

A VERY MERRY CHRISTMAS TO ALL

The



Commuter

Volume 5, Number 9

LINN-BENTON COMMUNITY COLLEGE, ALBANY, OREGON

December 11, 1972



Creative Writing Offered

In this issue of the COMMUTER are examples of creative writing written by the students and staff of LBCC. According to Bill Sweet, writing instructor, creative writing is as popular now as it ever has been. And, as always, there are a large number of people who think they may have talent in this area but for one reason or another fail to explore their potential. Sweet encourages these people to attend one of the six sections of creative writing now being offered at LBCC and its various centers. Since the college transfer classes are offered on a pass-no pass basis with a grade as an option, grade-conscious students have nothing to lose and perhaps a great deal to gain. "Talent," Sweet says, "will not always present itself under ordinary circumstances. Often it will lie dormant until discovered. Perhaps in one of these classes students will make that discovery."

CREATIVE WRITING INSTRUCTIONAL STAFF

Marje Blood is a very prolific and diversified writer. She has published numerous articles and short stories. Among her recent publications is a book on astrology entitled, "Heavens Help The Working Girl." One of her special interests is science fiction. Her class will deal with the writing and publishing of short fiction specifically intended for the popular market. Her first class will meet on Tuesday evening, January 9, at 7 p.m. in the Central Linn High School in Halsey.

Irene Brown's background is as diversified as Marje Blood's. She was the woman's page editor of the Capitol Journal. She also had columns in many of the local papers including a children's column entitled, "Aunt Renie's Treasure Chest." She has also free lanced articles for most of the Sunday supplements of Oregon's newspapers. She has published a great many children's stories and a book of children's fiction entitled, "To Rainbow Valley." Her class is constructed for those

students who have mastered the fundamentals of English and would like to write marketable stories for children and teenagers. Her class will meet for the first session on January 9, at 7 p.m. in Room ST 130 of LBCC.

Bill Sweet graduated with a Master of Fine Arts in creative writing from the University of Oregon in 1969. As a graduate student he taught creative writing at the U of O and was Managing Editor of the Northwest Review. He has published both poetry and fiction in many literary journals and has been anthologized in the Wesleyan University press *Alkhest* and in Bantam Books' *Intro I* and *Intro II*. Among some of the prizes and awards he has

received is the Hart Crane, Alice Crane Williams. His classes are handled in the "workshop" style and each student is encouraged to participate in the discussions. In his classes, students are encouraged to find and develop their own voices. The most important prerequisite for the class is an active interest in creative writing. (See class schedule for Bill Sweet's classes.)

Unfortunately, biographical material was not available on Lorraine Ruff as of this writing. But she is known to be an enthusiastic and able teacher. She teaches both fiction and article writing. Her first session will meet in Sweet Home at 7 p.m. on Thursday, January 11, at the High School.

Creative Writing Schedule Winter Term

Course	Instructor	Time	Place
Popular Market (short story)	Blood	7 p.m. Tuesday	Central Linn H.S.
Writing for Children and Teenagers	Brown	7 p.m. Tuesday	LBCC ST 130
Fiction and Articles	Ruff	7 p.m. Thursday	Sweet Home H.S.
Poetry Writing (Adult Ed.)	Sweet	7 p.m. Thursday	LBCC B-6
Poetry WR. 242+	Sweet	7 p.m. Tuesday	Corvallis H.S. 108
Short Story Wr 241+	Sweet	10 MWF	LBCC A-9

Cold snap forces change in final exam schedule

Three days of record cold temperatures accompanied by snow and icy roads have forced a change in the schedule for final exam week.

The office of instruction announced Friday that exams scheduled for Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday have been moved back two days and will now be held at the same hour of the day on Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday respectively. Exams scheduled for Monday will be held Wednesday, those scheduled for Tuesday will be held Thursday, and those scheduled for Wednesday will be held Friday. Schedules are

available on campus in the Student Center and the Counseling Office.

Monday and Tuesday (December 11th and 12th) will be normal class days to provide students and faculty the opportunity for preparation for the final exams.

Night classes will meet during the week of December 11th through 15th to make up the last class session if necessary. Classes will be held in the previously scheduled locations at the regular time and place.

Final grades will be due in the Office of the Registrar by 4 o'clock on Monday, December 18.

Waiting for Santa Claus is hard work

... but Catherine Ramsdell, daughter of COMMUTER layout editor Chung Li Ramsdell, seems to be taking it in stride knowing, as all children know this time of year, it's better to be nice than naughty.

Fall Literary Issue

Editorial

Christmas ? Bah-Humbug!

By S. COLLINS, Editor

You know, it's funny, in a sad sort of way, that people look at the Christmas Season the way that so many of them do. I think Christmas is the one time of year when all walks of life, from Jesus freak to Senior Citizen, unite in a sort of love that can't be matched any other time of year. At least, it seems that it should be that way.

People don't stop to think of the wonderful meaning of Christmas. Although many people disapprove of the ideas that commercialism injects into Christmas, the basis of Christmas is represented.

Christmas is a birthday, simply speaking, but a birthday of a man that came to this Earth with a purpose of hope and love in mind. A man who was much, much more than just a man but the eternal being that created us all and watches over us.

The other "injected" ideas that exist are included in the legend of Santa Claus, St. Nicholas, Kris Kringle, etc. These ideas are sparked by the inquisitive minds of children and the imaginations of evasive adults.

If it is vague in your mind as to whom I am referring, there is little hope for you. The birthday of the king of all kings, the one living and true God, or if you prefer, Jesus Christ.

Whether or not the legend of St. Nick is "good" or bad is still being debated, but I don't look upon it as bad, as long as the spirit of Christmas is still alive within their hearts. The spirit of love, whether seeing God as a jolly toy maker with a sleigh and eight reindeer that fly or a saintly figure of a baby in a cradle with three kings and others gathered around, still exists as I believe God would have and still does want it.

Does it bother you to think that children might look at Santa Claus as their childhood replica of God? It shouldn't. As long as they see God at all, they are benefiting. As they grow older, they will tend to see the real meaning of Christmas. But until that time, Santa Claus will be fine.

I once heard someone say, "Be at peace with God, whatever you conceive Him to be..." This statement sums up everything I've tried to say. "... whatever you conceive Him to be..." is up to you, child, youth or adult and the love of God is what Christmas is all about.

Christmas does cause people certain anxiety but, it is worth it all in the end. The spirit of giving is too beautiful to exist without sacrifice, without love, and without caring very, very much. Christmas, it is true, is a hustle, hurry, crowded, tiring, painfully expensive time. But like I said, "sacrifice" to love.

Now I'll have you sitting up late Christmas Eve to see God come down the chimney with his "HOO-HOO-HOO," and Dancer, Prancer, and Rudolph the one deer beacon, but I think that would be foolish. Even if he did come, you'd be so tired Christmas Day, you'd hardly be able to enjoy the wonderful Christmas spirit!

Christmas is the one day we all celebrate certain things we should be practicing in everyday life but are often too busy to try. Sad as it is, we are far too able to accept the spirit of Christmas on that one day and ignore it 364 other days that need to be given equal attention. Not necessarily the days, but there are so many people that need the Christmas spirit, that is, the love and helping hand of someone who cares, on the other days. You can find one (or more!) every day of the year, if only we could open our eyes and see the terrible need that is set far back in the eyes and hearts of children and adults like.

What happens to love, hope, peace, and the spirit of giving and caring the rest of the year? I can't answer that question. All I can say is that when I think of how I have neglected these throughout the year, I'm not very proud of myself.

There are so many things that could brighten the lives of someone in even a small way that are commonly overlooked. In the trials of Jacques DeMolay, when he was being tortured to reveal the names of the brothers of his secret Order, he said an amazing thing, "To thee and thy fellow conspirators against innocence and justice, it is folly to be true, unwise to be faithful, weak to be loyal and honorable." This feeling, sadly enough, still exists today, in many, many people and I feel ill to consider the possibilities that arise from this terrible attitude. Why are people too proud to be kind? This I cannot analyze, for I do not have the faintest idea as to why the people of a world with a God as loving as ours can be so insensitive and brutal. This is something I'll never understand.

Well, I'd like to take this opportunity to offer you and yours a most Merry Christmas and a heck of a New Year!



The Christmas story

By LINDA FOX

Many years ago, there was no Santa Claus; the celebrating of Christmas was run entirely by God and the angels. There was no Rudolph, no Christmas trees, and no presents. People just went to church, sang hymns, and worshipped babies with camels and shepherds with Haley's comet overhead. For the most part, everyone was getting alone fine; Christmas wasn't really too exciting, but there were still New Year's parties ahead of people to look forward to.

About this time in history when Christmas enthusiasm was at quite a low level, there was a Russian graduate student, Santa Clausiczarietn, doing a research project on the continental drift of the North Pole. Santa had been up at the North Pole for a couple of years and was getting rather bored. (He was having problems finding the continent, let alone checking the drift, under all that snow.) Since Santa's minor in school had been economics, he started watching the economy

of the United States. He noticed that the country's economy was in a serious depression. Being a true communist, Santa tried to think of a plan to damage the economy of this capitalist country even more. If he could come up with an idea to get the Americans to spend money while they didn't have any, surely the whole country would fall into the hands of communism. Santa had to come up with a plan to commercialize Christmas.

After much serious thought, he got a brilliant idea. He would first shorten his name to Santa Claus - if the Americans found out his name was Clausiczarietn, they'd know he was Russian and discover the plan. He would put on a disguise. Since it was cold, he used some old red underwear with some white fur sewed on in artistic places. To complete his costume, he put on a stocking cap, a fake white beard, and black boots and he rouged his nose and cheeks. He hired a bunch of elves and started training reindeer. On the lead reindeer's nose, he attached a red light bulb for a touch of realism.

He carried out his plan carefully. First, he started a big advertising campaign aimed at the younger generation - "Santa will bring all the good little girls and boys toys for Christmas." The children were happy to hear this, but the adults were outraged. "Why do the children get toys and we don't?! We'll show that old Santa Claus; we'll buy toys for each other!" Everyone flocked to the stores to buy things for their friends. No one had any money because of the depression, but they bought presents anyway. The Americans, noted for their ingenuity, invented the credit card.

Santa was overjoyed at how well his plan seemed to be working. He started pushing Christmas trees with blinking lights and candy canes, socks to hang on fireplaces, holly wreaths to hang on doors, sleigh bells, and mistletoe. Everything Santa mentioned immediately caught on. Americans bought things wildly.

It was two days before Christmas when the FBI caught up with Santa. They flew their private jet to the North Pole to have secret talks with Mr. Clausiczarietn. Santa was smart; he signed a statement saying he would never do this kind of thing again and that he would leave the country immediately. The FBI left, confident that the United States was again safe.

Santa proceeded with his plan. On Christmas Eve, he rigged up a helicopter to look like a sleigh and tied the reindeer to it. After loading the sleigh with the toys the elves had previously made, he took off for the United States.

Santa flew from rooftop to rooftop and delivered presents. At each house, he left his greeting of "Ho-Ho-Ho." He used only this greeting so the people wouldn't detect his Russian accent.

Santa arrived back at the North Pole early Christmas morning after completing his rounds only to hear that the New York Stock Exchange was up. The United States was out of its depression and the new Christmas and the invention of credit had done it. Santa, being very downhearted because his great plan had failed, went back to his study of the continental drift, but the new traditions of Christmas remain to this day.

THE COMMUTER - December 11, 1972 - Page 2

Opinion

THE COMMUTER

THE COMMUTER is a weekly publication of the Associated Students of Linn-Benton Community College and students of Journalism 9.026. Editorial views are expressions of the individual staff writer and do not necessarily reflect the views of either the Associated Students or the Administration of Linn-Benton Community College.

Editor-in-chief
Layout Editor
Sports Editor
Ad Manager
Justwriter

Skip Collins
Chung Li Ramsdell
Lewis Chamness
Steve W. Barker
Ellen K. Hillemann

Reporters and Staff: Rosa Maria Alvarez and Linda Fox.

Advisor

Ken Cheney

Office hours in D-2 are 3-4 p.m. Monday, Wednesday and Friday. Address correspondence to: THE COMMUTER, P.O. Box 249, Albany, Oregon 97321.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR will only be printed when they comply to the following simple guidelines:

1. No letters will be printed that contain personal attacks on individuals. Issues can be made clear without using mud-slinging to make points.

2. No letters will be printed anonymously. All letters must contain a full signature of the author.

3. All letters selected for publication must be submitted to spelling and grammatical correction. This editing will not apply to the content of the material.

As long as letters comply to the above guidelines they will be printed.

The Editor



Ogo finds a wife

By JOHN E. HOPKINS

Many, many years ago, before you and I were born, there lived a caveman by the name of Ogo. He was very big and strong, and handsome, as cavemen go. He caught all of his own meat to eat. He picked all of his own leaves and grass to eat. He even built his own cave to live in. He was very good at everything he did. He even made his own clothes. He seemed to have everything that a caveman could want. But Ogo was not happy.

Well, why wasn't Ogo happy? He had plenty of food. He had his own cave. And he had the nicest fur clothes any caveman could want. What was wrong with Ogo?

Poor Ogo was lonely. Poor Ogo had no one to share his good fortune with. Other cavemen in the area had wives and some even had children to share their food and cave and clothes. But poor Ogo had no one.

One day, Ogo thought to himself, (as well as any caveman could, back in those days) "I think I'll go out and find myself a wife. I think I'll go out and find someone to share my food and cave and clothes with." Just the thought made Ogo feel better. So Ogo started to make preparations for this task which he just knew would be very easy and not take very long at all.

He packed some food. He picked out one of his nicest suits, a pretty yellow and black striped one that he got from a saber-toothed tiger. And then he picked out his shiniest and strongest club and started out. Ogo was going to find himself a wife.

The forest to the north of his cave was lush with pretty green ferns and vines. The grass was like a soft, spongy carpet. "It was an ideal day

to find a wife," Ogo thought to himself.

Pretty soon, Ogo came to a clearing in the forest. Out in the middle of the clearing, munching on the lush, tender grass shoots, stood quite a handsome looking stegosaurus. His large boney plates that ran along the middle of his back looked like huge gray leaves as they flopped from side to side in the gentle breeze. Ogo walked up to him and peered up at the twenty foot long stegosaurus.

"Have you seen a wife around here?" Ogo asked.

The stegosaurus raised his tiny head and looked quizzically at Ogo, grass shoots sticking out of the corners of its mouth.

"I said, have you seen a wife around here?" Ogo asked again. But the stegosaurus went back to his munching without even a reply.

"You're not very helpful," Ogo said as the funny looking animal strolled toward the edge of the clearing and away from Ogo. "I hope the grass tickles your nose and makes you sneeze!" Ogo yelled as the stegosaurus weaved into the forest and out of sight.

Ogo walked on, enjoying the country about him. It was such a pretty day, both the bright yellow sun and the pale orange sun shone clearly. Shortly, Ogo came upon a triceratops, grazing on the leaves and tender twigs of a small tree.

"Hello," said Ogo. ops, his two long horns and one short horn shining brightly in the suns.

"Nice day, isn't it," stated Ogo.

"Yes," replied the triceratops, still eating.

"Are you new around here?" asked Ogo, not having seen this type of creature before.

"Yes," he said.

"Are you young or old?" quizzed Ogo.

"I'm 273, about middle age," he replied.

"I'm looking for a wife," said Ogo. "Have you seen any around?"

"No, I haven't. I don't think so, anyway. What does a wife look like?"

"Sort of like me, I guess," said Ogo, "only with not as much hair as I've got on my chest."

"No," said the triceratops. "I have never seen anything like you before."

"Well, thank you," said Ogo, and he continued on his way.

Pretty soon, the tall green trees turned to dry brown brush and the soft carpet of grass turned to scattered rocks. Ogo had ventured out of the lush forest and onto the high, dry plains of the north.

Ogo walked for about an hour, around huge boulders and over small rocks, always keeping his eyes wide open in hopes of seeing a wife. All of a sudden, Ogo heard a loud roar. The sound, which startled Ogo, was like a clap of thunder. Ogo, being very quick on his feet, quickly skittered behind an extra large boulder and slowly crept around its edge to see what was making the noise. He had to go only a few steps when he saw it.

There, about 150 feet away, trying to get at something under another large boulder, was the biggest, meanest looking tyrannosaurus Ogo had ever seen. It was biting at the bushes around the large boulder, breaking them and then using his short but powerful front legs to push the broken bushes away. Suddenly, Ogo heard a scream and then a cry for help come from under the boulder that the tyrannosaurus was pawing at.

"What was that?" thought Ogo. "It sure doesn't sound like another animal." Slowly, Ogo crept from his hiding place to venture closer to see what was calling for help. The huge tyrannosaurus' tail had knocked over just about every bush within about thirty or forty feet of the large boulder that, at the moment, was the center of his attention and Ogo had a little trouble finding a good hiding place close enough so he could see. He finally found an uprooted bush that could hide him while he got a closer look. To Ogo's surprise, he saw two human animals, like himself, trying to hide under a shallow ledge of the boulder. It appeared that any minute now, the monstrous tyrannosaurus would be able to get to them.

Quick as a flash, Ogo, with his shiny, strong club in hand, ran toward the large lizard. As Ogo approached its tail, he raised the club high over his head and brought it down with such force, right on the tip of the tyrannosaurus' tail that it stopped clawing and biting at its would-be dinner. The lizard let out a road that was even more deafening than the first one that Ogo had heard. The roar seemed to shake the ground all around Ogo. The large lizard spun around to face Ogo.

"Why did you do that?" cried the tyrannosaurus, large tears beginning to run down his big scaly cheeks. "That hurt something awful!"

"Well, I meant for it to," replied Ogo. "You should be ashamed of yourself for frightening those human animals like that. Now you go about your business and leave them alone."

The tyrannosaurus, whose tears had made a large puddle at Ogo's feet, turned slowly

and began to walk away, still sobbing, leaving small tear puddles behind along his path.

"You can come out now," Ogo said to the two that were hiding under the boulder. "I don't think he'll bother you anymore."

"How can I ever thank you?" said the old man, who was the first out from under the large boulder. "I thought we were done for. That mean lizard chased us all the way from our gardening grounds over by those mountains," and he pointed east of where they were standing.

"Do you live near there?" asked Ogo.

"Yes," said the old man who was much smaller than Ogo. "We're of the Pixody tribe and I'm the King. This is my daughter," he said, pointing to the other human animal crawling out from under the rock. Ogo thought she was very nice. Much nicer than any girl humans he had ever seen around his country.

"Where are you from?" asked the old man.

"I'm from south of here," replied Ogo. "It's called Treeland. I'm out looking for a wife. Do you know of any around here?" Ogo was looking at the old man's daughter the whole time.

The King seemed to know exactly what Ogo was thinking. "There are not any extra ones in my tribe," said the King, "but when my daughter becomes a woman in two more moons, she will be eligible. That's the least I could do for you for saving our lives. Do you think she will do? She is very strong and works real hard."

Both Ogo and the King's daughter broke into a big smile. Ogo told the King that he thought that was a very fair trade for his services.

The time came for the King's daughter to become a woman and the festivities were grander than any Ogo had ever seen. There was dancing and playing and more food than could be eaten in one whole season.

For the trip back to Ogo's home, the King gave Ogo and Ogo's new wife a pet brontosaurus. The large, gentle animal was loaded down with wife's (girls back in prehistoric days didn't have names) belongings and they climbed on his huge back for the ride home.

As things always happened back in those days, Ogo and his new wife lived happily ever after and had lots of children to share Ogo's good fortune.

"Just a Figment of My Imagination"

By LYNNDA TRANSUE

While I was sitting at my desk trying to think of something to write about, I saw a little "thing" pop its head over the edge of my typewriter. I thought for a minute that it was an ant, but as I watched it struggle over the carriage; first one arm, then two . . . then one leg, and then, MIGAWD, another leg!

I blinked my eyes and looked again. And blinked and blinked and blinked. I drew a wide-eyed breath and started to whoosh it away. As I did it screeched, "waitaminuteyoudumbshitwhadayathinkyouredoingwhooshing-meawaylikeaspeckofdustimthe-onlygoodideayouvehadintwo — weeks!!"

W H A T ????

"Ummmmmmmm . . . aaaa-aaahhhhhhhh . . . Hey! Who in the Hell do you think you are

yelling at me like that? You're a nothing, that's what; a weird little Nothing!" I screamed back.

He crossed his ankles and planted his behind down on the typewriter as if he had invented it; crossed his arms neatly

across his chest; looked me directly in the eye and said emphatically but calmly, "I am an Idea. I am an inhabitant of your twisted mind. I am a seed of greatness, a chunk of grey matter. I AM YOU."

As my mouth dropped two inches vertically, he continued, "Have you ever considered one of your Ideas as a piece of flesh? Have you ever considered us more than a nothingness; an inanimate, untouchable figment of your precious thought process? Well, Well, Well?"

"Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh uuuummmmmmmmm . . . , " I stammered.

"Of course you haven't, you klutz, because you haven't taken the time to look. Open your eyes. Whadda ya think we grow on, trees? You think we're found under cabbage leaves; brought by the stork? Where

do you think we come from . . . Corvallis?"

"Aaaaaaaahhhhhhhh uuuummmmmmmmm," I could not seem to get one decent syllable past my front teeth.

"Oh come on now, I've never seen you for a loss of words. Speak up. Talk," he commanded.

Well, you can imagine how I felt, some pipsqueak of an Idea yelling at me just like he was my mother. I finally collected my tongue, "If you're an Idea, you're MY idea, dammit, and you'd better stop yelling at me or I'll squash your pointed head flat," I retorted.

"Okay, okay, I'm sorry I bellered at you," he apologized.

"But you were just going to get rid of me without a second thought." He was calmer now, "We Ideas are a precarious population and the way you are killing us off, we'll all be dead by Christmas."

"Gee, I've never thought about you guys as a Something. I just didn't think, I guess. You have my deepest apology, sir."

The Idea drew himself up straight and tall. "Accepted," he said as he bowed from the waist.

"Now, let me tell you something about myself," he whispered. "I'm sure you'll agree that I'm not an Idea to be dismissed. If you aren't ready for me, put me back and I'll hand around for a while. Maybe you can use me later."

"Yeah," I said, my ears perking up, "Now what were you saying about yourself?"



Jubilee

By LUCILLE INGRAM

To me it seems I cannot tell . . . What's wrong I mean?
As there was no bell.
In school you do know that's a rule for some
For children walking to and from;

Do not be angry young man
You know, the children tell you now
Why they think that your folks are gone
They tell you, we don't love you . . . But we do
You know we love you son; You are the only one.

Eva Gale Grandorff

Cherry trees grow small the the rising of the sun,
Many people soon will find someone,
To loving people with the wind — It's like ocean drifting along
Then comes the rushing waves . . . !
Read it over if you must, and think about it for a split second!

Eva Gale Grandorff

Lucky Girl

By DAN WOODARD

A large black Continental screeched up to the curb. The chauffeur opened his door and stepped out. He then proceeded to walk around to the right side of the car and open the back door. Out of the car stumbled a little girl. Close scrutiny under the dim street light showed her to be a very plain little girl, despite obvious efforts to make her appear otherwise. Her white sable fur coat, curly, fresh hair-do, and bright red satin slippers did little to offset a

very dull face. She had a pale complexion, and large, hollow eyes. Her baggy white stockings exaggerating her skinny legs and knobby little knees.

Behind the little girl and pushing her along was a slightly overweight woman who was obviously in a great hurry to get somewhere. Although the women must have been nearly forty years old, she had taken great pains to make herself look young. The results were repulsive, and very artificial looking.

The office was a small affair, with very little furnishing. In one corner was a military surplus filing cabinet. A hardback, rickety old chair sat near the door. In the rear of the office was a short, squat, bald man with a stubby cigar clenched between his teeth. The only other addition to the little room was a portable electric heater sitting as close to the desk as the cord would allow. Instead of a bright reddish-orange, the heating coils of the heater were only faintly colored.

"It's five after; you're late!" mumbled the greasy man as he looked up from his desk and the pile of papers collected there.

"We're awfully sorry. The traffic was thick and —"

Here she was cut off by the man who looked at the frightened, confused little girl and said, as much to the woman as to the little girl, "All right, all right. You ready to show me your stuff?"

"Yes, of course," answered the mother enthusiastically, while the little girl just stared into space.

The squat man leaned back in his chair, pulled out a pitch pipe from his pocket and said, "O.K. kid, you start on my note," and he blew out a sour note on his mouth harp.

After the woman prodded the child, she began to sing. It was evident from her weak, cracking voice that she was no singer, and from the look on her face it was just as evident that she didn't really care to be one.

When she finished, her mother asked hopefully, "Well, what do you think of her?"

"I don't know," was the slow, reluctant reply. "We've got quite a bit of good talent already trying for spots on the show, and . . . well, you know how it is?"

"Hurry up or we'll be late for your audition." It was the woman who spoke first. "But Mother, I don't really want to . . ."

The sentence was never completed before the woman interfered with a shake of her head and her sharp, caustic voice.

"That's no way to talk. Of course you want to be on the show. Don't you want your mother to be proud of you?"

"Yes, but I did so want to stay home and play with my

friends."

"Friends indeed. When they are perfectly dismal cleaning house and having babies, you will be happy and contented. You'll be living the glamorous life of the stage."

"Yes, Mother, if you say so." All the while that this conversation was going on, the little girl was being hustled and pushed down a dark alley. The odd pair finally reached a short flight of stairs on top of which was a door marked STAGE ENTRANCE.

The women reached over the little girl, opened the door, and urged the girl inside, all the while giving her last minute advice. The little girl's only response was her head nodding dumbly up and down.

The mismatched duo entered the building and made their way down the narrow corridor. Never seeming to notice the cracked plaster on the walls, they walked straight ahead, while the flies and night insects flitting around the fluorescent lights cast strange shadows on the ceiling.

They halted before a door that read DIRECTOR and the woman rapped loudly. A low grunt answered her knock, so she opened the door, and pushing the little girl before her, entered.

The woman reached into her purse and pulled out a pair of twenty dollar bills and walked over to the pudgy little man. "I'm sure you can find room for her somewhere, in a good role where she'll be seen," she whispered as she pressed the two twenties into his fat little palm.

"I'm sure she'll fit into my plans nicely. You just leave everything up to me." With these words he walked over and patted the youngster's head, cooing to her, "You should be very happy that you have a mother who cares so much about you. Not all little girls are so lucky."

"Yes, Sir," mumbled the little girl. "I guess so." The child shuddered and the man pivoted to find that the faint wires in the heater had faded out entirely.

Brief Interlude

By JERI KNUDSEN

Omar would have found no reason for venturing out in the nearly empty streets at the risk of getting drenched, if it weren't that he was so sick of being bottled up in his tiny tenement space that he just didn't care. Three dreary days of rain had come and gone, and he was tired of staring at the landlord-green walls and out his window, trying to make some sense of the river cascading down the other side of the glass. Now, standing lonely and crooked like the rusty screen door half off its hinges, he stared moodily at the downpour from the protection of the porch. The monotonous drumming and spattering made him want to scream.

Then — slosh-crunch, slosh-crunch — Omar's feet moved over the wet gravel in the alley. The rain dropped down on his jacket, making shiny spots on the already wet fabric before soaking into the cloth, swelling the threads and making the thin garments move only as he moved.

The water had found its way into everything, gradually washing any identifying smells into the swollen gutters until only the overbearing smell of water itself filled the pommelled air. The streets and sidewalks were hidden beneath a mass of pulpy wet leaves. He adjusted his steps as he felt the slipping of his soles on the slimy matter.

A few weeks ago the sun's warmth had lifted his spirits, but now winter was upon him, pushing time and space in on him like a sickening tightness in his stomach that would not go away. The rest of the world was growing larger, becoming like a void, moving farther away.

Omar thought there was purposeful sound to all that was going on outside his loneliness. The voices of shared conversation; the sound of hurried engines, urged on by drivers with a destination; even the far off cry of a speeding siren were signs of life excluding him.

The windows of the houses cast their warm spell into the void above the streets — some with potted plants flourishing under someone's loving touch. Curtains gently graced their panes and framed the pictures of life within.

Omar looked down at the shoes that pushed sadly out from under his limp pants' cuffs. He concentrated on his pacing, and the sidewalks moved like a steady treadmill under his feet. With every step his shoes sucked water up off the pavement and spit it out ahead of him. The rain was letting up. He heard the familiar slosh-

crunch, slosh-crunch of disturbed gravel. Water on the grass glistened under a brightening sky and the last light sprinkling of rain patted the puddles in the alley as he disappeared into the porch.

A study in self awareness

Despite all the melodramatic lamentings over the lost "free spirit" of youth, there is still an important part of the constitution of the individual that is not inherent. This element is called self-awareness and it must, in fact, be learned, developed, and disciplined.

A baby knows when he is cold, tired, or hungry but he does not know that he knows and he is unable to evaluate his responses. Byt as the child grows, changes, and becomes emotionally complex, his awareness of himself must grow. This self-awareness must be broad enough to encompass and cope with the wide spectrum of the multifaceted individual. It is not always a state of bliss: it involves being willing to look at one's incongruities, sufferings, and responsibilities. And it is definitely not a final state, wherein, when the person has reached it, he sits back contentedly until he dies. Self-awareness must constantly grow. It is a road, not a destination.

If I were to use the term loosely, I could say that every individual is aware of himself to a limited extent, but here I am talking about self-awareness as part of an enlightened disposition. Although the ego can manifest itself in many forms, unless a person can strive toward broad-minded knowledge and understanding, he will be a self-centered entity, "knowing" only himself. I

say "knowing" because no person can ever hope to really understand himself without also trying to understand his environment and those around him.

Meaningful self-awareness involves self-discipline. It is good for a person to release himself to the world around him and let his experiences take hold of him, shaping him as he needs to grow. But it is also important for him to shape himself according to his own best judgement, to become aware of needed changes, and to cultivate an ability for understanding people and experiences.

Every growing being learns to expand his consciousness as he perceives more of the world he lives in. Thus, true self-awareness must encompass perspective. Without perspective as an ordering force, his conscious would be only a series of fragmented parts without unity. In an often intangible way, perspective is a series of depth relationships. A person must learn to discern different levels of communication, bodily instinct, and emotional response and sense his place in relation to all of these. In other words, he must sense the relationship of separate aspects of himself to the whole of his being. If he can also sense the relationship between himself and his environment, he will have the ability for self-awareness.

By JERI KNUDSEN



Pearl Handles

By JEFF BOYD

The town of Blythe in the year 1884 left a lot to be desired in terms of excitement for the two teenage boys sliding from shadow to shadow behind Heiders General Mercantile and Fire Arms Shoppe. Lester

Clark and Marvin Jensen were known to stir up a little commotion when the town took them aside with boredom. Tonight was to be different than the out in the open ruckesses that Lester was capable of scheming

up. He slid his finely sharpened Buck Knife in the latch and, with a twisting motion, the door to Heiders stood ajar. Grace and coordination were so strongly a part of Lester's

movements tonight that it had Marvin wondering if a new light of maturity hadn't shown on his long-time friend.

"Watch the front door Marv," as Lester bolted sure-footedly toward the dark walnut stained gun case. "Damn sheriff Dicks is fooley here lately. Acts as if them spirits he drinks all the time didn't make 'em smarter. I doubt it though. Ol' man Heiders left it open, just like I figured. Now I know he's goin' crazy! He's too rich to need to be smart any more."

"Get me one with pearl handles, Les, for sure." Marvin left his post to peer into the open gun case.

"Now damn it. I told you to be watchin' for Dicks. You're gonna get us caught sure as fire."

Lester grabbed two of the pearl handled Colts, wrapping them carefully in his soft, soiled antelope hide jacket, he started for the back door from which they had entered. "Let's go 'Vinne'! No, wait! I forgot the blasted shells."

The shallow alley was silent as the two exited with the swiftness of a pair of determined, coordinated fawns.

"Head for Wyse's place South, like we planned. I'll get Saw-Buck and meet ya' there abouts in fifteen minutes. Here, take your pistol and these shells. Load it on the way 'cause ya' run into trouble. Be lookin' out now 'Vinne'. Ya' here?"

"Sure Les, sure." Marvin replied; feeling not quite as sure of himself as his partner. "I'll see ya' there in fifteen."

Marvin streaked straight south along the edge of town, using the long cast shadows of the buildings as camouflage whenever possible. Once he reached the left work heading South, he stopped to look at his new treasure.

"Wow! Pearl handles and all," he mused as he slid the last of six cartridges into the cylinder.

The moonlight reflecting off the white rock of Stoners Jail gave Lester a slight feeling of hollowness as he moved suspiciously toward his mule Saw-Buck, who was tied up to the left of Roses Dance Hall and Canteen. He paused long enough to slip six shells into the brand new Colt. He twirled it around his finger once, then jammed it deep into the belt of his Levis.

As he mounted and reined Saw-Buck around to the South, the double doors of Rose's blasted open, spitting out a cowboy intoxicated to the gills and starting to rage to the heavens.

"God damn it Rose! You can't kick me outa' this sleeze. I like ta' spent my whole damn years ages in here in the last two months' 'Least ya' could do is gimme a bottle ya' flossie."

"Beat it now, Drake, 'for I have to call Sheriff Dicks. Don't come through my doors until ya' sober up. And for Christ sake, take a bath. Ya' smell like a six-month trail ride." Rose turned quickly back inside, followed closely by her loyal, over-sized bouncer. The doors of the canteen slammed in unison.

The excitement of the action brought Lester and his mule to a halt not five feet from Drake who had clumsily

stumbled back to his feet. Drake reeled and drunkenly stared at the mule and boy in a fashion that Lester knew to mean trouble. The adrenalin rushed within the boy from the oncoming danger with which he knew Drake was about to confront him. The ominous white cast of Stoners Jail coupled with the thought of his deed at Heiders Fire Arms Shoppe flashed through his mind.

"Why this complication," Lester grugged softly, "It was all gonna be so easy."

Drake's hand groped for the mules reins and in turn Lester's hand landed squarely around the pearl handle of the shiney new Colt.

"Gimme that mule boy! I'll ride through Rose's and shoot Hell outa' that place."

Drake's free hand reached for the boy just as Lester gained enough control of the gun to bring the barrel of it down sharply across the dusty cowboy's skull. Once again, Drake found himself sprawling in the raw soil behind Rose's.

"Why you little bastard, boy. You dropped me like a turd from a tall cow's ass. Ain't nobody does that to Drake Shaw." The cowboy lurched to his feet and again stumbled toward the now shying mule and boy.

The determination with which Drake charged, plus the tone of the cowboy's voice brought the stolen weapon into bearing with the fast approaching target. The hammer fell twice at the occupied cylinders and the Colt responded with a pair of synco-pated kicks and a sound which engulfed the entire alley behind the saloon.

The twin report of the pistol steered Saw-Buck and Lester toward a safe escape due south, leaving Drake to rest in the dust behind Rose's for a third and final time.

As the two boys rode swiftly south in the luminous moon light, an aura of suspicion of trouble fell over Marvin.

"I heard shots in the direction of town, Les. Any trouble?"

"Just a couple of cowboys shootin' up the town, I reckon, 'Vinne.' Nothin' to worry your head about. Let's skip Wyse's place and head west to Oakville. It's only ninety-sum miles. We can make it in less than three days if we stay right at it. I heard tell at the barber shop it's three times as big as Blythe. Maybe we can find some action there."

The swiftness in the change of itnerate that Lester laid out again convinced Marvin that somehow Lester had gained some insight about the ways of the world.

"Sure Les! We're grown now. We can make it fine. Besides, we got these now." Vinne stroked the pearl handle of the Colt as it rode comfortably now in his hand like a new found friend. "Wow Les! Look at these pearl handles shine in the moonlight. Ain't that somethin'?"



Flavius Maximus: Private Roman Eye

By KEN WIMER

SCENE 1

Scene opens in an office, complete with Romanesque architecture and Mediterranean furniture. A tall fair-haired gent is sitting at the desk with his feet propped up.

FLAVIUS MAXIMUS — (aside) Hi there, I'm Flavius Maximus, Private Roman Eye, license number LCMXXIV — also comes in handy as an eye chart.

Sexy secretary walks in, wearing one of the brightest blue and definitely the skimpiest toga. She wiggles up to the desk and robs some very heavy objects on it. She smiles enticingly at Flavius and then turns and exits.

FLAVIUS — Hey doll, take it easy with those marble post-cards; you're gonna wreck my desk!

A few minutes later, his secretary shows in a sobbing lady.

FLAVIUS — Good morning, what may I do for you today?

LADY — My name's Casca. I'm here about my husband, Julius Caesar, he's been killed.

FLAVIUS — Big Juli — dead — but how?

CASCA — He had received a warning by one of the fortune tellers. He was warned to beware the Ides of March. He was so stubborn, I begged him, "Juli, don't go, please don't go." He insisted on leaving. On his way to the forum he was assaulted and stabbed in the rotunda.

FLAVIUS — Oh — what a painful spot!!

CASCA — I begged him, "Don't go, Juli, please don't go."

FLAVIUS — O.K. I'll get right to work on it and we'll

get this credulous caper cracked.

CASCA — Don't go, Juli, don't go, please . . .

SCENE 2

Flavius enters Gustav's Bar and Grill, walks up and leans against the bar.

FLAVIUS — Hey Gus, how are ya doin'?

GUS — Hi ya Flav! What are ya drinking today?

FLAVIUS — Oh, I can't today, Gus. Here on business. I'm working on the Caesar case. I've been hired to find the dude who knocked big Juli off. Just wondered if you knew any names or faces.

GUS — Yeah, come to think of it, there was a guy around here last night. Kind of a big guy.

FLAVIUS — Hey wait a minute, Gus, let me jot this down, got a chisel? (after a pause) Now you say there was this big dude with a mean and hungry look on his kisser? What's his name?

GUS — (who has just been named recipient of the Dagger-A-Day award) — OOH! ah! EEHH!!

FLAVIUS — Say, now that's a strange name. Must be Greek. Flavius turns and finds Gus lying on the floor with a knife in his midsection.

FLAVIUS — (to a bystander) — Quick! Get a doctor, old Gus just got it in the portica—that's even worse than the rotunda.

Flavius turns to leave and sees Casca sitting at a table crying over a drink. He walks over and sits beside her.

CASCA — Juli, don't go, please don't no, don't go, please don't . . .

SCENE 3

Flavius is entering the forum where Mark Antony is currently appearing.

MARK ANTONY — Friends, Romans, countrymen, lend me your ears . . .

Suddenly, thousands of small objects begin flinging toward the podium.

FLAVIUS — (aside) Now, Mark Antony is one who would stand to profit by the death of Big Juli. I think I'll put him to the test.

Flavius turns around and as he does, he sees Mark Antony scurrying away dragging a large, well filled sack.

FLAVIUS — Hey, Mark! What've ya got in the sack? MARK — Oh, hi, Flavius! The sack, oh nothing.

FLAVIUS — Come on now, you can level with me — what's in the bag?

MARK — Ears . . .

FLAVIUS — O.K. That's better. (now somewhat more questioning) Hey, Mark, I just got a line on the Caesar case — got an ear?

MARK — Heck yes, got a bagful of ears!

FLAVIUS — Ooh! That was bad.

SCENE 4

Flavius sitting at his desk with his feet propped up, discussing the case.

FLAVIUS — (aside) That was pretty deceitful on my part. I saw Casca running across the courtyard and I yelled to Brutus. "Seize her!" Brutus turned to me and said "Caesar! How many times do I have to stab him?"

CASE CLOSED

Summer trees flow with the breeze,
Rid of scarves and shakey knees;
Rid of teeth that always chatter,
Winter's gone — What does it matter?
Roads and grass fields lie wild awaiting,
For the children to be partaking
In some wild and crazy scheme,
Like riding bicycle and eating ice cream.

Eva Gale Grandorff

A real bright spot
Grows and is humane.

Because it takes "The Ferment"
To grow . . . or to rise above
Or . . . to keep from hurt.
It atrophies, weakens.

The catalyst, not compatible,
Poisons!
The bright spot: Grey,
Greyer, Black!

A Humanity Falls . . .
Victim!
Clutched and squeezed to last breath,
A final drying out.

L. A. Tyle

OLD

Each year the passing
Of infinite time
The periods quicken-but,
The body slows
Pulse and pendulum - all,
Keeping time,
Yet
Moving on,
WE ARE LIKE THAT!
REJOICE!
Tik, Tok, Lub, Dub
Lub, dub, lub dub, lub dub, lub dub.

L. A. Tyle

Man is a monster,
Man is a freak,
Man is a spacer,
Man is a sneak,
Playing games is part of life, reality is also part of life.
But love, warmth, friendship,
Put them all together, you need not ask for anything more.

Eva Gale Grandorff

The Marching Party

By GENE FRAZZINI

"Out of those racks! Fall-in for inspection in 15 minutes." Paul had heard this command every morning for the past week. He had the routine down now; wash, get dressed, straighten up the locker and make the bed then muster with the rest of the company. He didn't really mind boot camp; it was rough at times but it was only a small part of the Navy.

The majority of his company had enlisted to avoid the draft and Viet Nam but not Paul. Paul was proud to be a member of the group, the same group his father was in during the big war. The guys at school had laughed when he told them he was joining the Navy; one guy had said the Navy wouldn't accept a ninety pound crybaby.

"Boy," he thought, "in ten more weeks I'll be going back to Wyoming in my uniform, then we'll see who laughs at who."

He had just finished straightening the hospital corners on his bed and was pulling the blanket tight when the Chief barked out the command to fall in. He found his place in the formation and snapped to attention. His five foot nine, 107 pound frame stood erect and proud.

The early morning June sun was barely visible on the horizon, much of its heat and light blocked by San Diego's smog. Chief Miller, wearing his familiar scowl, was inspecting the men prior to breakfast.

"Get your head up, boy!" "You call that a shine, son? Don't you ever come to inspection like that again!" The Chiefs next stop was directly in front of Paul. "Did you shave before you joined the Navy?" the Chief asked calmly.

"No, sir," Paul replied a bit embarrassed.

"You mean to tell me," the Chief began in his usual loud voice, "that the Navy's getting so damn hard up for men they've started signing up boys?"

"Well, sir, I . . .," Paul began but was immediately interrupted.

"Squad leader," Chief Miller yelled, "come here."

"Seaman Recruit Davis, second squad leader, reporting as ordered sir," a tall, well built young man stated as he rushed to the Chief's side.

"Davis," the Chief barked, "you know you're responsible for the men in your squad. Look at this boy," Chief Miller grabbed Paul's chin as he continued. "Peach fuzz! See it? Well, by God, if I see it at inspection tomorrow I'll have both of you on a marching party."

Paul was fighting hard to blink back the tears. He had heard about marching parties; they consisted of an hour or more of running in place, push-ups, sit-ups, and any other tiresome calisthenics they could think of. That thought stayed with him through the rest of the day and even invaded his dreams that night.

The next day began with the well-worn command, "Hit the deck!" The sound of Chief Miller's voice echoed in Paul's ears as he grabbed his towel and toothbrush and ran for the head.

"Paul," a voice hollered. Turning, Paul saw Davis walking toward him with a razor in one hand. "You're going to shave today boy! I'm not going to get my ass in a sling because of you," Davis stated bluntly.

Taking the razor and finding an empty sink, Paul began to shave. About the time he thought he was done, Davis appeared again. "Come on, get with it kid," Davis said, "And you better get every hair from your eyes to your collar bone." The additional layer of tears in his eyes made it difficult to see but he knew the crimson color mixed in with the shaving soap was blood. He washed up and stopped most of the bleeding but two spots on his neck continued to ooze.

"That's good; best hurry and get dressed or you'll be late." It was Davis but his tone was different. He sounded almost apologetic and there was a touch of sympathy in his voice. He seemed to sense that Paul was near crying.

Paul was one of the last to get into the formation. He had regained his composure and made a 1st, futile attempt to stop the bleeding on his neck. Chief Miller began the routine inspection with the squad leaders. "Did you get that boy shaved?" the Chief asked Davis.

"Yes, sir!" Davis responded.

Looking down the row of men, the Chief hollered, "Get up here boy; you, the skinny one!" Paul rushed to the front of the company and snapped to attention although his knees felt a little weak.

There was a long silence as the Chief looked Paul over. "You have blood on your neck, boy," Chief Miller finally said, "and on your shirt, too." Turn-

ing to a young man behind him the Chief continued, "Yeoman, mark him down for today's marching party; two hours, dirty neck and dirty shirt." He said this loud enough for all to hear, as if he wanted to make an example of Paul.

Paul returned to his place in the formation, his sight was again blurred. He knew the feeling in his stomach, it was the same feeling he'd had in school when the guys had teased him.

The marching party began after lunch. The noon sun penetrated Paul's cotton shirt causing sweat to mix with nervous perspiration. Only an occasional cough broke the silence as Paul and about twenty other guys stood at attention in formation. Paul didn't know any of the others and was just going to look around when a middle-aged man with half a smile walked to the front of the formation. After roll call,

they began running in place, then came jumping-jacks, followed by sit-ups and a few push-ups. Paul's aching, tired muscles were responding to the commands but his lungs were having a difficult time supplying them oxygen. The first hour finally ended and the majority of the guys returned to their companies.

Paul and four others stood at parade rest for about five minutes before the man in charge began yelling out orders again. Sit-ups, deep-knee bends, running in place; over and over. His arms and legs were throbbing; his breath coming in short, fast gasps.

"Come on skinny, let's get with it," the man in front yelled, "we're all going to keep it up until you decide to join us." Paul knew who he was talking to but his arms just wouldn't do another push-up. An exhausted southern accent on Paul's left mumbled a few profane words as Paul strained to get his body off the concrete. As if forced out by the strain, tears began to flow from his eyes and he was soon crying hysterically. An officer standing nearby spoke to the man in charge and then took Paul to the dispensary where a doctor looked him over and recommended a psychiatrist.

Paul was reassigned to a holding company where he spent the next four weeks undergoing psychiatric tests. Many of the tests seemed irrelevant to him but he cooperated and hoped for the best. As was normally the case in Paul's life, the best never won out and less than six weeks after he had enlisted he was being processed for discharge.

"You will receive an honorable discharge, Paul, for medical reasons," the psychiatrist stated. "It's nothing to be ashamed of son; we just feel you'll be able to live a happier, better life as a civilian."

These words weren't much comfort to Paul as he boarded the plan to Wyoming. His thoughts always returned to the guy at school. "The Navy won't accept a ninety pound crybaby."

An unscientific study the origin of man

By LINDA FOX

Man is curious about everything around him; he wants to know why things are there and how they came about. After he finds out, he stuffs it away in a book with the rest of his knowledge and forgets about it, but it is a great challenge to find out.

As has been stated, man is curious about things around him, but being human, man is most curious about himself. This question has come into much controversy — How did man come to be?

People have found many answers and some are still looking. For all the baffled people, I have conducted an unscientific study and come up with the answer.

As science states, man was once a hairy ape. Ape swung from tree to tree, and when he got tired, he sat in the leafy heights eating bananas. Ape was very contented living

his life in the trees except for one small detail. Whenever he wanted to swing from one place to another, the traffic was terrible!

Since the first ape happened along (we won't go into how), the ape population had been increasing much faster than the tree population.

As anyone who drives knows, traffic can be quite a problem and the ape roads through the trees in those days were not exempt from our modern-day traffic situations. In fact, on Ape Inter-Jungle Tree-way No. 5, it was ape to ape all the way to the end. The fact that some apes didn't even signal their turns or stay within the speed limit didn't help the situation at all.

There was one ape on the Tree-way, this day when man began, who was a little more thoughtful than most and it is on this ape that the beginning of man relies. This ape — we shall call him Harry — was swinging along Inter-Jungle No. 5 minding his own business. In fact, he was minding his own

business so much that he wasn't paying much attention to the other guys. At the same moment, along comes this she-ape on Southbound No. 6 who was also minding her own business a little too much, as lady drivers are often found to do. At the intersection of No. 5 and No. 6, they collided. It was a terrible nose-smashing head-on. The force of the impact knocked both apes out of the trees, and smack! — On to the ground.

Both apes were quite dazed from the collision, but more than that, they were curious and afraid; neither had ever been on the ground before because they had just never thought about going down there.

Harry was the first to recover. He sat up and looked around. He looked up at the thick traffic above — It was the six o'clock rush hour. Then, he looked straight ahead of him at the quiet undisturbed distances ahead. His mind fuzzed up for a little while and then it gradually cleared.

He thought to himself, "Duh . . . Why didn't I think of this before? It's pretty neat down here and it's so peaceful!"

About this time, the she-ape — let's call her Sheila — snapped out of her daze. She also looked around and her mind followed about the same process that Harry's had.

As if of one mind, Sheila and Harry got up and walked away together into the sunset. A crowd of apes, who had been drawn by the wreck, saw Sheila and Harry leave and soon the pioneer age had begun. All the heartier and more adven-

This era in ape history, when ape migrated from the trees to begin his life on the soil, unscientists call the beginning of man. And so, as ape hopped down from the tree, man began, turous apes were hopping down from the trees to the "better world." The saying "Go down, young ape, go down!" became quite popular.

The Last Rainbow

Created in beauty and sincerity was this planet Earth.

Yet, a rain of civil strife created a harmony gap betwixt nations.

After the rain there was left, spanning the world, a vast rainbow.

Red, Yellow, Black, White, and Brown intermixed in tranquility and calmness promised no more storms.

Down in the earth looked this beautiful band and wondered at the superior race on its face.

Dan Woodard



Death? A short story

By DAN WOODARD

If they hadn't taken his belt, he would have used it to take his own life. Why not — life held little for Carl Jackson, a convicted prisoner on death row. Jackson's plight was everything but enviable. He was from a poor family, and a harsh turn of events had led to a life of crime when all else had failed. One evening while pulping a job at a small grocery store, a foolhardy move to an alarm button bought a clerk a deadly bullet from Carl's revolver. Carl was caught finally, tried, and sentenced. He was to be electrocuted. It was a simple as that.

In his cell, Carl did much thinking about his previous ways, and he wished that he could have a chance to change them. But his feelings came too late. What was done was done and they didn't throw around second chances to Joes like himself.

The slow but certain, heavy footsteps on the day of his execution did little to aid the hollow feeling in Carl's stomach, and when he saw his escort approaching, he knew that it was all over. The men were silent — almost respectfully so as they walked Carl down the corridor to his fate behind the steel door. As they entered the room, the two men hustled Carl over to a large, deadly looking chair in the middle of the room. They then placed on his shaved head two gadgets that looked like something out of a science fiction movie. After they left the room, Carl had only a minute or so to wait when he felt a body-jerking shocking feeling that seemed to tear him inside out, and then all was dark.

Carl's blood tingled with excitement from this new experience, yet mostly he felt relief, knowing that his "second life" could be no worse than the previous one.

It took weeks to reach their new home, and in these weeks, Carl made many friends amongst his fellow colonizers. By the time the voyage was over, the group of strangers looked more like one closely-knit family unit. At the outset of the trip, Carl had been hesitant about trusting the group, but as the trip progressed, Carl's outlook changed immensely. He no longer felt persecuted or hounded, and he began to trust his companions and enjoy their company. Carl realized that his new life would be no cinch, but at least he would no longer face a "dog eat dog" situation. In fact, Carl had met nobody that he would be the least bit afraid to turn his back on. As a result, he was very happy and felt warm on the inside. This feeling must have shown, because by the end of the trip, Carl was very popular with his fellow space pioneers.

The ship's landing brought a round of cheers from the group within. There was a sense of expectation among the crowd, and everybody felt it. As the colonizers began gathering up the ship's provisions, one of Carl's friends approached him, joy was written all over his face.

"Well, Buddy," he said. "God only knows what exactly is out there, but I know that me and you and all of them — we're going to make it here." He clasped Carl's hand, shook it, and strode off. No words on Carl's part could tell how he really felt. He knew not why, but for some reason, some

God somewhere had seen fit to bestow upon him — Carl Jackson, a second chance, and Carl silently murmured a word of thanks.

When Carl awoke, he was lying on what seemed to be a medical table of some sort. He felt sore all over but when he sat up, he assured himself that he was very much alive. The only conclusion he could reach was that the chair must not have properly done its job. Carl considered remaining where he was, but his smart side quickly tossed this idea aside. He poked his head out the door and saw down at the end of the long hallway, an EXIT sign and it was for this he ran. Nobody blocked his route and in a few moments he was standing outside — free for the moment. Carl knew that he couldn't remain where he was without risking recapture, and he realized that he didn't have a chance on foot.

A parked car gave him an idea. He strode over to it and sure enough the keys were in the ignition switch. After one quick look over his shoulder, he opened the door, got in and drove down the long driveway. When he reached the highway, he began to consider his alternatives. He certainly was not going to turn himself in, and the thought of holing up in some rat-trap room didn't appeal to him either, so he dismissed that idea. When he drove by the space center exit sign, he remembered. For days, ships had been leaving earth with a cargo of humans. All of these folks were prepared to leave behind the luxuries and-or hassles of earth and colonize the stars. Here lay his big opportunity for a second chance, and Carl Jackson wasn't

one to look a gift rocket in the mouth, so to speak. With determination written all over his face and a plan in his head, he turned into the space center and parked his car. When he got out, he could see in the distance a long line of people waiting to load a ship, and it was for them that Carl headed. He had no problem mingling into the crowd, and scant minutes found him seated, ready to leave behind Earth and all harsh memories.

EPITAPH

THE CHILDREN OF TOMORROW

The Children of Tomorrow were born into fire.
THE-SOUND-OF-MARCHING-BURNING-EMPIRES.
The Children of Tomorrow, Now! must listen to your lies,
BUT-SOON-YOU-WILL-SEE-A-CHANGE-IN-THEIR-EYES.
The Children of Tomorrow will not settle for just a glance,
THEY-KNOW-THAT-LIFE-IS-NOT-JUST-A-HECTIC-DANCE.
The Children of Tomorrow regret being raised in your hateful world.
FROM-YOUR-MIND-"SEGREGATION"-"WAR"-HAVE-BEEN-CURLD.
The Children of Tomorrow are of your flesh and blood,
The Children of Tomorrow want to answer the whys,
FOR-MAN'S-FUTURE-IS-ONLY-AS-MAN-IS-WISE.

Steve W. Barker

I DIED

I was young and in my prime,
GRAB A WEAPON, RUN, AND KILL!
I cut my hair so I could fight,
BIG GUNS, LITTLE GUNS SHOOT THE MUSCLE!
I marched in mud and struggled through swamps,
SHRAPNEL GRABBED ME EVERYWHERE!
I saw unknown uniforms, barefeet, and carbines,
RIPPED OPEN BY METAL EXPLOSION!
I'm over here where it's sad and lonely,
SOON MY BLOOD RUNS COLD!
You're at home with friends and loved ones,
256 YEARS FROM LAUGHTER, 256 YEARS FROM DEATH!
I died in a place called Viet Nam,
DID YOU . . . ? SAY THANK YOU.

Steve W. Barker

The Abortion

By GENE FRAZZINI

Jill looked around the apartment slowly. Her dark brown eyes, partially covered by shiny brown hair, scanned the room from wall to wall. The new rose colored davenport made the room look a lot smaller but added a modern touch to the otherwise older apartment.

Jill and Liz had found this flat last year and it had become a dream come true for them. It was located in North-West London, just one block from a bus stop that takes them to the West End where they work. The location was great but it was the rent that had made them decide. Fifty-two pounds ten shilling a month was a lot of money but it was pretty reasonable for an apartment in London.

Jill began to think of her old apartment in Leeds. It had been nice and most of her childhood friends lived nearby but then so did her parents and her ex-fiance. Everything had been going great until she had gotten pregnant. Her boyfriend then informed her that he wasn't ready to get married or accept the responsibilities of a child. She hadn't seen him since the abortion, nor did she wish to ever see him again. He had hurt her but not near as much as her parents had. Her mother constantly reminded her that "nice Jewish girls don't get

pregnant." Her father was more concerned with the fact that she had aborted his first grandchild. To make matters worse neither parent would let her forget she was twenty-two years old and unmarried.

She had sent some fashion sketches to a London dress designer and he offered her a job. She was now 150 miles from Leeds and all her problems. She had begun a new life in a new place with new friends.

"Hi Jill." It was Liz, her flatmate and one of her new friends. Liz was not a pretty girl but she had a great personality and was easy to get along with. Her slightly heavy five foot eight frame contrasted sharply with her light green understanding eyes.

"Oh, hi Liz," Jill began, "I really like this new couch, it gives the place a touch of elegance."

"Yah, I was getting tired of picking up the cotton stuffings from that old one," Liz said as she sat down. "Oh, by the way," Liz continued, "where were you last night? I waited up for you; I wanted to surprise you with the new couch."

"Oh, I stayed at Bob's place," Jill explained. "The buses quit running at midnight you know."

"Yah, I know," Liz said with

a grin. "You better be careful, you've been seeing a lot of that guy and you know his reputation."

"Oh for Christ's sake Liz," Jill began, "don't play the virgin queen role with me. In the first place, I like Bob a lot and I don't believe all that trash his ex-girlfriend says about him. And second, I went to the doctor last Monday and he is going to fix me up with an IUD, in fact, I'm supposed to call today for a fitting appointment."

"Sorry Jill," Liz said. "I didn't realize I was hitting on such a sensitive subject. You better make that call now, it's almost five o'clock."

The call was anything but routine. The nurses statement echoed in Jill's mind. "Miss Sinclair," the nurse had begun, "I'm afraid it's a little late for birth control. Your pre-fitting exams show you are already pregnant. Could you come in next Monday, say about 10 to begin pre-natal care?"

Jill didn't respond nor did she say anything to Liz as she left the apartment. With no real destination she began walking. The news hadn't really shocked her; she had suspected that she might be pregnant but had dismissed it from her mind. She didn't want to believe that

it could happen to her again.

She thought of her parents, and how they had responded last time. She couldn't face them, not now. She knew she couldn't make them understand. "After all," she thought, "I'm no different from most other girls, just more unlucky. I really love Bob and it seemed so natural, so beautiful."

After much rehearsing, Jill dropped a six-pence in the telephone and dialed Bob's number.

"Hello."
"Hi Bob. This is Jill. Are you busy?"

"Well," he began, "a little, yah. Why, what's up?"

"I wanted you to pick me up. I've got to talk to you. It's important."

"I can't right now," he said, "how about tomorrow night, say about seven?"

"Tonight Bob, please. It's really very . . ." she paused. She had heard a voice in the background. "Who's there, Bob?" she asked.

"Just a friend," he stated. "Now what's so important?"

"I heard a girl's voice; who is she?" Jill demanded realizing that she had begun to question Bob's loyalty.

"Christ, leave off will ya," he began in an irritated tone, "you act like you own me."

"You know, Harry, until this new chair arrived, I used to despise my job, but now I feel like an angel of mercy rather than an executioner."

"Yeah, I know what you mean," replied his partner. "Look at the smile on that poor devil's face. He's better off now than he's ever been. Who's to say he's dead? He's just now beginning to really live."

The two men turned off the light and stepped into the adjacent room, leaving Carl Jackson's lifeless and smiling body sitting in the dark.

Cage team pops cork on season



Dave Heins, beneath the basket, waits for the rebound, as 'Runners notch first victory of the season against American River College.

Nip Am. River by three Thrashed by OSU JV;

The Roadrunners popped the cork on their '72-'73 basketball season a week ago Friday night and judging from what poured out of the bottle, they should have waited another night. Spewing out of that allegorical bottle was a 97-66 shellacking at the hands of the Oregon St. junior varsity Beavers in Corvallis.

About the only thing Roadrunner fans had to cheer about was the buzzer as the JV's were in a much higher class of competition. The Beavers displayed brilliant ball-handling, passing skill, and shooting ability while the 'Runners were experiencing very erratic behavior in those areas. LBCC was guilty of 29 turnovers. The 'Runners held a height advantage over their opponents but this was insignificant in the light of the Beaver's superior speed and firepower.

Steve Bakke, a six foot freshman from Portland, was the big gun for the Beavers, finishing with 24 points. Gary Michel led LBCC with 16 points.

But the following night the 'Runners proved that the debacle of Gill Coliseum the

night before was no indication of how they would perform against mere mortals. They hosted American River Junior College's Beavers for the first time in LBCC history in the gymnasium of South Albany High and came away with an 82-79 victory.

Dave Heins provided the winning margin when he came through with a three-point play with one minute left in the game. But the real star of the game for LBCC was Glen Hubert, a 6' 4" sophomore from Albany, who scored 22 points and grabbed 13 rebounds. He was brilliant from the floor, hitting 10-12 field goals, and also had 2-4 from the foul line. Jim Davidson, the leading scorer on the team last season, finished with 14 while Heins had 12.

The game was nip and tuck all the way with American River holding a slim 44-41 lead at halftime. The Beaver's 8-0 lead at the beginning of the game was the widest margin separating the two teams during the whole contest.

Some indication of how the 'Runners would fare in their league was provided by this game as the Beavers had already knocked off Lane and Central Oregon Community Colleges in their tour of Oregon.

THE COMMUTER — December 11, 1972 — Page 8

Sports

Lightning flashes

from Lewis Chamness

It's bowl time once again and therefore I'm going to let you witness the birth of my prognostication career as I try to forecast how some of the major ones will turn out. I don't know how I'll fare but I'll make it a point to print my score in the first paper after we come back to school. I'm not a Jimmy the Greek or Fearless Freddy but nevertheless, here's mud in your eye . . .

The granddaddy of them all, the Rose Bowl, will see Southern Cal complete an undefeated season by knocking off the Ohio St. Buckeyes. I see Texas over Alabama in the Cotton Bowl and to make this small upset even more daring, I saw this before 'Bama ran into Auburn a couple of Saturdays ago. I'll go with Oklahoma over Penn St. for no other reason than that I have never liked Penn St. anyway (which has a lot to do with the price of tea in China, doesn't it?) and Notre Dame over Nebraska in the Orange Bowl with another minor upset. Arizona St. will take Missouri in the Fiesta Bowl as the Tigers of Missouri never should have been in a bowl anyway. I'll take Texas Tech over North Carolina in the Sun Bowl, Colorado over Auburn in the Gator Bowl, and Louisiana St. over Tennessee in the Astro-Bluebonnet Bowl.

There are eight games that I've tried there and I must have five of them right to pass and six to attain my own degree of excellence.

Here in our own local world of sports, LBCC gets its baseball practice underway next month, according to baseball coach and athletic director, Dick McClain.

An LBCC player got fouled during a specific game last week. The whistle blew, the referee pointed out the villain who in turn raised his hand, confessing his crime. The referee then flashed the player's number to the scorer. The player stepped to the line to shoot a free throw? No, not this time. He was fouled while not shooting and under a new rule, this didn't merit a free throw unless the guilty party's team has six team-fouls where upon the offended will get to shoot a one-on-one.

However, it still counts as a team, as well as personal, foul.

College ball is different

College basketball is a lot different than high school ball according to Doug Hurl and Mark Peterson, two members of the Roadrunner's squad for this season. They cited increased physical contact and the fact that you have to use your head a lot more as being the main differences. Each felt that he had experienced some difficulty adapting to college ball.

The two players were teammates in high school at McMinnville where they graduated this past spring. They were instrumental in leading their team

to a third place finish in the Coast-Valley League this past season with a 15-11 record. Peterson, who stands 5' 10" and weighs 150, averaged 15 points per game in high school while the 6' 2" and 170 pound Hurl averaged around 10 points per game.

Both were optimistic for the '72-'73 season, listing size, speed, and shooting ability as strong points. They were equally optimistic about the Mt. Hood tourney this weekend.

Peterson plans to major at LBCC in some sort of health course but Hurl hasn't decided on a major yet.

'Runners' schedule

Dec. 12
Dec. 15-16
Dec. 22
Dec. 29-30
Jan. 2
Jan. 5
Jan. 6
Jan. 12
Jan. 13
Jan. 16
Jan. 19
Jan. 20
Jan. 26
Jan. 27
Jan. 30
Feb. 2
Feb. 3
Feb. 9
Feb. 10
Feb. 13
Feb. 16
Feb. 17
Feb. 23
Feb. 24

Lewis & Clark
Chemeketa Tournament
Lane CC
Lower Columbia Tour.
OCE Frosh
Clackamas CC
Central Oregon CC
Umpqua CC
Blue Mountain CC
Chemeketa CC
Judson Baptist
Lane CC
SW Oregon CC
Clatsop CC
Clatsop CC
OCE Jayvee
Clackamas CC
Central Oregon CC
Umpqua CC
Blue Mountain CC
Chemeketa CC
Judson Baptist
Lane CC
SW Oregon CC
Clatsop CC

S. Albany
Salem
Eugene
Longview, Wa.
S. Albany
Oregon City
S. Albany
W. Albany
Pendleton
Salem
S. Albany
Eugene
S. Albany
Astoria
Monmouth
S. Albany
Bend
Roseburg
S. Albany
Lebanon
Portland
S. Albany
Coos Bay
S. Albany

LBCC (66)

	fg.	ft.	reb.	pf.	pts.
Hubert	2-6	2-2	5	3	6
Michel	8-15	0-0	7	3	16
Martin	3-5	0-0	2	5	6
Davidson	4-9	0-0	2	2	8
Robley	0-2	0-0	3	0	0
Peterson	2-6	0-0	1	1	4
Bishop	1-5	0-0	2	0	2
Fletcher	4-7	1-1	4	1	9
Costen	1-1	0-1	1	0	2
McDonald	2-6	0-0	3	3	4
Dorsing	0-5	2-2	1	0	2
Heins	2-6	1-2	3	0	5
Conner	1-2	0-0	2	1	2
Hurl	0-0	0-0	2	1	2
(Team)					4
TOTALS	30-75	6-8	41	19	66

OSU JAYVEES (97)

	fg.	ft.	reb.	pf.	pts.
Hennessey	8-12	5-9	10	4	21
Hunter	8-14	3-5	16	1	19
Chaffin	5-8	0-0	8	3	10
Towne	3-11	2-2	6	2	8
Bakke	12-17	0-2	4	1	24
Carey	5-8	2-3	0	0	12
Spine	0-1	0-0	0	2	0
Wall	0-2	0-0	2	1	0
McCormick	0-2	0-0	1	0	0
Achterman	0-2	1-2	3	1	1
Turnia	1-1	0-1	3	1	2
Spencer	0-0	0-0	0	1	0
Payne	0-1	0-0	0	1	0
(Team)					1
TOTALS	42-79	13-24	54	18	97

Halftime: OSU Jayvees, 52-31.

LBCC (82)

	fg.	ft.	reb.	pf.	pts.
Peterson	4	0-0	0	1	8
Robley	2	0-0	0	2	4
Davidson	5	4-5	5	3	14
Heins	4	4-5	5	3	12
McDonald	1	0-0	1	3	2
Michel	4	0-0	9	3	8
Hubert	10	2-4	13	1	22
Fletcher	0	1-2	2	0	1
Dorsing	0	0-0	0	0	0
Bishop	1	0-0	1	0	2
Costen	3	3-4	2	2	9
TOTALS	34-81	14-20	48	8	82

AMERICAN RIVER (79)

	fg.	ft.	reb.	pf.	pts.
Duff	11	4-7	4	3	26
Rife	1	1-1	3	0	3
Motley	1	1-2	2	1	3
Smith	9	0-0	16	4	18
Richie	1	1-2	1	0	3
Kenney	0	0-0	0	0	0
Lovett	4	3-4	4	4	11
Judson	3	0-0	5	4	6
Hettrich	4	1-2	4	4	9
TOTALS	34	11-18	39	20	79

Non-Profit Org.
U.S. POSTAGE
PAID
Albany, Oregon
Permit No. 41