them both laugh.

At one o'clock there were few people left in the inn, but Christina and Heinz could still be seen at their small table in the darkest corner. On the table were several beer bottles, one wine-glass, and a large filled ashtray.

The next day Sonia was curious. "Is he really more than handsome? You couldn't fall in love with a guy like him, could you?"

"Of course not!" was the only answer she got, and Christina started talking about the lecture they were going to hear. But she did not get much out of that lecture. Even though she was looking at the professor, she did not see his *lederhosen* and embroidered suspenders. Another picture was in the way: a sun-tanned young face with dark brown earnest eyes and coal-black, wavy hair.

During supper the Swedes were merry and gay. At Christina's table there was white wine, and the conversation was in full swing. Presently the manager came up to them. "We are planning on going to another inn tonight to have some fun. I have room for four more; would you like to go along?"

Of course they would. In a moment of weakness Christine was about to refuse, but decided this was just the right thing to do. They did have fun: singing — drinking more white wine — dancing. Nobody knew how to enjoy themselves like the Austrians.

The group had been together in one rather small room, until somebody opened the door into the large tap-room. Christina could hardly believe her own eyes; Heinz had followed them and now asked for a dance as if it were the most natural thing in the world. When the rest of the group went back, Christina stayed; she seemed to be blind to the others' indignant glances. It was dawn before she was home.

Every evening that week Heinz was waiting for her after evening class, and he did not let her out of his sight until two in the morning. Every evening they danced, but as time went on, they spent more and more time talking. He listened attentively to her

when she told about her studies, her teaching, her apartment, and her numerous travels, but to him it was a world apart. He could not possibly understand what fascination it might have for her.

At first he did not seem to have much to tell. At fourteen he had left the one-room village school because everybody else did. Since then he had worked at the farm from five a.m. to at least seven p.m. every weekday — except when he was in the army. Toward the end of World War II when the Germans needed more soldiers, he and some other teen-age boys from the village were drafted into the German army and sent to the front-line. When he returned after the war, he was a sixteen-year-old adult.

The night he told about his experiences there, she was horrified. She could not remember when she had last cried, but this inconceivable malice and cruelty she could not bear.

Saturday was their last day in Kleidorf; on Sunday they were to leave for Vienna. For the evening they had planned a torchlight procession down to the lake, followed by a boat ride with lit torches.

Christina and Heinz were at the end of the procession. Neither of them spoke, but Christina felt Heinz's firm arm around her waist and wished this moment would last forever. They managed to get a boat by themselves, despite the fact that there were at least four in all the other boats. After a while Heinz rowed the boat away from the crowd to the quietest corner of the lake and shipped the oars. Then he sat down and took her into his arms.

All the week Christina had tried to fight back her feelings; even to herself she had denied the fact that she was in love. She knew Heinz loved her, although he had never told her in words, but she had imagined that she was being nice to him merely out of pity. Her resistance was broken now.

"Christina, I love you!" After years of ungratified longing she could not possibly resist him. The torch fell into the water, but she did not notice it.

"Christina, I cannot go on living without you. Will you marry me?"

Like from afar she heard her voice consenting.

A month later Christina was back in Stockholm again, teaching and studying. She threw herself into more work than ever before, because this was the only way she could forget Heinz for a while. Every week she had one or two letters from him, loving and affectionate, and she wrote back in the same way. Before she left,

she had agreed to spend her Christmas vacation in his home, and they were both looking forward to this.

Heinz had never mentioned anything about coming to Sweden, neither had she, because she knew he could not afford it. But one day in October she got a letter telling that he was coming a month later; he had quit smoking and drinking completely after she had left, in order to save up money.

Christina was very happy when she started planning the two weeks they would spend together. But gradually she came to realize how different he was from her associates. Would he fit into her environment at all? She caught herself hoping he had bought some new clothes for the trip—although she knew he could not afford it. Then she tried to imagine Heinz in different situations: in her home—at an informal party with her friends—in her school principal's office—at a university banquet. With growing astonishment she had to acknowledge that he would simply be out of place. What was it she was doing to herself and to him?

During one single night the truth struck her in all its horror. She could not take him to church because he was a Catholic! They would probably have to have a civil marriage—or she would have to become a Catholic. That seemed awful and incredible to her—and what about their children? Could she bear having them brought up in the Catholic faith? And could she herself cling to her Lutheran religion without a church, without a single co-religionist? What kind of person would she be after some years in Kleidorf? A harassed housewife, discontented and prematurely aged? At least she would be very different from the girl Heinz had fallen in love with; she would make him unhappy, because she would never be satisfied.

All night she was torn by conflicting emotions. Towards morning she finally knew what to do; she wrote a long letter to Heinz, telling him why he could not come to Sweden. She had never found it so hard to write a letter, and while she was writing, she visualized Heinz's unhappy face when he read the letter.

On her way to school she felt the letter in her hand; it seemed so heavy. But before she could see the school, it was mailed.

MONDNACHT

Eichendorff

Es war als hätt der Himmel
Die Erde still geküsst.
Dass sie im Blütenschimmer
Von ihm nun träumen müsst.

Die Luft ging durch die Felder,
Die Ähren wogten sacht,
Es rauschten leis die Wälder
So sternklar war die Nacht.

Und meine Seele spannte
Weit ihre Flügel aus
Flog durch die stillen Lande,
Als flöge sie nach Haus.

MOONLIT NIGHT

Translated by Jo Ann Urie

It was as if the heaven
Had kissed the earth to sleep
And with its blooming glimmer
Had bid earth dreams to reap.

The wind slipped through the meadows,
It billowed through the grain
It rushing left the forests
In night's clear starlit reign.

Then widely spread my soul its wings,
Stretched high towards heaven's dome
And flew across the still, dark land
As if it flew towards home.



FIRE

Wayne Petersen

AFTER THE DEED

Elizabeth Anne Nielsen

Author's note: *After the Deed* is a one-act play of five scenes in which the stage setting is of little importance; the action occurs rather in the mind of Mr. Bradford. His thoughts are necessarily represented through other characters.

SCENE ONE:

As the curtain opens a spotlight begins to brighten on a setting already illuminated by blue over-head lights. A medium-sized man moves into the spotlight from the left. He is attired in a grey top-coat, hat, and cloak. As he progresses into the circle of light, he encounters the bare indications of a room—a wooden chair, bench, and table boasting a pitcher, an empty glass, and a newspaper. He surveys the room with no apparent interest. Presently, another figure moves into the circle of light from the right. He is a man of about fifty with greying hair. He carries himself with dignity and gives every indication of being a man of position. He notices the visitor and speaks.

Bradford: (surprisedly) Why—why, Solomon. You startled me!

Solomon: I frequently seem to take people by surprise, Mr. Bradford.

Bradford: (hesitantly) Yes—yes, of course. (then more confidently) Sit down, my good man, and rest yourself. (Solomon remains where he is, still standing.) Some foul weather we have been encountering lately.

Solomon: It goes from bad to worse.

Bradford: (making an effort to sound normal) Perhaps though, it will take a turn for the better.

Solomon: Who can say?

Bradford: (Gives up the "small talk," circles the table, turns to face Solomon, and sighs) You came on business, I presume. (Solomon continues to stare at Bradford with a penetrating gaze.) All right, all right! What is it this time? (Solomon still stares, chin slightly forward, and makes no comment.) All right! I have *read* the newspaper! (He snatches a neatly folded piece of newsprint from the table and proceeds to pace the room, slapping the paper unrythmically against his outstretched palm. He turns abruptly to Solomon.) Well, that is

what you came about, is it not? (silence) Isn't it? (Again he is met with utter silence, and his countenance changes to something akin to anger.) Admit it! You never bother me for any other reason! And will you stop staring at me like I had done something wrong—when I haven't done a thing?

Solomon: (taking a step forward) Is there a difference?

Bradford: (exasperatedly) I said I haven't *done* anything yet!

Solomon: That is why I have come—to see to it that you *do* do something—that which is right.

Bradford: Then you are wasting your time. I am not about to do *anything*. You might as well take your leave.

Solomon: Doing nothing is the same as condoning—

Bradford: (abruptly) Get out!

Solomon: —and condoning has its punishment.

Bradford: Get out, I say! Get out!!

Solomon: As you wish, Mr. Bradford. The decision is yours.

As Solomon turns and strides out of the spotlight to the left edge of the stage, still remaining within view, the over-head lights slowly change from blue to red. Bradford paces up and down the length of the spotlight, discarding the newspaper on the table. From the right a spirited young fellow in grey with a red vest saunters into the circle of light. By this time the over-head lights are on full red. His eyes come to rest on Bradford, who has just completed a turn; Bradford spies the young scamp.

SCENE TWO:

Bradford: Ah-ha! I have been expecting a visit from you—but not quite this quickly, since your matter of business is not exactly pressing at the moment. (Resumes pacing)

Julian: (brightly) True. But you left your back door open—so it was convenient for me to pay you a visit now. (He saunters over to the table and picks up the cast-off newspaper.) Ah—what has this delightful little scandal-sheet to say this time?

Bradford: As if you don't already know!

Julian: (looking up with raised eyebrows) Ah—but how *could* I know? You recall, surely, that I have been absent for quite some time now—business, you know.

Bradford: (nodding his head knowingly) Perhaps you have been gone as far as *I* know, but you have been around, nevertheless.

Julian: (in mock surprise) Really! Your knowledge about me amazes me more and more day by day!

Bradford: (ceases pacing the floor at a point facing Julian) Is that so strange?

Julian: (cocking his head to one side) We *have* become rather—hmm—*intimate*, have we not? And, I might add, I have enjoyed our relationship to the fullest. It has been quite—*profitable*.

Bradford: (solemnly) Indeed.

Julian: (glancing at the newspaper and laughing slightly) Now, isn't this amusing? Some poor devil—excuse the expression—has been accused of "acquiring illegally"—oh, my,—\$100,000.00! *Isn't* that choice? He will pay dearly for it, I am certain—his life, perhaps—

Bradford: (impatiently) I have *read* the paper already, thank you!!

Julian: What a pity! It is the type of article you would have liked too!

Bradford: (glaring at Julian) I said I *have* read it!

Julian: Really? How delightful! Now we can discuss the details over tea.

Bradford: (becoming more and more irritated) I already *know* the details!

Julian: (in mock surprise) Of course, I had forgotten. Leave old skeletons dead and buried and corpses locked in the closet—is that it? As you wish, then, as you wish. (He again inspects the paper, smirking and chuckling gleefully.) Do you mind too terribly, my good fellow, if I take this paper with me? I find the air getting a little disagreeable and I haven't read all of the goodies yet. I must check on inaccuracies, you know.

Bradford: (sullenly) I have no use for it.

Julian: That's right! You *know* the details, don't you? Yes, I forgot. You know the details—every one—(as he exits)—every last one.

Julian moves out of the spotlight to the right-back corner of the stage as the lights slowly shift from red back to blue. Bradford pours himself a glass of water from the pitcher and reclines as best he can in the wooden chair.

SCENE THREE:

Enter Solomon from the left. True to form, he remains silent, simply gazing at Bradford until he looks up and sees him.

Bradford: (wearily) Oh! I *thought* I heard someone enter. (sighs) I suppose you have come to preach to me about the company I keep.

Solomon: It is for your own good.

Bradford: It is too late.

Solomon: It is never too late.

Bradford: (somewhat bitterly) *This* time it is.

Solomon: You can always attempt to undo what has been done.

Bradford: (thinking for a moment and gently sloshing the remaining water around in his glass) Knots are hard to untie.

Solomon: Not that difficult.

Bradford: But this knot has been in my thread for a long time. If I try to untie it now, it will surely break.

Solomon: Only if you let it.

Bradford: (shrugging his shoulders) What can *I* do?

Solomon: (peering at him with penetrating eyes) You *know* what *must* be done.

Bradford: (leaning forward in his chair) I do? (He contemplates a moment and then recognizes what Solomon means.) Now, wait a minute! I can't do it—not now—I have too much to lose!

Solomon: Gerhardt has his *life* to lose.

Bradford: (quickly coming to his own defense) But he has no family—

Solomon: You know what is right.

Bradford: (realizing his guilt, but still pursuing the defensive) I'll do something instead—sometime later—

Solomon: Are you bargaining?

Bradford: Why can't my sin be overlooked—just this once?

Solomon: (taking a step forward) Sin is sin.

Bradford: But the humiliation, the shame! It is too much!

Solomon: (deliberately) You must pay.

Bradford: There is no *other* way?

Solomon: None.

Bradford: (gripping the chair) There *must* be!

Solomon: There is none.

Bradford: (rising to his feet) I will *find* one! I will *make* one!!

Solomon: (projecting his chin forward) There *is* none!

Bradford: I *must* find one.

Solomon: (shaking his head solemnly) It is useless.

Bradford: (pounding his fist on the table) No, No! I *will* find a way. I made a mistake—a mistake, I tell you! A mistake must be forgiven!

Solomon: (nodding his head) Forgiven—and punished.

Bradford: (running his fingers through his hair and shaking his head as Solomon leaves) No, no! Not *me*!! Get out. You can't

convince me. I'll find a way out—there is a way out—and I will find it. I will. I will!

SCENE FOUR:

The over-head lights turn to red and Julian enters and lays a comforting hand on Bradford's shoulder as the wretched man sinks to a chair.

Julian: Cheer up, my good fellow. You still have a friend. A friend indeed is a friend in need. You are in need, and I—well, I will help you.

Bradford: (raising his head in no great anticipation) Help?

Julian: Yes, help. Is that so strange? I have great plans for you, my boy. Can I let you down now? Is it not true that you have been lured into doubting? He means you no harm; he just doesn't understand you. You are not really *bad*. You are just *weak* sometimes. *Everybody* is weak sometimes. Can you help it that the accountant made a mistake in the books? It *would* have been *such* a bother to wade through all of those months and years of incorrect figures, just to change one little number from a "1" to a "2." How much *easier* to juggle the money instead of the figures—and *who* would know?? Any way, you have been underpaid all of those twenty-nine years— isn't that so?

Bradford: I have worked overtime—

Julian: (triumphantly) —And didn't get paid a red cent! Not a red cent!! Outrageous! You can't be expected to work overtime without being paid overtime wages. Doesn't your boss know that?? You have a wife and family to support. How could you possibly do that on your measly check? (He strolls to the table.)

Bradford: But—but—

Julian: (turning and raising a finger) Ah, yes, I can see what is bothering you. The "principle of the thing," I believe it is called. You wonder whether it is morally wrong. But is it? Yes, perhaps that is what *society* would say—but society thinks that *Gerhardt* took the money. You took the money in the first place with not so much as a grimace, and you wouldn't even have considered the moral implications if your action had gone *unnoticed*. But now that the theft has been discovered, you are ready to throw away your house, friends, and honor, so that *Gerhardt* doesn't get punished for something he didn't do. It is not *natural*! Talk sensibly!! *He* is young. What is twenty years out of *his* life? Nothing. But what is twenty

years out of *your* life?? You would *die* within twenty years! That would mean that you would never see Katharine and the kids again. Could you bear that? (Julian again walks over to Bradford.) It is easy to *talk* nobly! How could you support them while you were in prison? Or, what if the sentence were *death*? Can't you see which is the most important?? Of course! It will all pass in a few weeks. It will all pass. (He gives Bradford a pat on the shoulder.) Your conscience won't even bother you after a while—won't even bother you—won't even bother you. Remember that—and remember that I am your *friend*. I want to *help* you. I will help you—*always*.

Julian exits and the over-head lights begin to fade.

Bradford: (his face buried despairingly in his hands) *What* am I to do? *What can* I do? *What should* I do?? *What will* I do??

The over-head lights disappear, and blue and red slides alternate over the spotlight while Bradford moves at random around the room. Finally, the last red slide is removed and the spotlight is again white. The blue overhead lights reappear. Solomon enters. The blue lights are very intense now.

SCENE FIVE:

Bradford: Must you return? Can't I be left alone?

Solomon: You can never be left alone.

Bradford: (spreading his hands in a plea) But I did what was *best* for the *most* people.

Solomon: Mostly yourself.

Bradford: No! For the most *other* people. What would my family have done without me? They would all have died of starvation.

Solomon: They have relatives.

Bradford: (leaning forward) But so has Gerhardt's family.

Solomon: (leaning forward, also) *He was not guilty!*

Bradford: I *know* I am the one who is guilty—but how was I to know that they would call for the death penalty? I thought I did the best thing.

Solomon: (deliberately) *You did nothing.*

Bradford: (again spreading his hands) I had no choice.

Solomon: A choice *always* exists.

Bradford: Then, I made the *best* choice.

Solomon: (distinctly) You made the *wrong* choice.

Bradford: (shaking his head) I—

Solomon: (pointing a finger at Bradford) You *knew* the right choice, yet you disobeyed.

While Solomon has been speaking, a third figure has appeared at the edge of the spotlight. He is a deformed and crippled man who stands silently listening.

Bradford: (continuing to shake his head) I didn't mean—(He notices and recognizes the newcomer, quickly seizing the opportunity to escape the conversation.) Justice! My good, old friend. (He quickly rises from his chair and extends a hand to Justice who ignores it.)

Solomon: You have indeed committed a great sin against the law. Knots *have* been tied which it has become too late to untie without permanently deforming and kinking the string—even as you have deformed *him*. (He nods, indicating Justice.)

Bradford: (shocked) I? Deformed *him*?? But he is my friend—

Solomon: (turning to Justice) Let him answer for himself.

Justice: I cannot be a cripple through *physical* deformity.

Bradford: (wrinkling his brow in a frown) You mean?

Solomon: Justice becomes crippled if not fulfilled.

Bradford: What? My actions have crippled you?

Justice: You have disobeyed the law and prevented justice by the law.

Bradford: But—(He gazes bewilderedly first at Justice and then at Solomon.)

Solomon: The scars of injustice will always remain on you to remind you of your sin. Justice will continually pursue and haunt until the offender has been punished. Only then will Justice be undeformed.

Bradford: (shaking his head) No! This cannot be true!!

Solomon: (slowly emphasizing each word) There is no way out now.

Bradford: It will pass.

Solomon: Justice is eternal.

Bradford: (turning to Justice in despair) You are my *friend*.

Justice: The law has been broken.

Bradford: The law can be wrong—

Solomon: Not the law of the *mind*.

Bradford: (Falling to his knees) Have *mercy*!!

Justice: Justice knows no mercy to the merciless.

Bradford: But you are my friend, Justice—

Solomon: Law-breakers cannot be the friends of Justice.

Bradford: My friend? Justice? — Solomon? — Julian! Julian, help me! You promised you would help me—always. Julian! Julian!! (Justice and Solomon leave the spotlight amid the cries of helplessness.) Justice?? I am your friend! I am your

friend! Justice? Don't leave me, Justice. Justice—Justice. (Bradford bows his head and murmurs a last "Justice" in complete resignation. The lights fade. The curtain falls.)

A European's Opinion of American Schools

Bodil Strom

"They don't really learn anything. Instead of translating German or solving mathematical problems, they just take driver's training, typing and other 'frill' subjects. I don't call that going to school; I call it playing around!"

This is many Europeans' opinion of American education, and it is supported by articles in newspapers and magazines. One of the reasons why I wanted to spend a year in this country was to find out myself whether or not this is true.

In Europe the majority of the children leave school when they are fourteen or fifteen; I think this is very wrong, but still I can understand why they do not want to go to school any more. They are not interested, because their curriculum is not adequate. The pupils do not have any electives; they have to take mostly academic subjects—or leave school. Very often their parents cannot see any reason why they should continue. Instead of convincing them of the need for further education, they urge the children to begin supporting themselves. In this respect the American school system has an obvious advantage; parents are eager for their children to receive an advanced education. In the comprehensive high schools the counselors can help the youngsters to choose a program in which they are interested. Furthermore, the students have many opportunities of participating in extracurricular activities.

But what about the academically talented students? Is it true that they waste their time in high school because they are not challenged? To some extent I think it is true; quite a few college students have told me that they did not have enough work to do when they went to high school. The main reason why they did not have

enough challenge was probably that their high school was too small and did not have enough superior students to offer an advanced program. In the large high schools where it is possible to have ability grouping in the most important subjects, the intelligent students have much better opportunities. If all high schools had a graduating class of at least one hundred, many problems would be solved. The bright students would be able to elect an academic curriculum that would give them plenty of work, and the average pupils could have a less demanding program.

It is true that very intelligent European children receive an excellent education. They are separated from the rest of the students and take courses that require much work: several languages, advanced mathematics, science, etc. When they finish school, they have learned much more than American high school graduates. But what about the majority of the European children that left school early? Has society forgotten them completely? Even though they do have possibilities of going to vocational schools and evening schools, it seems that they are given less than their share.

In my opinion, most American children receive a good education. The academically talented European youngsters learn more while they go to school, but after all they are the minority. I think a student with average or below-average ability is better off with the American system; here he can develop his personality without feeling inferior because he is not among the elect.

THE HOUND

Dick Carr

The birds stop singing . . .
The hound of heaven is free
To hunt the black soul.

UNTER DEN LINDEN

Holger Madsen

We bedded down some Linden trees in the shadow of Old Main.
The Germans and we Danish lads were now at peace again.
Our thoughts flew back to Schleswig, and Copenhagen too,
To Hitler's own goose-stepping youth and all their bloody crew.

Our thoughts went back still farther to a Tree upon a Hill,
And of the Man who sighed there, "My Lord God, as Thou will."
Just then we saw those Linden trees that were all set to live,
And blushing we bowed our heads and said, "Forgive as we
forgive."

CONFLICT

Stanley L. Cupp

Should one succeed in capturing Fate,
Might the secrets of Love be unveiled?
Could twins of the future separate,
Or in the womb have their bond curtailed?
Emotion is blind and insecure,
Till it has evolved to ripeness.
The chance that a union shall endure
Is superseded by doubtfulness.
So hearts overcome by affection
Are influenced from an unknown source,
And minds are seized by an infection
That breeds cause for predestined divorce.

Thus Love, ever changing, seldom survives
While Fate is free to govern men's lives.

FOREST FIRE

Gary Nielsen

Floating, flying, whispering on the breeze,
What are the old trees saying, father?
What is it everyone sees?
Oh, how I wish I were taller.

They tell of something you have never seen, my son,
They whisper of a great forest fire.
It burns many times the heat of the sun,
And it is now nearing our lair.

Oh, what shall we do, my father,
Or is it already too late?
There is nothing to do, my son,
Nothing but await our fate.

It is so hot, my father,
The heat is searing my wood.
It will get worse, my son,
Although you don't think it could.

The flames are at my base, father,
Leaping, curling, eating at my base.
It won't be long, son,
Then on they will race.

Oh, help me, father,
I am in such pain!
Do not cry out, my son,
It all is in vain.

Are they gone, father,
Will they return again?
They are gone, son,
But someday they will return again.

Will I always be so ugly, father,
Will I always be so scarred?
Yes, you will always be ugly, son,
But do not take that too hard,

Because of careless humans,
There are many trees like you,
But, perhaps, in many, many years,
Our home will start anew.



LANDSCAPE

Lois Henningsen

THY WORD IS A LAMP

Elliott Nielsen

Andante cantabile (♩=40)

Thy word is a lamp to my feet and a

light to my path. I have sworn an oath and con- firmed it to ob-

serve thy righteous statutes.

Espress.

I am thy ser- vant, give me un- der - stand - ing.

ad lib. rit.

For it is time for the Lord to act. For thy law has been broken.

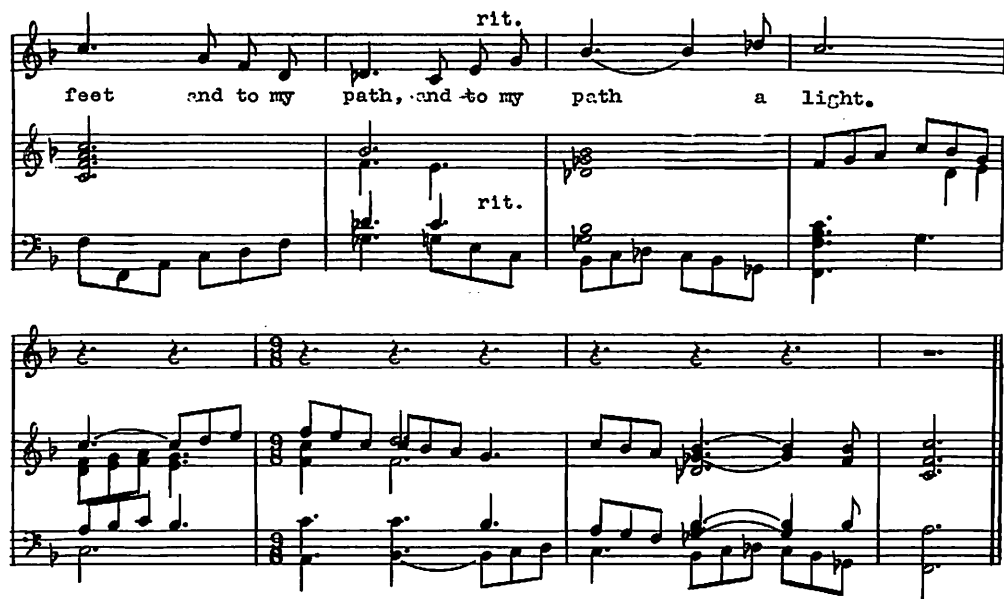
Keep steady my steps ac - cord-ing to thy pro - mise. Re-

deem me from man's op-press-ion, that I may keep thy precepts. Make thy

face shine u-pon thy servant and teach me thy sta - tutes.

A tempo

Espres. Thy word is a lamp to my



LIFE FOR CHRIST

Ellen Kloster

People are born to live their life, then die.
 I cannot comprehend my being here,
 And through my life, I'm always asking "Why,
 Why am I here?" And now should I have fear?
 Should I fear life and what it has for me,
 Or should I take this life just as it is
 And live in hope, and love, and trust? I see!
 Christ's arms reach out, but I must reach for His.
 My time on earth will end, and even now,
 I know not what the day or hour may be.
 So to our God in Heaven I shall bow
 That when He comes He'll hear my prayer, "Take me."
 So long as men go forth with Christ their goal,
 Their life's not wasted—rather lived in whole.

THE TIME OF YOUR LIFE

Tom Lange

Time, the yardstick of life, limits every organic being to a definite cycle of activity. From the very beginning to the utter end, all life struggles, consciously or unconsciously, against the irresistible force, time. I offer all history as proof that anything bestowed with the blessing of existence, also must accept the curse of death. Take no offence, nor think life's Creator an "Indian Giver"; but rejoice in his righteous fairness beyond compare, because without exception each experiences an equal fate. I quote a thought from the Book of Comfort, "And which of you by being anxious can add one cubit to his span of life?" (Matthew 6:27)

The one secret no one wishes to know about life adds the element of chance, making an exciting, adventurous game of "eat, drink, and be merry." The horrifying knowledge of the end could force many decisions left for tomorrow into the agenda for today. Each sane human mind, sheltered from this secret belonging to time, makes life's decisions for itself, using a free will and the help of a "still small voice." However, because a decision requires a choice between two conflicting desires, free will ceases to exist if the "still small voice" fails to penetrate the mind. Moreover, an effective resistance against the conscience tends to deaden the reality that each carelessly spent second, even each charitable moment, subtracts a little more from the minuend of allotted time.

Occasionally, however, time allows life to linger on instead of cutting it short. But these instances generally plague the recipient with an unbearable suffering, causing him to pray for the termination of his physical anguish, if not his life. Perhaps, allowing the substitution of one word, I could again quote the Book of Life: "And which of you by being anxious can *subtract* one cubit from his span of life?" Of course, if one's strength of will permits him to destroy the life given to him, time finds itself cheated, yielding to the victor the best-kept secret in life. But perhaps fate merely let the pitiable wretch think he cheated time.

Despite whoever terminates life or whatever length in time it exists, death will result. Would you choose life, knowing death inevitably follows?

WHY

Sidney Ann Larson

Why must life be so cruel—
Life so uncertain,
Love so blind,
The past forgotten?

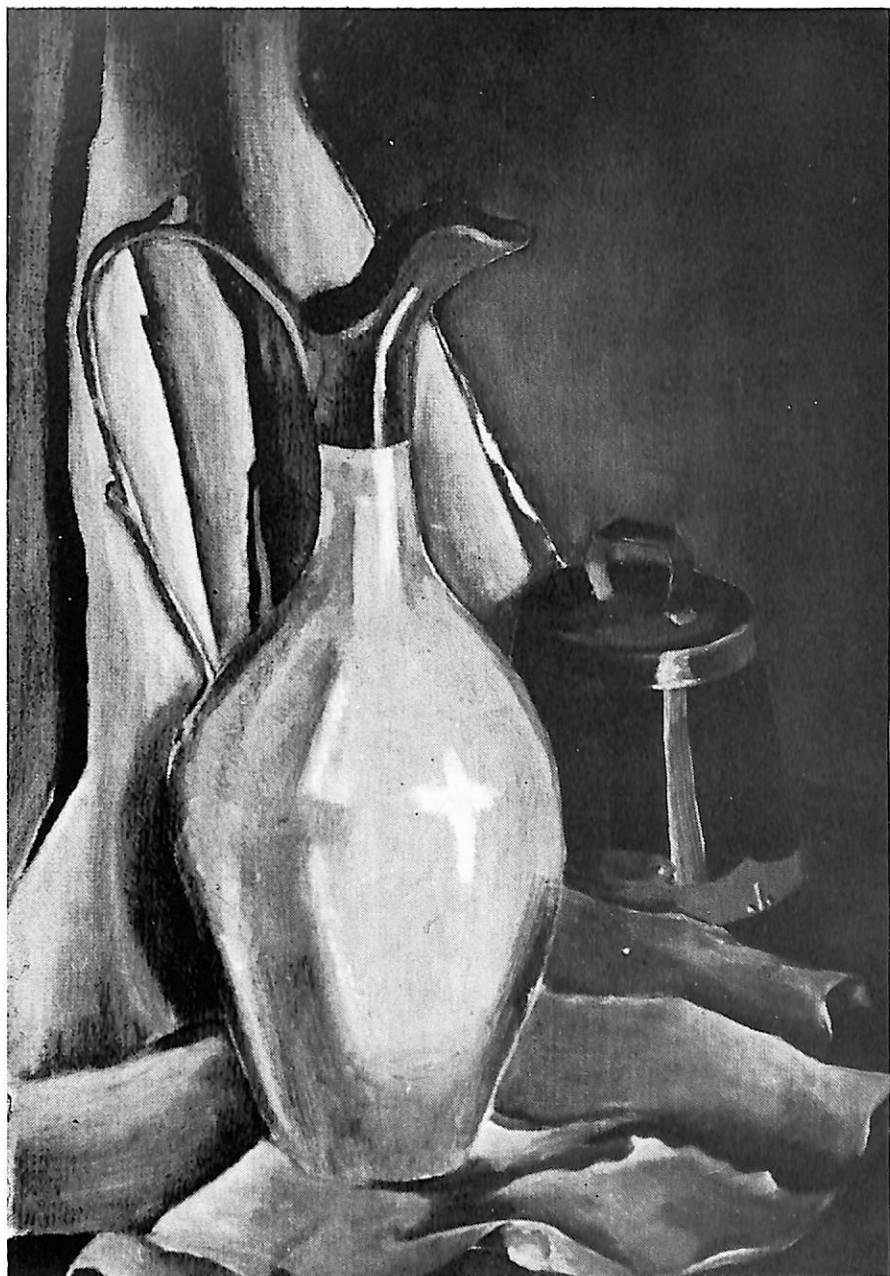
Why can't hurt be shed aside
And leave the heart from sharing its sorrows?

Why can't past memories, past dreams . . . past loves
Be cast aside instead of lingering—
Haunting one's mind—one's heart?
Haunting, yes, haunting, forever suspicious of the future,
All because of pain in the past.

Why, oh, why, must the present be lived by the past?
Why must life be led by that which was lived
Forever mistrusting all hopes, all dreams of the future?

Yes, why? How can the past be so cruel
As to sting all happiness of the future,
Yes, even the present?
And loved ones, trying to help cannot be seen,
Clouded only by the thoughts of doubt.

Why must I sit here only to see the agony of the past
Blocking all happiness stored?
Yet that's all I can do—
Wait
... And pray.



STILL LIFE

Lois Henningsen

THE MILKBOY

by Clara Viebig

Translated from the German

by David Sinclair

The courtyard was narrow and gloomy. The thick grey smoke wafting from the numerous chimneys obliterated any stray ray of sunlight that might have been trying to penetrate the sordidness. The cobblestones, never feeling the warmth of the sun, were moist underfoot and all around you could feel the sticky dampness of the slums. Inside the cellar dwellings it is always half night and as you enter you must grope around for the steps with nostrils flaring at the moldy dampness. As you turn your eyes to the right you are confronted by the faintly made out sign:

STIBIKE, MASTER SHOEMAKER

It was late afternoon and the street was deserted. However, all the windows on both sides of the street were open and from them came the domestic, noisy chatter of children, mixed with the smells of turnips, garlic sausage, and onion bread.

The shrill of a woman's voice could be heard singing a street song of summer love and happiness. Her voice rose to a high pitched shriek and was joined by a chorus of squalling children. An unknown man's voice entered the affray and shouted, "Shut those screaming brats up!" Another coarse voice shouted across the street, a window slammed, and finally even the singing ceased, leaving the silence hanging like an overcast haze.

Outside on the street it should be summer with full green leaves rustling in the faint breeze. But here not even the slightest hint of verdant could be found, only a sweltering staleness, the kind that clings garments to the body and fills the air with the stench of sweat.

A window opened and the silence was shattered with the dull clatter of an object being thrown to the courtyard below. The bone seemed to wink with a tantalizing gleam in the dim light.

The hound's eyes, which glittered as they peered out from the dark corner of the rotting doghouse, grew larger and larger with the greed of longing. Noiselessly, the simple animal came out of the house and ceremoniously stretched his meager body. With

drooping tongue hanging to one side and saliva dripping to the ground, he bounded towards the morsel of his desire only to have the too short chain bite into his neck and throw him back on his haunches. With a lamenting whine the dog gave up his exertion.

He now lay in front of the hut with his shaggy head on his front paws, his eyes squinting, giving the semblance of half sleep. A fly buzzed furiously around his shaggy hide, finally lighting beyond the reach of his swatting tail. Immediately his eyes began to fill helplessly with tears and he rose to his haunches to gnaw at the troublesome spot.

The bone, the bone! He lay there in the middle of the pavement, ribs pounding against his hide. Again the pesky fly began buzzing him and a sad helpless light glowed in the dog's eyes. A few minutes passed; he rose slowly to his feet and clumsily climbed up on the snout of the old broken drinking dish — empty.

With tongue hanging, the animal began sniffing right and left, then laid down and appeared to be asleep.

There, listen! The gate door rattled and creeping steps were heard on the pavement.

With a gentle whine the dog sprang up and immediately felt two arms embrace his neck as the form of a child squatted down near him on the floor and talked soothingly to the animal as he scratched his ears.

This tender greeting prompted the dog to make a clumsy jump, push his thick head against the narrow breast of the boy and begin licking his hands and face. A tired smile formed on the boy's lips. "Pluto, my dog, no water?"

The youth raised himself from his knees and filled the half broken earthen bowl at the spring; then when he guessed the dog had thanked him properly, he gave him the bone and watched gravely as the strong teeth of the animal mashed it.

With a sad smile he showed his empty hand: "No more, Pluto. I have no more for you, but trust me and have patience, for when I do have money I will fetch you the thick liver sausage that hangs in the butcher's window. You will then be able to have your pick and these ribs will be lost in fat."

Hans Stibike had spoken well—where would he ever get money enough to pay the cost of such a liver sausage? For the present he had nothing other for his friend than half of his bread with lard each morning and evening and occasionally a couple of gnawed on bones. However, these were given with all of the love and affection which his young heart possessed.

Hans was a milkboy in the great dairy outside of the city in the north. Oftentimes the moon still hung pale in the sky when he left the courtyard, pressing his scrawny form through the empty streets. In the winter he was icy cold in spite of his thick mittens and earmuffs and in the summer he settled at home in the musty midday heat, faint as a fly. He was small for his twelve years and his back already showed the crook of lifting heavy milk cans. Unlike most boys of his age his tired blue eyes never sparkled with the pleasures and joys of youth and his complexion was that of pale wax, like the clothing dummies seen in some of the larger store windows. The lock of hair that fell over his low forehead did little to hide the strongly engraved folds that were already showing.

He gave the dog a farewell pat and with slanting steps, he shuffled over the pointed stones of the cellar. In the passage of the side aisle he stood quiet for a moment, pulled his cap from his tangled ash blonde hair and threw a dull indifferent glance at the patch of blue sky overhead. On earth it was all so indifferent; it made no difference whether the sun shone or it rained.

Finally he crept down the cellar steps. There was the door that held the sign:

STIBIKE, MASTER SHOEMAKER

Inside the one room they called home, everything was in an uproar with dirty children brawling and yelling. A shadow of fear passed over the boy's face. His father was home.

Hans stood hesitating, gathering courage before cautiously forcing the latch down.

"Well, you've finally come home, uh? It's about time! Have you been dallying with that hound again? Here, take the bottle and fetch me some carroway brandy. Don't stop on the way back! Money, what money? Don't make any of your faces at me, you stupid brat! Sing them a song for money! Uh! Quickly, quickly!"

"Father, I can't get it without money. Yesterday he almost threw the bottle at my head when I asked him to put it to your account. I don't dare go," said the boy wretchedly.

"Pack of swine!" The huge man plopped himself on the sofa, dangled his legs on the arms and opened his shirt front to display a mass of knotted black hair. After a few moments he raised himself enough to peer over the back of the sofa, pursed his lips and spit on the floor. "Pack of swine! How dare they refuse an honest man brandy just because—damn you—what are you standing there looking at me for? Get out of here and don't come back without it!!"

Hans was scared! It was the type of fear that starts in your flipping stomach and moves up gripping your throat in a steel-like vise, leaving your throat as dry as dust, on its way to force the brain to pound against its ribbed case.

It was true. Hans Stibike was a thief. He did not deny it when he stood before the driver of the milk wagon and submitted to a box on the ears. He did not deny it now as he stood before the inspector with downcast eyes, yielding to a search of his clothing.

"What have you done with the five pennies?" No answer.

"Boy, why did you take, the money? Are you hungry?" Again no answer. "Stibike, answer me! What have you done with the money?" Hans felt the powerful fingers of the superior digging into his shoulders as he began shaking him violently. "Don't you know that stealing is a sin, and you have stolen?" The inspector shoved his glasses up onto his bald head and looked sharply at Hans from under dark bushy eyebrows. "What would your father say if I should fire you? We are not able to employ thieves here. What do you say to that?"

A shiver convulsed the spare frame of the boy as he raised his hand imploringly and asked for a second chance. "Do not fire me, sir! He will beat me to death-he-he-I will never do it again, sir—do not fire me," sobbed the boy.

After a few moments the inspector spoke again.

"Why did you take the money, Hans?"

Hans stood with quaking knees, but said nothing.

"A rude boy," said the inspector to one of those standing nearby. He shrugged his shoulders and dismissed Hans after telling him to ask his father to report to the office that afternoon.

The boy slunk through the shadowed streets like one who fears a follower. The sun glistened hot, but Hans noticed nothing except the chills that were playing tag up and down his spine. The nearer he came to his home the slower his steps became and the more frequent his stops before shop windows. Finally he reached the slaughter house and leaned his forehead against the cold polished brass of the window's border.

Here, here it was done yesterday! —

The fat liver-wurst still hung there, gently swaying as it had this morning when he had peered in as he passed by. Although this could never be for him, it made the water run in his mouth as he tasted it in his mind. He thought this should be for Pluto, who was bothered with flies and vermin, who lay in his filthy courtyard corner with tongue hanging out—tired and hungry. No one ever fed

him properly. His master, the rag picker Lehman, whose cart Pluto pulled all day long, was too much of a miser to see that even himself was fed.

There was Herr Lehman now, coming slowly down the street with his cart piled high with great filled bags of rags. As Hans watched their tedious progress, he saw the dog stop for a moment before starting up the incline. He heard the voice of Lehman screaming, "Get going, you filthy toad," as he gave the poor animal a harsh prod with the toe of his foot.

Pluto backed away and appeared to gather all of his strength together. The cart rolled a few steps and then came to a stop. The dog heaving with exhaustion finally fell in a heap at his master's feet.

Cursing and foaming with rage, the man raised his boot heel and brought it down heavily on the exhausted animal's head, opening an oozing gash. He then began to kick him right and left, screaming at him to get up and move. Pluto only lay there, offering no resistance other than filling the air with passive gentle whines.

Hans moved quickly with the first kick and sprang between the enraged man and the dog, encircling the man's legs with his scrawny arms.

"For God's sake, don't kick him anymore, Mr. Lehman, you'll kill him!"

The ragpicker then began beating the head at his knees until he saw the dog had finally risen. With a final kick he sent the boy sprawling and followed the tottering cart.

With burning eyes and a stabbing pain in his breast, the boy stared after them until both were lost from sight. He trudged back to the butcher's window and again fixed his gaze on the sausage dancing tantalizingly before his eyes. If only Pluto could have the sausage.

Today Hans Stibike had become a thief. He had been an object of scorn to the other boys who had shouted, "Thief, thief," and then mocked him for getting caught. Worst of all, the inspector would tell his father. However, a light gleamed in the boy's eyes and his face beamed with satisfaction. He looked around shyly, then put his hand in his mouth and removed the five pennies from under his tongue. He quickly pressed them into his palm and scurried into the store. When he came out a few minutes later he rushed away with a package tightly gripped in his hands.

Hans was now in the courtyard and although it was almost noon the narrowness and shadows made it as gloomy as ever. He

appeared to have completely recovered, for his pale face glowed with excitement and his heart knocked. However, this immediate feeling of happiness was overshadowed with thoughts of his father and the insults, threats, and beating he would soon endure. He suppressed these thoughts and with a smile threw himself on his knees and pressed the shaggy head of his friend against his violently throbbing breast.

"Pluto, my friend. I have something for you." Tears welled in his eyes and hate in his breast as he felt the bump on the dog's head and ran his finger lightly along the red stripes on his blood matted fur. "Did he beat you, Pluto? You can forget that now, for look what I have brought you."

The dog sniffed and his eyes sparkled as he opened and shut his jaws in eager anticipation. Hans pushed one piece of sausage after another into his mouth and always after smelling, the animal demanded more.

"It's all gone, Pluto," Hans explained extending his empty hands. "I could only get half of the sausage for five pennies and now you have it inside you. Was it good?" He will beat me now, thought Hans, watching the dog turn in circles before finally lying down to rest.

And Hans was beaten when his father came home from the inspector's office—cruelly and unmercifully. He lashed him to the ground and beat him until he was too tired to continue. He stood above the crumpled form of his son, rolled him over with his toe and demanded, "What have you done with the money? Where are the five pennies? Tell me, boy, or I'll beat you to death."

"Stibike!" The mother approached from the fireplace in the corner, a child at her breast, and another, hardly a year older and naked from the waist up, trailing along behind.

"Stibike, for God's sake, Stibike," screamed the mother as she held the strong arms of the enraged father. "What will we do if you cripple him? Stibike, for God's sake," she howled and was soon joined by the frightened cries of the small children.

"Quiet—shut your mouth," bellowed the drunken man. "My honest name is gone. I have done what you wanted and accepted the brat when I married you and look at the thanks I get. You damn hussy. Who is his father!? I will beat him to death too for giving me his troubles!"

"Stibike, — quiet!"

A blow, a scream and the woman flew to the side. With her apron before her face she retreated to a corner and covered her ears trying to shut out the whimpers of her son.

Finally the father's rage diminished and he plopped exhausted on the sofa. "My honest name—such a scoundrel—and so stupid. Had nothing to say. However, the inspector sized me up immediately. Stibike, he said, I see that you are an orderly man, he said. For your sake, he said, I will give the boy one more chance, but the money will have to be paid back. You stupid son of a whore! If you allow yourself to be caught once more I'll beat you to jelly. What will happen to me - me, - God loving Stibike!? My - my entire life has been honest and decent. What can one say? I toil and trouble myself and for what? So stupid a boy - through and through an honest man."

This last speech trailed off into incoherency, for he had taken some refreshment on the way to see the inspector and drowned his sorrows on his return. He soon slept.

* * *

"What have you done with the ten pennies, Hans? Are you such a dummkopf to think you can get away with stealing two days in a row?"

"Can't you believe me, Herr Schultz? God, oh God, I haven't taken the money!"

They stood near the milk wagon on the street, a cold fall wind swept the many colored leaves before their feet.

Like the faded leaves the boy too shivered and trembled. "I do not have them, — oh dear, Mr. Schultz, do not turn me in. I don't have them—!" Senselessly, he repeated the same words.

"I've never yet heard a thief profess his guilt," said the driver sluggishly. He grabbed Hans by the collar and pushed him on ahead.

Where had the ten pennies gone? Perhaps they rolled to the ground waiting for another lad to come along and shout for joy over his good fortune. Perhaps they had never even been given to Hans or maybe Fritz now had extra beer money. Who would believe a boy who had stolen the day before.

"You're discharged, Hans. I'll inform your father that he is to make up the difference in your pay."

Staggering, as if in a drunken stupor, Hans passed through unknown streets. They didn't believe him, they didn't believe him! Why not? Senselessly, the boy mulled the question over and over in his mind. He trembled at the thought of yesterday's beating and the inevitable one today flashed through his muddled brain. He already heard the abuse of his father and the wails of his mother. Cold sweat broke out on his forehead and rippled down his temples. He felt giddy and closed his eyes. "Where to —

where to!?" Should he hide in the Grunewald Forest between the pines and shrubs? They would find him! Should he run away to the rolling green fields outside the city? They would find him!

Deadly pale, with desolate eyes, he turned and trudged slowly towards home.

"Are you ill, Hans," asked his mother, knowing he was home early. She ran her hands roughly through his hair and repeated the question.

He did not answer but bolted past her and dove onto the small bed that he shared with his younger brother and sister. He lay there motionless, bathed in sweat, his hand for a companion convulsed under the covers. He couldn't pray that he would not live, but there was nothing else to pray for.

In the evening the father came home very drunk. "Where is the boy," he stammered.

Hans shivered. He pulled the covers over his head and hardly breathed.

"He is sick," said the mother.

"Yeh? Morning - morning, the damn lout!" He threw himself across the bed and was soon snoring.

Hans was not able to sleep. With wide open burning eyes he stared into the darkness. He felt a consuming desire to search for a haven of security for his tired body. He wished to cuddle up to someone that loved him, where it would be warm and friendly.

Pluto! The boy suddenly smiled. Yes, that was it! He would go to his friend Pluto. His thoughts were confused. All kinds of pictures came and went, but always Pluto persisted. Then he slept. His thin hands clutched the covers, his mouth half open.

It was very cold and grey when he awoke. The chilly moon hung pale, surrounded by all her twinkling offspring. He stood up quietly, washed and crossed the room noiselessly.

In his blue frock, the green cap stuck carelessly on his head, he crept to the bed of his parents. He peered down at his mother for a few minutes, then slipped out the door.

Herr Stibike's droning snore filled the air — replaced by a horrifying shrill scream coming from the courtyard.

"Stibike! - Mrs. Stibike! - Sti-bi-ke!"

"What is it? What's the matter?" Drunk with sleep the woman sprang up. She put on a coat and patted barefooted over to the window. Again the cry rang out.

"What is the matter?" The woman began to shiver. The cry was so dreadful. She shouted to her husband, but he merely groaned, rolled over and continued to snore.

Outside the shouts became a mixture of babbling voices joined by the howling of a hound, — hollow and horrifyingly continuous.

As she climbed up the cellar steps a general outcry greeted her. She could faintly make out the dim figures of her neighbors pressing around the dog house in the corner.

“What’s the matter? Hans?!”

One of the group yielded and the mother pressed through the throng. A horrifying shriek echoed from the courtyard walls, answered by the howl of a dog.

A rusty clamminess filled the air surrounding the wall. All eyes were riveted upon the limpid form of a young boy dangling from the end of a black leather belt. The morning breeze turned him gently to and fro playing with the hatless, blonde strands of hair. His mouth hung open, — his eyes were shut.

The crackling of a sheet of paper diverted the attention of the onlookers. It had been written in the large sprawling script of a child.

“I have not stolen the money. Be good to Pluto.”

Hans Stibike, Milkboy

INNOCENT LESSON

Robert Hansen

Sweet child soft, alone, so innocent,
Bathe me in the surety of incense newly lit,
That while, though unseen, adds
Pleasure to that which is and ever shall be.

Sweet child, soft, alone, so innocent,
Teach me truth of things magnificent,
So that my obedience
May to God, to men, a worthy pennance be.

PAT

Richard Jorgensen

"...the long drought has continued now for over a month, and Nevada is in the throes of one of the worst heat waves in history. Especially hard hit has been the desert area in the western part of the state. As of one o'clock this afternoon, the temperature in Butte City, in the heart of the desert, was 115 degrees and still rising. I caution all motorists in this area against..." Grant Stone nonchalantly flicked off the warm knob of the radio and jammed his foot even farther down on the accelerator, urging the speedometer of the sleek blue Cadillac past the ninety mark. At the sound of a slight stir next to him he momentarily shifted his burning eyes from the bumpy road to the petite blond beside him. He smiled to himself as he surveyed the long, tawny lashes drawn down over what he knew to be the most exquisite blue eyes in the world. As he perused every magnificent feature of her radiant countenance, he could not help noticing the creaminess of her unblemished skin, accented by the red-rose bridal corsage, which (though badly wilted) was still pinned faithfully to the rumpled lapel of her white cotton blouse.

Yes, it was hard for Grant to believe that this lovely creature was actually his wife now and that they were on their way to San Francisco to spend their honeymoon. "Pat, you're the most beautiful—," but before he could finish his whispered praise the powerful Eldorado bounced through two huge chuckholes in the old road, unsettling both passengers and kicking several pieces of rock up against the floorboard. "This stupid cow path and the infernal heat are enough to drive a person mad," Grant growled resentfully through clenched teeth.

"What was that, honey?" At the sound of the sleepy female purr Grant directed his gaze toward his companion. "What did you say?"

"Oh, nothing. It's just that this revolting heat is getting on my nerves. The sooner we get to that air-conditioned hotel in Frisco, the better I'll like it."

A cool, delicate hand arranged itself on his humid neck and began to massage, gently. "You know, Grant, I was just thinking that I'm the luckiest girl in the whole world. I'm married to the

most intelligent, adventurous, good-natured fella alive—and the handsomest, too.”

“You know you’re right,” chuckled Grant. “But I did pretty well in the bargain, too,” he answered that exasperated look of hers, which melted his heart every time. “Yes, sir, I’m really very lucky myself. I—.” Again he was interrupted by the lurching of the mammoth Cadillac. But this time it was not a chuckhole that threw the car into contortions; something seemed to be wrong underneath. “What in devil’s name is the matter now?” He brought the mechanism to a jerky halt, opened the door, and slid from behind the steering wheel. The broiling summer air hit him like a blast from an acetylene torch, blurring his eyes and taking away his breath. His muscular arms, bare under his short-sleeved white shirt, felt as though they had been quick-fried; and his powerful neck began to simmer under the steady glare of the sun.

Once the initial shock of the intense heat had passed, Grant moved hurriedly to the front of the car and reached out to raise the hood. The pain he felt on contact with the glimmering chrome was frightful; the flesh on his right palm cried out in agony. He clumsily thrust his throbbing hand into his pocket in search of his handkerchief, which he finally found after much fumbling. After wrapping it around his injured hand, he again attempted to open the hood. The steam that rolled from the inside as he did so left no doubt that something was wrong indeed. Undoubtedly the radiator had been damaged considerably, probably by a rock kicked up when he encountered the holes in the road. Although Grant knew little about complex machinery, he was positive that the radiator was beyond repair, and he certainly could not travel with a broken radiator in such heat. “Well, Pat,” he called, “I guess this blamed radiator is finished—must have picked up a rock somewhere. There’s nothing else to do but wait for someone to drive by and give us a hand.” After looking for a shady spot and finding none, he dejectedly climbed back into the car, muttering bitterly to himself.

Several minutes passed before either of the newlyweds spoke again. Finally Grant broke the blazing silence. “This lousy heat’s getting on my nerves, and we haven’t even seen another car yet. There’s got to be a town pretty close to here; give me the map and I’ll check. Hm—just as I thought. There’s a town called Hayes only about five miles from here. I’m going for help.”

“But, honey, if you just wait a few more minutes, there is bound to be a—”

"I'm sick and tired of waiting. You stay here and try to keep cool somehow, while I see if I can find some sort of hick mechanic. And don't worry; I can handle it without any trouble."

"Well, what if something should happen, and you—"

"Would you stop worrying, sweetheart. Nothing is going to happen."

"Yes, but suppose the heat should—"

"Honey, I can take care of myself. Now you sit right there and make yourself beautiful. I'll be back in a few minutes, and then we'll get out of this blasted place." Grant kissed her tenderly, noticing that, as he did so, tears began to form in her now—melancholy eyes. Half-heartedly he stepped from the car, shuddering again at the terrific sweltering wave that suddenly engulfed him. The stifling heat seemed abruptly to melt away his fears of leaving Pat, and he set out walking briskly down the dusty road.

Grant had been walking for only about half an hour, but each step sapped a little more of his strength and made him more and more irritable. The thoughts he was mulling over in his mind started to become hazy. It seems that I've been walking for hours along this wretched dirt road. What! Only thirty minutes have passed? — Maybe I shouldn't have left Pat alone; she's probably worried to death. Why didn't I bring her along? My gosh, if anything should happen to her, I'd never forgive myself. I'd better hurry because—because—why? Oh, that's right. Pat is waiting for me at—the car. Yah, that's right—the car. — Say, that fork in the road ought to be coming up pretty soon now; then it's only another mile to—to—Chicago—uh, no—to Hayes. What made me think of Chicago? It certainly is getting warm—I wish I'd worn my hat to keep off this ghastly sun. My tongue feels so funny—all dry and cotton and too large and throbbing and— Is that the turn? Sure it is. Hurray, I've found it. I'm almost there now. Then I'll get some water and the doctor for Pat. What's the matter with Pat? She must be sick, because she kept pleading with me to—Something's not right here; where's the road? Hey, who took the road from Pat—to—to—Chicago's Cadillac? Oh, I'm so thirsty, and it's hot and I'm tired and Pat—I see it; that's the road, and there is a well and pump over there, too. I had better get a drink first, and then I'll go on after the car to the—mechanic's hotel.—Somebody's trying to drink my water! "Hey, you—you there! Get away from my water!!" I've got to stop him. Hurry, feet, hurry!

Grant suddenly began to run, slowly at first, then much faster, feetflying in all directions. He had to protect his water. Un-

expectedly, he felt himself falling, and then he was on the ground in a heap. Sharp iron pins jabbed him in the chest and stomach, bringing excruciating pain. He ached all over, but for a brief instant a strange clearness swept through his brain. He attempted to focus his blurry eyes, squinting as he looked to see if his precious water was still in danger. And then he saw the culprit, terrible beyond all description, as it turned on him. It was almost human in some weird way, perhaps walking somewhat as a man. But it was dirty and clumsy-looking, with grass all over its leather face. Sharp tusks gleamed menacingly at him from huge lips; he fought to rise, but he couldn't find the strength. The creature kept drawing closer and closer, slobbering pitifully and whimpering like so many wounded dogs. Its ragged arms were reaching for him; he felt its hot breath, smelling of rotten flesh and garbage, all over his frightened face. He was kicking and screaming now, but still the creature came on. It grabbed his tortured body with digging fingers and lifted him high into the air. The monster's bloodshot eyes glinted in the sun; Grant's frame began to convulse horribly. "Pat, Pat—help me! Please, Pat, help me, please—"

"Give him another morphine, Sue. He's beginning to thrash again."

"Yes, doctor. Where did they find him, anyway?"

"That old desert rat Harry Clay found him out by his camp. This guy came running at Harry, yelling and screaming like a madman. I guess he fell into a patch of small cactus plants; and, when Harry went over to help him up, this fellow started babbling like a baby—something about someone named Pat. Harry finally loaded him into his old pickup and brought him here. I wonder—"

"Mornin', Doc."

"Hello, Sam. What brings the local constable out so early today?"

"Well, a motorist just brought a body into town, and I was wonderin' if you'd do the honors. That body was a real pretty gal; the fella sez he found her out by that old dirt-road junction east of here, lying face down in the sand about three miles from a brand new Caddy. The car got a busted radiator somehow, and she must have went to get help. Funny thing, though; there was a man's hat and coat on the driver's side of the car's front seat, but this here motorist couldn't find anybody else around. If that don't beat all."

"Pat—Pat," rasped the parched, quavering voice from the clean, white bed.

DEATH COMES SLOW!

T. J. Hess

- One Second:** The cyanide pellet trickled down into a thick solution of acid under the gray chair. Fumes started curling up the four legs of the chair where a human being squirmed and pressed hard against a leather strap binding his chest to prevent his slumping over. What are his thoughts? Of the twelve years he struggled to escape this final stage of extinguishing life's breath? How he made a laughing stock out of a judiciary system?
- Three Seconds:** The green fumes were visibly curling upward and a strange odor stung his nostrils. He looked at the solid iron plate door in front of him. About four feet off the floor a square window focused into his vision. Faces pressed eager looks into his cubicle. His thoughts sped over the last twelve years—in a courtroom, long conferences in a jail cell.
- Five Seconds:** The leather straps holding his arms fast to the chair stuck to the sweaty hair follicles as he struggled to break from the bonds in a hopeless effort of escape. He relaxed. The fumes were feeding themselves on his lung walls. He could feel the burning sensation running the gamut at every breath. The acid was feeling its way through his body stamping out all life on its journey.
- Seven Seconds:** His thoughts hit a blank wall. His eyes tried to focus. Between the dancing waves of green mist he saw eyes peering at him—eager anxious eyes watching the life ebb out of him. He wanted to spit at them, but his mouth wouldn't muster up any moisture.
- Nine Seconds:** His intelligent mind fought to stop the reaction of the poisonous fumes, but to no avail. It was getting cloudy and vivid pictures of his short life faded into the green mist. He was close to the end now and the thought snapped like lightning

into his brain. His eyes came to full open and focused on the square window in the iron door. The muscles in his body tightened against their bonds, his tongue constricted back into his throat, he tried to scream hysterically . . .

Ten Seconds: The mist curled up and played on his head in a small circle as if to laugh at his death struggle. One last small hardly visible breath floated onto the green fumes forming the foreign word—"God!"

SCHÄFERS SONNTAGSLIED

Uhland

Das ist der Tag des Herrn.
Ich bin allein auf weiter Flur,
Noch eine Morgenglocke nur,
Nun Stille nah und fern.

Anbetend knie' ich hier.
O süßes Grauen! geheimes Wehn!
Als knieten viele angesehen
Und beteten mit mir!

Der Himmel nah und fern
Er ist so klar und feierlich,
So ganz, als wollt' er öffnen sich.
Das ist der Tag des Herrn.

SHEPHERD'S SUNDAY SONG

Translated by Margaret Nielsen

On this, the day of the Lord,
Alone in the distant field
I hear toll a morning bell
then silence far and near.

Adoring, I kneel
Oh sweet dawn! Secret grief!
Reverently bow many,
Unknown to me, and pray.

The unending heavens
So gloriously clear
Strain to unfold
On, this, the day of the Lord.

Ralph Rasmussen

What is life, and what is man?
Tell me if thou wilt, O God.
Where is peace, and where contentment?
Show me if thou wilt, O God.
"In one is life, and in none other,
He who suffered for man's sins.
Accept him now and thus forever,
He is peace, and all contentment."
Is he near, how may I seek Him?
Tell me if thou wilt, O God.
Finding Him, what must I do?
Show me if thou wilt, O God.
"He seeks nearby, to find *thy* soul.
Simply let him enter in,
Into thy heart, abiding love.
Hear His message, saving grace."

FALLS THE RAIN

Ruan Skaar

Splashy pictures on the pane,
Bright umbrellas out again,
Children's cheery sung refrain,
Falls the rain.

Plinking puddles in the lane,
Running drops together drain
To clear the field, but all in vain.
Falls the rain.

At the window children strain
To see the outline of the plane
And watch the puff balls from the train.
Falls the rain.

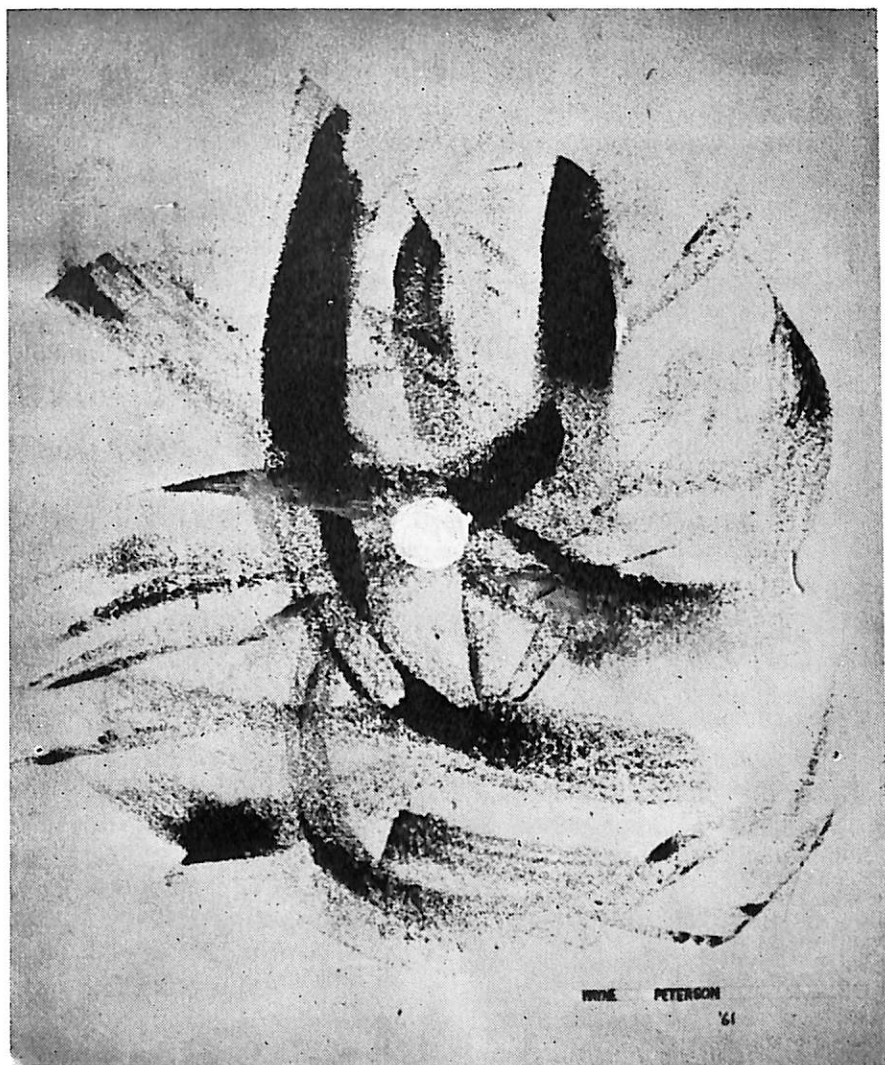
The wet wind shoves the dizzy vane;
Old weather cock turns to drink the rain
But spills, the roof is dark with stain.
Falls the rain.

The moon before began to wane
And now no longer lights the plain
That eagerly awaits its gain.
Falls the rain.

COLORS

Dick Carr

Life is greenest leaves
Death is concrete grey . . . colors
are just reflections.



FLYING TIME

Wayne Petersen

TRAPPER

Holger Madsen

As Albert slid another cartridge into the chamber of his rifle, a bullet whined past his ear. "Ha, think you're smart, don't you? Well, see how this suits you," he muttered as he drew a quick bead on a hazy figure, who was crouched behind a distant rock. Before the echo of the shot had died in Albert's little cabin, another Mountie had ceased breathing. Two down and two to go, thought Albert as he sat down on a pile of beaver pelts. That'll show those name-calling, sharpshooting bastards that nobody, not even the Royal Canadian Mounted Police, can call Albert a poacher and get away with it.

But the little trapper wasn't too happy with the whole deal. For as he glanced out of the dingy little window that only had one pane left, he noticed that night was coming on very fast. And he had hoped that he could have scared these Mounties off by now, but they were persistent. This persistence bothered Albert, because he knew, as did everyone else in the Northwest Territory, that "The Mounties always get their man." This was their motto and much as the little trapper hated it, he had to admit that he admired their stamina.

Maybe I should have let them in, he thought. Maybe they weren't intending any harm. But when they had come calling that afternoon and the leader had shouted to Albert that they were just coming to check his traps, he had quickly slammed the door and told them not to come any closer. And then as the Mountie had continued to advance, Albert fired a warning shot right in front of the Mountie's boots. But he had kept on coming. Infuriated that his warning had been unheeded, Albert had taken careful aim, and had seen the red spot develop over the heart as the Mountie sank to the ground. His companions had sought shelter and for the past two hours they had been intermittently shooting into the little window and trying to coax him to give himself up.

Albert had continued to reply with well-placed shots. And now there were two dead men out there, and if the daylight would last a little longer there would be two more. But he only had three bullets left so he couldn't afford to waste any.

As the dusk thickened so did the gloom of the little trapper. He feared the night and what it might bring. The Mounties might

decide to smoke him out. Not that they could burn his sod shanty, but the front door was made of wood, and the smoke from it would be enough to choke him.

Jumping up quickly, the trapper reached for a well-worn packsack that hung on a peg in the corner. Reaching into a dirty grub-box he pulled out a handful of jerky and the remaining two cans of beans. He tossed them into his pack and slipped it onto his back. Rifle in hand, he prepared to leave.

As he looked at all his neatly dried pelts he thought, it's too bad it had to turn out like this. He wasn't a killer. Oh sure, he had shot an Indian or two when he had caught them poaching on his trapline. But other than that he was a law-abiding citizen who had made good at his trade—so good in fact that all the other trappers envied him. That was it, they were jealous, that's why they had sicked the law on him. Well, he would start again somewhere else. Sure that was it, he would go west to the Yukon. He had heard that Peel River was good trapping country. As the thought came to him he took off his pack and stuffed it full of precious martin skins. They would finance his next venture.

Another bullet thudded into the sod wall opposite the windpw. Albert stepped boldly to the little opening and fired a shot at the tell-tale smoke puff. Then he pulled a bearskin off the wall in the corner, crouched down on all fours and crawled into a tunnel. He had built this so he could get out in the winter time when the snows lay deep against the door. It was wet now, though, for the spring sun was beginning to display its power over the snow. Coming out under an overhanging rock ledge, Albert took one last glance at what had been his home for the past ten years. Then he turned and headed for higher ground.

Travelling fast, Albert's moccasined feet sought out all the bare spots on the south side of the ridges. When he came to a patch of snow he crossed it at the most unlikely spot, making as few footprints as possible. Nightfall found him at the foot of the south side of the Ogilve Range, and as far as he could tell no one was following him yet. Here's one man those Mounties won't get, he thought, as he chewed on a strip of jerky.

Meanwhile the two Mounties at the cabin had split up. Even before Albert had deserted his shanty, one of them had headed for Keno to get ammunition and re-inforcements. At this moment he had just burst into the Captain's office and was breathlessly trying to explain the situation. "Now just sit down and explain quietly," said the Captain as he laid his hand on the younger man's shoulder and forced him into a chair.

"But he killed Jones and Smith."

"Who killed Jones and Smith, and when?" asked the Captain.

"That crazy trapper Albert. This afternoon when we stopped by his place to check his traps. Well, aren't you going to do something?"

"Yes," snapped the Captain taking out his map. "We'll get out in the morning before daybreak, with three squads of four men each. Let's see. We'll travel in a horseshoe formation with the north flank atop Ogilve Range."

"Why not go right now?" asked the anxious rookie. "I left Joyce all alone back there guarding the door."

"No, you go get some rest. If Albert has decided to dig out, the only way he will go is west, and we will intercept him in the morning."

As dawn pushed its way down into the woods, and the first glints of the sun showed red on the Ogilves, Albert awoke from his catnap. Following the south ridge of a slide draw, he scrambled up the rocky terrain. Once I get over this hump, he thought, they'll never catch me. But there was a half mile of naked rock above timberline that worried him. For there he'd show up like a fly on a plate. Slipping down into the slide draw he pushed aside the shale and smeared himself thoroughly with the gray muck. This made his buckskin clothes and skin the same color as the rocks.

After an hour's climb he reached the snow area. His throat was parched and he was dying for a drink. Looking carefully around him and seeing no movement the little trapper crawled out onto the hard packed snow. Directly above him was a sheer rock wall. At its very edge was a huge mass of overhanging snow and ice which was trickling cool water. He greedily gobbled the cold liquid and let it splash on his fevered face. As he turned to crawl back he looked down. There they were. Five hundred yards down two Mounties were silently watching him. He looked up to the East. A Mountie on the crest of the ridge was checking his progress with a pair of field glasses.

"Dirty buggers," muttered Albert. "Well, it's west or nothing." He scrambled to the other side of the draw but there another sentinel of the law was silently observing the events. "Well, why don't you shoot me?" the trapped man bellowed. No one answered. All at once the Mounties silently advanced.

He still had two bullets left, and he wasn't going to save them any longer. Snapping the safety off his rifle, Albert shouted at the two men coming up the draw. "Stay back or I'll shoot."

"You're cornered Albert," came the reply. "Throw down your rifle and come peaceably."

Albert raised his rifle, but he didn't throw it down. He put it over his shoulder like a soldier at attention. Taking this to mean surrender, the Mounties below him threw all caution aside and scrambled up the draw. Albert stood like a statue. When they were within a hundred yards, he reached over and pulled the trigger. After the first shot rang out another one chased its echo across the mountains. The Mounties looked up in amazement to see Albert still standing at attention. As the echoes died away, the silence of a tomb enveloped the forest. All five men stood still. Then too late they realized what the trapper had done. The two men above the trapper shouted a warning, but it was drowned out by the rumble and roar of the hundreds of tons of ice and snow that had been loosened by the trapper's shots, and was now pummeling down upon the two helpless Mounties. Albert the crazy trapper had won.

ANNIVERSARY DAY

Tom Lange

The blazing fire-red of the early summer sunrise was just appearing over the tops of the fragrant pines surrounding the small two-roomed shanty deeply secluded in the dry northwoods of Wisconsin. Jim Martin, the slight, blond owner of the unpainted frame cabin, and his handsome German wife had made this humble abode "home," since their marriage five years ago. Jim worked the nightshift in a canning factory twenty miles away. Although he put in forty-eight hours a week, he barely made enough to support his sturdy wife and three growing cubs and still save a little for the home they hoped to buy in the factory town. Jim usually returned from work by eight o'clock every morning, but on that anniversary day he planned to finish making the arrangements for a surprise for his wife.

Marge and the children were still in bed, enjoying the light semi-conscious slumber of early morning, induced by the cool scented forest breeze. Fairy tale dreams danced through Marge's illusive mind until suddenly her fairyland journey stopped short. No, no, Johnny, don't bother Mother any more. I'm trying to make breakfast. See, now I've burnt the toast. Our good toast is burnt.

Burnt? What? I've been dreaming. It isn't toast. Something's burning. It's only seven-thirty in the morning. Startled by the pungent odor of smoke, Marge cried out, "Burning! Johnny, Gary, wake up!" The house, the house is on fire. Where's my bathrobe? Quick, don't tie the bow. The baby, the baby, I've got to get the baby, the boys.

"Johnny, Gary, wake up! Okay now, don't cry. Don't cry." Her speech was broken by coughs. Thoughts sped into her mind. What can I do? I'll get the boys out first. The baby's still asleep. The boys might run into the fire.

"Come on Johnny and Gary, hang on to Mama. Hang on! God help me!" Her utterance gave way to her frantic thoughts. The fire's in the kitchen. We can't get out through the door. The window, we've got to climb through the bedroom window. I'll set the boys down, then open it.

"Don't cry, boys. Stay here on the floor. Don't move!" Struggling with a warped window frame and a rusty screen, she forcibly collected her thoughts. I can't lift the window up. Up! There, the window's up, but how can I get through the screen? It's fastened on tight. Oh God, help! The floor lamp will knock a hole in it. Come on, break! Hit it harder, harder! It's through. Get the boys.

The whining and coughs pierced the crackling of the fire, but bravely the alto voice calmed the oldest of the tots. "Up you go. Don't cry, Johnny, hang on to Mama. Now through the window you go." The large-veined hands dropped Johnny to the stony ground below the window. "Run from the house, Johnny. Run, run! No, Johnny, that way!" As Johnny toddled to safety Marge turned her pale, round face toward the smoke-filled room and her tike on the floor. "All right, Gary, honey, we'll get you out of here. Hold on tight to Mama. That's a boy."

Again thoughts flashed as Marge realized that her short, one hundred and thirty pound figure would not go through the opening in the screen. If I can only get through the screen. The hole has to be bigger. Set Gary down and tear the hole just a little bigger. Tear it! That's good, now I can make it. "Up's the boy. Hang on. Don't cry, we'll be all right." Ignoring the cuts and scratches from the jagged screen, the mother and child were comforted by words. "See, Gary, we're all right. You stay here with Johnny. Don't come near the house! I have to get Mike. Stop crying, I'll be right back." The voice stopped; the mind reeled. The house is burning so fast. The baby is screaming. I've got to get him out before the fire reaches the oil stove in the bedroom. The bedroom is

filling with smoke. The walls are catching fire. I'll have to jump up to get back in through the window. I can lift myself up to the sill.

"Give me strength, God," she pleaded. She coaxed herself. Just a little more and I'm through. Just a little more. "My eyes, I can't see." Smoke fogged her dark brown eyes. "I can't breathe." She coughed hoarsely and choked on smoke. "I'm coming, Mike. Don't cry!" Picturing Mike's crib in the corner, Marge stumbled toward the high-pitched wail. "I'm coming." But tripping on the rung, she fell. Seconds later she staggered to Mike's aid.

"Okay, hush now, little Mike. We're going to get out of this bad place." Tightly wrapping the frightened infant in his blankets, Marge realized their immediate danger. The smoke is pouring out of the window. The stove is surrounded by fire. It's going to blow up. Fall down on the floor. Protect the baby.

"Eeihhh! My bathrobe's caught on fire. God!" Collecting myriad thoughts, she attempted to reason. The flames are all around us. My poor baby. Beat the fire off the bathrobe. Hit it again, . . . again. Oh, let it burn. I can't feel the fire, but . . . my eyes, I can't open them. Quick, stand up. Open, eyes. Run for the window. Cover the baby through the fire. Hurry!

In an instant her hair caught fire. "My hair! My head is burning! God help us!" She screamed and huddled her precious babe to her illuminated form as the blazing wall before them collapsed. The wall is falling toward us. My head, I can't get up. I'm crushing the baby under me. I can't lift the boards off. It's . . . it's giving a little . . . more . . . more! Stand up, up! The baby's okay. Run out. My feet . . . they're melting. I can't walk. I can't stand much longer. Don't give up! Remember Jim, the family, the new home we want. Try to walk. Step over the fire. It doesn't hurt any more. One step, now take another, don't stop, take one more. Another! Two more and we're free. The house is going to fall . . . one more step. The baby's blankets are catching fire. Take that step . . . HURRY!

Seconds before the fiery skeleton frame caved in, Marge joyously cried, "We're out, we're safe!" Consciousness fading away, her valiant mind still fought for control. The pain in my feet. I'm going to faint. No! Move away from the house . . . don't drop the baby. The boys are crying. Smother the fire on the blanket. Fall on the baby, cover him, smother the fire. Her hot, seared form staggered forward on top of the crying baby as she muttered, "Smother the fire. Smother the . . ."

Driving up the road near the house, Jim observed curling wisps of smoke floating above his yard. When he saw the smoldering remains of his house, his car skidded to an abrupt stop. With a wild look of horror on his panic-stricken face he jumped from the car and ran to find his wife and boys. Johnny and Gary were still crying over the prostrate form of their mother, which lay over the youngest child. The scorched holes in Marge's robe revealed large blisters and deep scratches. Her singed hair matted her head and the upturned cheek was stained with blood and soot. With swift certain movements Jim clutched Johnny and Gary into his lean strong arms and set the two whimpering boys down a few feet away in the dirt driveway. Then he took a quick glance at his wife and with silent tears streaming down his face he gently turned her exhausted body toward the rising sun, uncovering the tiny lifeless form of the baby, still tightly rolled in the charred blankets. Opening her wet, red eyes toward the blank face of her husband, who began to weep, she slowly regained consciousness.

Her now moist brow furrowed, when she asked, "The baby? Is the baby . . . oh no, God! Jim, I'm sorry. I'm so sorry. I tried, I tried so hard. Isn't there any . . . ohhh Jim. My poor baby. I feel so guilty Jim, but I can't cry. I just can't cry. I'm too weak, too full of pain to cry now." Before she could talk any more, she fell back into unconsciousness.

Jim had to race Marge to the country doctor's place five miles down the road, leaving little time for him to mourn his tragedy, but when the old Dodge pulled to a stop in front of the doctor's house, he couldn't help thinking of the surprise he had gotten Marge that morning for their anniversary—a new home.

Love's Farewell

Stanley L. Cupp

Sunrise vigorously succeeds the grey night
And excites tears abandoned by dawn.
Unity perceives unsustainable height,
Knowing one fate which is already drawn.

It pilgrimaged o'er the peninsula of life,
Observed shores inseparably combined.
An infinite existence became a rife
Pearl that faith and devotion designed.

Now Unity awaits the final sunset
When the cherished interval desists.
The imperative black veil enshrouds those met
With Unity which just half exists.

THE VOYAGE

Holger Madsen

(Any compliments or insults given herein to any
people living or dead are purely coincidental.)
Come and listen my friends of a journey
That has taken the best of three years.
It almost resembles a tourney
For it's filled with both laughter and tears.
It started one day in September,
When the heat of the summer had past.
That day I shall always remember
When I signed up for three years at the mast.
The good ship Anad was tied at the dock
'Til the skipper could round up a crew.
And while we were waiting I started to talk
To a sailor who was one of the few
Who had stuck to this tub for over two years
And still found it easy to smile.
He told me to laugh at all of the jeers
That would come my way for awhile.
His name was Nesnab, though all called him Nab
From this habit of his which was known
To make himself liked by the gift of his gab,
And claim each recruit for his own.
Cebwons, the purser, approached me just then
And hustled me into a room.
He emptied my pockets and gave me a pen
To sign up for my stint on the broom.
As I slipped out the door I bumped into Tims
The most aged man on this ship.
He told me, "With age a man's hearing dims
But when I was young..." I gave him the slip
And scuttled below-deck to hide.

The first mate Nessumsar stopped my advance
And firmly took me aside
To check my credentials and tell me the chance
Of success which really was mine
If I'd abide by the rules of Captain Nesdam
He was sure we'd get along fine.
Notsop the pilot came in on the lam
And told me that he'd have to know,
The time I came in, the time I went out
And the places I intended to go.
But he was brought short by the loudest shout
And a rattling jangle of gears
For with a blast from her aged horn
Old Anad left port midst a volley of cheers.
While old hands grinned the recruits looked forlorn
As we slowly lost sight of the land.
Nospomht the cook was standing by me
And like a father he clasped my hand,
"You'll feel much better when we get to sea
And you get into the swing,
Of voyaging out of the charted zones
And exploring every new thing.
It's something, my boy, that gets in your bones."
With that he left me to musing my fate
As he went to his galley to stir up the stew.
We sail'd into the twilight of fifty-eight
And I started to mingle and talk with the crew.
I spoke to a hand by the name of Llesfer,
Who ambled on deck without any shoes.
He argued that things were not, when they were.
And expressed the opinion that all men must choose.
But Regeoh his partner persisted to keep
A running discussion that came to no end
Except keeping both men from getting their sleep
And still each considered the other his friend.
The Anad touched shore every five months
To discharge some sailors and take on some new.
And I always enjoyed witnessing the stunts
Of recruits who were teased by the crew.
In late fifty-nine we took on a chap,
Notewt was his name he informed us.
He was round as the sun with plenty of snap
But oh how he could stir up a fuss.

His partner Regeurk was a much different sort.
The steward Nesretep sure watched this guy,
Who was slight of build and fairly short.
For he told us that he had a wandering eye.
Neslien and Namlegne watched for their chance
When dear old Nesnab took leave of the ship,
For both of them were seeking advance.
But Hciremme came and filled up the rip.
Now I could go on relating events
Of long days at sea and short days in ports
Of trials and joys and ordeals I spent
With sailors and crewmen who all were good sports.
But before we dock in Port Sixty-One
And I look back on the past three years,
I want to tell you that the trip's been fun
And it will live in my mem'ry encased in tears.

The End

DER VATER

Tom Lange

Den Vater will ich immer lieben,
Der mir gesundes Leben gab.
Lieb' von ihm hab' ich bekommen,
Sie geht von mir nicht ab.
Den Recht zu wählen, gelehrt er mir,
Das Leben hier zu ehren.
Allerdings hielt er mein Herz,
Denn wenn beladet, Seele schmerz',
Ich nehme ihm die Kummer.
Vater, wahre Lieb', vielleicht, ist schwer;
Kinder, ohne sie ist Leb'n nicht mehr.

FATHER

Translated by Tom Lange

I will always love him who gave me a full life. The love I received from him will never depart from me. He teaches me to choose the right and to honor this life on earth. Indeed, he holds my heart, for when my soul is heavy-laden, I take my sorrows to him.

Father, a strong love is difficult, perhaps;
Children, without it life is not.

THE SOWER

Earland Estes

I tread the twisted lab'rins of the mind,
And in my path the seeds of knowledge sow;
I scatter them in faith to all mankind,
And water them with truth that they may grow.
Some seed doth fall upon a rocky ground—
The cold, impassive ignorance of man;
On barren earth it cannot then abound
For there it shall be swallowed by the land.
But on the jungled floor a plant is born
To choke and die 'midst thorns, an easy prey—
Another child by sinfulness forlorn,
Another victim of another day.
The fertile soil doth nourish tender roots.
"Spring forth, good Seed, and yield to man your fruits!"

TRAPPED!

Larry Weiss

He was lying there, cold and stiff, just the way Ray had placed him; he would never move or speak again. All Ray could do was wait, stare at the bleak walls, and wonder how long it would be until his body would also lie in decay.

Nardi and Ray had taken a job cleaning out a cluttered old basement so that it could be used as a storehouse. After buying a gallon of oil and a lamp, they decided to take a look at the task which lay before them.

Ray went down the hideous steps first, clawing his way through the silky jungle of spider webs. The webs encircled them like a net and clung to their faces and clothes in a dangling array. Nardi carried the lighted lamp and the can of oil. The place had the features of an open-mouthed cavern.

After the trek to the latched metal door, Ray slowly opened it. The door squeaked and ground on the inclining frame. They peered inside and then hesitatingly entered. While looking around the tiny room, something made a low, grinding noise behind them. "What on earth is that?" Nardi asked.

"I don't know—anything is likely to..."

Just then—bang!—the door slammed and the latch slipped into place. They tried to force the door open, but the latch had fallen securely into place. They were trapped and no one knew of their being here! Some twenty feet above, the sun's arrow-like rays sifted down toward them through the cracks in the dilapidated ceiling. In the dim light they saw that the floor was covered with debris. The dull brown walls smelled stale from the dampness caused by the seepage of a recently filled pool almost overhead. The water dripped through the interwoven boards and soil above. "At least we will not die of thirst," Ray thought. "We can catch some of this polluted water in those rusty cans lying over there."

It was already late afternoon when they had come, so they knew the sun would soon slide under the horizon and leave them with only the lamp's light. Overcome by terror, Ray and Nardi finally decided to make some steps in the side of the wall so that they could perhaps crawl up and push a hole through the roof. After digging all night with small cans, they had made little progress. At last the idea was abandoned because it was impossible to hollow out enough of the hardened sod and stone. Exhausted, they

cleared the rubbish from one corner and sat down to rest. Both tried desperately to think of another way out.

Then it happened! Nardi let out a high, shrill yelp and clutched his muscular right leg. "What happened, what happened! Are you all right?" Ray inquired in a quavering voice. He only groaned. With shaking hands, Ray pulled Nardi's trouser leg up in order to discover what had happened. Out of the corner of his eye, Ray saw a rat scurrying toward a pile of filth. Looking at Nardi's hairy calf, Ray saw the needle-like punctures the rat had made with its sharp teeth. The blood trickled down through the hair on his leg in a winding, threadlike stream. They had nothing to put over the wound, so it had to be left exposed.

The morning light brought new hope as it peeked dimly through the gaps in the roof. In order to pass time, they walked the floor until they were tired. Occasionally they gave each other a wide-eyed glance although little was spoken. The hours seemed like eternity. Somehow the days passed as they watched the light of the sun through the shaggy roof in the daytime and the light of the lamp at night.

Parched with thirst, they were forced to drink some of the rusty, dirty water which they had caught. After four days, Nardi really became ill. His boyish-faced grin transformed itself into a snarl. He felt worse and worse. All Ray could do was watch Nardi's blinking blue eyes under his brown mat of hair. Ray suspected that Nardi had tetanus and his suspicions were soon confirmed when Nardi's jaws stiffened to such a degree that he couldn't even drink water. His back became contorted and the flickering flame of the lamp bothered his eyes at night. He groaned so loudly that Ray couldn't relax. Nardi was a pitiful, horrifying sight. The following day he went into convulsive spasms. He tore up the ground with his hands until his wretched body had exhausted itself. Suddenly he relaxed completely and went limp upon the floor. Ray realized with a shock that Nardi was dead.

"What will become of me? Will his fate be my fate also?" Ray wondered. His stomach was a hollow drum and he knew he couldn't survive for more than three weeks without food. The contaminated water kept him alive on those dreadfully hot days when the temperature must have soared far above the hundred mark.

His thoughts returned to Nardi, who was just skin and bones now. The thought of his rapid decay in this heat sickened Ray, who at last mustered up enough courage to drag Nardi's body into one corner of the cramped little room. Ray knew that he would have to lie next to Nardi if he ever wanted to sleep. The room was

just too crowded and he could do nothing about it. Ray was getting weaker day by day and it was hard for him to stand up for any great length of time. He had a gnawing hunger which grew worse every day. The days continued to pass and Nardi's corpse began to rot and fester. The stiff, cold body didn't belong here. It must have been a mistake.

Ray could only lean against the wall now and stare. He wished there was a window so that he could really see the beautiful sun again. His mind became blurry at times and Nardi's death seemed a nightmare. He couldn't walk, but had to scuffle about. Weakness overtook him rapidly. The thought of being bitten by a rat haunted him day and night. He was always on guard for one of those black, hairy creatures. As long as the oil held out, there would be light during those trying nights—comforting, warm light which made Ray aware of his surroundings although he could not comprehend the situation fully. He cried, shouted, and laughed, sometimes on the verge of insanity and sometimes just to hear a voice. He clawed at the walls at times, but now his fingernails were worn down so far that the tips of his fingers were raw. Occasionally he looked at his watch, but he had no idea how long he had been here. The second hand on his watch moved so slowly that it seemed ages before it made one complete revolution.

Then one morning Ray heard a noise that sounded like something being pulled along the ground. After looking at Nardi's remains, he knew what it was. Millions of tiny, squirming worms were slithering in and out of Nardi's nostrils. They were everywhere, even in his mouth, eyes, and ears. The whole body was infested with these creatures who did an effective job of making holes everywhere. A slender, wet track showed their explorations on the dry skin. Grasping a stick from the rubbish heap, Ray tenderly touched Nardi's cheek. The skin gave way and exposed the yellow teeth which once were pearly white. The features of his skull could be seen better as his skin shriveled and tightened.

Shifting his eyes to the lamp, Ray saw that the oil supply was gone and it was almost night again. He had used the last drop of oil from the can a few days ago and the oil in the lamp was gone too. He knew that this night was the last time he could use the lamp. The light, his only comfort, had kept him thus far from insanity. "What will happen to me after it goes out?" he wondered. The thought of cutting his veins with the jagged edge of a can occurred to him. "Will I starve or is there hope?" Quietly, steadily, his eyes watched the light, it flickered—sputtered—and then went out. A thin wisp of smoke rose and only the soft glow of the wick remained! then it too vanished.

TO SMILE

Linda Ocker

When you are lonely or frightened
And your heart is dark within,
A smile from the heart of the one you love
Can brighten your soul again.

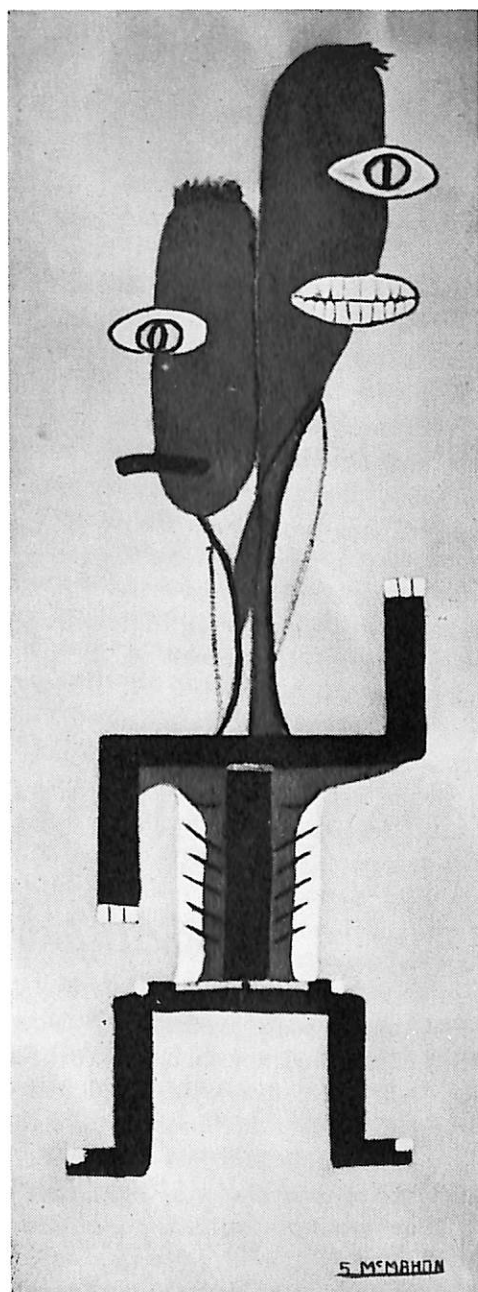
When you see his stricken face;
The saddened head bowed low,
Smile your cheeriest smile for him
And give him the hope you know.

When you walk the path together,
Sharing the peace you've found,
Smile at the people that pass you by.
Show the world around.

FORGIVENESS

Earland Estes

The world drifts by so like a sin-sick sea,
A deluge dense with life, where man may move
According to his wants, his needs, and love,
While to his God he makes an earnest plea
In humbleness, from sin to set him free.
God's grace alights upon him as a dove
Descends upon his loved-ones from above—
The only strength toward which the weak may flee.
In pity God finds reason to forgive
Through Christ, His Son—the Savior of mankind.
The price of life?—There is but only one—
That man in faith might have the urge to live
In love for fellow man—and thence to find
The humbleness to pray, "Thy will be done."



MARGINAL MAN

Sally McMahon

NOW ALONE

Pat Parrish

Then suddenly my life was meaningless.
Oh, why should I yet live when he is gone?
Would I endure to stand the loneliness?
And yet, somehow I must keep going on.
For we had known a love, oh, so complete
That from the day when was my sense struck dumb
I felt as half, the other half deplete.
The shock had left my heart entirely numb.
The dreary day dragged on to dreary week.
My one desire was to o'erlook the fact,
His love was now no longer mine to seek—
This the result of death's most cruel act.
And now I must go on through life alone,
As silently my fate I do bemoan.

MAN'S FLIGHT

Elizabeth Anne Nielsen

When silent wisps of clouds traverse the sky
And congregate at some predestined place,
Shake lacy skirts and smother earth's broad face
In crystal flakes of cotton white, which fly
Before a gentle wind that floats them high
Above the earth again and lets them race
'Til some conif'rous arm should slow their pace
And bid them rest as autumn's colors die;
Then think how life's cold patterns dominate.
Potential men converge by fate—and part
As tumbleweeds, to blow from gate to gate,
And ride the surface winds 'til end and start
Together come, and time's arm slows their rate
And aged men watch as hues of life depart.

THE ETERNAL KILLING

David Sinclair

Greetings from your father Quirinus,

I am writing this to you my son Ascanius, whom I haven't seen these long three years, in the hope that you are enjoying peace and good health. Oh how I long to see you and clasp you to my breast, but at the moment that is impossible and just wishful thinking.

Recently I talked with Augustus, who reported you in good health when he left you five months past. He also told me that you have not only grown in stature since my eyes were last blessed with the sight of you, but that you have proven yourself in the arena and hold the respect of your men. From these reports I cling to the dual emotions of sadness and pride. I am proud of a son who is held in a rising esteem with his fellow men, but my newly acquired reasons of sadness will have to be explained at length, for they are entwined with the purpose of my writing.

As you know I have been a soldier the greater part of my life. I was trained in the use of arms since boyhood and I have used this training to what I have always believed to be the good of the empire and the emperor. Up until a few days ago I was proud of being a soldier and a Roman. This feeling of pride is hard to explain or even express and the closest I can come to it is the feeling that creeps over your being as you swagger down the street in all the crashing glory of your armor. I'm sure you have felt the stares of fear and respect that seem to follow you, much as you know your shadow is always with you on eerie nights of standing watch. I suspect that even the lowest in the ranks experiences this feeling. However, I recently lost pride after carrying out orders of one of the courts of our emperor. I would have gladly relinquished the duty to a subordinate, but a centurion was required to perform it. Of the three of us stationed here, it fell to my lot.

I killed a man! Do not think your father is getting soft and can't stand the sight of blood in his old age, for you know my record on the field. You also know that I have killed many men, but this is an accepted duty of a soldier and our consciences may be soothed by thinking of them as being a necessary evil. I believe I have always been, or at least attempted to be just and applied the whip to my men only when conditions were such that I could do nothing else. However, there are many forms of whips and that

which is being lashed now is in my mind. I feel as if I am losing my reason and think there is no escape left but one. The only thing I can be ascertained of at the moment is that I shall never kill again, for any one or any reason.

I killed an innocent man who was tried in the governor's court and condemned to die in the worst possible manner — crucifixion. Because of the mob and confusion nothing is clear in my mind, but I remember watching him struggle towards the hill Golgotha under the unbearable weight of the cross he was condemned to die on. We had not gone far before he lay at my feet, crumpled on the ground under the timbers and unable to continue. In addition to his exhaustion, he was weak from the pain and loss of blood from the crown of thorns some of the soldiers had jammed upon his head. This might astonish you as it did me, for I was like a child's first confronting of a suffering creature and the sight of this man's blood gushing forth from the many holes in his head made me feel like running away to hide and weep. After what seemed an eternity I finally gained enough control over myself to order another, much to the dismay of the howling and grinning mob, to take up this man's cross and carry it for him.

As the crowd proceeded up the hill I fell behind, thinking of the deed I must soon perform. I don't think I had yet realized the full import of what I was about to do and I was still in sort of a stupor. By the time I had reached the hill, a hole had been dug and he had been tied to the cross, which was lying flat upon the ground. The next thing I remember was standing above him, looking into his face with a mallet and three spikes in my hand. I shrank in awe before the compassion and peace on the man's face and had to be shaken from my thoughts by Julian. Automatically I gently placed the cold pointed iron to the palm of his right hand. At this touch his eyes slowly opened and when he saw me kneeling beside him, he smiled. He smiled and again I felt Julian shaking me and the roar of voices reached me as from afar. He smiled as my arm slowly rose above my head and was still smiling as the sound of metal on metal clicked through the now death still air. I felt the spike slide through my fingers as it ripped through his flesh and tore into the wood behind. The ooze of warm sticky blood that followed riveted my gaze and my heart seemed to shrivel and wither at that moment. I've seen men suffer and die, but never as this man, for although his face was contorted in pain, the smile of love and compassion never left his eyes and even when the cross was placed into the appointed hole he was not blessed with unconsciousness.

Since that day I have heard many reports of how he suffered even more after I left. He was ridiculed, spat upon and tormented by being stabbed with spears. I hear other reports of how he forgave those who falsely accused him, that he was the son of the Jews' god and yesterday I heard news of how he, a man pronounced dead by Julian, has arisen from the grave and is now alive and is walking the earth again. Do not scoff Ascanius, for although I can give you no assurance at the moment, I am certain that he is or was no ordinary man and I intend to learn more of this one called Jesus and will write you concerning him.

Until then I remain your loving father

Quirinus

Dennis Wiley

The night stretched out before him
Like a never-ending dream.
King Darius listened tensely,
But heard no dying scream.
The stillness stood around him
In the haunted palace room.
And sorrow smote upon him;
He foresaw his best friend's doom.
Below Darius' windows
On the cold and stony floor,
A man named Daniel waited
For the beasts behind the door.
A signed decree so ordered,
That a man who scorned the law,
Be cast to starving lions
To die by fang and claw.
The King's mind burned with anguish
For his heart did not agree.
With morning's light he hastened
To the lion's den to see.
The King's despair was lifted—
From within came Daniel's call,
"My God hath sent His Angel,
He protects us throughout all."

TED

Holger Madsen

When I first met Ted I was impressed. It wasn't because he was a big horse or a small horse, nor was it because he was sleek or fat. But it was that look of determination in his eyes and in his carriage that sent a tremor through my young body.

Ted was only five years old when he came to our farm. But he was old in his profession. For more than three years he had been a lead pack horse, which fact may well have been instrumental not only in his surety of purpose, but also in his stubbornness. And as was later displayed in his ability to make his own decisions, which he unwaveringly carried out despite the many and loud protestations from man, his supposed master.

During his first week in residence Ted was not put to work. He was granted the freedom of the upper pasture where he romped and raced up and down the steep slopes. These rocky hills which had once been timbered resembled the hulls of giant ships as they jutted their barren bulks into the green grasslands. From the vantage point of their peaks Ted surveyed the landscape below. To me he seemed a perfect specimen as he stood there silhouetted against the sky. I spent all my free hours of that first week making friends with him. I admired his speed and stamina. And I watched with boyish wonder the sinewy muscles rippling under his silvery-white hair as they propelled him up the steepest hills without stopping. And then when he returned puffing, with his sides heaving like a blacksmith's bellows, to the gate which had locked him into this prison, I would cautiously stroke his sweating forehead as I carried on a steady stream of encouraging and consoling horse talk.

Ted, for all his unspent energy, was not a wild horse. He would quietly submit to the halter, and even the dangling traces of the harness did not disturb him. But when it came to putting on the bridle and slipping the bit into his mouth, his patience expired. In passive resistance he would firmly clamp his jaws shut and stare me right in the face as though to say "I dare you to get that steel thing between my teeth, just try it." And it wasn't until father had schooled me in the trick of inserting my thumb at the proper place at the back of the jawbone that Ted had to give in to me. But this he never did willingly, even though he knew that he would even-

tually have to concede. Whenever Ted felt the saddle being slung onto his back he would turn his big head around and nod his approval. For he knew that this meant that no bit would be forced into his mouth, because we steered him either by knee or by the use of the halter rope.

Ted had two outstanding phobias. One of them was backing up. It seemed as though his whole being objected to this stupid idea of walking backwards. All his life he had achieved his purposes and aims quite efficiently by walking forwards. And now man, this unpredictable, half-horse of a creature who was encumbered by only two legs, wanted to teach him to walk in such a way that he couldn't see what he was about. Well if they thought that he was about to learn, they had another thought coming. Whenever he heard that foul word, "back up," he planted his feet firmly, arched his neck, took the bit in his teeth and let the driver tug at the reins with all his might. These contests of strength always ended the same way—the man's arms gave in first. In a fit of rage he would throw down the reins, grab Ted by the bridle and attempt to force him backwards. Having the man where he could see him always seemed to encourage Ted to do his utmost to please. So, when the man kept on insisting that he should back up, Ted would oblige by backing up so fast and furiously that the man was generally jerked off his feet, because Ted wouldn't stop until he felt the wagon bang into something solid. Then he would stand there with a satisfied grin on his face as the man picked himself out of the dust and proceeded to survey the damage.

The first few times this happened, Ted got whipped. But then in retribution he took the bit firmly in his teeth and trotted off to where he pleased with whatever parts followed. So the whippings ceased and the back-up sessions decreased to a bare minimum.

Another one of Ted's phobias was his fear of motor driven vehicles. For you must remember that the first five years of his life had been spent in the seclusion of the mountains where no such weird monstrosities existed. Also bear in mind the fact that the horseless carriages of Ted's day were the clattering, putting, wheezing, chugging, first innovations of Henry Ford. Although its rate of advancement was phenomenal, there was always sufficient time to take in the weird shape and movement of the apparition and feel its hot stenchy breath as it whizzed by at the devilish rate of fifteen miles per hour. It was fine with Ted as long as this animal was in front of him, providing it kept its distance. But whenever he met one of them Ted started to back up. He wasn't going

