



REFORMATION  
'86

**RENAISSANCE**  
the writers' and artists' magazine  
of  
WAYNE COMMUNITY COLLEGE

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contained within these pages  
All contributors — faculty, staff, and students

***Dedication***

This volume of **RENAISSANCE** is dedicated to Carolyn Braxton and the leaders in the Student Government Association of Wayne Community College. The SGA again underwrote publication costs as well as provided cash awards of \$20 each to these outstanding student writers and artists:

Best Cover Design: David Seneres  
Best Other Artwork: Chuck Schremp  
Best Short Story: Ray Dotson  
Best Essay: Lewis Cornwall  
Best Poem: Ree Young

For its encouragement of the arts, its emphasis on literacy, and its support of freedom of expression, we salute the Student Government Association.

***Editorial Staff***

Anne Croom  
Liz Meador  
Lori Price, Student  
Marian Westbrook

***Cover Design***

David J. Seneres, ink drawing, College Transfer

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*Out of Time*, relief,  
Chuck Schremp, College Transfer

***Beyond***

*I'm not myself today,  
I'm someone else. My  
mind is not functioning  
my senses went away  
I hear someone calling  
but I can't answer.  
I'm on a beach, it's cold  
I'm sitting in the sand  
listening to the slapping  
of the waves. Knowing how  
cold and salty they are,  
I dive in. It's exhilarating,  
it's freezing. I keep going  
farther out. I hear someone  
calling me, but I can't  
answer, I'm not here today.  
I'm somewhere else.*

**Cora B. Livingston  
Goldsboro Writers' Group**



***Self Portrait in Transition, pencil  
Adrienne Townsend, College Transfer***

**MY CLOSET, MY LIFE**  
*Jill Conti, College Transfer*

At first sight, it looks like any other closet. But it is not. There are two sliding doors acting as barriers to hide what it is that lurks on the other side. You see, my closet is filled with a lot more than just clothes.

There is a big, white shelf in my closet, just barely out of my reach, that a lot of junk is stored upon. Beneath all the debris a few remembrances do linger. My yearbooks lie in all different directions. Some are sprawled on the back of the shelf; some are strewn on the front, ready to fall off at any unsuspecting moment. There is an old shoe box filled with napkins and other mementoes from a wedding that I was in. Underneath the shoe box is a Bible. It is black with gold lettering on it. It was the Bible my mother got for her confirmation so you can just imagine how old it is. Next to the cowboy hat that my grandma bought me (but that I've never worn) is a bag so old that even if you just barely touch it a piece will fall off; in the bag there are ancient doll clothes from my childhood. Of course, what closet would be complete without the useless school papers you have saved all your life but are too lazy to throw away. Well, I am proud to say that my closet has my share of those eighth grade math tests and tenth grade science notes.

Down below on the floor of my closet lies another story. In the back corner there are parts to a doll house that my mother bought me when I was ten; but after some futile attempts at trying to put the pieces together, she gave up. There is a bag full of colored yarn and needles from my "knitting" phase. Squeezed between a blue suitcase and a board game, with most of the pieces missing, are a pair of white (well, they are supposed to be white, but I would call them gray) roller skates and a pair of rusted ice skates. The leather on both pairs is folding in all directions because of the things that have been set upon the skates. Lying over to the side is a bag that contains clothes that I would never admit to wearing. You know the kind: bell-bottom jeans, flowered shirts, polyester! They are all in that bag, waiting to be taken to the Goodwill dumpster. But there is something that is of some use on the floor of my closet.

Way back in the right hand corner there is a box, an old Belk's box that a coat came in long ago. Inside this box there is a set of brown towels and a set of yellow curtains for a kitchen one day. This box serves as a hope chest. It is not hard or brown, and you sure can't sit on top of it, but it works just as well as any "real" hope chest does.

Well, I've given you a tour of my closet. I still do call it that. I realize by now some of you are thinking: that's not a closet; that's a garbage dump. Well, just remember, as William Shakespeare once said, "A rose by any other name would smell as sweet." (I guess he never smelled my closet.)

*AMELIA*

My flight's so smooth, eh?  
the atmosphere so pure  
and I move my feathery sinews  
just right.

Inebriated flight  
sleeping on the wind  
drunk on the hilarity of dew  
I convolute, eh?  
a hummingbird  
a hawk

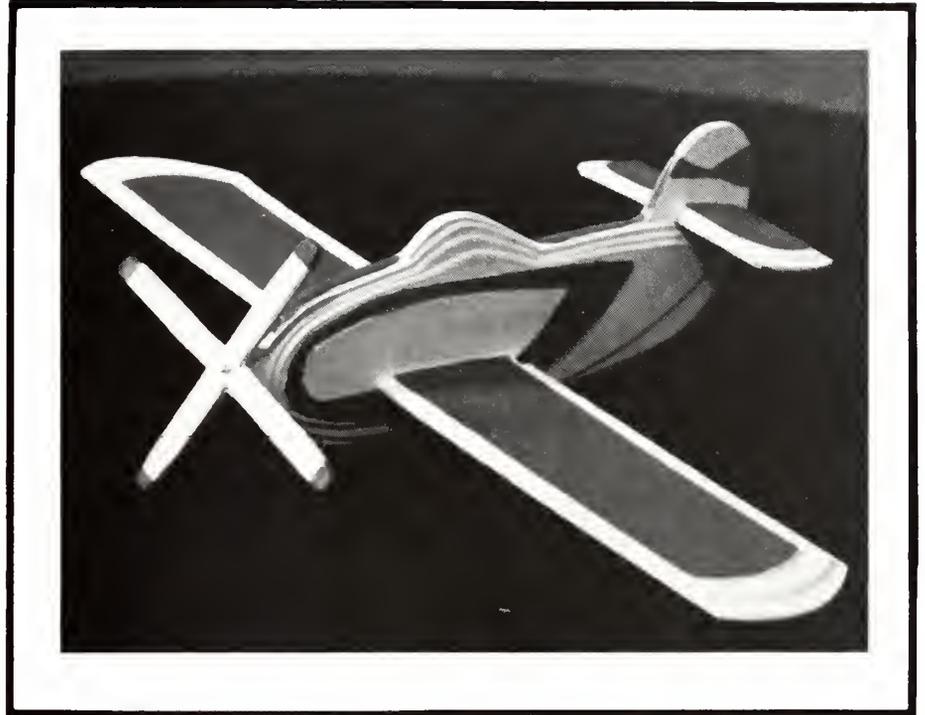
My flight's so pure and easy, eh,  
one long, golden glide?  
Well I fly on broken wings, boy,  
broken wings  
and the air is rough.  
I fly away from water  
leave the land behind  
find a bitter sky to drink  
the jagged stars to lie with  
the lonely moon to love.

*Margaret Boothe Baddour  
Instructor, Goldsboro Writers' Group*

*Another Airplane Poem*

*Sky flying  
makes poems in me:  
red hot to trot  
poems  
cool blue baby poems  
being born  
smooth and slippery  
on the air  
poems that cough  
to be heard  
poems that tap a spoon  
on glass  
rather than make an ass  
of themselves  
Central Eastern Western  
poems that talk through  
time lines  
to other poets' poems  
If I could gather up  
all the airplane poems  
and throw them out this  
little window  
why  
literally  
the whole sky  
would be littered  
with poems.*

Margaret Boothe Baddour  
Instructor  
Goldsboro Writers' Group



*Chuck's First Plane, relief, Chuck Schremp, College Transfer*

## A SOLDIER'S MISSION

*Bruce Somers  
Fish and Wildlife*

On the morning of October 25, 1983, on the island of Grenada, Operation Urgent Fury, the rescue mission of American students, was underway. The combat soldier in Grenada dealt with many hardships, but the soldiers assigned to enemy body recovery faced the most appalling aspect of a combat zone.

Whenever possible during the fighting, the enemy bodies were buried in shallow trench ditches, and the location of these graves was marked on a map. Burying the enemy dead was an attempt to keep the spread of disease down. The first mission of the soldiers on body recovery detail was to locate the mass grave sites on their maps; then by following the map they were able to locate the graves on the island itself. Once the soldiers were within one hundred yards of a grave site, the map was no longer needed: a certain and unforgettable reek filled the air. It had been almost two weeks after the fighting had started and even though the bodies were buried, the constant heat of the tropical sun had aided their process of decomposition. The soldiers arrived at the largest mass grave site physically equipped with shovels and a back hoe to help them in recovering the bodies. The one thing the soldiers lacked—mental preparation—was evident on their faces.

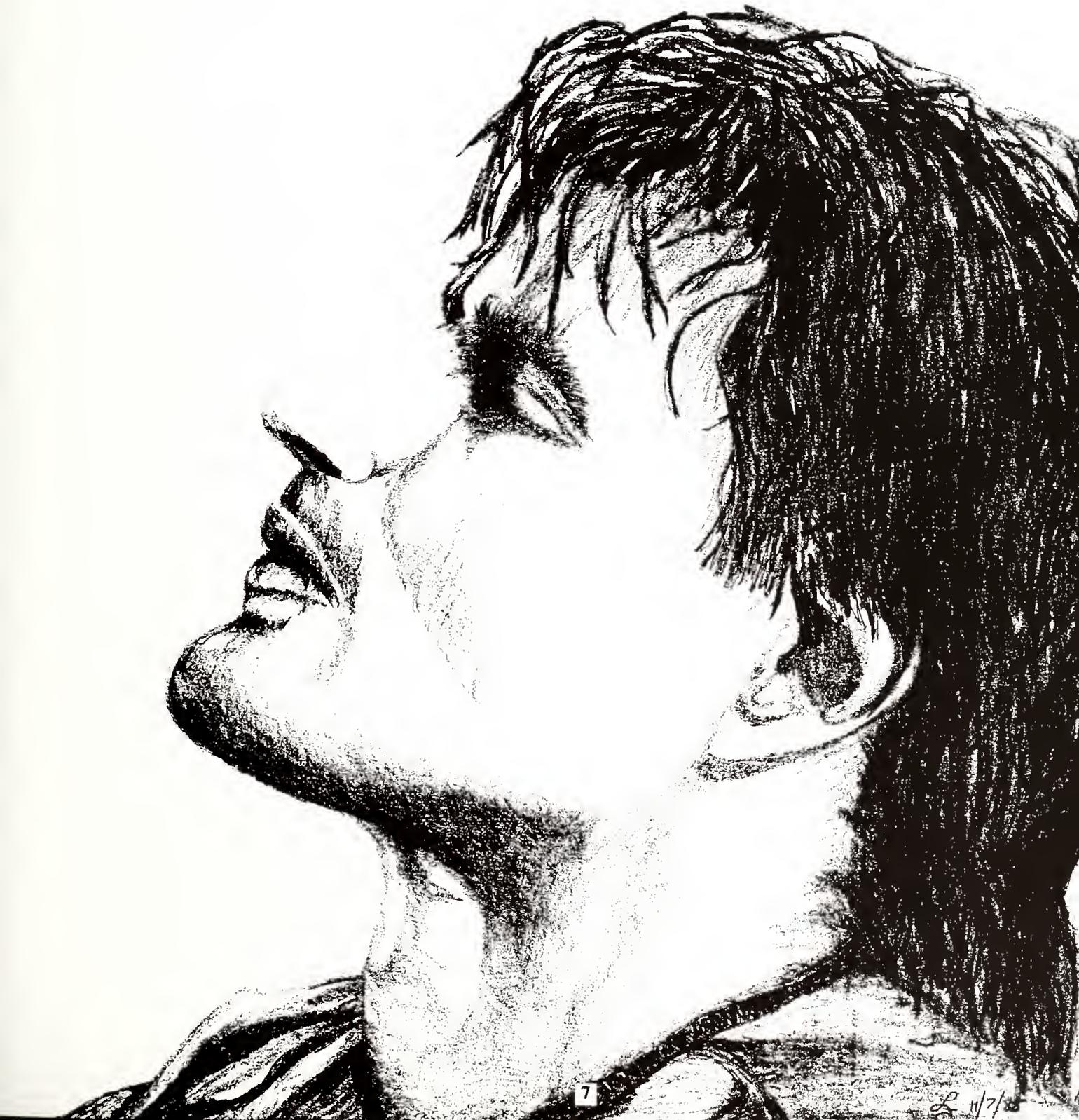
The process of recovering bodies from a mass grave was slow. The back hoe operator would gingerly dig away a layer of dirt with his bucket; then the other soldiers would jump into the trench and feel through the loose dirt for bodies. When a body was located, the soldiers would uncover it and lift the stiff, rancid, dirt-encrusted corpse out of the temporary grave. As the number of recovered dead Cuban and Grenadian-*People's Revolutionary Army* soldiers began to add up beside the mass grave, an offending thing happened: a Caucasian female was found in the grave. Her condition was shocking. She was nude with her hands tied behind her back; her feet were tied together, and there was a short rope tied from her hands to her feet. A single bullet hole through her temple attested to the way she had died. A feeling of rage came over the American soldiers as they wondered what the Cubans had done to the woman in her last moments of life. The anger carried over to their work as the Americans began to throw the dead enemy soldiers forcefully from the grave.

Cuban Embassy personnel were on hand; they began to protest the harsh treatment of their fallen soldiers. No sooner had the protest been registered when the back hoe operator slipped and hit the wrong control lever, causing the bucket to dig into the soft earth: there it cut a lifeless Cuban in half just above the waist. The Cuban Embassy personnel were in a rage and swore to file a formal complaint against the United States government. Once all the bodies were recovered from the mass graves, they were processed and handed over to Cuban officials.

Next the soldiers faced yet a harsher task. Their next mission was recovery of dead enemy soldiers that had been lying in the hot tropical sun for almost two weeks. The enemy bodies in the open were scattered throughout the island but were as easy to find as the trench graves. The soldiers watched for circling birds or simply used their noses to follow the stench of death to locate bodies. The bodies in the open were in much worse shape than the ones in trench graves and required greater preparation by American soldiers before the bodies could be recovered. The Americans had to psych themselves up and wear bandanas over their faces to help cut the ghastly stench. The bodies in the open were rapidly decomposing. Some had swollen and popped where the bullets had entered their bodies and most had had their eyes picked out by birds and other small animals. When the soldiers attempted to recover the first dead body in the open, they were unaware of its fragile condition. As the soldiers attempted to lift the corpse into a body bag, the corpse fell apart. A leg popped off in one soldier's hands; an arm did the same in another's. It was not a job for the weak to be doing. When all the bodies in the open were recovered, they were but pieces in body bags. The mission was fully accomplished. The soldiers would never be the same again as they loaded into the plane for the trip home.

The final count of dead enemy soldiers was twenty-five Cubans and forty-five Grenadian *People's Revolutionary Army* personnel. Only time will help to erase the memory the soldiers have of the seventy corpses they recovered. A long time, perhaps even a lifetime.

*Master Visonary*, pencil drawing  
Laura Flowers, Marketing & Retailing



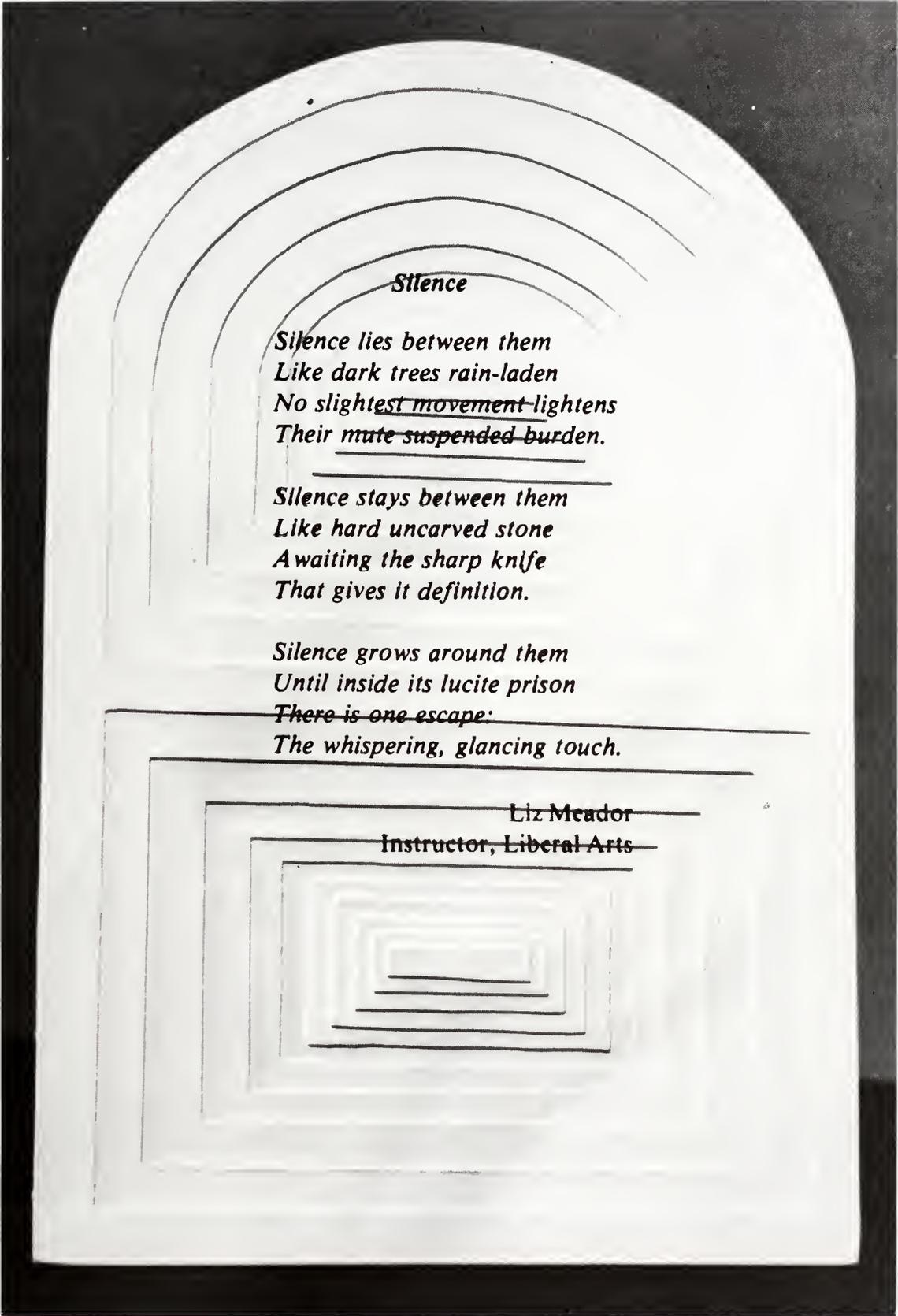
*Morsel for Thought*

To be a snail. Carry along my home, never a need to cough up rent  
Unhurried, loaf along, worry not of how the day is spent  
More wise than tu-whit tu-whoo, slide by to tummy tickled content.  
Easygoing, nonchalant, no place for a migraine ache  
Just pokin' along, singin' my song, chockfull of green grass cake  
Whole world is one rerun of continuous slo-mo  
Only one thing would get me SPASTIC! and that's ESCARGOT

Don Smith  
College Transfer—Pre-Engineering



*At A Snail's Pace*, linocut, Sally Spring, College Transfer



*Silence*

*Silence lies between them  
Like dark trees rain-laden  
No slightest ~~movement~~ lightens  
Their ~~mute suspended~~ burden.*

*Silence stays between them  
Like hard uncarved stone  
Awaiting the sharp knife  
That gives it definition.*

*Silence grows around them  
Until inside its lucite prison  
There is one escape:  
The whispering, glancing touch.*

*Liz Meador  
Instructor, Liberal Arts*

*Tranquil Passages, relief, Jerry Spenser, College Transfer*

## THE OLD LOG CABIN

by Sarah Gregory

College Transfer

Abbeville, Georgia could best be described as almost nowhere. Nestled between two much larger cities, Abbeville is virtually unnoticed by travelers; therefore, few have seen the beautifully preserved cotton plantations and slave trading centers that are a big part of the history of Georgia. Abbeville's unpopular topography of red clay earth splattered with white flint rocks contributes to the small population. Industry is reluctant to settle here and the younger generation flee to larger cities in search of better job opportunities and a better way of life; thus the larger percent of the population is old timers; this in turn contributes to the low crime rate in Abbeville. In this quiet little town sits an old log cabin where my great aunt still dwells. This cabin is a monument to the younger generations of my family. The simplicity overwhelms all of us. Here, time seems to stand still.

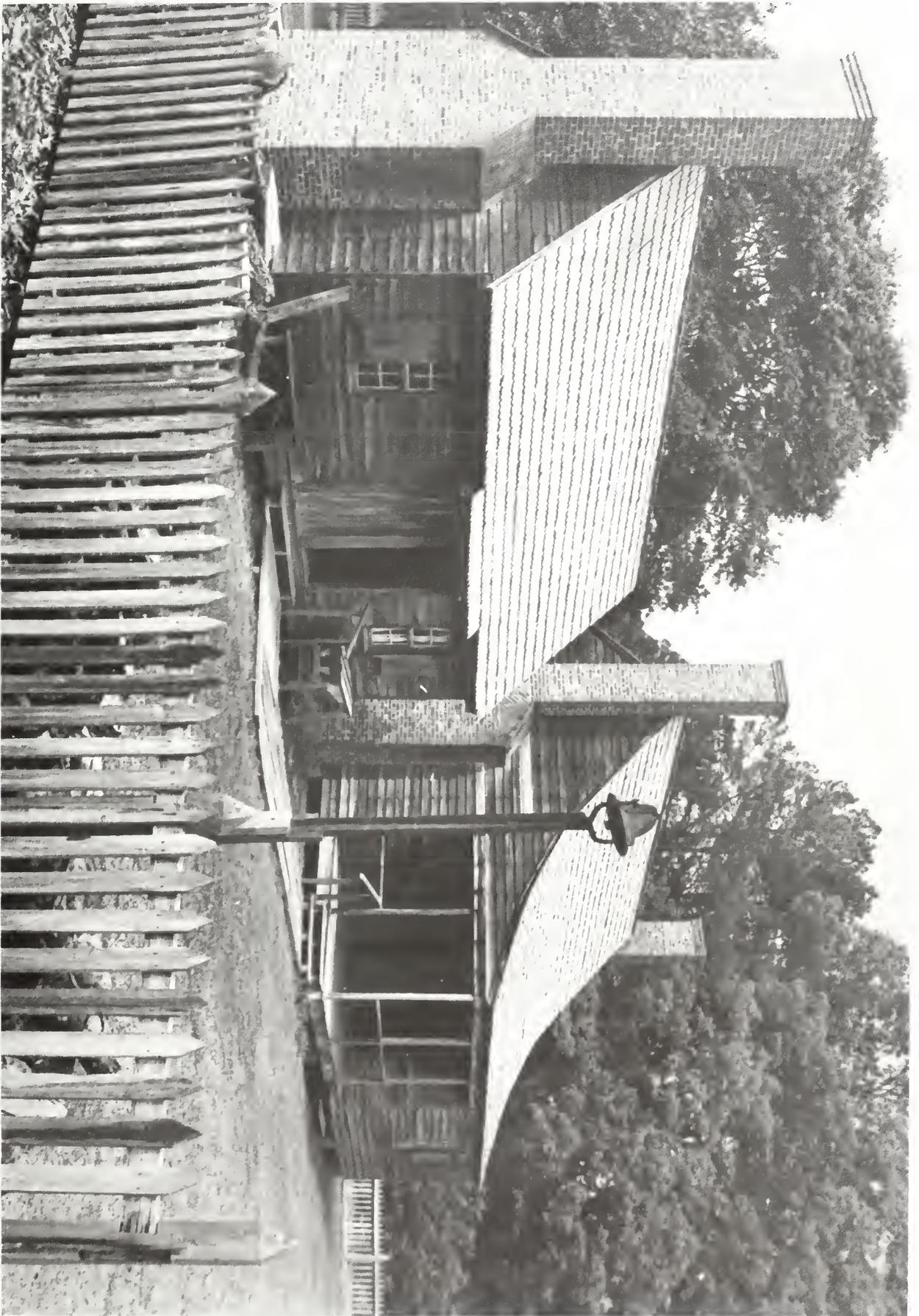
The cabin sits on one and a half acres of grass-free, red clay earth. Standing close to the cabin are gigantic oak and walnut trees which seem to protect the cabin as warriors protect a precious treasure. The walnut trees bear plenty of nuts to share with all the kinfolk. There are two fig trees in the front yard from which come the sweetest figs ever tasted. Aunt Mat collects the figs and makes preserves that are out of this world. In the backyard stands an old outhouse; or as Aunt Mat called it, a *privy*. Not quite six feet in height, it is made of eight, twelve-inch wide plank boards, two on each side and two for the door. The top of the outhouse is covered with tin. Inside, the wooden bench-like seat reaches from one side to the other and has a hole carved in the center to sit over. There is no light in the outhouse, so a candle is used if necessary. Dominating the backyard is a smoke-house where all the cured meat is kept. On the floor of the smoke-house are bushels of sweet potatoes waiting to be used for pies. Walnuts are scattered here and there from our picking them up in the yard and just tossing them in the door. In the front yard is the well made of white flint rocks. The pump handle is made of heavy steel. On the side of the well hang two dippers; one is made of gourd and one of metal. From the well comes the coolest, clearest, best-tasting water anywhere.

The cabin is made of large oak logs held together with homemade mortar of red clay and cement mixture. Wooden pegs connect the logs in the corners. No nails are used. A tin roof covers the cabin and even though the tin is rusty and sagging, it still doesn't leak. The

squirrels have made their home in the attic of the cabin. Sometimes, while trying to sleep, you will hear the squirrels rolling nuts across the floor of the attic. In the fall of the year the squirrels stock up on nuts for winter and store them in the attic; this can make for sleepless nights for light sleepers. The squirrels aren't the only noise makers. The oak and walnut trees dropping their nuts on the tin roof sound like World War II all over again. But oh! how we love to hear the rain; this makes for the best sleep of all. Two rain barrels sit off each end of the back porch. The water collected in them is used for washing clothes and bathing. A big round metal wash pan stands on the porch to bathe in. Beside the door on the porch which leads into the kitchen, there are two homemade brooms. One broom is made of a cane pole and corn shucks, and the other is made of a cane pole and wheat straw. They are tied together carefully with bailing wire and twine. The door that the brooms rest beside opens up into a wonderland of antiques and old stuff.

The kitchen door opens with a creak and the first thing one sees is an old wood cook stove. Black as night and made of cast iron, it looks like a locomotive. Above the stove are shelves of mismatched dishes and mason jars. Just off the kitchen is the living room. Kerosene lamps line the fireplace mantel. Oak wood pops and crackles as it is burning and puts off a golden glow that lights the room. There are pictures of ancestors who have long since died. The picture frames are handmade of wood, and the convex glass is cloudy and scratched. The adjacent bedroom is full of hand-stitched items. The quilts on the beds are made from scraps of material left from making a dress or curtains. They create an array of brightly colored squares, triangles, rectangles, and star shapes. The linens on the beds have embroidered edges and some pillow cases are embroidered all over. Under these linens and quilts are soft mattresses made from the feathers of geese. All of these things make for a sleep uncomparably to any you've experienced. The family treasures all of these things and the way these things make us feel. To refresh our memory takes only a short visit. But what will we do when we can no longer visit?

Time and elements are taking their toll on the old log cabin and Aunt Mat. We take many pictures each time we visit and compare them to ones we have taken over the years. We feel a great sense of sorrow to think that one day all we may have left are the pictures to remind us of such a wonderful place.



*Aycock Birthplace, Malcolm Shearin, Media Department*

*A Lonely Housewife's Dream*

I long for a man  
I can talk to,  
Who will listen and talk with me,  
not at me.  
One who has the same goals in life as I.  
One with confidence in himself.  
One who is carefree like me.  
One who has a passionate  
and loving heart.

Is there such a man?  
Will I ever find him?

I guess I'll do the best I can  
to appreciate the one I have.

Sue Barkschat  
College Transfer



*Sleeping Momma*, pencil drawing  
Adrienne Townsend, College Transfer

*Horror*  
*Beadie Wheeler*  
*Business Comptuer Programming*

When I was a young girl about ten years old, I had a horrifying experience. On a warm June day my brother, sister, and I had left the school bus stop for that long walk down the dirt road we lived by. I thought back then the poorer you were, the farther away from the main highway you had to live. As the three of us were coming along our merry way, we noticed our neighbor lying out in his yard. We knew no one was home because Mom had told us that morning that his son and daughter would be chopping tobacco with her across the branch from our house. We rushed up to help him back into his chair on the porch. I can't tell you how horrified and startled I was when we got to him. To his left was a twig about fifteen to twenty inches long and to the right of the twig was a double barreled shot gun. I don't know if I screamed or just froze, but I was one frightened child. There was blood on the porch as well as on the porch wall. His face was pale and distroted; his eyes were staring into the sky. He had committed suicide. A thousand thoughts rushed through my head. His son and daughter had to be told. What about the police, what was I to do? My brother grabbed my hand and the three of us ran for help. It was hard trying to get people to believe us, but when they took a look for themselves they knew we were telling the truth. I will never forget the configuration of his body lying there so helpless on the ground.

*James River Trip*  
*June 1980*  
*Dave Meador, Instructor*  
*Forestry*

**Sunday, 22JN80, 1620 hrs:** It has been a long time since I have laughed for the pure joy of being, but when I hooked that first fish—only a ten inch carp—and felt him tugging my line, I laughed loud and gleefully.

We are camped on the head of Buford Island, perhaps three quarters of a mile below the launch ramp. On a one-to-ten scale I would rate this site as an eight-plus. This site is a bowl, perhaps fifteen feet wide and forty feet long, floored with golfball-to-baseball sized cobbles; it is ringed by young black willows and sycamores, with an entrance facing westward toward a channel of the river. The river itself is a tad low, but it is beautifully clear. The sky is fine and clean, and the breeze is making willow shadows dance across this page. The temperature is 89°F.

The fishing so far has been rather slow. I caught a second, slightly smaller carp and an eleven or twelve inch bass while wading the riffles. The bass hopped off the hook while I was holding it up for Dick to admire. He has a bass the size of mine or a little larger on his stringer. He took it on a fly rod in a land-locked pool on the island. John so far has caught nothing. By the way, John left his boat oars at home; luckily, I brought along two extra.

While they fish and I smoke my pipe and sip a little Jack Daniel, the birds and the river are singing a fine duet.

**1940 hrs:** Dick added two bluegills to his string, John had one or two bream, and I caught nothing more—we are doctoring up some canned beef stew for supper.

John has drunk half a fifth of scotch already; now he is sleeping flat on his back on his air mattress, with his arms crossed corpse-fashion. Dick and I want to put some yarrow flowers in his hands and set him adrift on the river. God rest his soul!

I had three lures stuck in my hat band, and now the small yellow beetle-spin is gone. To be sure, the river gives and, as impersonally, the river takes away. So be it!

There are deer tracks all over this island. I thought I saw the critter a couple of hours ago while gathering firewood.

There is a scattering of black locust growing here and a little river birch. I have often wondered why birch is so scarce up this way. A water grass growing in swift water shallows here has a pretty six-petaled yellow flower, and the purple orchid-like flowers on vertical grass stems grow all around the edges of the island. There is plenty of ash, willow, and sycamore.

**2315 hrs:** 66°F. River driftwood makes a cheery fire. It is good to hear a whippoorwill again, and those bullfrogs sound in good voice. A river is a fine place to be. . .

**Monday, 23JN80, 1045 hrs:** Last night was downright chilly but very clear. We arose around 0745 and had a leisurely breakfast of French toast, bacon, and coffee, and got on the river at 1000. No one has caught any fish yet, but according to John's topo map we have only a three mile run today—there is plenty of time to catch our supper.

I wish I remembered my minerology better. The variety of rock color, pattern, texture, and structure on the island is truly amazing.

It is a fine day and promises to be hot as blazes.

**1805 hrs:** Camp is now set up on a promontory jutting out of the north bank of the river about a half mile above Dog Island. The sky had looked threatening all afternoon, and just as we began to explore this wooded sandspit, it began sprinkling light and easy. John really did not favor camping here, but the rain settled the matter. We pitched the tent under a nice overstory of sycamore, river birch, and black willow, with some box-elder nearby.

After some perfunctory casts with his spinning rod, John sacked out on his air mattress on the beach as the shower blew out. Dick poured himself some George Dickel, and I stripped down and soaped in the river. Then a real frog choker of a rain whirled in. We scrambled all the wettable stuff into the tent while John snoozed on. We thought he might drown, but he finally woke up and moved his gear inside. He is still asleep.

Dick found a tomato plant growing while we were scrounging firewood. There are a lot of crosstie pieces here, and there seems to be plenty of other firewood as well. If there are no mosquitoes from this gut between us and the mainland tonight, this could well be ranked a number nine campsite. The river flows strong, deep, and clear past here.

The rain quit about an hour ago and the sky has lightened somewhat. The sun is peeping shyly from the west. A blue-gray mist is hanging over the river and the varied green of the trees on the other bank. This is home. . .

The fishing has been much like that of yesterday: small bass and small bluegills, and precious few of either. Dick has some green pepper and onions simmering over the fire; the rice will go in directly, and the two bluegills we kept.

It is 76°F at 1810.

**2230 hrs:** Dick's rice was good! He and John have bathed, and now we are solving world problems.

Judging by the sound, the river is rising. Dick is cat-fishing off the point; when he comes back with my light, I'll check our river gauge.

**2330 hrs:** The stick does not show a rise in water level—the river's voice does change. Dick had some hits but has no fish to show.

The sky is clear now, and there is heavy mist downriver. The coal Dick and I found while supper was cooking is burned away. We found perhaps a gallon jug full of mostly hen-egg size pieces. It is strange to smell coal smoke on the river.

The fire is prime, this pipe is doing well—now for some J. Daniel.

It is 68°F.

**Tuesday, 24JN80, 2105 hrs:** Ha! Up at 0900; on the river at 1100; pass Howardsville bridge at 1500; make camp just above ferries at 1730.

While breakfasting on hard-boiled eggs and coffee we saw a muskrat. All down the river we have seen beaver sign, and at all three campsites we have seen deer tracks and coon tracks. Fishing has been pretty slack. John caught a nice fourteen inch smallmouth and a bluegill; Dick caught one bluegill; and I got skunked. We cooked a fish stew for supper, which turned out very well.

John checked Dog Island as we drifted by and reported that it is still a habitable campsite. The center passage at Dog Island is impassable; Dick and I made the north run right easily, and John ran the south course with no sweat.

The river has been glass clear—too clear for good fishing according to the two locals we spoke to on the bank this afternoon. We have seen three other boats this trip—all on Sunday—and no one was catching fish worth talking about.

The river had fallen about four inches by the time we got up this morning, and it seems to have risen an inch or so since we made camp. The sky was sullen most of the day, and soon after making land this afternoon, a light rain began which lasted off and on for maybe an hour and a half. We pitched the tent on a high gravel

head, and the moon is trying to break through the cloud cover now.

A half hour below Howardsville, Dick and I investigated a camp on the north bank. Stairs led up the bank from a floating pier and swing-rope to a park-like area with a picnic shelter, three portable outhouses, a canoe trailer, and a pig cooker. John said he thought he spied a tree house from the river. Someone had a small travel trailer parked on the area.

This campsite is attached to the north bank, as was last night's site. Access to free-flowing water is not as good as it might be, but otherwise it is an excellent spot. It is a high gravel bank with some sand. Firewood is plentiful, and Dick and I found a little coal. We have all degreased ourselves in the river. Now, if the stars can break through . . .

There have been whole squadrons of lightning bugs this trip. The tree line fairly sparkles with them.

The C & O railroad has been busy these three days up and down the north bank.

**Wednesday, 25JN80, 2200 hrs, at Barnett Manor:** What a day! We arose to a high slate overcast at 0840. John slept in the tent all night, but Dick and I bunked down on the gravel bar. Again, the variety of rock was marvelous. I never saw the critter, but until I fell asleep last night some monstrous fish repeatedly leapt from the water to fall back with a mighty crash.

After a corned beef trash and oatmeal breakfast, we hit the river just before 1100. About an hour later, running the north chute past Monument Island, Dick and I capsized! It was our fault for being careless. It is a right brisk run with a lot of chop, and I was sitting in the stern and Dick was sitting on the ammo cans in the bow—we should have been kneeling. We sideswiped a submerged rock, and it was all over! The ol' James can be rough on foolish canoeists. The canoe made a ninety degree roll to starboard, dumping us out. Some gear was swept downstream, but John, who had run the south chute safely, was there to fish the stuff out. As he jumped overboard in the shallows to rescue the gear, he stove the toe on his left foot on a rock; the toe is discolored and sore now. Somehow, in the scramble I cracked my left knee on something. It is sore as hell, and I am limping like a combat veteran.

We pulled up on the island to bail out and tally our losses. Because of John's efforts we were fortunate. Dick lost his cap and his Coleman water jug; I lost my plastic coffee cup and a hank of polypropylene rope. In the wreckage, both fishing lines snapped and we lost our lures. It certainly could have been much worse. Of course, everything got soaked, but the only significant



*The One That Didn't Get Away, linocut, John Kennedy, College Transfer*

problem will probably prove to be the waterlogged first aid supplies.

To commemorate the event, John polished off his Grand MacNish and left the bottle hanging in a birch. I followed suit with my Jack Daniel. The island has been restored by the river and once again would be a respectable campsite. The monument is still to be seen among the trees high on the north hill.

Within forty-five minutes we were back on the river. We found Dick's water jug caught in some weeds on the south bank a mile or two below the island. Hatten's Ferry is no longer in operation, but when we passed Warren's Ferry at 1430, the ferryboat and a black, hardhatted attendant were still there. We ate lunch a couple hundred yards below the ferry. The attendant was throwing sticks into the river for his dog, and then two couples walked out onto the ferryboat.

The last real rapids above Scottsville are just above Warren's Ferry. Dick and I chanced the south bank and had to line down a short run. John shot a clean sluice down the north bank with no trouble.

Rock Island, below Warren's Ferry, is impressive to look at, being a vertical slab of rock perhaps forty feet tall; but it does not offer a decent campsite.

It was cloudy and cool all day, with occasional light

sprinkles of rain. The fishing was poor: John caught a nice bass, somewhat smaller than that of yesterday; I caught two nice bluegills, the largest of the trip. We released the fish at Scottsville landing, which we reached at 1700.

The truck was safe and sound. After loading our gear, we bought some beer; by 1930 we were back at John's house.

The river was low—after a brief, curious rise late last night—it had fallen three or four inches by morning. The water was as clear as it ever will be—and the fishing was just about as poor. We saw squirrels and a muskrat while on the river and several groundhogs on the way home.

Silver maple is the most abundant tree on that stretch of river, with green ash and sycamore coming close behind. There is a lot of black willow and more river birch than I was aware of. I was surprised yesterday afternoon to find catalpa blooming at our camp. This is the first time I have noticed black locust growing on some islands—we had some at last night's camp.

So ends another trip. We are battered, sore, and sunburned; but I, for one, am content. The sound and smell and color of the river is home, and home is where the heart is.

## DUSTDEVIL

Dry leaves...sumac,  
hickory...and sand fly  
on the wind. Over,  
over, leaves tumble  
in dry weeds, twirl up  
and over my feet,  
my head. Wind spins  
rolling leaves like  
bared souls, whirls them  
windershins  
through bent trees.  
Wild branches sing down  
the dark wind  
to fling me,  
dry and crumbled,  
against the ground.

*Ree Young*  
*Goldsboro Writers' Group*



*Leaf, photograph, Ben Royal, College Transfer*

## *Simple Treasures*

*In spaces  
between web covered cracks,  
I discovered a simple treasure—  
born of curiosity and necessity.  
Funny I should find it  
lying there—  
tucked away in dark recesses,  
as if undisturbed for centuries,  
pure as spun gold,  
crouched undisclosed words.*

Herbie Capps  
Goldsboro Writers' Group

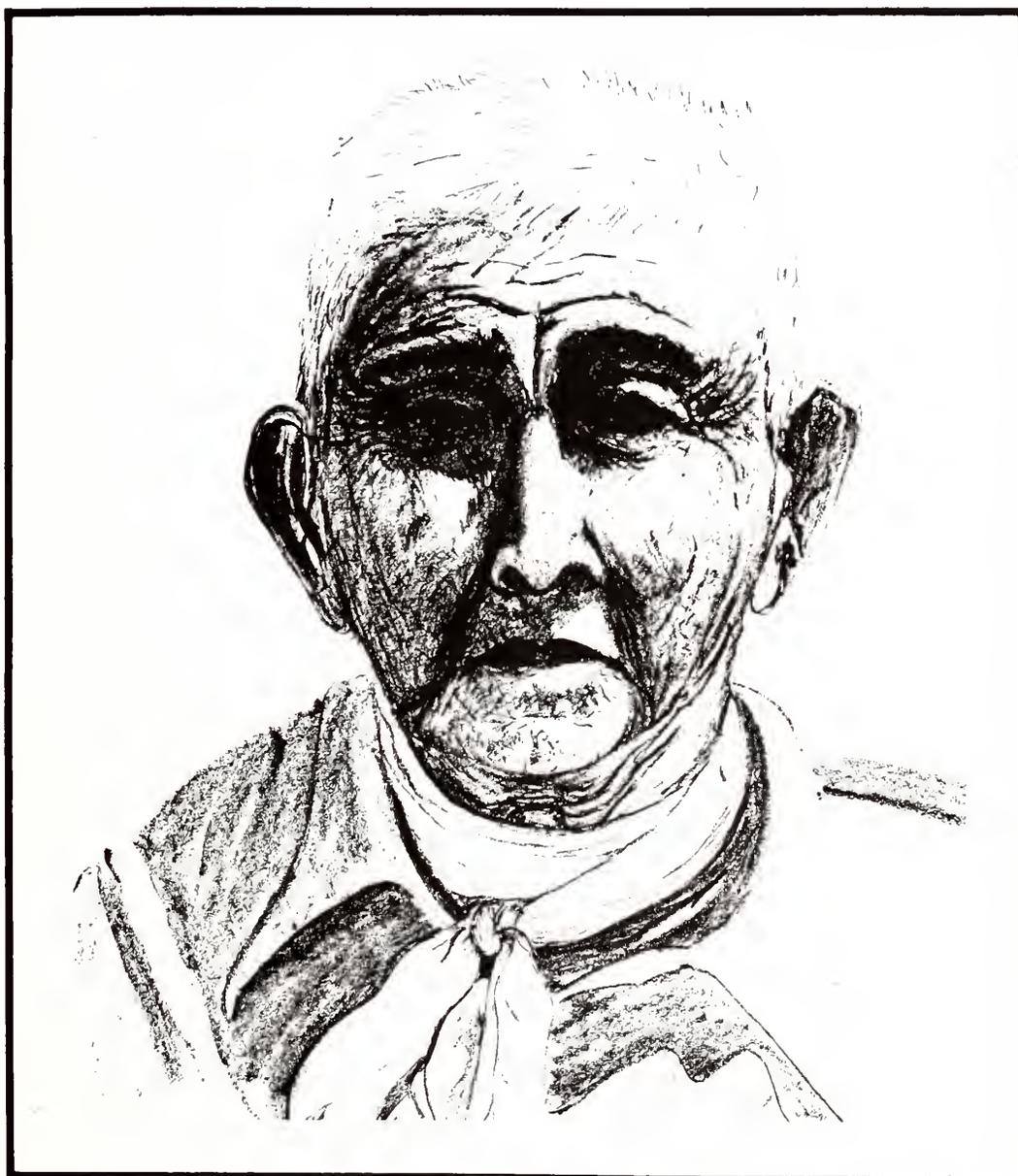


***Shells, photograph, Ben Royal, College Transfer***

*Getting Old*  
*Beadie Wheeler*  
*Business Computer Programming*

Getting old isn't bad. People seem to get a little mellow as time passes, but I really never thought about it when I was younger. I thought I might stay young and time would pass me by. Then, one day I started looking at the younger generation and behold, my whole life had passed me by. The young people were so young, I could not guess their age. To me that was a sure sign of getting older. These young people were saying "Yes, Ma'am" to me. Me of all people having someone saying that to me! My goodness, how time had passed. I expected to grow old, not have age placed on

me all at once. The gray hair wasn't so bad because I had had it since I was in my teens, but it wasn't quite as gray then. With more aches and pains and some loss of memory, I knew something was happening to me to change my life style. I took a closer look at me. Was that person in the mirror really me? Had I changed that much in the past forty or so years? The more I thought about this, the more I knew depression was sure to set in; therefore, I had to do something with my life. I made a choice of going back to school, and now I am a freshman at Wayne Community College.



*Old Jim, pencil*  
Chuck Schremp, College Transfer

*On Mark Shelton, Playing "Caprice Valsant"*

Rosalyn Lomax in collaboration  
English 152 students, Spring 1985

What a strange and serious young man  
Gazing intently away from his audience,  
Standing aloof from his xylophone,  
Keeping an embarrassed distance,  
Hardly glancing at it,  
Like a bashful boy avoiding his sweetheart's gaze.

Until he nods to his accompanist,  
Pushes up his sleeves,  
Picks up his mallets,  
And surrenders himself to the instrument.

Mallets become marionettes,  
Now darting across the board,  
Cavorting creatures at play,  
Then floating in graceful dance  
As the music mellows.  
Now capricious again,  
The characters chase each other  
To the conclusion of "*Caprice Valsant*."

With the last echo of the rosewood keys,  
The marionettes are merely mallets again  
And their master again the young musician,  
Yet another metamorphosis has ensued.  
He is no longer the loner  
But now the outgoing diplomat  
Graciously receiving his applause,  
Bowing briskly from the waist with a flourish,  
Flinging the blond hair forward,  
Confidently tossing it back,  
Broadening the inevitable smile,  
Basking in mutual delight.

Through the power of performance  
Detachment disappears.  
The musician is now  
One  
Not only with his instrument  
But also with his audience.



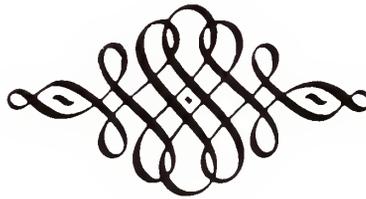
Mark Shelton, percussionist, WCC Visiting Artist 1983-85  
*Photo, Malcolm Shearin, Media Department*

### *Illogic*

Emotion is the pitfall of intellect,  
Having its own sweet little dialect.  
Honey, darling, and sugar too,  
Replaces a man; just who ARE you!  
No way of logic, no, none can exist.  
All the world seen through a cloud of mist.  
Your heart flutters at the sight of her face,  
Your pulse races as if running in place.  
Palms get clammy, you're in a stew,  
It's not love but a case of the flu!

Don Smith

College Transfer—Pre-Engineering



### **TWO-FACED PLUS**

Self-analysis drives me crazy, head against the wall.  
Psychotherapy, can barely pronounce it, the word's ten feet tall!  
Everyone's out to get me, waiting for me to fall.  
But there's so many of me, they can't win, we'll win over them all.  
On Monday I'm George, Tuesday I'm Bill,  
Wednesday I'm John, Thursday I'm Will.  
Friday I'm Sam, Saturday I'm Ezekiel,  
Sunday I'm still trying to rhyme Ezekiel.

Don Smith

College Transfer—Pre-Engineering

NOVEMBER 22, 1963

by Greg Laughinghouse

College Transfer

On November 1, 1963, Lassiter received his private arsenal, a 6.5 Mannlicher-Carcano rifle, at the local post office in downtown Dallas, Texas. He then went to the local gunsmith and had a scope sight mounted on it. When the gunsmith asked his name, Lassiter replied, "Lee Harvey Oswald, O-S-W-A-L-D."

Lassiter and his fellow marksmen met for the last time at the Radison Motel in Dallas on November 21. They discussed their last minute plans about a military-coup staged for the U.S. government that was to occur the next day. The coup's main objective was to overthrow President John Fitzgerald Kennedy by assassination. Among the high brass present at this meeting were the Joint Chief, John Toler; Pentagon official, Mark Jackson; CIA spy, Ben Kominsky; and FBI director, Tom Bush.

Toler hit his gavel and said, "Let this meeting now come to order! Gentlemen, here is a review of our plans from our previous meetings. First, we have to set up our patsy, Lee Harvey Oswald, as the assassin. Lassiter, have you taken care of that?"

"Yes sir, I have," replied Lassiter. "He still thinks he is a part of our organization and has no idea we have singled him out as the lone assassin or that the assassination is going to occur tomorrow. I showed him the rifle I received, similar to his, and he held it. So now I have his finger prints on it!"

"Good work, Lassiter! Secondly, is our communication breakdown plan in its final stage yet, Kominsky?"

"Yes," he replied. "I have three agents working on that. The first agent will steal the code book off the cabinet plane headed for the Vietnam peace conference in Tokyo, Japan. With the code book missing, they won't be able to get info from the Pentagon when they hear about the assassination. The second agent will cause the Dallas Police radio to become stuck on Channel One, so that no info can be transmitted out of the kill site. And the third agent will cause a temporary communication breakdown in the Washington telephone system."

"Good! With the help of Mr. Jackson, that can be covered up easily! Third, here are the following locations and/or duties we have assigned our marksmen stationed in Dealey Plaza: Lassiter, SE 6th floor window of the Texas School Book Depository; The Umbrella Man, visual coordinator and signalman standing next to Stemmons Freeway sign on the north side of Elm St.; Purez, TSBD roof; Mesagne, grassy knoll retaining wall; Jones, Dal-Tex building roof; Bradford, SW TSBD window; and Gomez, manhole on the north side of Elm St., below the grassy knoll."

"The idea is to get six shots off in rapid succession, and make them sound like three shots," replied Jackson. "We want this effect so Oswald will be blamed as a lone nut. The authorities will say he didn't fire any more than three shots because of the short time span."

"And the fourth part of our plan is our means of escape. Mr. Bush, fill us in on that."

"Three men dressed as Secret Service agents will be stationed on the knoll, and one near the TSBD building, with phony Secret Service credentials to help the assassins escape undetected. There is an underground escape passage for Gomez. Then all the assassins will meet at my private airfield, so we can fly out of the country."

"If everyone does his duty this operation will run as smooth as silk. If it does, each one of you will find one million dollars in your own private Swiss bank account. This meeting is adjourned!"

At 12:29 the following day, as President Kennedy's limousine turned onto Elm Street, the Umbrella Man opened his umbrella in the bright sunshine. Lassiter fired and intentionally missed. JFK turned right and then turned forward, thinking he had heard a motorcycle backfire. The Umbrella Man pumped his umbrella, signaling the second shot. Purez fired and hit JFK in the back. Mesagne hit him in the throat. JFK raised his hands toward his throat and lurched forward. His wife, Jackie, turned and saw a quizzical look on his face. Governor John Connally, sitting directly in front of him, knew he had heard gunfire and tried to catch sight of the President. Connally then felt a bullet rip through his back and wrist from Jones' fired weapon. Bradford fired and struck JFK in the back of the head, while Gomez fired almost simultaneously, hitting him in the right temple. JFK's head moved slightly forward and then violently backwards, exploding in a array of blood and brain matter. Jackie screamed, "My God, they've killed my husband! Jack, Jack!" She then crawled madly on the trunk of the car in terror, reaching for a piece of her husband's skull. Clint Hill, a secret service agent, reached the car just in time to push Jackie back into the seat. The Hertz-Rent-A-Car clock on the roof of the TSBD read 12:30.

Cindy Smith, who witnessed the shooting, ran up the grassy knoll with other witnesses, thinking the shots came from there. She ran into what she believed was a secret service agent and told him what she saw. A police officer, encountering another agent on the knoll, asked, "What are you doing up here?" Pulling out his phony credentials he replied, "I'm a Secret Service agent."

In Washington, D.C. the telephone system mysteriously broke down, while in Dallas, a policeman tried to use his police radio mike which was jammed on Channel One. Over the Pacific, a cabinet official receiving the first reports of the assassination reached for his code book so he could contact the Pentagon. But he discovered it was missing.

Frantically, the assassins escaped knowing they had done their job. Lassiter hid his rifle behind some boxes on the 6th floor of the TSBD where Oswald worked. Oswald left the building because he knew he would not be working any more that day. He headed home and then to the Texas Theater. A witness saw Lassiter, Oswald's look-a-like, hurriedly leave the TSBD and gave a description to the police.

Within moments, the description was broadcast on the radio. The ticket taker at the theater called the police after someone fitting the suspect's description entered the theater. The police arrested Oswald, a victim of mistaken identity, and charged him with the assassination.

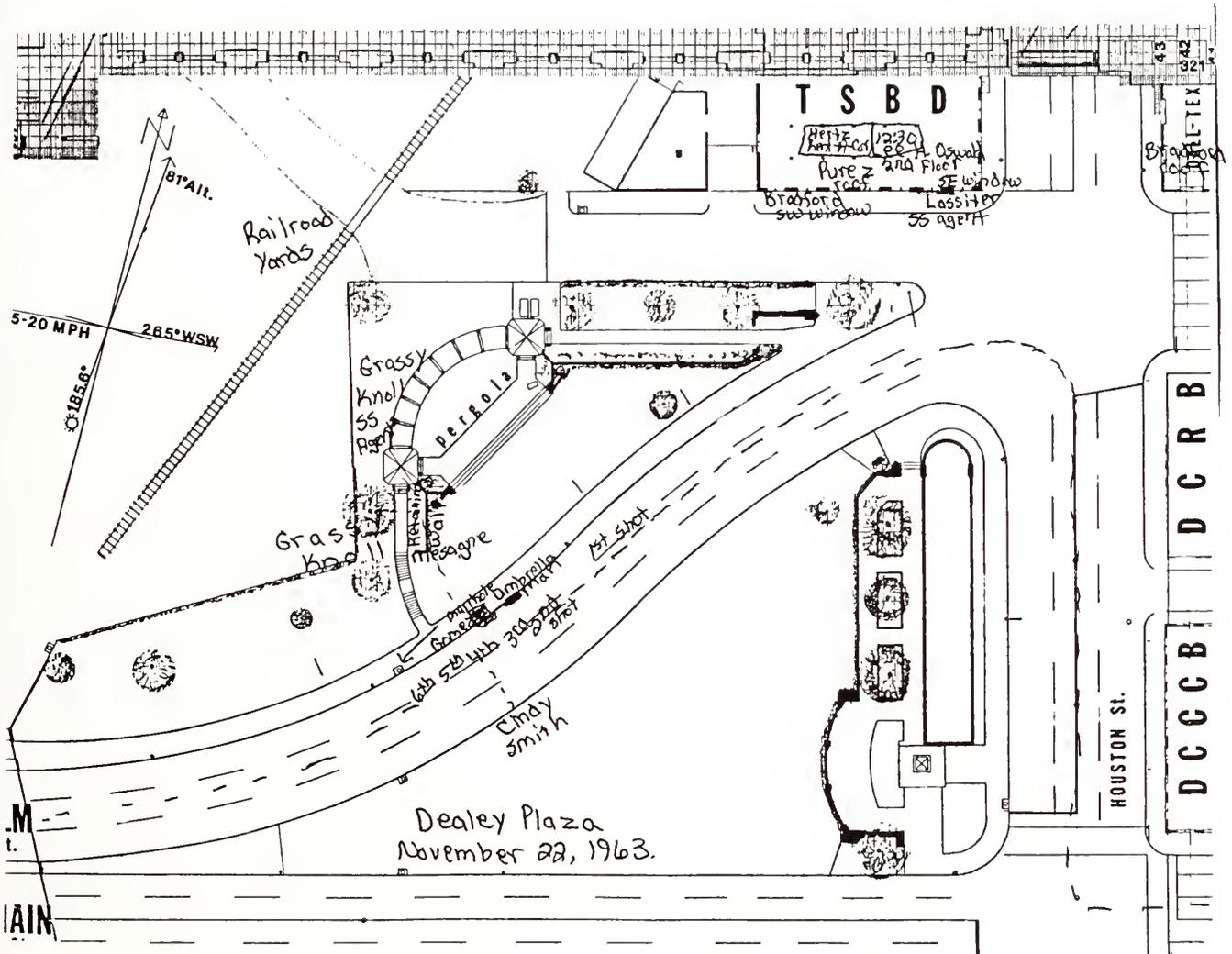
By then, Lassiter and the other assassins were heading out of the country with a sense of ease, knowing they had accomplished their goal. They began to realize what they had done—that they had overthrown their government by assassinating their President. Lassiter, seeing a piece of paper on the floor, picked it up and began to read with his New England accent:

“We in this country in this generation are by destiny rather than choice the watchmen on the walls of freedom.”

We ask therefore that we may be worthy of our power and responsibility that we may exercise our strength with wisdom and restraint.

As was written long ago: ‘Except the lord keep the city, the watchmen waketh in vain!’”

The words were from the speech Kennedy would have given at the Trade Mart in Dallas had he lived. A sense of remorse filled Lassiter as he read, for these were his own beliefs and ideals. Yet he had killed them in six seconds of horror!





*No Matter How Long It Takes*

*Mind . . . over matter*

*Matter . . . doesn't mind*

*. . . . . It'll even hold the ladder*

**Tom Drew  
Goldsboro Writers' Group**

*Ladder, paper design, Wilma Troublefield, College Transfer*

*The Orphan*  
Lewis Cornwall  
College Transfer

I was one of a small group of GIs from Osan AB, Korea, who had driven out to visit the kids at an orphanage. It was my first trip off-base since my arrival and I was eager to see what lay outside the walls of the base.

There must have been fifty or more of them. They crushed around us, laughing and dancing and jumping as though we were each a Santa Claus for whom they had been waiting all year.

They were all ages, from about three or four on up to the middle teens. At first glance these kids all looked alike to my bigoted, Western eyes. Oh, you could tell the girls from the boys: the girls all had bangs and the boys were burr-heads, trimmed as close as Camp Lejeune recruits. It was just that they all looked so.... foreign.

I didn't notice him among the others. He was too small. I felt someone grab a couple of my fingers and when I looked down all I could see was the top of a little head. He chose me. He wouldn't look up but kept his head firmly down as though he feared that the sight of his face might somehow drive me away.

He was wearing some sort of cut-off shorts and a worn tank-top with a pale, faded picture of Mickey Mouse on it. He had a runny nose and a big gap in his mouth where baby teeth had been. His haircut was so short that the bumps of his skull stood out like the hills the orphanage sat on. I decided later the short hair not only made louse control easier in the close confines in which they lived, but it was also the sort of trim that would be hard for even the most inexperienced child to botch-up while acting as barber for another.

I couldn't speak Korean and I'm not sure he could either. I never heard him utter even one word, but I believe I understood what he was telling me through the ferocity of his grasp.

In his free hand he was clutching the broken remains of a wooden Fisher-Price toy, one of those push toys with a round cage full of wooden balls which rattle when you roll it on the floor with its long handle. All he had was the round cage and balls, the paint long faded and worn away, but he held it as if it were the greatest treasure in the world. I'm sure that had he let it out of his hands for only an instant, someone else would have claimed it and he would have been without. Again.

We were shown about the orphanage grounds and he trotted beside me everywhere, never loosening his grip on my fingers. I was fascinated by everything I saw. It was all strange and different in this place, different from anything my small-town, farm-boy life had prepared me to understand.

The scene was appallingly bad. The living conditions were a study in desolation. Everything was bleak and bare: raw concrete buildings without paint; hard, wooden bunks without mattresses; cold, bare wooden floors. The very atmosphere reeked of despair; it was a world nearly devoid of color. Everywhere there was the cold cheerlessness of dun brown and weather-beaten gray. There were no trees, and grass had long ago been trampled to dust.

We reeled from the aroma rising from a privy so proudly displayed by our guide, the privy being the latest gift built by compassionate GIs. The odor was slightly masked by light applications of lime. The orphans couldn't afford to be too generous with the lime as their supply was dependent on the continuing generosity of the GIs.

The kitchen was a lean-to covering three crude, adobe-looking ovens atop which sat rusty stoves carved from 55 gallon drums, all fired by charcoal which came in the form of huge, coffee-can size blocks. The sickly-sweet smell of burning charcoal added to the stench which assaulted our nostrils.

I had my camera along, and I was excited about trying to capture the essence of the overwhelming barrage of images that confronted me. My new partner was not keen on the idea. He refused to relinquish my hand. Without being able to talk to him, I was having trouble explaining what I wanted to do. He seemed not to understand what a camera was or what it did.

I tried to pantomime taking photos, but he continued to cling mutely to my fingers, shaking his head with a pout as if he were the adult admonishing me, the child. Finally my plight was noticed by one of the older children who, being eager to have his picture taken, wrested the boy away and called to the others, who immediately joined in a rowdy, milling group in front of me, hamming wildly for their picture to be taken.

The little boy stood off to the side, head down, disdainful and adamant in his rejection of my attempts to get him to join the picture group. I was frustrated at my inability to communicate with him. I was beginning to miss his little fingers on mine, but he seemed reluctant to join me. He had been deserted by me for something he didn't understand and he looked as though he were resigned to his abandonment: another putdown in a young lifetime already filled with rejection. If only we could talk.

It was quite some time later, after he had seen that the other children enjoyed the picture-taking, that he held his head up and, still without a smile, let me take his picture, the toy hugged tight to his belly.

For a time the men and children played some simple games in the dusty yard. A string tied between a clothes pole and a shed served for a volleyball net. Smaller children scurried about, trying to explain a kind of local kick-ball game to the men through sign language and Pidgin English. Other little ones played hide-and-seek, squealing their delight whenever they found one of the men who had purposely not hidden himself too well behind a hut or under the cook shed.

My little friend didn't join in. It was as though he was too old for such childish gaiety and found it beneath him to engage in mere games. As I moved here and there taking pictures, he stood solemnly to the side, always clutching his toy, never smiling, never yelling or cheering, never jumping with the joy of childhood, as if in all his life he had never learned to laugh.

We left not long after. We'd brought along some fruit we had wheedled out of an old mess sergeant, and after the children had all gotten an apple or an orange, it was time to go. While the other men were busy with good-bye hugs, my little friend shook hands with me as seriously as a banker.

Leaving wasn't to be as easy as our arrival. We had to climb up into our truck through all the kids clamoring and yelling and jumping and screaming good-byes. We waved and blew kisses all around. Just as we started to move, I looked down and there he was right by the corner of the bumper, his nose still runny, the toy cage crushed tight in both arms, huge tears rolling down his cheeks.

I had acquired a lump in my throat. Suddenly I was having difficulty seeing clearly. The whole world had gone blurry and I couldn't stop my tears. There was a terrible pressure on my chest. I was trying to hide my tears, but they rolled out unchecked. Maybe some of the other men had the same problem; I don't know. We were far down the road towards the base before I could see well enough to be aware of the countryside we traveled through.

I returned to that orphanage many times in the following year. My little friend found my hand to hold every time I went.

He never smiled.

I never knew his name.



*Child, pencil, Johnnice Woodard, College Transfer*

### *Plowboy*

Backs bend. Sunburnt men in Red Camel overalls  
supplicate King Tobacco. The field stretches  
long row after row unending. Men nurse backs  
sore from bending, curse contumacious mules  
that chafe in leather collars, think of  
translating this year's crop into silver  
dollars. A plowboy of sixteen summers hears  
the whispered murmurs of ladies who trade  
their flesh for coins. A fire leaps in his loins.  
Plowboy points his second-hand Ford toward  
the fleshpot, Fedville town. He swaps gears,  
presses the gas pedal down, delights in the  
squeal of the spinning, barking wheel.  
Plowboy puffs on a cheap cigar, keeps time  
with the music in his car. Crushes an empty  
beer can like an eggshell in one hand. Plucks  
off his perfect attendance Sunday School  
pin. He won't need that to get in.  
This night, like Adam, he'll bite the apple.  
Yet each time before reaching the temple  
of the scarlet ladies his heat peters out.  
Protestant platitudes take precedence  
and testicle-less testament teachers,  
fire in their mouths, not in their loins,  
pound on the podium and warn  
"A whore is a deep ditch, son."

Eddie Ray Williams  
Goldsboro Writers' Group



*The Forgotten Breed,*  
pencil, Bonnie Bell  
College Transfer

## **BODY**

*For the time being  
it holds me tight  
as spooled thread,  
skin marking age  
like watered silk.  
Joints dried hollow,  
bird bones flaked  
at their tips.  
Quill and cloth,  
it's styled to fit  
no one else.  
I would not trade  
It holds me only  
for the time being.*

*Ree Young  
Goldboro Writers' Group*

## OUCH!

Robert Van Meir  
College Transfer

There comes a time in men's lives—women's too—when they have to search their souls for an answer to an important question. My life is no different, but the events that followed my decision were. Every time I put my earring in, I still recall the day I had my ear pierced.

I awoke one Saturday not feeling like a rebel or a rock star. It was just a plain day and I had nothing to do. Then all of a sudden I had a strange desire to get my ear pierced. I had seen an ad for *St. Elmo's Fire* on the set. I really liked the way Rob Lowe's earring looked. When the video for the song "Shout" came on, lo and behold the singers had earrings. The idea began to grow. I started to see myself with an earring, thinking of myself as fashionable.

I was awakened from my daydream by the doorbell. I jumped up to answer it. My good friend Don was there. "What's up, cool breeze?" he asked.

"Nothing much, just thinking," was my answer.

"Oh, no! what are you up to? I see that look in your eyes."

"What do you think of an earring?"

"Oh, no, you're not going to get one. Only faggots or punks wear them damn things."

It was quiet for a while; then Don broke out with, "O.K., I'll get one if you do."

That's the last sentence he spoke because before he or I knew what happened, we were in my car speeding toward the mall. I knew that before I had it done I would have to tell my mother. I changed my course and headed to my parents' food store. I ran in to where my mom was sitting. Don followed close behind.

"Mother," I said in a low, quiet voice, "I'm going to get an earring."

Her face flushed; she said, "Why, you're not a rock star, and besides, this is a small town." She could see in my face that my mind was made up, so she changed her tone. "Okay, I guess if Rick Springfield has one then you can have one too."

So Don and I resumed our trip to the mall; once there a dead silence overcame us. We looked at each other with blank, stupid stares. The walk from the car to the entrance of the mall seemed like miles. I looked at Don and said, "Well, buddy, do you really want to go through with it?"

"If you do," was his answer.

So we walked to The Pierced Ear to have it done. We walked past it and kept on going.

"That was close," I said.

"Yeah."

"Well, we came all this way to have it done and I'm not going to wimp out, Don, so let's do it."

So once again we walked to The Pierced Ear and we did this for two hours. Finally I led Don to The Pierced Ear like a man possessed. Feeling like fish out of water, we walked into the place.

"May I help you?" the lady asked.

"Uh, well, you see, uh, I was. . . kind of thinking of a. . . uh. . . an earring." Each word froze in my throat.

"For your Mother or girlfriend?"

"Well, if. . . uh. . . kind of well. . . for me and my friend here." I grabbed Don and threw him in front of me as a shield.

Don screamed. "Him first!" and threw me into the chair.

"Well, if you two are going to have it done, I suggest you do it now!" she snapped at us.

I talked to Don for a few minutes, agreeing that I would go first and then Don would go or I would kill him. The next few minutes were a blur. I was awakened from the blur by the intense pain in my left ear. My body went numb.

"Does it hurt, Rob?" Don asked. It seemed his only concern. I fought back the pain. I smiled, then lied: "No, man, you don't feel a thing."

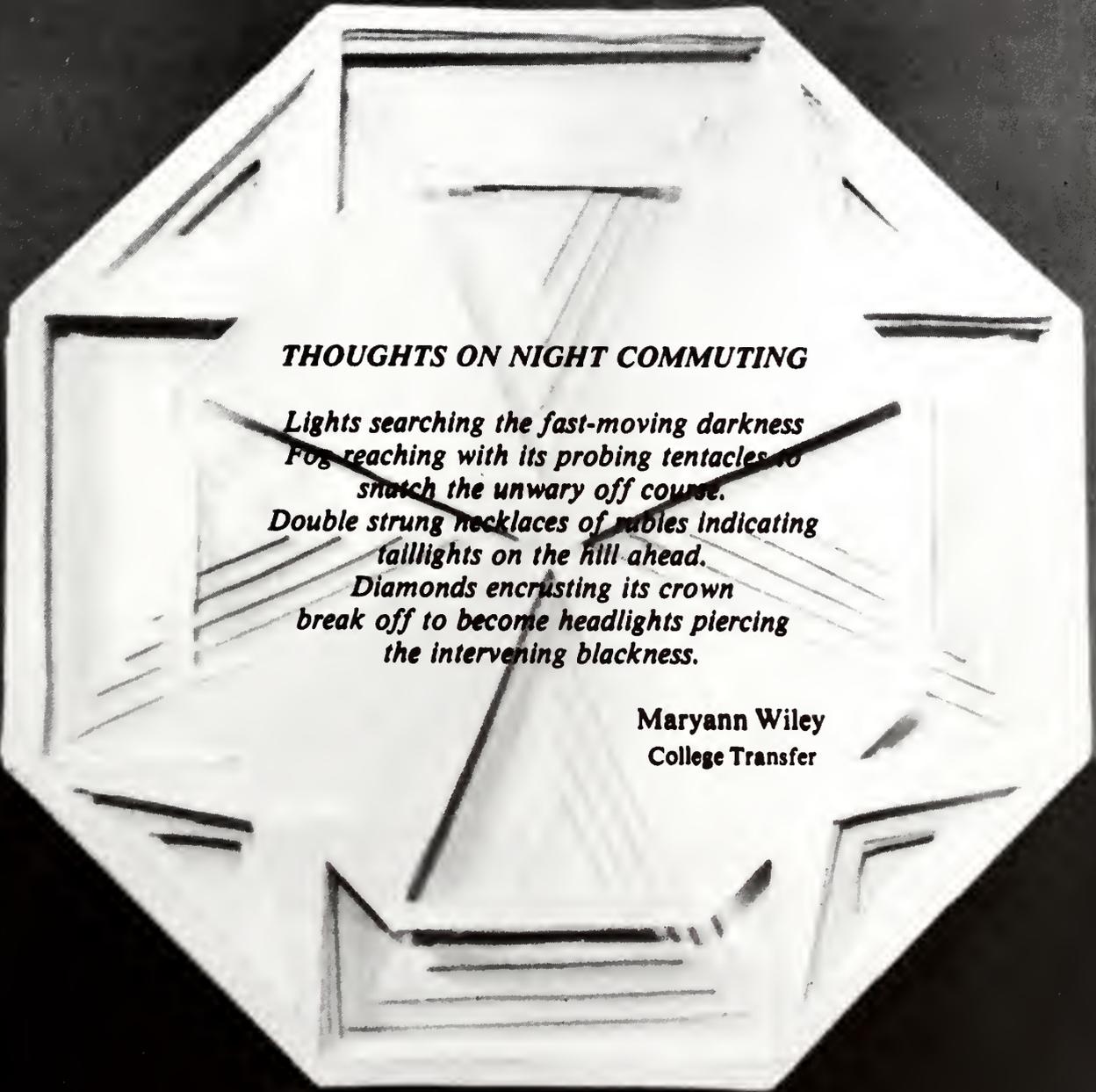
It was now his turn. He sat down and the earring was forced in. "Ouch, the pain!" he screamed.

He jumped up and ran to me and said, "I'm going to kill you!"

We each paid \$3.14 to have it done. We left. Walking back to the car was a time for reflection. It just occurred to me that my father would kill me if I came home with an earring. I soon realized that this was my decision and that I would have to live with it. I came home. My father was sitting in his chair. For the first three days I hid in fear, never going anywhere until he was gone. He didn't notice in fact, to my disappointment, for two weeks. My biggest support came from my mom. Still, for the first couple of months when I wore my earring all the time, I felt like a freak. When I walked around town, I felt as if my left ear was two feet big. I saw people staring and pointing at me. I thought of taking out my earring.

Slowly I began to realize that I was the same man I had always been. If people can't understand that it's not the outside that counts but what's inside, then I'm better off not having them for friends.

(Don got rid of his earring in three days.)



**THOUGHTS ON NIGHT COMMUTING**

*Lights searching the fast-moving darkness  
Fog reaching with its probing tentacles to  
snatch the unwary off course.*

*Double strung necklaces of rubies indicating  
taillights on the hill ahead.*

*Diamonds encrusting its crown  
break off to become headlights piercing  
the intervening blackness.*

**Maryann Wiley  
College Transfer**

*Untitled, relief, Tracey Ingram, College Transfer*



*Discussophobia*

So silly!  
Endured two eons of military harass  
2.9 millennia of wedded clash  
Have been used, abused, and almost defused  
But there is one traumatic experience  
By far I abhor!  
In front of a class make a fool of myself  
And not make a dash through the door!

by Don Smith  
College Transfer—Pre-Engineering

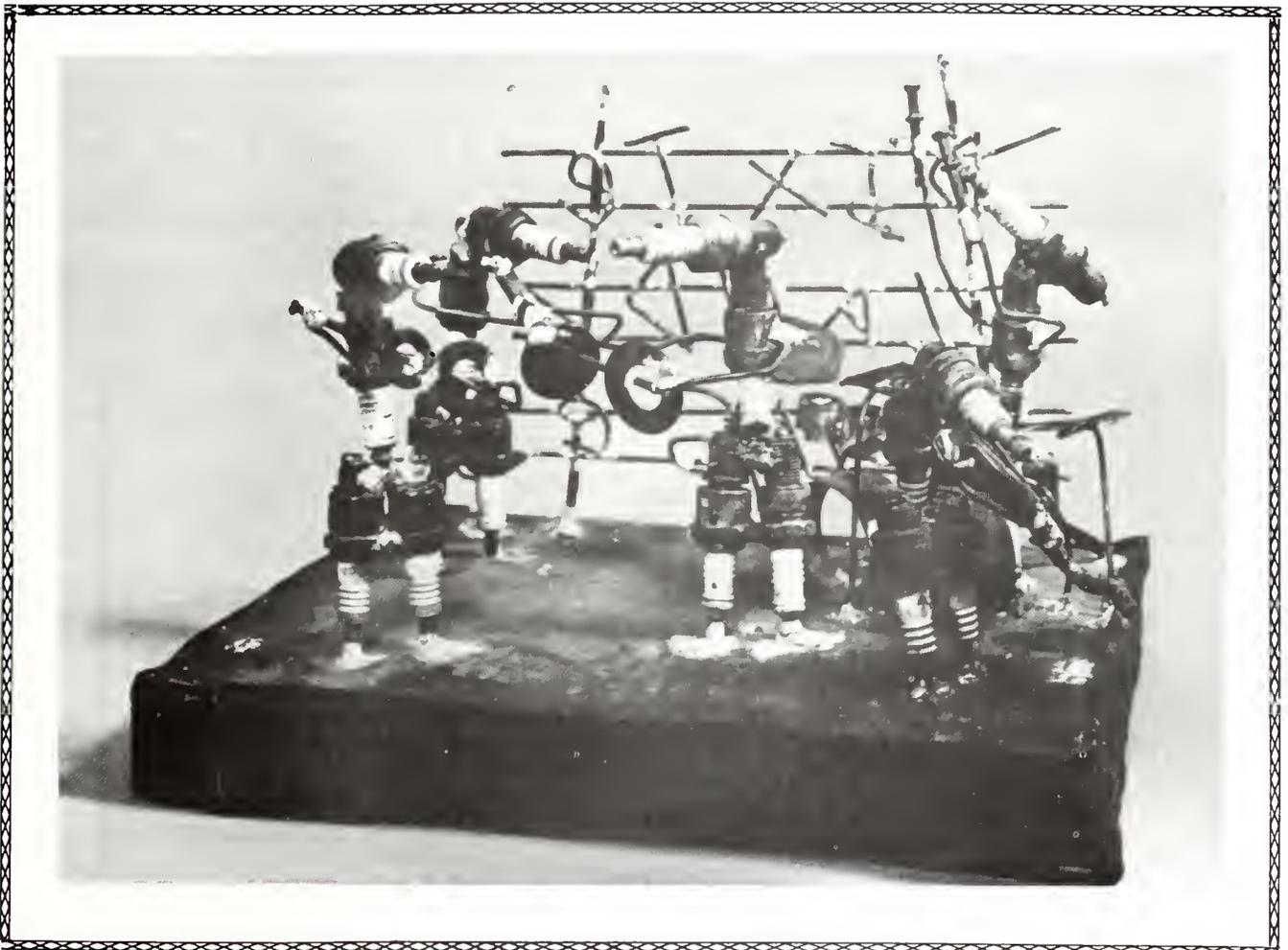
*Fantasy, ink, Adrienne Townsend, College Transfer*

## HUMOR

*Ernie Sjostrom*

*Welding*

What would be the effects on society if there were no humor in this crazy high tech world? With no humor we would be dull and very boring to ourselves and towards others. We would probably be like robots on an assembly line, not feeling what we are doing and not worrying about the quality of our work. We would not have any surprises in our lives, no fun. Our stress level would be high and our fuses very short. Our children would not smile or laugh; nor would they create the crazy antics that only children in their innocence can create, antics which make children all the more fun to watch. In conclusion, if we had a society in which there was no humor, all people would be very dull and have no real feelings towards loved ones and friends; stress would run so high that violence, and worst of all, child abuse, would run rampant over our great land.



*Dixieland Plugs, sculpture, Ernie Sjostrom*

**SERVICE STATION**  
Marian Westbrook, Instructor  
Liberal Arts Department

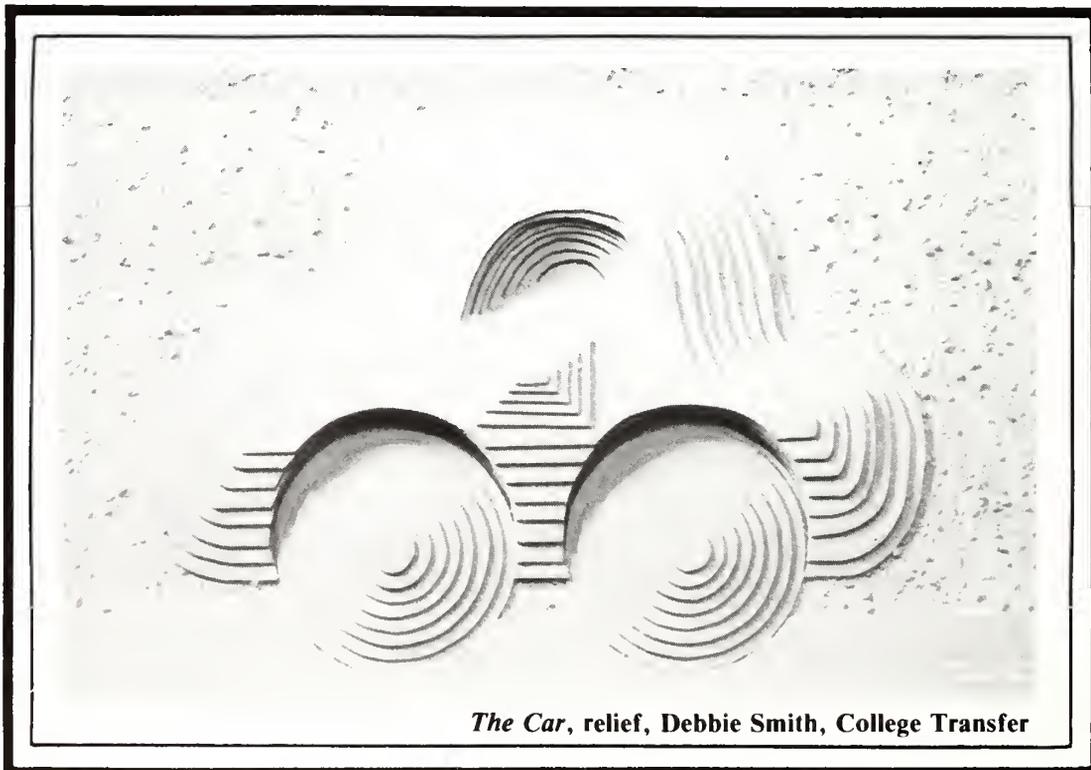
I stood there in the service station, drinking a Sunkist and waiting for my blue Mercury Zephyr to get the finishing touches. At first I looked out the big windows and thought how good it was to see the sun on the pavement and to feel the warmer temperatures after the big freeze. Then, since no one else was in the station, I began looking around.

The room had a no-nonsense, no-frills look that I liked. There was a sparseness about it, a simplicity, that appealed to the Puritan in me. Everything belonged, everything was functional. Shelves on the back wall held car-care products—boxes and cans in neat rows, things like STP, anti-freeze, motor oil, filters, hoses, and belts. One of the shelves held a rack of cigarettes. A large piece of cardboard holding key rings was attached to the top shelf. Below these shelves were cabinets, topped by a counter which held a large cash register. Near the register was a plain metal desk and a straight chair. The floor was dirty green rubber tile, which probably hadn't been scrubbed in six months. The broom in the corner indicated that the floor was swept occasionally; indeed, there was no trash on the floor. The place was surprisingly neat. When I put my bottle down, I didn't see any empties standing around.

I said that I liked the no-nonsense, no-frills look of the place; I should have felt right at home—after all, these adjectives could well describe my office (cubicle) at the college—but the girlie posters and calendars on

display made me feel like a spy in alien territory. Above the drink case, one of those long, low types with the sliding doors on top, was a group of scantily clad girls in cowboy hats and boots. And near the plain metal desk with the plain old office chair was another poster showing the bulging bosom of a single Playboy bunny. Yes, I thought, these grease monkeys are macho types, sure enough. And though I knew that the more strident feminists like Gloria Steinem wouldn't like these posters a damn bit, and would probably start the ball rolling to get a town ordinance passed against them, I couldn't help but smile and think that the "good ole boys" deserved a little titillation after grueling hours in the grease pit, working in cold, damp conditions. Why shouldn't they enjoy a little feminine warmth along with their nabs and Pepsis before going back to change someone's oil filter or air filter, replace a water hose or a fan belt, or put on a tire and check the air pressure? What would it be like to work ten-twelve hours a day in a drafty garage with your arms up to the elbows in grease?

Then I thought of my cold, bare cubicle back at the college—no windows, cinder block walls, an ugly brown tile on the floor, and barely enough space to turn around in—maybe they didn't have it so bad after all. Perhaps I should follow their way of coping and decorate my no-nonsense, no-frills office with some Playgirl pin-ups to relieve the monotony of the stacks of themes I face each day.



*The Car, relief, Debbie Smith, College Transfer*



*Chairs, pen and ink*  
Laura Flowers, Marketing and Retailing



*Chairs, pen and ink*  
Adrienne Townsend, College Transfer

*Front Porch*  
Ann Lee Wood  
College Transfer

When you first look at it, it seems to be nothing much more than a large white slab of cement attached to the side of my house. There is a swing hanging from a large beam, which faces the street. Two old-fashioned rocking chairs sit side by side with a small white table between them. The swing and chairs are painted black to match the shutters on my house. There is a half-brick wall at one end of the porch, which shelters the rocking chairs and adds a bit of privacy from passing cars and walkers.

In the summer our porch is used almost every evening. After I have scrubbed the children clean and dressed them in their pajamas, they love to pile into the swing with their father, who loves to swing as much as they do. Vance sings them songs and discusses such things with them as why do we have a moon and where do stars come from. All of us watch the sun go down slowly and we sit in the dusk of evening, which is the most peaceful time of the day. The only sounds we hear are the distant bark of a dog, the sound of traffic on highway 70, a mother calling her child in for the night, and the night

creatures stirring awake as everything else gets quiet and dark.

We look at the sky and see the stars that glitter like diamonds and watch the moon grow brighter as darkness descends. The street lights burn up and down the street, giving us reassuring comfort.

At nine o'clock we put the children to bed and go back to our porch. We sit in the rocking chairs and gently rock as we discuss the day's events. The summer breeze is soft and warm on our faces. Our chairs creak in harmony while we enjoy the quiet that descends on our house after our three noisy, boisterous children are asleep.

Vance and I get back in touch with each other's thoughts and feelings in the peace and quiet of our porch. When we finally turn out the lights and go to bed, it is nice to know our porch will be there when we need it. If more people would stop long enough to talk without interruption in a particular haven of their own, I don't think their problems would seem as large afterwards; I know ours don't.

## THE VISITOR FROM FULTON CITY

Raymond Dotson  
Goldsboro Writers' Group

The great orange disk of the setting sun dips slowly behind a row of distant pine spires, casting long pointed shadows across the dry and barren land. Gnarled brush and broomsage cover the immediate landscape with the exception of a rutted yellow clay roadway. The remains of an ancient rail fence still cling in places to the higher bank along the road. A few rotted rails hang loosely from upright supports. Some still lie where they fell when posts rotted away and collapsed. Long stretches of the old fence line are totally barren, the result of years of firewood garnering by nearby residents.

An old lady in a worn and tattered ankle length dress of dark gingham moves slowly up the gradual slope of the road. She wears a gray puff bonnet with a long curved hood that normally would have shielded her face from the sun's rays. This late in the day, however, the rays are coming from low on the horizon and the bonnet doesn't help to hide her eyes from the glaring light. Her head is turned partly to the side to block as much sunlight as possible. She carries a bulging sack made by tying together the corners of a faded yellow cloth.

Realizing the approach of darkness, she pulls the ends of a crocheted shawl closer around her neck and tries to hasten her snail-like pace. Painful rheumatic joints and blistered feet ache and burn with each weary step.

Nearing the top of the hill she stops to rest, her hand on a still standing fence post. Just visible up ahead is a large frame house and adjacent out-buildings that sit well back from the road. "I do hope I'll be in time for supper." Her voice is barely louder than the rustling weeds around her.

Topping the hill, she turns in through the broken gate of a dilapidated picket fence, trudges past a dusty Model-T, and up the last hundred yards to the main house. She struggles up the three board steps and drops woodenly into a large rocking chair. She lowers the bag beside her and begins rocking, slowly, back and forth.

After a few minutes the screen door creaks open and a large blonde woman comes onto the porch. She is dressed in a light blue uniform with white striping over the pockets and around the collar. Any starch that might have been has long since wilted in the sweltering heat. She moves to the porch railing and stands watching the last remaining play of colors as the setting sun drops out of sight. She absently picks at the roughened scales of white paint on the railing. Then, turning, she sees the new arrival for the first time.

The attendant moves over to her and shakes her shoulder. "Hello there. Who're you?" she asks.

The old lady shrugs out of her sleep and looks at the attendant with a somewhat startled expression. She begins rocking once again. "Why... My name is Harris," she says. "Rachael Harris. George Harris' wife...widow. I've come here to live with you folks."

"Rachael? Rachael Harris? I don't believe I know you, do I? Where'd you come from, dear?"

"From Fulton City. From outside Fulton City a ways. Out Route 29, north of Fulton City for a fact. Do you know where that is?"

"Fulton City? But how did you get here? Who brought you?" She looks both to the left and right down the hill for some sign of a car. "How did you get here from Fulton City? That's nigh on to twenty miles. You didn't walk all this way, did you?"

"That far? Oh, yes! Yes I did. But you see I walked through the woods. And I started out yesterday afternoon...after they buried my George. If they'd buried him earlier in the day I could've got here much sooner. I guess now you've already eat?"

"But why have you come HERE?" the attendant inquires.

"As it was, I only had some apples I come across in somebody's orchard. But I only took the ones that had fell. I didn't take none from off the trees. And I slept out there somewheres." She waves an arm indicating the horizon to her left. The attendant's question now seems to penetrate. She looks up at her, puzzled. "Why here? Why, I come here to live, of course. You have lots of older folks living here so I come here when my George died."

The attendant pulls another chair close to the old lady's rocker and sits facing her.

"But where are your papers? Did someone send you here with some papers for admission? Some official papers that maybe a Judge or somebody like that gave you to bring to us?"

"Got no papers! Nobody sent me here! Alls I got is two dresses and gray wool knit sweater tied in this here old table cloth." She gets the bundle from the floor beside her and shows it to the attendant. "Knit the sweater myself one winter three, four years back. Oh, and I got another pair of shoes too. My field shoes. that I work in. That kind. But I got no papers but our wedding papers, mine and George's. I gotta keep them 'cause that's all I got left of him."

“Honey, I’m afraid there’s been some kind of a mistake. You can’t just COME here and live. You have to be SENT here by the authorities. Do you understand that?”

“This here’s the pore farm, ain’t it? This here’s the place one goes to when they can’t make a go of it anywhere...and when one’s children don’t have no place for them nor no time for them? Ain’t this that kind of place?”

The attendant sits quietly for some time, studying the wrinkled old face before her. The visitor continues to rock, but more slowly than before. “This is the Georgia State Pensioner’s retirement home of Thorne County. Yes ma’am, folks do call what we have here the Poor Farm. We have older folks living here that the state or the county sent to us. But you see, folks have to be SENT here. One can’t just come here without being sent by the authorities.”

“I was sent! she replies brightly. She sits forward, halting the movement of the rocker. “I was kind of sent by my George. Many’s the time this last year he has said to me, ‘Rachael, we ain’t gonna make it here,’ he’d say. ‘God knows I’ve give it all I got, but we just ain’t gonna make it.’” She dabs at the beginnings of a tear with the back of her hand, then smoothes the silver gray hair back to where it is wrapped into a small bun.

“We both worked the farm for all we was worth but the drought done it. Other years we made it through. Though at times it didn’t look like it was possible we always made it through ‘till spring come. George and me, we’d carry water for the crops when it got too bad and no rains come. But this year they wasn’t no rain at all since early spring. We just couldn’t carry enough. Well into the night we’d tote buckets from the creek. But then the creek come on to drying up too. We could easy see that day coming.”

“Lately, we just give up on all the fields and tried to keep the garden coming along for foodstuffs, but we couldn’t even do that with all the day-after-day heat and no let up at all. The old sun always seemed to keep a jump ahead of us.” She began the slow back and forth rocking again. “The garden corn dried up and died there on the stalk and likewise did everything else. My George did all he could, but it killed him... All that carrying water day after day killed him. Two days ago he just grabbed at his chest and fell over dead. Didn’t do more’n just kick a few times.”

“Honey, I’m sorry. I truly am. But you just...”

The old lady stopped her with a raised hand. “The other week we was laying in the bed after carrying all day. Late at night it was, but we couldn’t sleep what with being so tired and it being so hot an’ all. And George said to me, ‘Rachael, if we don’t save the crops

and make it through this year, we’ll have to go to the pore farm for sure.”

“I asked him what a pore farm was and he told me all about this place here and where it was an’ all. So you might say he sent me. That’s the way I see it, that George sent me I mean. He knowed that this might happen, but he reckoned he’d be coming with me and he could do the papers an’ all, but he can’t do it now.... I did tell you before that we buried him yesterday didn’t I? Yes, I thought I did.”

The attendant clears her throat. Her voice is deeper and huskier than before, “You haven’t eaten anthing since the apples? Could I get you something from the kitchen? Some milk and bread, maybe?”

“I’m most surely hungry.... But I guess I’m more tired. I’ll just set here for a while if you don’t care.”

The attendant’s smile radiates warmth and understanding. “Fine. I think there’s even some ham on the back of the stove that was left over from supper. We’ve eaten already but there was plenty left I’m sure. I’ll be right back. You get some warm food down you and then we’ll find you a bed for tonight. Tomorrow....” She spreads her upraised hands in a gesture of futility. “Well, tomorrow we’ll just have to see.”

Darkness falls quickly across the flat Georgia landscape. After sundown, the daylight fades rapidly. An orange-red sky to the west lends a faint glow across the porch to where the rocker moves ever more slowly to and fro. A frail bony hand drops from the chair arm to hang down almost to the yellow bundle by her side. A lock of wispy gray hair hanging from underneath the bonnet flutters lightly in a puff of early evening breeze. A faint odor of boiled collards and fried ham wafts out the open door. The attendant is busy putting food on a well used and slightly chipped bluestone plate when the rocker comes to rest.



**Rooster, ink, Stephen Elliott  
Mental Health Associate**



*Mystery of the Night*, linocut  
Mark Pawluk, College Transfer

### **You See, My Friend**

Did you ever love a boy,  
But know he didn't care?  
Did you feel like crying,  
But know you'd get nowhere?

Did you ever look into his eyes,  
And say a little prayer?  
Did you ever look into his hands  
And wish yours were there?

Did you ever hear him breathing  
When the lights were 'way down low?  
Did you say, "God, I love him,"  
But never let him know?

Don't fall in love, my friend,  
You'll find it doesn't pay.  
It only ends in heartbreak;  
It'll happen every day.

Do you wonder where he is at night?  
And wonder if he's true?  
One day you find you're happy,  
And next you find you're blue.

And when it starts, you don't know why,  
And wonder day and night.  
You see, my friend, you're losing him,  
No matter how hard you fight.

Love is fine, but it hurts so much,  
And the price you pay so high.  
If I could choose between life or death,  
I think I'd rather die.

And so I say, "Don't fall in love.  
You'll be hurt before you're through."  
You see, my friend, I know it's true  
'Cause I fell in love with you.

Mary Gavason  
Marketing and Retailing

## CAN YOU HEAR IT?

*Eugene Edwards  
Electronics Engineering*

Listen, can you hear  
it? It's wonderful!

Watch the woofer jump like jumping  
beans in a jar, desperately trying  
to escape the imprisonment of the speaker box.  
Feel the bass as it sweeps through your body.  
Listen intently as the high notes, like the sand on a  
beach, are washed away and drowned by the bass.

My room has become a magical discotheque, play-  
ing only the songs I want to hear. But wait, it's not  
loud enough. The solution is easy: crank it up! It  
won't affect anyone's hearing but mine since  
I'm home alone.

Whodini, The Fat Boys, Run—  
D.M.C., Kurtis Blau, and others are as  
close as the nearest tape player. I  
choose The Fat Boys to start the  
procession of noise. These  
three overweight gentlemen  
and I have one thing  
in common: we love

to see speakers being  
tortured.

The first song is "Can You  
Feel It?" As the name implies,  
this noisemaker has an overabundance  
of low notes. The bass can be heard by  
the deaf and can make those blessed with hearing  
long to be deaf. As my parents often say, "You  
won't be able to hear thunder when you're thirty!"

The song begins and immediately I tremble from the vibra-  
tions. There is an earthquake occurring. I lie back on the bed and close my  
eyes. Memories of parties and wild nights run through my head like a stam-  
pede of elephants. This causes a momentary headache, which is ampli-  
fied by the music. But as any true lover of loud music knows, this is a  
green light. As Goldilocks said about Baby Bear's porridge,  
the sound is just right.

As the headache leaves, a smile comes and brings its  
best friend, happiness. Floating into the heavens on a wave  
of sound, I am at peace with all creatures  
and myself. Alone and void of all the evils in  
Pandora's box, this is my  
utopia.

"Eugene, turn  
that noise down!!!"

Damn. Mother is home.

*Paper design Dana Darden College Transfer*



*Cool Breeze*, linocut, David McClarin, Livestock and Poultry

### *Nights of Torment*

David Seneres

College Transfer

Throughout history, the shadows of the Grim Reaper have been portrayed in the acts and atrocities committed during war—the Reaper's skeletal body decayed beyond human imagination, his black hooded cloak intensifying the ivory colored facial features, the gleaming iron sickle sharpened to razor perfection. Somewhere, beyond the ivory covered parietal bone, there exists a grotesque and morbid sense of pleasure. It is a pleasure contained in the Roman poet Horace's phrase, "*Dulce et decorum est / Pro patria mori.*"\*\* These are the images of a tormented night's journey into hell.

It is a time in history which many men choose to forget. The site is a German concentration camp. It may be Dachau, Treblinka, Bergen-Belsen, or even the Hadamar Institute. The encampment is surrounded by kilometers of barbed wire and iron meshed fence. The night air is chilled by the presence of the Grim Reaper. In an open courtyard, shadowed by an iron grilled gate inscribed with the words "*Arbeit macht frei,*"\*\*\* a human body suffers greatly. His arms are lashed to a pole behind him in a manner which causes the entire weight of his malnourished body to rest upon the joints of his shoulders. His feet sway slowly to and fro in the quiet breeze as if his form were a pendulum. The intense

pain is so strong that he cannot even vocalize his extreme discomfort. His face is empty and without life. The skin is colorless and rough. Why is he here? What has he done to receive such treatment? There are no answers. This image dies and another replaces it.

Now the site is a place on the other side of the world. It is a mosquito-infested rain forest located somewhere on the archipelago which makes up the Philippine Islands. It may be Bataan. It may be Iloilo. Hundreds of golden skinned warriors march through the jungle as though they were nothing but cattle. Their bodies are malnourished and their destinations are unknown. Anguish is clearly written on their faces. A brother falls to his death, but they cannot help. They are forced to march over this new obstacle as though it had always been an inanimate object. A Japanese soldier walks up to the once living body and thrusts a razor-sharp machete into it. There are no survivors and no mercy; the death is final.

This was the typical image revealed when the eyelids grew heavy and when exhaustion won the battle of necessary sleep.

\* *It is sweet and fitting to die for one's country.*

\*\* *Work makes one free.*

21

*There is a game  
called twenty-one  
But  
two plus one  
equals  
three  
But the game  
of love  
Is me  
at twenty-one.*

R. C. Riggan, III  
Forestry



*Reflections, woodcut*  
Laura Flowers  
Marketing and Retailing

## TWILIGHT OVER TOLEDO

*Summertimes, we'd fight flies for barbequed chicken,  
Gorge on over-ripe watermelon, spit seeds in wide arcs.  
Sneak scraps to Hector, our one-eyed Basset Hound;  
Who, pirate-patched and T-shirted against prickly heat,  
Drooped mournfully through his small kingdom.  
And after the pink sky crushed itself into the horizon,  
We'd roast marshmallows and let them blaze  
Glow seconds before they'd blister black.  
My father would sing over red eyes of coal,  
While Hector howled at the half-eaten moon.*

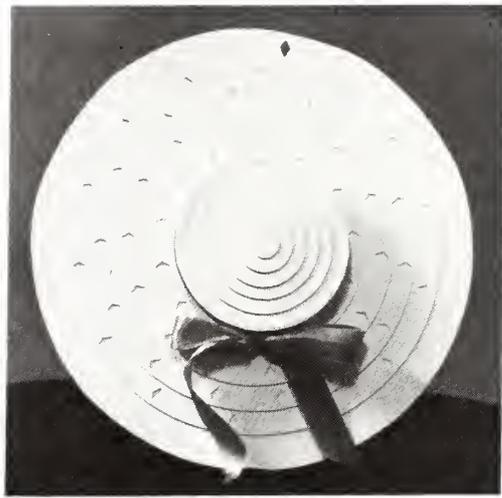
**Martha Kaukeinen  
Goldsboro Writers' Group**

## *Involution*

The sshriek invades my downy euphoria  
His cadence of reveille never mutinized.  
I grope through a mist of bedraggled hysteria  
Through a curtain of dreams of hopes and bad-byes.  
I pull my mind from the slud and the crud of the crucible  
Filled with shattered I do's, 'til death do us part  
REALIZATION!  
It's a new awakening—don't forget, forget to remember  
The sea of love, of brine and turgid passion  
Of euphorias that go bump in the night.  
Scintillations of chastity, that greatest bastion  
Yields to the phallustumid, pushing far out of sight.  
It's a new awakening—don't forget, forget to remember  
How the songbirds would sing off-key,  
Voices cracking, through delusions of happy  
Feeling with hurt shared by their empathy.  
Flowers bloom, die and fall,  
FatherTime relentless toward all  
The wrinkles, the aches,  
The dead young. . .So very tired  
Of rememories immortal with FatherTime.

To bed, perchance to forget!

*Don Smith  
College Transfer—Pre-Engineering*



*Hat, Sue Barkschat, College Transfer*



*Sailboat, Dorie Turnage, College Transfer*



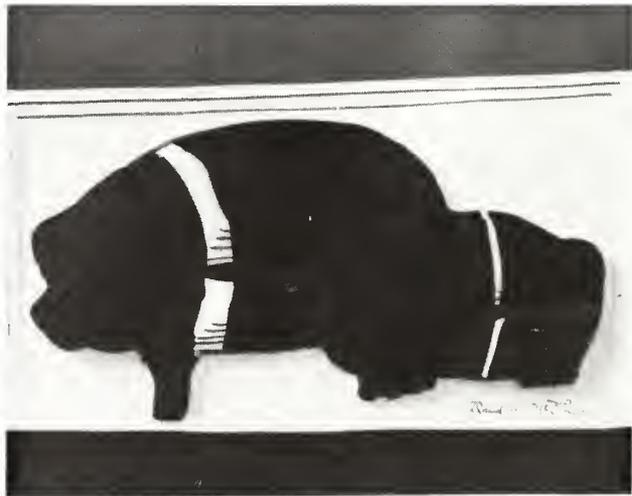
*Bowl of Fruit, Wilma Troublefield, College Transfer*



*Shield, Eddie Uzzell, College Transfer*



*Weightlifter, Dana Darden, College Transfer*



*Pig and Young, David McClarin, Livestock and Poultry*

*Six Reliefs*

## *Racial Prejudice*

Ed Beronet

Electronic Engineering Technology

In what ways might a person detect racial prejudice in others? Although the stereotypical prejudiced person of years past, loudly asserting his racial superiority over others, is not as common a sight now as in the fifties, the problem of racial prejudice has not completely abated. It has been my experience that many of those who might have been loud-mouthed bigots thirty years ago are less vocal but no less prejudiced. It isn't true that these attitudes are limited to a few pockets in the rural South either. There are business executives in New York as prejudiced as any rednecked Klansman in Greensboro, but they are usually much harder to spot. Here are a few pointers for detecting the modern covert bigot.

1. "Prejudiced?! Me? Why some of my best friends are...." Ever hear that line? This is most often a surefire sign that you are speaking to a prejudiced person. Since bigotry in action, in the form of racial discrimination especially, became illegal, this is a phrase often used to deny prejudiced thinking.

2. "Why don't they just go out and get a job?" This one is usually preceded by hearing on the news that welfare rates are on the rise, or the Congress has enacted a new bill for the poor and unemployed. This analysis, besides being incredibly simplistic, is often based on the unspoken but implied belief that all unemployed minorities *could* get jobs if only they got out and tried and weren't so damned lazy.

3. "What's the matter? It's just a joke." I've

heard this before after I didn't laugh at a racial joke. I've got a good sense of humor, but many of the ethnic jokes I've heard simply aren't as funny as they are offensive. I usually say so and have often heard the rejoinder, "Well, as a matter of fact, a black guy told me that one," used as a feeble attempt to justify re-telling it. This is a poor excuse and overused.

4. "You know I'm not prejudiced, but. . ." This is a sign that means "listen-carefully-because-I'm-about-to-tell-you-why-I'm-prejudiced." Again the denial works simply to reinforce, in my mind anyway, the feeling that this person is indeed at least a bit prejudiced.

5. "Well, you know how they are. . ." Yes, this tired old phrase is still in use, and it is used among the more careless or unconcerned bigots who aren't trying to hide as well as some of their fellows. Prejudiced people aren't always covert, but, well, you know how they are.

Although this list is short and therefore incomplete, it gives an idea of the ways that one can detect the camouflaged prejudice that many people still harbor. The key to detection is listening closely and critically. Hearing one of these or any of the other hundred of "lines" that indicate a prejudiced speaker sets off an alarm in my mind: Take the words of this person with more than the usual grain of salt. Even a lot of salt, though, can't help some things that prejudiced people say. They are just naturally hard to swallow.



**David McClarin**

**Wilma Troublefield**

**Debbie Smith**



**Dana Darden**

**Tracey Ingram**

**Jean Garfield**



**Sue Burkschat**

**Jerry Spencer**

**Eddie Uzzell**

*Colors of the World*

Black are the dreams  
of a poor man's day  
Gold are the dreams of those  
rich in their way

Blue is the world  
of a mended heart  
Gray is the mind of those  
that must part

Green are the pastures on the  
other side  
Brown is the grass where two  
worlds collide

White is the Christ child  
so pure in his way  
But black are the dreams  
of a poor man's day

*Gail Prasad  
College Transfer*

*It Shouldn't Hurt To Be A Child*

Lorraine Michaels

Business Computer Programming

Your attention please, just one moment of your time. I speak of a tragedy, as I speak in a rhyme. This topic is children and the hurt they undergo, because daddy got fired or it started to snow. The reasons are varied and are from many to just one, maybe talking too loud or just having fun. Here are some things just to think about, and maybe someday we'll learn not to shout. An abused child gets used to the hurting everyday, until they start believing there is no other way.

"Mom, don't turn off the lights, please don't make the sun go away," and one more child dies of an accident, or so they say. Love is just another word, the meaning so unreal; abused children become masters of the game "lie and steal."

"Tell grandma you fell riding your bike; don't tell her it was me." Who knows what really happens and what tears we don't see.

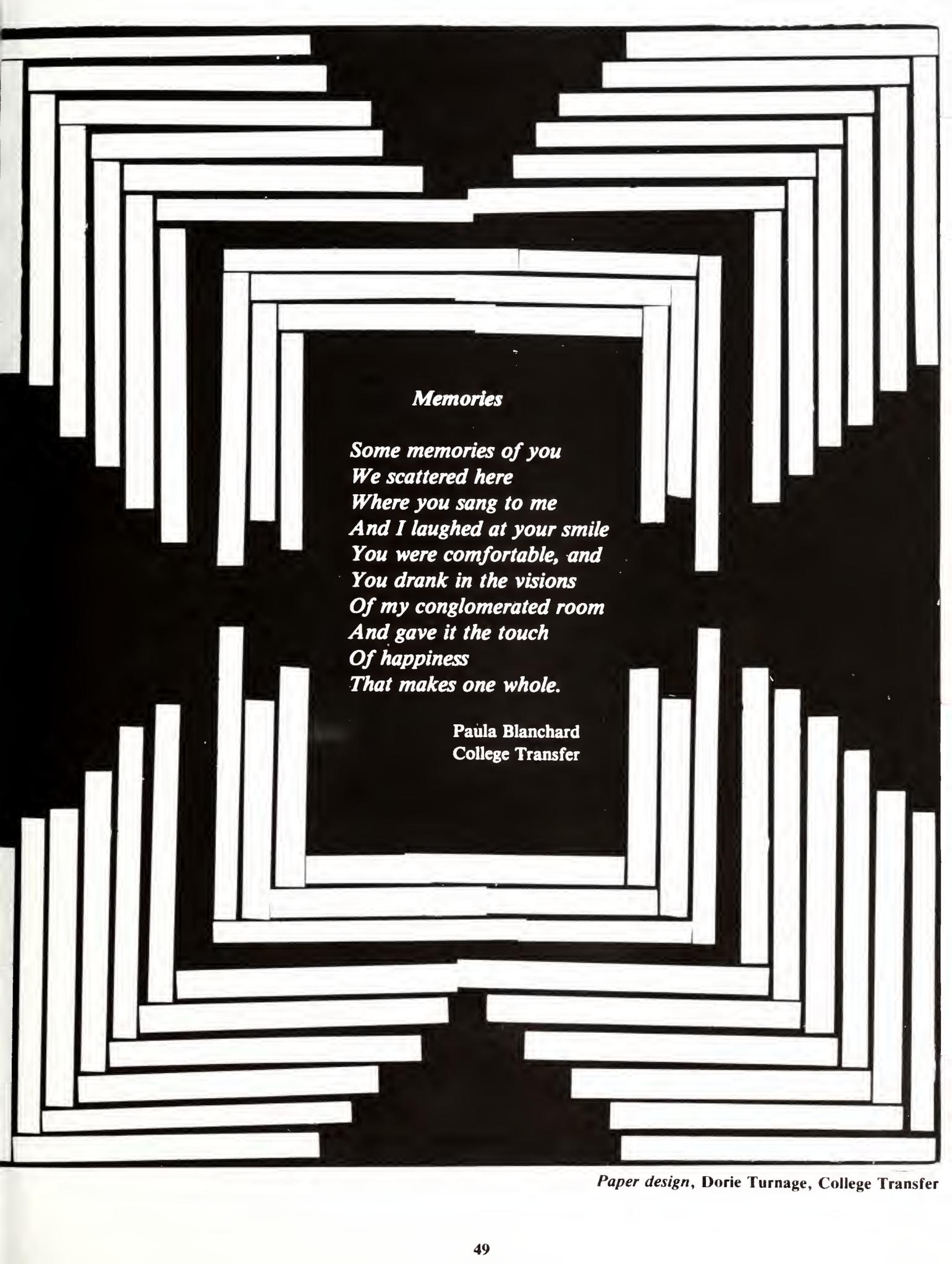
"Little Karen's always falling" says the mother, "I'm afraid she'll kill herself one day." And a child cries in the night for love. With their flesh they will pay.

"Momma," said little Anne, "don't you love me anymore?" "Of course I do," says the mother, as she locks the closet door.

"Daddy," little Johnny cried, "It won't happen again." "I know it won't, Son," then the beatings began.

"Momma," said the little girl, "Today's my birthday. Don't I get a treat?" "Yes," smiled her mother as she untied her feet.

My story has just ended on a very sad note, hoping to get through, so if and when you're parents, *MAYBE YOU WON'T!*



*Memories*

*Some memories of you  
We scattered here  
Where you sang to me  
And I laughed at your smile  
You were comfortable, and  
You drank in the visions  
Of my conglomerated room  
And gave it the touch  
Of happiness  
That makes one whole.*

Paula Blanchard  
College Transfer

*Paper design, Dorie Turnage, College Transfer*

## ALL THAT GLITTERS IS NOT GOLD

Marionette Roseby  
Business Administration

Hugo, Mark, and Gene walked quickly, almost at a trot, through the forest, as the moist earth sank beneath their feet. They were exhausted and hungry. They hadn't eaten for two days. The forest had the appearance of early summer, but as the three boys walked farther, it appeared dark and mysterious. Mark, a tall, well-built, husky boy and the eldest of the group, led the way as the others followed close behind. Hugo, who was seventeen and quite handsome yet a little overweight, listened carefully to every sound he heard, trying to figure out which direction the sounds came from and what was making them. Gene, the youngest, walked with hands swinging closely by his side, ready to run if anything strange took place.

The group had been on the run ever since they had decided to leave home and camp out in the woods. However, now they were running away from more than home. Someone or something was following them.

It had begun the second day after they had settled down in a lovely spot near a wide creek. Gene had gone there to wash the breakfast dishes. After a while, he decided to catch some fish for lunch. He walked down the bank to search for a good place to fish before he got his equipment. After a few minutes, he found a spot where the fish could be seen swimming under the clear water. He turned and went back to where he had left the dishes, to get them and take them to camp, and then get his equipment, but when he got back he noticed that several dishes were missing. Without much thought, believing his friends were playing a trick on him, Gene picked up the dishes and headed to camp. When he got there, he found out that his two friends had not left camp since he had been gone. They both looked at him funny as he told them about the missing dishes. Then there was the night they had heard the soft sound of footsteps outside their tent. They all sat quietly in the dark, afraid to move, afraid to breathe. No one ever came to this forest—no one.

The next morning when they got up to check for human footprints, they found, mysteriously, that there were none. Other things began to happen too, such as valuable objects and equipment disappearing. Trees fell without any reason and leaves rustled when there was no breeze. Also, they had heard strange and horrifying sounds by the edge of the forest. The final straw was the day that Hugo had almost drowned in the creek. Hugo told the others that he had never experienced anything like that in his life. He told them that something had pulled him under the water and that when he went down

under the clear water, he couldn't see anything, although he could feel something wet and cold wrap around his ankles and tug him under the water. Only when Mark and Gene had noticed his struggle in the middle of the creek and advanced toward him did the force release Hugo's ankles and legs. Several attempts on their lives or close mishaps had convinced the boys that they must run for help.

While standing near the creek deciding what to do, the boys heard a rush of wind that seemed to push them forward and a strange hissing sound. Startled and afraid, they began to run, not toward their camp, but somewhere into the unknown.

Now several days had passed since their terrifying ordeal. Many times they had tried to find their way back, the way they came so that they could leave this dreadful place, but strangely the force continued to lead them on a course to a destination. After this communication between man and force, the situation began to change. The force began slowly to dissolve. One day it was finally gone. Suddenly, Mark noticed a flash across the sky. Someone had seen them and was sending a message to them, thought Mark. They decided to go in that direction, hoping that help would be there when they arrived.

To their disappointment there was only the sight of a deserted, broken down old shack. After a brief search of the area around the building, they could not understand where the flash could have come from. Then Gene saw a mirror attached to a post near an old rusted pump. That was where the flashing had come from—or was it? Mark went to the door and opened it. The spooky, creaking sound of the hinges made the three boys step back with a feeling of fright and uncertainty.

The room of the shack was old and dusky, cob webs hanging in the corners and on the furniture; however, it seemed as though someone else had been in the room recently. The air was clear and fresh although dust was everywhere. Hugo even thought he smelt the aroma of hot apple pie, but Gene said it was only his imagination. Little did they know that many murders had taken place here. The saga began many years ago when a man and his family decided to move away to themselves; however, what began as a happy beginning ended up as a tragic ending.

On a clear but cold day, the man was chopping wood on the edge of the woods not far from the house. He heard his wife and child scream in terror from inside the house; he also heard furniture being broken and dishes

being thrown and smashed. He rushed to the shack, hoping to save his family but when he got there he was paralyzed by what he saw. His wife had been badly beaten and was lying face up on the floor. He searched, but the child was nowhere to be found. He went outside to search for the child, but it was no use. The man, in sorrow, buried his wife in a grave near the house. Then he went back and straightened the one-room cabin.

In fear he went to bed, keeping a watchful eye on the door. Finally he drifted off to sleep. During this time something strange happened. He felt as though he was being lifted off the bed by something strong, forceful, and invisible. He tried to struggle but couldn't. He was being taken to the woods to the place where he had buried his dead wife that morning. In terror, he felt himself being dropped in a hole. He closed his eyes, believing this was only a nightmare. The man closed his eyes for the last time.

Now Mark was lying in the same bed the man had lain in the night he was carried off. Hugo and Gene were busy cleaning. They felt safe and secure in the quiet place. They had decided to stay here despite the danger they had felt in the past. Soon all three boys were asleep, unconscious of what was lurking outside. Mark was aroused first by a loud thump on the door. Suddenly the

others were awakened also. The force was back! This time to take them away, as it had the man and the people after him.

These three boys, who had left home to make it on their own, were caught in the saga.

Bob, a man who loved nature and took walks through the woods on his own, stumbled onto the three boys' remaining camp site. It looked the same as it had the day they left it, three years earlier. Everything was nice and neat, as the owners were about to come back any minute.

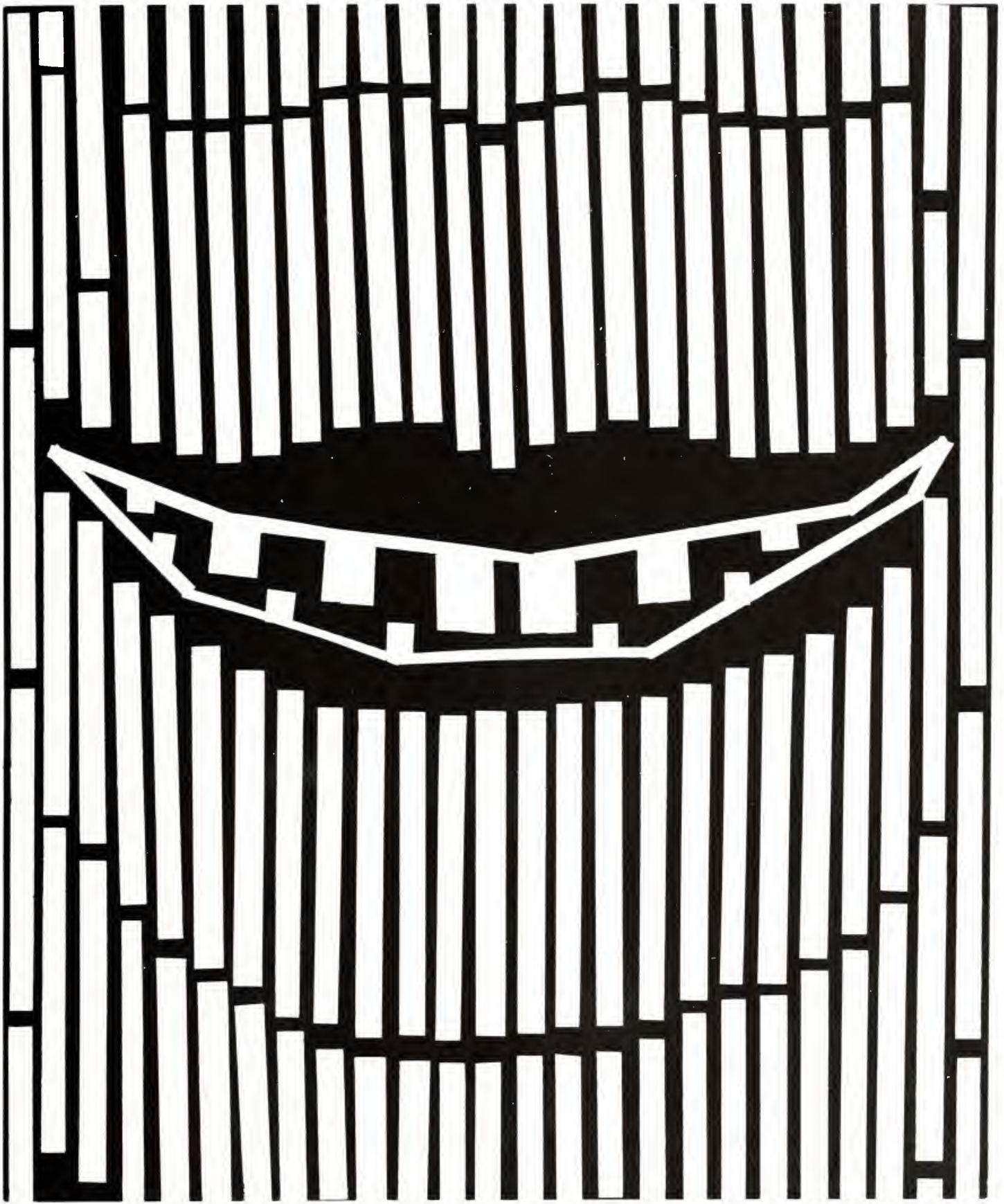
The man made himself comfortable. While waiting for the owner to return, he fell asleep. Later he was awakened by the sound of footsteps moving softly around the tent and unusual sounds. Slowly the sound faded. He looked outside and saw a flash in the distance. It looked as though someone was sending him a message. He decided to find out where it came from. Little did he know that deep in the dark, deserted forest a mystery had taken place, a saga that had continued for over a century. Reasons unknown and causes known.

Little did he know, as he walked out into the dawn, that he was about to become a part of a century-old saga.



Greg, gold masks, Chuck Schremp. College Transfer





*Smile*, paper design, Angela Woodard, College Transfer

