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Scripta: A Collection of Papers written by Advanced Composition Students

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Scripta

A COLLECTION OF PAPERS

WRITTEN BY

Advanced Composition Students

WOFFORD COLLEGE

INTERIM - JANUARY, 1968

808.831

757

Ch428Scr



Scripta

WOFFORD COLLEGE
INTERIM - JANUARY, 1968

808.831757
Ch 428 Scr

*To Dr. Harris Cheuning
for his patience, courtesy,
and inspirational guidance.*

This text was set in
Linotype Fairfield
by
Charles P. Smith, Jr., '70

Printed in
Greer, South Carolina,
by Charles P. Smith, Jr., '70
1968

49670

Foreword

by HARRIS CHEWNING, *Professor of English*

During January, 1968, the first Interim period of Wofford College's new 4-1-4 calendar, a number of unconventional, experimental activities were going on. Among these was Project No. 17—Advanced Composition—whose purpose was to give its participants extensive practice, under supervision, in various kinds of writing.

The seven students enrolled in this project used my office, Main 221, as their headquarters. There they met each morning, five days a week, for a writing laboratory. These sessions were quite informal, with a big work table to sit around, a pile of dictionaries for quick reference, and a small side table with equipment for making tea and coffee on cold winter days.

During the morning sessions I made assignments, and we discussed problems of style, organization, and development. The students decided on specific topics, worked out outlines and other plans, and started work on papers that usually were finished elsewhere and brought to class next day. Each student wrote twenty-two papers of various lengths and types, besides keeping a journal. All of these papers were read and criticized by me, but not graded. Though each was revised to correct errors of form and make other improvements, emphasis was mainly on content.

In making assignments I was guided by the traditional four forms of discourse—exposition, description, narration, and argumentation—and required the students to write several types of papers in each of the four general categories.

Project No. 17 was not intended to be a creative-writing course. But a number of the assignments offered opportunities for imaginative and artistic treatment, and the creativity with which the students often wrote demonstrated that there is no sharp line between well-done informative writing and creative writing.

About a week after the Interim began, one of the students, Charles Smith, whose father is owner and manager of the Charles P. Smith Printing Company in Greer, South Carolina, offered to print a collection of some of the best papers produced by the students in Project

No. 17. The other students liked the prospect of seeing some of their work in print, and the present publication resulted. Charles's classmates and I are most grateful to him and his father for their generosity with the time, labor, and materials that were necessary to produce this little book.

The work of each student is represented several times in the following pages. The pieces printed include expository articles, informal essays, descriptive sketches, and short stories. Their variety suggests the range of the work done in the project.

The members of Project No. 17 present this collection of writings with the hope that their friends will find them interesting.



The Oldtimer

(A Descriptive Sketch)

by ART FRENCH, '68

The sticky, slatted chair creaked under the weight of the old man as he shifted his body, seeking a more comfortable position. The chair was tilted back on its hind legs, its back resting against its oak column.

The occupant of the chair turned his weather-beaten face to—
direction. It was as wrinkled as the bark of a tree and partially hidden by a smudge of white beard, stained around his mouth and down the sides of his chin by tobacco juice. His nose and cheeks were a bit redder than the rest of his round face. The eyes, unlike the rest of the old man, were still bright and bold. He stared at me as a young man as I passed him. As he turned his head back to the front, I could see that his grey-white hair was thinning and hanging over his ears.

The back of his right hand came up to his mouth to wipe away some tobacco juice. The hand was as wrinkled as his face. It seemed to emphasize his many years of hard labor. The tip of his index finger was shorter than normal, and it lacked a finger nail. Probably a small accident.

The oldtimer's clothes were of the kind commonly seen in this neck of the woods. He wore a worn-in plaid shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his forearms, with his dirty-white long-handles showing. His faded blue overalls covered his barrel-shaped belly; they were unbuttoned along the sides, where again his dirty-white long-handles could be seen.

Suddenly, a long brown stream of tobacco juice ran my cheek as it leaped from his mouth and then into the tubs through the open ash tray at the base of the stool since upon which he had placed his feet. The old man's longans were scuffed and scarred, and the tubs were torn thin by many inches of following a snake along a furrow. The overalls were frayed from long use, and they followed the rest of his appearance.

For some reason this man's shabby, unkempt appearance seemed to be of no concern to him, for as I was leaving I overheard him say, "I always like to get shed of my misery as soon as I get hit. 'Cause then there ain't nobody as leather as 'bout hit." He seemed very unconcerned about his physical well-being. Just give the oldtimer a ches of tobacco, and he will be happy.

Useless?

by RICK HOFFER, '68

Hunting is a sport in which man purposely pits his own cunning against that of a wild animal. It sometimes reaffirms his ability to control his environment, and often it acquaints him with the frustration which his environment will offer him. I have gone hunting many times during which I didn't kill anything, but always I was racker for having gone. On the worst hunt I've ever been on, however, I did get some thing.

Off the coast of South Carolina near Beaufort, there is an island which abounds with goats. The man who owns the island doesn't know how they got there. He does know, however, that every year some of the goats on the island must be killed or eventually all of them would starve. One year he invited my father and some other men down to help him kill the goats. I went along.

It was late fall, as I remember, and the boat ride to the island was cold. We were all using leeches and arrows to make the situation more sporting, although the goats were quite wild and would run from man. The owner of the island said that there was an overabundance of male goats on the island and asked us to kill only rams.

We unloaded the boat at the bottom of a small bank, and by the time I had gotten to the top of the bank one man had already shot the first goat. My father and I walked down toward the end of the island, but by now the goats had gotten over their initial surprise, and it was difficult to get close enough for a good shot.

At the end of the island a small group of goats eluded us easily, for there was no cover there. It was there that I saw the goat I wanted. He was short, but very muscular, and his horns did almost two complete turns. He must have been of a ram strain, for his hair hung way down his sides, making him look more like a yak than a goat.

My father went along with the rest of the men then, but I followed the shaggy goat. He would stay just far enough ahead of me to make a very poor target. It was fascinating to watch the way he took command of his little entourage of female goats and shaggy kids whenever I got too near.

They worked their way down the southern side of the island, in the open, with one dogging their trail. They were feeding on the

grass which grew between the tracks on the right and the ocean on the left. They had taken a particularly long run away from me when the woman I feared came. They plunged into the woods. By the time I got to the spot where they had entered, I couldn't be sure that I had the right area, and the goats were nowhere to be seen.

I decided that I would make a half-hearted attempt to find them again. So I strayed into the woods in the direction that I thought they would probably have taken. I wandered around in there for several hours. I took occasional potshots at goats, always missing. I was more interested in just watching the goats move around and exploring the island.

Once I started myself between two trees, hoping that a bull would come by. Guns move about very slowly, however, and are more interested in eating than in moving around. Either that or they scared me and didn't come near.

Then I began wondering if the others were having the same luck that I was having. So I went back to where the boat was anchored. There were several dead female goats lying around. They had been shot to eat. Apparently the other hunters had done well. This made me more determined than ever to kill a goat. So back I went into the woods.

A few minutes later I broke into a clearing. One second it was filled with goats, and the next it was empty. All that remained was a little white kid and I. The kid was about two feet high and he looked at me and bawled several times. He was so small and so clear that I would have stepped on him, but I wait for bigger game.

I found bigger game, too, for a few minutes later I saw the shaggy goat. This time I took no chances. I slowly moved closer and closer. Then I aimed and fired. Shaggy bawled and took off, but my arrow hit in him. It slowed him down so that I was able to keep up with him. Finally, he stopped in a clearing. He seemed to be waiting. I threw back the arrow and let fly. He went down. I ran up and shot him several times more.

Then came the bad part. I pulled my arrows out of Shaggy and stood there wondering what to do next. You can't eat male goats. It was time to go back to the boat and I couldn't take the goat I had killed. Shaggy had died for nothing except the benefit of other goats. It had all been too easy. Suddenly, I stood there a boy of fourteen, having just killed a goat, that other goats might live. Everything was undeniably real, frightening, and somehow sad.

Traffic Court

By BEN SARTIN, '70

The framework of the United States legal system consists of several types of courts, differing in purpose and function. In the lower echelon of this legal system is that division known as the municipal traffic court. This court is bound to uphold the state and municipal vehicle laws for the area in which it has jurisdiction.

The purpose of a traffic court is to punish or otherwise correct those persons guilty of moving violations, in the interest of public safety. The court interprets the laws set up for the protection of the general public, and persons found guilty of a violation are fined or sentenced by a judge representing the will of the people.

When a person is given a ticket by a police officer, he is served notice of the date he must appear in court and of the penalty charged against him. Prior to the date of the trial, the solicitor makes the formal charges in writing and the person's name is placed on the docket (list of cases to be tried).

The party appears in court at nine in the morning on the appointed day and waits until his case is called. Failure to appear, except in cases of extreme circumstances, will result in arrest. When the case comes up, the defendant rises at his seat and states his plea. If he pleads "not guilty," he is directed to stand before the judge and swear until all those wishing to plead "guilty" have been tried. In the event that he has reversed his plea, he is directed to stand before the judge and swear the charges and his previous record read to the court by the clerk. Any necessary evidence is given by the solicitor, the arresting officer, considered an expert witness. The decision is entirely in the hands of the judge, as juries are used only in the case of a violation considered a felony, such as manslaughter with an automobile. The judge hears his decision on the seriousness of the offense and the nature of the defendant's record. A fine or a sentence may be imposed.

If the defendant pleads guilty, he is allowed legal counsel or he can argue his own case. The sworn testimony and that of any witnesses he may have comprise his case. The arresting officer and witnesses for the prosecution relate information pertinent to the case for the

state. The solicitor presents the case, and either he or the defendant or the defendant's attorney may ask questions of any witness.

The judge considers the testimony and decides either to uphold the charges as read or to dismiss the case. Any reasonable doubt in the mind of the judge as to the defendant's absolute guilt is cause for dismissal. If the defendant is found guilty, the judge directs him to pay a fine and the costs of court, or gives him a suspension of his driving privileges, or both.

The person then pays the fine and is released, or he begins his sentence in the event that one is imposed.

Snow Scenes of 1968

(A Descriptive Sketch)

By GEORGE BROWN, '70

Taking advantage of the first snowfall of the year, I went out with some friends and a bobbed to cruise down the slopes around Spaulding. The frozen rain under the snow made driving hazardous, but we got around fairly well with the aid of some snowchains.

Soon we were able to find a suitable slope on a hilly street in Ferrisburg. We eagerly piled out of our Volkswagens, anticipating the fun-filled rides ahead. Little time was lost in getting our sleds axled from the car and starting our trek up to the summit of our slope. Walking up the snow with our sleds dragging behind us, we undoubtedly resembled Alyson mountain climbers preparing to conquer a great mountain. Our bright plaid scarfs added color to the scene as they flapped in the wind. Our high-topped boots gave us wonderful traction on the slippery slope as we made our climb. Looking about the group, we could see all colors and types of pants under the heavy sweaters and jackets. One girl had worn a pair of red wool slacks with a brown car-

most were there. Another girl had light grey socks partially hidden by high-topped black boots lined with rabbit fur. The boys wore blue jeans along with their sweaters. We all were dressed warmly and comfortably for the occasion.

The top of our slope was an intersection of two streets, and the road sloped downward over a long, gradual incline. It gave a terrific ride but provided unimpeded excitement to the base of the hill. This happened to be another intersection. Our timing was coordinated so that our study reached the base of the hill at almost the same time as a car approached from a street intersecting ours at that particular point.

After this almost fatal encounter we decided to go over to the football field at Spartanburg High School. A steeply inclined bank around the field gave us a wonderful place to sled on. We were able to pick up considerable speed on the way down the bank, and the football field gave us a safe place to coast in a stop. Several hours on this sport proved to be enough for us, however, and we hurried back to our warm rooms for coffee.

The Swift Descent Into Love

by TINA MANNING, 71

He sat in the wicker chair, legs stretched, eyes half shut. The sun shone through the ornate screens at the side of his porch and cast shadows on the checked linoleum. The summer had been fairly mild so far, but now the heat increased as the days passed; they were becoming intolerable. Slowly, he took the cool glass which had been sitting at his elbow and sipped the contents. He replaced it on the table and gazed through the screen into the road, wondering what would happen next.

Life had just dragged by, picking him up and setting him down again whenever it pleased. College had left him cold—a bunch of dusty eggheads using conventional beyond description. The street had been just the opposite—mere machines who thought of nothing but breads and biscuits. After the army, he had gone back home and

tried to get a job. That was when he met Simon—when he went apartment-hunting and had to double-up with him. They hadn't gotten along at first, at least until they found out that they both were avid chess players. Simon got him a job at the tailor shop he ran; it was a good job, paid very well, and the hours weren't long. He had been lucky this time, he was happy.

But as he sat there, he wondered what would happen next. Time passes so quickly, he had noticed before, and he remembered the fact now. He let his eyes range over the expanse of trees at the foot of the hill on his right and then over the grassy lawn in front of him. A glister of ivy hung from the ceiling, and comfortably studied lounge chairs awaited heat-fatigued guests who never came. He had long desired visitors, friends, to come to this house; acquired after he had earned and saved for two years at Simon's tailor shop, but only Simon ever came. It was all rather a waste, having only one visitor, and he was a Jew. After work he would wander through the bus rooms, wondering what they would be like filled with people; but a car passing on the street outside would distract him, and he would remember that he was hungry. He would look out his kitchen window and see the sun turn the evening sky a hurt shade of orange. And even when the sun had gone down and the lamps were lighted, he could feel the burning heat under his collar and the sun burn under his clothing. He had never liked television or radio, so his evenings were occupied with finishing the novel he had barely started or reading the newspapers that the neighbor's dog had torn to shreds. He would make and then slip between mat and sheets until morning brought the heat again. He was lucky, though; he was alone and happy.

He finished his drink, wiped the ring off the table, and set the glass down again. "Orphan just never got the right training in house-hold know-how and everything," Mother Superior had told Sister Ann one time, and he remembered those words; but who cared if glasses made rings on the table?—it was his table. He found that the ivy needed watering, and the porch needed to be swept, but that could wait. Mamma—tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow . . .

The phone rang somewhere, far-off, distantly. He awoke with a jolt; sleep again. He was getting late, and fat was beginning to obliterate the distinct outline his once-hard muscles had created. And at only twenty-seven. The phone rang again, insistently; it must be answered.

"Hello"

"This is Simon. What are you going to be doing tomorrow afternoon after work?"

"I don't know, why?"

"Well, some of my friends are having a party at the beach, and they asked me to bring a guest. There'll be some girls. How about it?"

"I don't know, Simon . . ."

"You're not doing anything, are you?"

"No, but I won't know anyone there."

"You don't need to. Come on, give me an answer."

"Well, all right, I guess. You say you're going?"

"Yeah. See you at work." He hung up.

Why had he said yes? He really didn't want to go. He would have to get fixed up just to meet some people he would never know or see again. But it was something to do. Why not?

The day passed quietly and slowly enough. Simon was rather excited about the activities, he was a little apprehensive. Quoting time, and he went home in charge. Simon was waiting for him at five, a half-hour to the beach. But everything happened so quickly, and he was there before he was aware of much. Swimming . . . the late-afternoon sun . . . a blonde who had attached herself to him . . . They took the live lobsters and plunged them into the boiling water. "Oh, didn't it hurt them?" she had cried out in pity. She looked up at him, searching his eyes desperately for an answer. He turned his head when he saw her wet eyes. She wouldn't eat, but stayed in his arm, looking into the water several feet away. He didn't eat either, and he didn't know why. It must be some kind of game, he thought. "I don't even know her." The sun wandered off to dark shadows to make love. In and she got out and watched the fire die, and the water flow and recede. It was enough, neither wanted or needed more.

The night resolved into day, into work, routine. He watched the sky and swept the porch in the morning before work. He had no time for breakfast. The shop had been quiet before, and today was not an exception. But she, the blonde, knocked on the door as he and Simon were closing up.

"How did you find me?"

"Simon told me you were his partner. So here I am."

He was surprised and pleased at her trouble to find him and to visit him like this. But why him? "Does it matter? 'Why,' you always ask. Don't ask me 'why,'" she said. So they had dinner together, but neither ordered lobster. He invited her to his house; might as well give the neighbors something to talk about.

She exclaimed at how neat and clean everything appeared. Didn't look at all like her place on the east side of town, but then, even the east side didn't look like the east side, she chuckled, then frowned.

They sat on his porch until dark, drinking cool drinks. Afterward they went inside. He read her the first chapters of his last novel. They sat a long silence; they looked first at each other, and then each past the other. "Well, how did you like it? Did you understand it?"

"I didn't understand it, but I liked it," she said.

"Oh, hell! How can you like it if you don't understand it?" He threw the paper on the floor and watched the pages flutter.

"Well, I don't understand you, but that doesn't mean I don't like you."

He was quiet as he felt the heat leave the room, as he saw the leaves through his window disperse, as he heard the wind whistle in the porch tinkle away in the distance . . .

He drove through the rain after he had taken her home. He passed Simon's dark apartment building, he passed the tailor shop and the orphanage, and the school house, and the church, and the grocery, and the houses and houses and houses . . .

He sat in the wicker chair, legs outstretched, eyes half-shut. The sun shone through the orange screen at the side of his porch. The shadows were undulating patterns of heat, less oppressive than before. The kitchen floor glistened black and white; the wind clatters rattled in the bang, but wind. Ivy hung in the flow and clawed desperately for a foothold on the tiles. Dogs barked, far away. A car passed by in the distance. There was a cool drink at his elbow; it warmed and made a white ring on the table, but he didn't think of Sister Ann or the Mother Superior. He looked down over the tree tops on his right and the grass lawn in front of him. He didn't think of college or the army, in fact, he didn't even think of the tailor shop or Simon or the first chapters of his novel.

He put up his hand, put it on the shoulder of the figure seated on the floor beside him. Then he ruffled the blonde hair. But he didn't turn away when her eyes looked at him and turned a little . . .

The New Pawnshop

by CHARLES SMITH, '70

The small pawnshop on the corner of Ash and Maple Streets has a clean outer appearance from across the street. The bright red sign on front says, "TAYLOR'S PAWNSHOP—If We Don't Have It, You Don't Want It."

Crossing the street I am able to see the individual items of merchandise in the showcase windows come into view. Portable radios . . . fancy watches . . . shiny knives . . . old-fashioned cameras . . . sparkling jewelry . . . loud-looking clothes—these are a few of the eye-catching items on display. At the front-door entrance is a black doormat with the word *Welcome* woven in silver letters.

Inside the newly remodeled building I notice the neat appearance of the polished wooden tables and glass counters, covered with those sorts of junky articles. As I take a few steps I feel one of my feet slip on the well-mopped tile floor. Along the side and back walls are many old-fashioned shelves filled to their capacity. Above these shelves is a silver-colored wire running from one end of the wall to the other. Attached to this wire are scores of guitars varying in size, shape, color, and price. As I look from left to right, I notice that the smaller and lower priced guitars are on the left, with the sizes and prices increasing as they move toward the right.

As I continue to gaze about I notice that a new ceiling with eight bright-glowing fluorescent lights has just been installed. These two improvements seem to make the entire shop appear to be a friendly little place, indeed.

While half-heartedly browsing at some of the ridiculous items I notice a rough-looking man dressed in a gray suit and an awkward-colored red tie approach and ask if he can be of any assistance. I reply, "No thank you, I am only looking." Suddenly, I start laughing to myself when I see a red and black cowboy shirt with a silver star on the left pocket. I comment to myself, asking, "Who in the world is going to buy that terrible-looking shirt? It looks as if it was made in 1940." Proceeding farther to the rear of the store I notice many unusual objects on one of the glass counters. After a closer examination I see dozens of shining silver handoffs, kingsize blackjacks, gold, birds

looking brass knuckles, (over) hand-bound bull whips, and numerous other dangerous weapons.

As I turn to walk back to the front, I notice the pawnshopkeeper staring at me with a cold eye; this begins to frighten me. Finally, a slow, weather-beaten Negro man enters the shop and draws the pawnshopkeeper's attention. After several minutes of conversation between the two, they both laugh and proceed toward the cash register. The pawnshopkeeper shows a yellow card toward the old man and says for him to fill it out. Then, the Negro exchanges the card and a shiny gold watch for a twenty-dollar bill and leaves the shop.

Having seen enough of the place I decide that it is time to leave. As I open the door I hear a twang of bells break the silence. I look back for one more glance into the shop and see the smiling pawnshopkeeper give a wave and say, "Come back soon, son."

Streaking A Blood Culture

(Exposition of a Process)

by BEN SMITH, '70

In the field of hematology, the study of the blood, there is a biochemical test known as a blood culture, useful in determining the bacteria present in the blood. This information is helpful to the doctor in diagnosing the illness and prescribing the proper treatment.

Blood may be extracted from the patient in either of two ways. The first and more common is the venous puncture, in which blood is taken directly from the vein with a syringe and needle. A constricting band is used to enlarge the vein, and the area, the upper forearm near the elbow, is disinfected with iodine to prevent contamination of the blood with outside bacteria. All the equipment must be sterile and the technician must wear surgical gloves.

The less common Stryker-ick method is employed only when the blood pressure is too low as a hematoma (bruise) prevents a venous

puncture. The blood is removed, with a pipette, from the second or third finger (pierced or lanced). The same precautions apply as in the venous puncture.

Next the whole blood is streaked (applied by scrubbing) on a culture dish with a nichrome wire. The rear and the mouth of the bottle containing the blood are heated to sterilize them. The wire dips a small quantity of whole blood from the culture bottle and holds it in a ring on the end as the technician places it carefully in the blood. The technician then scratches the blood into the agar on a culture dish, as seen in Figure 1.



As you notice, the streakings became lighter as the blood is discharged. The two lighter areas will be examined, as they will have the most desirable concentration of bacteria. That is, the bacteria will be far enough apart to be identified.

At this stage, the dish is covered, labeled, and placed in an incubator (140-150 degrees F.) for several hours. The increased temperature causes the bacteria colonies to develop very rapidly in the blood agar.

After a suitable period of growth, the bacteria are examined and identified. Figures 2 and 3 show the visual and microscopic views.

A microscopic examination of the isolated bacteria reveals their type, for, in a culture of this nature, each kind of bacteria assumes a definite pattern or shape as it colonizes.

Also bacteria may be identified through biochemical analysis of their properties and of decomposing influences on certain other substances. As the results are equally accurate, the other method is used except when there is insufficient blood for a culture, since chemical analysis involves more work.

From his biological conclusions, the doctor can determine the type of bacteria and diagnose certain related diseases (such as meningitis). With this information, he can prescribe antibiotics which will effectively combat the spread of the disease. Therefore, this method of blood analysis is invaluable in the treatment and cure of a sick person.

And the Brave Carry On

by ARY FOWLER, '68

The helicopter's blades belted up the wet-filled dust as the big good soldiers loaded the heavy-filled, rubber-coated bags into its belly. The last body was shoved hurriedly into the chopper, and the side door was slammed shut. Then a battle-weary sergeant gave a thumbs-up sign, signaling the pilot to take off. Slowly the giant bird lifted itself above the cloud of dust, which it had created. As the nose of the helicopter faded into the distance, the sea-torn troops struggled wearily back up the scathed, eroded slope of a hill somewhere near Khe Sanh.

"Too bad about Johnny," spoke a young, spheroidal soldier, who could not get used to death, to a tall, thin buddy.

"Yes, he was such a great guy, too," answered his friend, and at the same time he turned his steel face toward the spot from which the helicopter had just left. His face was thin, worn, and covered with the black dust of the cleared land. A partial beard pierced through the dust, exaggerating his protruding chin. His blood-shot eyes, partially hidden by the puffed-up skin around them, searched the area with fathom hope.

"Come on, Jim. He's gone," whispered his buddy.

The two men continued up the hill to their footstole, which had been hacked out of the dry clay as soon as the hill was secured. Dropping into his footstole, Jim searched for his canteen, which was covered with dirt in the bottom of the hole to keep the water cool. He unscrewed the cap and took a long swallow from it. "God, it tastes awful," he thought as he sipped the lid back on. His body stank; he needed a bath. "Sure, we're limited to two canteens of water a day, and I'm going to take a bath," he said sarcastically to no one in particular.

Reaching for his M16 rifle, which lay beside the mouth of his footstole, Jim leashed his fatigued body against the rear wall of the hole, while his eyes searched the fallen, charred tree trunks and shell craters in his front. As his eyes searched, his mind thought. He listed Vietnam; he listed the war that he fought. All the friends he had seen killed or severely wounded brought to him a new meaning for the word life. He remembered Johnny, before he had been killed, talking about life. Johnny had known what life was like; he understood

the hardships and the cruelty of life. Of course, Johnny had gone to college; he was educated.

As he cuddled his M-16 in his arms, Jim thought about school. He recalled how his mother used to ridicule him when he came home from school trying to speak English like his teachers. His father had always scorned school as taking up too much of his children's time. They had to do their chores before they were allowed to study. Jim had always been taught that school was useless, that he should quit as soon as possible. Fortunately, he had continued his education until he graduated from high school. Then he had joined the army in order to get away from home. Jim had always wanted to travel to see what these other places like New York, Detroit, and Chicago had to offer. The army, however, had other plans for him: Jim had been trained in the art of combat and shipped to Vietnam. When he had first arrived in Nam, Jim could not understand why we were fighting here. Johnny had spent several hours explaining to him the need to defend this small, faraway country.

Vietnam was new and interesting to Jim, until he started fighting. Lord, how he hated the fighting! It was during the fighting that he met Johnny, who carried an automatic rifle in his squad. The two had become close friends, and Johnny had talked often of college. "That's where a man can get ahead," he had said. Jim became puzzled. Why was he thinking about all this now? When Johnny had talked about education, Jim had listened, but he had not thought about him self going to college. It sure seemed strange, him going to college. Johnny had been planning to return to college when he got out of the service. "If Johnny was going back, then there must be something in it. Hell, I'll give it a try. I'll do it for you, Johnny," he thought.

"Chastain, James E., Plc," Jim reported as he stepped before a long table, which was cluttered with papers. The second lieutenant took the folder Jim handed him, and he pulled out one of the discharge forms. Glancing over the form, the lieutenant scribbled his name at the bottom of the form. "Too out! Too thorough with that man's damn army!" Jim thought. Grabbing the folder, he named and strutted out the door. He had never realized that Ever Bragg or North Carolina looked so wonderful. As Jim climbed aboard the bus that was to carry him back to civilization, joy and relief flooded him.

"Now, I'll go to college and make something of myself. From now on I'll be Mr. James E. Chastain," he smiled to himself.

A few days later Jim entered the office of the Director of Admissions at his state university. As he sat in front of the director with

a form, well kept desk separating them, Jim made a distinct effort to watch his English. He spoke slowly and haltingly as he made clear his desires for attending college. Jim told the director about his high school education and his service in the army.

Smiling, the Director of Admissions questioned the young man. Finally he stood and, coming around the desk, shook hands with Jim.

"Go down to room 219 and see Mr. Anderson, sir. I think we have a place for a young man like you here at the University. Mr. Anderson will be able to help you with your financial problems and any other problems you might have."

The tall, self-conscious boy graciously thanked the gentleman and running his hand through his short cut hair, Jim walked briskly from the director's office. He would carry on for those who had fallen.

My Roommate at Work

—by GENESEE BROWN, 70

Today I had the pleasure of watching my roommate perform major surgery on the adapter of his record player. This cylindrical device which enables the record player to play 45-r.p.m. records had totally captivated his attention. He sat at his desk, holding the little adapter in one hand and a small screwdriver in the other. Leaning far over his desk, with his face almost parallel to the surface, he intently succeeded to remove screws from the base of the adapter. As he scrutinized his work, his tongue managed to protrude between his lips, and his rather pointed nose got closer and closer to his work. Once the adapter was disassembled, he ran his hand through his hair in such a way as to leave a little of it standing up on top. Sitting there in his indefatigable and an old pair of pants, he gave the appearance of a regular little mechanic. A careful observer would not overlook, however, his relatively clean and uncalloused hands, which indicate, along with his fair, light complexion, that he does not make a regular practice of performing hard manual tasks.

Harpichords and Pianos

—by TIM MOURSON, 71

The harpichord and piano, both keyboard instruments, are different in both performance and superficial construction.

First of all, the harpichord usually has more than one manual and sometimes even a keyboard of pedals. The keys, except on most modern instruments, are black and white, with the white keys being the notes C⁴, D⁴, E⁴, G⁴, and A⁴. The strings, which are plucked by feather quills, run at right angles to the manuals. The pedals, which of course are played with the feet, can strike many different combinations of notes, including different combinations of octaves.

The sound of a harpichord is rather tinkly, brassy, or tawny, in the different cases may be. The harpichord is limited in its ability to allow the musician any freedom of expression; there simply is none, though the bass notes are much louder than the treble.

The piano has one manual, that's it. Its range is varied and extremely comprehensive. The keys are also black and white, with the black keys being C⁴, D⁴, F⁴, G⁴, and A⁴. The strings, which are struck by small hammers, called tangents, run parallel and at 45-degree angles to the manual. The piano has usually three pedals, though they are not used to play notes. They are used to vary the expression, thus soften the tones, sustain bass notes, or sustain and amplify the notes on the entire keyboard. These things were impossible on the harpichord. Also, on the piano the musician can make the notes either loud or soft by means of touch.

The outward appearance of the harpichord and piano are different, besides the difference in numbers of manuals and a pedal keyboard, the harpichord is almost limited to being shaped like a large bird's wing. The piano can be large or small, upright or grand (like the harpichord), a concert model or a spinet.

The piano in this sense versatile and conveniently used than a harpichord; it is easier to move and tune, and, as one can tell from its description, it is easier to play. However, the harpichord has a manner of expression and sound all its own, which the piano, no matter how expensive, cannot capture.

The Basketball Scene

—by CHARLES SMITH, 70

At the present time the Wolford Terriers and the Furman Paladins are warming up for their big rival basketball game. The game is being played in Wolford's Andrews Field House.

The basketball court is painted a bright yellow with a black trim designating the boundary lines. In the center of the court there is painted a black Terrier's head signifying Wolford's mascot.

The Furman team is dressed in purple uniforms with white trim, and the Wolford team is wearing white uniforms with gold and black trim. The spectators, including me, are excited and anxious to find out if the Terriers will be able to defeat the Paladins. Most of the spectators are dressed in colorful sweaters with mixtures of other colored articles of clothing. The two keys on either side of me are wearing the same color of sweater that I am wearing—navy blue; what a strange coincidence! Everyone is busily chatting to his neighbors about the game.

As the Furman team returns onto the court, the Furman supporters welcome them with a loud applause. Now the Wolford team arrives from the locker room, and there is a thunder of clapping, shouting, and whistling from Wolford's overflowing cheering section. The twelve star players of each team are introduced. Then each team's representatives trot to the center of the court for the tipoff.

The Wolford center, Willie Pagan, wins the jump, and the ball bounces into the hands of one of his fellow players. For the first three minutes the basketball exchanges hands between the teams without a single score. Finally, a Furman player shoots a perfect twenty-five-foot jumpshot, and the ball goes through the net with a swish.

Throughout the first half the teams continually fight for shots and rebounds. There are also many fouls committed. A few times an elbow or a hand is thrown at the opposite team, and the referee's whistle can be heard clearly over the shouts from the players and the spectators. Several times the fans do not agree with the referee's call, and they angrily yell at him. The half time finally arrives, with Furman leading by only two points. As the teams leave the gymnasium, both cheering sections stand to cheer their players.

During the half-time I notice many people standing up to stretch and hurrying to the refreshment stand. Suddenly, I see a girl from my home town. She is wearing a bright green sweater and a dark green

stax. I want to walk over and speak to her, but I notice that she is dating a Furman boy, so I decide not to interrupt their conversation.

I hear many comments about the game. A boy sitting in front of me says that he thinks Wofford will go into a full-team press in the second half. A girl from behind says that she thinks the players are hurting each other too much and are not playing the game right.

There is a roar of applause when the Terriers return. After the second half resumes the teams continue their play. The spectators are sitting on the edges of their seats the entire second half. The Terrier fans are cheering constantly: "Go, Wofford Go!"

At one time Furman leads by nine points; I begin to worry about our chances to win. Suddenly, the Terriers close the gap. Quickly the score is tied and finally Wofford takes the lead for the first time. The Wofford fans go wild. Wofford never gives the lead to Furman again. The Terriers win the game by three points.

While the crowd is leaving I notice several of our players being congratulated by some of the fans. As I approach the exit door, I turn and look toward the empty seats and feel proud of our team's accomplishment. Although I now have a sore throat, I am glad that I was a part of this victory.

Last Class Friday

— by RICK HERRIS, '68

During one's last class on Friday afternoon, a number of feelings run the rap within him. Almost always there is a sense of anticipation. Even if he has nothing planned, there is still a twofold urge to look forward to. So, whatever the emotion, it is always tinged with anticipation.

If a person has a stigmatically obvious look strong him in the face, the anticipation is dulled by a sense of impending discomfort. This reminds one of the well-known fish who jumped out of the frying pan and into the fire. In this type of situation there will be a fleeting moment of despite followed quickly by the crash of inevitable doom.

In the case that a person has no great amount of work to do on a

given weekend, his Friday classes will blend imperceptibly with his free time. It will not be until later on, when he realizes that he doesn't have to get up early the next morning, that his weekend begins. A weekend can be thought of as a state of mind as well as a segment of time.

There have been times, while sitting in Friday classes, that I have seriously considered leaping from my desk in an unassailable fit of impatience, gunning my professor, and fleeing from the room. It is not coincidental that these furious thoughts have come in mind only during Friday classes. Nor is it coincidental that on those particular Fridays my weekends have been planned to the minutest detail.

Often I am able to curb my mindless passions by concentrating on the smallest details of the classroom. As I grope desperately for something real to cling to, the room and its contents assume a distorted appearance.

During those times the clock takes on grossly unreal proportions. It looms very large in view. Indeed, the clock is so large that it always takes a measurably longer time for the red second hand to sweep around the new circumference. In addition to the magnification of the wall clock, the sounds of the individual wrist watches become unbearably loud. It sounds as if a thousand natives are peering on hollow mahogany legs with baseball bats. The jungle drums talk. They tell me that the open road calls. They entice me to answer.

Although the timepieces in the room become larger and louder, the room itself begins to grow smaller. (I have observed this phenomenon closely and can assure the reader that the walls and ceiling actually do move inward, although I have not ascertained the same for the floor, for which it is more difficult to tell.) As the walls move inward, the windows and doors begin to drink also.

It would seem that the smallness of the room would be uncomfortable or even dangerous to a large class. The danger, however, is lessened by the shrinking of my classmates and the furniture in the room. The most marked decrease in size occurs in the professor, who becomes almost microscopic in dimension.

My own books and writing instruments also begin to fade, although I retain my size. In fact, by the time class is dismissed, there is very little present in the small confines of the room (except me, a huge wall clock, and the unmitigated sound of fifteen or twenty mahogany drums).

In order to avoid difficulty of this kind, I have discontinued the planning of my weekends.

Gourmet Noodles

(Expanding of a Dream)

by GEORGE BROWN, '70

Eating Gourmet Noodles is a gastronomical experience which should delight the palates of all lovers of fine foods. Gourmet Noodles is an easy dish to make and requires relatively few ingredients. Once all the ingredients have completely blended, however, a flavorful, well-seasoned dish emerges.

The preliminary operation for the preparation of this dish is the sauteing of the seasonings. To accomplish this, one small onion sliced, one chopped quarter-clove of garlic, half a stick of margarine, and half a teaspoonful of lemon juice are blended into a sautepan. These ingredients are heated quickly at medium-high heat for five minutes. Frequent stirring is required to prevent scorching and to insure a complete browning of the onions. After the sauteing has been completed, one can of consommé is added to the sautepan and the ingredients are brought to a boil.

As the consommé starts to absorb the rich flavors of garlic and onion, the completion of the dish is only two steps away. The addition of one can of sliced mushrooms should be made soon after the consommé has been blended in. The juice that the mushrooms are packed in should be added also, to create the proper consistency. After all these ingredients have come to a boil, add four ounces of dry, old-fashioned egg noodles into the sauce. Stir the egg noodles in slowly until they become soft and saturated. Now reduce the temperature to low heat and cover the pot. Allow the noodles to simmer for five minutes, and your dish is completed.

Gourmet Noodles placed in a crisp vegetable bowl adds an elegant attraction to a dinner. This dish goes particularly well with red meats like beef roast or steak. Its delightful flavor lends itself to almost any meat, however, and it can be heartily enjoyed even by itself.

The Long Night

by BEN SAIFU, '70

The small rubber boat glided silently through the murky darkness. Behind it, the sinuous outline of the dark submarine grew smaller in the distance. The two men in the small boat were tense with anticipation as they approached the island, discernible only by the crashing of the surf on the pebbled beach.

The two young U. S. Navy lieutenants were chosen for this mission on the basis of their experiences and particular skills. One could handle a machine gun with deadly accuracy, capable of causing a man to halt with one thundering burst. The other, somewhat calmer by nature, was an expert in the field of communications. It would be his responsibility to summon the sub when the mission was completed.

Only two hours before, Ben and Duncan were safe on the ship, being briefed. They were to locate in advance points of interest and lead them to the beach where they would be evacuated by the waiting submarine. The mission received top priority from SHIPAC headquarters. The marines had valuable information pinpointing Japanese gas emplacements.

Ben sat in the front of the rubber boat clutching his Thompson submachinegun nervously. Duncan steered the craft from behind. The small electric motor hummed, making the only sound except for the surf. The warm tropical night hung heavily about the boat and the moonlight clung to everything, like the beads of sweat on the men's faces.

Their feet found the hard sea bottom as the men disembarked to pull the boat through the breakers. They lay on the warm sand, comforted by the security it offered, listening for even the slightest sound that could mean danger. Their black suits showed up sharply against the pure white sand. Satisfied that there was no apparent danger nearby, they secured the boat in some jungle foliage.

Reaching the security of the palm trees Duncan unfolded a waterproof map showing their destination. Ben held a small gas light and they studied the map silently. Satisfied, they checked the compass reading and set off through the thick jungle foliage. They walked through the dense growth, seemingly for hours, further frustrated by the extreme remoteness of the situation.

Suddenly, the security of the night was shattered by the explosion of a sniper's fire from a nearby tree. Duncan ducked as a bullet

whined past his head, and the two men searched frantically for cover. The silence was deafening. Not even the insects dared make a sound.

"See where he was?" Ben asked in a low voice.

"Hell if I know, I hit the dirt as soon as the bastard fired."

The two men searched the trees silently, and suddenly a dark nose a fourth long above their heads.

"He's in that tall palm over there," Duncan whispered excitedly.

Ben rolled over, out of his cover, and fired a long burst through the fronds of the palm. They heard a stifled gasp as the sniper tried desperately to hide his pain and remain silent. He was overcome by nausea as blood poured through his clenched teeth and he fell. The thud of the lifeless body striking the ground was sickening to the two men as they fought back waves of dizziness. The service still had not taught them to take killing lightly.

Ben replaced the spent clip, and he and Duncan held their breath as they waited for several seconds to see if anyone else would move. There was a slight sound behind them, and Ben whirled, firing as he did. The tracer flares lighted the night, and a man screamed as a flame exploded, catching him full in the face and chest. He crumpled to the ground and moaned in his agony. A single shot from his pistol ended his suffering.

The flare exploded in the trees, and flames began to spread through the dry undergrowth. Ben realized instantly that he had accidentally fired the wrong clip. The flares were to warn the sub of danger so that it would withdraw to a safe place. He picked the clip of flares accidentally. The two men planned their escape hurriedly as the flames grew higher. Their only chance was to reach the beach, and they abandoned caution as they ran.

In the distance, the deck watch reported the warning flares, and the sub glided out to the safety of the open sea. The throbbing of the motors was a disheartening sound to the men seemingly trapped on the open beach.

The flames consumed the trees and undergrowth, spreading with surprising speed. The two men ran like hell, trying to avoid the falling, burning debris. When the sailors reached the beach they were challenged by a group of black-faced and somewhat provoked marines. They hastily identified themselves, and Duncan flashed an emergency signal to the sub. Two small craft from the sub picked up the worn-out men after receiving their message.

Aboard the submarine, the marines slipped hot coffee and told their story to the commander of the boat. Everyone was relieved that the mission escaped disaster and worked out as well as it did.

Hunting Duck

By TUCK HEDDER, '69

Of the various types of hunting, the most demanding which I have encountered is duck hunting. Those hunters who make up the hard inner core of the duck hunting fraternity have reduced the sport to a fine art. The rest of us, who are not as fanatic, form the periphery of this society and acquire varying amounts of skill.

The real experts at duck hunting could tell you the best way to go about it. I am not one of the experts. I can only tell you what I do.

Duck season is controlled by the federal government, because of the cooperation of the United States with Canada in this matter. The United States is divided into areas of administration under the Migratory Game Bird Act. The area which includes South Carolina is called the Atlantic Flyway. The government attempts to set up the seasons in a way that will be conducive to the preservation of ducks. This means that hunting must not interfere with the breeding or nesting seasons. It also means that enough ducks will be killed so that there will be food enough for the remaining ones. All these factors bring together restrict duck hunting to the three coldest, winter-most miserable months of the year—November, December, and January.

In addition, ducks may not be shot before thirty minutes prior to sunrise. In muddy, the best shooting is only in the early morning. Consequently, one must get up early, early in the morning to get to the hunting site in time for the best hunting.

Wild ducks like to go where people aren't. They also like to go where there's water. Lakes and marshy backbays, generally inaccessible terrain, are the places to look.

In South Carolina the coast is your best bet. Ducks abound around the backbays, where the tide is felt thirty miles inland and the rivers flow backwards. The treacherous mud flats of the Santee Cooper water plex are also good places. I have even seen a few ducks along even Camp Creek on their way south.

If you want to go duck hunting, a good rule is to take along everything that will increase your comfort. There are a few essentials, however.

The gun chosen for duck hunting should be the one that gets the most shots into the air with sufficient range. There is nothing accom-

muskie about taking the largest weapon available. The chance is that the gun won't be large enough.

There are those who feel that ducks can be tracked into flying into range. If the hunter believes this he buys some duck decoys and a duck call. Several good decoys and calls are on the market today. The only limitations are money and space. Most hunters think that such devices can do no actual harm.

If the place where you wish to hunt is not accessible by land, then a boat is necessary. A boat also affords a dry place to stand and sit while hunting. Of course, it must be camouflaged. Anything else which increases comfort or chances of success is also desirable, unless prohibited by law.

Ducks are apparently attracted by other ducks. Therefore, decoys should be placed where they can be seen from the air. Attempts to arrange the decoys so that they look happy and carefree are futile. Just attach an anchor and throw them out into the water.

The law prohibits the use of recordings of actual duck sounds for the purpose of luring the ducks. Sounds may be produced artificially with duck calls. There are several types manufactured. Some hunters try to perfect moody, mournful, and happy sounds. It is my own feeling that the emotional range of a duck is limited. Any reasonable "quack-quack" will do.

Ducks fly fast. If one aims at a duck flying past he will miss. Aim in front of the duck and the shot will connect—maybe.

One of the most frightening experiences that I have had was sinking up to my waist in quicksand while hunting duck in the Santee-Cooper area. A friend and I were looking for the way back to the car. Generally, it is dark when we arrive at the hunting site. It is an excellent idea to mark the way back. Also, one should allow for changes in tide. I got out of the quicksand, because I had a large sack of decoys to float on. Someone else may not be so lucky.

Duck hunting is a messy, cold, physically draining business. It is much easier to contribute to the balance of nature by sitting or a tree waiting for a deer. Yet, I keep going duck hunting year after year. Perhaps it is the nature of man to desire to have hardship for the possibility of gain.

The Barfly And the Musician

By ART FOWLER, '68

The lighting in the El Cid was hidden by blue, green, and yellow shades; the music resounded from the juke-box through the entire room. Loud laughs and drunken shouts vibrated over the sound of the juke-box as beer steins and glasses clinked together. A sexy, semi-skinned, weather-beaten waitress swished between the tables carrying a magnum tray and chatting with prospective customers. The bar was highly furnished and the walls were decorated with symbols of knighthood. There were awards, suits of armor, coats of arms, and shields. The only quality of knighthood that appeared to be missing was that of chivalry. The beer-blasted men leered at the tempting blonde waitress and noded in the sequel of sex-filled jokes.

The front door of the bar opened, and an old white-haired Negro man shuffled slowly into the room. His shoulders slumped under the weight of the guitar case and amplifiers which he carried. Quietly the old man struggled with his load into a far corner of the room, and he busied himself preparing his instruments for playing. As he worked, the only interest the Negro crossed was an occasional glance. No one seemed to notice him, for he had no unusual features which attracted attention.

Silently and patiently the Negro sat in his corner, waiting for the juke-box to use up its quarters. When the peddicated music ceased, his black fingers began to pluck at the strings on his classical guitar. Ray Charles' "Georgia" came flowing from the shadow-darkened corner, and the attention of the entire room became focused in that direction. As the sound of the music diverted the customers' attention, the laughing and shouting fell to a murmur and smiles of enjoyment spread across the staring faces. The apprehension displayed on the old man's face vanished, and his eyes began to sparkle; his white teeth became visible, outlined by the coal-black face, and the music sprang easily from his guitar.

After the first song people began to clap enthusiastically, and one man brought the Negro a stein of beer. The old man accepted the

been graciously, and after a long session, she began playing the guitar again. The customer continued to listen as the Negro filled the room with his ebullient sounds. This music seemed to enthrall the audience to such an extent that their thoughts were changed from unsatisfied but filled desires to a lulled contentment.

Growing Up

by CHARLES SMITH 70

Jimmy, take the baby for a stroll . . . Wash your little brother while I go to the market . . . Sweep the floor and carry out the garbage . . . Hurry and clean up your room . . . Jimmy Watkins was sick of hearing those harsh demands from his parents. As he climbed out his window with his small suitcase, he mumbled, "Soozy today is my twelfth birthday. Mother and Daddy won't come in to make me until late. What a surprise it will be when they find me gone; they'll wish they hadn't yelled at me and made me do all the work."

As Jimmy climbed over the backyard fence and ran across the vacant lot, he still heard those terrible-sounding words ringing in his head. He began to run faster down the unpaved sidewalk, hoping that the ringing would stop. Finally, his lungs gasped for breath, and he slowed to a normal walk with the suitcase clutched tight in his hand.

By walking across Mrs. Pope's backyard Jimmy took the long way so he could regain his breath before he arrived at the train station. While dragging his feet across Mrs. Pope's flower bed, he wondered

what it would be like living in Montpelier with Cousin Wilbur. For the fourth time that morning Jimmy recalled how on Wilbur's visit he talked only about how much he enjoyed living in his new eleven-room apartment by himself and was free to do as he pleased.

"Wilbur did ask me to visit him when I grew a little older, and it has been a while now since he came to see us. I think that I am old enough to travel by myself. If Wilbur doesn't approve, at least he won't throw me out the first night."

As Jimmy approached the weather-beaten train station, he noticed a big green sign with white letters spelling MORRISVILLE, VERMONT. He carefully walked up the ramp leading to the front door and entered the small building. To his left was a row of benches with only an old Negro man staring at though he were blind. In the middle of the room was an old rusty-looking pot stove with a pile of wood stacked neatly beside it. To his right was a middle-aged man standing behind an ironed window. As Jimmy walked up, the man looked up from his papers and asked, "Can I help you, sonny?"

"Yes sir," Jimmy replied, "I want one ticket to Montpelier."

"That will be eighty-five cents."

Giving the man eighty-five cents and receiving his ticket, Jimmy said, "Thank you, sir."

The smiling man ended the conversation by saying, "Thank you, sonny."

Jimmy then looked at his ticket and saw that his train would arrive in fifteen minutes. With nothing to do he walked over to the old man sitting on a bench and set down his suitcase.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning there," said the man. "What brings you out this early?"

"Don't tell anybody, sir, but I'm running away from home."

"I know exactly how you feel," he said, "I done the same thing when I was no higher than a donkey's ass, but I'll tell you something, son. Take my advice and go back to your ma."

"But I'm going to my Cousin Wilbur's," interrupted Jimmy.

"By when you leave der house and disappoint your folks dat a way, you're makin' a powerful big mistake. Your life will be worth but diggins in the ditches and fights' for every meal."

"But what 'bout my parents going to see when I walk on?"

"If you hurry, you can get back in less time than it takes a goat to blink."

"I believe you are right, sir. I don't want to dig ditches, and I really do love my family. Here, take my ticket and cash it in and

buy something to eat," Jimmy said with a smile.

"I thank you very much," replied the grateful-looking old man.

Picking up his suitcase Jimmy quickly left the train depot and ran toward home, avoiding Mrs. Pepp's yard. He dashed the fence and back into his bedroom. Suddenly, he heard his parents' footsteps; he had only enough time to pull off his shirt, put on his night shirt, and run jump into bed before the door opened.

"Happy birthday, Jimmy," said his mother and father together.

"Good morning, everybody," replied Jimmy.

His father sat on the bed and spoke directly to Jimmy. "Jimmy, your mother and I have decided that since you are now twelve years old, we are going to give you a little more freedom to do what you want, but there also goes a little more responsibility with it. Do you know what I mean?"

"I sure do, Dad," said Jimmy. "I guess I must be growing up."

Witch's Sabbath

by TOM MORRISON 71

The book peddler came by, humming to himself as the boy lay on his stomach in the grass. The peddler hummed a tune to himself and the boy hummed another. There were clouds in the sky, but the sky was still warm; the book peddler had his coat flung over his shoulder, the boy lay on the grass in his shirt sleeves, letting the strong wind blow his hair all over his face.

"Hello," said the boy.

"Hello," said the peddler as he stopped for a short rest.

"How away ya sold?"

"None, why?"

"Just wondered. You can't stop at this house?"

"And just why is that?"

"No one lives here, that's why."

"Well, I'll stop anyway." He mended up the steps and rang the

doorbell. No answer. Again he rang. No answer. He waited a good two minutes before he turned away.

"I told ya so," the boy murmured unconsciously.

"I never trust kids, especially kids like you."

"Why?"

"Kids aren't worth bothering with. They're lazy."

"If you say so." The boy went back to staring at a bug crawling across his arm. His parents taught him never to trust book peddlers; he didn't know if he trusted them or not.

"What kinda books are ya selling?"

"Bibles and things."

"They ain't sell."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, relatives give their relatives Bibles when they're married or baptized or something."

"Guess you're right."

"Um-hm." The boy went back to watching the bug; the salesman didn't leave, but just stood there watching him.

"Don't you have business to attend to?"

The peddler didn't answer. He kept looking from the boy to the house and back again. The boy went back to his musings. —Some people—

Hesitantly the peddler began to speak. "Are you saved?"

"Oh, come on. Don't start your holy-rollin' stuff on me. I'm only twelve."

"Have you seen the light?"

The boy rolled his eyes heavenward in a pleading way and asked, "Why?"

"Cause if you ain't seen the light, you won't never gonna grow St. Peter's gates."

"You belong to the Open Book Church?"

"Yeah."

"I thought so. Go away and leave me alone."

"But I gotta save you. That's my duty."

"Do your duty to someone else. I'm not ready yet."

The boy's eyes ranged over the peddler's figure. Dirty clothes—old shoes, older pants, stained white shirt and a wide, wavy grizzled mustache etc. He had red hair and freckles. The voice gave him away. He had a distinctly hillbilly voice; evidently he had come from West Virginia in the last couple of years, since the coal mines had shut down. The hillbillies had come seeking work. Instead, they found a bunch of Southern Lutherans, Methodists and Catholics with Jews

around in size. This shocked the hillbillies more than anything they had ever encountered. They started their own churches—Open Door Church, Church of Christ's True Witness—and went around trying to convert the heathens.

"What church you go to now?"

"None of your business."

The boy refused to say anything more. Those people got to his nerves. They were always having their many revivals and gospel sing-ins. "I gotta convert you. You're a trouble maker, the worst of all the sinners . . ."

"At twelve years old? The peddler was quiet for a few minutes when the boy said this.

"Are you ready to receive God?"

"I already have, many times."

"When, when?"

"At communion, mass, whatever."

"Heathen rites. Cannedalism."

"Have you ever been in a heathen church?"

"Me? I would rather die first."

The boy was silent for a long while, hoping the peddler would go away. But the peddler stood there, eyes closed, face turned skyward, lips moving. Slowly he came forward, stooped and put his hands on the boy's head. A plan began formulating in the boy's mind. Why not give this guy a show for his efforts. The time was just about right. One . . . two . . . three . . .

Now!

"Sssss!" the boy hissed as he squirmed on the ground. He cackled the way he'd been taught for the Halloween pagans last year at school.

Startled, the peddler jerked his hands back as if he had been burned. He jumped to his feet as the boy rolled and screamed. He looked up the street and down, over his shoulder and at the house. Faces were beginning to appear in windows.

But the boy's troubles did not stop. He jumped to his feet and pointed westward. Coincidentally the west wind blew stronger, whistling through the trees. Pointing at the sun, he mumbled a few more, some words, and it went behind a cloud. He lifted his nose above his head, cackled, and whistled; and some old hounds up the street began to bay, thinking their master was home. The peddler's eyes grew in size, but he remained rooted to the spot. Pointing to some oak trees, the boy mumbled some words, and dozens of acorns fell to the ground. The black cat from next door came over to see what was

happening. The boy picked it up and threw it at the peddler. The cat landed on the peddler's chest and clung there with its claws, spinning and howling. Then he pointed to the peddler and said in an awesome voice, "Cuse Thomas postural osseumbis reahind, kee ficee tindo, no saw vimbie, perrowible terrowible, chee zhin, chee!" He howled, cackled, and screamed, eyes flashing, the dogs bayed, the wind whistled, the cat hissed and howled.

The black peddler threw the cat away from himself, backed away with eyes wide, looked around, and ran down the street with the boy's cackles following him.

The boy suddenly stopped his cackling and lay back down on the grass. He had heard that wishes still existed for hillbillies.

All the faces in the windows disappeared when it began to rain. The little boy went into the empty house with the black cat and started to read the Bible to see if wishes could go to heaven.

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Chewning, Dr. L. Harris, Jr.
Scripta...

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Chewning, Dr. L. Harris, Jr.

AUTHOR

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