



1964

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SOWER - 1964

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The Sower cover is a woodcut done by one of Dana's students, Judi Briggs. Evolving as the central theme of the cover we see the mature wheat stock representing grain to be harvested, bringing a living to the life of the Midwest. Beneath the growing stalk, the dormant seeds lie, the producers of the stalk. Also represented are the elements -- sun and rain -- which make possible the growth of the seed and the changing seasons of harvest. (And the Sower reaps its harvest.)

FOREWARD

And another year has passed. It has been a year unique in many ways. From events have evolved thoughts -- thoughts which seek expression. And another Sower emerges.

As you read the 1964 Sower, you will see the year in retrospect. It represents only a minority of Dana's mind. Much remains unexpressed. The staff wishes to thank those who contributed -- who found expression.

The awards for the different areas are as follows: The Kai Munk Memorial Award for translations, given by a 1960 Dana graduate, Dick Carr, goes to Ken Jacobsen, a sophomore, for his German translation of The Village Blacksmith. The Hal Cole Evans Award for the creative composition in the area of art or music is given to a Junior, Judi Briggs, for her design of our cover. The major donor for this award is Rev. Richard Andersen in memory of a former Dana student who died in a Christmas accident. Professor Joseph Langland of the English Department in the University of Massachusetts, and former teacher at Dana, presents his awards in the fields of poetry and prose. He names Pam Barber, a senior, as recipient of the first place award in prose for her contribution entitled Retribution. Richard Jorgensen's story And the Rulers Take Counsel Together came in second. This senior also received first place in the field of poetry for his poem entitled Shiloh, one of his poems found in his trilogy on the Civil War Requiem for Brothers. Coming in second was Autumn Muses written by a sophomore Wayne Morton.

Again the staff wishes to thank all who made this 1964 Sower a reality. We know you will enjoy reaping it's harvests.

Sidney Ann Larson

Editor

TABLE OF CONTENTS

PROSE		My Infant Soul to God 7	Translations 26
Retribution 4	Pam Barber	Jo Ann Urie	Bob Hansen
"In the Beginning..." 6	Therm Kaldahl Tom Lange	Dana Hill 10	"How long must..." 27
Isolation 7	Dee Petersen	Joyce Taake	Jani Johnson
Thoughts 15, 22, 23, 27	Barbara Petersen	The World and Man 11	Notice 27
Into All the World 16	Jerry Jorgensen	Sidney Ann Larson	Jo Ann Urie
It Happened in Our Time 20	Gudrun Hansen	Gran Dio..... 15	Bittersweet 30
In the Beginning..... 22	Jackie Swendseid	Karen Flesvig	Enid Wiley
The Fugitive 25	Ernie Nieman	Hidden..... 15	They Know Not What They Do 30
A Bedtime Story 26	Jo Ann Urie	Judy Barnes	Luella White
And the Rulers Take Counsel Together .. 28	Richard Jorgensen	Untitled..... 15	TRANSLATIONS
		Enid Wiley	The Village Blacksmith 12
		Hide and Seek 17	Ken Jacobsen -- German
		Jo Ann Urie	"If I were simple as the sunlit day...".. 13
		Requiem for Brothers (Triology 18	Mary Larsen -- Danish
		Richard Jorgensen	Sonnet 14
		Psalms 23 19	John Overgaard -- Spanish
		Bob Rademacher	Behold the Man! 14
		Silence 21	Corinne Adams -- German
		Joyce Taake	Death and the Sea 14
		Rebellion 21	Jackie Swendseid -- French
		Enid Wiley	ART
		Psalms 8 21	Death Soon 6
		Bob Rademacher	Jo Ann Adkins
		No 23	The Pipe 11
		Joyce Taake	Lizanne Nielsen
		Learning to Love 23	The Flamingo 17
		Jerry Jorgensen	Levan Hiemke
		"How long do..." 24	Flight 25
		Jani Johnson	Linda Money
		"The voluminous clouds..." 24	MUSIC
		Karen Flesvig	(A simple piece illustrating the use of whole tone scale) 31
			Lyla Winterburn

RETRIBUTION

Pam Barber

I should never have married her in the first place. Mother said that she'd soon lose interest in me, that she was a flighty one and would never be satisfied to settle down. Mother didn't like her lack of intelligence or class, either. Now I know Mother was right, but hell, why couldn't I have seen that then. No, I was set up with a good job, had money for clothes and for showing her a good time, and I thought it'd be smart to marry her. I knew damn well she was aching to get married, and I figured . . . What, I really don't know.

Sure, she attracted me. She had a pretty fair shape, and her face wasn't bad. Her teeth weren't all crooked and she didn't wear those gobby thick-lensed glasses. No, her eyes were all sparkly and blue, the kind of eyes that those poetic guys write about. I think it must have been those eyes that got me.

Mother was right about her brain. She just didn't have one. When we went partying and drinking and necking that didn't seem to matter much. Since that's about all we did before the big mistake I didn't really mind. So we got married.

Even at the ceremony I didn't feel quite right about things. She looked different to me; I had a cold feeling way inside, but I wasn't any quitter and I thought it was just all that ceremony business that was bothering me. Things were fine during the short honeymoon and we returned home to what promised to be a damn good future.

And things were good for a while. We both worked, and while we counted pennies, we did have the pennies to count. Mother made sure that we had extra cash when we needed it, and she was always dropping over to help Jenny out with things.

That's what started all the trouble. All the things Mother did for us, and all Jenny could do was crab that she was sticking her nose in where it didn't belong. I figured the least she could do was to be thankful that Mother was taking time to show her a lot of these things, because she turned out to be pretty dumb as far as doing anything worthwhile was concerned. She said she'd have managed to learn things by herself and could have asked when she ran up against a wall, but

this way she was learning things so much faster and what's more, learning them the right way.

We started getting into arguments about things like that, but we settled down when Jenny found out she was going to have a baby. That set us up for a while. God, I was proud! Me, going to be a father. I'd have a son. Jenny'd be a mother. We'd be a family!

When Jenny had to quit her job I started worrying about how we'd pay for the baby, but Mother was always handy and she'd be sure to take care of things. She was going to be a grandmother.

My daughter was born at four in the morning, and bleary-eyed I saw she had her mother's dark hair and blue eyes. I felt I had never seen anything so beautiful. And to think that that squirming little thing was mine! I thought I'd never be able to do enough for her.

If I'd only known how that baby would change Jenny. Everything had to be done for it. Sure, I had planned to do things for her, too, but I still wanted to eat and sleep and have a little fun. But Jenny was always fussing over that kid. "The baby needs this and the baby needs that." "You'll have to fix supper yourself tonight. I'm too tired." Damn her! I was her husband. If it hadn't been for me she'd never have had the kid in the first place.

Mother crooned over the baby too, but at least she still knew I was around. She'd still give me a hot supper if I wanted it. But when I'd come home Jenny'd start in hounding me for going to Mother's. I didn't love her any more. I wasn't being a good father. Hell, I'd never loved her in the first place. Finally I told her so, too, and then she started yelling and screaming, and I got so mad I hardly knew it when I first slapped her. I kept on slugging her and each time I hit her I hated her more. It was her own fault. If she'd just have noticed me more. Every time I felt like a little loving the baby needed something, or so she said. The kid could be sound asleep, but it needed something.

They got me up in court for the beating. I got off with a stiff fine, but couldn't live with my wife any more. She wouldn't have had me anyway. I had had my fill of her, too. She could damn well rot, for all I cared.

I found a job in another town and cleared out. I took a room, got a good place to eat and came home some weekends to see Mother. She was pretty fed up with Jenny, too, but was keep-

ing an eye on her to see that my daughter was being taken care of. Jenny had found a job at a hash house in town and was getting a neighbor to watch the kid.

Now that I had a life of my own again, I wished I could see the little girl once in a while. After all, she was mine as well as Jenny's. I mentioned it to Mother and she said I certainly should be able to see my own daughter. She arranged to take care of the baby one weekend and wrote and told me what day I could come. Jenny, of course, didn't know I'd be coming over. She'd never have agreed to let me get near that kid. Mother and I arranged it so that she'd have the baby almost every Saturday and that way I got to see her.

This went along fine until Mother decided Jenny and I should get back together. We'd been apart for over six months now, and neither one of us had latched onto anyone else. Like a damn fool, I figured maybe things would be better this time. Mother mentioned it to Jenny and at first she was ready to toss her out of the house, but Mother kept trying and finally Jen agreed to see me. When I saw her I really did think that I loved her after all, and she must have sensed it, for she agreed to give it another try, mostly for our kid's sake.

I moved in again and I really tried to make things work. She tried, too, at first, but then things started to go wrong. She started sloughing off on the housework; she'd lie around smoking cigarettes and watching T. V. all day. I could never see where she'd done anything, and here I'd been slaving all day to get the cash to pay for the damn cigarettes and T.V.

Then I found out she was pregnant again. It made her sick all the time, she said, so how in the hell was she supposed to get everything done. We were right back where we started, but I was determined to stick it out until the new baby came. I did have some pride! If only she hadn't been so lazy. I wished I could slap some of that laziness out of her. She'd have learned what it meant to work, all right. I was scared of hurting the new baby, but a man's got to exert some authority. She was just snorting off to me all the time, so I finally showed her. I only pushed her around a little bit; if she hadn't jerked away like that her arm never would have been broken.

My son was born the same day they locked me up. I've been there for five months, now. Those headshrinkers think I'm loony, but they just don't understand how it was. They harp on discipline most of the time, and that's all I was trying to do. A man's got to have some respect from others, especially his wife, or he's not a man. That little slut mocked me with every move she made. She doesn't deserve life.

But I don't tell the docs that. Oh no, I'm an ideal patient. I've never missed showing up for work in the machine shop. I'm polite to the nurses and I even take some of the really crazy patients for walks with me. It's paying off, too.

They've let me out for this 4th of July weekend. Mother picked me up this morning and I don't have to be back until Monday. She's sending me over to Jenny and the kids with a basket of food and some candy. I'm really not supposed to drive, but Mother doesn't see any harm in it. Mother knows that I'm not really sick. The docs said I wasn't supposed to see my wife and kids either, but Mother is only thinking of my happiness. She says the baby has his mother's nose and mouth. You'd think one of them could have looked like me. Mother really is helping me out today; I was wondering how I was going to get up there alone.

There's that sweet faced wife of mine out in the yard, now. She looks scared of me. Ha, let her sweat a little bit. Oh, how convenient, she's asking me in; the kids are sleeping and she guesses I have a right to see them. That's right, lady, I want to see them, too. But first I'll give you your present. You weren't good to me like a wife should have been; the type of wife that I should have had. I wish you'd get that silly look off your face. Get it off! You little bitch, you've deserved this for a long time. You've deserved it. Your blood is staining my hands, Jenny. I took your life and you're giving me your blood. I guess that about finishes it, Jenny. You're not going to mock me any more.

And now for that visit with my kids that you promised me. Hey, I thought you kids were sleeping. You're just lying here in your cribs playing. No, your mommy isn't going to come. She's dead now, kids. She has to be dead. All of her has to be dead!

THE GHOSTS OF GENIUS

Enid Wiley

The broken fibers of my brain
Still cling together, but the pain
That comes from once-bright thoughts now slain
Sears the tissue where now reign
The ghosts of genius.

AUTUMN MUSES

Wayne Morton

The swaying boughs are bending low,
The golden glow of lingering leaves
Is matched in pools which soon will know
The chilling touch of winter's snow.

And so each leaf to touch the ground
Is marking off the passing time.
The autumn hues which now abound,
Are soon no longer to be found.

Yet think not of the passing days
Which lead to drab and dreary times.
View now the quivering trees ablaze
With colors blended in the haze.

Though winter's icy winds arrive
And soon erase the autumn scene,
The barren trees remain alive,
And in the spring once more will thrive.

So let the fading sights you see
Be captured in the depths of mind,
And let the beauty ever be
As real as now, in memory.

(TO A YOUNG FRIEND)

Karen Flesvig

Take your finger
and trace a brook--
Get caught in the
snags of the shore;
But let it jog on
'til it succumbs to the
Eternal depths of the sea.



Death Soon
Jo Ann Adkins

ISOLATION

Dee Petersen

I walk alone. I too love the cross silhouetted against the sunset. I too love the sound of singing and pause in wonderment of spring - but I walk alone and you call me snob.

I do not know how to communicate that which lies within me. Would you care? I have watched you laugh together; and, oh, so many times, attempted to laugh with you. My attempts have been ridiculous and clumsy - and you called me phony. You are right. My laughter was empty and my advances fearful.

I have enjoyed the glory of being typed and I have found safety. No one need look further. My loneliness, hurt, and despair are thus concealed. I need only to conform outwardly to your image so carefully fashioned through the years.

Something else once resided within that shell - a bit of hope, a bit of tenderness. But that something else is dead. It died several months ago from malnutrition.

I now walk alone because I choose it.

WHO DO I SEE

Judy Barnes

I look in the mirror and who do I see?
Is it me, is it me, that I really see,
Or is it a stranger I've decided to be,
And not me, and not me, that I long so to be?

MY INFANT SOUL TO GOD

Jo Ann Urie

Lord, hold my hand
While Night march
'Cross the land,
Dragging his black cloak
Behind him.

Lord, hold my hand
While moon and star
Burn angry hole
Into the dark.

Hold my hand
While rat and mouse
Come scratch and gnaw
In gloom
Around my bed.

While green-and-yellow things
Fly screeching
From my heart
On evil wing.

Lord, hold my.....

Thank you, Lord.
Your hand is good--
Big, hard, but kind.
Warm-soft
The scar.

Say, Lord,
I know
I should not
Ask,
But...

Well...
This hand,
It is really yours?

"IN THE BEGINNING. . ."

Therm Kaldahl and
Tom Lange

"And God saw everything that he had made, and behold,
it was very good.

* * * * *

942 Westmoreland Drive
Chicago 6, Illinois
June 25, 1974

Dear Therm,

How is the busiest Junior Senator on Capitol Hill? Ginny and I were thrilled to read of your recent election. That's quite an accomplishment for such a young'un (especially after your vacillating start). Now that you've had a chance to adjust to your new role as a public servant I'd like you to give me an inside view of political machinery. Government has always interested me though I never could see taking a course in it.

Last Wednesday Ginny and I had a few friends over to help us celebrate our tenth anniversary. These post college years really zip, don't they? Our oldest daughter will be starting first grade now, the twins are nearly four, and the baby was just one and a half. How about that?

Recently, I've been doing research in obstetrical virology, the study of virus diseases during pregnancy. My specific problem is related to the effects on the child of the mother who has been infected by a particular disease virus during her pregnancy. The disease itself has little overt effect on the mother, although the term of pregnancy is usually shortened a bit. The real damage seems to be done to the child, which invariably shows signs of mental retardation.

The medical research team here is attempting to develop a standard preventive measure to be used early in pregnancy. Since this particular virus is specific to human beings we will soon be injecting it into a group of unwed pregnant girls living at a welfare home here and then proceed to test our preventive measures. Of course, these girls have been forewarned of the risk involved.

Oh, before I forget to ask, could you send me a copy of the recent bill which is in the Senate in regard to government controls on cigarettes? Thanks.

Hope to hear from you soon, Therm.

Sincerely,

Tom Lange

* * * * *

Senate Office Building
Washington 25, D. C.
July 6, 1974

Dear Tom,

There is much to get used to as a Public Servant - for that reason I was surprised to discover your letter on my desk this morning rather than that of an irate constituent or that of an occasional schizo that thinks he has been given divine revelation to aid our legislative processes. It is always good to hear from a friend. Congratulations on your anniversary. As a friendly sidelight, perhaps you missed the lecture on "birth control" at med school and you need some of your own pre-marital counseling. The information shall be forth coming under separate cover as regards the proposed bill on cigarette controls.

It sounds as though the field of medicine doesn't stand still either - you march on like little robot Gods, doing your good-will in whatever area you feel most creative. Tom, before I begin, you have known me as honest and as a friend - I do not intend to change either quality.

I am happy about your family, your friends and your success; but how barbaric have you become? Suddenly you have escaped the Lucanus robe of physician and are meddling in an ethic realm divorced from your purpose. Since when has it become yours to say, "of course, these girls have been forewarned of the risk involved. . ."? Tom, the testing itself is so inherently against my moral backbone, I feel very strongly about all of these things. Stay the Tom, the personal doctor you dreamed of becoming when I knew you. Don't become a Nazi arbitrator of life! We aren't little dolls to be handled and experimented with. We're alive

with a part of God tucked inside of each of us to be sacred and hallowed as though it were of God. Don't play with God, Tom.

I would be interested to hear your reactions - perhaps a dialogue is in order.

Sincerely,

Therm Kaldahl

* * * * *

July 20, 1974

Dear Therm,

You missed your calling. You should have become a minister. Although I hadn't expected such a violent reaction to our medical research, I will try to defend our position - or more personally, my feelings in the matter.

Although church attendance isn't a regular diet for me, I haven't lost sight of the basic Christian ethic, that of love. In fact, it is this very love which calls me as a doctor to explore all possibilities for the advancement and the benefit of mankind. When we look at love in its total perspective, as it applies to the total world population, what is the significance of an unborn child, or even you or me, for that matter, if the benefits of research are of great magnitude.

Not that individuals are insignificant in themselves, but I feel, as do my fellows, that in light of accelerated accomplishment for mankind, the individual becomes a means to a greater end for all.

Before I rupture your faith in the medical profession, let me assure you that all possible precautions are being taken to prevent any abnormalcy in these girls' children. But there is a point where we have to venture into the untested and the untried. Without involving human risk at one stage or another, we'd still be fighting bubonic plague by burning witches.

As a father, I'd be the last one to want to bring suffering of any kind to a child, but are ten children now worth more than millions in the future?

By the way, who does the government think it is trying to limit personal habits such as smoking?

Sincerely,

Tom Lange

August 3, 1974

Dear Tom,

With regard to the bill before the Senate - if you are in violent disagreement, write to your own Senator. I have not as yet formed my own opinion - the measure is in committee - we expect a great tobacco company filibuster if it is brought to the floor.

Perhaps you didn't know that I withdrew from the church. I felt God was laughing at its petty organization and lack of vibrance. But the Christ and his message of love is still my concern. I know I did not miss my calling - but obviously you did. It appears you were born several hundred years too late, you should have been a penpal of Machiavelli or if you insist upon being more modern, a disciple of Marx.

Aside from the petty name calling, we must come to grips with the real question at hand - the value of the human life. If it is right for you to take the life of one person in your hand and play with its existence, in this case mental existence, then you must feel it is also right for you to decide whether or not another person should die because he is too sick and can serve no earthly purpose. Or perhaps to justify another end, we can condone the patterned marriages to produce a superior race, again, the fellow down the street should be castrated because he can't control his emotions.

Tom, my God is still personal enough to make me feel some small amount of individual worth. I feel each of us is created in his manner and the many you would work for in your science can be broken down into units of as intrinsic a worth as just one man you experiment on. And Tom, in the end, you will become conditioned - perhaps the world is now - to take a nuclear bomb and destroy a million innocent people who happen to have been born into a society that teaches an opposing system of thinking. Perhaps human nature has lived too long and become warped in its own values --escaping its intended purpose to be a child of God. God still calls the shots, he created, he destroys--man wants privileges that don't belong to him.

Sincerely,

Therm Kaldahl

August 18, 1974

Dear Therm,

Would you be kind enough to advise me as to my Senator's address? I'd like to give him a piece of my mind.

I appreciate your sense of humor, at the same time honesty challenging not only my stand but the moral of society. I suppose both of us must answer for ourselves the question, "What is man?"

As a doctor I have been the hand of God bringing life into the world, and I have been the voice of God pronouncing death in its finality. Can I favor one or the other? Does not one necessitate the other? I think we agree.

Therm, no Medical doctor thinks he is God or even that he can manipulate God's creation for his own end. You are a Senator, a member of the most powerful government body in the world. Daily, you consider financial appropriations and military ventures that affect the future and security of as many lives as those of us in medical research. Aren't we both striving for the same end, a better world in which man can live? And in this striving, I suppose we do overlook the value of the individual child of God.

As He looks down upon this mess of ours, I can only look up and say thank you for Christ who gave His life that we might live. "Greater love has no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends." And so, I must continue in my research, and I love those mothers who are taking a chance with us, that some day we might overcome this growing menace, which has given us a retarded child we love and know to be God's.

Therm, in this exchange I have re-experienced the value of our friendship.

Sincerely,

Tom Lange

August 30, 1974

Dear Tom,

Your Senator's address is the same as mine--just change the

name. I hope your arguments are valid and transeunt ethical considerations--as I know him, he is a "fact" man quite excited by testing and statistics.

It seems we are caught in the web of our own limitations. Could we withdraw a distance, we would probably appear like flies struggling through a web of all the aspects we consider life to composed with. In the end of these strugglings we've exchanged, I can only say we are very opposed in our ideas--each of us has taken a separate path on our journey to discover what is true.

As you resume your research, my own questioning will turn to questions of a greater magnitude for in our dialogue I have been forced to challenge even the foundation of our society. When any group of people can justify a massive annihilation of another people--something very basic is wrong. Somewhere, man lost hold of God's hand and took his own path.

When we become exhausted in our very transient moment of existence, we must look weary, eyed to God for strength to continue. God grant us successful journeys.

My love to Ginny and your family.

Sincerely,

Therm Kaldahl

"Therefore the Lord God sent him forth from the garden of Eden, to till the ground from which he was taken. He drove out the man: and at the east of the garden of Eden he placed the cherubim, and a flaming sword which turned every way, to guard the way to the tree of life."

DANA HILL

Joyce Taake

I walked in the wind
thinking of who would find me
if I blew away.

THE WORLD AND MAN

Sidney Ann Larson

Saturated,
Concentrated,
Complex world .

Disillusioning,
Disdaining,
Damning world.

Overbearing,
Overpowering,
Condescending world.

Inaccessable,
Uncontrollable,
Unconquerable world.

Yet man...
Forever fighting.
Victory unto defeat.

Yet man...
Asked for it.



The Pipe
Lizanne Nielsen

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH

by Friedrich Lienhard
German Translation by
Ken Jacobsen

Late at night as I strode through a valley filled with sounds of rushing water, a strange sound penetrated my meditations. It seemed like the sound of a busy work day - and yet the solemn sound was glorified by the subduing stillness of the great night, in which it slowly died away.

It was the hammering of a blacksmith. From time to time, as if he were listening, his resounding anvil became silent, and the May night around me breathed on alone.

As I rounded a corner of the country road, I saw the blacksmith shop standing before me in the bright light of his fire. Walking nearer, I saw the smith also.

He stood in the middle of a shower of sparks. The pincers in his left hand held fast the glowing iron, and blow after blow fell from his powerful right hand onto the clattering anvil. What an invigorating sight! He was tall and husky, with a high bald forehead which was darkened by bushy eye brows and a short nose.

His neck bare, his shirt sleeves rolled up to his shoulders-- I can still remember him standing there before me - a man who does his duty.

"Hey, there, master smith," I called cheerfully, "Still at work so late?"

He looked up, mumbled a "good evening" and continued on as before, hammering sparks out of his red iron.

He doesn't say much, I thought, and sat down on an anvil which wasn't being used. I like to watch a blacksmith. His work is one which requires a great deal of strength and is a genuine German labor. Was it not a tradition in one branch of my family that the oldest son became a blacksmith? The smith pounded half a dozen times more, then stuck the iron into the forge and began pumping the bellows. Then he turned to me.

Gazing at me steadily, he asked, "Where have you come from?"

I answered him.

"Hmm, then you have a considerable journey behind you," he remarked. "It's beautiful back there. And where are you

going to travel yet today, if I may ask?"

"To the inn, I think. Is there a village nearby?"

"Certainly, behind my shop. But you can't spend the night with the few horses there. We have a tavern, but you would find it difficult to find a bed there. It is a half hour to the village."

And silently, as if he were alone in his work, he took his iron out of the forge and set his hammer to work.

"Tell me, smith," I began after thinking to myself for a time, "How does it happen that your shop stands apart from the village?"

"My wife can't stand the noise and tumult," was the answer.

"Oh," I cried, "I thought until now that only the city folks had nervous sicknesses. Is it beginning to happen to us, too?"

"She has been incurably ill for fifteen years," he said while he stood near the anvil.

"I see," I replied, and then said no more. In the ensuing pause a moth whirled about the shop. As the smith hammered, I looked at him with a sudden respect.

"Do you have any children?" I inquired further.

"One daughter."

"Is she old enough so that she can help her mother?"

"Little Anna is old enough when her mother lies ill. She began to be concerned with helping her mother the day she was born," he continued, and threw the finished iron into the sizzling water-trough, "that's the way things are. My little girl has been lame since birth. She walks on crutches."

"Oh, that's too bad," I offered consolingly.

"I've said that many times," he said quietly: then raked the coals around the fire and began to wash his hands. I sat silently on an anvil, rested my chin in my hand and watched intently the reticent smith.

When he had finished, he took a sip out of a pitcher of water and fetched his pipe down from a nail.

"Where are you really from, if I may be allowed to ask?" he said while he slowly and deliberately filled his pipe.

I told him the name of my home town in southern Germany, but added that I came from Berlin and told him what a lengthy journey lay behind me.

"Well, then, you have seen a beautiful part of Germany," he said. "I visited there also before I was married. He talked

on and on. "My father wanted to make me study; that made me run away. That was too strict for me--I wanted to go to sea. Then I went into the service when war came with France. Afterwards I took up my father's work as a smith again, and served as an apprentice for a few years. Naturally, like a real mountaineer, the smith was always happy and full of songs. If there was one scuffle, there would probably be another. Certainly, I have read many valuable books. It was through my wandering that I met my future wife. I only say one thing--if anyone has experienced such a happy time as we two did in our engagement and in the first year of our marriage, then he should be contented with God, even if he is harshly humbled afterwards. In the second year of our marriage little Anna came into the world, and since that time my wife has been sick and the little girl lame. Fifteen years."

I must confess that contrasting myself with this unassuming, courageous man, who had told his story with so much difficulty, I felt a sense of shame.

As we strode slowly through the small village on the warm May night, speaking quietly about this and that, I once again directed the conversation to the smith's story. "It deserves respect," I spoke, "that a strong man like you keeps that much to himself without bitterness. I knew people who, under similar difficult circumstances, took to drinking or fell apart otherwise. In my home town there was one fellow who even left his wife and child and ran off to America."

"That must have been an awfully wretched scoundrel who did that," replied the smith. "If there be one such man among your people, I hope that you don't have many such sorrows. I am doing my duty as God wants me to do. Although my wife and child have had to stay at home for these fifteen years, I would continue to do my duty for thirty years if necessary. I am content being close to my God--that is the important thing, I think. And my Anna and little girl are happy, too."

"In spite of all that?" I asked.

"In spite of everything," he said quietly.

Then he evidently became worried that he had spoken only of himself and his experiences, and so began to talk of agricultural matters. We soon were involved in a conversation which readily passed the time until we came to the cross-road.

With a cordial handshake and a quiet "pleasant journey" the zealous man left me.

Gerthe Risbjerg Thomsen
A Danish translation by
Mary Larsen

If I were simple as the sunlit day
and her ethereal, delicate daughters
the flowers, the butter-fly, the golden cloud,
then easily could my love be pure and simple
and I forget my love when it had died,
be happy, innocent, as though made new.

If I were simple as the deepest sea,
a slowly growing wood, or even soil,
perhaps I'd love one only, all my life,
with that eternal love of ancient ballads,
a love defying times dark pain and sorrow,
a love forever constant, strong, serene.

However, I am complex, good and bad,
at once am sad and happy, cold and hot,
but now a quiet flame is lit within me,
most beautiful, the only light I know.

Completely change my strange heart from within
you shining flame, my only hope, my love.

SONNET

Pedro Caldron De La Barca
Translated from the Spanish by
John Overgaard

Those who were pomp and delight
Awaking at the dawn of the morning,
Will be a hollow pity in the evening
Sleeping in the arms of the cold night.

This hue that defies the skies,
An orb striped with gold, scarlet, and white,
Will be an example to human life:
So much during a day it tries!

The roses awoke early to bloom,
And in order to grow old they bloomed:
In their bud discovered a cradle and tomb.

As such, men their fortunes spy;
In one day they are born and die;
Thus, past centuries like hours fly.

BEHOLD THE MAN!

A German translation by
Corinne Adams

Truly, I know from whence I came!
Unsatiated as the flame,
I glow and I consume.
Luminence is all I sieze;
Charcoal is all I leave:
To be sure, a flame I am!

DEATH AND THE SEA

Pierre Camo
Translated from the French by
J. Swendseid

Silent Death of which I know nothing,
You seem so remote and obscured with haze.
And you, Sea, with your angry roaring foam,
Will carry my soul in your timeless waves.

Please call forth today your deceitful indulgence--
It's not that I fear in my heart
The fate I ignore, and the tragic end
Which a lifetime in hell will impart.

I just want to see again, before descending there,
My friends, my house, the blue Vallespir,
And breath again the sweetness of Alberes!

Is it fair I must die with these strangers
Who dare not the sea and her dangers --
But return to the graves of their fathers?

GRAN DIO

Karen Flesvig

Gran Dio

They claw my body with their nails of humanity
All day I walk on the bones of the past
The night only pulls my ripped skin until it swells with agony.
It is a red sun that rises —
Oh, Dio —
Is there no end?

Oh, Child-- Cry!
Your God has given you cause to weep.
Oh, God - How humanity rots!
They decay in the arms of their forefathers.
They war to bring peace and bring only discention and war
And there is no peace.

Speak to each softly, listen -- It is our only hope.

Select your goals with your capabilities in mind; reach your
goals by exploiting your capabilities.

Barbara Petersen

HIDDEN

Judy Barnes

Oh morning light you pierc'd the soul
And waked the part I'd never known
If you had not pierc'd me so.
It lurks there now, waiting, waiting for release.
It screams at me, and tears at me,
I never have a moment's peace.
And moments tease and tempt me so, to use the key
And loose my soul, but they must never know,
Never know, what's lurking in my soul.

UNTITLED

Enid Wiley

A stagnant pond
A frozen clod
An empty house
A shrivled pod
Is my mind.

INTO ALL THE WORLD

Jerry Jorgensen

"That was a real good sermon, Paul--you sounded like a genuine preacher up there!"

"Thank you very much, sir."

"You sure did," chimed in Mrs. Nelson. "I don't know when I've been moved like I was today. So many of the things you said really made me think about my relationship to God. It was as if God had chosen you to speak directly to me. Thank you so much for giving that talk."

"Are you planning on becoming a minister?" asked Mrs. Lundquist as she shook his hand.

"Yes, I've been thinking pretty seriously about it."

"Well, God bless you, son, and keep up the good work. We need young men like you, who are really dedicated and not afraid to say what they believe."

"A fine sermon, Paul," said Mr. Anderson as he walked by.

"Thank you, sir."

One by one they came up to him and shook his hand and complimented him. It seemed that everyone thought he would be a very fine minister, and it made him happy. He was more sure than ever that he would be enrolling in seminary as soon as he finished college.

It was his first attempt at preaching. His church was observing Youth Sunday, and since he was the president of the Luther League he was called on to deliver the sermon. He was scared at first, but as he'd prepared his talk and practiced its presentation he'd become quite enthusiastic.

His sermon had been simple, but direct and to the point. He'd emphasized the basic facts concerning man's relationship to God, especially stressing salvation and dedication. He hadn't tried to impress people with involved philosophy; he'd tried to present a challenge, something that would provoke thought and soul searching.

"God needs men and women who are willing to dedicate their lives, fully and completely, to the work of his Kingdom. God provides the power if we are but willing to be tools in his hands. But we must be willing to be as clay in the hands of the potter, willing to be molded into the very image of Christ, willing to be vessels that overflow with the love and the grace of God." Portions of his sermon were passing through his mind.

He felt happy as he recalled some of his more powerful points. He hoped that he'd challenged the people as much as they'd complimented him.

He walked out to his car and was about to get in when he saw the pastor beckoning from his study.

"Do you have a moment, Paul? I'd like to have a word with you." Paul nodded and walked briskly toward the study. As he entered, Rev. Carson motioned to a chair and asked him to have a seat.

"Paul, you have a very commendable talent for speaking. I was really impressed by the way you spoke. Your voice seems to have the quality of a veteran speaker and you are very adept at gesturing and using voice fluctuations."

"Thank you, sir. I really enjoyed the experience and I found it to be a real blessing. I really hope the people were challenged by my talk."

"I'm happy you put it that way - what you just said, I mean - because that's what I want to talk to you about."

"Now don't get me wrong, I felt that your sermon was very well handled, and, as I've already said, you are a commendable speaker. But I am rather concerned about your subject matter and the type of emphasis you placed on certain points."

"Let me put it this way: Your sermon would have been very much in place down at the Baptist Church, or at the Tabernacle on the other side of town, or at a revival meeting in some tent, but I don't really feel it was especially appropriate in our church. The people in this church do not need to be told about salvation and dedication; they have all been baptized and confirmed. Salvation became theirs at the baptismal font, and they made known their dedication when they repeated their confirmation vows."

"I'm sure that you're aware of these things, but I want to make you equally aware of the damage you might have done. If these people begin to doubt their salvation and dedication I shall have an extremely difficult and embarrassing task on my hands. This congregation needs reassurance, not revival, comfort, rather than challenge. I can only hope that they have not been too upset by your talk. Next Sunday I will remind them of their present relationship to God and hope to soothe any wounds you may have opened."

"When you get to seminary you'll see what I'm talking about."

Many overly-zealous young men enter the field of theology with ideas much like your own, but in time they learn that there is much more to being a minister than delivering stirring talks. After you've been through college and seminary I'm sure you will have a much better understanding of the real needs of the people."

Rev. Carson shook Paul's hand and thanked him for taking time to listen. Paul left the church and drove home.

The next day, after listening to its career advantages, he joined the United States Air Force.

HIDE AND SEEK

Jo Ann Urie

Let us play
Hide and seek
Seek and hide
Look and find
You be it
God

Hide and seek
We can hide
You can seek
Look and find
But if you
If you don't
Oh

Well
If we're lost
Can't be found
It's all right
God
Please don't cry
Because it's
Only a
Little game
God

The Flamingo
Levan Hiemke



REQUIEM FOR BROTHERS
(In Three Parts)

Richard Jorgensen

MANASSAS

The carriages from Washington
Move slowly in the thirsty sun
Toward a southern stream they call Bull Run.
It's going to be a pretty war.

Giggling ladies, raucous men,
Confident the North will win,
Come to gawk--a human sin.
It's going to be a pretty war.

The burning hills this hot July,
Where hundreds sit to watch men die,
Resound with mirth and hearty cry,
"It's going to be a pretty war."

The battle lines with flags unfurled,
The way the generals charged and whirled--
The watchers saw a flashy world.
It's going to be a pretty war.

Row by row the youngsters fell;
On every side a chilling yell
That came from pale-gray fiends of hell.
It's going to be a pretty war.

A frightened few began to flee;
Then suddenly a human sea
Fell back, revealing blue debris.
It's going to be a pretty war.

The rotten stench of blood and smoke,
The horrid fear that makes men choke,
The ashen lips which crack no joke--
There never is a pretty war.

SHILOH

The April winds blow full and free
As they come from Iowa and Tennessee
To fight in a war that has to be.
It's blossom time at Shiloh.

As millions ask each other why,
Young Billy Yank prepares to die,
And Johnny Reb entreats the sky.
It's blossom time at Shiloh.

The wagons creak, the voices blare,
A sniper's bullet splits the air.
How many men will the battle spare?
It's blossom time at Shiloh.

Commands to move ring loud and clear;
The word's around that Grant is here.
In every heart there lurks a fear.
It's blossom time at Shiloh.

The war is new, the men are green,
And this attack was unforeseen.
No more will soldiers' hands be clean.
It's blossom time at Shiloh.

As cannons roar and rifles crack,
A wave of Blue is beaten back,
And hordes of Gray pursue the attack.
It's blossom time at Shiloh.

Then twilight stems the crimson flood,
But Johnston's dead from loss of blood;
Three thousand bodies make red mud.
It's blossom time at Shiloh.

A mourning dove sounds a doleful call,
Dead men lie by the Baptist hall;
Sweet Sunday's petals start to fall--
The peach trees weep at Shiloh.

GETTYSBURG

By now the war is growing old,
And Southern troops are getting bold;
The Northern line is hard to hold.
There's the feel of death at Gettysburg.

At Gettysburg, in summer green,
The Lutheran chapel stands serene--
A lovely place for a battle scene.
There's the feel of death at Gettysburg.

To the sacred school the graveyard stones
Across the way breathe monotones--
The dead await more dying groans.
There's the feel of death at Gettysburg.

Lee brings his lines of haggard men
Into view of Devil's Den.
Yes, it will end, but who knows when?
There's the feel of death at Gettysburg.

Two days of fighting, yet no gain
But in the depth of human pain.
The South resolves to try again.
There's the feel of death at Gettysburg.

So Pickett leads a trusting mass
Up a mound of crimsoned grass,
Into a fatal blue morass.
There's the feel of death at Gettysburg.

The sounds of senseless slaughter fill
The air on Cemetery Hill;
Five thousand bodies soon are still.
There's the feel of death at Gettysburg.

A stubborn cause lies racked and torn,
And comrades sense, as they pause to mourn,
That a mighty nation's been reborn.
There's the feel of death at Gettysburg.

Soon shovel's clang and thump of dirt
Bear witness to war's awful hurt.
Men sweat, men curse, and some desert.
There's the feel of death at Gettysburg.

Above it all a quiet spire,
Untarnished by the blood and fire,
Points upward to man's great desire.
There's life in death at Gettysburg.

PSALM 23

Bob Rademacher

The state is my provider: I have no wants.

It puts me to sleep with Sominex; I relax with a bottle of rum.

It calms my frustrations; it leads me to the brink of insanity
for the psychiatrists' sake.

Yes, even when I'm about to die, I have no fears, for Jessica
Mitford is with me; the undertaker and the florist cheer me.

The state provides me with bread while the Russians look on.
The interest accrues on my dividends and I buy anything I desire.

Surely Social Security and Income Tax shall be with me all the
days of my life and I will be a slave of the state forever.

IT HAPPENED IN OUR TIME

Gudrun Hansen

The year I was in America was the year when President Kennedy was assassinated in the state of Texas.

The twenty-second of November was a beautiful day. The sun was shining and it was Friday; the week-end was just ahead of us. I was looking forward to a party out of town together with some of my best friends.

After lunch at noon I went to my room. I had no more classes this week. About one o'clock I passed some girls' room. Usually a fresh "Hi, Gudrun!" was heard from their room when I passed, but the sadness on the "Hi, Gudrun!" caught my attention at once. Several girls were in the room. The radio was on. Usually one would hear music from the radio at that time. When I stepped in, one said: "Do you know that the President has been assassinated?" I didn't believe it. After having heard them repeat the same sentence and heard the same thing from the radio, there was no longer any doubt. The improbable was true. It was impossible to think at all.... I felt foreign and lonesome and wanted desperately to go home to Denmark. That was more than I could understand and excuse.

After a while I walked down to some friends in Blair. They were as sad as I was. We didn't talk much because nobody had anything to say. Only it felt good to be with friends. The wife had promised to entertain a woman for a while that afternoon, and both of us went to her house. Talking about Kennedy, the woman said: "Oh, yes, but my husband did not like him."

The Americans want to be individualists. They are used to being able to say just what they mean. But for some to be able to take such an unfair assassination as though nothing had happened simply because they didn't like the man, is for me still unbelievable.

From downtown I called my escort for the evening to be sure that we agreed not to go to the party. The party was in a school and the leader was a minister. I was surprised to hear my escort say that he still was going. He had called our other friends who had talked with the minister and he still wanted the party to take place. I felt that I could not participate and was sorry and lonesome that my best friends would go. I knew they were sorry, too, because I didn't go. The party didn't take place, because the orchestra wouldn't play.

Coming home, the Dean of Women repeated for me some words a professor had told her. It was something about the fact that at such times it is difficult to believe in justice, freedom and democracy. It made me sure that there were others than myself who also saw the world in trouble. I still feel that Kennedy was loved more outside the United States than by his own countrymen. Only I think that it was the wrong time for people to discuss their personal feelings against Kennedy. The assassination itself was so unfair that there is no understanding or excuse possible.

Saturday at one o'clock, our campus pastor held a service for us in the chapel. I think all the faculty members and all the students participated and more people from Blair came too. All windows in the chapel were covered with black curtains. It was dark in the room; only some living candles threw their light out into the darkness. On one side of the stage one could dimly see the American flag decorated with a black silkline. Nobody said anything and no movement was evident. Our pastor held the service, and our college president, in his navy uniform, spoke about Kennedy. It was a beautiful ceremony.

Sunday was the day when all the students who felt it was right to cancel the classes for Monday, the funeral day, should write their names on a list. Unfortunately I ate with a student who didn't seem touched by the things which had happened in the last few days. To the question: "Do you think we should cancel classes?" the student answered, "If it was not because I have three tests on Monday, I would not write my name on the list."

Classes were cancelled Monday. Ollerup gymnastics team arrived on the campus at ten o'clock. They followed the faculty members and the students in their walking procession down to Blair church. There the pastor held a beautiful service in memory of the late President of the United States.

I am glad that somebody was able to arrange something which could prove that there was still a group of people who could find fellowship in each other in a time where everything seemed confused and hopeless.

Editor's note: Gudrun Hansen is from Denmark and is a student-teacher at Dana

SILENCE

Joyce Taake

While others laugh and pass their way,
This lad quite humbly stands.
His quiet mind, his subdued voice,
Conceal what he demands.

But God has brought this lad to think
On concepts much removed
From shallow thinkers, such as we,
Who only disapprove.

For silence is a virtuous gift
Inherited by few
Who wish to think and not to speak
Of all that they pursue.

REBELLION

Enid Wiley

To hell with it all--
the call, the fall;
Be damned if I will
fulfill the bill.
I cannot be brave
but rave and wave
at Christians who dare
to wear a flare.

PSALM 8

Bob Rademacher

O man, great man! What a name you have made for yourself in
the world!

Your infinite knowledge and your highly developed skills are
known everywhere, even here in the heavens.

By smashing atoms and breaking into the cell, you have become
powerful and creative so you can now satisfy your desire to
conquer and control reality.

When I look over your earth, I am amazed at how you have improved
upon my creation: you dot the landscape with smokestacks and
billboards. Your ingenious inventions are beneficial to everyone:
guided missiles and atom bombs give you a sense of security and
freedom from anxiety. You divide your cities with walls and your
dwellings are segregated to preserve your individuality.

Just what am I that you even consider me? And my son that you
remember his visit?

You have created for him a place of honor and respect. You have
made him to be a symbol a little higher than the pope.

He has been made the patron saint of your good works. You tell
everybody that he is the boss.

Everything must submit to him in humble theory except the Omnip-
otent Dollar. Yes, even the nation of the eagle and the nation
of the bear, along with their airforces and navies, recognize
my son--each in his own ism.

Man, oh great man, what a name you have made for yourself in my
world!

IN THE BEGINNING

Jackie Swendseid

In the beginning Man created sin and evil. The earth was without blemish and light was upon the face of the deep, and the Thoughts of Man were moving over the face of the waters.

And Man said, "Let there be darkness"; and there was darkness. Man saw the dark was good; and he separated the darkness from the light. Man called the dark Night, and the light he called Day. There was evening and there was morning, one day.

And Man said, "Let there be difference in the midst of the people, and let them separate one race from another. Man made these differences and separated the races which were on the earth. And it was so. And Man called the differences Prejudice. There was evening and there was morning, a second day.

And Man said, "Let the wealth of the earth be gathered together into one place, and let poverty and famine appear." And it was so. Man called the wealth Achievement and the poverty that was gathered together in other places he called Laziness. Man thought that it was good and said, "Let the earth put forth erosion and fire to destroy the plants yielding seed, and fruit trees bearing fruit in which is their seeds, each according to its kind, upon the earth." And it was so. The vegetation which the earth brought forth was destroyed with carelessness and neglect. And Man saw that it was good. There was evening and there was morning, a third day.

And Man said, "Let there be lights on the earth to divide the nations of the earth; and let there be struggle and war for signs of this division." And it was so. And Man made two great lights, one light to rule the West, and the other light to rule the East; he made the stars also. Man set them to create divisions upon the earth, to rule over the West and the East, and to separate the light from the darkness. And Man saw that it was good. There was evening and there was morning, a fourth day.

And Man said, "Let the waters bring forth swarms of mechanical creatures, and let silver birds fly above the earth across the heavens." So Man created the great sea monsters and every mechanical creature that destroys, with which the waters swarm, according to their nations, and every winged bird according to its nation. Man saw that it was good and he blessed them saying, "Be deadly and destroy and fill the waters with death, and let

the birds increase and multiply on the earth." There was evening and there was morning, a fifth day.

And Man said, "Let the creatures that the earth brings forth be slaughtered for my pleasure: cattle and creeping things and beasts of the earth according to their kinds." And it was so. Man hunted the beasts of the earth according to their kinds and slaughtered the cattle according to their kinds, and everything that creeps upon the ground according to its kind. And Man also hunted his own kind; he set traps and slaughtered them for his pleasure. And Man saw that it was good.

Then Man said, "Let us make a god in our image, after our likeness; and let it be said that he has the power of life and death over all that inhabits the earth, and over the hates and prejudices which rule the earth. So Man created a god in his own image, in the image of Man he created him. And Man blessed him, and said to him, "Be merciful and forgive us the sins which we have created, and fill all the earth with dread that I may use you as a weapon. I will let it be said that you have dominion over every living thing and there will be fear in the hearts of the people." And Man said, "Behold, I have given you power over the earth and all my creations but remember that it is I who have created you and if you overrun the boundaries which I have set, I will destroy you. For if it is within my power to create you, it is also within my power to destroy you." And so it was. Man saw everything that he had made, and behold, it was very good. There was evening and there was morning, a sixth day.

Thus the heavens and the earth were finished, and all the host of them. On the seventh day Man finished his work which he had done, and he rested. So Man blessed the seventh day and hallowed it, because on it Man rested from all his work which he had done in creation. But on the seventh day the mind of Man was still moving over the earth as he planned for many new creations.

No one thinks of another as being as great or as small as the individual thinks it of himself.

Barbara Petersen

NO

Joyce Taake

I asked if I might bring her home
So Mom could meet her friend.
"Why certainly," she then replied,
"And what a day we'll spend!"

"And what's her name, or did you say?"
I told, and she exclaimed
"Why no, you cannot bring her home;
You ought to be ashamed."

"She may have looks and shine in school,
Have clothes that girls admire,
But never will she enter here,"
My mother said with fire.

"She may be smart and nice to meet
And always say hello,
But you must go and tell her now,
Your mother has said no!"

With trembling voice I finally asked,
"Well Mom, what does she lack?"
Her eyes were cold as she replied,
"Well dear, your friend is black!"

LEARNING TO LOVE

Jerry Jorgensen

When I have learned to sacrifice
To help some suffering child,
When I have learned to be composed
Though others may be riled,
When I have learned to be concerned
Though others pay no heed,
When I have learned to give myself
To help some man in need,
When I have learned to turn the thoughts
Of men to things above,
When I have learned these things, my friend,
Then I have learned to love.

The wise man lives a life; he does not pursue a life.

Barbara Petersen

How long do raindrops fall before a flood arises, and does not daybreak tarry longest for those who wait? Children do not grow old in a day, nor does the dove meet expectation. And why, oh weakest of hidden mysteries, should you fulfillment expect, when the end is so far.

Are you so unique, so unmanlike that whispers of unbelief and curiosity should follow hollow steps. Whose tears of salt and being flow down my cheeks? Must I claim them, or do they belong to another who must yet come. Perhaps they have been claimed, and I knew it not.

For nothing is everywhere, and I am condemned to search for it, with little but substance as my being, and the vague outline of hope my guide. But my steps are heavy; I grow weary. And must I yet search until the evening gives way and the break of dawn approaches.

And in my journey I hear the voices of others as they pass me by, and at times my eyes can perceive them dimly though I know them not because I touch them not. Echos trembling fill me though I go my way. I do not understand, yet I go on. For voices of those before, of shadows hidden in the pretense of reality, bid my soul hurry on.

Hasten, grow old in slowness. And in solitude be filled, and let secrets be your knowledge. For only in that way will you find the truth of being in yourself, and only then will you find yourself in truth.

Jani Johnson

The

voluminous

clouds

move

across

the

racing

sky --

the

vast

Nebraska

sky --

silhouetting

a

flock

of

birds

winging

by

Karen Flesvig

THE FUGITIVE

Ernie Nieman

It was a cold day. I sat huddled in the little shelter I had found. I use the term lightly when I say "shelter," for it offered very little protection. It was a tiny log hut, hardly three feet wide and ten feet long. Its tin roof was too low for even a short man to stand up under. The wind blew in a mist of snow through the three-inch spaces between the logs. The dark, overcast sky that hung ominously overhead made me feel even more alone, more destitute. Dusk was fast approaching. I knew it was only a matter of time before he would come for me. My doom was near, and there was nothing I could do but wait. In my desperation I felt no guilt for the terrible thing I had done - no, not even pity for the helpless person I had wronged.

The sun, hidden by its curtain of clouds, had gone behind the horizon, and darkness was closing around me. What was that? He was coming. I could hear the crunch of dry snow beneath his booted feet. The wind screamed. A cold sweat broke out on my forehead. Through a crack I could see his dark silhouette against the snow. He was a huge man, nearly seven feet high, with huge massive shoulders and long arms that reached nearly to his knees. He walked bent forward, his huge, tightly clenched fists swinging at his sides. He plodded nearer and nearer, finally coming to a halt at the door of my hut.

He spoke in a low, calm voice, "Come out of there." He paused. "Now!"

I had no choice. I had to go out and face him. Hanging my head, I walked from my hiding place. I stood like a dwarf before him.

He spoke again in the same calm voice. "I hear you hit your mother with a raw egg." He remained silent for what seemed an eternity. I waited for him to hit me. Then he chuckled and said, "You got a pretty good arm, kid."

I looked up at him and grinned, revealing an absence of three front teeth. Without another word he picked me up and threw me over his shoulder as if I were a ten-pound bag of sugar.

I felt relieved as he carried me home. My old man was a pretty good guy!

Flight
Linda Money



A BEDTIME STORY

Jo Ann Urie

Once upon a time, children, many eons ago, Truth was born. He came into the world with downy fur all over him. His parents were extremely upset because he looked so different and strange; he appeared to be the ugliest child on earth. To look at him was quite unbearable. So his mother and father hid him in the closet--the closet being considered, in those days, the proper residence for freakish children.

Both Truth began to expand and grow larger. Soon he outgrew the closet. "I think that I should tie him in a sack and throw him in the canal before the neighbors find out about him," said the father.

"No," said the tender-hearted mother, "let's give him to the World Institute of Analysis. Maybe the scientists can do something useful with him."

The scientists were overjoyed to receive the fuzzy bundle of Truth. They examined him and looked at him under magnifying glasses. They pulled out parts of his fuzz and put them under the microscope. But they couldn't come to any conclusion about what he really was or what he was useful for.

Poor Truth got handled so much that half of his fuzz was worn off. That gave one bright young scientist an idea: "Why not shave off all Truth's fur and see what he's like at the core?"

"Splendid suggestion! Let's proceed at once," said the older scientists.

So they all grabbed shears and began to shave Truth. Bit by bit the downy fuzz fell to the floor. The scientists' eyes glowed as they worked. They worked faster and faster. Suddenly they stopped. There was silence in the room. They had shaved away all the fur. And at the core they found . . .
. . . n o t h i n g .

That night the janitor swept the laboratory at the World Institute of Analysis. He picked up the fuzz and threw it in the rubbish can in the alley.

The next day three snotty-nosed children came to play in the alley. One child saw the fuzz in the can. She touched it and found that it was soft. Then she blew her nose on it.

The other children felt the fuzz. They liked it. Each one took a bunch of the fuzz home with him and, when his mother wasn't looking, he stuffed it in his pillow.

And every night after that, those snotty-nosed children slept very well indeed. Very well indeed.

Now that is the end of this story, children. So fluff up your pillows and close your eyes and sleep very well indeed, my darlings.

TRANSLATIONS

Bob Hansen

Morning sifting toward the dawn
Finds two hearts together drawn.
Floods of passion which preceded
Have to lesser depths receded.

Darkness whispers last refrains
Of a song the night has claimed.
Sunlight enters misty eyes
Causing philosophic sighs.

Poets for such moments reach
Stretching forth their human speech
To transform their inspirations
Into valid revelations.

How long must I sit and let the tears continue through the night. Must I forever eat the bread that is handed to me by the love that knows not my name. And must I forever beseech the stars to cry down upon what I am, and to cast their glimmer over obscurity. For I am unknown though you hold my hand, and though the fulfilling of man is shared. Man's completion is not in my soul.

When the mountains run to the stream and the valley is barren I shall meet you. I shall wait until your living is life, and you have eaten the grapes you have planted and slept under the cloth that your loom has made. And when laughter has gone to the depths and heights of sorrow, and the stranger has been known and loved, and when the fullness of life is weary with fulfillment, I shall lie down. And then you will return to me as I sit and blend my tears with the rain that assails me from the heavens. When you are here I will rise up and we will walk. And in the journey will be the joy of knowing and my heart will meet yours. The world was made for one who knows, and in my completion will be my joy. And I wait - wait - for tomorrow is yet to come.

Jani Johnson

Know yourself that you do not strive to become what you already are.

Barbara Petersen

NOTICE

Jo Ann Urie

i
chatter
clatter
climb and
cry
so i won't notice

i
plan and
promise
push and
pose
so they won't notice

together
a crowd
singing
spinning
sighing
and i don't notice

until a late walk
down a hall--dark

then shower waters
slide from me to drain
i am alone
and i notice.

AND THE RULERS TAKE COUNSEL TOGETHER

Richard Jorgensen

Slamming the huge oaken door with a bang that thundered throughout the tense Senate chambers, Tom Andersen stormed into the nearly-empty Senate lounge, plopped himself into the sunken green rocker, and grunted disgustedly. The sixty-two-year-old senior Senator from Wisconsin was exhausted from the tension of the last four weeks. All he wanted was to forget the whole damn statehood thing, but the asses from East and West would defend it to the last.

Ever since the two territories had applied for admission to the Union a month ago, Washington and Capitol Hill had been in an uproar. It wasn't really news to anyone that the statehood issue came up now, for it had been in the making for a long while. And only six weeks ago had come a torrent of letters from the far North and from the Pacific clamoring for American recognition of the right of territories to become full-fledged partners in the mighty American venture. As the territorial outcry became louder and more frequent, tempers in Congress flared, for there was a large group of influential senators determined not to permit statehood under any conditions.

It was as leader of the anti-statehood men in the Senate that Andersen found himself the target of the most prolific abuse in his career. From one part of the country to another, from all parts of the globe, came scathing denunciations of the Wisconsin Republican and his narrow-minded, reactionary henchmen. Several of the senators had even received anonymous threatening phone calls and letters, but thus far no physical violence had been attempted, nor did anyone expect any. Fanatics and cranks often attempted to intimidate United States Congressmen, and after thirty-three years in Congress, Tom Andersen was calloused to this sort of thing.

Yet this time the Wisconsin legislator was more concerned than usual about the extensive negative reaction to the stand which he and his colleagues had taken, for he was not completely convinced that his position was correct. Even after talking to his close friend Ben Martin from Iowa, whose youthful enthusiasm had helped to keep Tom committed to the fight, he was still aware of a certain illogicity in his own action. Nevertheless, he could not help feeling that if the two territories were given statehood, the nation was in for trouble.

"And how," chortled Matt Bradley, as he strode ramrod-straight into the smoky room. The junior Senator from Massachusetts was already a died-in-the-wool conservative at thirty-eight and had no desire to see any territories thousands of miles from the land of his Puritan ancestors admitted into fellowship with the chosen few.

Tom was not a bigoted segregationist by any stretch of the imagination, but could see nothing but chaos in making a state out of a Pacific land that had literally a hundred different types of blood in its veins. Mongolian, Caucasian, Polynesian--how could these people be absorbed into the Union when the Negro remained unaccepted as an equal by half of the United States. If one race couldn't be accepted, how could so many different groups be made to feel a kinship with the rest of the states?

The exhausted Senator paused in the midst of this familiar argument to light a bent Winston, then deliberately let the dying match sear his fingertips, hoping to clear his head a little with the pain. As he felt the flame, he dropped the match suddenly and began a volley of profanity that surprised Ben Martin as he entered the lounge.

"Easy, old man. You don't want our worthy opponents to hear you talking like that. Why, Alexandah Stephenson Leeee would tell his Rebel friends that all Midwesterners are like that, and we know that there isn't one of our people that would use language like that."

Ben's attempt at humor did nothing but irritate his already-edgy friend. The mention of the junior Senator from Virginia didn't help Tom's disposition in the least, for all he could think of was the sissified young dandy who tried to impress everyone with his distant kinship to the great Southern general. It had struck Tom as rather strange that Lee and his Southern buddies would go pro-statehood, especially as prejudiced as they were, but he realized by now that they were pulling for a Democratic legislature in both territories should they become states, and the chance of both things happening looked pretty good.

"I guess Alex and the boys figure that absence makes the heart grow fonder, huh Ben? I suppose they figure that as long as the colored slobs are five thousand miles away things are fine. Tolerance works great at a distance."

"Yah, I suppose," Ben thoughtfully mused. "You'd think that they'd have enough sense to realize that those territories would never be really American, even if we changed history

and made them part of the original thirteen. They're just not the right background. Here's one of them part Mongolian, part Polynesian, and part plain barbarian, while the other is part Eskimo, part Slavic, and part polar bear. I'm telling you, Tom, these guys must be crazy to consider such a thing."

"You know, the one aspect of the situation which has me puzzled is that both that northern wasteland and that backward Pacific paradise are almost completely undeveloped. Oh, certainly, they do have some beautiful log huts and flooded rice fields, but what a task it will be to bring them up to par with our states. Do you realize that they're both probably one hundred years behind us agriculturally and industrially. And their economic system is a shambles. We have enough financial commitments in foreign aid and defense without trying to play wet nurse to two bastard territories that can't possibly be molded into states. I say we need our heads examined if we take good missile money to spend on a couple hunks of land that nobody wants. Leave them as territories and we won't have any of the problems that some of our loyal American senators are trying to give us.

"And another thing, these people aren't even Christians. How could we possibly get them to see eye to eye with our whole way of life. Why--"

All right, all right, Cotton Mather, calm down. I agree with you. We've been over all of this a hundred different times." Tom was starting to liven up a bit as a result of Matthew Bradley's eloquent sermon. "After all, this isn't Plymouth Congregational Church; it's the Senate smoker, remember? How near is the big moment?"

"It's hard to say. When I left, Liebowitz was giving the New York version of the virtues of pro-statehood loyalties, and word has it that O'Neill will speak for California and her friends. Man, if we come out on top against most of the East, West, and South, we'll make Johnson's impeachment proceedings look like an English tea party."

"I figure we can count on the Rockies, the Southwest, the Midwest, and maybe part of the Alleghenies," Ben said hopefully.

"Yes, and I am certain that a good share of New England will go with us. If we only had the strength here that we had in the House, we would crush them again." By now Mr. Bradley was becoming quite excited.

The conversation drew to a rapid close as the brrring of

the bell signaled the showdown. As the men stepped from the lounge, they were brushed by pages, clerks, and senators moving rapidly into the Senate chamber. The noise within soon grew to a roar, and Vice-President Haley pounded for five minutes frantically trying to restore order. Lobbyists could be seen outside the chamber making last minute pleas, while inside the whips from both parties were checking to see if everyone was accounted for.

On the way to his seat Tom detoured past Frank Zimmerman. He tapped the West Virginian's arm and then solemnly asked the all-important question. "Well, Frank, what's it going to be?"

The startled Zimmerman grinned nervously, looked away, and then stammered nervously, "I--I--I-- don't know, Tom."

The dirty little weasel. The crumbly bastard. Tom was almost beside himself with rage as he walked to his desk. Four weeks of parties, promises, and glad-hands and the rotten son-of-a-bitch doesn't know.

Thunderously now Vice-President Haley was calling for silence. He finally got it and ordered the Clerk to present the resolution. Ponderously the Clerk droned off the motion and then informed the senators that a yea vote would be a vote of statehood, a nay vote a vote against. In an atmosphere charged with excitement he began the roll call.

"Adams."

"Nay."

"Allen."

"Yea."

"Andersen."

Tom boomed out a throaty "Nay" and then settled limply back in his seat. The fight was over. All he could do now was sit back and wait.

"Jennings."

"Yea."

"Johnson."

"Yea."

Everyone in the chamber was keeping score as the drone of names continued. It became more and more evident that the issue wasn't going to be decided until the last few votes.

"Reiner."

"Yea."

"Sampson."

"Nay."

The list was shortening--ten..., five..., four..., three...

"Willer."

"Nay."

"Woolman."

"Yea."

Only one left! A quick glance at the markings on the pad in front of him showed Tom that the Yeas had only a one-vote advantage. A nay vote would tie things up and dump the load squarely in Haley's lap. And there was a good chance that he would go nay. The tension was beyond belief.

Slowly, the last name came out.

"Zimmerman."

Nothing but silence. For over half a minute the Senate chamber was like a tomb. Not a sound was uttered as every figure in the room leaned forward to hear the answer.

"Zimmerman."

Again a long pause and then a feeble -- "Yea."

The Senate broke into pandemonium. Jubilant senators shouted, applauded, and whistled, while Tom and his colleagues sat bitterly staring at the pale green walls. Frank Zimmerman quickly left the chamber, amid extended hands, attempted pats on the back, and bitter glances.

Again Haley's gavel rang, and he shouted for silence. In the midst of the hushed excitement, the Vice-President uttered the words that marked the beginning of a new era.

"Gentlemen of the Senate, by decision of the Congress of the United States, the People's Republic of China, with its capital at Peking, and the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics, with its capital at Moscow, are hereby admitted to the Union as the fifty-first and fifty-second states. Let the people decide."

BITTERSWEET

Enid Wiley

Bittersweet are the tears I shed
At the place where we first met;
Sweet in fond remembering,
But bitter to think you'd forget.

THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO

Luella White

The family shared the joys of the garden,
When tempted, they fell, expelled from their Eden.
A faint plea came from above, "Forgive them, Dear God."
By their will alone they this path now do trod.
This answer He gave, knowing the path man did take.
He hoped, that man the right Way would not forsake.

Ten rules He laid down for His erring people
Through Moses on Sinai's high steeple.
Again Christ asked, "Forgive them their sins;"
When their faith more secure in imagery begins.
Blessed through ages, they were called
By their own will now did fall.

Sent in man's place to relinquish desire,
He fought to save from Hell's burning fire.
In physical anguish, Christ hung pleading there too,
"Father, forgive them, they know not what they do."
In all His suffering, one heard Him in prayer;
He asked, it was granted, joined Him in Paradise there.

For ages men battled, God's name as their shield,
Brother against brother on that worldly field.
"Forgive them," Christ continued down through the ages,
Your Way is simple on Thy sacred Pages.
Yet, each his own case tries to plead,
While some even farther from Him do lead.

In sorrow, Christ yet ever pleads:
"They know not what they do," their will not concedes.
"Forgive them," Christ continues to pray
They have not seen Thy sacred Way.
His life Christ gives, if only it could be--
Might they be free and come unto Thee.

Loudest today, the quest goes forth still,
"Forgive," if, alone it is Thy will.
Those who have heard ask in their stead
That which I've done, I now greatly dread.
This will that I have held so dear,
Take from me now, make it pure.

A SIMPLE PIECE ILLUSTRATING THE
USE OF THE WHOLE-TON SCALE!

Lyla Winterburn

Lento

The musical score is written for piano and features a whole-tone scale. It is divided into three systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The first system is marked 'Lento' and 'p'. The second system is marked 'p'. The third system includes dynamics 'f', 'mf', 'p', and 'pp'. The piece concludes with a final chord marked 'mf'.

