


Spring 1960

et cetera

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Et  
Cetera



60

Spring

ET CETERA

MARSHALL COLLEGE

HUNTINGTON, WEST VIRGINIA

1960

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## THE LAST DAY

She sat listening to the traffic and watching the flies on the window sill. What a pitiful place to live, a second rate hotel complete with a tiled lobby and a noisy elevator. Her room was small, with a carpet that was the brownish-gray color that comes with age to nearly everything. The headboard of the bed was a gaudy veneer which matched the chest directly opposite. There was one chair with a woven straw seat and another of the type used in kitchens. Only the many patterned, confused wallpaper could make the room seem crowded: a room with one dirty window that overlooked the teeming avenue, whose noises kept her awake at night and unnerved her during the day.



So she sat and listened and thought. But under such adverse conditions, should she bother to think? Should she think about her past, about the years on the farm, the months of her mother's illness, the ages of being a companion to some decaying old woman, and these last few months of being completely alone?

"What," she asked the shoddy carpet, "Have I done to anyone or anything in my life? Nothing. I've been God-fearing and a good worker. I stayed with Mother and sat by her bed until she left; and then I was too old to get married, but I felt no bitterness. I went to work for (Let me see, who was first) yes! To work for Mrs. Chapman. And after her Mrs. Sommerset, then Miss Jackson, then . . ." The old women were her life. She used them as milestones and said "Before Mrs. Sommerset," or "After Mrs. Chapman," like Jackanape's Gray Goose said, "Last Michelmas," and "The Michelmas before that."

Now, instead of being a companion, she needed a companion; but she was poor, and she was going to live and eventually die at the church home for the aged and infirm. The board had everything that she owned; they would pay her hotel bill, buy her bus ticket, and make the arrangements for a bed at the "Home." What wonderful people the members of the board were! How kind and businesslike! What wonderful Christians to give their time to do good works for others.

These were safer thoughts, much better than the thoughts about the past.

A horn in the street below erased the pictures of the board members and reminded her of Mrs. Dodderson. Dear Mrs. Dodderson who would not forget her. Wonderful Mrs. Dodderson who was responsible for her being taken at the home. Who but Mrs. Dodderson would give up her Sunday afternoon to come and see a miserable old woman in a miserable hotel room? Twice already she had called Mrs. Dodderson to make certain that she would not forget. She hoped that she had not been a pest.

The opening elevator doors startled her. She pushed a wisp of hair from her eyes and smoothed her dress. A stream of perspiration ran down her back, but she didn't move. The steps came closer; she sat straighter. They moved by, two women mixing laughter and words in unintelligible sounds.

"How long it's been since I've laughed!" She thought, remembering the years in the dank homes of old women where silence was so important. "When did I last laugh?" she asked. "It must have been before Mother died. Why have I had to lead such an unhappy life? No, I'm sorry, Lord, you've been good to me, I should not say my life has been sad. But, Lord, it has been quiet; I haven't had a very good time. Where is Mrs. Dodderson? She must be on her way. She could not forget. Should I go to the hall telephone and call again? No! She will be here. Dear Mrs. Dodderson. I shall give her my geranium."

She slept as only the very old can, and when she awoke, rain was coming in the window. She closed the window and poured herself some water. "It must be three o'clock." She began checking off her duties. "The taxi will be here at fifteen of four, and I shall be at the bus station at five of, ready to leave so that I won't miss the bus. Everything is ready. I wonder where Mrs. Dodderson is? I shall call her." She glanced at herself in the mirror. "I'll have to change dresses; I look as though I've slept in this one, as I have indeed."

She quickly changed her dress, afraid she would have to receive Mrs. Dodderson in her slip. She carefully folded her wrinkled dress and packed it. She combed her hair again and was moving back to her chair when she heard the knock on the door. It startled her because she had not heard the elevator. "Wonderful Mrs. Dodderson, I **knew** she would not forget. I shall give her my geranium."

She took the red flower from the window sill and went to the door. Smiling her best, she opened it. It was the surly bell-boy, who said, "Taxi, out front," and left. "Taxi! What has happened to Mrs. Dodderson? I **must** write a note." She grabbed some stationery and, using the scratchy hotel-provided pen, wrote:

"Dear Mrs. Dodderson, I knew that you would not forget to come to see me. Something important must have happened. I hope you are well. I want you to have my geranium. I shall write to you. Come and see me at my new home."

She put the note in the flower pot and, picking up the pot and her one piece of luggage, started for the elevator. "She might be at the bottom. Then, I could give her my geranium and say goodbye." When the elevator hit the main floor, and the doors rattled open, the only people she saw were the same old men who always lounged in the lobby. She could see the taxi waiting in the rain. The driver sounded his horn, and in her hurry she dropped her geranium on the tile floor. "No time to stop now." "Boy," she said to the dirty uniform, "please take that note and keep it for Mrs. Dodderson, who will probably come by."

"I shall write her as soon as I reach the home," she said to herself, "and explain about the geranium."

She went through the rain to the taxi, told the driver her destination, and smoothed her dress as she leaned comfortably in the seat. "My goodness," she thought, and for the first time that day there were tears in her eyes, "I don't know her address."

## *The Death of F.D.R.*

The warm April sun spread over the land  
Drawing reluctantly from the raw, red earth  
The green heads of tender onion shoots  
The young peas, the lighter green of new lettuce.  
Patiently, the man with the great, gnarled hands  
Leaned on his hoe and wiped the sweat from his stubbled cheek  
With a red bandanna.  
His wife worked beside him,  
With a quick, sharp clack of the hoe  
Gouging the earth loose  
And dropping it gently around the young plants.  
Then hitting the last stroke  
She followed her husband down the long hill  
To the house.

While he stretched his long frame wearily  
On the rough boards of the porch  
And rested, belly down, his head on his arms,  
She set their supper on the table  
Setting down the dishes with a clatter  
And drawing from the oven  
Bowls of beans, and pie plant, and wild greens  
Left from the noonday meal.  
She dipped the thick buttermilk from a stone crock  
And calling him, began to eat.

"So the Mister's gone," she said at length.  
They hadn't spoke of it all day  
But it had hung between them  
As they went about their chores in silence.  
"He was ours and now he is gone."  
Then they spoke of the lean years  
When the kids took sauerkraut and cold biscuits  
In their lunches;  
And they killed their last hen for Sunday dinner;  
And they ate black beans til they stuck in their throats  
When they swallowed.  
"If it hadn't been for the Mister, we'd have all starved."  
With aching hearts they remembered.

And they spoke of Ed's picture on the mantlepice  
Beside the Mister's  
Ed, who stood so straight and proud in his uniform;  
Ed, whose first words on his Pappy's knee were:  
"God bless Daddy and the Demiquats!"  
Ed, who lay rotting on some sandy beach  
With little yellow men running over his body  
And the Mister had understood. He had cried with them.  
His heart lay raw and bleeding in his bared bosom too.  
So his picture—with the graying hair and tired eyes—  
Sat beside Ed's on the mantlepice  
With a little donkey between them.  
A little bronze donkey showing his teeth  
And lashing out with his sharp, little hooves.

So they spoke and again fell silent.  
They ate their black beans and wild mustard greens  
And drank their buttermilk cold from a stone crock.  
The April sun was setting behind the hill,  
Setting on the raw gashes in the red earth.  
And their hearts were heavy  
For he had walked these fields  
That they had watered with their blood and sweat and tears;  
He had stretched a helping hand  
To lift them from the mire;  
He had come into their parlor and dried their tears.  
He was theirs and now he was gone.

—*Judy Pullen*

### *Who?*

Whose face could launch a ship,  
Who do the angels praise,  
Whose kisses do I sip,  
Who cleans the morning haze?

Whose anger bide me cease,  
Whose name may I not tell,  
Whose memory will I ne'er release?  
I need not say, you know full well.

—*Maria Robbins*

## *MY FAVORITE UNCLE*

My Uncle Lonnie was the most colorful character I have ever known. When I first met him, he was in his late fifties. He was short, slim, and slumped. One of his eyes was smaller than the other, and when he looked at you, he usually closed the smaller one. I was told by the older generation that this characteristic was formed through habit. But I am inclined to believe that it was formed by watching for the revenuers, who were determined to restrict his chosen profession.

The people in his community knew him as a farmer. But we, his family, knew him as a moonshiner. He followed this trade most of his life. When his boys were old enough, he taught them the tricks of the trade. Eventually, Uncle Lonnie became the watchout while his boys made the run.

One day while watching, he was overly anxious because the boys were very late in returning from the still. Uncle Lonnie's house was old and very typical of Georgia farm houses. The windows had shutters rather than glass panes. Outside, underneath the kitchen window, as was tradition, there was a pile of rocks which were used as a bait bed. It was to this window that Uncle Lonnie came to see if he could determine any sign of the boys. While up there, he decided to make use of the vast space by eliminating the pressure of the need to use the bathroom. In his excitement, he lost his balance and fell on top of the rocks in the bait bed. Although the broken part of his body caused a bit of embarrassment to him, fortunately the accident put a sudden halt to new arrivals in his family. There were already nine children, and the problem of supporting them had become serious.

It was believed by the older people in that area that certain foods eaten by the mother would produce a cholera in the nursing baby. Uncle Lonnie was a firm believer in these old superstitions. He loved his brood and was much concerned about their welfare. When the doctor was leaving after having delivered the first born, Uncle Lonnie followed him to the car and, squinting that one eye, said, "Say, Doc, do you suppose that it would hurt the baby if I ate some collards?" This was typical of his concern.

He always took his family to town on Saturday so that they could look around and visit with other farm families. Of course, there was always that reward of one ice cream cone apiece, plus Aunt Lizzie's box of Burton snuff. One Saturday, while driving to town in his wagon, he spotted a sign on the side of the road which read "Speed Limit 25 miles per hour." Uncle Lonnie began to vigorously whip the old mules and had them in a real good trot. Aunt Lizzie, shocked at his actions, said, "Lon, my gawd, what's ailing you?" Uncle Lonnie replied, "Well, sugar, that there sign back there said twenty-five miles per hour, and by doggies, I don't believe these here old nags are going to make it!" As you can see, he was a real believer in upholding the law.

During the great depression the farmers in Georgia made little two-wheel carts which they called Hoover Buggies. They used oxen to pull these carts. Uncle Lonnie was the proud possessor of one, of course.

It was my good fortune to be asked to ride to town one Saturday with Uncle Lonnie and his family in their Hoover Buggy. On the outskirts of town, all the girls and Aunt Lizzie got off and walked the rest of the way to town. This had something to do with pride, I think. Anyway, Aunt Lizzie really held her head up high, except when she had to spit her snuff, and said "Hey, you all," to all the women along the way. She said that we would meet Uncle Lonnie on the outskirts of town to go home.

After spending a very enjoyable afternoon in town, she decided that it was time to go. About this time I heard a very familiar voice say, "Lizzie, if y'all are going home with me, y'all had better get on this here cart!" There he was—perched in the driver's seat with his chew of tobacco and his little straw hat. Boy, Aunt Lizzie was sure mad at Uncle Lonnie. The conversation went something like this, "After we walked all that way to keep these folks here in town from knowing that we was riding that old cart, Lon, here you come loping down the street a screaming and a hollering. The folks in Chinie could have heard you if they's been a mind to." "Well, sugar," Uncle Lonnie said, "I show don't want y'all to wear them there shoes out. They have got to last y'all 'till cotton picking is over."

The insurance agents were always after Uncle Lonnie to take insurance on his family. Finally one of these agents out-talked him, and the family was promptly insured against the future. When the premium came due, the agent went out to Uncle Lonnie's to collect. But Uncle Lonnie saw him first and hid behind the door. He sent his five year old out to get rid of the agent. The little boy said, "Mr. Grubbs, Daddy said to tell you that he was not at home." Apparently the training Uncle Lonnie had given his boys did not include lying. Mr. Grubbs was not convinced. He yelled, "Lon, come on out here and pay up. I see you behind that door." Uncle Lonnie was caught again.

He never seemed to do anything right. Once during a revival meeting the preacher called on him to pray. Everyone bowed their heads and waited for Uncle Lonnie to pray. After a few seconds, not hearing any praying, the preacher looked up to see what was wrong. Uncle Lonnie's seat was empty. As he glanced about, he spied a pair of shoe soles going out the door. Uncle Lonnie's crawl under the seats, down the aisle, and out the door of the little church ended his era of churchgoing.

After this Uncle Lonnie went into the business of taking that which did not belong to him. Stealing, I believe, is the proper word for it. One day while dressing a hog which had been silently produced in this manner, Uncle Lonnie spied the law coming down the road. He yelled, "Lizzie, get in the bed!" Aunt Lizzie plopped into bed and pulled the covers up over her head. On the other side of her lay the half-dressed hog, feet and all. Uncle Lonnie prided himself on being able to outwit the law.

Uncle Lonnie was always real good to help our family. Once when Grandmother fainted, Uncle Lonnie ran to the well to get a bucket of water. The well was a big open one with boards all around. He was leaning forward to see if the bucket was full when a plank broke, and he fell into the well. Another uncle, whose name was Mack, was standing near by. Uncle Mack was a character himself. He was fifteen years old and still wore dresses. The flapping of the dress and his screams attracted the attention of Grandpaw, who came running out to see what had happened. He looked down in the well and saw Uncle Lon and said, "Lon, what in the hell are you doing down there?" Uncle Lon replied, "I show as hell ain't down here looking for crawdads. Get me out of here." Poor Uncle Lonnie, hours later, with new rope, they hoisted him from the well.

I always loved my Uncle Lonnie because he was so unpredictable. I was sure of a good laugh every time I saw him. Only once did I get provoked with

him. That was the time that I had the chicken pox, and he had my mother set me under the chicken house door to let the chickens fly out over me. "That is a sure-fire cure for them there chicken pox," he informed my mother. The cure is doubtful; but this I am sure of, I got two baths instead of the usual one that day.

After I got married, I went to visit Uncle Lonnie with my husband. Of course, I had prepared my husband before going, because I didn't want him to be in a state of shock after this visit. As soon as we got there Uncle Lonnie said, "Gal, you show picked you a good man." I looked at my husband and winked, hoping that he would be prepared for what was to come next. Uncle Lonnie said, "Son, did you ever steal any chickens?" I nearly burst into laughter. Just the thought of my city bred husband stealing chickens was hilarious. My husband replied, "No, sir, I never did." Uncle Lonnie, still squinting that one eye, said, "Well, son, I've stole more chickens in this here county than they'll ever raise again."

I did not go to Uncle Lonnie's funeral; but, had I gone, I believe the solemnity connected with that occasion would have been ridiculous when compared with the laughs he gave while he lived.

—Ada M. Perdue

## Modernism

I stood blinded by the sun—

One day I looked deeply into Man  
searching through his id, his ego  
the inner recesses of his mind.  
found—fear.

I stood blinded by the sun.  
I shriveled myself up into the corner  
of the world until the poet came asking;  
"Why do you not stand?"  
"What do you seek?"

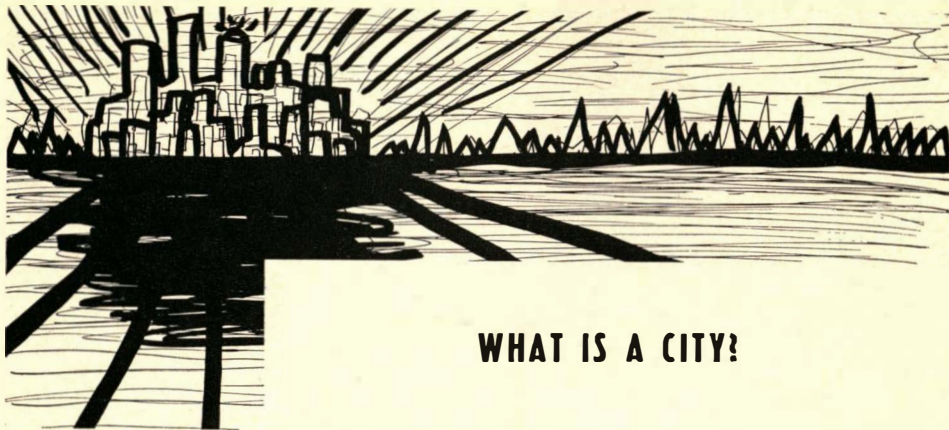
I answered him,  
"a place"  
Boldly shouted he, beating chest with fist.  
"All men have their places."  
We turned, the poet and I,  
to the place where the loud economist shrieked.

"Fool. Know you not the statistics?"  
Statistic—unfed  
Statistic—unclothed  
Statistic—unsheltered.  
The poet and the economist  
lashed out at one another

I stood blinded by the sun.

—Jean Battlo





## WHAT IS A CITY?

a city is a place  
 where the sun can't get in  
 where trees rise grotesquely  
 out of gaps in concrete  
 it is nature replaced  
 and/or given direction  
 by the magnificence of man  
 buckskinned  
 moccasined men  
 strew earthen-clad entrails  
 from sand to sand  
 in order that their offspring  
 might be eaten alive  
 by the mother of invention  
 (which is not necessity but greed)  
 now trapped in the belly  
 of the great god Edifice  
 every man devours his brother's flesh  
 and washes it down  
 with flagons of blood  
 while Edifice smiles his knowing  
 gaudy  
 neon smile  
 at his creator-slaves  
 —Carol D. Reynolds

### *Definition, Please*

Laughter, tears,  
 Hopes and fears;  
 All combine  
 In strange design  
 Which man, poor creature,  
 Is powerless to define;  
 And calls Life.

—Keith Rife

## *Christmas, 1944*

(an ex-mas card)

And all through the house  
 were strung tanks and cannons  
 and battleships and planes  
 and all the other children's toys  
 to commemorate the holy day.  
 The night before, a tired old man,  
 unshaven, fat, all dressed in blood,  
 brought a prosperous year to a toy company in Peoria.  
 While my psychic aunt (or so she says)  
 had a dream . . . just a dream, of grass,  
 and a lone figure, khaki-clad, and mud.  
 One night's world—old man in blood,  
 young man's face pressed deep in mud.

And on a January morning my sleep was interrupted.

I see your monument, sir, and find fault with it.  
 What's that you say? Oh, yes. The stone.  
 It is quite appropriate, cold and gray,  
 for the good Pope himself declared God's neutrality.  
 (It must be well to have such a privilege.  
 Man, I fear, is not so fortunate.  
 No, man has history books to fill,  
 and thus must learn to hate and kill.)  
 So went they forth, to taste of the mud  
 of the land that once was Caesar's,  
 while passionless eyes looked down—from a cross  
 I see that all right, but where  
 are the hate and fear that dwell in there?  
 I see the cross atop it there,  
 but where is the cross that man must bear?  
 Where is the ignorance, folly, and greed,  
 and the turmoil—all which produced the deed?  
 Show me the hand which, that Christmas day, willed  
 death to the man who hated and killed.

One day, the summer following, the mayor spoke.  
 Boys cheered, men nodded, widows wept,  
 (even the one who became a whore)  
 and the industrialist who won the war  
 spoke too. But neither he nor the mayor  
 spoke of hatred, ignorance, or greed.  
 And on a day three summers following  
 relatives quarreled, and brought picnic lunches,  
 and watched the lowering of a box  
 into its second and final home.

The old man has washed away the blood,  
 not so tired now, or so old,  
 fatter, perhaps, but carefully shaved.  
 I suppose he has tail-fins now on his sleigh;  
 and his cross? The x beginning his day.  
 Mayors still speak, women still weep,  
     industrialists still win wars,  
     less violent, perhaps, but as cruel.  
 But as now we retire to await the good Saint,  
 the taste of mud is blissfully faint,  
 and nestled all snug in our beds we lie still,  
 till the day we must learn to hate and to kill.

—John William Teel

### *Flight*

I fly toward Heaven until my wings  
 are battered and torn  
 and remnants of my flight  
 sink sadly  
     silently  
         toward the Earth  
             which conceived and bore me

Then I too  
     a descending tear  
 must alight  
 and breathe the familiar things  
 The nourishment of my silent  
     ever-singing mother  
         strengthens me  
 Her tongue  
     struck dumb  
         by the stupidity of mankind  
 whispers softly to my heart  
 giving me understanding as she gave me life  
     gently  
         beautifully  
             and without remorse

Then she bids me go  
 I flex my wings  
     and find myself rejuvenated  
 Again I soar  
     And so I live my life  
 rising higher every flight  
 until that day when I can rise with the sun  
     and find my strength  
         at his zenith

—Carol D. Reynolds

## PEGGING

Some say this is a world of conformity; that we are all going to the dogs together in one glorious mass movement. We dress, act and talk alike in our scientific and materialistic ways. In answer to this accusation, others cry out, "But wait! What about the beats?" We're really all non-conformists, and getting farther and farther from reality. All of us are approaching existentialism."

Whatever the case, it seems obvious that there are categories. Certain people are "pegged" to be certain types of humanity. For instance all those who wear grey flannel suits, wear dark hats and ties, carry briefcases, and loiter around Wall Street are pegged to be money men. The woman who wears an apron, watches two sniveling brats, cooks supper over a cool electric stove, and cleans the nest furiously is pegged as a housewife. The guy down the street with black horn-rimmed glasses and a slide rule who bobs down the street counting the blocks of pavement and the time in seconds for the street light to change is pegged to be an egg-head, an odd ball, a brain.

And who does this pegging? Often it is the money man who pegs the housewife and the egg-head, or the egg-head who pegs the salesman, the filling station attendant who pegs the poet, the carpenter who pegs the preacher, and so on.

Nor is this all. This coagulation is often carried to the very large areas, such as conformists and non-conformists. The great mass of people held back by the burdens of social inhibitions, who act in a certain, set, accepted way, who dress and act un-offensively, are pegged conformists. This elite group, happy to be among themselves, then turns around and outlaws everyone outside their circle as odd. The non-conformists are laughed at, scorned, and shunned, simply because they do not adhere to the social views of the conformists.

In actuality the non-conformists are really conformists of non-conformity, as in the case of the Beatniks, the lost generation. They defeat their own purpose of not conforming by being bound by the traditions of their own group: goatees, beards, thick glasses, uncleanliness, slovenly clothes, childish speech; they must act this way to be accepted as a beat. So they are pegged in a certain class.

The person instrumental in the pegging of societies and groups of people, of arranging the masses into neat categories is the pegger. He stands back from the everyday world and says, "Boom, you're a beat, and boom, you're gregarious," and so forth. He pegs, picks, and pins them all down.

But what about the pegger? Does the pegging stop with him? Oh, no. He is naturally pegged as a pegger, one who pegs the masses. Who pegs him? Another pegger. This pegger is a pegger of peggers. The pegger who pegs the pegger is a pegger who is a pegger of pegger peggers. And the pegger who pegs the last pegger pegs a pegger who pegs peggers who pegs peggers who pegs peggers who pegs peggers. And so on **ad infinitum**.

Like the cow in a can on a Pet Milk Carton, the pegging goes back and back and back, and I don't suppose it will ever stop until we stop pegging.

—Joseph Frederick Hughes

### *On The Solving of an Algebra Problem*

First, cautiously pour on  
Fifty milliliters  
Of acidic concentration  
To decompose the quadratic equation  
Into its constituent factors.  
Quickly enclose each delicate factor  
In sturdy parentheses,  
For a brief, painful moment,  
Put each factor in a vacuum,  
Where it is humiliated,  
Made worthless, equated to nothingness.  
Then, take the constant,  
And deftly swing it up over that high barrier:  
The equal sign, reversing its sign in mid air,  
Thus unveil a mystery long perplexing:  
The values of the unknown.  
Then hurry back  
To your original equation,  
Gently multiply each coefficient  
By those small, whole numbers,  
Till at last you achieve  
That democracy of numbers: equality.

—Tom Ross

### *RENASCENCE*

The sight of her at that moment was something I shall never forget. Her face, wrinkled and pale from long years of service, was slightly swollen, as were her small lips, which were formed in a solemn expression: this was a lasting memory in my mind. Long gray-brown hair had been brought up into a bun; this revealed the white chiffon scarf that tenderly caressed her thin neck. She was dressed in a dull, black dress, which covered the entire length of her body—a body that would never be seen by man again; she was ready for burying. My soul, although she was dead, saw her not as a corpse, but because of the expression of love and sincerity on her face, as a person trying to extend her arms for the hope of life again.

—Bob Woods

### *His Face*

Faces sad, faces mellow, faces cold and hard,  
Faces eager, faces bleary, faces worn and tired,  
Faces shining, faces dull, faces woebegone,  
Faces tear-stained, faces jubilant, faces looking on,  
Faces tender, as the young, faces wrinkled, as the old,  
Faces screaming, as the coward, faces silent, as the bold;  
Faces, faces! A billion faces! But never a face as his.  
Though I've never seen His face, I'm certain that it is  
More radiant than sunset, and softer than a rose,  
Tear-stained for His people, and weary from their woes,  
A face as His, never captured in any work of art;  
The truest portrait I possess—it's painted on my heart.



—Judy Light

### *Hymn Of The Beats*

Tis the nature of man  
To bemoan his fate,  
And pray to God  
To make him great.  
And life passes on  
And soon it's through,  
Vanishing as quickly  
As the morning dew.  
And not one good deed  
Has he done,  
Not one battle has  
He won.  
And the coffin awaits  
In a little plot  
Where he can go,  
And lie.  
And rot.

—Keith Rife

## The Quarrel

(a minor poem)

Unwelcomed birds will always fly away,  
Ungreeted stars will e'er shut out the light,  
Unloved benches become hard, and cold,  
And prideful hearts will sink into the night.

He sits there, his arms folded, mouth drawn tight,  
At her stars, a chill comes o'er the trees.  
The night is cold, and gloomy clouds arrive;  
He mumbles that it's late; her stare agrees.

And on they walk, killing with each step,  
Killing love and dreams and April songs.  
This cold would cease, if but one heart would rise  
And fly, home to another heart, where it belongs.

—John William Teel

## Requiem

New paint cannot make a porch new  
(I am lost without you)

I walk from room to room of our house  
Our living room is still you  
For your pipe is on the tray  
(this room I'll do in gray)

Next, the dining room.  
It was used only  
When we welcomed guests  
(I think a deeper green would suit it best)

And in our kitchen,  
here I pause.  
I see you giving Jim your laws,  
"You're not to contradict your mother.  
Don't ever hit your little brother.  
Come to me. I'll set things right."  
(I'll have to leave this room white)

New paint can not make a porch new  
(I am lost without you)

—Jean Battlo

## ADVENTURES IN ENGLISH

To learn a foreign language quickly and efficiently, I recommend being "stranded" in the country of that language at a tender age. Learning the basic grammar and acquiring a "sort of" vocabulary in the classroom is a noble beginning, but this does not suffice. A much better method—taking for granted one has a basis of grammatical expressions and the "sort of" vocabulary mentioned above—is to be forced to use that language alone in one's daily dealing with people. This also has the added advantage of providing greater opportunity for the learning which goes on without one's being aware of it. Utilizing all methods available will result in a foreign language becoming one's own language.

Since I spent my childhood and greater part of adolescence in Germany, my first experiments with English took place in the classroom. After five years of study, I came to the United States, rather proud of my basic knowledge of English. My first attempts at actually using English were on the boat—little at that, however. The American stewardess insisted on speaking German, apparently being just as eager to try her wings as I.

When I arrived in America, to a non-German speaking father and step-mother, and with a whole world of different views and customs, a surprise was in store for me. While I had a good basis in correctness of grammar, which made it easy not to pick up vulgarisms and poor English in general, I had great difficulty in following ordinary flow of conversation, and it was equally difficult to express myself so that others could understand my accented speech.

Upon reflection, some of my experiences seem humorous now. Sometimes I spent fifteen minutes reading just one paragraph. In school, history was the worst. Not only was I sadly lacking in knowledge concerning American history, but the jumble of words boldly staring at me from the page was even more disconcerting. There were too many words to look up in the dictionary—and sometimes I had to read the dictionary in order to understand *it*, unless I had my German one along. Soon I learned, however, that if I "skipped" the unfamiliar terms momentarily and read on, I made more progress and even understood vaguely what "they were trying to say."

In Latin I had to do "double translation" for a while—first into German, then into English. I soon acquired speed in my maneuverings so that at least outwardly it was not apparent what I was doing.

Being somewhat sensitive about my German heritage, I became determined to speak and write English "perfectly." I read extensively, listened carefully to conversation, and never missed an opportunity to learn the meaning of a new word. I studied chemistry and physics, both of which I had studied in Germany, in order to learn the English terms for things I was already familiar with. In nurses' training I acquired a set of medical and other scientific terms. When I found that it was possible to spell and pronounce thrombophlebitis and salpingo-oophorectomy correctly, I felt that I would master the language someday.

My accent faded rapidly; and when I found myself dreaming in English instead of in German, I knew I was really making progress! I was surprised how much one can learn without being aware of it consciously. Many a meaning seemed to have come to me automatically. Many words, frequently misspelled, I found myself using correctly, not quite knowing why. I feel very much at home with English now, and having two languages at my disposal, I feel a definite urge to learn another.

—Jobanna Hamrick

## *Twentieth Century*

Bulldozers  
The signs of our times.  
Apathy  
The story of our lives.

Horror  
The appeal to our emotions.  
Sickness  
The burden of our bodies.

War  
The constant threat to all.  
Happiness  
That sought but never found.

—Rebecca Jackson

## *I Know What it is to Die*

i know what it is to die  
it is to see joy slipping away  
into the grey dawn  
it is to see morning close her mind  
to the beauty of her man-mate night  
it is to feel the eye-knife of love  
pierce your physical body and leave a sear  
which no man can see  
to die is to know the passionless  
cold  
discovery of your mind body  
that you have known no joy  
which has not been called black  
by someone  
somewhere  
to die is to have your secret joys  
flaunted  
laughed at  
thrown into a tornado to be torn  
and be gathered in the still silence  
to again await dispersion  
to die is to breathe and walk  
converse and pity  
to love laugh learn  
to die is to live

—Carol D. Reynolds

## *Puzzling Over A Primate*

Need man be poor  
And long for wealth?  
Or suffer pain  
To treasure health?

Need he grow old  
To cherish youth?  
Must he hear lies  
To honor truth?

Can he make friends  
Of former foes?  
Are joys naught but  
The lack of woes?

Why must he drink  
To be quite gay?  
Indulge at all  
To fill a day?

Need he be quick  
To use his time?  
Hear discord's sound  
To thrill at rhyme?

Must he in dark  
E'er seek the light?  
Must he learn wrong  
To do what's right?

Need he feel cold  
To want what's warm  
Or give up calm  
To face the storm?

O, must he laugh  
And never cry?  
And squint through clouds  
To see the sky?

Need man have rain  
To value sun?  
Or scorn a few  
To love just one?

—Tom Ross

## Friday Night

The noises without project  
an obvious loneliness:  
Within, project a loneliness  
not so obvious,  
    less trite,  
less characteristic,  
    less realized,  
but more real.  
Without, machines bellow,  
    wheels move and scrape,  
    and screech,  
and an occasional, shrill and meaningless utterance  
to no one in particular is heard.

Within, beneath their theme,  
a blind, confused army,  
of those less than a score,  
gropes for—what?  
A feminine laugh, then an utterance,  
    low, half-whispered,  
disapproving, but not quite,  
indicated that another  
is about to compromise  
between  
that which she was taught  
and  
that which she has learned.  
She, with him, will whisper,  
    seeking secrecy  
    unaware  
that he, next day, will shout  
    to the world.



MIRIAM BOSIN

Others take their cigars,  
    retreat to their kingdoms-on-wheels,  
and drink,  
    from the bottle of substitution.

And within:  
The ever-decreasing army will continue to beckon  
the shrill woodwind,  
    and march,  
in its purposeless path.  
in its purposeless path.  
in its purposeless path.

—John William Teel

## The Maple

Yonder maple draws my searching eye,  
Summer green and straight and tall, it flares  
Out, and lifts its soaring crown up high;  
As it has for many years, it bears  
Massive, spreading arms with supple grace  
Stretching up and stretching out, it shares  
Room with none. Imperial its space  
'Mongst the crowding pines.

—Robert Johnson

## Modern Prayer

Children of tears, who cannot weep  
Children of dreams, who cannot sleep.

we inhale fumes of lilac trees  
bare ourselves to ocean's breeze  
gently pet the Pekingese  
recite on stumps our various creeds

to cleanse, dear God, to cleanse

the man who killed  
the man who stole  
the man who raped  
were ill

were ill, dear Lord  
You hear! were ill  
were ill, were ill  
they sought You in lilac trees  
in ocean breeze, in Pekingese  
in various creeds  
then  
killed  
and  
stole  
and raped.

“Forgive us our trespasses”

—Jean Battlo



### *Autumn Agnostic*

It is easy to say there is a God—  
but who kills trees,  
pray, who kills trees?

I believed with you last spring  
I saw the birth  
I saw the green  
the lilac  
the rose  
Oh, I believed  
yea lord, yea lord,  
I did believe.

As time went on I did believe  
I did believe  
I heard an ocean's mighty roar  
"There is a God"  
I saw the trees to heaven soar  
"There is a God"  
I did believe, I did believe.

and then a leaf  
fell on a grave  
If there is a God—  
who kills trees?

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—Jean Battlo

## THE PARADOX

On Christmas Eve the falling snow made the derelict street look like a comic greeting card. It landed on the garbage pails and hid the piles of debris. The filled gutters did not have their usual odor. Those prowlers of the street, the scrawny cats, shivered on the steps of the houses. The newsstand was closed. The apple vendor was gone. Only the blind man and his sneaky-eyed dog walked the street. The man sang to himself, while the dog growled at the shivering cats.

Church bells rang, and the street was filled with Christians who hurried to church, crowding past the blind man, not listening to his feeble carols, not dropping coins in his cup, intent only upon reaching the church before the crowd.

Times were hard; the people were poor; but they would give their small change so that their faith of love of one's fellow man could be told to the world, sing praises to the loving son of a loving God, and walk back to their homes, pushing and crowding past the blind man, the unnoticed fixture.

He was furious. Tears of anger streamed down his face. Tonight was to be his best night. Wasn't this the night of charity, the night of giving? He had planned to rest for two days after this night and live lavishly because he would have collected so much.

Then he heard the voice: "Nobody cares, my sightless friend; nobody cares. They can see, and you cannot. Do you expect them to support you because you have a handicap? These are hard times. They need everything they get. Their lives are meager, bleak, hungry. Why should they share their slim bounty with you? Get off the street. Go to your cellar. Starve. You will give them excitement. You will be the event of the day. But I warn you, only for one day. Soon you will be forgotten. The people will go back to their scratching, clawing existence, and you, the unnoticed fixture on an unnoticed street, will leave an unnoticed empty space.

"Listen to me. Give up. Life is not worth the sweat, the cold, the hunger, the pain, the disappointment. You contribute nothing and expect a living. You expect pay for your miserable music. Do you actually think that you can sing? Be reasonable my friend; your voice is horrible and your selections are absurd. Why stay around? Why get in the way? Leave, I tell you! Forget that you are supposed to live."

The blind man walked through the falling snow. The flakes stayed an instant on his coat and then disappeared, leaving wet spots. The dog lowered his head, occasionally shaking his ears to rid them of the ice. The man stopped playing. The snow crunched under his feet. He reached the end of the street, the place where he always turned and retraced his steps. He did not turn. Instead he walked on, moving closer to the river. He stood on the wall and listened to the water. He smelled the oily odor. The dog stared at the moving water and shook the snow from his ears.

The man calmly picked up the dog and threw him in the water; and after he heard the splash, he jumped in. They both disappeared under the black water like the snowflakes that followed them.

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Later, lying next to the wall surrounded by his rescuers and some spectators, he heard the voice again: "I hope that you won't mind my laughing, my friend, but surely you see the wonderful joke. Do you realize that these people who were letting you starve have saved your life? Don't misunderstand; they still don't care. You have tried to kill yourself, and the effort was so hard, and you are such a coward that you will never try again. You will go back to the street and walk among the people who don't care whether you eat or starve, whether you are cold or warm. Only one difference, my friend. You will have no dog. No one can see him. I can hear the newslady asking about him, but no one is listening to her. They don't care. Do you realize that these people, who are hovering over you now, simply don't care?"

—Harvey Saunders



### *Plane Take-Offs*

Lines run only together or not, but  
Lives are intersecting parallels, or  
Bricks held apart  
By the mortar that binds them together.

Circles are only their radii's reach, while  
Souls are infinity self-contained, like  
Tommy's marble ring,  
Which separates all-the-same dust from itself.

Points extend only one way at a time, but  
People are always their own dimensions, so that  
You and I are  
Indefinite extensions, which are free to be led.

—Robert James Bauer

## ABOUT OUR CONTRIBUTORS

### *Jane Aylor*

is a junior majoring in advertising, speech, and minoring in art. While in high school, she received three state scholastic art awards. She likes doing portraits especially.

### *Jean Battlo*

whose poems have appeared in previous years in **Et Cetera**, is a junior in Teachers College majoring in speech and social studies.

### *Robert James Bauer*

Huntington sophomore, majors in English. "Plane Take-Offs" is his first appearance in **Et Cetera**.

### *Miriam Boscia*

has had pictures exhibited with (!) first prizes. She plans to teach or to go into an art field. A senior, she majors in non-academic art.

### *Russ Curry*

contributed the cover for this year's issue. He is a junior with majors in art and speech in Teachers College.

### *Jobanna Hamrick*

lived in Germany for fifteen years including the period of the second World War. Interested in research and languages, she is a junior majoring in biological science.

### *Joseph Frederick Hughes*

a freshman, is majoring in speech and art in Teachers College.

### *Rebecca Jackson*

was a January, 1960 graduate, cum laude. Her college fields were library science and English.

### *Robert Johnson*

a senior in Arts and Science College, is majoring in biology and history. He enjoys writing, especially poems about nature.

### *Ann Lawson*

was nominated for a Hallmark honor prize at the state scholastic art exhibits when she was in high school. She is a sophomore majoring in advertising.

### *Judy Light*

is a freshman majoring in music. She states: "Music and poetry are to me what Nature is to God. They are a great means of expression and communication."

### *Mike Padovani*

Fairborn, Ohio, junior, is majoring in business administration and art.



*Ada M. Perdue*

author of "My Favorite Uncle," majors in elementary education and social studies. She is a junior.

*Judy Pullen*

the editor of **The Chief Justice**, is a previous **Et Cetera** contributor. She enjoys writing both poetry and short stories. A junior, she majors in English and social studies.

*Carol D. Reynolds*

a senior, majors in speech and English. She developed her original style for writing poetry one summer while working in summer stock.

*Keith Rife*

plans to be a teacher. He is a junior majoring in English and social studies. This edition marks his first appearance in **Et Cetera**.

*Maria Robbins*

enjoys writing poetry in Spanish as well as in English. She contributed a translation of a Spanish poem last year. Majoring in speech and English, she is a senior.

*Joi Rodriquez*

Clarksburg junior, contributed the picture "Destiny Unknown." She is majoring in art and Spanish in Teachers College.

*Tom Ross*

a former contributor, is editor of the **Campus Chimes** and assistant editor of **The Chief Justice**. He began active pursuit of writing as a result of very favorable receptions of his work on campus. He is a sophomore.

*Harvey Saunders*

is the author of two short stories in this magazine. He is a junior and is majoring in history and Spanish. This is the first work he has ever submitted for any type of publication.

*John William Teel*

majors in English "for no more practical reason than that I like it." He is a senior and admires "among a multitude of poets" Dylan Thomas and Matthew Arnold most.

*Bob Woods*

is a freshman majoring in engineering. This is the first time he has ever submitted work for publication; he is the author of the short description "Renascence."

FROM THE EDITOR

*We are proud to print  
your student publications.*

*We are proud to print  
your pictures and illustrations.*

*If you disagree  
with our selections, create  
and contribute next year.*

*If you admire the  
works here published, we  
would like you to do the same.*

