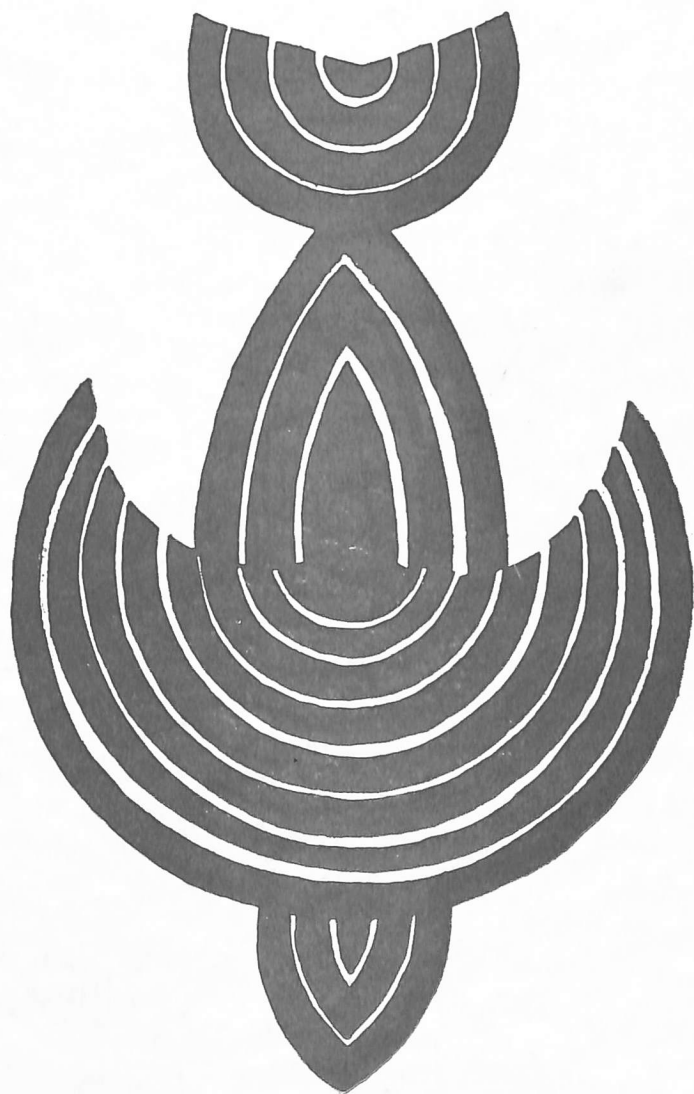


SOWER

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Elmer M. Rasmussen

SOWER

1963



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Foreword

This year the Sower staff would like to explain the background of the various awards given for contributions and to reveal principle donors for two of these awards. The Kaj Munk Memorial Award for translations is being given for its second year. Conferred anonymously last year, this award is a tribute to the great Danish playwright and pastor Kaj Munk. This year, the staff has the honor of revealing Mr. and Mrs. Richard Carr as the donors of this award. Mr. Carr is a former editor of *The Sower*. Jane Jensen has the distinction of receiving this award for the second time. This year her translation is "Meditation Under the Rain" by Federico Garcia Lorca.

The Hal Evans Cole Award for creative compositions is to be given to an outstanding composition in either art or music. The major donor in this area is Rev. Richard Andersen in memory of the former Dana student and writer who died in a Christmas accident. This year two awards will be given. Vivian Jenkins is the recipient of the Hal Evans Cole Award for her musical composition "Afternoon in the Pink Sun," and Liz Nielsen received the award for her painting "The City."

Every year the Joseph Langland Awards have been presented for works in the areas of prose and poetry. Professor Joseph Langland taught at Dana in the school year 1941-42. Now a professor of English at the University of Massachusetts, Professor Langland not only donates this award, but also takes time from his busy schedule to read and judge contributions in this area. The Joseph Langland Award winner in Prose for this year is Sandra Warman for her contribution "Summer Sunday in Beebe Draw." Recipient of the award in Poetry is Dan Knudsen for his "The New Creation."

The Sower is represented on our cover this year as a bird, the sower of seeds. More specifically, we would like to consider this bird a dove, the symbolic sower of hope and peace for mankind. Accordingly, it is the hope of the staff that this *Sower* may serve the purpose of the bird and scatter seeds of ideas, inspiration, and most certainly, remembrances of this one year at Dana College. We offer many thanks to our advisor, Professor Norman C. Bansen, the Augsburg Publishing House, and to all who took part in creating the 1963 *Sower*.

Theresea Johnson, Editor

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FUNNY'S GONE NOW

Therm Kaldahl

I watched the bus roll out of the terminal and on to the street. I wanted to wave but it would only have been to the tinted windows, for I saw no faces—only the diesel exhaust, swirling in the brisk morning air. Funny was gone now. The breakfast I had picked at a while earlier left no sensation in my stomach; it felt empty but I wouldn't be able to eat . . . Funny was gone. Slowly I walked from the station, caught a quick breath of the morning and decided to walk. The thought of driving now, driving away from the last place I had seen her was impossible. I walked a while and discovered it didn't seem to do any good, so it had to be the car. As I drove the car from the lot, I looked once more at the shrine—a simple little shrine just for Funny and me—a Greyhound bus depot where we said goodbye. Funny was gone.

The seat beside me was empty. Minutes earlier, Funny had sat beside me and had filled my heart with laughter and love... now everything seemed empty. The sky was gray . . . I was glad the sky was sad too; it had meant so much to us that there was a sky. Thoughts of days past rushed through my mind leaving dashing images of clouds, jet streams and sunsets. I used to tell her I had painted them for her. At the end of day when the sun eased into the Pacific and the rays barely crept over the Coast Range, I would point to a silver jet stream and say, "That's how I sign my name to the picture, the last jet stream melting into the gentle evening." But Funny was gone and now the sky was gray.

I tried to sing a song I had taught her, "Zippidy doo da, zippidy ay, me oh my what a . . .," my voice cracked and tears blurred my vision—I was a man. I mustn't cry...but Funny was gone. Then the thing I dreaded most occurred. My mind slowly created her image. She was a beautiful girl. Her blonde hair flowed over her shoulders and her merry blue eyes twinkled happily. Her lovely flushed face smiling with joy in living emphasized the bareness of the sky, the empty seat, and my lonely heart. As I waited for a green light to appear, her image faded.

It had been a night with no sleep, one that had lasted until morning... Funny and I shared it being happy. It would have felt good to escape somewhere to be alone, but now I had to work. The cars had already begun to line the parking lot. I took my lunch box and walked to the locker room... Charlie had punched my time clock. I hated the locker room that morning. The men swore

and laughed louder than usual it seemed. Someone yelled that I looked tired and asked me the question they asked all young college men when they looked tired in the morning. They laughed. I was taking my shirt off when Charlie put his calloused hand on my bare shoulder and squeezed it a little. Charlie was the only man that wasn't laughing; he knew Funny, he knew me and he had seen our love. Charlie didn't say anything and I didn't look up; soon the hand was gone. The crude lumbermen filed out the door and formed crews to handle the company's work.

I stepped outside the locker room and let my eyes roam the horizon. The sun had broken the monotony of the gray and played upon the snow-capped mountains to the east. I followed the range to the south and let my eyes ride another range that rolled north to the west. These mountains would cover the sun in the evening and my sad day would be over. But still... Funny was gone.

The day passed slowly. I didn't say much and the crew was kind to me... Charlie had talked to them. As I mechanically hooked chokers on the logs, I could feel the sun massage my wet back. I was well tanned from the summer's sun by now. The wind's soft caress felt like Funny's hair trailing across my shoulder or like her lips close to mine... it would never be again—she was gone. It seemed every thought of the sun reminded me of my love for the girl who was riding south in the Greyhound bus. Of course, the sun was life, but Funny was also life... life to me. The sun was happiness. I had seen deer romping in sunny meadows; trout leaping in the air, the sun catching their sides and filling the spray with diamond crystals; and children laughing as they played outside on swings and teeter-totters. Funny was happiness to me, too.

Slowly the day dragged on, the noon whistle blew, and the machinery stopped whining. I sat outside the locker room alone on a cable crate. My mouth moved unconsciously on a peanut butter and jelly sandwich. It was dry; the coffee washed it down. Inside, the men were giving the governor his daily analysis, the boxing world was hashed over, and soon the lunch hour ended.

The heat became nearly unbearable in the afternoon, but still the men's bodies reacted to the job as they had been trained. Naked muscles bulged on them as they performed their duties. Occasionally, a man would stop to wipe his forehead with a handkerchief. The blazing sun met the agony of my heart but it was void of feeling, only emptiness—the sun sought life.

Finally, the work day ended. I walked back to the locker room. I put my gloves and tin hat in my locker and poured some

cool water over my parched face. As I reached for my time card, I noticed Charlie had already punched me out and had printed a few simple words on a corner of the card, "Try to smile."

The car was stifling and the air was close as I drove home. The kitchen was hot, too. Mom moved around quickly as all moms do when they prepare supper for a husband and two hungry sons. Supper was quiet save for knives and forks clashing together. Even the comfort of home was hollow.

After supper I stood beneath the shower watching the water trickle down my body, carrying the day's dust from my tanned chest to my white legs, and down into the drain. The dust was gone, Funny was gone, and soon the sun would slip away. I put on fresh clothes and drove west to a little butte. There, I walked through a grove of fir trees out onto a golden wheat field. It was here I first introduced Funny to my beautiful home. The stalks of wheat frolicked under the evening breeze. In the valley was nestled a lake. Beyond it, the mountains and the retiring sun. I watched as it fell from view. A jet was circling across the range, catching the last rays of the day in its white stream. I had painted it that way. I turned and passed through the firs and climbed into the car. The day was over and Funny was gone...

I PASSED BY ALONE

Joyce Taake

The snow was soft, the evening warm,
The stars shone all around;
The friendly sounds included all,
As other noise was drowned.
The merry voices echoed clear
Throughout the evening air;
They tumbled, shouted, laughed, and cried
Without apparent care.

The snow was soft, the evening warm,
The stars shone all around;
But I was sad while passing by,
Apart from the friendly sounds.
My heart desired to join the fun,
To tumble, shout and cry,
But there along the lonely walk
I quickly hurried by.

THE NEW CREATION

Dan Knudsen

And God jived out on nothing.
 When He surveyed the empties
 He said to Himself,
 "I'm hurting, I want to create."
Upon confronting His two Comrades,
 (Who complete the Three In One)
 With His idea,
 They decided to make a universe.
They let the Chief
 Draw up the blueprints.
 At completion the verdict: cool;
 The construction: unique.
At once the Architect was there
 Slinging out a heaven
 And splashing out a surface,
 But it was dark.
So He took a roaring thunderhead,
 Rolled it in His hand
 And flashed it into the sky
 Calling it sun.
Where the glow hit, the symbol was day.
 Where it missed, the symbol was night.
 The day was done,
 But more to come.
Next sunrise, there He was,
 Composing air to breathe,
 Both above and below
 This liquid of His.
Breaking the elements down
 In the lab was complicated,
 So He called it a day
 And walked home.
The next morning, He moved the water
 Off one-third of the land,
 Calling the wet: sea
 And the dry: earth.

Before the sun was up, God decided
The darkness of the night
Needed lights
To shine below.

It took Him the rest of the day
 Arranging these grains
 Into designs so pleasing
 That they would smile all night.

He didn't rest well that night,
 Trying to think up a topper.
 Then He was impressed with an idea.
 He would devise a king.

Mouth-to-mouth respiration
Awoke this joyous man
And God gave him authority
Over everything below.

That night His Split Personalities
 Threw a great party
 And claimed cool on all that was done.
 Their joy was complete.

Although He was beat,
 He checked over creation
 And everything was still AOK,
As planned.
He then proclaimed a day of rest
 And dropped in His easy chair
 And indulged in quiet contemplation
Murmuring: "That's good."

WHO AM I?

Richard Moosman

"Fear not: for I have redeemed thee,"
 saith our Lord.
Who are you? someone may ask.
I know not what they mean;
It seems my christian name means nothing;
They ask for still another.
Who am I? — I fear I know not.
So I ponder — Who am I?

"Fear not: for I have redeemed thee,
I have called thee by thy name,"
 saith our Lord.
Who am I? — I fear I still know not;
So I seek an answer from within.
Search, my soul, search — search, search, search —
Through the still dark depths of my soul I search—
And still I know not who I am.

In vain I search through nothing—calling, calling—
 Who am I? — Who am I?
A still small voice cries up within.
My soul, once void, is filling, filling, living.
"Fear not: for I have redeemed thee,
I have called thee by thy name—
Thou art mine," — now I know!
I am one for whom Christ died—
One in whom He wants to live—
 That is who I am!

THE MUSES OF MOPPETRY

Vivian Jenkins

"Today I rode Somky the hores." Charles Clarke, age eight, wrote the preceding one-line letter to his parents while he was at summer camp. In five terse installations of one sentence each, all of Charles' correspondence with his parents was concerned with his favorite mount, Somky the hores. Somky the hores ran away; Somky the hores had a sicknes; Somky the hores jumped over some bushes. Mrs. Clarke was greatly relieved, on arrival at the camp, to find that her son had been riding a horse named Smokey. "There is something about the sudden displacement of a child from home to summer camp," says H. Allen Smith, "that brings out remarkable literary talent." Although Charles' missives seem to refute this statement, his writings are worth their weight in gold for the subtle humor they contain.

Children's writings are too frequently neglected and ignored in literature. In the magazine article "But Certainly Johnny Can Write!" H. Allen Smith says:

The calligraphy in these manuscripts may be cockeyed and smudged, the syntax may look as if it were struck by lightning and the punctuation may give offense to purists, yet there is one element that sparkles and effervesces in the poems, the compositions, the stories and the letters. That element is Truth.

As John Heywood, a poet who twanged his lyre in the time of Henry the Eighth, says, "Children and fooles cannot lye." One such honest child wrote to her grandmother:

Thank you for your nice present. I always wanted a pincushion, although not very much.

This little gem is an excellent example of the absolute integrity of children.

Children are not hamstrung by tradition and are natural poets until they learn idiom and acquire the patterns of daily speech. A. M. Sullivan says in an article that appeared in the *Saturday Review of Literature*, that when children write poems or set down the results of a poetic encounter they are honest, if bizarre, reporters of sensory impressions. Marjorie Fleming, a little Scottish girl who lived during the time of Robert Browning, wrote many compositions before her death at the age of nine. Once, while vis-

iting a farm, she was shown the cadavers of several baby turkeys that had been partially devoured by rats. She wrote the following "sensory impression" of that sad event:

Three turkeys fair their last have breathed
And now this world forever leaved
Their father and their mother too
They sighed and weeped as well as you
Indeed the rats their bones have crunched
Into eternity their launched
A direful death indeed they had
As wad put any parent mad
But she was more than usual calm
She did not give a single dam.

T. S. Elliot at the tender age of seven years wrote a two-page biography of George Washington, and concluded it with a rather bizarre truism: "And then he died of course."

A. M. Sullivan in the article, "The Poet in Search of His Audience," says:

Children think in images and speak in the epithets of figurative language. The yare the holders of a natural native wisdom, which is only lost when they are confused by the veneer of language and the artifice of their elders in using it.

Mr. Sullivan is well supported in his observation by the results of a creative writing course which began last year in an English grade school. The most expressive writing in the Winterslow, England, grade school was from the bottom half of a class of thirteen-year olds. When allowed to express themselves, the youngsters in this class produced some wonderfully sensitive work. Carol Budden, age thirteen, of Winterslow wrote this beautiful poem on the fragile grace of spring:

So soft, so silent, so slender,
Snowdrops with white bells
The lovely tangy smell of primroses
Birds busy in the woods
The drifts of green over the copse
Spring!

Children not only capture the beautiful, the humorous, and the subtle in their writings, but as H. Allen Smith suggests, they capture Truth and crystallize it in a few smudged lines. One of the finest essays ever written on greatness was written by a twelve-year-old girl in Perry County, Alabama:

True Greatness

Once there was a woman that lived near a pig pen, & when the wind blew that way it was very smelly, & at first when she went there she could not smell anything but pig, but when she lived there for a while, she learned to smell the clover blossoms thru it. That was true greatness.

STILL LIFE

Barbara Menkel



THEME AND VARIATIONS

Expressionism in one act

Dennis Berke

THEME:

(The curtains are parted from the beginning. The stage is dark. The play is heralded by the slow chiming of a deep mellow bell—it rings seven times. As the bell chimes, a soft spray of amber light illuminates a narrow strip of center stage.)

(The sound of footsteps is heard. They are slow and deliberate.)

THE YOUNG MAN walks toward the lighted area:

I walk in the labyrinth of time. Who will help me escape the Minotaur? Who will lay the guiding twine?

(He is now in the lighted area. He is dressed in a khaki uniform.)

VOICE speaking softly from the darkness:

I bring to you the light of truth. It will lighten the darkness of your heart. . . . Listen.

(He lights a candle with a match. The candle is on a large rock. He then walks toward the young man. He is still in darkness.)

THE YOUNG MAN:

I have searched, but no one has offered help. Show me the way. I am eager to follow.

(A soft spray illuminates the candle. The voice steps into the light. He is a minister. He stands next to the young man who kneels next to him.)

THE MINISTER in liturgical tone:

In the name of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit. Amen. He pauses, then continues. His voice is strong and filled with authority.) I admonish you to follow the truth, for there is your only hope. (He places his hands on the young man's head.) Bless you. God's love for you cannot be surpassed. It will transform your whole being. The love of God will bring you to the truth.

THE YOUNG MAN interrupts:

But Reverend...

THE MINISTER with kind determination:

I know that it is difficult to understand truth in its purity,

but we cannot question the truths of God. We must accept them on faith. We must make the leap of faith.

THE YOUNG MAN in a maze:

All my life, Pastor, I have sought knowledge. I have been taught to question and learn through reasoning. Now I am to throw away this concept and accept truth by means of a faith I do not understand. Is this truth?

THE MINISTER in anger:

We cannot know the truth unless we become as little children. Do not question the truths of God. Accept them without fear.

THE YOUNG MAN rises and slowly walks to the candle. He speaks to it.) Your flame is dying. I cannot make this leap of faith. Why have you allowed me to grow up if I am to remain a child in this. I cannot do it...I must reject your truths. (He snuffs out the candle with his fingers.) (The bell chimes once and we hear the footsteps of the minister as he exits. The light on the candle fades into darkness.)

THE YOUNG MAN walks toward the narrow strip of light:

I walk in the labyrinth of time. Who will help me escape the Minotaur? Who will lay the guiding twine?

VOICE speaks softly from the darkness:

I bring the light of truth. It will light the darkness of your mind...Listen.

(He lights the same candle with a match. He walks toward the young man. He remains in the darkness.)

THE YOUNG MAN:

Show me the truth. Truth that I can reason...Truth that will not defy logic.

(A soft spray of light illuminates the candle. The voice steps into the light. He is an intellectual.)

THE INTELLECTUAL MAN speaks with authority:

"Man is the measure of all things." Man alone can determine truth. Man is, in reality, his own good. He determines what is good and what is evil. Truth is contained within the realm of humanity.

THE YOUNG MAN questioningly:

If this is truth, why is man not concerned with the otherness? I say there is no truth.

(He walks to the candle and snuffs out its light. The sound of footsteps is heard and the intellectual man exits.)

I walk in the labyrinth of time alone. What is man to man?

(The lights slowly fade and the stage is in darkness. The bell slowly rings...)

1. **FIRST VARIATION:**

(As the bell continues to ring the stage is slowly illuminated in its entirety. The bell chimes the seventh time. The stage is black with streaks of white darting in all directions. There are two faces in the darkness. One is the mask of life and the other of death. The young man is seated in center stage between the two faces. The first man and the second man, wearing red arm bands, are seated on the left of a table. The third man and fourth man, wearing white arm bands, are seated to the right of the table.)

THE YOUNG MAN speaking from upstage:

What is man to man? Should I believe that man "is the measure of all things"? Who will decide my fate?

(A fifth man enters and sits at the head of the table. He is old and cannot move around as well as he would like to, yet he appears wise with age.)

THE OLD MAN:

I have been entrusted with the decision. The wisdom of age will decide the fate of mankind. I am their fate.

(The first and second man rise from their chairs and walk downstage and talk among themselves.)

FIRST MAN:

I certainly do not envy him at all. It certainly will be a difficult decision to make.

SECOND MAN:

I can not see what there is to think about. After all we will win. It is natural that we will win; our way is right. We must win all to our way.

FIRST MAN:

Yes, that is true. We must not leave them with him too long. They may sway him to their side. They are very cunning. We must plot our plan of attack.

(They continue to talk among themselves.)

THIRD MAN:

Old man, you must listen to us. Our way is good. It is the right way. Freedom must reign in the world or there can be no peace.

FOURTH MAN:

He is right, old man. We must be victorious. You must decide in our favor.

(The old man has paid no attention to their words. He sits there silently and stares into infinity.)

THIRD MAN:

Fool. Why will you not listen to us? Why will you not help us save the world?

FOURTH MAN:

Come, let us leave him to his silence. He is a fool.

(They walk down to the opposite edge of the stage. They talk among themselves.)

THE OLD MAN rises from his chair. He is tired and worn from the mental gymnastics he has been forced to go through. He is searching for a way out. He does not want to make the decision.)

They live in a fallacy. No one needs to win. Do they not realize that there can be a free world of peace. Why must I decide the destiny of the world, or is it they that shape the destiny of their world? They blame me, but is it not they that bring the doom of fate?

(The old man sits. He is exhausted. The four men come back to the table and sit, each on his respective side.)

FIRST MAN:

You have committed an act of aggression. (He is pointing to the men on the other side of the table.) You have broken the peace...

THIRD MAN:

You cannot blame us. It was you that committed the act...

SECOND MAN angrily:

It is a lie, you are all liars.

FOURTH MAN:

Lies? We cannot lie... We bear the truth. (He walks out.)

THIRD MAN:

I walk to the west. (He exits.)

FIRST MAN shouts after them:

We will bury you... (The first and second man leave. The old man rises. He and the young man are alone.)

THE YOUNG MAN rises and pleads with the old man:

Please, fate, help me escape their destiny.

THE OLD MAN is resigned:

Fate has not shaped your destiny. "Man is the measure of all things."

(The old man exits slowly. The young man remains alone. The bell begins to chime. The lights slowly fade until all is

in darkness, except for the young man. The mask of death glows.)

THE YOUNG MAN cries:

What is man to man?

(The stage is in darkness. The bell continues its slow chiming...)

II. SECOND VARIATION:

(As the bell continues to ring the stage is slowly illuminated in its entirety. The bell chimes the seventh time. Ruins are seen on stage...the devastation of war. The bodies of two young men lie on stage; one has a red arm band and the other a white arm band. A young woman enters. Seeing the two young men dead, she weeps.)

THE YOUNG WOMAN:

Is there no end to this suffering? (she sobs.) Must it always be brother against brother.

(Another woman, her sister, enters.)

Come sister, let us bury our brothers.

THE SISTER:

Sister, we can only bury the one. To bury the other would be our death. It is against the law. We cannot bury our brother, the enemy.

THE YOUNG WOMAN:

Law? What is the law? He is our brother. We cannot allow his body to decay uncovered. He is our brother.

THE SISTER:

He is dead. We are living and we must go on living. Is it not enough that they have died? Must we also die?

THE YOUNG WOMAN:

What is there to live for? What did our brothers die for?

THE SISTER interrupts:

For glory. That is what they died for, for glory. Each died for what he believed in. What more can be said?

THE YOUNG WOMAN:

Glory of what? Is it really glory to die for a cause that does not exist? What is man to man? Life is a lost cause, lost in the labyrinth of timeless eternity...I must bury both my brothers.

THE SISTER:

You are a fool. Do you think it is honorable to die for the dead?

THE YOUNG WOMAN:

Death for me is life. I am no longer my self. In living I remain nothing, but in death I become my self. I must bury my brothers.

THE SISTER:

Bury them, you fool. Die if you must. Me? I must live...I will live. No matter what the cost of life may be, I will pay for it. I must live...

(The bell begins to chime. The lights fade and as they fade the two brothers rise and join the young woman and walk off toward eternity. The lone sister, realizing her lost condition, sobs as the stage falls into total darkness.)

III. THIRD VARIATION:

(As the bell continues to ring, the stage is illuminated to half its brightness. The bell rings the seventh time.)

THE YOUNG MAN enters and walks slowly towards the eternity of death:

I have passed through the labyrinth of time. There is no need for help now. No one need lay the guiding twine. Truth? There is no truth except that which I make true in death.

THE OLD MAN stands upstage. He has been unnoticed until now: I am no longer needed. He has chosen his own destiny. He is a true individual. He fades into eternal being.

(The old man fades out of sight. The mask of death walks on to the stage.)

THE YOUNG MAN:

Truth is contained in the self. In death I become an eternal being...This is my fated destiny.

(He is out of sight. The stage is in semi-darkness.)

CODA:

(There is no bell. The face of death appears. In the distance the sound of footsteps is heard. The strains of "The Swan of Tuonela" are heard in the distant darkness. The mask of death moves towards the audience. The footsteps are silent... There is dead silence.)

(Death comes closer to the audience. There is uneasiness. The hand of death appears to remove the mask.)

(The mask is removed. There is no change. The face is the same. He moves closer...closer.)

(DEATH LAUGHS.)

DAWN

Judy Barnes

Peep orange
Streak across the sky red
Come again orange
Fade in yellow
Rise sun

Arise man
Tomorrow's come
Work and toil man
Sweat man, cry man, laugh man
Die man

Set sun
Haze creep
Swallow the land gray
Charcoal cover with your shroud
Nights come

Black

Peep orange, Tear across the sky red, Come again orange
Fade in yellow
RISE SUN!

A FRIEND

Grace Hane

To others we appear to differ—
Slant eyes has she my friend
While my eyes are blue;
And hair is fair.
Our intercommunication is unspoken;
Yet each feels with a calm reassurance
Acceptance by the other . . .
Our thoughts, our hopes, our dreams.
Our future paths in life may never cross;
Yet each will be a part of the other.

SUNRISE . . . SUNSET

Michael Sink

In the dark black of the night, there is expectancy. For the arrival is near and there will be great happiness in his birth. It comes. The sky shows a presence of light and the landscape starts to appear out of the drifting mist from the early morning. The birth is soon complete. The sun is seen in his early life; he peeks over the hills and looks at the world. He is young, fresh and ignorant.

The dazzling brilliance gains stature slowly, very slowly. He was red at first, but now his appearance grows even brighter and fuller. He is led to his place in the sky where he grows constantly, striving for something—relentlessly moving toward a goal and learning by experience. Entering the peak of his life, the sun is at his most powerful and beautiful age. He is young, yet intelligent—becoming wiser every moment of his life. At the zenith, all of his strength and qualities are radiated to the world, filling the earth with light, warmth and life.

The zenith is over. No longer is he young, for now every moment adds to his age—it seems too soon. Nothing is altered in the strength and liveliness he possesses. He gains momentum as he travels through time. He gives his talents all the while, as he rides the tracks of time. In a moment the light and brilliance are weaker. It happens suddenly. He grows older traveling his way, by graduation he lives the life of an elder.

The time rushes by: all the while the sun declines in strength; slowly the brilliance dies to a glow. He is wise, he knows the life he has led, he knows how to meet the clouds in his path. He never changed as he faced a cloud. He remained the same, always doing and giving to the best of his abilities. Many are in constant presence of clouds and may never have a clear sky to live in, others meet no opposition.

His life is over. Slowly, yet with grace and dignity, the sky loses a sun. The light grows dim; no longer is there youthful vigor. The hills and objects grow blurry and gray. He looks at the world in his completed life—he is old, tired, and wise. The sky is dark; in it there is fulfillment. Heaven gains another soul.

Afternoon of the Pink Sun

(Fantasy)

Vivian Jenkins

Andante

8- ---

p-pp *mf*

Lento

p *ped. sostenuto*

p *cresc.*

dim. *rit.* *8- ---* *8- ---* *vivace* *f*

Handwritten musical score for piano, consisting of six systems of staves. The score includes various musical notations such as notes, rests, and dynamic markings. Key markings include "Andante" at the top right, "ff" (fortissimo) in the third system, "rit." (ritardando) and "a tempo ff" in the bottom system, and "ped. sostenuto" and "ped. sos." in the third and fourth systems respectively. The notation is in a single melodic line with a piano accompaniment.

A TIMELESS QUESTION

Wayne Morton

The amber color flows from unseen source,
As twilight comes to rob the world of day,
Which slowly goes as now the sun's withdrawn,
And left behind it fading forms in grey.

My eyes are now drawn upward to the stars,
Which seem to be as openings in the vast.
Their silvery glimmer falls on earth below,
As steadfast yet as in the ages past.

To find the way in which to lead his life,
Man ever gazes at the distant heights,
Or sets the blazing stars as sought for goals,
To be obtained by real or fancied flights.

And man will ever turn his wondering eyes
Toward the stars, as always he's been fond.
But why today as in the time gone by,
Do his keen eyes so seldom look beyond?

YOUTH

Jani Johnson

Had I but put aside my doubts,
and harkened to your fears,
If I had only shared your dreams,
I might not have these tears.

Had I but learned to laugh with you
and cry when you were sad,
If in my youth I could have seen,
I loved you, oh my lad.

A THOUGHT

Cheryl Donahoo

There, but for the Grace of God, go I.....
There, in unknown jungle, dark and deep,
In some poor hovel all my life to stay,
In filth and cold to lay me down to sleep,
In misery rise up to face another dreary day.
No hope, no faith is there.
Yet there I might have been,
In deepest poverty to wend my dismal way.

There, but for the Grace of God, go I.....
There, in hushed, pain-filled, hospital bed,
Long days, each moment an eternity to fill,
In agony lay down my aching head
And wake to wracking pain, my body yielding to it still.
No health, no rest is there.
Yet there I might have lain,
With only gloom and sickness all my days to fill.

There, but for the Grace of God, go I.....
There, in country longing to be free,
Oppressed by war which ravages my land.
At night my restless slumber now will be
Troubled by thoughts and fears for those who dare to stand.
No peace, no joy is there.
Yet there I might have lived,
Longing for liberty from tyranny's harsh hand.

Yet many nights I close my weary eyes,
Worn out by pleasant work and carefree play.
I sigh some tired, but well-contented sighs
And then to sleep, not taking time to pray—

To pray for those who cry themselves to sleep,
For those who shiver with the cold and rain,
For those whose hearts are grieved with sorrows deep,
For those who toss upon a bed of pain.

I'd thank the Lord for peace and health and joy,
For liberty and faith that rests on high,
Remembering, with humble heart bowed low,
There, but for the Grace of God, go I.

LIFE

Sidney Larson



THE SECRET

Gary Lebeck

The sun glowed brightly in the mid-day sky as the tractor moved steadily down the field. The man turned on its high seat to gaze at the black furrows being made by the plow. A look of contentment and joy shown in his rugged face as he sensed the smell in the freshness of the newly turned earth. A mild summer breeze was now and then giving him refreshment with its periodic gusts. His gaze shifted from the land before him toward the horizon. In the distance he could see his two-story white house and the wash blowing on the line. It occurred to him that the barn and various out buildings were going to need paint again this year. How time did fly, he thought to himself, for it had been just three years since he had painted them. Will Hubbard took great pride in keeping his farm the neatest in the county.

His thoughts turned to the past and of many years of diligent toil he and his wife Marie had put into their small farm. He had been farming this same land now for over thirty years and had been doing very well. He supposed he was happy. His wife, Marie, was a good woman. He'd married her soon after his father had died twenty-eight years ago. During these years she had worked hard to fulfill the duties of a farm wife. There was a strong bond between them, not so much of love, but of having lived together for so many years.

He finished the last round on the piece he was plowing and headed his machine toward the cluster of buildings. He knew it must be nearly time for dinner, for the sun had now reached the zenith in the blue cloudless sky. Will drove the tractor into the yard and parked it beneath the huge elm tree. Before getting down he sat back in the seat and wiped his brow with his handkerchief. As he stepped down, his yellow and brown mongrel dog trotted up to him and wagged his tail lazily. Together they walked toward the house. He was not a corpulent man, but as he entered the kitchen his tall, stout structure completely filled the doorway. He was tanned from his many hours of toil in the summer sun.

"Gettin' warm," he announced to the back of his wife as she bent over the stove.

Without receiving a reply, he headed to the bath, rolling up his sleeves as he went. Grasping the yellow soap in his large hand, he scrubbed the sweat and grime of his morning's work from his

muscular neck and arms. As he watched the water eddy down the drain, he remembered the smell of the newly turned earth and was filled with a desire to pour out the feelings which his thoughts would always arouse.

"Get the east section done?" Marie queried as he returned to the kitchen.

He nodded and went into the other room and picked up a newspaper. She watched him from the kitchen and wished as she had so many times since their marriage, that she could enter his mind and explore the nooks and crannies of his thoughts and perhaps understand him, for she never had. She repressed her impulse to ask him what he was thinking about and finished cutting the bread.

"Dinner's ready," she called finally. He turned reluctantly away from the window through which he had been silently gazing and sat down heavily at the table. As he began his meal, he was filled again with the desire to tell her of his morning. There was something in the new spring that had excited him and at the same time had made him morose. He longed to write poetry about the things he loved in nature. He wanted so much to write of the flowers and the budding trees in the early spring; of the fragrance of the newly turned earth that he had just finished plowing, but he knew no words.

At last he said, "It's gonna be a dry season. Not enough snow this winter." As the words came out, he knew he had failed again to speak the things he wanted to say.

She looked at him sharply and in an effort to change the subject said, "I finished cleaning the brooder house this morning so we'll be ready for the baby chicks when they get here."

"They'll be here Friday. It'll be good to have chicks around here again. I always miss them during the cold," he said with a faint smile.

Realizing she had been successful, she began chattering as she cleared away the dishes.

"Betty Jones was showin' me some pictures last club meeting."

"Oh?" He reached for a toothpick and leaned back in his chair.

"They showed beautiful houses with low bushes and hedges and flowers all around them. It was all planned out by a landscaper. Some of the evergreens and hedges were cut like people and statues of lots of things!"

But he was not thinking of her or the plans she had now. His thoughts had shifted to the past once more. He had remembered a time many years ago when his only son Russ had brought a jug of iced lemonade and sandwiches out to the threshing crew. There was much laughter and joking among the men for they were nearing the end of the harvest. Meanwhile father and son had sat a little apart from the group. After several minutes of silence, the little boy spoke.

"I can't wait until I grow to be big like you, Daddy." There was no answer from the weary father.

Finally Will answered with "Don't be in a hurry to grow up, son, for we all grow old much to fast."

"Oh, but I've been thinking of what I want to do when I get big, Daddy," was the young lad's impatient reply.

The man was tired but he asked, "What do you want to do, Russ?"

"I want to make a big picture of God," replied the child. "A big, big picture!" He held his little hands up to illustrate just what he meant.

Meanwhile, Marie had continued her busy chatter concerning her plans for the front yard. Oblivious to her words, Will suddenly mumbled, "Oh, my God Russ, if you only hadn't—"

"Will Hubbard, you haven't even been listening to me!" cried Marie.

"No, no, I haven't," he replied hazily. He rose slowly to his feet, put on his hat, and stumbled out the door.

In the safety of the barn he wept.

MY GOD

Kristi A. Planck

Life to me is wonderful;
Life is much indeed.
For to live is everything
If God is near to me.

God is always near at hand
Even when we're alone.
God is always willing
To have us as His own.

THE FRUITS OF LIFE

Jeff Asfoor

If only I could cry—God I haven't
cried since I was a child.
Cry all people of this nation!
Blessed are the sorrowful,
for theirs is grief and gnashing of teeth.
They are the foundation of the nation;
for out of dust man was made
and on their tears the rich promenade.
May Marx be damned, but his thoughts
live forever, "Capitalists, sail your yachts
in the ocean of tears and O big men,
sanctify your acts in your minds;
for your world is your bliss;
Your sanctification—a damnation."
Carry on sorrowful.
Take my blessing
and admiration for what it's worth.
I look for feelings, and I find them
in you—you who are bums, prostitutes,
drunkards, beats, garbage prospectors,
whores, Zen Buddhists—fanatics of all kinds.
Yours is the eternal.
You are the hopeless, yet hopeful;
sad, yet happy; depressed, yet elated;
suppressed, yet free; starved, yet enjoying
All the fruits of life.
Follow the roads.
Search and in searching find.
Seek all of life—your soul—
It was heavenly sent.
Fail not to laugh and sing,
for yours is a life of emotion and bliss,
as well as tears and sorrow.
Prostitutes and bums—delay not in
entering the homes of the Upper-ups.
Spit in their eye and tear down
their autobiographical memorials,
for they are as transient as a bottle
Of piss.

Follow your star where it shall lead
 You—To the slums and the cities,
 to the hills and the mountains,
 to the palaces of kings and queens—
 To oceans and rivers.
 Shine out in the sanctity of churches
 as well as in the flop houses of Skid Row.
 Be not ashamed if you honor beer,
 and drink not in the alleys;
 But make a toast with the Pope himself.
 His is of sweet wines and purple—
 Yours is of yellow. What's there in color?
 Yours is the deeper feeling—
 Reverence—his only suave eloquence for a
 succulent wine.
 I know not whether to cry or sing;
 as you know not what is wrong,
 but are searching for what is right.
 If poverty is your cross—
 Make it your staff.
 You, the scum, take only what is
 needful in life—that which your
 Eternal soul prescribes.
 Suffer not if your Whole
 is soothed by the highways, provocative
 jazz, the smoke of foundries, or
 the freedom of the open air;
 This is a life given grace.
 But those—the cogs—big wheels—
 take according to their greed
 and deny to others according to
 their whims.
 Onward, O men and women, bums
 And prostitutes, O lead on!
 Once more fill the land
 with humility.
 We beg your condolence
 And blessing—O sing!

Never Was the Day So Bright

Otto Gelsted

Translated from the Danish by

Sharon Messer

Sun over sea! And the sun's song
peals and resounds with rapture
far over churches and homes
and the green, summer pasture.

The sungod guides his team
over mankind ever higher;
on the mountain shelves
brings life to fire.

Over cliff and sea
goes a hidden sigh.
Never was the day so bright
and today we die!

Brothers, Far From Here

H. C. Andersen

Translated from the Danish by

Kristi A. Planck

Brothers, very far from here,
over salty waters,
rises up America
with the golden seashores.
There the Phoenix bird resides.
The gold and silver field abides.
And in the shady forests
roasted pigeons' nests.
Delightful!
God, how it is joyful!
Pity that America
should lie so very far from here.

NIGHT

Sidney Larson

Silently the stars steal across the sky
Chasing the sun to further horizons—
Revealing the end of another day,
That again rest might come
To soothe away all sorrows.

Darkness falls—
Hiding the ugliness the day has brought,
Covering all shadows of artificial beauty,
Shadowing all thoughts of dark despair—
And again you are alone.

Alone—
You and a sleepy universe,
Just you—
Pondering—
Another day has passed.

No more bustling,
 hustling—
Rushing,
 pushing—
Hurrying,
 scurrying—
No more worries,
 troubles,
 cares—
Day is done.

For hush!
See the stars?
Darkness has set in,
Soothing silence,
Peace—
rest—
Night has come.

You are alone at last.

THE SHOE

Ben Talley

I'm a parched ol' shoe, in the corner of a room
That's dark and dismal, like the palest moon.

I long to hold you in my embrace,
To feel your fingers hug my lace.

My sole is limp, dead on the floor;
My limbs, if tied, will weep no more.

I'm your servant, you are my queen;
I'd give you my tongue to be your king.

Caress my leather, gently, with care—
S-t-r-e-t-c-h. Ah, hardly seems fair.

Where are you taking me? Out the door?
Now, I'm with you forevermore.

Over the hills, down to the wood,
Through the field, I knew we could!

We've been together, through thick and thin,
A long ,long time to be within.

Now—you are a part of me, and I of you:
Together we'll walk—as just one shoe.

COMFORT

Carolyn Nielsen

It seems each time a loved one dies
It hurts and breaks a family's ties.
But these same ties will also bring
Comfort and hope to end the sting.

HIDEAWAY

Carolyn Nielsen

Hans looked around at the crowd and felt no different than the other boys who were waiting to board the big ship. He was different, however. There was no family there to see him off, for Hans was an orphan. He hated the thought of being an orphan and hated the thought of being put into an orphanage. He didn't know why he had such feelings but he knew he didn't want to be just one face out of 50 or 100. He wanted to belong to someone or to something. His clothes were different too. His pants were a little too short; they came just above his ankles, and the sleeves on his blue shirt came just above his wrists. In a brown paper bag he carried a pair of work pants and a work shirt, a loaf of bread and a piece of cheese. These were his only possessions now.

Next, Hans looked at the big ship. He had never seen anything so magnificent in his whole life. It was painted a shiny white and had more round windows than Hans could count. It made him tingle just a little when he thought that this ship was going from Stockholm to New York and he would be on it—he hoped.

The blast of the ship's whistle made Hans' heart beat faster and he began to shake as he thought of what he was about to do.

Quickly he found a large group of people and lost himself in the middle of them. As they all moved up the boarding planks, Hans crouched down and hid his paper bag. He tried to smile or laugh like the others, but his heart was beating so loudly and his mouth was so dry that he could only think that surely someone would grab him and all his dreams would be gone.

As he looked up, he found that he had gotten on the ship. He had made it and it really wasn't so hard after all—now that he was there! But then he realized that the hardest part was yet to come. He must find a place to hide, a place where no one would look for five days. He didn't know where to begin. Nothing he saw as he looked around the deck offered any solution.

He suddenly realized he was standing alone and no doubt looking suspicious. He darted around a corner only to find himself in the middle of a very plush lounge. There was a thick green carpet on the floor and brown overstuffed chairs arranged in cozy conversational settings. The people were very plush also. Hans looked at a lady who was wearing a fur coat and jewels around

her neck that glittered like the sun. "My mother never had anything like that," thought Hans. "All she ever had was hard work, five children to care for and an early death." The thoughts of his family brought tears to his eyes and he quickly turned and ran down the long promenade deck.

Just then Hans heard a man yell, "Just a minute, son," and he felt a hand reach out and grab his arm. "Where do you think you're going?" Hans couldn't answer; his heart was lodged so tightly in his throat. Seeing tears in Hans' eyes, the man changed his tone. "Oh, so you're lost, are you? Not hard to do on a ship. Now tell me your cabin number and I'll head you in the right direction."

Hans thought for a minute, for what could he say? "Cabin 53, sir," he said in a whisper.

"On what deck, son, A, B, C, or D?" asked the steward.

"I do not know sir, but my mother said it was as far down as I could go." Even as he said this he thought how unforgivable it was to use his mother's name in a lie, but he must think of himself now.

"Ah—D53, Well, you go to the left there," the steward said pointing to the corner that Hans had been running toward. "Then you go down the stairs till you see the sign that says D deck and you will be very near your cabin, just look at the numbers on the cabin doors."

Hans didn't thank the steward, he was in such a hurry to be out of his sight. He ran down the four flights of stairs without stopping once.

When he found himself at the bottom of the stairs, he wandered around a little trying to orient himself. He saw nothing but a maze of narrow corridors all leading to numerous cabins. Hans began to feel very small and insecure. Where could he ever find a place to hide? He would surely not be able to outsmart the men on the ship. What would happen to him if they caught him? Oh, why had he been so fascinated by those American travel posters? What would he do when he got to New York, if he even ever got there? Maybe he should just return to shore and enter the orphanage as he was supposed to do. The thought of the orphanage brought a strange, horrible look to Hans' face. His eyes narrowed and his mouth became small and tightly pinched. His jaw hardened and he pressed one fist tightly into the other. "No, no, I will not go there!" he found himself saying aloud.

He looked around quickly to see if anyone had heard him, and found that he was all alone in the corridor.

He moved slowly toward the end of the hall where he saw a large door. This one was not like the others; it had no cabin number on it. His pace quickened as he moved nearer; maybe behind this door lay the hiding place he was looking for. When he reached it, he found a sign which read "First Class—No admittance." His heart sank with the realization that he could not enter. But just as suddenly as this thought had entered his head, another took its place. "How stupid you are, Hans," he said to himself. "Here, after making your way on ship illegally, you worry about following the orders of signs!"

Quickly he lifted the heavy iron bar which opened the door and pulled it toward him. But the door did not move. He pulled once again, harder this time, but the door would not open.

Thoroughly dejected, the tears came to his eyes once again. He told himself that he was too big to cry, but yet he could not stop.

As he looked once again at the big door, his eyes moved upward to the sign above it. Reading slowly, "Pool on B deck, library on A deck." Then his eyes jumped suddenly to the very bottom line "Engine Room." The perfect place to hide; there must be a hundred corners where no one would find him.

He was running in the direction of the arrow. As he rounded the corner and saw some stairs, he heard chimes and a man calling "All ashore that are going ashore." Now he must hurry even faster for this was his last chance. He flew down the stairs two at a time still clinging to his brown paper bag. It seemed he had run a mile when he came to another big door—this one marked Engine Room. Just as he was about to try this one, he heard voices on the other side. He jumped back! People. He hadn't thought there'd be people there.

Panicking, he looked around him and found a small door under the stairs. "Must be for storage," he thought. This time he leaned his ear to the door and hearing nothing, he quietly turned the handle. It opened without a squeak and Hans stood staring into a tiny room. It was a storage room, about five by five, filled with boxes and bags. He found one corner empty. No one would find him here. This would be his home until he got to America. He put his bag in the corner and then realized he had forgotten to close the door. Quickly he moved for the door and pulled it shut just as he heard more voices coming down the stairs. He moved slowly back to his corner and sat down, pulling his knees up under his chin. He leaned his head up against the wall. "I am going to America now," thought Hans and he smiled a contented smile.

FRIEDA

Jack Hill

Frieda was a lovely girl,
Who lived in East Berlin.
She was an orphan lost and lone,
But kind and warm within.

She knew no one. No one knew her.
For food she had to sin.
She was an orphan lost and lone,
But kind and warm within.

She screamed at Fate, whose withered hand,
Was closed to her loud cry.
But lost not faith in God, her Lord,
And sought for time to fly.

She hoped, and prayed, and asked her God
To free her from this plight.
Somehow she knew she'd have to wait
For life to take on light.

Their name was Schmidt. Their home was large,
And rich, and grand, but kind.
They took the girl to live with them
And taught her love to find.

Was it her fault, or should we blame
The past for her offence?
Why did she take the knife and kill
The Schmidts?

HAIKU

Ellen Peterson

Love is like the night,
Dark, somber, passionate—but
So glorious at dawn.

NATURE'S FLOWER

Don Hoffman

Of the many things I'd like to know,
I wonder how does a flower grow?

To its small and delicate life it clings,
Outshining the beauty of worldly things.

Opening in the morning to the sun's warm rays,
Closing in the evening to await a new day.

With a fragrance that only a flower could blow,
Day after day it sheds a bright glow.

Grown from the earth to offer much cheer,
Only to be trodden by those who come near.

Standing still as the world rushes by,
Catching only a glance or maybe a sigh.

Each of its petals has a tale to tell,
A story of creation as God knows so well.

Portraying the image of One above,
Who took the time to care and to love.

Lifeless imitations are the work of man,
But the flower is created by an almighty Hand.

The whole tale of a flower can never be told,
For the beauty of a flower you can only behold.

MARCH

Karen Flesvig

The ground was soft,
The air was sweet,
You walked on clouds,
The spring to meet —————
And then it snowed.

Meditation Under the Rain

Federico Garcia Lorca

Translated from the Spanish by
Jane Jensen

The rain has kissed the provincial garden
leaving thrilling cadences in the leaves.
The serene aroma of the dampened earth
flooded the heart in remote sadness.

The grey clouds scrape themselves on the silent
horizon.

Within the sleepy water of the fountain, the drops
were entangled, raising clear pearls of foam,
Will-o'-the-wisps that are snuffed by the trembling of the
waves.

The sorrow of the afternoon quivers within my
sorrow.

The garden has filled up with monotonous tenderness.
Is all my suffering to be lost, my God,
as one loses the sweet sound of the leaves?

Will the echo of the stars that watched over my
soul

be a guide to help me struggle with my being?
And does the true soul awake in death?
And is that which we now think engulfed in darkness?

Oh, how peaceful the garden with the rain!
The entire pure landscape transforms my heart,
in a rumor of humble and grieving thoughts
that put in my innermost heart a fluttering as of
the wings of doves.

The sun appears.

The garden drains in yellow.
A smothering sorrow throbs with the atmosphere,
I felt the longing of my uneasy childhood,
my illusion of being great in love, the
passing hours while gazing at the rain
with native sadness.

A red hood
was going along the path. . .
My thoughts fled, I mused today, confused,
before the turbulent fountain that of love sprang
forth from me.

Is all my suffering to be lost, my God,
as one loses the sweet sound of the leaves?

It rains again.
The wind goes—carrying the shadows.

NO TITLE

Karen Flesvig

The rain fell against her body, and yet,
before she opened the heavy doors of
the great, Gothic church, she turned,
looking once more, down the cliff, into
the rough,
turbulent waters of the Plutonian night.

"It is like hell," she whispered, quaking with grief,
she opened the doors. A gust of storm
followed her in,
causing her to shiver in the dimness
of the church. The doors closed.

Slowly her figure, shrouded in black,
walked down the long aisle. The pale,
death-whiteness of her face,
made her look like a spirit
approaching its God.

Finally, with her last bit of strength, she fell
at the altar of God, and clutching
the cross of Jesus, sobbed out her grief,
until the Cross began to weep, and
then she found comfort, rest, and peace.

SUMMER SUNDAY IN BEEBE DRAW

Sandra Warman

Mr. Harvey Owen, another one of those eastern school teachers, has asked us to write a story. I don't know why school teachers are always asking for stories and then don't like it when we tell the truth. I wrote the truth once and Mr. Harvey Owen said if I ever wrote anything else like that he'd spank me the way he whipped Jeff (that's my brother) the first day of school.

"I've heard about you Landon people," Mr. Harvey Owen said. "But you aren't going to play your jokes on me!" He said that the first day of school before he even knew what Jeff's face looked like, and made him come to the front of the class and whipped him good. I'll admit Jeff needs a whipping now and then, but even so I cried for shame all morning.

I like to write stories, but not the kind Mr. Owen likes to read. So now I've decided to write my own just for fun; then I'll give Mr. Owen Ivy's story about field daisies. Ivy is my big sister. Her tale about field daisies is just what Mr. Owen likes, and I don't think she'll miss it for awhile.

Now then, just to keep things straight—I'm Rebecca Landon. I'm ten years old. We live in northeast Colorado in the Beebe Draw District. The date is October 10, 1901. What I'm going to tell you about happened last summer.

A breeze cool as snow water from the mountains moved through the curtains most of the night, but before the sun was up it had turned to a hot dry wind. I woke up thirsty. There was dust on my face, in my eyes, nose and mouth. The rain we'd been looking for last night from those thunderheads over the mountains had blown north. When I opened my eyes, the first thing I noticed was the thick coat of red rust on Mother's big mahogany bedstead. We just polished it with olive oil and vinegar yesterday.

Then I noticed my clothes pinned to the curtain. I sleep in the window seat in Mother and Dad's big room. Ivy sleeps on a cot that folds into the closet. The reason I saw my clothes is because it was Sunday. Mother always pins our clothes together for us then. That's the only way she can keep all ten of us straight on Sunday morning.

When I looked at my clothes again, I groaned. Mother had been up late last night sewing a new gray dress for Ivy. I heard the treadle still going when I fell asleep. When Mother finished Ivy's dress, I guess she got started on mine. Last week she told me my green dress was getting too short. I said that was fine because I could run faster, but Mother sniffed and said it wasn't proper for so much leg to show. Well nobody looks at my legs when Ivy and Louise and Rose are all dressed up. But Mother had taken the leftovers from Ivy's new gray dress and sewed them on as ruffles to my old green dress. One look at Ivy and everybody would know where those ruffles came from.

I turned over again and looked out the window. The sun was just beginning to make light on the eastern slope of the mountains. The orioles in the cottonwood by my window were ruffling their feathers. Their babies don't make so much noise now as they did in May. Watching their feathers reminded me that it was Sunday. I kill the chickens every Sunday morning. I guess there's something wrong with me; I'm the only one in the family that can kill chickens. One good thing about it is once I've done it, I can hold it over everybody else's head.

I got up and tiptoed out. If Mother and Ivy slept five more minutes, I could put on Jeff's jeans and get out to my chickens. Wearing jeans makes catching them a lot easier, but Mother doesn't like me to wear them. Down the hall by Jeff's room I slid my hand in the door and groped around on the floor searching for Jeff's jeans. He was awake too, I found out. He leaned over and grabbed my arm. If I wrestled to get the jeans, it would wake Mother up. "Jeff," I whispered. "Give me your jeans or else you'll have to kill the chickens. Mom said at least six today." Jeff let go.

I grabbed the jeans and went on down the hall. I started to go in the bathroom but someone was sitting there. "Excuse me," I muttered. Then I whispered, "Don't flush the toilet. There's not hardly enough water for two flushes a day."

"Maybe only enough for one time today," I thought as I tiptoed downstairs to the washroom behind the kitchen. We have the first bathroom in Beebe Draw, but there's always somebody in there. I couldn't figure out who was up there though. Dad was out working on the hay already. Everybody else was still in bed. Must be company I thought. We always have some sort of company even in years as bad as this one.

Last night before Mother started sewing, I heard some of the men who'd come over talking in the parlor. Lord Ogilvie and

Paul Hayward and a few others were there. I tried to listen, but the voices were too quiet. They were talking about water. I knew that. Everybody was.

As I walked across the grass to the chicken yard, smoke-like jets of dust bloomed out and then settled on my feet. In the chicken yard dust had filled up the water troughs. "The poor hens," I thought. "Nothing but red mud for breakfast today." Grandpa came out the door just then. He had a bucket in his hand. "I'll see what we can get from the well for your chicks, Becky." I waved to him.

"Come on," I said to myself. "Let's get this over with." I decided to take three buffs, three reds, and three whites. That would give me a nice arrangement of feathers to tie in Pansy's mane and tail. (She's one of our horses and she likes me best.) Mom said six chickens but if that was company upstairs, we'd need more.

"Prepare to awake, O Ye World!" I said. I like to imitate my big brother, Ed; he likes to read Shakespeare outloud to the horses. "Let the music of much chicken-chopping regale your ears." I grabbed the ax Grandpa sharpened for me last night and pretended to be Lady Macbeth the way Ed told me.

Since Grandpa was awake and up, he'd help me hang the chickens on the clothes line to drain properly. When I was half way through my hatcheting, Grandpa brought over a bucket of water. "Not much down there this morning, Becky," he said. "I hope Jake Oster keeps the ditch open." Jake Oster lives above us on the ditch. He brought his family over from Russia a couple of years ago. This year he'd been closing off the ditch that irrigates the whole draw. Dad had been up to see him three times already, telling him about water rights and what was legal. I guess Jake Oster didn't understand.

Grandpa started hanging up the chickens I'd already finished off while I hacked away at the rest. "Quite a few chickens for today, don't you think, Becky?" Gramps asked.

"I thought maybe we'd have company," I said.

"Not that I know of," he replied.

"Thought I saw somebody upstairs," I said.

Behind us Dad called from the road. He was coming for breakfast. His red hair was dark with sweat. "Jake Oster's shut off the ditch again," he yelled to Gramps just before he went in the back door.

Gramps frowned a little. If Dad is the shortest man I know, Grandpa is the tallest. He has long black hair and black eyes.

There aren't many wrinkles in his face so when he frowned it worried me.

Gramps told me to go in and get cleaned up while he finished with the chickens. Rose would be in a hurry to dress them he said.

In the kitchen Mother looked sharply at my blue jeans, but she didn't say anything. Dad was telling her we'd have to start selling off some of the herd if the second cutting didn't have some water soon. Mom said she wasn't going to lose her wedding herd just because of some Russian who didn't understand plain English.

Then Dad said, "I'll 'ave to work something h'out with Mr. Jake h'Oster."

Mother dropped her mixing bowl and I scooted up the back stairs.

My Daddy is a very short red-haired Canadian. His parents were from England. He said he came down to Wyoming looking for buffalo and Indians, but he found Mother instead. Mother didn't like that much. Anyway, the last time Dad started dropping and adding h's like the English do, I guess, was last year in November when he wanted Mother to vote for William Jennings Bryan. She said her father marched down Pennsylvania Avenue with the Pennsylvania Regiment and fought for what was right. She was going to vote for the Grand Old Party. "Furthermore, I wasn't born with no head and you with two," Mother said. But Dad said a woman, if she had to vote at all, ought to vote with her husband.

When McKinley won, Dad dropped his h's until New Year's Day. Dad always does it when he is angry and the angrier he is the thicker his brogue gets. Most men swear. Even Jeff does. But my Dad drops h's. Last month when McKinley got shot, Dad said he guessed things were a little better with a cowboy in the White 'Ouse.

Upstairs I started to go into the bathroom, but that same person was there. Then I heard a giggle down the hall. I stood still. Feet shuffled along the hall; then Jeff's face leered around the corner. Jeff snickered, rushed back to his room and slammed the door. I was suspicious now. Cautiously I peered into the bathroom. The figure didn't move. I looked at it hard. All over it straw was sticking out of potato sacking. A Dummy! "I'll fix that Jeff." I grabbed the dummy and stormed down the hall. I managed to pry Jeff's door open and stuff half the straw in on his bed. "I was only trying to save water," he whined. Then he

slammed the door on my arm. "Ouch!" I threw the rest of the straw and potato sacking on the floor by his door.

"All the people that were in the bathroom are out now," I yelled downstairs. "Now it's my turn."

I ran to Mom's room, unpinned my dress, gray ruffles and all, and dashed back toward the bathroom just in time to kick some more straw in Jeff's room where he was sneaking a look out the door.

Dad and the big boys stayed home from church this morning. "Too much work to do," Dad said. Louise stayed home to work on dinner.

After we were all in the wagon, (Jeff was driving; he's not a big boy as you may have noticed) Mother said that enough people paid the devil his due on Saturday night and furthermore we were going to need all the reliable help we could get in the next two weeks. This was a warning to all that we'd better pray for rain even if we didn't listen to Rev. MacDonald's sermon. Between gray ruffles, headless chickens, and dummies in bathrooms, I wasn't in a very religious mood, whatever that is. But I decided I'd pray anyway because I didn't like Grandpa to frown. I resolved to stay away from Ivy so nobody would see where my gray ruffles had come from.

I didn't pay any attention to the sermon. Jeff was doing all those things stupid boys do in church: kicking the pews with his boots; tearing pieces off the Psalter pages to hit Ned Hayward's neck two rows down; I thought I saw him pick his nose, but I couldn't be sure. Jeff's awfully sly about it.

Rev. MacDonald said something about neighbors and I checked to see if the Osters were there. They don't belong to our church. I guess there aren't many Presbyterians in Russia. Lord Ogilvie says there aren't many in England either. But most of the people here were something different before they came here. Mother is always pointing out that there are three saloons in La-Salle and six more on the way to Greeley, but only one church. It's a nice church, though, and bigger than a saloon. None of the Osters were there.

When church was over, I wiggled around skirts and boots over to Lord Ogilvie. He is an Englishman, Jeff says. I've never heard him drop his h's though.

"Did you appreciate the sermon, Miss Rebecca?" he asked me.

"No sir," I said. "I don't believe I appreciated the sermon."

"'Tis a pity you didn't listen, Miss Rebecca. The Minister talked about tolerance today and that is a most unusual thing for a Scot Presbyterian."

I've heard Lord Ogilvie say before that about the only good things from Scotland are their angus cattle. That's what he has on his place.

"I mean to tell Rev. MacDonald how fully I occur with his sentiment," he continued. I smiled at him. He says things in a funny way, but words sound elegant when he uses them. Lord Ogilvie is different from most of the men in the draw. He never wears homemade jeans to work in. But he never looks so buttoned in and polished up as the school teachers from the East like Mr. Harvey Owen. My brother Ed says that Lord Ogilvie is an aristocrat. Ed says that he was very angry once when a man selling grain at the LaSalle Elevator forgot to call him Lord. I couldn't imagine Lord Ogilvie being angry. He's very much like my grandfather.

When we were all outside and loading ourselves into the wagon, Lord Ogilvie came over to Mother. I didn't hear all they said, but he looked serious and I heard Mother mention Jake Oster. I heard her say she didn't think there would be enough well water for dinner dishes. Lord Ogilvie swung little Minerva up into the wagon and told Mother he'd ride along with us.

I like hot weather most of the time. It makes me sick the way Ivy complains about it. But today on our way home, I understood why people don't like hot weather. The same dry wind that woke me up was throwing sand up from the blow-outs where Jeff and Ed catch rattle snakes. We were all thirsty. The baby was crying. None of the rest of us had tears enough to cry.

Jeff was telling us that Ned Hayward's big brother had been down in Oklahoma. He said the soil down there was just this color. Jeff decided that the wind was blowing all the way from Mexico and this red stuff was what it picked up in Oklahoma.

Except for Jeff everyone suffered quietly. The baby's tears dried up pretty soon. By the time we reached the Oster place both Mom and little Minerva had red faces and strange staring eyes.

Lord Ogilvie told Jeff to get them home as soon as he could. Then he said to me: "Miss Rebecca, you and I are going to visit Jake Oster to fetch a pail of water." He pulled me up on his big dappled stallion he called Blue. At the Oster's house we could see Jake out in the north field up on a hay stack. He did a lot of his work alone.

I jumped off Blue and went in the kitchen door. The heat from the kitchen oven wrapped around my throat like a thick wool scarf. It was so dark I could barely see. There were smells of redbeets cooking and of sour cream. The heat made my eyes water. But I could see people sitting around the kitchen table; they were eating lunch I guess. Somewhere there was a baby crying hard.

I didn't like going to the Osters too well because Jeff told me that Grandpa Oster was a witchman. I'd never seen him before. Today, though, after my eyes were used to the dark, I saw him. There he was kneeling at the kitchen table his chin and hair dripping in the dark red soup. There he was in the strangling heat of the kitchen wearing a sheepskin coat with the collar turned up and an ancient sheepskin cap with the ear-flaps dangling in the soup. As he turned toward the light made by the open kitchen door, I saw he had no teeth.

Life became too much for me. I fainted. I faint every once in a while. I guess it goes with being able to kill chickens. I'm never out for long. This time I opened my eyes very slowly. Without moving my head I strained to see if he was still there. I couldn't see him. Then Mrs. Oster was beside me with a damp cloth, smelling salts, and a drink of water. The water in my mouth felt good.

I looked around. He was gone. Maybe I had scared him. Little Gregory Oster was there. He could understand us better than anyone else in the Oster family. I got up and told him we needed some water in a pail. He told his mother and she smiled at me, smoothing back my hair while she said something to Gregory. He went out to the kitchen porch and came back with two pails of water. Mrs. Oster said something else to Gregory. He explained to me that his baby brother was ill and asked whether Mrs. Landon could come to see what was wrong. I told Gregory I'd tell my mother about it and please to say thank you to his mother for the water.

Gregory helped me get the water outside where we put the pails on a yoke-like pole to sling across Blue's back. Lord Ogilvie started to lift me up on Blue, but I wanted to whip up on him all by myself. Blue was a tall horse.

We went down the road as fast as we could without spilling any water. From the Oster's house we could see the trees around our place. The wagon was out of sight so we thought everyone had gotten home all right.

I told Lord Ogilvie about the Oster baby's being sick. He said he'd remind me to tell Mother.

We were about half way home when dust splashed up from the barnyard, then out the gate and on the road. Lord Ogilvie reined off the road. I slid off Blue's rump down to where the watercress grew last year. Then there was Dad on Pansy going as fast as a hail storm. Down by the gate I could see Jeff running.

Dad bolted past us without even looking. Pansy didn't have a bridle. Dad had his knees pinched close in on her neck. His head was so close in her mane that you couldn't tell his red hair from her roan.

Suddenly they veered off the road and shot over borrow-pit and fence. Then they were in Jake Oster's east field. Jeff was yelling, "Get him; don't let him go."

Nobody could stop Dad. I scrambled to the road and ran at Jeff yelling, "What's going on?"

When Jeff caught up to me he was crying. "Go get Dad, Lord Ogilvie, Jake Oster'll kill 'im. Ol' Jake must be six feet and five!"

Lord Ogilvie was on the ground now handing me Blue's reins. "I'll leave the water here," he said, slipping joke and buckets on to the ground. Then he grabbed the reins and swung onto Blue again. "I'll go get Paul Hayward," Lord Ogilvie said as he started back up the road. "But stop crying, Jeff. Your father's a strong man."

We were all watching Dad now—even Lord Ogilvie as he galloped toward Hayward's ranch. Dad and Pansy had vaulted over the north field fence. She faunched and reared back as Dad pulled on her mane and then threw himself to the ground. Jake Oster was up on the haystack; he turned when he heard Dad coming over the north fence. Jeff groaned. "Oster's got a pitchfork, Becky."

Dad was on his feet running toward the haystack. Jake just watched him. Then I saw Dad still running but crouching close to the ground as though he were a spring like he did on skis last winter when we went to the mountains for timber. Dad catapulted up on the haystack. He grabbed Jake Oster's shirt collar and then suddenly they were both on the ground. We could see the pitchfork quivering in the top of the stack.

They rolled over. Finally Dad came out on top. He had Jake Oster pinned down just like a two-year-old steer, and was pounding away at him. Either it took Jake a long time to catch on to what was happening or else it took that much pounding to make him angry. Suddenly he shook all over and threw Dad off.

They both scrambled to their feet. Now Jake had the advantage. Dad managed to keep away from his big fist. But once, Jake

knocked him so hard that he stumbled backwards for more than ten yards. They were shouting at each other now, Dad's brogue and Jake's Russian. They couldn't understand each other, but the noise was enough to bring the Osters out of the house.

When Jake hit Dad so hard, he really got mad and ran at Jake and hit him with his head square in the belly and knocked him down. This time Jake didn't get up until Dad pulled him up by his shirt collar and dragged him to the ditch. We could see Dad throwing water in his face and pointing at the water gate. We could see the foam as the water sluiced into the ditch. Dad fell on his knees by the water and threw it all over himself.

Then he grabbed Jake around the waist and threw his dangling arm around his shoulder. They limped toward the Oster house, while Mrs. Oster and Gregory ran out to meet them. Gregory was holding her hand and pulling her; she was crying.

We started to climb the fence too, but Lord Ogilvie and Paul Hayward called out to us. We'd been yelling so loud and watching so hard, we hadn't heard or seen them coming.

"Is your father all right? Is anyone hurt?" they called. Jeff jumped down. Running toward them he yelled, "You should've seen 'em. Dad whipped the stuffing out of old Oster. He's my Dad and you should have seen them!"

Paul Hayward looked surprised and shot an anxious glance across the field. Mrs. Oster had reached them. She threw her arms around Jake's neck. Dad had hold of Gregory's hand and was patting him on the back.

Jeff was jumping up and down. "Boy, did Dad ever give that ol' Ruskie a walloping!"

Lord Ogilvie swung around in his saddle and frowned down at Jeff. "Jeff," he barked. "There has been too much misunderstanding already. Your father didn't fight Jake Oster, the Russian. He fought the man who damned the ditch; he would have done the same to me or Paul Hayward. Men have killed each other over water in this country. Water is life here. But it's a miserable sort of man who'd fight over an accident in birth or speech."

Jeff looked away; he was angry and ashamed. "But Mom said . . ."

"Woman talk!" snapped Lord Ogilvie.

Any other time that would have made me mad, but my knees were shaking; my head felt like Jake Oster's must have felt.

"Take me home, Mr. Ogilvie; I feel sick again."

Then I realized what I had said. "Oh, I'm sorry, Lord . . ."

He was off Blue and lifting me up. "That's all right, Miss Rebecca. It's just a peculiarity in speech to which I am accustomed. Today you may call me Mr." Turning to Jeff, Lord Ogilvie said, "Lift the water pails up to Paul Hayward. Go fetch your father's horse. Paul, perhaps Mrs. Oster will need the water now. I'll take Miss Rebecca home."

Up on old Blue I took one look back at Dad. He was walking slowly toward the Oster house helping Jake who was walking pretty good now.

Jeff hollered at us from the fence, "Anyway, now nobody is going to laugh at Dad because he's short."

Lord Ogilvie laughed. "No, not now." To me he added, "But no one ever has."

At home Mother was standing at the door clutching her apron. Her face was white.

"There's water in the ditch now, Vernia (that's Mom). Your Johnny (that's Dad) will be home soon. I think he'll need cold lemonade."

I slipped into the parlor where it's always cool and quiet. I curled up on the love seat. Mother had covered the mahogany arms with muslin to keep the dust off. I could hear them talking in the kitchen. Lord Ogilvie was telling Mother all that had happened. Just as he was about to leave, he remembered to tell her that one of the Oster children was sick. She asked Lord Ogilvie to saddle up the big bay, Jiggs. "I'll fix up some medicine and take those three extra hens Rebecca killed this morning. They're just out of the oven and still warm."

I pulled back the lace curtain Ivy had made and looked out the window through the trees to the mountains. "Maybe the thunderheads will blow this way tonight," I thought.

AWAKENING

Carolyn Nielsen

Time passes by and no one knows
The things Time does, the way Time shows.
Until one day you're standing there,
And mirrors show you have no hair!

A Teacher's Prayer

Cesar Duayen

Translated from the Spanish by

Joanne Ireland

Lord, Teacher of the world, pardon my teaching. Pardon me for wearing the name of teacher, which you bore while on earth.

I ask Thee for love for my school; so much love that neither burning beauty nor anything else will still from it the tenderness of every moment.

Make me persistent in my fervor and transitory in my discontentment. Let not the lack of understanding nor forgetfulness of those whom I have taught grieve me. Root out of me the impure desire for justice when I am hurt.

Help me to be a mother to these children not of my own flesh; let me give them love and protection in abundance, as their own mothers would give them. Let me make my daughters my most perfect verse, leaving stamped upon them my most penetrating melodies; which they speak long after my lips can no longer speak.

Teach me as much as possible about your Gospel, so that each day I may make alive, and never give up in the daily struggles of my life.

Give our democratic school the spirit that hovers over your chorus of unshod children.

Friend, stay with me and sustain me. Many times I have no one but you by my side. When my teaching is purer and burns with truth, I have no need for the worldly. For then, you will take me to your heart; you who have known solitude and abandonment. I will look only for the sweetness of approval in your glance.

Grant me the ability to have simplicity and depth in all of my lessons; free me from being complicated or banal in my teaching throughout the years.

Let me raise my eyes above my wounded breast as I enter my school every morning. Let me forget my previous pains; let me not carry my small material anxieties to my desk.

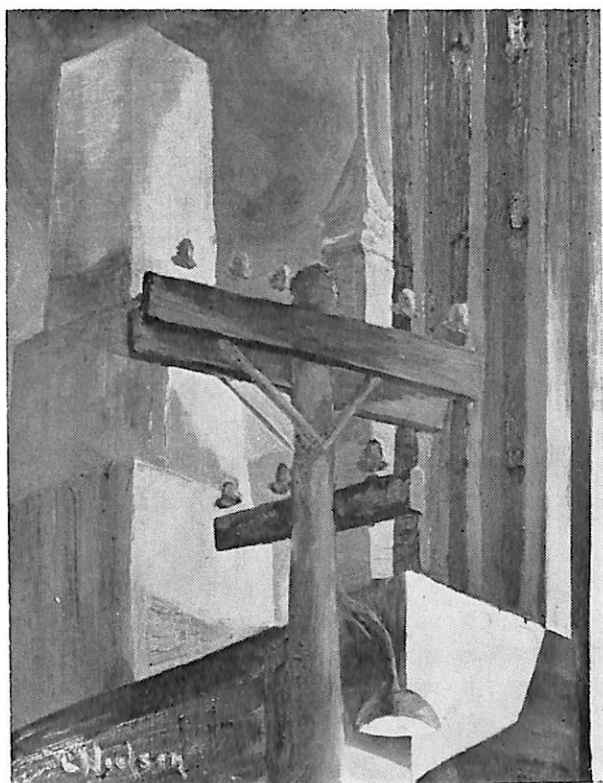
Lighten my hand in punishment and soften it for the caress. Reprove me with grief so that I know that I have corrected out of love.

Let me build my school with spirit rather than bricks. Let me enfold its plainness and emptiness in the flame of my enthusiasm. Let my heart be a stronger column and my will purer gold than those columns or that gold of the rich school.

And finally, through the paleness of the canvass of Valequez, remind me that to teach and love intensely is to arrive on that final day, with the lance blow of Loungines in my bosom which burns with love.

THE CITY

Liz Nielsen



The Girl With the Flaxen Hair

Leconte De Lisle

Translated from the French by
Jean Gebhart

On the Lucerne mid the flowers so fair,
One sings in the freshness of morning.
It is the girl with the flaxen-spun hair,
What beauty with lips red as cherries.

A lark sweetly sings in a song of love,
The bright summer sun shines so high above.

Your mouth is divine with entrancing hues,
My dear, how enticing to kiss it!
(We'll chat 'mong the plants all in bloom if you choose,)
And eyelashes long and such delicate curls!

A lark sweetly sings in a song of love,
The bright summer sun shines so high above.

Do not say "No," oh you cruel fair one!
Nor utter a "Yes!" I shall rather wait.
For the gaze from your eyes in the sun
And lips like the roses you offer me.

A lark sweetly sings in a song of love,
The bright summer sun shines so high above.

Leave, little deer, go so swiftly small hare.
Red partridges, you must go too! I wish
Now to be kissing the flax of your hair,
And to press to your crimson sweet lips.

A lark sweetly sings in a song of love,
The bright summer sun shines so high above.

The Most Precious Moment of Love

Sully Prudhomme

Translated from the French by

Janet Francis

The most precious moment of love
Is not when one says, "I love you,"
But in the sweet time of silence
That penetrates the day through;

It is in the true meditations
And secrets of the heart;
Or yet in the stern pretenses
And pleasures not to depart;

The thrill when the trembling hand
Touches the arm, with naught said;
In the turning of pages together
Yet leaving them wholly unread;

It is in the unique hour
When modesty prevents saying more;
When the heart explodes as a rosebud,
Very quietly its fervor to pour;

When the fragrance alone of the hair
Is as dear as a conquered gem;
This exquisite hour of tenderness
With love shared by both of them.

ADAGIO

Judy Mayland

A moon-white blossom
Rises in the breeze,
Then falls dancing
To the ground,
Adagio.

WHAT YOU DON'T SEE IF YOU'RE NOT LOOKING

Tom Lange

Having done some small bit of research in bacteriology, I offer this brief treatise as an authoratative case history of a singular colony of *Escherichia coli*. Before dipping into this heartwarming episode, however, I would like to thank Dr. Mehler, professor of anthropology at Able University, for his invaluable assistance in interpreting my data.

At this point it is expedient to mention that *E. coli* is a strain of bacteria found in the intestinal tract, namely, the colon. These petite rod-shaped microbes play an active roll in the final breakdown of foods...in each of us.

My unique experience with these "beasties" began at Eden General Hospital, with which I am affiliated. During routine lab procedure, an observant technician noticed some peculiarities in the organization of the *E. coli* on a prepared slide. (This slide was considered class-A evidence from a patient with an ulcerated intestine.) When this oddity was brought to my attention, being one to leave no stone unturned, I proceeded to culture some of these now homeless creatures. This process involved transferring a few living bacteria to a liquid solution conducive to growth and reproduction. Within forty-eight hours I had at my disposal a well populated colony of thriving *E. coli*.¹

Examining a drop of solution containing my "pets" I was rather puzzled to note that they moved to and fro in a quite orderly manner,² as if they were socializing with each other. Assuming relative significance to this peculiarity I intensified my study of this primitive society. (It was no small task requiring some rather strained imaginative thinking to formulate a working interpretation of all that I viewed at 1000 power magnification.)

For the next several weeks I studied the *E. coli* quite intently. There appeared to be a definite class structure within the colony, although not a competitive one. The classes seemed to be defined in terms of duties, at which I could only guess, however, probably similar to those of the social insects. One interesting feature of these minute forms was that whenever two of them appeared to confront one another, they never separated in opposite directions, until they had gone some good distance together.

During the extended period of my observations I postulated the almost unbelievable theory that here were the offspring of an ethnic group of beings, disguised in creation by virtue of their microscopic dimensions. Yet they were not too small for emotion, love, innocence, and a spirit of cooperation. And all of these characteristics tended to maintain order and serenity in this isolated culture.

In addition to the microscopic work I also studied the case history of the patient who furnished the sample of *E. coli*. He was middle-aged, single, unemployed, and a heavy drinker. Although his diseased viscera was due to his own misdemeanors, the hospital (nurses in particular) cared well for him. This, unfortunately, was a fateful factor for the only known civilization of *E. coli*, which in numbers of millions was unwittingly flushed out of house and home via the skillfully administered barium enema.

¹ Bacteria are capable of rapid reproduction, in which process the genetic material containing all of the cellular information exactly duplicates all previous experiences, etc., of the cell. From this I can assume that the bacteria which I had cultured "knew" as much as those from which the colony had originally developed in the patient's digestive tract.

² *Escherichia coli* are usually non-motile bacteria. This prompted me to determine by analytical means whether this strain was of the motile variety. After much deliberate experimentation I concluded that this strain was one which normally does not move of its own accord.

IT'S ONLY GOD

Karen Flesvig

Hush, my child....
It's only God awakening
Casting dawning brilliance
On the pillows of the sky.

Look, my child....
Upon this bluish vast
And watch the many shapes of God
As they pass.

Hush, my child....
It's only the flame of God
That streams across the sky
In silent benediction.

Sleep, my child....
It's God's small
Lanterns in the sky
That wicks you off to slumber.

STILL LIFE

Jon Kjoller



RESTLESS NIGHTS

Jeff Asfoor

Restless nights creep upon a body
 weary for sleep,
Sleep that was once here, in this bed.
Rather, longing eyes are searching for the
 dying cigarette,
Now evaporated into a milling spirit,
 visiting the obscurities of the night.
And untamed thoughts race unobstructed
Within the confinements of this skull.
And there is a struggle of inner enemies
 until my mind expands to its limits,
Throbbing for blood,
But feeling strangulation as this blood
 oozes from its punctured muscle.
Raw thoughts, gutted before me,
While we sit in darkness—Schopenhauer
 and I.

He and I—two-year sulkers,
Crucifying on rusty crosses all I knew
 to be real;
Eating savagely upon my depression
 and self-pity until out of this—
A Handle is cast.
But Schopenhauer fell asleep—bored.

Then an apparitional Khayyam
 raises this head with his hands,
And I hunger for his eyes.
O, how we eat and drink until the
 sun fills the room with gold.
We drink until our drowned thoughts
Sink in drunkenness,
 and we lie on the floor—
Hollow logs, empty of their pith.
Forever we riot together until—
 one day we can not support the cup;
He leaves me.

Now alone I sit.
Alone for minutes and hours and years,
Until my crammed facts and warped thoughts
 are spewed unto the bed,
And drip to the floor.
Only then is there birth—
Birth because I know there is a Handle—
I am the Handle!
It is I who control this body,
And it is I who welcome the morn anew.

THE BARN

Mary Rand

Cattle-feeder for the country,
Staller, Hay-bedder,
Home of animals and rodents:
They tell me you are big and I believe them, for I
 have seen your shadow expanding across the
 landscape.
And they tell me you are courageous and I reply:
 Yes, for I have seen the treatment you withstand.
And they tell me you are hungry and I answer: Yes,
 it is true I have seen all the hay you consume.
And having answered so I turn my back to those who
 run you down and I give them this reply:
Come and show me a building which is used in as
 many landscapes as you.
Come and show me another building that is as pretty
as you are in the sunlight with your hat shining
and your body a gleaming red.
 Shiny-headed,
 Big-framed,
 Large-mouthed,
Under the wind and rain, cold and damp, withstanding
 Mother Nature and Father Time.
Holding your head high, even though many animals
 have long said, "Good-bye."
Being mean and devilish because under your foundation
 the earth pleads for air, air!
Smiling at the ground and looking up to the heavens
 proud of being cattle-feeder, staller, hay-
 bedder, and home of animals and rodents.

NIGHTFALL

Wayne Theye

The sun he is a thinkin'
He's goin' to hit the hay,
So now he's just a sinkin';
He's goin' to end the day....

Now birds are out of sight,
And they're no longer hummin';
They may not think it's right,
But twilight is a comin'....

Now frogs are out a yellin'
From yonder muddy clay,
And they are just a tellin'
That daylight fades away....

Now coyotes are a bayin'
Afar across the way,
And they are right in sayin'
That it's no longer day.

The Good Comrade

Ludwig Uhland

Translated from the German by
Lyla Winterburn

One does not find a better friend
than the comrade I have found.
We march to war together
as the noise of battle did resound.

A piece of lead ripped through the air!
I wonder whose name it shall bear?
Alas! My comrade death has taken,
whilst my soul was shaken!

The hands of him move toward me still.
Although I want to help you now,
I can not yield a hand to you.
But as you to your eternal Father bow,
to me you are my comrade true!

FUGUE

Hans Willadsen

Incalzando

The musical score is written for a piano and consists of five systems, each with a grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature has one sharp (F#), and the time signature is common time (C). The tempo marking *Incalzando* is written above the first system. The first system shows the beginning of the piece with a treble staff starting on a G4 and a bass staff with a whole rest. The second system continues the melody in the treble staff with a bass staff accompaniment. The third system features a more complex texture with multiple voices in both staves. The fourth system continues this complex texture. The fifth system shows the final measures of the piece, with the treble staff ending on a G4 and the bass staff on a whole note chord.

This image shows a handwritten musical score on page 65. The score is organized into six systems, each consisting of a treble staff and a bass staff. The notation is in a historical style, featuring various note values, rests, and accidentals. The first system shows a treble staff with a whole rest and a bass staff with a continuous eighth-note pattern. The second system continues the bass staff's pattern while the treble staff has a whole note. The third system introduces more complex rhythmic patterns in both staves. The fourth system features a treble staff with a series of eighth notes and a bass staff with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The fifth system shows a treble staff with a series of eighth notes and a bass staff with a steady eighth-note accompaniment. The sixth system concludes the piece with a treble staff ending on a whole note and a bass staff ending on a whole note. The word "ritard" is written below the bass staff of the sixth system, indicating a ritardando effect.

ritard

Contributors

SENIORS—

Seniors contributing this year, with the exception of one, are all English majors from the Midwest. Sandra Warman, from North Platte, Nebraska, tells about her mother's experiences in Wyoming in her short story "Summer Sunday in Beebe Draw." "Adagio" was written from an inspiration by Judy Mayland who is now teaching English at Blair High School. Jack Hill from Auburn, Nebraska, contributed the poem "Frieda." The short story "The Secret" was written by Gary Lebeck who lives on a farm near the small town of Walnut, Iowa. Dennis Berkej from Tuscon, Arizona, submitted the unusual play "Theme and Variations." Hans Willadsen, a music major from Iowa, contributed "The Fugue," a musical composition.

JUNIORS—

Contributors representing the Junior Class come from different sections of the United States. The state of Michigan brings Sidney Larsen from Edmore and Carolyn Nielsen from Detroit. Sidney, a psychology major, contributed "Night." Carolyn, submitting "The Hideaway" and "Comfort," is an English major. Coming from Eugene, Oregon, Therman Kaldahl wrote the touching short story "Funnys Gone Now." Other Juniors, not far from home, are Ellen Petersen, Joyce Taake, and Janet Francis from Council Bluffs, Iowa, Petersburg, Nebraska, and Fremont, Nebraska, respectively. All are English majors. Ellen wrote "Haiku"; Joyce submitted "I Passed By Alone"; and Janet translated "The Most Precious Moment of Love" from the French.

SOPHOMORES—

The Sophomore Class has proven to be very talented as they received the honors. Vivian Jenkins, a music major from Omaha, Nebraska, revealed her musical talents in her composition "The Afternoon of the Pink Sun" which received the Hal Evans Cole Award. She has been writing music since she was twelve years old. Vivian also submitted a short work entitled "The Muses of Mop-petry." Dan Knudsen from Lincoln, Nebraska, is the winner of the Joseph Langland Award for his poem "The New Creation." Jane Jensen is an English major from Blair, Nebraska. She shows talent in her minor field of Spanish with her translation "Meditation Under the Rain." For this she received the Kaj Munk Award. Cheryl Donahoo is also an English major from Millard, Nebraska. Her contribution was a poem entitled "A Thought."

FRESHMEN—

Jani Johnson and Wayne Morton are two freshmen from Colorado. Jani enjoys writing poetry and contributed "Youth." Wayne, English major, submitted "A Timeless Question." Nebraskans sub-

mitting their poetry are Wayne Theye, Kristi Planck, and Lyla Winterburn. Wayne comes from Wymore with a major in Mathematics. A History major from Omaha, Kristi is interested in preserving Danish culture at Dana. She translated "My God" from Danish. A German translation "The Good Comrade" was done by Lyla from Elkhorn. Two Californians, Grace Hane and Ben Tally contributed poetry, "A Friend" and "The Shoe" respectively. "Nature's Flower" and "Dawn" were contributed by Iowans, Don Hoffman and Judy Barnes. Jeff Asfoor, Minnesota, contributed "The Fruits of Life" and "Restless Nights." The translation "A Teacher's Prayer" was done by Joan Ireland from New Jersey. Poetry contributed by Karen Flesvig, Illinois, was "March" and "It's Only God."

Art work for this year's **Sower** was done by Jon Kjoller from Alabama, Barbara Menkel from California, Levan Hiemke from Wisconsin, and Liz Nielsen from Minnesota. Levan designed the cover and Liz received the Hal Evans Cole Award.

