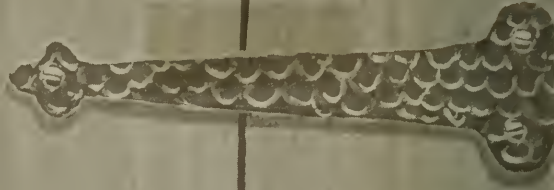




Legacy

LD
5101
S367
L4
(SDA)
No.2



NOT TO BE TAKEN
FROM LIBRARY

L4
(SD#)
No. 2

"I suppose you have a great desire for a true knowledge of the minds and acts in the Legacy!" or so wrote Throgmorton to Cromwell in 1537. We hope that you will have a "great desire." For "There is a strange charm in the thoughts of a good Legacy." (Miguel De Cervantes, in Don Quixote.)

The "Legacy" was conceived with the intention of stimulating artistic creation, yet it is felt that the poems and prose would have been written and the pictures and paintings executed beyond the structured situation of the classroom and the promptings of the staff of literary publications. And indeed this has been the case. The "Legacy" is an agora for the exhibition of creativity.

The scholarship committee is proud to present the second edition of the "Legacy," hoping that in buying this "hyacinth" instead of a loaf of bread, your spirit and mind will find nourishment.

ROBERT FULFER
Chairman, Scholarship committee



A. G. DANIELS MEMORIAL LIBRARY

Southern Missionary College
Collegedale, Tennessee

PHOTO BY BOB HAWKINS

AMUSED

Amused,
I watched my opinions
stroll down narrow minds,
to stray in the confusion.
Then watched
an adult
smile within a sneer
and casually put me in my place.

SHERRY CALVERT

WHISPER A ROAR IN MY EAR

Whisper a roar in my ear.

Transcend the glibness of the day,
Of trite and well-worn phrases.

Permeate my heart with meaning—
Not my intellect with words.

Smother the euphuisms.
Replace with sincere simplicity.

Let me finally stand in eager expectancy,
Not knowing what will come.

While you—in fear, will bravely—
Whisper a roar in my ear.

JACKIE SALYERS

S101
S367
L4
(SDA)
No. 1



PHOTO BY LINDSAY LILLY

WORDS

Words. . .
The
guttural
intonations—marking? civilization:
Rapidly
firing forth
like
bullets.

Some
in **SHOTGUN**
fashion. . .
others
forming
m-a-c-h-i-n-e g-u-n
spurts

All
sounds.
Noises. . .
bombarding
defenseless
ears

Sparing NONE.
Killing
one's
soul—

INDIVIDUALITY

BOBBIE SUGGS

WITHOUT CHANGE

On the beach,
running along the edge,
I am without change.
I laugh at the sound
my feet make,
as I unconsciously dig one toe in the cool sand.
Head down, I search for the perfect shell.
Day after day.
I finally choose a battered one,
because I like it best.
Now I sit contently in the sand,
the water playfully at my feet.
While I gaze at surfers in the distance,
I slowly taste the salt on my lips—
wonder how it got there,
and why it has to leave.
When the tide starts out,
I pick up my shell,
and thoughtfully walk the water back.

SHERRY CALVERT

I REMEMBER CHILDHOOD

Let me be a kid again,
sitting on this milkcan,
laughing at the passing cars.

Running,
wet toes clutching cool blades,
water-gun in hand.

When a melted candy bar was contentment,
and a lifeless bird tragedy.

SHERRY CALVERT

THE DRAGON

I wasn't really afraid of the old house, and I don't guess Russell was either. But we never went too near the dark grove of live oaks that smothered it, and our steps were a little quicker when we had to go past it. After all, the Crazy Woman lived there. We knew she was there, though she never came outside. The broken screen always sagged at the same forlorn angle, and the shades were always pulled like the heavy eyelids of a sleepy dragon. In fact, the whole place resembled a dragon. The once white paint was peeling off the weathered boards like old scales, and the sharp edges of the tumble-down steps were teeth that might open up and snap us if we got too near. Sometimes the red brick chimney would even let a few puffs of fiery breath escape through its jagged lips. The grey wisps would solemnly sift up through the thick leaves until they got to the free air above. Then they would suddenly vanish in the bright, free sunlight.

ELAINE HOLT



PHOTO BY ROGER HALL

THE SILENT BRICK HOUSE

At the sound of the tinkling bell Mae started up the well-worn foot path leading to the back of the spacious brick house. Her stooped angular form appeared tired and her pale eyes straining under heavy lids peered out from her wrinkled face encircled with wiry gray hair secured in a bun at her neck. A huge goiter hung over the collar on one side of her dirty, faded, feed-sack print dress.

Mae entered the dreary, high-ceilinged room that served as den, parlor, and bedroom. The massive maple furniture loomed at her from the dark corners. She fired the pot-bellied wood stove and moved to care for Miss Ella, the source of the bell and owner of the house, who sat by the window in an old cushioned wicker rocker, waiting to be put to bed. That last fall had left her almost helpless, but it had not broken her demanding, dominating spirit that engulfed all who came near her.

She moved Ella onto the half bed with the lumpy feather tick mattress and waited for her to fall asleep. Miss Ella did not like to be alone in the quiet house as night folded around her. As Mae waited, her thoughts drifted back . . . back to the times when she had been young and the big, red brick house with green shutters and a vine-covered porch reaching half around it had been alive with the happy sounds of young voices.

The four upstairs bedrooms had usually been packed to capacity then. She could remember how everyone had wanted the front corner one because it had the tall spreading maple growing up past its window. Now spring cleaning provided the only reason for entering it.

The huge dining room table that had looked best when set for twenty was never used. Miss Ella could never spend enough to feed that many.

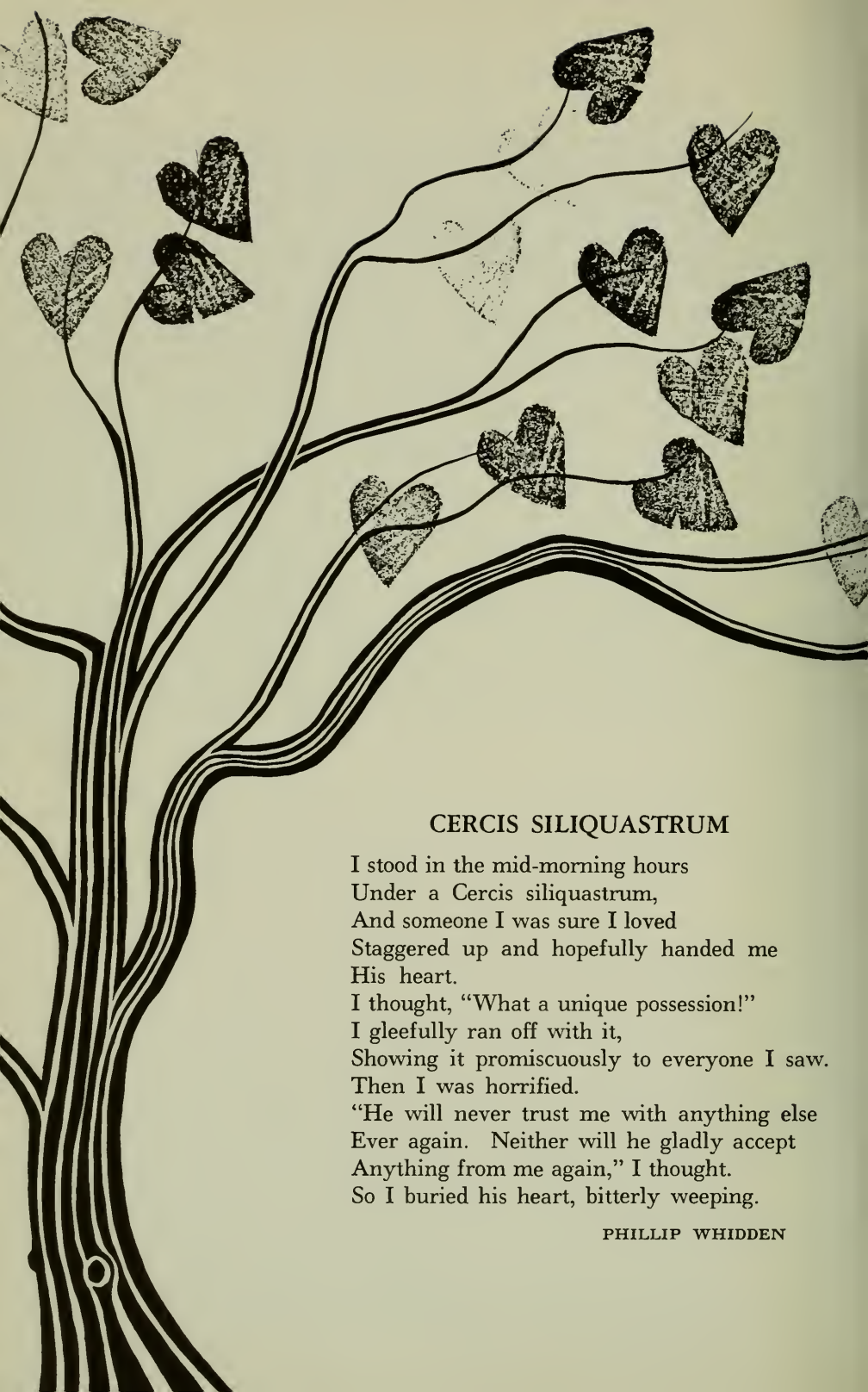
Horse-hair curved-back sofas and marble-top tables decorated the parlor and entrance hall that had once been filled with the friendly chatter of relatives occasionally interrupted by the sound of a phonograph record. It was never too difficult to find a cranker for the victrola—that was the popular punishment for naughty nieces and nephews. Must and mold permeated it now.

The vine-covered porch had been a favorite place for giggly, eager girls and curious, shy fellows to meet. The birds built their nests there now without interruption.

Bouncy children spent their excess energy running through the spacious lawn filled with tall maple trees and circular flower beds of peonies, black-eyed susans, and zinnias in bright reds and yellows. No child would dare enter the yard now for fear of Miss Ella's wrath.

Those had been busy days for Mae, but she had been young—only one baby then—and enjoyed the excitement especially when Ella's beaux would whisper to her as she darted back and forth serving them. There was a better reason for work then than mere existence.

Miss Ella's even breathing signified that she was asleep. The furrows in her set face were softened. Mae gently lifted the soiled patch-work quilt over her small shriveled body. If only the mother could see this—Ella, her only daughter, sleeping under the dirty quilt. Mae quietly moved out of the darkening, all-purpose room down the worn path to her house—a onetime slave cabin—where she lived with her daughter and three grandchildren. If only the mother could see how they lived.



CERCIS SILIQUASTRUM

I stood in the mid-morning hours
Under a *Cercis siliquastrum*,
And someone I was sure I loved
Staggered up and hopefully handed me
His heart.
I thought, "What a unique possession!"
I gleefully ran off with it,
Showing it promiscuously to everyone I saw.
Then I was horrified.
"He will never trust me with anything else
Ever again. Neither will he gladly accept
Anything from me again," I thought.
So I buried his heart, bitterly weeping.

PHILLIP WHIDDEN



FRIENDSHIP

Friendship

is a quiet joy
which
approaches slowly
remains
broadens
deepens
heightens
intensifies

first
then

gently
inexorably
veils its full flower until time shall cease
in ten years or ten thousand
but even now

and yet

Friendship
is a quiet joy

WM. JAMES MC GEE

EDUCATION

Continuous talking,
 facts—
Falling on often dormant minds
 Grown tired
 in activity.

Full of restlessness,
 wonder—
Pondering what lies beyond
 four walls,
 four years.

JACKIE SALYERS

"DO NOT DISTURB"

Monday afternoon! A blue sky that is perfect to look at through the green leaves tinged with the autumn colors. Crisp cool air beckons us to follow its zig-zag path as it wanders inquisitively in search of adventure. But we can't follow. We're trapped! Each green cement block is a barrier to freedom. The drone of the nasal voice is like the incessant buzz of a summer fly. The chalk board is an overused recipient of others' thoughts and words. Pens move methodically over the faded lines of the coarse paper. Each set of eyes seem to be pleading, "How much longer?" Then they answer their own question as they search the faces of their time-tellers for an encouraging sign. But freedom is not yet ours. We're in a cage of society's own making. A cage with a big sign warning all of nature—DO NOT DISTURB—THIS IS EDUCATION.

SHARON PEARSON

O TEACHER! MY TEACHER!

O teacher, my teacher, our fearful test is done,
My brain has weathered every rack, the grade I
sought not won.
The time is near the bell, I hear my fellow students
weeping.
Some follow now your steady tread, their faces
grim and daring.
But O heart! heart! heart!
O paper checked with red
Where on the desk my hopes all lie
fallen cold and dead.

O teacher, my teacher, change my grade before
the bell.
Rise up—on you my hope is hung—if not then I
shall fail.
My brownie points; please count them up;
I'm sure I have a ration!
For you I call; I need that grade, for I am on
probation.
Here teacher, kind teacher,
Have mercy on my grade.
Is it some dream that there you sit
So calm, so hard, so staid?

My teacher does not answer; his face is hard as steel.
My teacher does not see my hand (or else he does not will.)
For he is anchored safe and sound, his school days
closed and done.
From dreadful test he goes to rest, for he has
had his fun.
Exult, cruel heart; I hear the bell!
So I with mournful tread
Walk to my room, and there I lie—
My hopes all cold and dead.

ELAINE HOLT

THE DANCING DOLL

The mother sat on the edge of the child's bed, gently talking her to sleep. "I'll tell you a Christmas secret if you'll listen quietly," she spoke with soft enthusiasm.

"What?" the little girl scented the excitement in her mother's voice.

"Well, you know I went to town the other day, and I just happened to see a doll. You know you've been wanting a ballerina doll? Well, that's what this one was, and the minute I saw it something whispered to me that it was just what you would want. It has long golden hair that hangs in a pony tail and beautiful blue eyes that open and shut. It's wearing a white tulle dancing dress with gold sequins, and when you move its legs it can walk. It stands on tip toes like a real dancer and has curved arms, too."

"Does it ever come down off its tip toes?" the child's voice asked uncertainly.

"No, it's just made that way. It's always dancing."

"But can't it stand up by itself?" came the troubled voice.

"No, a stand holds it up, but its legs move. When I was little my dolls weren't made to walk. They were mostly baby dolls. I used teddy bears for the boy dolls . . ."

But the child had stopped listening. Slowly she made her breath change to the heavy regularity of sleep. The mother soon tiptoed to the door and paused, smiling as she thought of the doll on the closet shelf, then gently opened the door and slipped out.

As the door clicked shut the soft, regular breathing stopped. A jerking sob came in its place as the wet tears rolled down the disappointed cheeks.

ELAINE HOLT

SIGHTS AND SOUNDS OF NIGHT

Under the protective cloak of Night nature comes alive: the stereo-effected song of the cricket enveloping the silent listener; the darting flash of the illuminated fire fly; the piercing balls of light which turn out to be only the eyes of a domestic cat on the prowl for its prey, slinking stealthily around the corners and bushes; the baying of a lonesome dog at a sliver of creamy moon.

And then, in the distance—the city, much alive: the barely audible music of a drive-in; the honk of a horn by an irate and sleepy driver; the distant growl of a semi rolling down the highway; the flickering lights of a lighted-up subdivision; the off-and-on glare of the neons.

But for the weary observer, the steady, rhythmic ticking of his nearby clock finally drowns out the sights and sounds of Night.

MARYANNE MASTON

LONELY

ALWAYS



A LONELY MAN

seeks but never finds. His search for acceptance and love is squelched by fear and dismay. He has an unquenchable thirst to belong and yet he is a misfit. He is often found in immense crowds, but no recognition is given him. No one cares. His face portrays an empty gaze but it only shows a part of the emptiness that is concealed within the confines of his longing heart—longing to laugh, to share, to be understood, to forgive, to love. A feeling of inadequacy is the harness which restrains his spasmodic intervals of courage. He takes walks along a woodland path strewn with brilliant autumn leaves; listens to the incessant drum of the rain on the roof; hears the hush of the silently drifting snowflake; and watches a summer moon decorate the world with silver ribbons—alone. Fear is ever present—a fear of dejection and solitude. For in his solitude the echoes of his own mournful cries haunt his degenerating spirit. He speaks—but no one hears. He calls—but no one answers.

SHARON PEARSON

TO TURN AROUND

He wandered in the darkness of the night,
Caring not where his aimless journey led,
His mind numb from worry and the dread
Of giving up. Yet how could he still fight?
Inside he knew to struggle on was right,
For wrong things done hung heavy now, as lead.
They counted now, the things that had been said
By near ones in guiding him to light.
Turning questions sought truth in his mind,
Dark was thick with very little sound,
Except for noises of a different kind.
Aware of shouting joy—his heart had found
Strength to quit the path with evil lined.
Tonight he would begin to turn around.

GERALD DON MARTIN

TO TURN AROUND

He wandered in the darkness of the night,
Caring not where his aimless journey led,
His mind numb from worry and the dread
Of giving up. Yet how could he still fight?
Inside he knew to struggle on was right,
For wrong things done hung heavy now, as lead.
They counted now, the things that had been said
By near ones in guiding him to light.
Turning questions sought truth in his mind.
Dark was thick, with very little sound,
Except for noises of a different kind.
Aware of shouting joy—his heart had found
Strength to quit the path with evil lined.

TO TURN AROUND
GERALD DON MARLIN

YESTERDAY

It's over and gone.

Today is today.

Yesterday, the joy and sadness we felt
was tangible.
Real tears streamed down flushed cheeks.
Real chills sent hearts pounding
at the touch of a hand.

And somehow, yesterday can be
felt and seen,
even heard and tasted, today.
The senses, rest emulated by
memory, are vivid, terrifying.

But memory, a cold
impersonal substitute for
reality's impact,
is merely the spirit without the flesh.
Is yesterday over and gone—completely?
Or do its painful fragments dawdle
in the doorway of the mind,
symbolic, intangible,
haunting us forever?

CAROL BAKER

UNSPOKEN PROMISE

You stand, silently . . .
Watching me as I work—
Eyes blue,
Face flushed—
Who could deny
The surging uncertainty
Of this bittersweet ache?

The golden sunbeams
Dance across your face.
I glance up at you, then turn quickly—
Struggling futilely not to notice
The look of shy promise in your eyes.
Is loving you worth the emptiness
That losing you would bring?

The twilight comes slowly
And finds us walking
Together . . .
The sunset gilds our silence,
And, along with the fragrant purple shadows,
Certainty steals softly into our willing hearts.

Suddenly, life is priceless.
Spring is alive and warm . . .
Full of hope . . . and promise . . .
As our love.

BENJI KILLEN



PAINTING BY ELLEN YVONNE ZOLLINGER





PAINTING BY LARRY COLEMAN

THE STILLNESS OF THE NIGHT

The deck is almost desolate. The pale yellow balloon in the sky is my only companion. The sky is like an inky-black crystal ball that has been filled with tiny beads of gleaming silver. Listen! The waves are playing tag. As they roll and tumble over each other, I can hear their laughter, and now and then their sighs. The older waves have forsaken their games and as they splash against the ship they seem to be begging to be taken to shore. The everlasting purr of the motor is like a lullaby being sung to the sky and sea. The salty breeze is a chameleon friend; it plays in my hair and caresses my face. Then without warning it whips around the corner and its bitter sting pricks my body and forces me to find shelter. The sky, wind, stars, and the night. The stillness of the night. And I'm alone—alone with the pale yellow balloon.

SHARON PEARSON

DRIFTWOOD

Upon a lonely strand, among
The kelp, and driftwood sanded dull,
A whiter piece betrays the breast,
The form, of once a noble gull.

One by one the waves moan past,
With soil and tears to where the bird—
Its dextrous pinions still at last—
In salty grave shall be interred.

A pity bids to mourn this fate;
Yet here her choice—since all must die—
She loved the sea, there let her wait
A new-made sea, and shore, and sky.

RAY HEFFERLIN

DESERT DOOM

The rusty train creaked slowly through the suffocating heat of the parched wasteland. Cramped in a six-by-six foot compartment with five other irritable passengers and our luggage, I craned my neck toward the open window for a few breaths of stifling, cinder-filled air. Only by concentrating upon the monotonous parade of dwarfed trees and scrubby bush clumps along the track was I able to endure the clammy clothes that clung to my feverish body. Suddenly, bony, black bodies leaped and shrieked toward us as our train jerked to a stop. The natives pushed African beadwork, basketry, and wood carvings up to our faces. But, beyond the handiwork, hundreds of eyes stared pleadingly into mine. Eyes full of fear, hunger, hopelessness. I threw every apple, sandwich, and coin I possessed to the pitiful throng. But as the train groaningly resumed its journey, I saw the crowd hang their crestfallen, dirty faces toward the burning sand. They would wait for tomorrow's train . . . every day of their lives.

CAROL BAKER

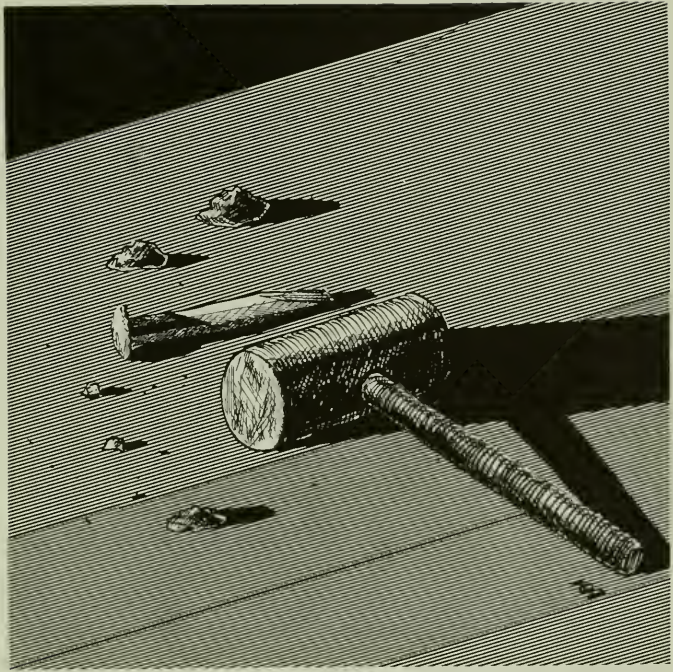
A GENTLEMAN WORTH HIS SALT

Granddad's invitation to cattleman Archer to stay for dinner gave Grandmother a few misgivings as to its logic. After all, she and her husband were small ranchers in this vast south Texas land, and Archer had the largest spread in the county. Bravely Grandmother progressed with dinner preparations—beans, cornbread, and roastbeef to be followed by sugar cookies and coffee. The worn tablecloth was spread with consideration given to the mulberry stain, which was confined to the blind side of the table.

Moving with practiced motions, Grandmother set the table. She analyzed her strategy with the deliberation of a chess player. "Yes, it lacks perfection, but it's adequate," she thought.

After grace had been said, and even before cattleman Archer had finished ladling his beans Grandmother had a disconcerting thought: "I salted the beans twice." A quick taste confirmed her alarm. Then the gentleman became worth his salt. With just a few words he untied Grandmother's stretched, tight nerves. "Nell, you sure make a fine pot of beans, by cracky! Pass the salt!"

JOHN EGGERS



AN ORIGINAL SCULPTURE

An original sculpture—
Covered by shyness,
Filled with awareness, compassion.
Marred by inexperience,
Yet beautiful in simplicity.

Changing its shape—
Molding with society's rules
A form that conforms.
Shaped to social perfection.
Complicated yet common.

An original sculpture—
Once unique and rare,
Flawless in its imperfections.
Now, just another reproduction
Placed in the gallery of imposters.

JUNQUE

Sign yellow yells, "Antiques
and Junque! Buy now at
unbelievable bargain
prices!"

says,

"This way ladies, come
right this way
and you will be in
bargain basement paradise."

Black on yellow speaks
beguilingly, talks
logically of
unprecedented price cuts:

You'll crave

*Favorite Southern Recipes
Of the Duchess of Windsor*

Not to mention

*The Complete Guide to Bird
Watching in Wamsotoland*
(only a dollar ninety-seven!).

Scramble for the bargain box—
Ginghams, linens, silks, not to speak
of linings for the lady.

Savings on shoes: one pair plus one
dollar equals two pair.

How's that for a practical joke?
How's that for a bit of arithmetic?

Battle for the bargains, ladies,
Argue for the bargains.
Bargain in an age of bargains.

So what if you couldn't care less
about Rebel grits.

So you have a number of National
Geographics that somehow
haven't gotten thumbed through
yet.

So your little girl's gingham
already defy numbers.

Buy anyhow.
Buy anything.
Buy bargain boxes and bags,
How can you deny
Black on yellow,
Bargains on sign yellow?

A NATURE STUDY

I popped the cricket into the peanut butter jar and screwed the cap on tightly. Then I waited patiently for the reaction. Angry at being handled so roughly he vindictively cleaned his antennae. I could tell he was not yet affected by the lethal fumes. He crawled about a bit, tasting the saturated cotton; now it was getting to him! He jumped frantically, and I heard the sickening thumps as he bounced against the tin lid.

Gradually tiring, he rested, sucking the fatal liquid from the cotton. His legs were weak; they quivered. Several violent leaps—thump . . . thump . . . thump! He fell on his back, too overcome by the fumes to turn over. Violent spasms shook his glossy body; the legs kicked . . . kicked . . . they only waved now. The antennae he had preened so proudly were wet hair-like threads clinging to the side of the jar.

Now he was still. I shook the jar, and he moved limply. My work was done; the specimen was ready to be pinned and labeled. I wondered what Linnaeus calls this kind of cricket? But I did not *need* to look in the book. I knew what he was—he was dead.

ELAINE HOLT





PAINTING BY DARLEEN GADBOIS

THE MIRROR

Up ahead
an icky blah.
No attention
give I it.
Another glance
how can it be?
The awful
icky blah
is me

BEVERLY ANN MCDANIEL

A ROOMMATE IS . . .

someone who gets into scrapes with you and sometimes get out of them without you. A roommate is the one on whose shoulder you can cry. She's *incommunicado* until after breakfast. She's someone you can borrow hair spray from. A roommate is someone who thinks the room is cold when you think it's hot, and thinks it's hot when you think it's cold. A roommate forgets about your quarrels by the next day, and sometimes she ends up laughing at you, but in a nice way. She'll clean the room, if you have Friday afternoon classes so that you can take a nap before worship. A roommate lends you her typewriter if you have a theme to type. She has perfume that doesn't mingle well with yours. She's the one who meets you on South side for supper, and even brings your umbrella if it's raining. A roommate won't play the piano when you're around because she thinks you play better. A roommate has clothes you would like to borrow but you can't because she wears a different size than you. She's the one who gets all the long distance telephone calls and most of the mail (also males). A roommate borrows your suitcase for the weekend when she forgets to get hers from the trunkroom. She goes "clop, clop, clop" around the room in wooden slippers at four A.M. when she gets up to study for a German test. A roommate shoves her pillow in your face every time she has a nightmare. She has a mother who sends grapefruit to supplement the meager cafeteria fare (bitter!!). A roommate will give you a record for Christmas even if you don't have a record player. A roommate saves dead poinsettia plants and assures you they'll bloom next December. A roommate is the girl you live with, fight with, and just plain room with.

LINDA PURDIE
ELIZABETH LARSON

THE GET-WELL CARD

So this was what a hospital smelled like! The little girl pranced after her father, thinking of all the things he had told her about hospitals and operations. That was what Mother was here for—an operation. Daddy had told her that.

A row of doors advanced and receded as the pair moved quickly down the corridor. Each door had a big, black number painted on it. Twenty-three, twenty-four, twenty-five.

Twenty-five! Daddy had given her twenty-five cents to buy a special get-well card. She hadn't bought it, but Mother would like what she got. She poked her hand into the little brown bag. Yes, there it was. Wouldn't all her friends at school be jealous! She peeped inside and smiled. "Here we are." Daddy interrupted her thoughts of triumph as he opened the door.

Was that her mother? So white. Just like the girl in her class who had fallen off the monkey bars.

"Mama, look what I got you!" She stuck her hand into the bag and pulled out two shiny white squares of Chiclet's chewing gum. Then she paused. "I got something else, too." She hesitated, clutching her purchase tightly in her hand. Oh, why, why had she done it? She hated the bright green yo-yo with the diamond in the center. She hated it with all her heart.

"Oh," Mother smiled cheerfully. "Try it, dear."

The green yo-yo obediently rolled down to the end of the string and jerked back. And a tear fell on the hospital floor.

FAYE FOSTER



OBSERVATIONS AT TWILIGHT

As the September sun slipped slyly behind the horizon, I strolled down a dusty sidewalk, deeply inhaling the exhilarating evening air. Resting upon a secluded slab of concrete behind a cluster of healthy shrubs, I observed nature and modern man blending peacefully at eventide. I noticed:

a half-moon pasted against a sky of pastel pink,
misty blue-gray silhouettes of trees thickly set on distant hills,
thousands of black wings, fluttering, darting, swooping through the expansive heavens,
a little bare-foot boy slowly leading his red wagon home, Volkswagens with reflecting rose glass windows, puttering nonchalantly around the traffic circle,
two adventuresome teen-age boys, bouncing recklessly over a field of ruts and weeds on a motor-scooter,
glimpses of an old rusty train growling and groaning along its monotonous track,
a row of giggling girls on foot, crackling fascinating sacks of brown paper,
a dewy field, begging me to skip across its vibrant green carpet,
gnats hovering over grass and shrubs; cluttering the itchy night atmosphere,
neon lights, looking artificial and insignificant against the sunset,
streaks of jet power chasing a black dot in the sky,
sooty curls of smoke blending gradually into the delicate shades of twilight,
uninhibited crickets simultaneously airing candid observations,
ants, busily weaving along the cracks in a red brick wall, pitifully unaware of the beauty I have seen.

CAROL BAKER

COLORED MAID

"I'sa never bin late and I'sa never miss' a day of work in 'leven years. I likes to work. You gotta work fer what'cha git, that's what my daddy always told me."

The ties of the black woman's faded apron barely reached around her over the dingy green uniform she wore to work at Erlanger. Her black oily hair was confined under a hairnet. She added one more practiced swish of the heavy mop to the floor of Room 407—mine—before moving on down the hall . . . her routine nearly finished for another day in the twelfth year.

SUE MCNEAL

AN OLD WOMAN'S EVENING

The plates rocked on their middles and clattered their edges in a high childish treble like a group of castanets as she slid them across the oilclothed shelf. Picking up the battered pan, the old woman caught the knife as it scraped around the inner edge, making silvery metal bumps against the dents. The cabinet doors complained with rough thumps as she shoved them together.

Snick—the light darted back into the bulb.

A heavy step rattled the grill on the floor radiator. Weary springs in the old couch gave a sequence of dry pops as she eased down off her tired feet. Rough-gentle breathing soon crept stealthily about the quiet room.

ELAINE HOLT



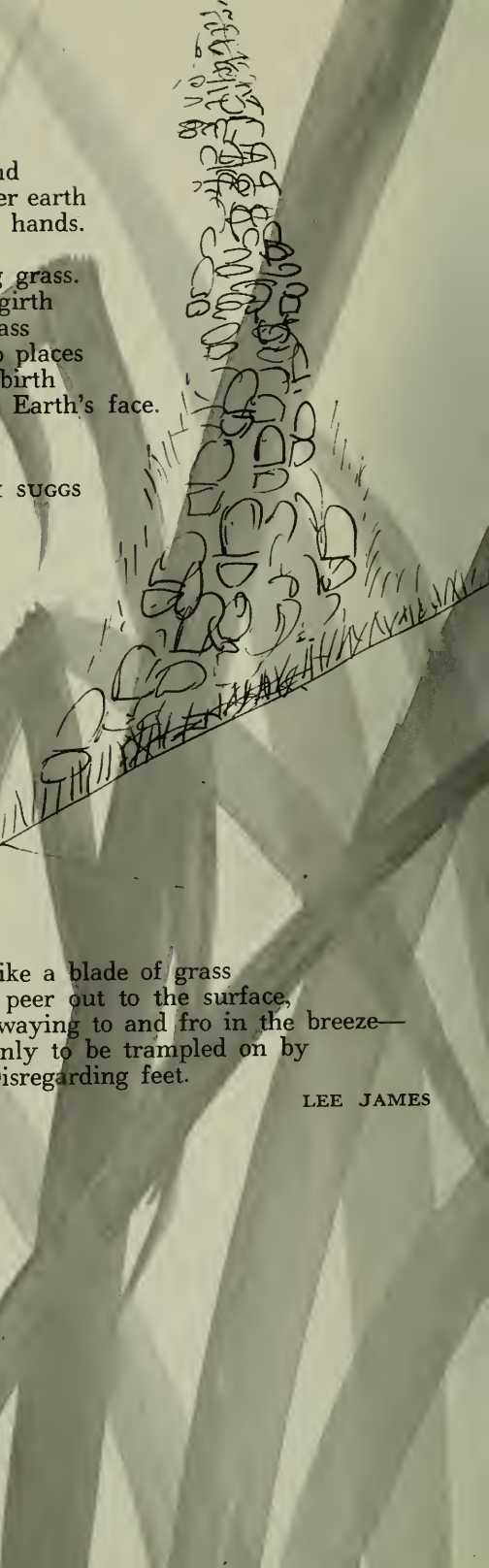
SIDEWALKS

Man-made pathways across the land
Smothering an expressive mother earth
With suffocating, binding, concrete hands.

Why? cries the struggling gasping grass.
Man grunts, and tightens the girth
Upon which fools' feet will soon pass
In this frantic surge for "roads" to places
Man will fail to see the silent birth
Of realization . . . satisfaction on Earth's face.

"Mine you will be . . . yet."

BOBBI SUGGS



Like a blade of grass
I peer out to the surface,
Swaying to and fro in the breeze—
Only to be trampled on by
Disregarding feet.

LEE JAMES

The background of the page is a complex, abstract composition of overlapping, semi-transparent geometric shapes, primarily triangles and quadrilaterals, in shades of grey and green. A prominent feature is a series of parallel lines that run diagonally across the page, starting from the top left and extending towards the bottom right. These lines are drawn with a dark, textured stroke, possibly representing a sidewalk or a path. The overall effect is one of layered, architectural forms.

PRAGMATISM

Concrete sidewalks
Ruler-like
Try to force men's paths.

Men's well-worn paths
Quite often, though,
Show sidewalks where to go.

LYNN SAULS



SANTA'S MISTAKE

"My, what a cute little girl we have here, and what do you want Santa to bring you for Christmas, little lady? I bet you would like a new dolly or maybe even a life-size playhouse." Santa leaned forward to hear the little girl's remarks.

"No, gramps, I want an electric guitar, some shiny black patent leather boots, a pair of tight black pants, and a black ponderosa shirt. Oh yes, don't forget an amplifier if you bring me a guitar. I want a drum set too if you have enough."

Pushing the child's hair out of her face, Santa said, "Well, young lady, have you told your mama and daddy what you want for Christmas?"

"Yup, and they said that I might get some records and the guitar, but they didn't know about the boots and the rest of the outfit. Don't forget to put some hair spray and Dippity-Do in my stocking. I need them to keep my hair neat like my big brother does his hair."

"You mean your big brother uses hair spray?" Santa inquired.

"Yep, and so does my daddy," the child answered.

"If you are a good little girl, Santa will probably bring all these things to you. What are you going to do with these presents when you get them?"

"I'm gonna learn to sing like the Beatles and join a combo and make millions of dollars. I want to make girls scream and be more popular than anybody."

"Is this what your mother and daddy want you to do?" Santa asked.

"Moms and Pops don't care. They have their parties, and me and the other fellas have a party too in my room. They don't care what I do or when I do it."

"Have you told me everything you want?"

"Yep," the child stated matter-of-factly. "You'd better bring me what I want and stop calling me a little lady or I just might make a hit record one of these days called 'Santa Is Dead,' ha, ha. Just cause I have long hair, that doesn't make me a little girl."

Santa sat silent as the little boy jumped off his knee.

LINDA ANDERSON

UNSTRAIGHT

She slowly opened her eyes. What was today? Friday? No, just Thursday. Well, that wasn't as bad as yesterday; it was only Wednesday then.

Quickly she threw back the covers and sat up. She'd stay there too long if she didn't get up quick—no, quickly. If she was ever going to pound the king's English into other people's heads she'd better get it straight in her own. Straight . . . straight . . . that's all she'd ever been. Someday she was going to unstraight . . . not crooked . . . that wasn't what she meant at all . . . but unstraight.

Her brother came into the room. "You'd better get a move on if you expect to get to school with me. I'm leaving at fifteen after."

"Don't worry. I'll be ready by the time you are," she grunted grudgingly.

"When did you get to bed last night?" he asked.

"About two-thirty. But I got my theme done."

Someday she was going to knock out a theme any old way, no matter what kind of grade she got. Or better yet she'd just take the courses she really wanted and not worry about graduating or getting certified . . . or teaching, for that matter! Where did they get the idea that she was burning to illuminate eager minds anyway? Just because she never skipped classes and tried to do the best she could with the time she had . . . what made them think she did it because she wanted to? Sometimes she hated it; hated classes that she took to fill requirements; courses in which she learned little except how to hide boredom.

Her eyes lit on a thick, black book, *Feudalism in the Twelfth Century*. Prime example! Nothing but pure boredom from page one to the index. But yet she was expected to conjure up a thousand words of scholarly gleanings, somehow subtly convey a feeling of pure joy in discovering that a knight was required to give forty days military service in exchange for his fief. Who cared! They never kept their bargains anyway.

But the lessons were only a part of it. There were meetings and social events and school trips and anything else they could devise to make straight people more straight—or rounded or whatever they wanted to call it.

Yes, someday she'd quit all the extra junk that smothered her. Someday she was going to be totally and unconventionally unstraight. Maybe that was the only way to get straightened out after all.

"Hey," her brother called from the kitchen, "we've just got twenty minutes. You'd better get to work!"

JAN WILLIS

NOT TO BE TAKEN
FROM LIBRARY

For Reference

Not to be taken

from this library

Staff

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF *Phillip Whidden*
POETRY EDITOR *Ted Ahl*
ART EDITOR *Larry Coleman*
PROSE EDITOR *Faye Foster*
PHOTOGRAPHY AND LAYOUT EDITOR *Bud Lauer*
BUSINESS MANAGER *Richard Caldwell*
SPONSOR *Lynn Sauls*
PHOTOGRAPHER *Robert Hawkins*
TYPISTS *Linda Campbell,
Santee Huston, Johnny Taylor*

SOUTHERN COLLEGE MCKEE LIBRARY



TMS084732

