



CATASTROPHE

C A T A S T R O P H E

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C O N T E N T S

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To the Editors:

May I be the first to congratulate you on this first issue of CATASTROPHE, the first literary magazine of Western Carolina College.

As with everything, this is a small beginning. This is good, for if this were the best and biggest, most colossal (as the movie producers put it) then there would be no room for improvement and without improvement the ultimate in quality can never be reached. With each succeeding issue of CATASTROPHE the quality will be improved, the ingredients bettered, and the overall technique mastered.

To insure the above happenings there must also be a co-operation on the part of the students. We must submit articles, pictures, and other material so that the magazine will be of the students and for the students. We also must buy this magazine. We must pay for these first issues because there is no appropriation for this organization. If we take an active and interested part in CATASTROPHE then we can hope and plan for an appropriation in the future and then we will not have to pay for each separate issue.

So you see, each and everyone of us has a duty to perform. That is to actively support and back this new addition to our campus in each and every way we can, for the editors have done their job in bringing this publication to us, the students. Now we must do our part in seeing that there will be further issues which will be bigger and better as time goes by. In the future, I hope to see CATASTROPHE printed on slick paper with an abundance of pictures. Again let me wish you the best of luck in your undertaking and may your dreams and my predictions come true.

Sincerely Yours,

Byron G. Sherman
Editor-in-Chief
"The Western Carolinian"



GRANNY

by Duane Oliver

"Granny", she was called. The poor old soul, living all alone in her crumbling ancestral home, slowly went mad. It was rumored that she had been a school teacher at the beginning of the century. She may have been well educated, but probably not. Almost anyone could teach in those days. She had married quite young and had children as long as her health would permit. The children had grown up and left her like an abandoned crow on a bough. A few pennies, as a pension, was all she got from the county. This she gave to her eldest son. He came to see her once a month, on the day her pension came. Between pension-days he was never seen at the shack.

The boys of the neighborhood were fascinated by her.

"Hello, Granny." said one.

"What 'cha got there?" came the old, time-ruined voice.

"A cigarette, Granny."

"Gimme one."

"Oh, Granny, you're too old to smoke. They'll give you T. B."

"Ahhh."

"Well—here, Granny."

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With trembling fingers she would light the cigarette and puff like an old-fashioned train until she began coughing.

"Granny, I told you they weren't good for you."

Puff-puff. "Son, see if there's any wood in the kitchen." Puff-puff-puff. "Hurry now, I've got to get supper started as soon as I finish this cigarette." Puff-puff.

The cigarette finished, she would hobble off the porch and into the house, for when the days were genial, she would sit in the sun trying to warm her old rickety bones.

Once she had fallen, broken a hip, and now used a chair as a crutch. The chair she pushed along in front of her as she made her way about the house. Granny hated winter, and always feared she couldn't sit in the sun too long, singing and talking to herself. A neighbor took her some dinner one evening, and found her baking biscuits on a shovel laid on the hot ashes in front of the fire. Granny nimbly removed the bread from the hot shovel, blew off the ashes, and ate the bread with relish, smacking her lips as if she were eating some rare pastry.

Sometimes her idiot grandson would visit, and almost inevitably bring beer with him.

"Hello, Granny."

"What 'cha bring me?"

"Something good, Granny."

"Ahh, you're foolin' me."

"No, I ain't, Granny. Looky here."

He would produce a bottle of beer from his dirty duck-back coat. She would look furtively about her and then take the bottle in her grimy, delicate-fingered old hand. She would drink the beer later, before she went to bed. Although she was well into her eighties, she never suffered from this little night-cap before retiring.

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Everyone liked Granny. Granny with her white as morning fog colored hair, hanging in wisps about her face. Granny with a face that had once been noble but was now wrinkled and smudged with soot from her fireplace—Granny with eyes as blue as Indian Summer skies, but with a shadow of madness in them. A flower gone to seed, the end of a day, old bird nests falling to pieces in the wintry wind, crumbling love letters, falling leaves, newspapers blown along an unused street, smoke hanging in spirals in the autumn air, an unwanted, old-fashioned brooch, roses pressed in a book of love poems by some long-dead poets, an unpicked apple, a withered leaf and Granny, all belonged together. All were unused, discarded objects thrown aside to gather dust as the years wheeled by in endless succession. Objects that in moments of idleness are lifted from the dust to be used as entertainment, only to be cast back again when something new comes along.

One morning, she was found lying in bed, as cold and lifeless as the embers in her fireplace. All of Granny's children came to the funeral to see her lifeless embers hidden the dust. Then they all went home, ate heartily and slept well.

The withered leaf blew from the vine in the cemetery and the last apple dropped from the tree in Granny's backyard. Winter had come.

HE

Speak! Does He hold us in His hand
Like many million grains of sand,
And watch the pebbles slipping through
Until He's left with very few?

Do all these grainlets hit a mire
Of glowing coals in endless fire,
Or do they merely fall to reach
A peaceful place upon the beach?

David Young

THE MADMAN

My grandfather is mad and lives in a speckled trance
 Of white bed posts with flaking paint and rusty iron
 bars
 Twisted tightly and so close together that sunshine
 struggles
 To mix and filter with the tangy bed-pan odours in
 his lair.

When he spits and calls for a Judas lance to carry
 In dark victory his tousled head on its sharp point
 suspended
 Or when he twists and tumbles in his senile ecstasy
 bold
 They tie him down and march on his khaki pallet tiny
 soldiers.

Tooth marks dimple each casted head unpainted and
 Dull in their silent deep suits of cold gray lead
 molded
 That's why they're unpainted—they're only molded
 to chew
 But they quiet him with their static formation on
 his bed.

I go to see him every now and then—I take him gifts
 Of yellow oranges and sometimes pink persimmons from
 the garden
 His red-gummed mouth waters and puckers most conspic-
 uously as he sucks
 But there's no one there but me—sane I mean—maybe
 I should bring him lemons.

He was in an avalanche a long time ago It upset his
 head
 Though not much He was always queer—sort of fanatic
 on religion
 And sin and women I sit and talk with him quietly
 now
 The others get upset if I stay too long Especially
 the old gray lady.

She thinks she's the Queen of Sheba and I Long John
 Silver
 My wooden leg I suppose It happened on a church
 the avalanche I mean
 My grandfather always went to church Every Sunday
 He never missed a one in all his life I told you
 he was religious.

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In his cracked boots and dusty coat and unpressed
trousers
Inflated in the wind He looked like Cotton Mather
witchhunting
His great old nose quivered and quaked the closer
He marched to the church. The bleak gray church
under the rock.

It was chained to the mountainside The rock I mean
My grandfather helped to bind it when he was yet
young
They were afraid it would fall so they bound it
in chains
Great massive links forged in the blacksmith shop
with white coals.

Isn't that odd To have helped forge the chain when
he was young
To have helped bind the rock above the bleak gray
church
To curse and sweat and drag the chain to bind the
rock above the church
To forge the chain and drag the chain and bind the
chain around the rock?

I helped dig them out—the dead I mean after the
great
Rock fell with such a crash on the bleak gray church
beneath
My grandfather was there with the rest—under the
church and the rock
With the rest All dead and buried in one short
stroke—except one lone man.

He was as mad as pig even then Of course we didn't
know
On the back of his head still shows a print of a
part of the chain
One of the links had fallen on his head and mashed
a deep oval
Where no hair grows like the branded rump of a yearling
calf.

We put him in bed but he was never the same Like a
Child he didn't even know me And cursed the preacher
when he came
To offer condolences—something had snapped in his
brain perhaps
He raved and frothed like a hot dog Some got on me
once.

I brought him his Bible and would you believe it
He cursed his house and beat his head against the
wall
Until the blood ran down his gown and cascaded like
a river

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On the floor I had to call for help—two red-faced
laborers.

Working in the street they heard my cries and came
quickly

At my call It took both to subdue the old fool
Tumbling about like a mad drunk juggler in his
gown

They took him away bound like the rock above the
church before it fell.

I didn't dare tell him what they found about the
rock

High on the mountain above the bleak gray church
The one the great rock smashed into kindling and
dust

They found the chain or at least one link that
someone had sawed in two.

I hope for his sake—poor mad fellow—he soon dies
in his cage

And gets balm for his pain Though they do say
That the mad never know
That they're mad—I mean.

by George Donnanhue

ESCAPE

I'll lay down all my love for you,
And let it turn to waste.
I'll leave alone the love I knew,
My life will not know haste.

You made me hope when first we met,
That love would be mine true.
You gave me reason to forget
All love except for you.

I know that hearts can easy stray,
And lose themselves in dreams,
Mine is the same; it left one day,
And ran to you it seems.

by Bob Anthony



FLIGHT IN THE NIGHT

by Duane Oliver

For hours and hours the snow had been falling. Snow had fallen all day. The winter wind blew through the black, frozen trees and set their branches dancing a grotesque ballet, with the swirling sky as a backdrop. The trail was almost smothered out, but I knew the way and would not become lost, I hoped. I didn't fear losing the way too much, though. No, it was not that that lent bird-wings to my feet. Somewhere, not too far away, roamed a pack of winter-starved wolves. I had heard tales of these men who had entered the forest and were never seen again. Thoughts of these old stories filled my mind as I hurried along the now darkening trail.

At last, the snow stopped as quickly as it had begun. The clouds and moon shone through the black trees. Where the moonlight fell on the trail and open places, it gave them a burnish, a blue-silver plating, so that I seemed to be walking on a silver-dust world.

The wind still blew like the gusts that sweep the arctic wasteland. With the moon-burnished sky as a backdrop, the twisted trees danced their grotesque ballet. Where was the full orchestra to accompany the trees? There were the strings of the wind in the branches, but no woodwinds and brass were to be

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heard. Then, from a dark evergreen thicket came the rest of the orchestra—the howls of hungry, black wolves.

I stopped and listened. No other sound came. Could I have been wrong? No. Only a wolf could sing like that. I had no gun. Nothing. Nothing between me and a pack of starved, black wolves. Close by, where I had stopped was lying a large, dead chestnut tree branch. I picked it up and gripped it firmly in both hands. Would this do as a defense against them? It had to. I had nothing else. Pulling the wolf-skin cap, that I was wearing, firmly down over my ears, I trudged on.

For a few minutes, I heard no more howls, although I had the feeling I was being watched from the dark thickets that edged the trail. Now and then I could hear a snarl but no mind-freezing howls. Then I realized the horror of my situation. I was being followed into the darkest part of the forest by a pack of hungry wolves. Suddenly, across the trail in front of me, leaped a great large creature. This was the first one I had seen of them. He was probably the pack leader. Somewhere in the darkness one began howling. I had never heard anything so completely terrifying, so soul-freezing, as was that sound. He would howl for a while, then stop. In another part of the woods, another would take up the chant.

Then I saw him. About ten feet ahead of me, crouched a large black wolf, baring his fangs and growling low in his throat. Without thinking, I lifted the branch over my head to strike him. He leaped nimbly aside, ran on a few feet, stopped and crouched again. For the second time I struck at him. This game of his went on and on until he became tired of it.

By this time, I had begun to ascend a steep mountainside where the trail went sharply up the slope. Here he devised a new way to torture me. About eight feet in front of me, he would suddenly leap out onto the trail, crouch, and then jump for my head. I could feel his hot breath as he narrowly missed

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me. He did this again and again. With a shudder, I realized that he was playing with me the same way a cat plays with a mouse it has caught.

Suppose the whole pack decided to attack at once? Would one branch fend off perhaps a dozen hunger-crazed animals? No. No, all I could do was to pray and hurry on along the dim trail. I reached the top of the mountain, which leveled off for a few hundred yards. The howling became louder and louder as more wolves joined in the chorus. My heart beat like a crazed water pump. I was numb all over, but not from the cold.

Suddenly, behind me, I heard a snarl. I turned around just in time to avoid another black creature which had jumped for my head. I had not quite recovered from this when another one jumped from a thicket. Then another came at me from the front again. I could stand no more. To run was my only hope now. How long would I last? I ran and ran until I thought my heart and lungs would burst. The wolves followed along behind and beside me, howling all the way. They began to come closer to me.

Then I tripped on a log hidden in the snow. My wolf-skin cap fell off. I did not bother to pick it up, but scrambled to my feet and ran on. The wolves didn't follow any longer. Were they planning for a final attack? I looked behind me. The whole pack had pounced upon my cap and were insanely ripping it to pieces. My cap! That was why they had been jumping at my head.

I turned and began running faster, for I could see a light ahead in the trees. I knew that when they finished the cap they would return to me. I was at the edge of the porch when they came. I pounded on the door. No one answered. The wolves were close now. I banged with all my strength, but still no answer. The wolves were at the edge of the clearing. Would no one open the door? Suddenly the door opened a crack. I pushed my way inside and closed the door behind me just as the first of the hunger-crazed wolves bounded onto the porch and crashed against the door.

I.

I saw an artist working today. He took a gray paper and
 put in black lines and shapes of Prussian blue and sky
 tint and in the very middle he put an orange spot.
 I asked him what it all meant and he smiled and said it's
 no secret.
 But in his eyes and around the corners of his mouth you
 could tell that he had found what everyone was looking
 for.

VI.

In the perfect moment of a last goodbye
 I kissed her softly, once;
 And left her standing in the rain—
 (Damp night and stars unseen,
 Hold her close.
 Quicksilver rain and south winds warm,
 Hold her close.
 Hold her close forever, for me,
 Until I shall return.)

VIII.

I think that life must be like a cigarette.
 Clean, white, untouched at first;
 Then burns to grey ash, the smoke getting lost in
 the big night.

The world is littered with the refuse—
 Fat 25¢ cigars burned down to a stub;
 Big brown mechershams, charred and scarred
 And tossed aside;
 Filtered; regular and king-size.

I have seen the smoke of Pittsburgh's steel mills,
 Burning leaves, burning houses,
 Burning love letters.
 Some burn softly, some hot and terrible.
 Some only glow, and some are black and cold.
 The end product: smoke.

XI.

The mists steal up the river at night
 In birch-bark canoes paddled by silent grey-eyed warriors.
 And on the grey wings of great grey birds
 The mists steal down the river at dawn.

Bob Camp

HIS FORTUNE FULFILLED

by Jim Lloyd, Sr.

(EDITOR'S NOTE: The following is but a small portion of a vivid description of prisoners during World War II. The author of this true story is Jim Lloyd who lived the experiences he describes. Due to the limited space in this magazine, we have been forced to use but a very small part of the original story. Lloyd was captured in April, 1942; and returned to the United States in December, 1945. The author has written a complete account of his experiences called "His Fortune Fulfilled.")

...Almost three years had passed and the Americans were beginning to close in on the Japanese in the Philippines. The prisoners began to feel that their freedom was at last in sight. One day the Japanese picked the best among them, the stronger ones. No one ever knew what the Japanese were going to do with them next. Still they could figure out a great deal by their actions and excitement. The prisoners knew the American forces were close and the one thing they dreaded most was starting to happen. They were going to Japan! Their hearts and morale began to sink, for here in the Philippines freedom was in sight. The chances of freedom in Japan seemed hopeless. The dark waters, so full of American submarines, looked dangerous indeed!

On December 13, 1944, Jim and 1,618 of his buddies were marched out of Bilibad Prison and loaded on a Japanese transport ship. This ship was crowded with evacuating Japanese troops and equipment. The American prisoners were sent to the bottom hold of this ship, where the air was so hot and suffocating that many died in a few hours. They were so crowded and the ceiling was so low that only a few could stand, and these in a half-crouched position. In an hour or so some of the men began to get panicky and a few even attacked their own friends. The Japanese, hearing this, began firing into the hold, killing many of the men and wounding many more. The prisoners had no first

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aid and the Japs would not even give them water. The screams of the wounded and dying were horrible to hear.

Only a few hours after the ship left Manila Harbor it was attacked by a group of American bombers. The Japanese turned the sinking ship back to Manila and spent the rest of the night unloading their men and equipment.

Early the next morning the American planes were overhead bombing and strafing the Japanese encampment. Even under these dangerous circumstances the prisoners experienced their greatest happiness in seeing the long awaited stars under the wings of the planes. They kept shouting: "Come on, Yanks!"

The transport ship was already burning and sinking. After a while the Japanese told the prisoners they could come out of the hold and swim ashore. The guards, in their excitement, opened fire on the men climbing out of the hold and the men already swimming ashore. On the shore guards began firing at them too. It is easy to see how helpless they were. Finally all the Japanese saw that the prisoners were only leaving the sinking ship. Tired and weary, they were counted. In the count they found that only 12,000 of the original 1,618 men were left. Even at that, they were happy to know that the United States was just around the corner.

The spokesmen for the prisoners asked for a meager amount of food and water, but the answer the Japanese gave was a jeering laugh. The Japanese had plenty of Red Cross supplies rightfully belonging to the prisoners, but they gave them none of these supplies. Men who were bleeding to death could not even have a small bandage.

The prisoners were forced to remain in a small wire lot for nearly nine days. During that time, they had almost no clothing and the heat and mosquitoes made their life miserable. Some days they received a tiny bit of rice; other days none at all. Water was so scarce the men were beginning to get so desperate as to drink anything that was wet, however muddy or dirty it happened

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to be. They were sick and feverish with malaria, dysentery and starvation. At last the Japanese loaded them on boxcars and for two days and nights they were without any food and water at all.

On Christmas morning they arrived in San Francisco, La Union. When the Japanese unloaded them, they were so hungry they ate grass and bark from the trees like human locusts.

The ship the prisoners were to travel in on this horrible journey was a Japanese livestock transport. It had been used to carry the Japanese cavalry horses. On Christmas afternoon they boarded the ship and soon later lost all sense of time. They received a very small handful of rice and a few spoonful of water each day. Thirst is much harder to stand than hunger and the men cried and begged for water. Many men even drank their own urine.

When someone died the prisoners were not allowed to throw the bodies overboard. The Japs had no weights to sink the bodies, and if they were left floating, the American planes would be able to fix the position of the ship. The prisoners had to live with these bodies stacked like cords of wood around them. The ship, crippled and badly damaged, finally sailed into port in Formosa. They had hardly docked before American planes again bombed them. One bomb landed in the hold of the ship killing 250 of the remaining 550 men at once. After this raid no one came near the ship for three days. The cries of the wounded and the stench of the dead added to the horrors the prisoners had to put up with.

American officers, with tears in their eyes, asked and begged the surly Japanese for water, food and medical supplies. The Japanese answer was: "We hate the Americans, and since American bombs hurt you, we are not responsible for your wounds."

By this time Jim was so weak himself that he could only crawl from place to place. He now weighed ninety pounds and many were worse off than he.

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He still had in his head the idea that he would return from all this. He didn't know exactly what made him think that unless it was what that fortune teller had told him. He knew his faith in returning home was as strong as when she told him he would get home again.

At last the prisoners were allowed to unload the dead bodies and burn them on the beach. Altogether there were five barge-loads of them. Then the men were put on another ship and here began one of the worst experiences of the entire ordeal. They were going to Japan! The journey from Formosa to the Japanese mainland was extremely cold. Many of the men froze to death and others were severely frostbitten. There were some days that as many as thirty to forty men died. The food consisted of a small amount of rice and the water was, most of the time, straight from the salty ocean. Finally they arrived at Moji, Japan, on the island of Honshu. This was on January 30, 1945. The prisoners half crawled through the cold streets to the old theatre building where they had to stay. Other American and Allied prisoners were already on the island. These men helped unload and carry the half dead arrivals to the old building. All the men lay on the cold, damp ground, huddled together in a weak effort to keep enough warmth in their bodies to stay alive.

Finally the remaining prisoners were counted. Of the 1,618 men who had started the terrible journey, only 400 now remained. In the next few days another 100 of these died.

After a considerable length of time the prisoners who were wounded the worst were sent to a very poorly equipped Japanese hospital. In the barren wards they had to sleep on the cold, damp cement floors without any cover and no fire whatsoever. The temperature ran many degrees below zero most of the time. Soon only 200 prisoners were left alive.

Later the few that were left alive were separated into work groups and sent over the islands. Many never were seen again.....

ON FISHING IN AUSTRIA

Tumbling, sparkling, whirling, singing,
Flashing, foaming and racing along,
Austria's clear cold streams are flinging
A challenge as they sing their song.

Come and find my hidden treasure,
Gleaming silver and speckled charm,
Come and let's together measure,
Instinct and speed against your arm.

You must fight if you would win them,
You must show your speed and skill,
For the trout's a fleeting phantom,
Always alert for foes that kill.

He will fight you bone and muscle,
As he fights unnumbered foes,
Cold and fish and rushing waters,
Danger's there, where'er he goes.

If you win, no need for sorrow,
Just remember, fish or man,
Who wins today must lose tomorrow,
It's all a part of nature's plan.

William T. Fitts, Jr.

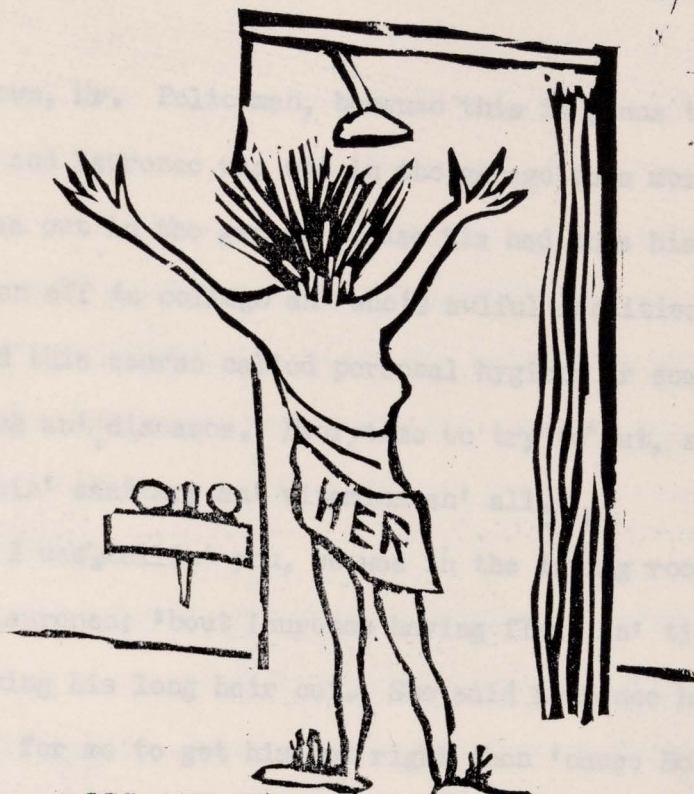
DER WEINERWALD

You smiled when the played "Vienna Wood",
As the sound came sweet and clear,
And remembering, I understood,
And then I saw your tear.

Your smile had much of tenderness,
Your tear a touch of pain,
Each for that lovely wilderness,
We shall never see again.

W. T. Fitts, Jr.

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SIS AND THE NEANDERTHALS

by Gary Carden

Well, Laurence, we gotta go home sometime. We can't just set here under this lamp-post all night. It's gettin' late 'cause it's been most an hour since the street lights came on. The way people keep lookin' at us, it ain't gonna be long before somebody gets nosy and asks us a lotta questions. Its really you they're lookin' at, Laurence, 'cause you look so peculiar an' 'cause.....Uh-oh, Laurence, here comes a policeman...make out like you don't see 'em...just look casual an' maybe he'll go on. I'll whistle an' look bored an'.....Uh-ohhh, here he comes!

Hello.....Yeah, I guess it is kinda late to be out an' I was just tollin' Laurence we oughta go home. I ain't lost, we just live a couple of blocks up the street, but we can't go home just yet....I'm Andrew Jenkins an' this is Laurence an' he's one-third plot, one-third collie, an' one-third bluetick; that's why he's shaped so peculiar. He looks awful sad don't he?

Why don't we go home?.....Well, Laurence, we might as well tell him about it. Maybe he knows what to do, an' we can't set here all night. You

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better sot down, lir. Policeman, because this is gonna take a while.

Well, me and Laurence was out in the garage this morning readin' funny books....We was out in the garage 'cause Sis had this hissy about Laurence. My Sis has been off to college an' she's awful sensitive since she came home. She had this course called personal hygione or something. All about bugs an' germs an' diseases. Everytime we try to eat, she jaws through the meal about boin' sanitary an' vitamins an' all.

But like I was tellin' you, we was in the living room when she took this fit on Laurence; 'bout Laurence having fleas an' ticks an' needin' a bath, an' having his long hair cut. She said Laurence hadn't oughta be in the house an' for me to get him out right then 'cause Homer was comin'. Homer is her boy friend and he's sensitive too.

Anyway, she carried on an' heaved an' set 'till Laurence an' me got right fed up, so we got up an' left. Sis followed us out of the house rantin' 'bout washin' Laurence an' cuttin' his hair. My Sis gives me a pain sometimes. Laurence an' me had to hide in the garage to shake her. So, we was readin' this funny book, "Superman Meets the Neanderthal Man", when I got this idea. I guess it sounds crazy to you, but me and Mildred, she's my buddy, we do it all the time. Dress up, I mean. Mildred lives across the street, an' she's ten; that's a year older than me. Laurence, he is four. We used to go up to Mildred's attic and dress up like Dracula an' Frakenstein an' the Mummy an' all them creepy people. Then, we'd scare each other, but we usually ended up scaring Laurence to death.

Well, we went over an' got Mildred an' I told her my idea. Mildred was right tickled about it, so we went back and cut the hair off ol' Laurence. You see, we was goin' to be Neanderthal people with hair an' all. Well, Mildred went over an' got her shorts 'cause Neanderthal people don't wear much clothes, an' we got my airplane glue, Laurence's hair an' Laurence an' went up to the bath-room where the big mirror is. Mildred wasn't so

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hot about havin' hair on her stummick, but I told her that Neanderthal girls had hair on them too. Mildred's a real good sport.

We kinda got carried away I guess, 'cause the first thing we knew, we looked like apes. We had hair just about all over us, especially our faces. Mildred looked kinda funny 'cause she was red-headed an' Laurence is black an' white. But she looked scary. We had just put one of Sis's stockings on Laurence 'cause Mildred said he would look like a Mosaseur or sonethin' when I heard somebody comin'.

Well, I told Mildred that maybe we better get Laurence an' get in the shower 'cause if it was Sis, she would take another hissy, so we did, an' sure enough, it was Sis. Laurence was right upset 'cause he couldn't see, but he just backed up in one corner an' set there. Well, Sis was piddlin' around, singin' an' talkin' to herself. I guess Homer was comin' soon 'cause she kept sayin' "Hello, Homer," "Good evening, Homer," an' "Why Homer, what a surprise!" I reckon she was tryin' to make up her mind how to speak to him when he got there. Sis acts funny sometimes. Anyway, 'bout then it happened, an' this is the awful part.

Sis opened the shower curtain an' started right in there with us. I don't reckon it woulda been so bad if she hadn't been necked. But she was. She was gonna take a shower, I guess, an' there we stood. Laurence an' Mildred an' me. It hurts me to think about Sis. She 'most tore the bath room down. She made three passes at the door before she finally hit it, an' screamin' somethin' awful.

We all got upset, I reckon, an' tore out after Sis. Laurence had the same trouble Sis did 'bout gettin' through the door, 'cause he couldn't see. I think he was scared the worst. Well, Sis was still screamin' an' stumblin' down the stairs when Homer come tearin' up like mad. Like I said, it wouldn't have been so bad if Sis hadn't been necked....but she was! Homer just stood there, half-up the stairs, bug-eyed an' lookin' pale. There

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wasn't anything to do but make a run for it, an' we did. Me an' Mildred made it alright, but Laurence had a awful time 'cause he got tangled up with Sis. What with Sis screamin' an' Laurence hollerin', it was awful. Laurence lost his stockin' an' we made the street like ninty, Me and Mildred all hairy an' Laurence 'most as necked as Sis. The last time I saw Sis, she was still tryin' to get up the stairs. I don't know where Mildred went.

So you see, Mr. Policeman, I can't go home just yet. I got the hair off alright, but Laurence looks awful pitiful don't he? He's had a hard day.

REMEMBER

Oh, do not be a prude,
 When I am far away,
 Just have a lot of fun,
 Slip out each night to play.
 The lads I left behind,
 They, too, must have their fling.
 Be sure to treat them kindly
 And dance and laugh and sing.
 The years are all too few,
 For reticence to wreck
 And should I find it true,
 I'LL WRING YOUR PRETTY NECK!

Anonymous

TIME

Time is cruel, Time is ruthless;
 Time will make you old and toothless.
 Time won't wait and Time won't listen;
 Time will make your bald head glisten.
 Time may tear your fond dreams down;
 Time may all your sorrows drown.
 Time will win, and when you're gone,
 Time will continue on and on and on and on
 and on.....

David Young

VILE DISFIGUREMENT

With head hung low he always went
Because of his disfigurement.

No friends had he, they could not share
The awful shame that he must bear.

Somehow a comrade always learned,
And then elsewhere for friendship turned.

Perhaps a kindly soul could bring
His eyes to meet the horrid thing,

Then pale of face, he'd leave his seat
And start at once a fast retreat.

You see, no heart, however strong,
Could stand the dreadful sight for long.

The kind would weep where'ere he went
For him in his embarrassment,

And if to some it brought no tears
You may be sure it brought the jeers.

The crude would laugh right in his face.
The nice would choose another place,

Their laughter trying well to hide,
Then laugh until they fairly died.

Poor fools, they could not understand
The thing that made their mirth so grand

Was to the boy a source of shame,
You could not say they were to blame.

But still they laughed and whispered low
And shunned the path that he might go,

And though the kindly souls would weep,
Far distant they were sure to keep.

But then one day he met a girl
The kindest one in all the world.

She did not laugh, no tears were shed!
She took his trembling hand instead!

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The thing proved not a barrier!
He knew that he must marry her.

And though our boy was very shy
He up and asked for her reply.

She answered, "No." He knew she meant,
"Get rid of your disfigurement."

And so he thought both hard and long
To find some way to right the wrong.

Once more he thought of surgery
To rid him of his misery.

He guessed that he could stand the pain
With nil to lose and her to gain,

And then he knew the time had come.
THAT WART MUST GO FROM OFF HIS THUMB!

Howard Shooly

SALT RAINDROPS

The rain cried all my tears for you
The day we had to part.
I left with you my love and care,
But took my weeping heart.

Each drop that fell, a tear of love,
They splattered at our feet,
And whispered soft my love for you
With words I still repeat.

My love in tears all fell for you,
Each tear a million ways
To love you dear and still find more
All through the coming days.

So lost am I without you near,
The rain still cries for me,
Outside the window of my heart,
Where tears will always be.

Bob Anthony

LAST LETTER

He is gone
 yes gone.
 He is gone
 to where?
 He is gone
 away.

Sleep hides her head
 from me.
 I lie and remember
 all things
 for

He is gone
 away.
 I pull the blind
 and close my eyes
 But through my mind
 his voice sighs.

The heart is empty
 the heart is a hunter
 Where to now
 for
 He is gone
 away.

I pull the covers
 over my head.
 What soft form
 fills the space?
 I wish that I were dead...
 It is his face!

Across the valley
 walks the sun.
 The night is left behind.
 My fears are here to stay
 for
 He is gone
 away.

I put my hand under my pillow.
 Ahhh...
 this is much better.
 But into my heart comes the snow,
 I have found his
 last letter.

ANONYMOUS

ENCOUNTER

The other day I saw a little boy
Running down the street
Arms thrust to the sky
Wildly shouting, "Joy, Oh, Joy."

And sure enough, Joy
Of the golden curls
Leaned her laughing head out
Somewhere there above
And answered shouting, "Yeah,
Tommy, what 'cha want?
I'm here."

Homer K. Nicholson, Jr.

HURT

Hurt is like a gigantic rectangular box,
Long and deep,
With no definite dimensions.
Its length, depth, and width
Can engulf an entirety;
Its unlimited boundaries
Can conquer and enslave a fool of emotion
Mercilessly; its perceivable straightness
Reaches its contemplated end inevitably;
Its unbroken lines
Never terminate;
Its long undefiableness
Pursues constantly;
Its short undeniableness
Reaches forth and grasps unwarmly;
Its ~~two~~-faced deceivableness
Attacks and murders
Its solitary enemy, truth.
Yet, this boundless and overpowering hurt
Is submissive and weak enough
To be enwalled by a broken heart.

Anonymous

Perhaps dream harps are not adapt
 To play such melodies
 That are composed of foolish hopes
 And played in fitful keys.

But sometimes in my idle hours
 I go and take my seat,
 And lift again from off the floor
 The tattered music sheet

And once again I take the lyre
 Of things that cannot be
 And play upon a broken harp
 A broken melody.

Gary Carden

SHALL I STAND MUTE?

Shall I stand mute and sad and not speak out,
 Or do that which my heart tells me I should?
 When I see men strike out to kill, I could
 Do much to stop the act, but I, in doubt,
 Just watch and do nothing to right the wrong.
 When I see men bring lives to ruin, and waste
 The gifts God gave to them, I stop my song,
 And wish that I had strength to help them taste
 The wines of life. How best shall I use all
 The power I have to help mankind, when it
 All through the slime and mud of night, will crawl
 To end its hours, and dark defeat admit?
 "Arise," says my tired heart, "And make a plan
 To help your mad and lonely fellowman."

Anonymous

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A MATTER OF SELF-ESTEEM

by

Jimmie W. Crawford

The snow fell silently at first and Big Jim thought that it was nothing to worry about. A little snow could not stop him. He would show those guys. He would be down off the mountain and sitting before the fire in the hunting lodge before dark. He chuckled to himself as he thought of the way they would look at him when he kicked open the door and walked into the lodge laughing.



They had told him that the mountain was a jinx—that nobody had ever climbed to its summit and returned to tell about it. They had laughed at him when he said that he would be the first man to return from the climb. They had called him a fool. But they were the fools, Big Jim thought, silly, superstitious fools. And what had angered him most was that they had told him he was too old to try the climb. Why they would never see the day when anything could get the best of Big Jim Iance. He had always been bigger and stronger and smarter than anybody he had ever known, and just because he was nearly fifty-five didn't change things a bit.

He chuckled again and looked up at the sky. It was getting darker and the wind had begun to skreech and howl through the trees and the snow fell thicker and thicker.

Looks like this might turn into a real blizzard, Big Jim thought to himself. But that would make it all the better. He would tell them how he had

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fought his way down the rough mountain through the blizzard and they would look at him with admiration in their eyes and wish that they were half the man Big Jim had proved himself to be. Oh, yes, they would find out that Big Jim wasn't a man to be taken lightly. They would learn that when Big Jim said something he meant it, and when he said he could do something he could do it—whatever it was.

The wind screamed like a banshee and it was terribly cold. It cut right through Big Jim's clothing and stung him to the bone. His fingers grew numb and his face felt stiff. He rubbed his hand across his eyes and tried to peer through the blanket of thick falling snow, but he could only see a couple of feet ahead. He stumbled over a log hidden in the snow and fell heavily. He lay for a minute—stunned, and then eased himself up and trudged on.

Big Jim was beginning to get a little worried and he tried to think of the warm fire in the lodge and the circle of admiring faces that would surround him as he told his story. But the skreeching wind seemed to be mocking him. It seemed to be laughing at him and taunting him and enjoying his apparent discomfort.

Big Jim raised his fist and shook it at the wind.

"I'll show you too," he shouted, "I'll show you that Big Jim can't be outdone. Just you wait, you howling devil!"

Before long Big Jim was stumbling often, and his body was stiff and numb with cold. He could hardly manage to lift his feet. He tripped over a tree root and twisted his left ankle as he fell. The sprain was bad and he couldn't put his weight on the foot. There was nothing to do but crawl, and as he crawled his whole body became wet with the snow. He felt his body getting numb and stiff as the biting wind froze his wet clothing.

Fear closed in on him then, and he began to struggle more violently to keep moving. In spite of the cold his face broke out in a sweat which the

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wind and cold quickly froze. His eyebrows and mustache turned into ice. The wind whipped and smarted his eyes until they watered and the drops ran down his face and froze into long icicles. With each movement his strength ebbed, and finally he could barely move. He no longer felt the pain in his ankle, and a sort of warm drowsiness crept over him and made him want to give up and go to sleep. But Big Jim Lance never gave up. He could do it, he would show them yet.

"They think—Big Jim—can't do—it," he muttered, "they—don't—believe Big Jim—best man—strongest—smartest—I'll show—"

KALEIDOSCOPES

The vareigated colors of my dreams
Were but a broken rainbow yesterday.
The brittle bits lay spread in agony,
Their edges honed by words more sharp than they.

You came and with the tender hands of love,
Picked up each shattered, splintered bit of light,
You made of them kaleidoscopes for me
And I saw life again in patterns bright.

Chris Wilson

SEE ALSO...

As a freshman tediously searches through
The card catalogue for bibliography,
Thinks himself finished, but discovers
The "See Also" cards....
So is education.
One comes to college,
Thinks himself educated,
But finds a "See Also" at the end
Of each road...

NIGHT - DORMITORY STYLE

Last strains of music fade away.
"Wake me in the morning, will you?"
Winding of alarm clock.
Silence.
In vain the hall lights
Shine on empty cracker boxes
And peanut butter jars.

MORNING - THE SAME

Fall the shattered pieces of night.
A sleepy hand reaches for a clock.
Squinting eyes,
Yawns,
Pincurls.
Tooth brushes in jelly glasses parade to
the lavatory.

ON.....

Steadily, not with stops and jerks, the
escalator of time
Moves between the floors of life and death.
Always moving,
Always on---
The great Mechanic oils the springs and pulls the levers;
Quietly watching the
Chattering,
 thoughtless,
 package-laden passengers.

Betty Whisnant

