

The Spectator

3-1-1968

Spectator 1968-03-01

Editors of The Spectator

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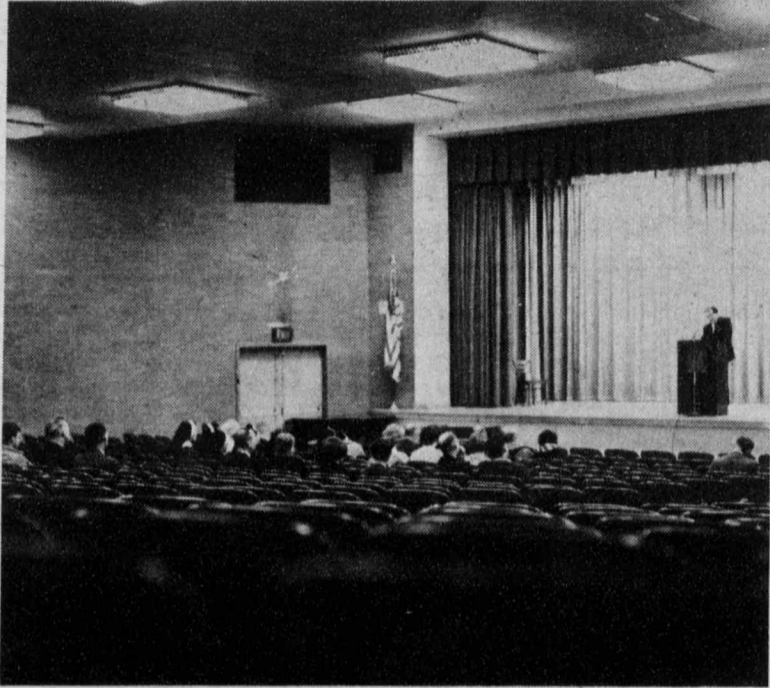
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Poor Communications:

Admittance Questioned



CONSERVATIVES TURNOUT: The slim audience at a New Conservative lecture Monday was caused by the scheduling of the event at the same hour as another campus speech. Officers of the Political Union, contending that the gaffe is not the club's first, are temporarily holding up their admission to the Union.

By DENISE GARETY
Don Parda, president of S.U.'s New Conservatives, said Wednesday that he has hopes the organization will be admitted to the Political Union routinely in

spite of trouble over scheduling agreements. The New Conservatives were accused of violating procedural methods in scheduling campus speakers without approval of Fr.

AAUP Committee Reports Due on Wed.

The second installment of the American Association of University Professors meeting concerning the issues of academic freedom and the "Rousseve affair" will be at 2:45 p.m. on Wednesday.

At this meeting the investigative committee formed to compose a statement on these issues will report the declaration to the AAUP membership and a vote on its merits will be conducted.

The committee members are AAUP officers Dr. Gerard Ruttan, Dr. Warren Johnson and Dr. Gary Zimmerman. Fr. Leonard Kaufer, S.J., Dr. George Keough, Fr. Frank Costello, S.J., Fr. John Fearon, O.P., and Mr. Murray Prosky complete the committee.

The committee was adopted

SIL Petitions S.U.

A petition initiated by the Student Involvement League is making campus rounds. The petition concerns academic freedom and the signed petitions will be given to the S.U. administration.

The petition in circulation states that "Academic freedom is essential to any university... Any infringement upon the right to academic freedom strips the word 'university' of its very meaning and violates the integrity of the entire university community."

Those signing the petition further state that they "object to any regulation or statute which may be employed to control or limit the free expression of a teacher's beliefs and activities within the context of his discipline."

Thus far, 300 signatures are on the petition.

at a recent AAUP meeting as a method of bringing a wide spectrum of opinion to bear on the academic freedom question confronting the professors. In this sounding of opinion, the AAUP hopes that an acceptable statement will ensue.

Colloquium Open To General Public

Sociology sessions on religious, racial and ethnic topics will take place from 1:30-4 p.m. today in the Lemieux Library. Anyone interested in these topics is invited to attend the sessions.

There will be three sections in the first session that last from 12:30-2:15. Ethnic relations will be discussed in Library room 108, African political science in room 306 and History in room 111.

In the second session running from 2:15-4 p.m., education will be treated in room 108, religion in room 407 and Asian-European political science in room 111.

Student papers will be read at each of these sessions and questions will follow their reading.

Gloria Doubleday To Perform Today

Canadian contralto Gloria Doubleday appears in Pigott Auditorium at 8 o'clock tonight.

She is a winner of the Toronto Royal Conservatory Gold Medal, and the daughter of Welsh singer Thomas Rhys Griffiths.

Admission to the concert is \$1 for students and \$1.50 for non-students. The performance is sponsored by S.U.'s Fine Arts Department.

Joseph Maguire, S.J., director of activities.

THE CHARGE was made at the student senate meeting Sunday by Political Union head Jim Dwyer, who asked that the admission of the club into the Union be set aside until an investigation is made.

"This trouble is due basically to a misunderstanding," Parda said. "We have talked to Fr. Maguire, and we have been confirming our engagements orally."

"However," he said, "when you communicate orally, some things tend to be forgotten."

ACCORDING to a rule set last year by the Very Rev. John A. Fitterer, S.J., president of S.U., all clubs are required to consult the director of activities before scheduling lectures or other events open to the student body.

The New Conservatives, according to Dwyer, violated the regulations twice, resulting in confusion and conflicts between events.

The appearance of conservative layman Hamish Fraser on Monday conflicted with the Political Union's presentation of probation officer Jane Hefferman, scheduled for the same hour.

A DEBATE sponsored by the club to have included Fr. Michael Toulouse, S.J., and Mr. James McGuire was scheduled without approval, Dwyer contended, and had to be postponed when it was discovered that it would have conflicted with the student body assembly held last Friday.

"This negligence," Dwyer said, "cannot be excused by ignorance, because the New Conservative's president was present at the Political Union executive board meeting at which the rule was outlined."

Query on Senatorial Skips Before Solons

Questions of assistance, admittance and ASSU passes will confront the student senate at 8 p.m. Sunday night.

The admittance question concerns the request of the New Conservatives to join the Political Union. During the past 10 days, the Conservatives scheduled several speakers in conflict with other Political Union activities. Thus their competence to be taken into the Political Union will be debated at the meeting.

(For an examination of this issue, see adjoining story on this page.)

The need for a permanent senate secretary is up for discussion at the meeting. If the bill proposing the office of senate

P.E. Bids Opened

The situation regarding the S.U. physical education complex changed from a yellow light to a green signal last night as a result of a meeting with contractors by University officials.

At the meeting, bids for the complex construction were opened. The apparent low bidders were Peter Kewitt Sons Co. which will do the general contract work at a cost of \$1,520,000; W. A. Botting Co., which will handle the mechanical contracting for \$629,000; and the Rainier Electric Co. which will perform the electrical services for \$176,330.

The Very Rev. John A. Fitterer, S.J., University president, authorized the building construction to begin as soon as possible in March. It may begin within the next week.

No formal contracts for the P.E. complex will be signed until approved by the U.S. Office of Education.

It is hoped that the building will be completed by May of 1969.

The architect for the complex is Jim John of Maloney, Harrington, Friesz and Lund.

The current carpenter strike should not affect the beginning of the building construction.

Presidents Accepted Student Statement

By KERRY WEBSTER

ASSU President Tom Hamilton returned Tom Hamilton returned this week from the Jesuit Student Body President's Conference in Boston, at which delegates from 26 universities approved a strongly worded statement on student rights and rejected a proffered condemnation of the war in Vietnam.

Hamilton, who fought for the defeat of the Vietnam resolution, threatened at one point to pull the S.U. delegation from the convention if it was adopted. It was not.

"THE MAJORITY of the delegates," Hamilton said, "did not feel that it was within the scope of our competency to take a position one way or the other on Vietnam."

The resolution, introduced by the delegation from the University of Scranton (Pa.), called for a permanent unilateral halt to bombing by the U.S. in Vietnam, and assimilation of the Viet Cong into the South Vietnamese government.

It went on to scourge draft director Gen. Lewis Hershey and drug laws, calling for "wide-open" campuses with regard to marijuana.

THE MOST important item to come out of the conference, Hamilton said, was the joint statement on students' rights.



TOM HAMILTON

The document was not formulated by the delegates, but was accepted in its entirety from a draft prepared by a convention of national education associations, including the AAUP and the NSA.

The preamble to the joint statement reads:

"Academic institutions exist for the transmission of knowledge, the pursuit of truth, the development of students, and the general well-being of society. Free inquiry and free expression are indispensable to the expression of these goals. As members of the academic community, students should be encouraged to develop the capacity for critical judgment and to engage in a sustained and independent search for the truth..."

The statement goes on to outline areas in which the delegates felt that definition of rights is needed: freedom of expression, freedom of association with extra-university organizations, sponsorship of controversial speakers by student groups, and independence of student newspapers.

Several other measures also were greeted with enthusiasm from the delegates, including Hamilton. One called for an International Jesuit College exchange program. Under the program, a student could spend a quarter or two at any of the other Jesuit institutions around the world, and have his credits registered at his "home" university.

ANOTHER resolution asks for a pass-fail option in courses required for the core curriculum and non-major or minor electives. Gradepoint would be computed on the basis of grades received in the major and minor areas.

The convention delegates also called for what they called "curriculum innovation." This would entail awarding of credits to students involved in off-campus activities (i.e., CARITAS, Peter Claver, etc.) and to student body officers, with the provision they write a thesis on their experience, to be graded by their adviser.

Larson, Mann Chosen For National Program

Dr. J. Robert Larson, S.U. professor of sociology, and Albert Mann, assistant professor of history, have been chosen to serve on the National Consultants Program of the National Council of Catholic Men.

The Program aids in promoting communication among outstanding laymen throughout the country. It also helps in estab-

lishing structures and programs of the National Council of Catholic Men. Through the NCCM, the Program consults the Catholic hierarchy of the U.S.

Dr. Larson is president of the faculty senate and was graduated from S.U. in 1949.

Mann is a graduate of Gonzaga University and has been on the S.U. faculty since 1960.

editorial

Acrimony or Variety?

Political fringe groups on the left or right are necessary to counter the large majority who drive the monotonous middle course.

For most politically oriented students on this campus fit into the moderate mold: their middle-class values are welded to an ethic of basic satisfaction with the American system.

AT S.U., only two political groups exist which deviate from the often deadening similarity of organized political views. These two are the New Conservatives and the Student Involvement League.

These student organizations are positioned at opposite ends of the political spectrum, with SIL on the left and the Conservatives on the right. Yet they do serve a similar purpose.

Without their opposition and divergent opinions, S.U. would lack any true dialogue. The Young Republicans and Young Democrats, seemingly dormant this year, can debate only monetary issues rather than real policy issues.

THEREFORE it is imperative that both the SIL and the Conservatives be allowed to operate within the scope of the Political Union to schedule speakers and plan debates. Censuring the Conservatives because they trespassed upon procedural methods for approving speaking engagements will not bring dialogue upon the campus.

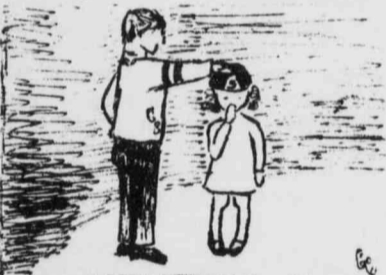
It will only usher in acrimony. Instead of a reprimand, the Conservatives should be brought in under the moderating influences of the Political Union. The Conservatives have done the essential thing: scheduled speakers with interesting if narrow viewpoints.

CAMPUS FORUM

Freshman Freedom?

To the editor:
Molly McDonnell's article (Spectator, February 23, 1968), "Freshmen Find Campus Home," merely confirmed my suspicions. For several months now I have been under the impression that the freshmen are considered unique creatures by the upperclassmen—by unique, I mean like BoBo.

Ah, the freedom we lucky freshmen enjoy! To be able to choose between washing my hair before 11:00 or waiting until tomorrow. The choice of changing back into my school clothes or skipping dinner. The decision of killing my now forbidden goldfish, or of sending them home to mother.



Miss McDonnell was, however, correct about two things she said. This campus is very friendly—everyone is willing to pat a poor befuddled freshman on the head. And never let it be said that the social life of a university isn't different from the average high school—high school was fun.

Lastly I would like to thank the upperclassmen for their help—who else would have told us which places don't check I.D.'s.

A Grateful Freshman

Stick to Facts!

To the editor:
Allow me to set the record straight concerning the Senate's discussion of CAP's dole to "Just Us."

I raised the objection in the

senate because at the time I and some other senators believed that no club could allocate more than \$300 without senate approval. My purpose was to question the legality of the transaction and it was learned after the meeting that no law exists which requires senate approval on club allocations over \$300.

My raising an objection does not necessarily mean I oppose the "Just Us" program. While I do have some reservations, I feel that the Santa Clara group benefited our campus in certain ways, as pointed out in your editorial.

There are several other complexities in the matter, but I suggest that perhaps your description of some senators' motives is based on superficial inference and impression rather than fact.

Senator Ron Perry

Who? When? Where?

To the editor:
On the nineteenth of February, Dr. William Oliver Martin of the University of Rhode Island spoke on campus, but without some desired advance publicity, as The Spectator failed to publish a requested notice. Notwithstanding this partial vacuum, Dr. Martin drew about 270 interested souls into Pigott Auditorium.

THIS COMPARES rather favorably with the eminent Dr. Giovanni Costigan who drew only one-ninth that number, with due coverage in the newspaper. (!)

The following Friday, Dr. Frederick Wilhelmsen of the University of Dallas spoke, but alas, he too was deprived of any space in the preceding Wednesday's tabloid, although such space had been explicitly requested.

NOW WHAT could possibly be the reason for such grave omissions? Obviously, articles on faculty discussions are important and hilarious, and "slacks at the barn dance" is indeed a weighty thought. But is it conceivable that

Profs Weigh Penalty by Death



TO KILL OR NOT TO KILL: Fr. Michael Toulouse and Mr. James McGuire discuss capital punishment in a Thursday debate.

By CATHY CALLAGHAN

"There is no evidence that capital punishment is a deterrent to capital crime," claimed Mr. James McGuire, Department of Business, in the debate on capital punishment, held yesterday in Pigott Auditorium. There are "other alternatives" for punishing crimes such as murder, including life imprisonment and institutionalized rehabilitation, McGuire indicated.

Arguing from the opposite angle, Fr. Michael Toulouse,

S.J., of the S.U. Philosophy Department, contended that "to take a life is to forfeit your own life." Toulouse stressed the necessity for an absolute criterion in law; capital punishment, he said, affords this criterion. The priest contended that rehabilitation in some cases is impossible, since some people are "born killers"—"God gave them a one-way ticket home."

The purposes of capital punishment are to deter crime, to act as a preventive measure and a form of rehabilitation, or a form of retribution for capital crimes.

McGuire pointed out that the disadvantages of capital punishment are great. Error is frequent, the expense is extreme, the jury is biased in favor of capital punishment "if the facts warrant," and, McGuire continued, there is a certain unfair application to the poor minority.

There are 11 states which have wholly abolished capital punishment to date. Two more, Vermont and New York, use a partial form, reserved for certain crimes considered more serious. Forms of capital punishment include the gas chamber or hanging in most western states. Utah offers a choice of hanging or shooting, and most eastern states retain the electric chair.

Nothing in this world, including law, is ideal, says Fr. Toulouse. But we must "accept the imperfections and do the best we can." McGuire adds, "including the absolute abolition of capital punishment."

Sounding Board:

S.U. Coeds Get Free Advice

By MARTIN COLLINS

I read with little sympathy the letter in Wednesday's Spectator from three of S.U.'s dateless girls.

First, they criticize the boys they encountered for preferring the company of other boys when they obviously had the money to take a girl out.

Do they think that just because a boy has some money he should spend it on a girl?

Again, I might ask what is so special about the biological condition of being female that it entitles one, as the girls have, to demand to be taken out at no expense to herself?

PERHAPS these boys objected to what appears to be a very lucrative racket operated by S.U.'s nubile females where the payment of their expenses on a date is used as payment for their exquisite and stimulating company. The assumption seems to be that a boy ought to be properly and expensively thankful that some untouchable goddess of love should stoop so low as to go out with them.

IN THIS situation, then, boys

are forced to weigh the cost and trouble of a date against any intellectual, emotional or physical satisfaction he would receive in return. Apparently, many boys don't think a date is worth the trouble. Perhaps the girls should ask themselves why.

The walls of impersonality and formalism created by both sides help no one. The forced formality in personal relationships created by University rules and regulations do nothing to help the situation.

BUT THERE seems to be no prospect for change. The girls are worried about keeping their image of maidenly purity and aloof "femininity." The boys are concerned to protect their fragile, swaggering and disdainful "masculinity." And finally, the University is concerned with keeping uninterrupted the flow of money from Victorian-minded contributors.

Until the hand of God changes the situation, I only hope that "Always Dateless" will find some remedy for her misdirected bitterness. Other people can be bitter, too, at her.

a few readers might wish respite from "involvement" in order to do, namely what we are all here for, to learn?

More directly, can we all be certain that these were mere oversights by a very busy staff? No doubt we can, for surely The Spectator would not be caught promoting the very "apathy" that it goes to such great lengths to condemn; and it would be wrong, too, to read the next editorial on "academic freedom" or "apathy" and feel that the writer is something less than honest.

Perhaps a congenial editor could pass unto us a few line of italics and end all speculation on the matter.

Ronald Talmage

Ed. note—The notice on Martin's speech, to my knowledge, never reached The Spectator office—due to what reason I don't know. Unless Talmage busily counted the number of students at Martin's speech and did not listen to the man's words, his audience statistic is questionable. However, the advance notice on Wilhelmsen was received but it did not include time or place of his appearance and therefore was hardly worth publishing.

Shortage of Beer?

To the editor:
A comment in regard to the letter by the three girls who "prefer to be always dateless unless some of the S.U. boys grow up": It seems to me that the four gentlemen in question share a problem common to the majority of males at Seattle University. Namely: there is not enough beer in the State of Washington to muster enough courage to ask out some of the young ladies who inhabit this campus.

I think my point is abundantly clear.

One of the four

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THE FORUM

722 E. PIKE



"SOCK IT TO 'EM, CHIEFS!"

HAPPY HOUR AFTER YOU CLOBBER UTAH, SATURDAY!

5 P.M. — ?

GIRLS—TALK OVER YOUR LEAP YEAR CATCHES AT OUR **GIRLS' NITE—TUESDAY**
GUYS—IF YOU HAVEN'T BEEN CAUGHT YET—YOU MIGHT AT **SUNDAY HAPPY HOUR 4-6 p.m.**

Winter Fragments

always somewhere else

By MICHAEL DUGGAN

The classroom was warm and had been asleep for many years. The gasping radiator whispered its sleeping-gas breath, and I rocked to stay awake.

Outside the wind tore at the trees driving the rain hard against the small window panes. The rains fell like bullets splattering patterns on the dancing glass. The patterns turned to beads and the beads ran away. The room was warm, the glass cold, and the patterns changing. The beaded patterns pulled my eyes and my mind fell down like rain pouring rain, the kind that only falls in Alaska . . . I was gone.

Alaska was drunk then and very wet. It had started raining in June and had poured since. The days were too long, too cold, and too numerous. The salmon were late and the canneries idle. I was young then and growing tired of life, and the summer couldn't begin soon enough. The crisp days of spring made matters worse and summer too far away. Now however, I was on a fishing boat and the days were so long, so God-awful terrible long.

That week was slow. We barely cleared expenses and the fish were small. Finally Friday arrived and we headed to the cannery. The cannery came as a string of light far in the distance. The night was wet, all the nights were wet, and the lights blinked through rain almost like eyes searching the dark.

The cannery was built under the arm of a hill. Somehow it had remained for years squatting like an old woman on creaky legs. Periodically it had been painted and now neglected for many years. At the edge of the cannery the workers' cabins were shoved row on row. By night the one-window cabins glowed like doll houses piled with coal bags and garbage. The daylight brought the cabins as ugly little boxes filled with sorry fat little people. The rain made the cabins steam and bands of smoke curled from the chimneys. The workers had arrived in June and now it was July. A boat brought supplies once a week from Craig, and life carried on in the rain waiting for the salmon.

The rain had brought the misery and the brown little workers tried to stay drunk. The days were spent in terms of Kool-aid and alcohol with screaming babies crying from cabin windows and round brown faces crying in the rain. The workers were hungry most of the

time and still very drunk.

At the end of last weekend I was glad to leave the cannery, glad to see the lights blink out and turn the corner to the fishing grounds. Now again we were back, around the corner and approaching the loading boat that waited for our salmon, and closer to the waiting misery of the cannery.

The unloading tender was black with undefined lines in the rain. Slowly we pushed closer and closer to the sound of the tender bell, as it rang in the rain. The rest of our crew dropped from their racks and dressed in the darkness. Then one at a time they climbed the ladder to the deck and moved slowly out of tune with the clanging bell. Oil skins were squirmed into and soggy hats covered bushes of summer hair.

After we tied up, I climbed into the hatch and began unloading. My fingers were sticky holding to the slimy fish. We had few fish and pitched slowly trying to aim for the heads. Each salmon seemed an effort, and I counted and closed my eyes waiting for the last one. Finally I caught the last salmon in the eye and pike replaced pupil as my wrists snapped the fish to the basket, and I was done. Somehow I began washing the boardpens and shoveling the jelly fish and slime into a bucket and engaged the bilge pump. The pump slowly began with a deep droned suck-sloush, suck-sloush and the engine pulled faster as the boat moved alongside the cannery dock.

I was tired and if I could stay in the hatch I wouldn't have to help tie up. I heard the slap of the deck lines whip around the pilings and thump of the bumpers being dropped and made fast to railings.

From the hatch I could see the rain drops flash as they passed through the stream of light shining into the hatch and I heard the working voices.

—Maybe I'll get a letter

—Make that line fast

—A letter from my girl

funny—my girl she was waiting or else she wasn't . . . hot here 1500 miles from Seattle on a boat I can smell the first smell when jelly fish filled my nose and my eyes burned from the jelly fish slime and blood in my hair with a shower once a week and swollen fingers and her picture lying sunny in an orange bikini and the golden hair the sand heat with all the slime and scales worrying about a sun tan in the rain and no fish and working when the sun comes

FRAGMENTS is a literary magazine published by the Seattle University Writer's Club and the Department of English. Its pages are open to the entire university and its purpose is to encourage and give expression to creative writing. Manuscripts should be submitted to the FRAGMENTS office, third floor, Xavier Hall. They should be signed and addressed. Editor-in-chief, Peggy Kennedy. Associate editors, Carolyn Wright, Robert Cumbow. Modertor: Kenneth D. McLean.

thinking about a song that hasn't played but whispers between the grooves of a chipped record so far away without sound on an amplifier turned up all the way screaming in silence drowning the waves rushing time spent life meaningless as an eagle wingless lost in control . . .

The noises on deck were silent except for the trickling splat of tap water running in the galley. The ladder creaked as I climbed to the deck where the rain danced on the tarred planks and raced down the deck seams to the guppers. All the work was done now and the decks lay clean and wet and black. I slowly pulled off my slimy oil-skins, hung them on a nail and thought of a shower, a hot drenching shower. Then I noticed a letter on the galley table for me. The letter was from her and I wanted to read it, but it was probably the same, yet I wanted to read it. The words came easy at first and very fast then slowly so very slowly and I thought of what was said. I heard a rustle on deck and I looked up.

A small hand tore the galley door open and the wind closed it crashing behind him. The night was still wet and the wind wild. Before the door was closed rain fell on the galley floor and the stove hissed and steamed from the wet. He now stood before me very small and nearly unbelievable. His black hair was splattered on his head like a mop and his clothes hung from his body like a great soggy sponge. He was an Indian maybe 9 or 10 years old and very wet. We were both alone and stared silently at one another. Finally I said:

—Hello there, and staring he gave me a sound that was something like Hi.

—Well don't stand there pull some of those wet clothes off.

He stood motionless and looked down, and he said:

(Continued on page 4)

CAROLYNE WRIGHT Mare-Master

The sheet of the sea crumples against the shore.
In a stiffening wind,
the waves of the sea bristle like hair.

On a yellow bluff
(the same wind bristling our long hair)
we canter the pony mares.
The stud is stopped
by barbed-ware clawing his chest,
but he neighs after us, nose a-trumpet.

As the afternoon slants,
we plod back, wind-weary,
returning our mounts to the anxious stud
We watch as the mares pass
from one master to another,
as the stallion in his ripeness mounts them.
And we remember another mare-master
who galloped too far
and fell, bluff-height,
to his death;
breaking his legs
in the crumpled sea.

CAROLYNE WRIGHT Flute Fall

Late sunlight quivers like a flute's vibrato.
Winter tones the sky to gray now,
at six o'clock.

Shadows shift across my bed;
half-asleep, I hear
the pulse thrum within me.
Only the sun dreams in my eye.

But the sky reaches past six o'clock;
shadows pass from shivering tremolo, to
pause and rest, here,
on my bed.
Half-awake I listen; the vibrations
throb in the room.
The sun begins to die.

RAYMOND R. PANKO Beachfall

A night of sparrows
Rustled overhead—
Invisible in the black sky.
Beneath them,
The moon cut feathered light
Across our emptied beach,
Like the beacon of a landing party.

We startled
When the ball of the flock
Suddenly fell to the beach,
Strobing the moon
And scattering driftwood sparrows
Over the rock-studded sand.

And we lay silently,
Not disturbing
The murmur of their wings,
As tired as our own
Of flying against the wind.

EMMA BEZY

Blue: intense: and deep of mind.
Is the window's reflection
distorted I
or rather the skipping jumps
of descending venetian blinds
that shut the sunlight out?

Stark line, that which separates
the sunwarm wall whose every fault's revealed
from the cool grey of deceptiveness.

Circling, a pigeon alights
at the base of the sun-stark tower cross
and empty branches rake
scattered clouds along the fall horizon.

Come morning,
who shall part the curtains
you or I?

RAYMOND R. PANKO Trip to a Steel Mill

Black steel mills
Pour smoke over Milwaukee
Where my father once lived.

Above the thick air,
A clenched fist
Is striking the sun.
Numbed,
The sun falls from the sky,
Spattering on the ground
Like a sparking ash.

My son watches
As the ingot cools.

And the sun, now,
Is a rod of steel,
Lost in rusting
Beneath a brown orange sky.

My son watches,
Believing that the sun still lives,
Hiding above the filthy sky

ELISE BRODHEAD Whispered Words

Whispered words of past todays,
from a mouth now stationary,
Are all I hear in memories.

I turn in sleep
In face the spectre, neatly kept,
Arm's length away, fingers touching, love unspent:

Our ghost neither speaks, nor moves
But sharpens the sound of the life we choose—
Regret dines on the bones of love, and
Swallows into the dispose-all of time.

always somewhere else

(Continued from page 3)

—I just saw the lights of your fishing boat from the dock and I wanted to see someone from away.
—Well here I am, I told him.
—No you're writing a letter.
—Real busy, I laughed and thought of her and being so busy.
He didn't seem to understand what I was saying, so I smiled and asked him to sit down.
—Well what's a boy like you doing wandering around tonight?
I then noticed his eyes were grayish blue and I wanted to know something about him. He wasn't friendly, and he didn't say very much, so I was left staring and thinking. His face was nearly perfectly round, his nose but a lump and his teeth vacant. I looked at him again and thought of my brother at home and couldn't seem to make a connection, but I didn't have to, for he turned and ran out of the galley.
Jumping from the table I caught the door before the wind could crash it closed. Standing in the doorway I could see the boy racing up the dock heading to the cabins. The rain fell harder, the stove hissed and the boy ran faster far away . . .

the wind whispered and the boat rocked like the first time the boat rocked in Seattle in the hot sun with her she was there in the sand tanning herself in the pouring rain with the sun dripping down like butter licking the sand with fiery tongues when the sand is golden and the grass is green even when colored sandy brown and the sky is blue like those blue blind eyes I once knew about and never of when I was anxious to be somewhere else warm like a dream of Alaska played out of tune in the mind when it's cold pouring down like rain . . .

I felt a shiver and my eyes shot around the green room. All the eyes were aimed at me. The teacher sighted in and fired another question. It must have been the second time he had asked, for he seemed to hover behind his desk ready to squeeze off another shot.

—I don't know if it is: I told him.

The rain made a lovely sound and splattered beaded bullet holes in the blue glass and I was anxious to be away, far away in the yellow sun.

BETWEEN THE STOPS

By LEE HALE

The bus had been stranded there for years, with the passengers still in it. It was an old, standard transit bus, the trolley kind that needs electric overhead wires to run, and most of the paint that had covered it originally had rusted through. The people in it didn't care about the fact that the bus was old and rusted, though, and went about their business as usual.

Jacob, the bus driver, for instance, collected the transfers and tokens of the passengers much as his father had done before him. He gained a sense of security from this passing of duty from father to son, and because he was getting up in years, actually wished he'd gotten married so that he would've had a son to take his place. The truth, of course, was that he hadn't and now was stuck training John Barrier's boy, a fine lad, he thought, though surely immature, to take his place.

"O. K. now what do you do when the passengers ain't got change and ain't got a transfer?"

"Ask him if he has a token."

"That's right. Usually if they ain't got change and ain't got a transfer, they got a token. Now some of your passengers won't have any of the three. But you gotta expect that in this business; just a part of life, I guess. Any questions?"

"No," the boy shook his head. "No."

"Well that's ok. If you do, just speak up. Any questions you have just ask me."

There came now a silence between them, a precarious silence precipitated by not knowing whether to take one's leave or to go on trying to be friendly. Jacob thought to himself "it's always hard when there's nothing more you have to say to a guy and he just keeps standing there expecting you to say something and you just sit there expecting him to say something. Makes you feel like an idiot or something." He had decided that the best thing to do in such a situation was simply to "let the other guy off easy."

"I guess you want to go back and see your girl friend, don't ya?"

"Yeah, I really would. Course, I like bein' up here, too, learnin' about how to be a bus driver. But my girl . . . well, you must know how it is . . ."

He was almost too polite.

Jacob nodded silently. Though he had never married, he had been around in his day, could have married several girls. Now—well now, having no real children of his own, he stood as a sort of father figure and confessor for all the passengers on the bus. Everyone came to him for advice, for consolation. He seemed to have the knack for helping people out; out from the slavery they were bound with into the

JO CRAWFORD

Amen

There was something silver about the opening of a church door after so many years.
A name-drenched woman, counter cocking eyes on thorns and feet, trembled at the back of the hallowing retreat,— then eye-grabbed every brown pew like a child's first trip to a cement plant; clocking blocks. then, pirouette to pirouette, approached the perfect emptiness. Cramping an illbent flea, a genuflect buckled her tottering knee. But struggling with buckles is a lifework to some and the posture soon fumbled erect to amen. No pew was ever entered Only an echo was centered at the ring-niched rail and rang synthetic, backwards clear to— again to "amen."

SISTER HELAINE BAVIER

I Send You Peace

When I send you peace
I send you
The song of the day
Wrapped in the silence of night,
The sunset, the sunrise,
The stars in between;
The echo of the bells
On the wings of the wind,
The snow, the, rain,
The wonder of the dew.

Still, it is more than all this
Because when I send you peace
I send you wisdom and love.
When I send peace
I send God to you.

promise they hoped for. "Must be something bus-drivers get from all their contact with people," he had thought, "bus-drivers and salesmen."

Whatever the reason for his ability, Jacob was not about to knock success. When people really had a problem, he could help them. He knew this was so because they kept coming to him; why would they come back if they didn't really think he could help them?"

One of the people he had helped the most was Mrs. Murphy. Going on eighty years, Mrs. Murphy was the oldest person on the bus— frail and hunched over a cane most of the time, with wax-figure lips that moved and eyes that gave her away when she wandered from the present, Mrs. Murphy was all that mortality ever was or could be. Prone to what Jacob called "craziness," she often drew away from whatever reality the bus held for the other passengers.

Until a year before, Mrs. Murphy and her friend Mrs. Stall had been in charge of the annual bus reunion, which was when all the former passengers came to visit those still aboard. Most of the former passengers were successful, or seemed so, and now rode other buses or drove their own cars. Even still they liked to come back to see Jacob and Mrs. Murphy and all the rest once in a while. With Mrs. Stall's death, however, and her own continuing bad health, Mrs. Murphy came to admit that the reunions had become too much for her to handle, and Jacob had helped her in this admission. Her readjustment hadn't been an easy one, but Jacob had stood faithfully by.

"You know, Jacob," he had heard her say often enough to actually hear it in his mind, "I don't know how I would have gotten on my feet again without your help. It's amazing what a calm mind can do. You know, I hadn't thought anything at all about how old I was getting before Bertha's death. I should have realized that when my husband died, but he had always been so much older than me that I expected to live on for a good long time afterwards. But Bertha was only sixty-nine . . . and seven years younger . . ."

"Without me," he thought, "Mrs. Murphy couldn't see how she would have gotten back on her feet."

There had been days just after Bertha's death, Jacob remembered, when Mrs. Murphy had sat looking out the window of the bus for hours at a time, saying nothing, moving little. No one seemed to be able to reach her, it was as if she had left the bus altogether. Jacob felt sorry for her and did all he could to bring her around—somehow it had helped, she was all right now.

He looked around him and saw all the other people he had helped. There was Joe, who couldn't stand his wife because she said he was

JO CRAWFORD

Free Ways and Lines

white line
grass bank
asphalt
twig hill
and the line again.
There are spectacles
that do not breathe or beam
and these,
almost perforated
like a toothy smile,
run for miles and miles.

They are not coincidence
like a wild lilac,
but planted on purpose
there
by a paintbrush arm
through sun and sun and sun,
an artist on knees.
Tell me who thanks
the marker-man please?

EDWARD J. SEXTON

Love and Me

Why is this to be
But never to become
For what I work
And what I dream
Will and can never Become.

I am guided by Love and fear;
But, be sure, In Myself
A distinction cannot be made.

I am afraid of Love!
Love is Truth and Faith,
Of which I have no knowledge.

My paradox comes to Truth!
I am afraid—not to Love,
For Love is all my Life.
But, to Love in Truth and Faith
Is to be Myself to you.

impotent, "She says I'm not man enough for her." Albert, who always felt safe on Jacob's bus. "You know, Jacob," he had once told him, "you've made this old bus a home for me;" even old Harry Stark he had helped, though Harry didn't like to admit it, proud bastard that he was. All these people came to him for help . . .

"Jacob, Jacob," it was Mrs. Barrier, screaming at the top of her lungs, "you've got to come quickly, it's Mrs. Murphy."

Unfastening his seat belt, he ran to the back of the bus, careful not to trip on any of the passengers' legs. He sensed the feeling of helplessness in all the passengers on the bus and reached hard within himself to find the control he would need over the situation. Reaching the huddle of people around Mrs. Murphy, Jacob, like the father of his people, commanded:

"All right, everybody back. Let me have a look at her, let me see what's going on. Everything's all right, no need to panic."

Down on his knees at Mrs. Murphy's side he could see she was ill, but could not tell if she had pain and asked softly, "What's the trouble, Mrs. Murphy? Do you hurt any place?"

"Oh, Jacob," he voice quivered, unsure even of itself, "I feel as if something has just gone out of me. I think I'm going to die now."

"Now Mrs. Murphy, don't be silly. I'll help you. Here, take my hand; you still got thirty years ahead of ya. Come on, take my hand. It's probably just that you're a little worn out."

"No, Jacob. No. It's been so long. I don't have anywhere else to go or anything else to do. I've been on this bus a long, long time. You won't miss seeing my face, will you?"

"Mrs. Murphy, it's all right."

Looking around him, Jacob saw all the other passengers screwed tight in their places, watching, waiting. They looked over in his direction to see what was going on, and when they felt someone was noticing this, looked away as if they were minding their own business. The Barrier boy was kissing his girl friend. "He's go a long way to ge before he'll make a bus-driver," Jacob thought.

"Mrs. Barrier," Jacob turned and spoke to her, "go up to my seat and get my thermos. It's underneath. Mrs. Murphy needs a little something to wet her throat, some coffee."

"Now don't worry," he said, smiling down at Mrs. Murphy, "everything will be fine. Mrs. Barrier is getting something for your throat, to take the parch out."

All she could do now was smile faintly back at Jacob, nodding her head at how well he was handling the situation. Mrs. Barrier returned with the thermos and Jacob, in taking it, shook it to make sure it was full. Reassured by the slush it made, he undid the top and poured

(Continued on page 5)

BETWEEN THE STOPS

(Continued on page 4)

some of the brown liquid into the cup, placing it up to Mrs. Murphy's lips.

"Here you go, Mrs. Murphy, it's just some coffee."

Nodding her head in refusal, too weak to try and take up that much of her waning strength, she whispered, "It's all right, Jacob, I'm all right," smiling the thin, luminescent smile of one near asleep.

Putting the cup down, aware, perhaps, that she really had no need for anything, Jacob sat watching her, gaining comfort from the strange peacefulness she radiated. He remembered, seeing her like that, the first time she had come to him for help. It was just after Bertha had died and she had just sat looking out the windows of the bus, lost, gone away. Jacob and all the other passengers tried to help her and were sympathetic but she failed to respond. One day, after Jacob had asked her if she was sure she didn't want a pillow or something, she said to him, almost with reason, "Would you tell those people out there not to stare at us. They shouldn't let us worry them, we can take care of ourselves."

From that time on, he had come to know her well, and respect her. They had talked of her past ("the past is just today again, Jacob," she said), of her husband ("I can still see that wicked smile of his") and daughter and how she was sorry her daughter had married a bum and been "divorced already." They talked on like that for hours, especially on slow days when one was glad to have someone to talk to.

Looking down at her, he gained comfort and security from knowing their conversations would go on, that he could continue being of help to her in times of distress. He had even told her once the one truth he had found, that it wasn't the big things that were hard to understand but the little ones, and she had smiled and said, "Yes, Jacob, we so seldom get close to the big things." He felt towards her much like one feels toward a mother or grandmother when one is a child; yet, there was something different, too; he could return the strength and reassurance of their relationship in full measure; indeed, she often depended upon him for strength, rather than the other way around.

At once her hand tightened around his and, in her state of near sleep, she said weakly, almost so that no one but he could hear:

"Night-night."

Then her hand loosened, her body slackened and Jacob, startled by the sudden reality of what had just happened, looked blankly around him, as if in searching. Not finding comfort in the unemotional faces around him, he stood up slowly and carefully removed his hand from hers. He stayed looking at her for several long seconds, and, after that time, turned and walked slowly towards the front of the bus. The passengers, fixing their attention upon him now, heard him say as he went by, all expression gone from his face:

"Dead. She's dead."

SUSANNE CARSON Silk Screen

The heron is silent in the land.
Crystals have the cherry-blooms become;
Petal clouds have blown away,
For the heron is silent in the land.

Once a cherry-bloom was seen
The bird's piercing call was heard
The bloom has fallen
Now hardened ground,
And the heron is silent in the land.

A white expanse carves charcoal forms.
The sky-filled with bitter tears
That fall onto a frozen marsh
Where the heron, stalk-like, wades,
The silent heron of the land.

EMMA BEZY

A seagull skims his course—
rises, falls, catches—
a white-feathered airborne laugh
captured in waterblue time.

An impatient piling shifts feet,
rearranging its burden,
and scratches its back
against the dock.

Many-million wave-tips glisten,
facets of an eternal gem,
rippleskin of that most unruly,
salty woman.

Each ripple absorbs its portion
of my sorrow, and reflects
a spot of white-gold sunlight to assuage
the stubborn shady thoughts remaining.

SUSANNE CARSON Oracle At Ashland

Tonight, the faithful gather

To watch

Rites memorializing

The greatest of the gods.

And descendents

Of ancient gods.

As priests officiating,

To their faithful

They are like their fathers.

After the rites

Faithful and priests

Gather in the shrine

Near the temple;

Gods and men

Conversing.

The gods will war tomorrow,

Shedding their fine white blood

From wounds acquired

By the Estival sword

In preparation

For the feast;

There they will officiate

At their own rites.

DAVE MORGAN The Sorcerer

I bed with stars
As distant as my soul

And sup with stones
As frozen as my heart

You call me wise
And follow at my heel.
But like the fool
I only play my part.

I am a prophet
Hear me cry—
From out the deep of hell.

A seer with no God am I
And I know suffering very well.

PEGGY KENNEDY Shopping In The City

The pallid mannikins stand aloof
In sidewalk show windows;
The matrons, fur-wrapped push against wind
And pause for homage at intervals.
Wharf rats scuttle on the river banks
And scabble through the sewers.
The hunched figures in the Apache
Alleys keep us walking in the lighted streets;
A girl's hair floats in the wind
As the hair of a corpse drifts
Half-buoyant on the beach.
Steamshovels chew the guts of old buildings;
Bulldozers nose like hungry dogs;
The burnt sulphur of matches flames
The robin's breasts and mingles with exhausts
Where the children clutter the streets
And trolleys lurch to tired stops,
And I, resting my tired feet, have seen
A fountain of gin at Tiffany's.

DAVE MORGAN the very early spring

the earth
sits a stool
nodding

a ploughman scratches its soft brown back
white warriors dance and die on the base of its
skull

when the night comes
the sun will slip beneath the earth
warming its soft underbelly
elves will go down to the ploughman's field
filling the furrows with warrior bones

and the world
will sit on a stool
nodding.

WILLIAM J. REEDY, JR.

harsh

and cold

and strong

the wind blows,
my body trembles;
my hands search the seclusion of coat-pockets
feeling the lingered warmth
of your breasts pressing softness
into my awaiting touch
and the white bearded boughs
of winter's evergreens
sway heavily in the
wind rushing to announce
my torment
to the white feathered fields
and scattered lights of the horizon
or even to the fragile sky

but by now my
feet have returned
and i enter
the shadow flecked room
and wrap myself in you—
the scarred wooden floor
and crackling flames grown
distant in the blanket of our warmth,
as i rise and fall
with your breathing
and listen to the
whispering drum of
our heartbeat

yet the wind is still blowing
and almost
carries me to home
and my dog
and brother Pete
and the dream-games we played;
but my hands warm
that which i love
and she

me
so its really not right
that the wind should
chill us,
and make us think
that (perhaps)
the windows will shatter,
the fire die
and in the wind
the warmth of the cabin blow away.

ROBERT CUMBOW Ambrose Dichter Is Forty

Walking mechanical,
Nothing is Real;
Agony stirring
My Happy Man's soul
Concern is to die.

Forty thieves in jars of oil—
Hear what a noise, their moanings of grief!
I took one jar and drank it down,
Then carefully replaced the thief.

The Happy Man's happy man spies forty apes
Glassed in cubicles, trying to write—
A function only of people who know.
Now, people who know will know people first,
And people who know people like people,
And people who like people like Dial.

ing

The Phone Company knows
Everything
Is secret—
Dial four-one-one to learn.

If Forty Apes eat Forty grapes
In Forty minutes,
How long will it take
Forty cats to kill Forty rates—
And how many rats in Forty Years?

Seventy times seven
You're forgiven by Heaven—
If you don't know by then,
Dial Four-eleven.

The world is my oyster, but where is the pearl?
The Happy Man's oyster, an ice-silvered world,
Stirs round and round
My Happy Man's soul
Concern is to die.

the win ticket

By JULIA STAPP

She peered at her watch and rose from the bench, looking hopefully down the street. When she didn't see her bus, she checked the timetable in her purse, tucking it back inside next to the carefully folded pension check. As she snapped shut the clasp, a horn sounded, and she waved eagerly.

The old bus pulled up beside the curb and the doors squeaked in protest as they opened. As she mounted the stairs, she said reprovingly, "Andy, you're three minutes late."

"Sorry, Miss Partridge," grinned the red-haired lad at the wheel. "I always try to hurry on your day."

"See that you aren't late again," she said, trying to sound stern and succeeding in sounding affectionate, as she took her regular seat behind him.

Glancing at her in the rear view mirror, Andy noticed that Miss Partridge was as excited as ever. He'd grown fond of the little old soul since he had been driving the bus to and from Bay Meadows Race Track. Each Thursday, rain or shine, Miss Partridge embarked upon her weekly journey to the track, allowing herself one two dollar bet, on a horse of her choice, out of the small Army pension she was sent each week to care for her disabled brother. It was her one small luxury. Before the Second World War, she and Timothy had owned fine thoroughbred race horses, but the war had taken everything and sent her brother home a gentle, hazy, broken man.

Andy asked, "Have any good tips today?"

"Yes," she replied excitedly. "Admiral's Count in the fourth race and Silver Slash in the seventh."

"Two?" queried Andy. "And why pick Admiral's Count? He's a real longshot. I had a squint at the charts in the newspaper this morning, and the one to bet on is Silver Slash. He's a top-rated horse, and Admiral's Count has never even won a race."

"I know, so he's about due to," said Miss Partridge calmly. "He's a nice horse. I hope Silver Slash wins his race, but my two dollars go for Admiral's Count."

Fishing in his pocket, Andy produced two crumpled two dollar bills and passed them back to her. "Well . . . you're the expert. Here's my two for Admiral's Count. But I still think Silver Slash is a better bet."

"But, Andy," she said earnestly, putting his money in her purse, "don't you see, everyone will bet on him! And in the fourth race the favorite is Speedy Scott, and everyone will bet on him in that race! When Admiral's Count goes to the post and sees that no one has faith enough in him to bet money on him, he'll lose faith in himself. But, when he sees our money there, he'll run his heart out and beat Speedy Scott so as not to let us down. Don't you see?"

"I guess so," said Andy aloud. "Women," he said to himself.

Miss Partridge settled back in her seat, satisfied. She hoped Admiral's Count came in ahead, for if he did, her two dollar ticket would pay very well. And it so delighted Timothy when she did well. He would smile at her in his uncertain, clouded way, and nod, and say, "Shiloh won again?"

Shiloh had been a race horse, the finest Timothy had ever owned. He had died while Timothy had been in France during the war, but her brother no longer had any conception of time, and was convinced that Shiloh was still theirs, still running, and still winning, even though the animal had been dead for over 20 years.

When he stopped the bus at the entrance to the track, Andy turned and smiled at Miss Partridge. "Good luck. See you this afternoon."

"Goodbye, Andy," she chirped, "and when I next see you, that two dollars you gave me will have gone 'way up in value."

"I hope so," muttered Andy, as he watched her walk away, her shabby purse clutched underneath her skinny arm. "I sure hope so."

Miss Partridge found her particular nook in the packed grandstand and during the first three races studied her Racing Form intently. She scarcely heard the roars of the crowd as it cheered the horses down the homestretch.

Immediately following the third race, Miss Partridge rose and hurried out of the stands, down the stairs to the parimutuel windows. She waited patiently in line for those ahead of her, and when her turn came she timidly held out four one-dollar bills and said, "Two win tickets on Admiral's Count, please."

The clerk snatched the bills, added them to a large pile behind the desk, and shoved two parimutuel tickets at her. "Next!"

Clutching her tickets, the little old lady hurried back to her seat. The horses were parading past the grandstand on their way to the starting gate. The caliber of horses in this race was mediocre and the purse was small, but Miss Partridge was as excited as if it had been the Belmont Stakes.

Admiral's Count proved to be a big, leggy chestnut horse with a splash of white on his

forehead. He snorted and pranced as he walked, now and then dancing sideways. His jockey was perched on his withers, a small blob of pale gold and green silk. The horse wore the number four saddlecloth.

The eight entrants reached the starting gate and were loaded in without delay. All stood quietly. The starter's flag was raised. Miss Partridge crossed her fingers and sat up tensely.

The gates opened with a mighty clang. Eight horses surged forward at once, finding stride and hitting top speed in the space of two jumps. The jockeys' brightly-colored silks blurred together as the horses began the run down the backstretch. The commentator's voice rang in her ears.

"Speedy Scott has led all the way down the backstretch, with White Sabre second, Right as Rain is third, Admiral's Count, fourth, and omino, Hold Up, Recovery and Top Trick. Nearing the far turn it's Speedy Scott ahead, White Sabre second, Admiral's Count has overtaken Right as Rain and is now third . . ."

"Go!" cried Miss Partridge silently. "Go on, little horse, catch them, beat them! Run them down!"

As the horses turned for home the chestnut was racing in the middle of the track. His jockey went for his whip, and he passed a tiring White Sabre to match strides with the leader, Speedy Scott. The big horse tried gamely to pass Admiral's Count, but the flying horse let out another notch of speed and flew beneath the wire.

The stewards called for a photo finish, but Miss Partridge, shaking hands with herself and beaming, knew what the result would be. Admiral's Count had gotten his head out in front in those last few jumps. She glanced at the tote board. When the results were declared official, she would know how much she had won. Since the horse had been a longshot, he might pay as high as thirty or forty dollars!

The photo sign vanished from the board and the announcer's voice said the magic words, "The results of the fourth race are now declared official! The winnah is Admiral's Count, owned by the Green Hill Stables and ridden by Jex Conroy."

Yes, there it was on the tote board—number four. And he had paid—had paid—fifty-seven dollars to win! Fifty-seven dollars for each of her tickets! Never since the war had Miss Partridge had such marvelous luck! Andy and Timothy would be so pleased!

She almost ran down to the parimutuel booths, cashed her tickets, and walked in a fog of delight back to her corner. One hundred and fourteen dollars back for a four-dollar investment! Bless Admiral's Count, she thought, I knew he had it in him.

Now for Silver Slash in the seventh race, a quality horse running with other quality horses. Miss Partridge sat out the fifth and sixth races, thinking hard. She had had marvelous luck in the fourth race . . . should she bet in the seventh race? Silver Slash was almost sure to win it. She knew if he did win, the pay-off would be substantial if she bet a large sum of money, and this horse's record for the length of this race was very close to the world's record time. She got up and headed for the stairs.

"No!" she said emphatically, stopping and causing several people to stare at her. "I won't risk all this money! We can't afford it, Timothy and I!"

She marched back to her seat and watched the grooms lead the thoroughbreds to the paddock for the seventh race. She identified Silver Slash as the gleaming grey with the black mane and tail. He was in superb racing condition and indicated by snorting and fidgeting that he was ready and eager to run.

"Oh, well," she rationalized, and went downstairs.

A few minutes later she returned, a slight frown puckering her face. She had bet both her money and Andy's for the horse to win. If he did, both she and Andy would double their money, at the least.

She looked at the horse again in the post parade. The number seven horse, he was big and powerful, and gave his jockey a bad time keeping him quiet. Miss Partridge looked anxiously at all of the horses. This was a large race, with ten horses and a considerable purse. Silver Slash had more quality than any other horse on the track . . . for instance, the smallish, mousy-brown horse bearing the number two saddlecloth. Wise Willy, his name was, and, comparing him with Silver Slash, Miss Partridge decided that he resembled a sleepy mouse.

When the horses were loaded into the starting gate the noise of the crowd died down to a murmur—then, as one, they roared, "They're off!"

Silver Slash, his jockey using whip and hands and legs vigorously, got out of the rush on top and opened up a wide lead with breathtaking speed as he skimmed under the wire for the first time. The second horse, Commando Rex, was six lengths to the rear, followed by

Silky Time. Tearing her eyes momentarily from the flying grey in the lead, Miss Partridge scanned the rest of the field. Wise Willy was next-to-last, she noted, then resumed watching her grey round the turn into the backstretch.

"And going into the backstretch it's Silver Slash by six lengths, Commando Rex second by a head, Silky Time third, Royal Red fourth, and Gunmetal, Bob's Buy, Scataway, Dangerous, Wise Willy and Rebound. It's Silver Slash by four lengths, Commando Red second, Silky Time third—"

He went on, but Miss Partridge wasn't listening. Every fibre of her being was straining to help the grey horse hold his lead.

The horses rounded the far turn and came into the homestretch. They had been racing in incredibly fast time! This was the real test, the run for the wire where they began to run on their pedigrees. The crowd was yelling, each encouraging his own favorite. Miss Partridge stood silent, willing the grey horse to hold his head.

"Turning for home it's Silver Slash ahead," bawled the commentator. "Commando Rex is right behind him, Bob's Buy is moving up, Silky Time is coming up for—here comes Wise Willy! Wise Willy is running down the middle of the track! He's catching them . . . he's got Silky Time and is moving up on Bob's Buy! He's past him! There's an eighth of a mile to go—can he catch the leaders? He's gone past Commando Rex and he's gaining on Silver Slash . . . these horses are going all out! Silver Slash's jockey has gone to the whip, but Wise Willy's closing ground! He's catching him—Silver Slash is under great pressure from his jockey! He's going to try to lick that grey horse home! They're almost to the wire, and it's Silver Slash, not it's Wise Willy, Silver—and they're under the wire! It's a photo finish, ladies and gentlemen, a photo finish! This is one of the greatest finishes in the history of Bay Meadows!"

Gasping, Miss Partridge fell back in her chair. The little mousy horse! Oh, but he couldn't have won! She had bet all of her money, and Andy's too, on the grey horse! He had to win, or she would have to scrounge and skimp until the next check came. Her lips moved as she offered up a silent prayer.

The commentator's reedy voice broke into her thoughts. "Ladies and gentlemen, we have the results of the seventh race. This was one of the greatest come-from-behind finishes ever seen by this commentator at any track, anywhere. And, with that, the winner is—Wise Willy, owned by R. J. Simmons and Sons and ridden by Mark Lambert. Second was Silver Slash, owned by the syndicate of Harper and West and ridden today by . . ."

Miss Partridge slowly tore up her two win tickets. She had lost. She sat dully through the last race and was one of the last to get up and leave. The stands had cleared fast. The vast area was now empty, littered with paper and discarded parimutuel tickets. A puff of wind caught a paper here and there and blew it about, forlornly.

She rose, and walking like a very, very old lady, went to catch her bus and tell Andy. Timothy, she reflected gratefully, would be glad no matter what happened.

BRIAN QUIGLEY Blind Beggar In The Alley

Blind beggar in the alley

Whose cup is always full

And no one knows

Just where it goes

Or what he saves it for

Come see his faded majesty

Enthroned upon a stool

In robes of ragged gabardine

And face that's all but shaven clean

Beneath his crown of felt

With every crease and every fold

He grins and squints and lies

In waiting on his prey

Whose passage by the way

Cues the rattling of his cup

His silver cup inlaid with gold

It has a thousand eyes

And in the lines of every lid

The faces of the dead are hid

Oh all my friends are there

And from that blinding silver sea

Those eyes are oh so cruel

To cry out in unease

For just a quarter please

Kind gentleman

West Scores 24:

Chieftains Zig the Zags, 95-87

By **TERRY ZAREMBA**

The S.U. Chiefs overcame a seven-point Gonzaga lead at half-time to inundate the Zags, 95-87, last night at Spokane. The S.U. victory raised the Chiefs' season mark to 12-13.

The game was close in the early going as Joe McNair and Paz Rocha hit consistently for the Zags while Leapin' Lou West carried most of the scoring load for the Chieftains. The score was 25-24 in favor of the Seattle men when Gonzaga began a scoring binge that lasted until halftime.

THE ZAGS possessed a 46-39 lead when the halftime gun finally sounded. However, Bucky Buckwalter, S.U. coach, must have breathed fire during half-time, as the Chiefs came out mad as proverbial hornets.

West dumped in a field goal to cut the Zag lead to six before Rocha got a free throw for the Spokaners. The Chiefs then belted in 17 unanswered points, eight of them by LaCour, to suddenly find themselves with a 58-47 lead.

THE CHIEFS held that margin until the ten-minute mark, then the Zags went on another scoring spiel. They moved to

within four of the Chiefs at 70-66, but West and LaCour pulled the Seattleites out of the fire with two quick buckets.

Three of the Chiefs (West, LaCour and John Wilkins) fouled out of the rough game as did Gonzaga's Rocha. McNair was

the game's high scorer with 25 points, but the Chiefs placed four men in double figures. West had 24, Little and LaCour 20 each and Looney 11. LaCour also had 13 rebounds for the Chiefs as he played his best game of the season.

Inter-League Contests Set For Tuesday, Wednesday

Inter-league play-off contests are scheduled for next Tuesday and Wednesday as the league schedule was completed this week. A total of seven games were played this week—four on Tuesday and three on Wednesday.

TUESDAY the Forum stabbed the Banchees 40-21 to pick up an easy win. Greg Nagel fortified the Forum with 10 points.

The A Phi O's attacked ROTC 44-26 as Rick Schierburg led the A Phi O assault with 19 points. The Party polished the Sixth Floor 49-29 with Ned Dolejsi dumping in 19 for the winners.

The Justice League flushed the Vice Squad, 42-36, on the strength of an 18-point performance by Jim Vail. Don Schroeder had 18 for the Squad. In Wednesday's first game the Justice League returned to demolish the Poi Pounders, 64-31. This time Joe Noone led the Leaguers with 16.

THE A PHI O's also captured their second win in two nights as they butchered the Forum 42-35 as Mike Benzel had 16 points for the winners. In the final regular season game the Banchees punched the Vice Squad, 33-31. Clay Kim and Paul Taylor had eight points each for the winners, but Don Schroeder put in 20 of the V.S.'s markers.

Barney Koch, director of intramurals, has announced that there will be an intramural managers' meeting next Thursday to discuss spring sports.

INTRAMURAL BASKETBALL PLAY-OFF SCHEDULE

Tuesday—March 5

Time	Opponents*	Place
6:30 p.m.	Sixth Floor vs. Satyrs	13th & 14th
7:30 p.m.	Party vs. Chambers	1st & 2nd
8:30 p.m.	Justice League vs. Nads	5th & 6th
9:30 p.m.	Forum vs. Engineers	9th & 10th

Wednesday—March 6

6:30 p.m.	Banchees vs. Born Losers	15th & 16th
7:30 p.m.	A Phi O's vs. Trillos	3rd & 4th
8:30 p.m.	ROTC vs. Chiefs	7th & 8th
9:30 p.m.	Vice Squad vs. Invaders	11th & 12th

* American League entrant vs. National League entrant

Games Tomorrow and Monday Close Out Chieftains' Season



UTAH BACKCOURT: Shaler Halimon (left) and Paul Jeppeson will be Utah State's starting guards when they face the Chiefs at 1:45 p.m. tomorrow. Halimon is the nation's ninth-leading scorer and an All-America candidate.

The S.U. Chieftains play their final two games of the season tomorrow and Monday. The Papooses also close out their season with two contests.

Tomorrow the Papooses take on the Western Washington College frosh team at 11:30 a.m. in the Coliseum. At 1:45 p.m. the Chiefs will meet the Utah State Aggies in a game which will be televised locally.

Monday evening the University of Texas at El Paso Miners will oppose the Chiefs. The Papooses have a return bout with Western at 5:45 p.m. and the Chiefs and Miners take the floor at 8 p.m.

The Utags will come to town with a 13-10 record and the Miners are 12-8 on the season. Utah State sports an All-American guard in Shaler Halimon and UTEP will be led by guards Nate Archibald and Willie Worsley.

Tennis Meeting

All those who are interested in trying out for the S.U. tennis team should be at the tennis courts in back of Bellarmine at 3:30 p.m. Monday. If it is raining, the meeting will be held in Bellarmine lobby.

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Fall Starts Program

The fall quarter, 1968, will bring to S.U. the first cooperative work-study program in engineering in the Pacific Northwest.

The program will allow engineering students to alternate one quarter of regular study with one quarter of employment in a related industrial field. The work study alternation will begin after two years of traditional engineering study at S.U.

AT THE END of five years the engineering student in this program will have 18 months of paid industrial employment and four years of college.

More than 25 companies have expressed interest in providing employment for students who will begin job assignments in 1970.

When the student begins his first job assignment, an extra charge of \$100 will be made to cover the employment arrangements made by the University and the scheduling of extra class sections.

DR. DAVID Schroeder, dean of the School of Engineering, said of the new work-study program: "Advantages to the student are earlier career orientation, a combination of practical experience with theoretical work, and earnings usually sufficient to pay college and living expenses after the first two years."

Dr. Schroeder added the further advantage of a higher starting salary after graduation due to previous experience.

Lenten Series Begins Monday

A series of Lenten devotions will begin this week. Fr. James McGoldrick, S.J., will speak on "Man and His Place in the Universe" at 7 p.m. Tuesday in L.A. 123.


On Wednesday at 7 p.m. Fr. Roger Blanchette, S.J., will con-

duct a Bible service in Campion Tower.

Fr. John Warner, S.J., will deliver chapel talks at 8 p.m. Monday through Wednesday. Mass will be offered at 8:25 p.m. Monday's talk and Mass will be at Bellarmine; Tuesday, Campion; Wednesday, Marycrest.

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SMOKE SIGNALS

Tuesday Meetings
 Writers Club, 7:30-9 p.m., Xavier Lounge.
 A Phi O executive review board meeting, 6:30 p.m., McHugh Hall.
 A Phi O, 7:30 p.m., McHugh Hall.

Reminders
 A Phi O spring quarter pledge class begins. First meeting on Thursday, 7:30 p.m., McHugh Hall, downstairs.

Benjamin Franklin speaks to econ majors:

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