

SOWER

SOWER

1962



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Foreword

This year it is my pleasure to announce a new addition to the *Sower*—the Kaj Munk Memorial Award for best translations of poetry and prose. The first recipient of this award is Jane Jensen for her translation from the French of de Musset's *L'Etoile Du Soir*. This award was made possible by a Dana student who graduated in 1961. The benefactor wishes to remain anonymous, but I would like to quote from a letter of his concerning the new award: "The funds donated for the above award were given in memoriam of Kaj Munk, the Danish poet, patriot, and priest who gave his life in the cause of man's liberty. Kaj Munk represents those freedoms common to every man. He is a rather obscure figure in the total world picture, but what he did will be remembered in a much higher place for a time that will have no end."

I wish to thank Professor Joseph Langland of the University of Massachusetts for taking time from his busy schedule to make possible the Langland Award for poetry and prose. This year's Langland Award winners are Judith Mayland for *Spring Patterns* and David Snowbeck for *The Pit*.

The Hal Evans Cole Award is given in the arts. Wayne Petersen is the recipient of this year's award for his sensitive painting of Raskolnikov.

For assistance and cooperation in publishing this book, I wish to thank Mr. John Lutz of the Augsburg Publishing House and Professor Norman Bansen, the faculty advisor. I also wish to thank the members of the *Sower* staff who spent so many extra hours working to make this book a reality.

Vance Larsen
Editor

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THE DAY MANHOOD DIED

Lonnie Hayne

Bruce Grant was the type who was always doing something wrong like going down elevators when he wanted to go up, going down one-way streets the wrong way, or leaving his coat in a restaurant. Very seldom did he get on a plane or bus on time, and he was always getting his socks mixed up. Now don't get the idea that Bruce was abnormal; he was a fine, healthy, good-looking man. It just seemed he had a jinx.

But today, things were going pretty good for him. He had gotten to work on time for a change and had finished by three, so Mr. Amon had let him go early. Now there was plenty of time to see the doctor, for he hadn't been feeling well and had promised his wife Alice that he would go. He reluctantly pulled himself up the seven floors to the doctor's office and sat down in the waiting room. This was quite an accomplishment for him; he hadn't any trouble getting there at all.

His confidence soon faded however. He didn't like the silly questions the doctor was asking him. It seemed that Dr. Bensen took longer than usual and was acting strange. He told the nurse to call three other doctors who hurriedly appeared and looked Bruce over again. When they left, the doctor came up to him with a strange look on his face.

He walked up to Bruce rather cautiously and said in a weak voice, "Mr. Grant, I guess you can go home now. It looks as if you'll be all right, I-I guess." He took a deep breath, "I'm not sure, but I think you are going to have a baby."

When he opened his eyes, Bruce saw a ceiling. It had only been a dream! It was all just a bad dream! But no. It was the ceiling of the doctor's office, not his bedroom's. When she saw him move, the nurse came towards him. "How are you feeling?" she asked.

"O. K., I guess. What happened?" Bruce was hoping that she would say he just imagined it all.

"Oh, you just fainted, and I suppose you had a right to. It's not everyday that a guy has a baby. You're going to be a very famous person," she said admiringly.

"But I don't want to be famous," shouted Bruce. "I don't want a baby. I *can't* have one!"

The nurse looked rather startled. "Of course you want one; they're so soft and cuddly. You can't let old prejudices get in your way; you can't keep your mind closed to these things. This is a progressive time. Medical science is crossing all kinds of frontiers."

"But I don't want to be a frontier!" Bruce almost cried, "I want to be a father, not a mother!"

"Here, here, let's calm down," the nurse said softly. "It's quite a shock for you now, but you'll begin to like the idea. Having a baby is one of the greatest joys of life; that's what Mother always used to tell me. It's too late for me now, I'm just a lonely old maid, but you still have a chance."

"What do you mean, 'old maid'? You're not a day over twenty five. You think this whole thing is very funny, don't you? Well, I don't think it's a bit funny."

With that, Bruce stomped out of the room, but the nurse ran after him and persuaded him to calm down a little before he went home. Alice would have to be told, but how to do it. Bruce wondered if she would cry, or scold him, or maybe even accuse him of running around with another woman—or—or another man. Nothing like this had ever happened to him before and he was completely confused.

But he didn't have to worry about Alice, for she took it all in her stride as usual. At first, when he told her, she only stared blankly, but then she broke into a warm smile. "Bruce, darling," that's wonderful!" she beamed.

Somehow, this was not quite the reaction Bruce had expected. "But Alice," he stammered, "doesn't it strike you a little strange?"

"Strange? What do you mean?" she asked. "Since when is having a family strange? Darling, it's wonderful, not strange. You know I've always wanted a baby. It really doesn't matter who has it. Maybe it's about time men start having them; let them find out how hard it is."

"What's the matter with everybody?" Bruce exclaimed. "A man can't have babies. It's abnormal; it's disgraceful. Alice, I can't have a baby!"

"Well, it looks like you are. You'll just have to accept it, Bruce," she said tenderly. "Now you don't worry about a thing. You can quit your job, stay home, and do the housework. I can support us with my job; we'll get along just fine."

He kept repeating Alice's brave words to himself as he walked into Mr. Amon's office. His boss was sitting at his desk reading the morning paper and smoking a cigar. Bruce cleared his throat and asked, "Mr. Amon, sir, I wonder if I could talk to you for a while?"

"Surely, my boy. What is it?"

"Well, I would like a leave of absence, a sick leave, sort of."

"A sick leave?" Amon looked puzzled. "Well, sure, I guess you can, but you don't look too sick. How long do you need?"

Bruce swallowed again. "I was wondering if I could get off for about six months. You see, I'm going to have a baby."

Mr. Amon's mouth flew open, leaving his cigar no alternative but to drop out of sight behind his desk. His first reaction was a mixture of laughter and of pain as the cigar quickly burned through his miracle fabric suit. After he conquered the glowing ashes, he leaned back in his chair and blurted out, "A baby. That's a good one, Grant. After all these years and you finally come up with one of the best jokes I've ever heard. Grant, you're a card."

However, Amon got over his humorous mood quite quickly. When Bruce convinced him that he was not a card but was very serious, Mr. Amon concluded that he had been made a fool of and fired Bruce on the spot. This would not have been so bad, but he also took money out of Bruce's check to pay for his suit pants.

But Bruce's troubles had just begun. Although Dr. Bensen tried to keep the whole thing secret, it leaked out somehow and Bruce was surrounded every day by reporters. They wouldn't have been so bad, but they were always asking very rude and embarrassing questions. There were times when Bruce felt they were actually jealous of him. In a few weeks however, Bruce stopped worrying about them for another problem had come up.

The time had come for him to perform one of the most embarrassing tasks he ever undertook. It was time for him to buy some maternity clothes. Bruce went downtown and walked into a tailor's shop that had a sign in the window reading "We fit anybody."

The first few minutes went fine; it was when the clerk asked him what kind of suit he wanted that the trouble began. "Well, I need a special kind of suit," Bruce said softly.

"Certainly," the clerk purred. "We can fit anybody."

Bruce looked straight into the clerk's eyes. "Promise you won't laugh?"

"Certainly not," the clerk reassured.

"I need a maternity suit," Bruce quickly said.

The clerk looked at him oddly and then slowly slumped to the floor swallowing both pins he had in his mouth as he went down. They quickly revived him, and took him to the hospital. After all the excitement was over, the manager of the shop made Bruce a proposition that they supply him with all his clothing needs. He had read about Bruce and said the shop would supply him with

maternity suits for nothing if they could just mention that the famous Bruce patronized their store in all their advertsing. The famous Bruce didn't like this idea at first but he realized they would need all the money they made for the baby, so he agreed.

Time seemed to drag on for Bruce for the first few months, but he began to like housework. It was nice to have a home he could work in. He really enjoyed washing dishes and making beds was fun too. He found himself wishing that things could go on like this after the baby came. After all, he was going to be the real mother. The longer he stayed home, the better he liked the idea of having a baby and taking care of it.

Finally, Dr. Bensen suggested that Bruce leave for the hospital just to be sure. There was a slight problem of where to put him, but the hospital director suggested that he should have a private room since someone might object to his being in the maternity ward.

The next morning came without incident. Dr. Bensen came in and gave him a few words of comfort, or at least tried to, but all Bruce could remember was he suggested that Bruce give his body to a medical school for study when he died. But Bruce was not thinking about death, so it didn't bother him too much.

At 2:47 the next morning, a nurse walked into the waiting room to inform Alice that she was the mother of a 7 pound 3 ounce baby boy, and that both father and baby were doing fine. Alice snuffed out her cigarette and breathed a sigh of relief.

EXTASE

Victor Hugo

Je'étais seul pres des flots, par une nuit d'étoiles.
Pas un nuage aux cieux, sur les mers pas de voiles.
Mes yeux plongeaient plus loin que le monde reel,
Et les bois, et les monts, et tout la nature,
Semblaient interroger dans un confus murmure
Les flots des mers, les feux du ciel.

Et les étoiles d'or, legions infinies,
A voix haute, a voix basse, avec mille harmonies,
Disaient en inclinant leurs couronnes de feu;
Et les flots bleus, que rien ne gouverne et n'arrete,
Disaient, en recourbant l'écume de leur crete;
C'est le Seigneur, le Seigneur Dieu!

ILLUSIONS OF SADNESS

Patricia Stolley

Raindrops dripping off the trees,
Cool and still the autumn breeze,
Hazes hov'ring on the hill
Steep the air to clench a chill;
Hues of green embraced by gray
Twilight time seems to portray.

Robin's song no more is heard,
Singing scenes—the only bird—
Blending summer strains with fall,
Hears her old mate winter's call.

Dank the air, and dull, and drear,
From nature's eye is shed a tear:
But strange with warmth and peacefulness
As though to God it is the best.

ECSTASY

Victor Hugo

Translated by Linda Knudsen

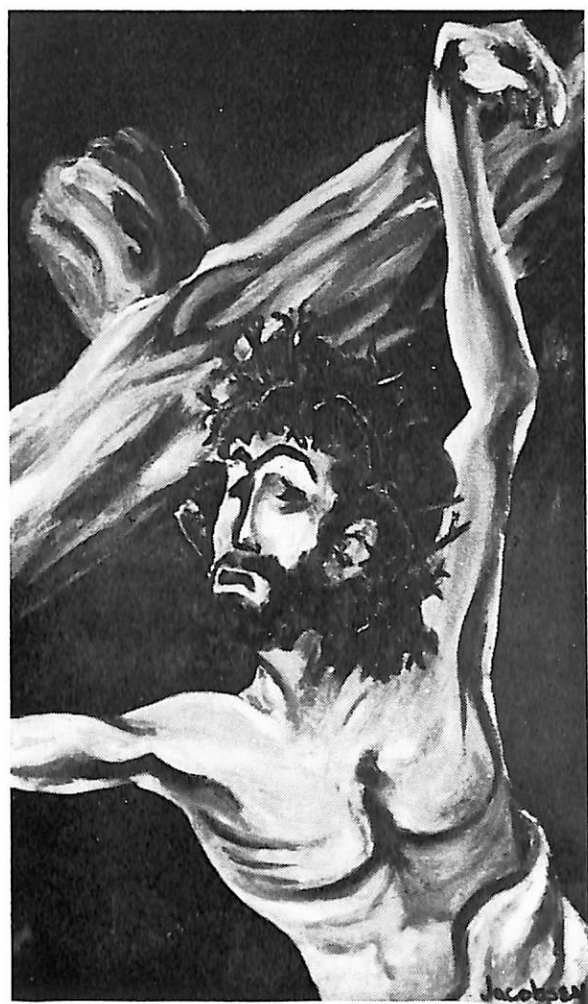
I was alone near the waves through a starry night.
There was not a cloud in the sky, nor on the seas a light.
My eyes were immersed so far that the real world—
The woods, the mountains, and all nature,
Seemed to question in a confused cry
The waves of the sea and the fires of the sky.

The stars of gold in endless companies,
In a loud voice, in a whisper, with a thousand harmonies,
Were saying, inclining their crowns of fire;
The blue waves, that nothing rules or arrests,
Were saying, bending the foam of their crests,
It is the Lord, the Lord God!



WAY OF THE CROSS

Karolyn Hanson



THE CRUCIFIX

Nancy Jacobsen

THE CHINESE CANDLE

James Falksen

Here I stand in a glittering pool of melted wax, a decrepit candle feebly sending forth my last rays. My life has been sad since the day I was born.

At birth, I was tall and stately and of the purest white. I looked perfect, as one should, who is destined to light the Emperor's hall at one of his fabulous banquets. I was carefully packed in a sturdy box to be sent to the palace.

I could not see yet, but I thought that I could imagine how it would be. I waited until my day of glory would come.

Then one day I felt a touch. There was a sensation of movement and of being set down. I discovered that I could now stand by myself. I seemed very tall, very important. All around me there was the sound of things moving, slow rustling sounds, sharp staccato sounds, periodic bumps and occasional squeaks. Slowly the sounds subsided and all became quiet. Then I heard a periodic sound echoing in the distance. It was getting louder when suddenly it stopped. Now and then the noise sounded once or twice but each time it got closer. Abruptly, I felt heat coming close to my head. Then for the first time, my eye started to open, squinting at first, then opening wide as it became accustomed to the lack of darkness.

Soon I was casting my lucent eye around the brightening room. It was immediately evident where the sound had been coming from: a creature was moving along the table, awakening the candles one by one.

Now I realized that my imagination was no match for the regal splendor which I now beheld. Other candles were standing on gleaming, golden pedestals and I imagined I was, also. The table I was on was richly covered with brilliant gold dishes and vivid green cloths.

At the side of the cavernous hall was a door, half-hidden by luxurious tapestry. Suddenly, the tapestry parted and many creatures entered, creatures similar to the one who had awakened us, but all splendidly dressed. They sat around the tables at various places, but no one sat at my table!

What was wrong?!

Then as I watched, the curtains at the end of the hall slowly opened. A herald stepped into the room and announced, "His

Majesty, Genghis Khan." Immediately all the creatures at the tables bowed to the floor. The Emperor walked in . . . and sat at my table!

He clapped his hands and servants began bringing in immense platters with rare and exotic foods on them; the first ones were placed at my table. A succulent, steaming roast pig was placed right beside me and directly in front of the Emperor. Steam billowed forth as the choicest portion was carved for His Majesty. But the heat was too much for me. I could feel wax running down my sides and disappearing at my feet.

Suddenly the Emperor roared for a servant. "That candle dripped on me. Throw it out!!"

Immediately I was seized; my eye was put out; I felt myself being thrown out into the street, into the gutter.

In the darkness I could hear a mingle of sounds. A shuffling came close to me and stopped. . . I was picked up by a calloused hand, and then felt the touch of the coarse cloth of a cloak closing over me.

Much later I felt myself standing up again. I was again awakened; but, horror or horrors, I was now in a dingy bamboo hut with dirty, squealing creatures running around.

Here, living in shame, I have grown old and run-down. Instead of on a sparkling pedestal, I now stand in a dirty clay dish. All I have left is the transparent pool around me. As time passes, I feel myself weakening and know my life's end is near. The last of my substance disappears. Slowly I topple into the pool

and my life
is snuffed
out. . . .

I LOOK UP

Janis Terwileger

I look not back to relive the failures of my life,
I look not ahead to the things which are not mine to decide,
I look not down that my eyes miss the beautiful
and blue of life,
But I look up, into the face of God . . . and I am complete. . . .

SPRING PATTERNS

Judith Mayland

READERS

Narrator

Children

Sally Jo

Patty Girls about 9 or 10 years old

Ann

Mr. Jensen A man of fifty-four

Benny

Jon Boys of 7 and 8

Ted

Mother A woman of about 40

Nora A woman of about 30

Bill Norris

Marica Leeland High-school age

Tommy Norris A boy of 12

Miss Molly McGee A woman of 74

Joe Schultz A man of about the same age

Alice Blackwell A girl of 25

SPRING PATTERNS

Narrator:

It is spring in the city.
That is clear from the song
 of the children's laughter as
They dash through the streets
Freed from the red brick walls
 of Washington Park school,
Freed by the long, long, lovely, rattling clang
 of the three o'clock bell,
To tumble from the doors, lickety split,
Pell-mell, helter-skelter, flip-flop;
Hop, skip, and jumping into the street.

Children:

(singing)
School's out, school's out
Teacher's let the monkeys out.

Sally Jo:

Come on, come on.
Let's run through the park,

Let's run past Mr. Jensen's store,
Let's run and run and run.

Patty and
Ann:

Come, on, Come on.
Let's run and run and run.

Narrator:

And they bounce down the street
Like gaily colored rubber balls,
Running and skipping
Through the yellow brightness of the afternoon.

(Pause)

Mr. Jensen:

Here come the children.
3 o'clock again.
Hold your hat, Mr. J.,
Because here they come.

(Pause)

Benny:

Do you have a kite, Mr. Jensen,
A red one, a bright quick red one.
There's a perfect wind, Mr. Jensen.
Quick and strong, but not wild.

Jon:

Yes, Mr. Jensen—perfect,
Quick and strong, but not wild,
Not wild at all.
That red one there is what we want.
See, Benny, bright red, just right!

Benny:

Here's my dime; yes, that's the one.

Jon:

Come on, come on,
We'll run home fast and build our kite.
We'll take it to the park.

Ted:

I'll make the tail;
Can I come too?

Benny &
Jon:

Come on; come on.

Narrator:

Mr. Jensen, fifty-seven years of age
but young at heart
Shakes his head and smiles as
The young dervishes whirl out into
The shining afternoon,
The yellow-green, enamel blue, and rich warm brown
That somehow make a shining afternoon.

The lettered door—
“Corner Grocery” in red,
Stands open, left so seconds ago by
the whirling rush.
Through it pours a pungent mixture
Of cool warm spring air—the smell
Of grass and rain and sun and soil and life—
All neatly packaged and ready for use.

Mr. Jensen:

Whew! At last there's peace.

Narrator:

But he shakes his head and smiles.
And all the while he holds,
Completely unaware, the makings
Of a bright red kite in his hand
On top the counter, still smiling to himself.

Girls:

Come on, come on,
We're going to the park.
Get your bike and hurry.
We're riding to the park.

Mother:

Wear a jacket, don't forget,
Supper's at six—Now don't be late.
Here's your scarf,
Here, Sally Jo—
(with a shrug)— Oh well.

Narrator:

She watches flying pigtails disappear
And suddenly she smiles.

Mother:

She didn't hear a word I said.
Oh, well, I guess she'll live.

(Pause)

Narrator:

Nora Allen, Mrs. Arthur Allen,
Looks out of her window at Washington Park.
She says to herself,

Nora:

(wistfully)
Look at the children, Nora Allen,
Look for a bright blond head
And merry blue yes and a silly giggle
That used to make you oh so mad!
Go on, look for it if you dare;
There's no use pretending.
You'll do it anyway.

(pause)

But it won't be there;
You can look forever,
But she won't be there!

Children:

(chanting)
Little Sally Sawyer
Sits in a saucer,
Rise Sally, rise,
Wipe your weeping eyes,

Nora:

No more tears, no more smiles,
No more anything.

And still birds sing, and the grass greens
And the small determined shoots force their
 way into being,
And spring is here—
But there isn't any sunshine.

Narrator:

And Nora Allen pulls her shade tightly,
Shutting out the afternoon.
Coming down the street from Central High,
Bill Norris and Marcia Leeland
Walk through the sunshine hand in hand,
And never even know it's there.

Bill:

If I go away to college next year,
Will you wait for me?

Marcia:

Oh, Bill, of course I would.
Would you really have to go, or
Couldn't I go too?
It all seems so far away,
Do you really want me to wait?

Bill:

Sure I do.
A guy's got to make his plans, you know.

Tommy:

Bill's got a girl friend,
Bill's got a girl friend—

Narrator:

Tommy Norris is one young man
Whose fancy hasn't turned to thoughts of love.
Bill grabs at his freckled brother
And chases him down the walk top speed,
 gangly legs a-flying.
Marcia laughs under her breath and waits,
Gazing steadfastly at absolutely nothing
With dreamy eyes and softly curling lips,
Absent-mindedly humming to herself
The latest love song,
Number one on the hit parade.

Miss McGee:

(singing)
—a big yellow tulip,
And I wore a big red rose;
Life was so cheery, when you called me dearie—

Narrator:

Miss Molly McGee is seventy-four
And spry as a hen,
Looks a little like one too—
Sharp pointed nose and quick black eyes
That still have enough spark to make people
Sit up and take notice,
A trick at which she's had no little practice
After forty years of teaching school.
Miss McGee is at present occupied
With her tulip patch, which might account
For her cheerful, if not tuneful song,
Which is interrupted by old Joe Schultz,
Retired, walking his airdale, Butch.

Miss McGee:

(still singing)
Down where the green grass—

Joe:

There's the five o'clock whistle,
Blowing like a fire siren.
Gard'nin time's about up, Miss Molly.

Miss McGee:

Good evening, Joe,
Lovely day for tulips, isn't it?
Mine are doing fine too—
Should bloom for Easter if the sun doesn't give out.
These are red and white here by the house;
Those there by the gate are yellow.

Joe:

And lovely ones they'll be, too.

Look in the park,
See the kites dance.
My grandson Benny's got one there,
Flying highest of them all.
See there above the trees;
They dip and soar and rise,
Some red, some blue, some green,
Tails floating in the air.

Come, Butch,
Let's watch the boys.
(to himself)
Benny's got the best kite of them all.

Miss McGee:

Evening, Joe!

Why, here's Miss Alice Blackwell,
Smiling from ear to ear
Like a Chessie-cat!

Alice:

Hello there, Miss McGee!
Spring is here at last
and that's no joke.
Perfect wedding weather and such
A wonderful surprise—

As if I hadn't prayed for it for weeks!
Just one more week and I'll be
Mrs. Martin Land,
Now can you think of that?

Miss McGee:

Well, Alice,
There's sunshine on your face
That's more than from the spring,
And sparkle in your eyes
That isn't due to any kind of weather! !
Hurry on now, since I know that's what you're doing,
And get on with your plans.

Mother:

(calling)
Sally Jo, Sally Jo Hunter,
Come in now;
The afternoon is past and supper's ready;
You can jump rope another day.
Do you hear me, Sally Jo?

Sally Jo:

Coming, Mother,
One more turn,
Just one more turn.

Girls:

(chanting)
Sally, Sally, turn around
Sally, Sally, touch the ground
Sally, Sally, touch your toe—

Mother:

(still calling)
Sally Jo, Did you hear me?

Sally Jo:

Coming, mother.

Girls:

(still chanting)
Sally, Sally, out you go!

Narrator:

At top speed, she races homeward,
Sneakered feet skipping
Quickly over the soft new grass,
Stopping short to pick a bit of white
from the green blades,
Then rushing on,

Across the quiet street and
Up the steps, slamming her way into the house
With a joyful clatter.

Sally Jo:

(breathless)
See, Mother,
What I brought—
A baby violet,
Tiny and white, with just a speck of blue.
I picked it in the park, I picked it just for you!

(Short Pause)

Narrator:

As if by signal
The bright figures now begin a current homeward,
Running off as quickly as they came.
Hand in hand,
Walk old Joe Schultz and young Benny,
Bright, but tattered kite held tightly like
a precious gift.

On foot or sailing bicycle wind,
They hurry homeward,
Bearing untold treasures of
Rocks, of flowers, and of small green snakes.
All hurry homeward
As the bright yellow afternoon
Slowly fades to a chill soft grey.
(Pause)

Miss Molly McGee gathers her spade and hoe
And carries them to the house,
Stopping here and there to check the
Straight green rows of stiff dark leaves
That line her walk.
And then to note a sudden movement,
Quick around the farthest corner of the house:
Up and down, bouncing, jouncing,
Hopping, stopping,
A small brown rabbit nears her tulip patch,
Eager for his evening nibble.

Miss McGee:

Everyone must eat,

And so must you.
I guess that I can spare a leaf or two
To such a hungry beggar as you seem to be.

Narrator:

And so she closes her glass-paned door
To see to supper for herself.

And in the park across the way,
All is quiet
But the twitter of the birds
And the hushed whisper of
The falling darkness.

ABOUT DREAMS, ABOUT PLANS

Gary Lebeck

The evening's air is warm, alive, fresh.
Above glows the galaxy, infinite and boundless,
Emeralds in a field of azure.
In the slums a small boy sleeps in some dusty, deserted
hallway . . .
No dreams, no plans.
Across the river, two proud young parents observe their
first blessing,
Blissful in the sweet sleep of infancy . . .
They dream, they plan.
A pensioner sits alone this night in some lonely room; time has
robbed him . . .
Of dreams, of plans.
The dive is packed, a sweating, teeming, moving mass.
A hopped-up stickman peers through the smoke,
He beats out his methodic, rhythm, caring not . . .
For dreams, or plans.
Two kids, restless, reckless, recoiling from standards,
New to the teens, have just crossed the state line . . .
Such dreams, such plans.
I lie here looking up, looking out, looking down,
And I wonder . . .
About dreams, about plans.

THE STRANGER

Ralph Rasmussen

It was many, many years ago I saw him, a single figure walking disconsolately along the busy road. He walked as if no-one cared for him, and as the ceaseless flow of humanity passed him by, it appeared not only that no-one cared, but also that he seemed in fact not to exist to them. I have not seen him since, though I have travelled far in that large portion of my life which has passed, like him, into the realm of memory. I see him even now, just as he was, a man alone, forgotten by his fellow men, plodding along the road of life. His dress was like to that of many of his kind, dirty and ragged, but this was not unusual in those days, for business was bad, and many were forced to wander aimlessly about, seeking they knew not what.

Why then do I see him, and him alone, from among all his fellows, in my dreams, both by day and by night? For a long time I did not know, I could not tell, but it must have been his face, covered though it was by a dirty, unkept beard. As I think of him now, I can still plainly see those eyes, expressing deep grief, of untold magnitude, the nature of which I shall never know. His entire countenance suggested that the man who bore it was tired of life, perhaps no longer belonged among the living.

I am sure that by now he has passed out of this life. I know that where he may be, but wherever he is at present, earthly grief and anguish no longer gnaw at his soul, indeed at his very body, as they once did. Now that he is gone, and gone forever, I am beginning to realize that I shall never again have an opportunity to speak to him, to know him. Why should I seek to know a man so laden with grief? I asked that then, and found not a single reason; he simply didn't seem worth knowing. But now I have been made to see, that if I do not speak to a man, he shall not know me, and that part of myself which is really me. Nor perhaps shall he know what I know, a message which is destined to spread to the very ends of the earth. I can see that had I not been so selfish, I might have learned to know another being, who would become a part of me, just as I might hope to become a part of him.

EL BUEN PASTOR

Lope de Vega

Pastor, que con tus silbos amorosos
Me despertaste del profundo sueño;
Tu, que hiciste cayado dese leno
En que tiendas los brazos poderosos;
Vuelve los ojos a mi fe piadosos,
Pues te confieso por mi amor y dueño,
Y la palabra de seguirte empeno,
Tus dulces silbos y tus pies hermosos.
Oye, pastor, que por amores mueres,
No te espante el rigor de mis pecados,
Pues tan amigo de rendidos eres;
Espera pues, y escucha mis cuidados;
Pero c Como te digo que me esperes,
Si estas para esperar los pies clavados?

WHEN

Jo Ann Urie

Now perches on Then
And clutches at When
And never, though straining
Can touch him.

Now scratches and tugs
And wiggles and rubs
While yearning and softly
Complaining.

When sits high and nods
And laughs with the gods
And knows that his throne will
Not crumble.

THE GOOD SHEPHERD

Lope de Vega

Translated by Solomon Gipson

Shepherd, who with thine lovely amorous song
Hast removed the profound dream that restrained me;
Thou who made thy staff from the accursed tree
On which thy powerful arms were placed by spiteful throng;
Return my vision and strengthen my belief,
Then I promise you, my Lord and Master,
To obey thy word and follow even faster,
Thy sweet song and path as wonderful relief.
Hear, Shepherd, since for thy loved ones thou hast died,
Cleanse me of my many sins, so that now,
I know that a true friend accepts this vow,
Hoping then that without griefs, with thee to abide.
Yet, how can I say that with thee I hope to be,
For thou with nailed feet, will surely wait for me.

THE PIT

David Snowbeck

Reynold felt as though a wedge was being driven through his mind. At first it was just a gentle murmur as a brief recollection nudged its way into an idle daydream. Soon he found this first sensation growing in intensity, widening its path, forcing out all other thought as memory after memory from the past weeks clamoured for attention, until finally the wedge of guilt blanked out all but the thoughts he yearned most to forget. Struggle as he might, his thoughts flashed back to the pit.

When Reynold first found it, the pit had been nothing more than a hole roughly hewn from the ground by the erosion of an underground spring. A path led through the dense forest towards it, detoured around, and continued until it reached an abandoned cabin. Because the old deserted cabin held a certain lure to the adventurous, inquisitive people of the area, the path had remained intact. Although not well trodden, it was clearly distinguishable

from the deep underbrush through which it wound. Over the years this underbrush had grown over the hole making it impossible to be seen from the path.

It was upon this forest, this path, and this pit, that Reynold's mind now focused as he relived the back-breaking work that had gone into enlarging the hole which was soon to become a grave. He remembered the problems he had faced while forming the pit to its required specifications—gouging it deeper and deeper into ground; endlessly hauling earth, stockpiling it behind dense underbrush; covering patiently any telltale signs of his presence. His thoughts were stopped short as a cold shudder ran up and down his spine. The wedge of guilt now flashed before him a new picture—a picture of himself. He still saw the pit, but interwoven into this view he now saw a man or rather an animal. He saw an animal cringing as fear clutched at its very heart each time the forest sent its taunting laughter floating across the clearing. An animal so full of hate that even this fear was shoved back as it lunged again and again at the task laid before it. An animal working with a crazed obsession maliciously setting a trap for a man. An animal possessing the ingenuity of a man but also possessing the pitiless drive of an animal haunted by fear and driven by hate. He saw an animal—it was himself.

The wedge moved deeper, whirling his mind into a state of agony as he remembered the cruel, senseless depths into which hate had plunged his actions. With this picture of himself flashing before his eyes he remembered the frenzied insanity with which he had worked on the large iron grate. It was a flat checkerboard network of bars, criss-crossed at one-foot intervals. At each cross of the bars he had welded a three-foot spike, jutting up perpendicular from the grate. Reynold groaned as he remembered the malicious satisfaction he had received while, with deliberate forcefulness, he had filed at the prongs—sharpening them to needle-like points until the giant grate had been completed.

Once again the wedge drove deeper into his mind now grasping complete control. No longer was he merely forced to look back, now he began to actually relive in bitter detail that one day when he had allowed hate to rule his life.

Reynold for the second time found himself behind the wheel of his old, dilapidated pickup racing towards the forest. The grate lying in the back end sent dancers of light flickering before his eyes as the late afternoon sunlight reflected off the polished prongs. He was happy, almost hysterically so, as he gazed in childish delight at the dancing reflections. He slapped the dog sitting next to him

playfully and glanced over at it. The dog was no more than a stray which had wandered to his door the evening before. He had grown quite fond of this new little friend who now bit his hand playfully. The touch of loyalty and trust shot a pang of guilt through Reynold as he remembered the fate which would soon fall upon this dog. He quickly pushed the thought from his mind, however, as he stepped down on the accelerator.

The sun was almost setting when he reached the forest. Stopping the truck, he got out and briefly glanced down the path. Dragging the grate from the pickup, he began the long haul following the old path until it began its detour around the pit. Without pausing he plodded on breaking a new trail. The going was rough as each prong seemed to cling to every vine. When he finally reached the edge of the pit, his clothes were soaked with sweat, his muscles ached from the strain, and his arms and face were torn and bleeding. But these physical discomforts were forgotten as he lowered the pronged grate down and down until it settled in the bottom of the pit. As he stared down, the prongs seemed to wave a promise that they would deliver the death which they had been created to bring. A thrill of accomplishment swept over him as he began covering the opening with limbs and brush.

Now the pit was a trap and only the path needed adjustment to complete the preparations. Patiently he stomped out his newly broken trail, duplicating as best he could the appearance the old path held. Circling to the opposite side of the pit, he broke a similar new path leading out of sight. He then circled back and went to where the old path now split in two directions. He looked down the old path which wound out of sight as it detoured around the pit, then glanced at his own new branch of the path which also wound out of sight but did not detour. He smiled as he quickly began to seal off the old path. His task now completed, he looked with satisfaction at the path which now ran from the road to his pit of death. Pit of death, he liked the sound of those three words and kept repeating them over and over as he ran back to the truck. Although he was panting, he only paused for a minute while he grabbed a sack full of raw meat from the back of the pickup. He then reached into the cab and scooped the little dog up into his arms and headed back down the path.

So cleverly had he concealed the pit, he would have run across it himself if a familiar oak tree had not warned him of the trap. Roughly he shook the raw meat from its bag as the dog squirmed to reach the food. Laughing he picked the meat up from the ground and threw it across to the other side of the pit. He paused

before turning the dog loose as pity began creeping into his heart. But the hate which had pushed back fear also pushed back pity and the dog was allowed to spring free. With mighty leaps the dog bounded towards the meat and the awaiting pit. As if realizing its purpose the dog plunged into the pit without howling a complaint. Only when it hit the prongs did a whine pierce the still forest. Reynold raced to the edge of his trap and looked. The dog had somersaulted in its descent landing on its back. It had taken only one prong to drain away life. Although death was evident at the bottom of the pit, it seemed to Reynold as if the dog's eyes were still alive. They seemed to leap up at him with accusations and bewilderment. A pang of guilt shot through Reynold with such a jolt he nearly leaped into the pit himself. It was the blood which made him stop. Tearing his eyes from those of the dog he scanned the blood splashed on the prongs, the blood dripping and forming a puddle at the bottom of the pit, and the blood oozing from the dog's wound. Fear of this blood was not what halted his leap, rather it was a feeling of satisfaction and almost joy at seeing this symbol of death toward which his whole being had been oriented in anticipation of murder. Once again hate pushed back all feelings of guilt or pity as he began to recover the pit.

The stage was now set. That night a man was to walk down this path, he was to plunge to his death into the pit, into his own grave; the old detour would then be re-opened and the path of death would be closed.

The sun had just set sending a dark shadow over the forest as Reynold sat down to wait. It was the first time he had been settled enough to think for several days. His mind wandered back. Every thought, though jumbled and incoherent, justified the pit and its purpose, his motives and the forthcoming murder. He thought of Tom Michals, the man for whom the pit was waiting. Michals had been seeing Reynold's wife, he had been robbing the company, and he had been planning to kill him. For these reasons Michals deserved to die. Reynold and Sue had been happily married before Michals came, but then all of a sudden Sue began . . . Thinking of Sue sent another fit of anger racing through Reynold. He grabbed a rock and hurled it at the pit and listened with satisfaction as it broke through the covering and landed with a thud at the bottom. In hatred he shut Sue from his mind and turned his thoughts to the partnership. Ben and he had shared a profitable concern until Michals had become bookkeeper, till he had begun to embezzle funds, until he had destroyed the firm. Reynold had always felt that his own life was secure until he had noticed the gleam of greed, adul-

tery and hate in Michal's eyes. The thought of eyes sent a stab of pity through him, but it was quickly stifled by the boiling hatred within him. He began thinking in fragments—pits of death, Michals' deserved death, Michals' planning of his death, pits of death.

Gradually his mind began to clear. He smiled as he remembered how Michals had eagerly accepted the invitation to visit the deserted cabin and hunt with him. He imagined how Michals probably planned to kill him in an alleged hunting accident. Reynold wished that Michals knew of his fate. He wanted him to suffer, to worry, to feel fear. But of course this was impossible. He laughed as he remembered how intently Michals had listened to him as he had given him the directions to get to the shack, to a shack which he would never reach.

Reynold leaned his head against the trunk of a tree and relaxed. The forest was now completely dark except for the glimmer of moonlight which filtered through the overhanging limbs. The noise of the forest provided comforting background music as Reynold thought over and over of how Michals would plunge to his death into the pit. He placed imaginary wagers with the birds who obligingly chirped back answers. He bet two-to-one that Michals would have less guts than the dog and would cry out before he hit the prongs, that he would land on three prongs, that he would land face down. It was with this fixation of death controlling his mind that Reynold finally fell asleep. He slept peacefully and contented, dreaming of Michals' death. His dream was very exact and detailed. He heard the crackling of dead leaves and brush grow louder and louder as his victim came closer. He saw the flashlight probing ahead of Michals as he passed by and headed for the pit. He could even see Michals' face—ugly, distorted, deserving of death. Then he heard the loud crack as the brush gave way and the piercing scream as the victim fell down and down. There was a thud and then quietness. What had begun as a wonderful dream suddenly became a nightmare. From down in the pit he heard his name being called over and over again. The calling grew louder and louder. Reynold awoke with a start but as if the dream was continuing he heard his name being called.

He got up and walked to the pit. Everything was as he had left it. Then he heard his name being called again, only closer this time. Excitement grew within him as he moved back into the underbrush to wait. He was certain that it was Michals heading toward the cabin. As in his dream he heard the crackling of leaves as the man approached. He saw the glow of a flashlight grow

brighter as it neared and then he saw the man. His excitement grew to dismay when he recognized the man. It was not Michals.

* * * * *

The wedge which had plagued Reynold, which had made him relive a portion of his life was suddenly removed. No longer was he out in the forest, but he was back on his cot. His surroundings began flowing back into his mind as if on the beam of sunlight which streamed through the cell window. But the wedge had served its purpose. It had changed Reynold. He no longer was merely sorry for the hatred which had controlled him as he plotted murder. He now rechanneled all of this hatred toward himself. It was a different man in the cell now, a man who having relived that part of his life when his soul had been close to hell now revolted with bitter self hatred at the mere thought of his sin. Now it was he, and not an uncontrollable wedge, which forced his mind to go back.

He deliberately forced his mind back to the pit and the man heading towards it. He remembered the hopeless feeling which had swept over him when he recognized that it was not Michals. Instead, he had seen in the dim light the face of the sheriff. Of course he had run out and kept the man from plunging to his death, but in return he had received a warrant for his own arrest. The charge was murder.

Reynold remembered the next few days quite clearly. Riding back handcuffed he had been too stunned to ask any questions. He only knew that his pit had not been used and that it would never be used. He was placed on trial, charged with the murder of his partner. Reynold remembered the shock he had received upon hearing the charges and testimony. It was Ben who had been murdered while he had been preparing the pit. The testimony showed that it was Ben who had been guilty of the charges Reynold had placed upon Michals. For these motives he had been brought to trial. The rest of the trial was vague in his mind. He remembered little of the evidence used against him. All he remembered was that Michals had been innocent. The pit had been built out of hatred for an innocent man. He had turned himself into an animal, a madman, because of this hatred.

He had been found guilty and sentenced to die. The jury had found him, an innocent man, guilty just as he had found Michals guilty. The jury had sentenced him just as he had sentenced Michals. Somehow he saw the justice in it. He had planned a murder and only the fate of Michals' being called out of town that night had kept him from being a murderer. He deserved the sentence of

death because he was actually a killer and worse yet, a killer of the innocent.

Reynold's mind was now whirling. He hated himself because he saw in himself a murderer. The sentence did not seem just punishment for him. As if to torture himself he forced his mind to go back to the pit. He saw the prongs waving their promise of death, but they had been aimed at the innocent and not the guilty. The eyes of the innocent dog flashed before his eyes. It was all so sickeningly wrong. The pit and the prongs were not for the innocent but for the guilty, for himself. He wished he could go back to the forest and run down the path. He yearned to leap into the pit and receive the sentence he deserved. Yes, this was the punishment he should receive, for this was the punishment he had created. He was not destined to hang, he was destined to die in a pit. Wildly, he climbed onto his bed and stood staring down. The floor began to whirl, faster and faster until it seemed to burrow a pit down and down. Prongs seemed to spring up from the floor—prongs no longer beckoning to the innocent but rather beckoning to him, to the guilty. Reynold lunged down into his pit, his pit of death, his pit for the guilty. Only there was no pit—instead a hard floor met him. The pit would never be used.

THOUGHTS OF SPRING

Sidney A. Larsen

Nature peeking from its soft snowy blanket
Finds us anxiously waiting
For it to rise from its nap.

When the robin
Colors the earth with song,
It is Spring's song.

When eyes follow the thoughts
Out the window,
Spring is in the air.

When houses empty their pockets
From a Winter's accumulation,
Spring is here.

When one and one
Become two—
Spring has come at last!

LA VIE A LA CAMPAGNE

Pierre Camo

Ma soeur, quel dieu charmaant reglant votre destin
Vous donna la douceur de vivre sans tourmente
Au pays du soleil et des terres clémentes,
Qu'enferment les monts bleus et le ciel sarrasin?

C'est l'ete. Les muriers aux belles feuilles neuves
Nourrissent de nouveau les calmes vers a soie;
Les lieges ecorces se dressent et rougeoient
Dans les terrains brulants ou dorment les couleuvres.

Chaque jour vous apporte, avec un soin pareil,
Une provision de fruits et d'aromates,
Et la figue nouvelle, et la fraiche tomate,
Et le melon gonfle d'eau chaude et de soleil.

La bonne odeur du miel vient des ruches de liege;
Le calme de midi remplit les champs deserts,
Depuis l'Albere qui se baigne dans la mer,
Jusqu'aux premiers sommets ou reluisent les neiges.

Ah! ma soeur, que de charme et de simplicité
Dans cette vie a la campagne heureuse et sage!
La contemplation du meme paysage
Suffit a votre coeur, riche comme l'ete.

Vous aimez le vieux mas de brique et de chaux vive,
Les meules de ble d'or et les oliviers bleus,
Et la tour que jadis dresserent les aieux
Pour eclairer au loin la route des navires.

Vous aimez vie aux plaisirs delicats,
Ou toute votre part des taches domestiques
Est de faire secher du tilleul balsamique
Et de renouveler l'eau des alcarazas.

Donnez a ces objets vos soins et vos tendresses!
La joie est precieuse et les instants sont courts.
Prolongez la douceur de jouir tous les jours
De la belle nature et de votre jeunesse!

THE LIFE IN THE COUNTRY

Pierre Camo

Translated by Ndewirwa N. Kitomari

What encloses the blue mountains and the country buckwheat?
My sister, what charming God regulating your destiny
Gives you the sweetness to live without turmoil
In the country of sunshine and the mild weather?

It is summer. The mulberry-trees in beautiful new leaves
Nourishing again the calm silk-worms;
The cork-tree barks grow and become red
In the hot fields where the adders sleep.

Each day brings you, with a similar care,
A supply of fruits and spices,
And the new fig, and the fresh tomato
And the melon full of warm juice and of sunshine.

The fine scent of honey comes from the hives of cork;
The calmness of midday fills the deserted country,
Since Albere who takes a bath in the sea,
As far as the high peaks where the snow glitters.

Oh! my sister, what charm and simplicity
In this life in the prosperous and quiet country!
The contemplation of the same scenery
Satisfies your heart, rich like summer.

You like the old farm-house of brick and quicklime,
The wheat grindstone of gold and the blue olive-trees,
And the castle that once your forefathers built
To enlighten the route of the distant vessels.

You like this life of fastidious pleasures,
Where all your part of domestic task
Is to dry balmy lime-tree flowers
And to revive the water of alcarraza.

Give those objects your cares and your endearments!
The joyfulness is precious and the moments are short,
Prolong the sweetness to enjoy all the days
Of the beautiful nature and of your youth.

THE NORTH WOODS AT DUSK

Michael Stafford

I like to hear the singing woods,
The north woods just before dusk,
As the sun

sets

below

the

lake,

And the eerie cry of the loon
E-c-h-o-e-s from across the shimmering waters.
And the little chipmunks scurry into their

holes.

Every now and then I catch a glimpse of a
bat

Swooping wings.

from

velvet

the

on

dark

Just beginning his mighty rounds.

Out on the lake I hear a splash,
And see the fish that I had hoped to catch.

I look to the north and see a

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Flying majestically up the length of the lake.



RASKOLNIKOV

by
Wayne Petersen

ON TEACHING WOMEN TO DRIVE

Gerald Kruse

Usually men are courageous enough to be willing to enter into an experience which holds promises of interest and excitement. This, however, will not necessarily be true if that adventure should be the task of teaching a woman how to drive an automobile. There seem to be some unexplainable factors involved in this which strike a note of fear or dread in the man's heart. After spending some time analyzing the problem, one is led to the assumption that it is not because of a fear that there will be an accident with the car, but rather, it seems to be an apprehension of an unwelcome atmosphere that might develop between the instructor and the student.

As the title implies, this essay is concerned exclusively with the instruction of the female sex in the art of automobile driving. There seems to exist very little need of providing such instruction for boys. As they grow into their adulthood, they appear to have automatically acquired this knowledge as part of their development. When boys reach a legal age, they buy a driver's license, get in the family car and drive off. But not so with girls; they must be taught.

There are three types of women that a male might be called upon to tutor in automobile manipulation. These are the sister, the fiancée, and the wife. Although the results to be desired are analogous, the teaching methods will be quite divergent. The reason for this statement should be obvious. Very simply it is this: no matter what might take place between the teacher and his sister in the course of driver-training, they are still brother and sister regardless of how either of them might feel after an exceedingly difficult lesson. Even though the one might disown the other, genetically and legally they remain sibling to each other. On the other hand, the male who attempts to teach his fiancée the art of driving must be diplomatic in his teaching procedures. There is no law, legal or otherwise, that stipulates that a girl must remain the sweetheart of a man who is so cruel as to call her a stupid know-nothing just because she accidentally ran his car into a gatepost. Nor does any known statute bind a single male to a single female after he has had ample opportunity to see with his own eyes just how helpless the girl can be.

A man who is called upon to teach one of the third type of women, wives, to drive should consider what might result from this experience. Expounding the science of vehicular manipulation to this particular group can create some very trying and dangerous problems. One should take into consideration that there exists in this situation a legal law, as well as a moral law, which binds the teacher and the pupil together. Foremost in mind should be the realization that if relations should become strained to the point of dissociation that there is an expenditure, financial and psychological, to be made for the procedures of divorce. Because of the varied complexities involved in the tutoring of this particular class in the art of driving, the writer feels too limited in space to give it as thorough a coverage as it requires for complete clarity. The best counsel for the husband whose wife lacks the ability to drive is to employ a professional driving instructor. Such a person is prepared to cope with any situation that might arise as the woman is learning how to propel the auto.

Before a student actually learns to drive the car, there should be an attempt made to give her an understanding of certain basic principles and functions. The men who live in this modern age should be thankful for such things as: push-buttons; turn signals; one, instead of two, foot pedals; and the many other innovations of this inventive era. If the student is not mechanically-minded, and very few women are, the instructor will do well to exclude the showing of the motor to her. Not many women would be notably impressed with that 'dirty engine' which is hidden under the hood. If the motor were to be revealed, and the student should be inclined to ask questions about it, the instructor might find it embarrassingly difficult to give answers. One would also be wasting his time in teaching the technique of tire-changing. A deflated tire, if the little woman should note it before leaving home, can easily be changed by an obliging garage man. If the reduction of air in the rubber casing should occur while the automobile is being propelled on the highway, there will always be a gallant 'knight of the road' willing to help the lady in her plight.

Logically it would appear that an instructor should acquaint the student with the workings of the transmission, the differential, the carburetor, the alternator, and other important parts of the car. However, because of the time element involved as well as the difficulty of communication, this is not recommended. There is no need to offer instruction in radio or heater control. The car radio operates similar to the one in the home, and the heater controls will be mastered if the driver becomes cold enough.

If it is at all possible, when one is instructing a woman to drive, he should have a car with an automatic transmission. If this is not a possibility, the teacher should be prepared to experience take-offs which are not exactly smooth. In fact, they may be rather spasmodic in nature. This is not in itself serious providing the convulsions are of short duration. Another thing that can happen when the car is equipped with a 'straight' transmission is the accidental shifting from low gear directly ahead into reverse gear. Even this unintentional mishap is not tragic providing the automobile can endure the instantaneous cessation of forward movement, and providing the car/cars following immediately behind have the time, and the room, to swerve to one of the sides. The tutor should be warned, however, that such an unexpected happening can cause a rather nasty blow as his cranium comes into sharp contact with the windshield.

Before the student is permitted behind the steering wheel, said student should have certain vital information firmly implanted within her mind. When one turns the piloting device to round a corner in the road, the same must be brought back to its original position after the corner has been conquered. This has been found to be especially important information if the student is going to drive on a road that has rather deep ditches on either side. If the student driver should, through ignorance of this basic fact or through slowness of memory, run into the ditch, she may make an effort to turn back onto the road when halfway into the depression. It is evident that such a move could produce an upsetting effect upon the automobile.

After having taught one woman to manipulate an automobile, the average male vows never to go through such an experience again. However, time has a memory-dimming element, and those most exciting events that transpired are partially forgotten. The man is then ready once more to become an instructor of driving if the right girl should want to learn the art of vehicular propulsion.

SOLITUDE IN LOVE

Tom Lange

In green woods two saplings grew,
Of water, air, the same both drew,
Together brushing, branches blew,
And reaching roots entwined the two,
Yet neither life the other knew.

MIN SORG

Ole Sarvig

Min sorgs sære gamle villa
med kolde nordverander
og ubrugelige tårnkamre.

Altid i skygge
af den dunkelgrønne nålehave
glemt, tilgroet
skyet af mennesker.

Der går jeg tit alene rundt
i fugtens lydte kamre,
i den muldne stilhed
der kom brydes af insektfolkets
skraben mod væggene.

— de små knosende skabninger,
som om hundrede år
har levet huset til aske.

SEA

Jo Ann Urie

Sudsing surging sea,
Foaming froth that rushes 'cross the sand
Spreading green-white fingers on the land,
Beckoning to me.

Wiping winding wind
Reeling as it races with the sea
Coiling 'round me as I seek to flee
Leaving it behind.

Sighing straining soul
Following the wind and surging sea
Seeking uselessly to be as free,
Seeking a lost goal.

MY SORROW

Ole Sarvig

Translated by David S. Larsen

My sorrow's strange antique villa
with cold northern verandas
and unusable tower rooms.

Always in shade
of the dark green pine grove
forgotten, overgrowing
avoided by people.

Around there I often walk alone
in the damp echoing rooms,
in the mouldy stillness
that is only broken by the insect people
scraping against the walls.

— The small crackling creatures,
which in hundreds of years
have lived this villa to ashes.

MADNESS?

Judith Mayland

They say that I am mad.
I am not.
I have simply left their world.
Is that wrong? Am I not allowed a choice
Where my own life is concerned?
The other people here are mad, but not I.
I have made my decision and am content with it.

Where I am is unimportant.
Here, some are rigid and still;
Some are ranting and violent, and
A few are timid and meek.
But I do not mind;

My world is calm and beautiful
Because I am at peace with myself.

When I was a child, my world was golden.
I believed good of everyone,
Saw sunshine in the greyest days.
Deceit and lies, injustice and affectation
were invisible,
Hidden by a shield of innocence;
I never knew nor really believed in them at all.

Then one day, the door was opened, the threshold
crossed;
And I met Reality; I met the World.
At first I knew her only slightly, like one you
recognize, but only greet in passing;
But as the years of our acquaintance lengthened,
I grew to know her better,
To see her more often and more clearly,
Until in the end, I knew her well.
And I left her.

Before my eyes, the blue had dripped from the
painted skies,
Wax flowers melted, the masquerade ended;
Lovely ladies lost their beauty with a dash of soap,
And their virtue to a red sports car.
God became a ceremony, a ritual of long habit,
Praised from coast to coast by a recorded voice
played at top speed,
"Our Father . . ."

Perpetual trivia bombarded me from right and left;
Each day dawning with a new list of details:
This, that, these, those, him, her, see, say, do!
My schedule allowed no time for God, love, thought,
or prayer,
Except with bids for equal time with the other minutia
On my ever growing list.

I was drowned in blackness,
Swimming in a sea which my very self
Cried out against and cursed to recognize,
Finding no safe ground onto which
I could pull myself to rest from the futility that
encompassed me,

Then I discovered an island haven,
And that island was myself.

The doctors said that I was sick,
"Hopeless schizophrenia," they said to those who asked.
And then they brought me here,
And at last I am content.

I cannot change the world and I do not mean to try;
With the evil in myself I can come to terms,
And hate it if I cannot change it, and know it for
what it is if I cannot hate it.

I have time to find God,
And to know Him.

I wake in the morning to the fresh breath of a new day;
Once more, I hear whispering forecasts of spring;
I can love the warm sunshine in which I sit by day,
And the soft indigo of the night,
I can live, and love, and find peace at last.

And they call this madness.

WAITING

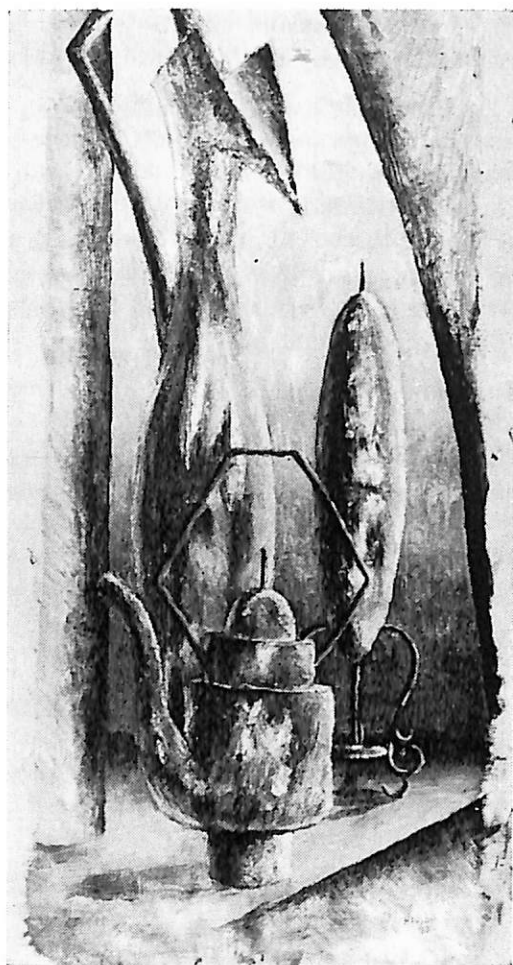
Fred Lambley

No one quite can understand
The tender care I need.
And since I am expecting soon,
I must have help indeed!

I began to swell at once,
Mostly with pride, I guess.
As I approach my seventh month,
I look like quite a mess.

My fingernails are long no more,
Nerves in a terrible state.
And though it seems quite backward,
I've lost a lot of weight.

If you think of a solution,
You really needn't bother,
For nothing in the world can help
A proud expectant father!



COPPER IN LIGHT

Karolyn Hanson

MOMENTS

Moments
Like little beads
Strung together
To make a necklace . . .
Moments.

SAL

DEBORAH

Fred Lambley

Once Bryce had to deny a love he'd wanted to shout to the skies—now he couldn't deny it—and that was even worse—because now it had become a guilty love.

It was very simple. Clay and Bryce had both seen Deborah for the first time at the community picnic that July.

"Wow!" Clay exclaimed.

"My sentiments, exactly," Bryce sighed.

"Sorry, big brother! But I 'wowed' first," Clay said and made his way across the grass and through the mob of other young men milling around Deborah. He didn't have much trouble getting her away—and why should he? He was very persuasive and better looking than any other guy there—including his slightly envious brother.

Bryce smile dwryly to himself, wishing he were the one walking off, arm in arm with Deborah. He turned from the sight reluctantly, admitting to himself that they did look kind of right together.

Although Clay was younger than his brother, Bryce was used to his acting much older in many ways. Especially when it came to girls. Bryce could never be quite as forward or at ease with girls the way Clay was. Perhaps he was even a little shy, but whatever it was, Clay seemed to be the most popular of the two. It had never really bothered Bryce and now he realized it must be because he was never really interested in a girl till now.

By the time Clay got around to introducing her, Bryce knew his brother was way out ahead. "Bryce'll make a very dignified looking best man, don't you think, Deborah?"

"Don't let him scare you—or rush you," Bryce smiled at her.

"I won't," she smiled back, "not if you promise to come running when I need help."

That night, sleepless, seeing those deep smiling eyes and long, raven-colored hair before him, Bryce knew he *would* come running if she ever gave him half the chance. But one glance at his brother, who was smiling confidently even though he was asleep, told him he was already too late.

Within a week, Clay was up to his blond crew-cut in love and anyone could see it. And though Bryce felt the same, he did his best to keep anyone from finding out. He tried to keep his distance

as he watched his brother and Deborah go everywhere and do everything together.

Once in a while, when he was feeling low, Bryce would sit for hours in the shaded park. He'd mumble sometimes to an occasional stranger—chipmunk or squirrel—his well kept secret. "That's my problem, friend," he'd say, "I love my brother's sweetheart. I love her very much."

Deborah was always trying to include Bryce in their plans, but Bryce knew he shouldn't allow himself to accept for Clay's sake. But as they started off on a picnic one day, she was extra persuasive, "Please, Bryce, I *want* you to come with us. So does Clay."

"Clay does no such thing," Clay laughed, "But there is a lot of food."

The prospect of just being near her was too tempting for him to resist. After they'd eaten, Bryce pretended to fall asleep so the couple could walk off together. As he watched them from half-closed lids, he sent out a silent prayer to his brother, "Love her well, Clay! She deserves it!"

And then, one evening when Clay's job had taken him out of town overnight, Bryce felt a terrible urge to call Deborah. He sat and faced the phone trying not to give in, "I won't call her—I won't—I won't," he told himself. Just then the phone rang.

"Hello."

"Hello, Bryce, this is Deborah." Bryce heard his heart jumping and wondered if she could. "Would you like to take a walk?" she asked, "It's a beautiful night—I'll even buy you an ice cream cone."

"One or two scoops," he said trying to keep his voice as light as hers.

And so—feeling it was wrong, and not caring—afraid of what might happen but not caring about that either—Bryce spent the happiest couple of hours he'd known in a long time. Maybe it was the way she laughed—or the way the moonlight made her hair glow—or the shape of her lips—that was suddenly too overpowering. Forgetting he even had a brother, Bryce drew Deborah into his arms and kissed her roughly and long. She finally drew away from him, gasping.

Shocked at what he'd done, Bryce apologized immediately. Deborah assured him she wasn't offended and they said no more about it until he left her at the door.

"Good night, Deborah—and—I'm sorry, again."

"So am I," she said with tears in her eyes, "Goodnight, Bryce."

After that, Bryce tried to forget Deborah. He spent as much

time as possible with as many different girls as possible. He avoided places where he might accidentally run into her. He wasn't at home when Clay brought Deborah there. But nothing helped erase her from his mind and heart.

And then, one night, a few weeks later, Clay stormed into the house, his face as dark as the night.

"Clay, what is it?" Bryce jumped up.

"Nothing! I'm going to bed." But a second later he turned and started for the door, "Changed my mind," he mumbled. "I wouldn't be able to sleep anyway. I'm going for a drive—a long one! Don't wait up!"

Worried, Bryce tried to stop him, "Whatever it is—wouldn't you like to talk about it," he asked. But Clay was already gone.

Clay didn't come back that night or any other night. His senses dulled by anger, he wasn't himself as he drove wildly out of town. He was caught in a sudden storm out on the cliff road and unable to control his speeding car, he skidded and went over. His untimely death shocked the small town, stunned his friends, and his family simply couldn't believe it had really happened.

Bryce attended the funeral in a daze, still wondering what had made Clay run off like that, although he was sure he knew *who* was responsible. He didn't even glance at Deborah, but afterwards she caught his arm and tried to stop him.

"Bryce, please, I must talk to you!"

"What for?" he answered savagely. "Whatever you told him that night *really* killed him. What was it? That you were tired of your little game of love? That you'd met someone else with more money or broader shoulders? Whatever it was, I don't want to hear it."

He walked away, leaving her standing there—and tried not to remember the haunted look in her eyes. "Heaven help me," he thought, "I ought to hate her—but I still love her."

After that, life went from dark gray to black for a long time. And then one day, driving into town on the cliff road, trying not to remember what had happened there, Bryce saw a lonely shadow staring at the beach below and recognized it. He slowed and stopped, almost against his will.

"Isn't this a little morbid? Or do you get a kick out of seeing the spot where a man died for love of you?"

Deborah stood silent and just stared straight ahead. Angrily, Bryce grabbed her shoulders and turned her. "All right—take a good look."

"Bryce, no," she turned her head.

"Down there! That's where it happened! Look at it!"

"No, I can't! Oh, please, Bryce, please—"

"Why," Bryce cried, "Why did it happen? What did you say to him?"

Tears streaming down her flushed cheeks, softly and sadly, Deborah gulped out the words. "I told him—I told him that it was *you* I loved."

When she saw his stunned look, she turned away from him and went on, "Something inside me knew it all along—the something that made me call you that night! I—I had to know if you felt the same. But after you kissed me—you said nothing—nothing—except, 'I'm sorry'."

Her voice faded and he could find nothing to say. So they just stood there for a long time. When the rain started, he reached for her and held her close. And his mind held nothing but just two words—"Forgive me."

L' ETOILE DU SOIR

Alfred de Musset

Pale etoile du soir, messagere lointaine,
Dont le front sort brillant des voiles du couchant,
De ton palais d'azur, au sein du firmament,
Que regardes-tu dans la plaine?

La tempete s'eloigne et les vents sont calmes.
La foret, qui fremit, pleure sur la bryere;
Le phalene dore, dans sa course legere,
Traverse les pres embaumes.

Que cherches-tu sur la terre endormie?
Mais deja vers les monts je te vois t'abaisser;
Tu fuis en souriant, melancolique amie,
Et ton tremblant regard est pres de s'effacer.

Etoile qui descends sur la verte colline,
Triste larme d'argent du manteau de la Nuit,
Toi que regarde au loin de patre qui chemine,
Tandis que pas a pas son long troupeau le suit,

Etoile, ou t'en vas-tu, dans cette nuit immense?
Cherches-tu sur la rive un lit dans les roseaux?
Ou t'en vas-tu, si belle, a l'heure du silence,
Tomber comme une perle au sein profond des eaux?

Ah! si tu dois mourir, bel astre, et si ta tete
Va dans la vaste mer plonger ses blonds cheveux,
Avant de nous quitter, un seul instant arrete; —
Etoile de l'amour, ne descends pas des cieux!

STAR OF EVENING

Alfred de Musset

Translated by Jane Jensen

Pale star of evening, distant messenger,
Whose face sparkles through the veils of
 setting sun,
From your palace of blue, in the midst of the
 firmament,
 Whom do you gaze at on the plain?

The tempest is quiet and the winds are calm.
The forest trembles, mourns on the heath;
The golden moth, lightly on her way,
 Crosses the balmy meadows.
 Whom do you seek on the sleeping earth?
But already toward the mountains I see you sink;
You flee from smiling, melancholy friend,
And your flickering gaze is close to disappearing.

Star who descends toward the green hill,
Sad silver tear on the mantle of Night,
You whom the trudging shepherd watches in the
 distance,
While step by step his slow flock follows him,

Star, where do you go in this vast night?
Do you seek a bed on the shore in the rushes?
Or do you go at the hour of rest, so beautiful,
To fall like a pearl into the deep heart of the
 seas?

Ah! if you must die, fair star, and if your head
Plunges its golden hair into the vast sea,
Before you leave us, stop only a moment; —
Star of love, do not descend from the skies!

THE WOODEN SOLDIERS

Dee Petersen

A few rays of sun flickered over the floor only to melt into the dark corners of the room. A small gray woman stood by a table looking at the wooden soldiers upon it. She was fashioned of silk and cobwebs hardened by time. Her face was drawn, but there was a smile on her lips; as she went back in memory through the years, years of happiness and years of grief.

She thought once again of the blond curly haired boy who followed her everywhere; who loved so well the flowers in her old fashioned garden; the little boy who would walk back and forth, touch each flower and yet resist picking one until he came to the red roses. Then he would grab a rose and crush it in his little hand and bring it to her saying, "Pretty, Mother." That was the first sentence he ever said.

She thought of the years when he was growing up—laughter on hot summer days, football and the crunching of leaves under foot. Then suddenly he was a man—and he went to war. On those months, those long months; letter long delayed—waiting—then nothing. No letter. No word.

At long last a letter came, a letter in a long white impersonal envelope. It was from the hospital saying that her son had been wounded. He couldn't tell who he was or where his home was. Now his wounds were healed. They had his history and were sending him home.

She thought of standing at the station and of their bringing her son to her in a wheel chair. Her lips trembled. The same strong body, the same curly hair, but the eyes were blank. He didn't know his mother; he couldn't remember the home where he grew up.

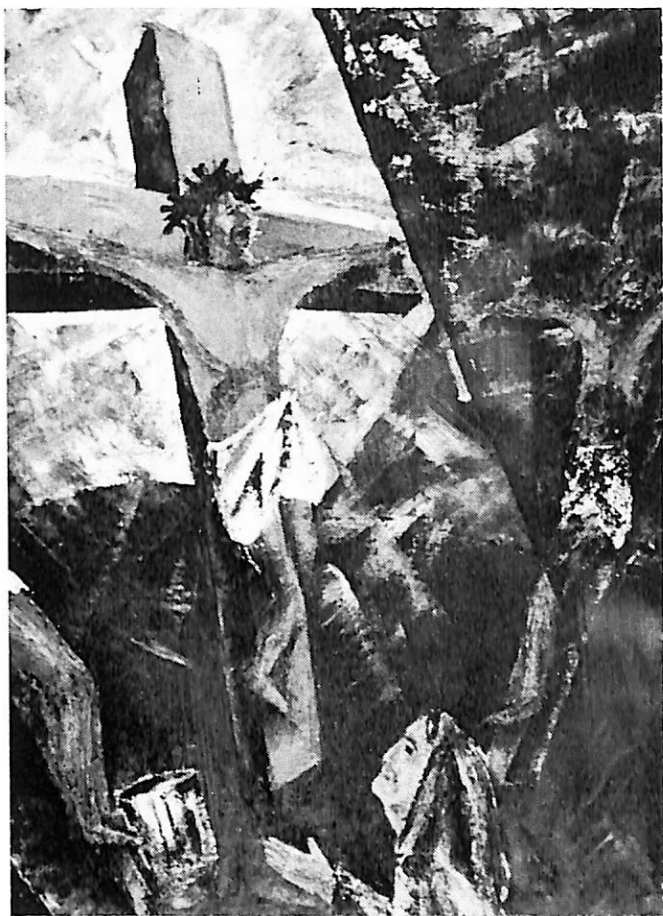
She thought of the long winter months in which he never seemed contented except when he was sitting by the table with the wooden soldiers in front of him. He would place them in battle array and then with his finger push each one over. Time and time again he would do the same thing. Was he reliving the battles?

Then came spring and the garden bloomed. She took the son in his wheel chair and walked up and down the garden, then paused to rest by the red rose bush.

He looked intently at the roses and then put out his hand and picked one red rose. Looking up at her, he said, "Pretty, Mother."

It was almost dark now. The sun was gone. Thinking of the

long past months she could now look at the wooden soldiers and smile. The woman with the drawn face closed her eyes and whispered, "Thank you, God."



ELOI, ELOI, LAMA SABACHTHANI

Leran Heimke

POOR GOLDEN DANCING BUTTERFLY

Judith Mayland

Poor golden dancing butterfly
To live one day and then to die!
Weep not; his life and death should bring no tears:
One day of beauty's worth ten thousand years.

FRÜHLINGSGLAUBE

Uhland

Die linden Lüfte sind erwacht,
Sie säuseln and weben Tag und Nacht,
Sie schaffen an allen Enden.
O frischer Duft, O neuer Klang!
Nun, armes Herze; sei nicht bang!
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

Die Welt wird schöner mit jedem Tag.
Man weiss nicht, was noch werden mag,
Das Blühen will nicht enden.
Es blüht das fernste, tiefste Thal!
Nun, armes Herz, vergiss der Qual!
Nun muss sich alles, alles wenden.

THOUGHTS OF SPRING

Uhland

Translated by Sue Ringhand

The mild breezes are awakened,
They whisper and sigh night and day,
They are busy everywhere.
O fresh fragrance, O new sound!
Now poor heart, be not afraid!
Now must all, all change.

The world is lovelier each day.
No one can guess what may come yet,
The blossoms will never end.
They bloom in the darkest, deepest vale.
Now poor heart, forget your fears!
Now must all, all change.

A FATHER'S GRIEF

Gerald Kruse

They're bringing Ronnie home today;
The town is still and sad;
A grave is being dug today;
'Twill house that quiet lad.
A mother's face is damp today; —
Her hearts is broken too;
A father's head bows low today,
Dark mourning is his due.

'Twas just a year ago today
That Ronnie, happy, dwelt
Within this home that grieves today
For loss so deeply felt.

A father's thoughts return today
To words so cruelly said—
Oh, could they be recalled today,
The boy would not be dead.
They brought young Ronnie home today,
His life so quickly spent;
A father weeps for him today;
Oh, that he could repent.

A father's heart is cold tonight;
His grief could not be borne;
A father's heart is dead tonight;
No longer does he mourn.

HAIKU

Judith Mayland

Great, dark, ancient trees
stretch high their gnarled fingers,
piercing the white dawn.

HELEN

Elizabeth Anne Nielsen

BRADWORTH: There is something the matter with her. She seems so—so sensitive of late. Oh, I don't mean her feelings—exactly—but she seems to notice—little things. Things of which I am entirely unaware. I—I can't explain it, but it is really quite odd.

ELLINGTON: Odd? How's that?

BRADWORTH: Well—it was only yesterday when her step-brother came. He had been away quite some time and wasn't expected to return on any particular date. At any rate, she came to me and said, entirely without warning, 'He is coming back today.' I was quite confused and asked *who* was coming back today, and she said, 'My brother.' 'Oh, is that so,' says I. 'How is it that you know? Has he written you?' 'No,' she says. And I asked and found that he hadn't telegraphed either!

ELLINGTON: Why, how *did* she know then?

BRADWORTH: She heard his coming.

ELLINGTON: *Heard* him??

BRADWORTH: Yes.

ELLINGTON: You mean up the walk?

BRADWORTH: No, off the train.

ELLINGTON: Off the train!? But that is impossible!

BRADWORTH: Nevertheless, it's true.

ELLINGTON: Preposterous!! It is some prank.

BRADWORTH: Mister Ellington, have you ever known my nice to lie?

ELLINGTON: Of course not, but—surely you don't *believe* her?

BRADWORTH: Believe her?

ELLINGTON: Yes—no, I mean—that she—that she actually *heard* her brother step from the train. But you can't believe *that*. Why the depot is better than a mile from here!

BRADWORTH: My dear Mister Ellington, things like this *do* happen.

ELLINGTON: Why—why, you *do* believe it!! You *believe* it!!

BRADWORTH: Am I to question the facts?

ELLINGTON: The facts!? The *facts* you say?

BRADWORTH: It is true. This is a fact—she *heard* her broth...

ELLINGTON: Incredible!! It is not *reasonable*!

BRADWORTH: But, my dear Mister Ellington, here is where you are wrong. It is entirely reasonable—and that is the horror of it!

ELLINGTON: Reasonable! Man, have you gone mad??

BRADWORTH: Sit down and hear me out! There *are* cases of individuals who have a sort of extra sense—but—no—it is not really an additional sense either . . . It is merely that—those senses which they *do* have are so very much—keener. Quite odd and—eerie, but . . .

ELLINGTON: This may be so in fantastic literature, but in real life . . .

BRADWORTH: Ah, but *this* is real life . . .

ELLINGTON: *This* is real life—our talking together—but what you are saying is false.

BRADWORTH: False?

ELLINGTON: At least imaginative.

BRADWORTH: No, Mister Ellington, not imagination. I tell you my niece is one of those—those extra-sensitive people!

ELLINGTON: Have you gone mad? Helen is no different than any girl in the village.

BRADWORTH: Oh, but she *is*. *My niece is extra-sensitive*. Oh, Helen! ! Do sit down—here in my chair. I shall go fetch a little wine for the occasion.

HELEN: Occasion? What occasion, Mister Ellington?

ELLINGTON: What? Oh, forgive me, Helen. I—I wasn't paying attention . . .

HELEN: What occasion?

ELLINGTON: Oh, I don't know—I suppose he is drinking to his—imagination—

HELEN: Imagination?

ELLINGTON: Imagination??

HELEN: That is what you said just now—that my uncle was drinking to.

ELLINGTON: To what?

HELEN: His Imagination!!

ELLINGTON: I said that??

HELEN: Yes!

ELLINGTON: Oh. I—I didn't mean to mention it at all.

HELEN: Mention *what* at all.

ELLINGTON: Nothing! Nothing at all.

HELEN: Excuse me, there is someone at the door.

ELLINGTON: At—at the door?

HELEN: Yes.

ELLINGTON: I—I didn't hear a knock.

HELEN: Nor did I.

Ordinarily, I would have thought nothing of this incident, but after what her uncle had said . . . I was totally confused about Helen, for most of the time she was quite—normal, but then she would do the strangest things—almost as if she weren't rational. I became rather interested in her peculiarity and began frequenting the old house—perhaps too often.

BRADWORTH: Mister Ellington, so happy to have you call on us again!

ELLINGTON: Oh, is your niece here?

BRADWORTH: Helen? No she is resting upstairs. Do come in though. She will be with us presently.

HELEN: Good afternoon, Mister Ellington.

BRADWORTH: Helen, my dear, will you go fetch our guest some red wine.

HELEN: Certainly, uncle.

BRADWORTH: Quite odd . . .

ELLINGTON: Odd? What is odd?

BRADWORTH: She must have heard you coming for she didn't seem the least bit surprised to see you here when she came into the room.

ELLINGTON: My presence isn't exactly unusual.

BRADWORTH: Oh, I know, but she thought you out of town.

ELLINGTON: Out of town?

BRADWORTH: Yes, on that business trip or whatever—to the continent.

ELLINGTON: Oh, that. Why that was cancelled. I was about to leave on the train for the coast when a message came that there was no need for me to go. Huh. That was only this morning—strange how time slips away.

BRADWORTH: When did you say the trip was cancelled?

ELLINGTON: This morn—but, how could *she* . . .

BRADWORTH: You see! She *heard* you.

ELLINGTON: Yes, of course, she could have. I saw Andrews in the garden and called to him.

BRADWORTH: No, not here. At the train depot.

ELLINGTON: At the train depot?? Oh come now! I have conceded that she has abnormally good hearing, but I shan't believe that she heard *me* at the train depot, any more than

she heard her *brother* the other day.

BRADWORTH: She has a strange sensitivity—not to just *any* sound, but particularly to sounds coming from—from the *railroad station*. Extremely Odd!!

ELLINGTON: That is peculiar—assuming what you say is true.

BRADWORTH: Oh, it is true all right. She cannot tell you the time—on the hour—because she cannot hear the village clock strike. But if you ask her the time just after a train has come into the station—she can tell you immediately that it is—7:10—3:43—or whatever the time that particular train was due. Quite odd. At least she has no need for a clock! Oh, here she is now with the wine.

Now I remember her pausing in the doorway for a time, appearing to listen intently.

HELEN: What time is it, uncle?

BRADWORTH: Why—why it is nearly a quarter to four, my dear.

Suddenly she dropped the fragile wine-filled glasses at her feet and ran from the room in terror! For quite some time I could only gape after her in astonishment. Her uncle followed her and I—I cleaned up the shattered glass and left. It was not until the following day that I discovered what had happened. Helen's uncle was so distracted that his words scarcely made sense, but what they amounted to was this. There had been an accident. It seemed that a rail had become displaced on the track near the coast, and a train had been derailed.

BRADWORTH: It was the 3:43. And—and that is why she asked the time. She hadn't heard the whistle—and—and when she discovered it was already a quarter of four—she—her senses left her!! Oh-oh my poor—darling Helen . . .

ELLINGTON: What? What happened? Where is she now??

BRADWORTH: She—she ran shrieking from the house—'the train—the train!!!' . . .

ELLINGTON: But where is she now? *Where??*

BRADWORTH: In—in there—I brought her back . . .

I opened the door to the study and there where the glass had been shattered yesterday lay the mangled body of—Helen

The End

COMPLAINTE

De l'Oubli des Morts

Jules Laforgue

Mesdames et Messieurs,
Vous dont la mere est morte,
C'est le bon fossoyeux
Qui gratte a votre porte.

Les morts
C'est sous terre;
Ca n'en sort
Guere.

Vous fumez dans vos bocks,
Vous soldez quelque idylle,
La-bas chante le coq:
Pauvres morts hors des villes!

Grand-papa se penchait,
La, le doigt sur la tempe,
Soeur faisait du crochet,
Mere montait la lampe.

Les morts
C'est discret,
Ca dort
Trop au frais.

Vous avez bien dine:
Comment va cette affaire?
Ah! les petits morts-nes
Ne se dorlotent guere!

Notez, d'un trait egal,
Au livre de la caisse,
Entre deux frais de bal:
Entretien tombe et messe.

C'est gai,
Cette vie;

Hein, ma mie,
O gue?

Mesdames et Messieurs,
Vous dont la soeur est morte,
Ouvrez au fossoyeux
Qui claque a votre porte;

Si vous n'avez pitie
Il viendra (sans rancune)
Vous tirer par les pieds,
Une nuit de grand' lune!

Importun
Vent qui rage!
Les defunts?
Ca voyage ...

COMPLAINT

Of Forgetfulness of the Dead

Jules Laforgue

Translated by Linda Gehrig

Ladies and gentlemen,
You whose mother is dead,
This is the good grave-digger
Who scrapes at your gate.

The dead
Are underground;
They do not go out
Much.

You blow smoke in your beer,
You put some idyl up for sale,
There sings the cock:
Poor dead outside the towns!

Grand-papa bent over,
Here, the finger at his temple,
Sister did her crochet work,
Mother turned up the lamp.

The dead
Are discreet;
They sleep
Too much in the cold

You have dined well:
How is your business?
Ah! the still-born children
Coddled themselves not much!

Note, with the same stroke,
In the book of expenses,
Between two items of parties:
Care of tomb and mass.

It is gay
This life,
Eh, my sweet,
Oh stream?

Ladies and gentlemen,
You whose sister is dead,
Hasten to the grave-digger
Who slaps your gate;

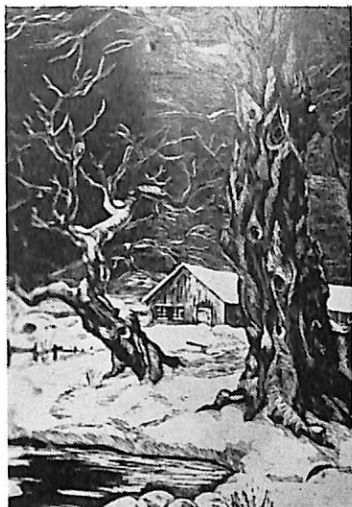
If you have not pity
He will come (without rancor)
To pull you by your feet,
One night of the great moon!

Importunate
Wind that rages!
The dead?
They journey ...

GLORIA

Lonnie Hayne

Seldom does goodness walk among us,
Few times have we seen love personified.
Yet I know Gloria, and thank God.



by
Joyce
Nielsen

SECRET

Judith Mayland

Silent silver fingers of mist
Softly steal through the clear blue night,
Veiling the pond where once we kissed,
Hiding our secret place from sight.

Silver seeking fingers of mist
Probe the spot where once we stood,
Searching the place of our secret tryst
There in the midst of the whispering wood.

What is it that's left there under the trees,
Hidden from even the silvery mist?
It's only the ghost of my memories
Haunting the place where once we kissed.

ALLE MENSCHEN

J. G. Albinus

Alle Menschen müssen sterben, Alles Fleisch vergeht wie Heu;
Was da lebet, muss verderben, Soll es anders werden neu.
Dieser Leib, der muss verwesen,
Wenn er anders soll genesen
Zu der grossen Herrlichkeit,
Die den Frommen ist bereit.

D'rum so will ich dieses Leben, Wann es meinem Gott beliebt,
Auch ganz willig von mir geben, Bin darüber nicht betrübt;
Denn in meines Jesu Wunden
Hab ich schon Erlösung funden,
Und mein Trost in Todesnot
Ist des Herren Jesu Tod.

HAIKU

Judith Mayland

Playfully soaring
in spring skies, rising, swooping—
bright red paper birds.



by
William Bracker

EVERYMAN'S FATE

J. G. Albinus

Translated by Ralph Rasmussen

Death's the fate of every mortal; Flesh like hay must all decay.
Ere men enter heaven's portal, All that lives must pass away.
Present life must lose its essence
Ere men trust to reach the presence
Of the greater blessedness
Held for them in readiness.

Gladly would I cease my living, If my God should so desire.
Quickly would I leave this striving, If he should my soul require.
For in my Lord Jesus' suffering
I find him salvation offering
And my hope in death's last need
Is my Lord's most precious deed.

HÜT DU DICH!

Mediaeval German Folksong

Ich weiss mir'n Mädchen hübsch und fein,
Hüt du dich!
Es kann wohl falsch und freundlich sein,
Hüt du dich! Hüt du dich!
Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich.

Sie hat zwei Äuglein, die sind braun,
Hüt du dich!
Sie werdn dich überzwerch anschaun,
Hüt du dich! Hüt du dich!
Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich.

Sie hat ein licht goldfarbnes Haar,
Hüt du dich!
Und was sie redt, das ist nicht wahr,
Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich.
Hüt du dich! Hüt du dich!

Sie hat zwei Brüstlein, die sind weiss,
Hüt du dich!
Sie legt s' hervor nach ihrem Fleiss,
Hüt du dich! Hüt du dich!
Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich.

Sie gibt dir'n Kränzlein, fein gemacht,
Hüt du dich!
Für einen Narrn wirst du geacht,
Hüt du dich! Hüt du dich!
Vertrau ihr nicht, sie narret dich.

DO TAKE CARE!

Translated by Kathryn Wollenhaupt

I know a maiden sweet and fair,
Do take care!
She may be base or debonaire,
Do take care! Do take care!
Her folly puts you unaware.
Her little eyes are lovely brown,
Do take care!
For oft she ponders with a frown,
Do take care! Do take care!
Her folly puts you unaware.

Her hair is light and golden sleek.
Do take care!
And words not true when she does speak,
Do take care! Do take care!
Her folly puts you unaware.

She has a bosom white and pure,
Do take care!
She puts it forth as an amour,
Do take care! Do take care!
Her folly puts you unaware.

She gives a garland made supreme,
Do take care!
So for a fool you will esteem,
Do take care! Do take care!
Her folly puts you unaware.

COLONEL JOHNSON

Gerald Kruse

I was one new army trainee among three truck loads, three loads of depressed soldiers who did not like the sight that lay before them in the sandy valley. We had completed our basic training and were now ready for duty in a regular army outfit. Wishfully, we had shared high hopes until the trucks rolled over that last New Mexican sand dune, and we saw the rows of dirty olive-colored tents. This was bad enough, but the most shocking sight was the several lines of picketed army mules. The three-day-old rumor which we had refused to accept stood before us as a prophecy fulfilled. We were in the mule-pack.

We unloaded our belongings and moved into our tent-home: dirt floor, bare cots, and all. We moved numbly, doing that which had to be done. Drained of all spirit, we dropped on the army cots, silent in the misery which had suddenly fallen upon us.

A soldier came into the darkened interior of our tent.

"OK, you guys, fall out by the battalion headquarters, the Bull wants to see you. He wants to look you over."

"The Bull? Who's the Bull?"

"He's the Old Man, Colonel Johnson," offered the untidy soldier. "If you know what's good for you, you won't keep him waiting."

Not knowing what to expect, we hurried to the meeting. Rumors had come to us back in basic training about these regular army outfits and their commanders.

A captain ordered us to "fall in." Stiffly we stood at attention. The screen door on the headquarters building opened. Out came the Bull.

Somehow, the Colonel did not appear as too much of a stranger to me. In my mind I had pictured him almost as he looked standing there before us. He certainly filled his role as the Bull. I was even more sure of this when he snorted, "At ease!"

He paced before the lines of timorous new mule-packers. He looked at us as though he would send us back if he were not pleased with what he saw. His evaluation was made through small, beady eyes which pierced us from under bushy eyebrows. I wondered if this was the same kind of consideration that he gave a new shipment of mules.

The Colonel's body was thick, but one imagined that he car-

ried no excess fat. His dress was not the same as that which was worn by the colonels at training camp. On his head was firmly planted a khaki overseas cap. His large frame was covered by the traditional green fatigues of the working soldier.

The tour of inspection was brought to a halt as he stood facing the new replacements. We waited hopefully to hear him say that he didn't like what he saw and that he would refuse the shipment. These hopes were dashed as he spoke to us.

"You men are in the best outfit of the whole army. Remember that. We work hard in the 99th. There's no room for boys in this battalion. Some of you are wearing Garrison caps and belts. See that you get rid of them. I don't care what you do with them. You can throw them away, burn them, or send them home. Just don't let me catch any of you wearing them anymore. Such things are for the men in limited service, not for fighting men. That's all."

It became painfully evident that the Colonel was every bit as tough as he looked. Each morning he and his big police dog would take their three-mile run. The Old Man set a fast pace leading the battalion across the hot, desert sand. I thought these marches must be where the boys were separated from the men. For himself the Bull asked no quarter nor did he give any in return.

In spite of the fact that he was able to make a soldier quake in his boots in a dressing-down session, one began to realize that the men of the 99th had respect for the Colonel. Even though the Bull's rules were broken quite often, most of the men would have walked willingly through the fires of hell for him.

My first face-to-face meeting with the Colonel came one morning when I was getting ready to pull KP duty. It was a few minutes past four o'clock. The sun had not yet risen over the sandy dunes of the desert. I was on my way to the kitchen, and suddenly he appeared out of the dusty dawn.

"What're you doing out here, soldier?" he demanded.

Trembling I pulled myself to attention and delivered a salute that was not returned.

"Sir, I'm heading for the kitchen. I'm on KP today."

He snapped back at me, "If you're on KP you'd better get over to the kitchen. You've got no business out here."

We were driven hard in our training at Camp Don Anna. It became increasingly plain that the Colonel wanted to take his men overseas to join in the war. It was also evident that those who went with him were going to be hard and rough. The 99th covered many miles of the New Mexican desert, mules and men, always with the Old Man in the lead.

Then came the day when we were told that we were leaving the desert and going into Fort Bliss, Texas. This was good news for men who had developed a bitter hate for the hot, dusty sand and all that was a part of the wasteland. It was not surprising to hear that we were going to walk to the Fort which was some sixty miles away. How much more triumphant and impressive would be our entry if we were on foot instead of riding in trucks. Anyway, the Colonel had not trained his men to ride in trucks. Two days after we started our march we walked into Fort Bliss. Everyone was tired, but no one dared to admit that fact. What a proud day that was for the Old Man, not a one of his soldiers had dropped out of the long march. The soldiers of the Fort stood on the sidewalks watching us parade down the street leading our mules. To the Bull we must have looked more like fighting men than did the clean, neatly dressed soldiers of Fort Bliss.

The men of the 99th had become accustomed to a hard life. The Colonel had continually impressed them with the idea that they were rough and tough. In his way of thinking, this was the only way that a soldier should be. This kind of training brought repercussions from the original soldiers of the Fort. Men of other outfits were unwilling to admit that they were inferior to the men of the 99th. Because of this, the Old Man had to, occasionally, get some of his men out of scrapes that resulted from PX free-for-alls. After such escapades the Colonel would usually call the entire Battalion together for a bawling-out. After several gruff words, the Bull would grin and reaffirm the fact that he was proud of men who were willing to fight for the spirit of their outfit.

Colonel Johnson must have been highly pleased when the orders came through that the 99th was to go with the First Cavalry Division to overseas duty. Now he would be able to prove the fighting qualities of his men. If he was disappointed in any way, it was because the mules had to be left in the States and could not be taken into the Pacific Theatre of operations.

The experiences of battle proved that the Colonel was just as able in war leadership as he was in training men for battle. He expected a great deal from his men, and he usually got it. Colonel Johnson was very unhappy if his 99th was not the first battalion ready to fire their guns. We hurried as fast as we could to set up our communication centers because we knew the Colonel wanted it to be that way. The Old Man was positive that he commanded the best battalion of artillery in the entire Pacific area. He still se-

verely disciplined those that broke army regulations, and yet, if one were to look closely into his eyes there could be seen that gleam of pride.

There were times in battle when the Colonel's eyes expressed a deep grief. This would happen when one of his best soldiers was badly wounded or killed. At these times the Old Man must have experienced a sorrow not unlike that of a father who lost a son in death. Upon one occasion his assistant commander, Major Vaden, was killed as he explored a small island for Japanese defense. Tears flowed freely from the Colonel's eyes when the tragic news was brought to him. For the remainder of the day he sat in his camp chair with his bowed head resting in his hands. We all realized that the Old Man was fighting his own personal battle; no one dared to offer him help. By the next day it was evident that he had been victorious; he was ready to name his new assistant and to take his own place at the head of the battalion.

After the enemy had been cleared from the Admiralty Islands, and we awaited our new assignment, we received the shocking news the the Colonel was being transferred. The men gathered in small, inactive groups to discuss the fate of the 99th without the Old Man. Most of us were certain that it could never be the same outfit with someone else in command.

Colonel Johnson called the battalion together for a last inspection. He assured the men that they had not disappointed him in battle. He still believed that these men were the best that could be found. His talk was brief. It was plain that he was under strain to keep his voice from breaking as he told us good-bye.

It was my privilege to drive Colonel Johnson to the boat dock the day that he left. During the short drive I noticed that the fear which I had usually held for him was gone. In its place was a feeling of admiration and deep respect. He was a leader of courage and ability. I parked the jeep on the dock and unloaded his belongings. Then we stood, facing each other. I wondered what the proper thing was for me to do. Should I salute him? Suddenly the Colonel thrust out his right hand to grasp mine.

He said, and I realized that he was talking to all of "his boys" through me, "Good luck, son."

He turned and walked away. There were tears in his eyes and also in mine.

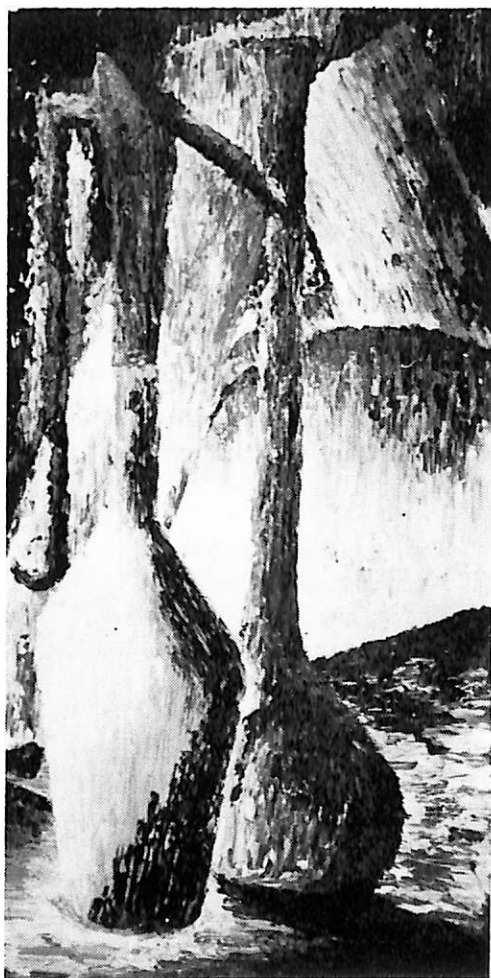
DER MITTLER

Tom Lange

Gestern war der Himmel grau,
Heute ist der Himmel blau,
Vom Morgen weiss man nicht genau,
Auf die Nacht, muss ich vertrau.

STILL LIFE

Mary Ann Mickelsen



AFTER THE BOMB FELL

Lonnie Hayne

After the bomb fell, all was quiet.
For there were no birds or bugs—or people.
Yet the tide flowed on
And the moon shown unaware.

The wind still made its way
Among the rocks and over the plains.
The sun came again to rule, and
Science was not missed.

TIME

Judith Mayland

Now is gone forever;
The future now is near.
Now the future passes;
Tomorrow now is here.

Today is but a memory,
And now is yesterday;
Today has been tomorrow;
No time is here to stay.

Now the present passes,
What's new will soon be old.
The present holds the future;
The past will soon unfold.

