

Spring 1958

UA68/6/2 Voices, Vol. III, No. 1

Western Writers

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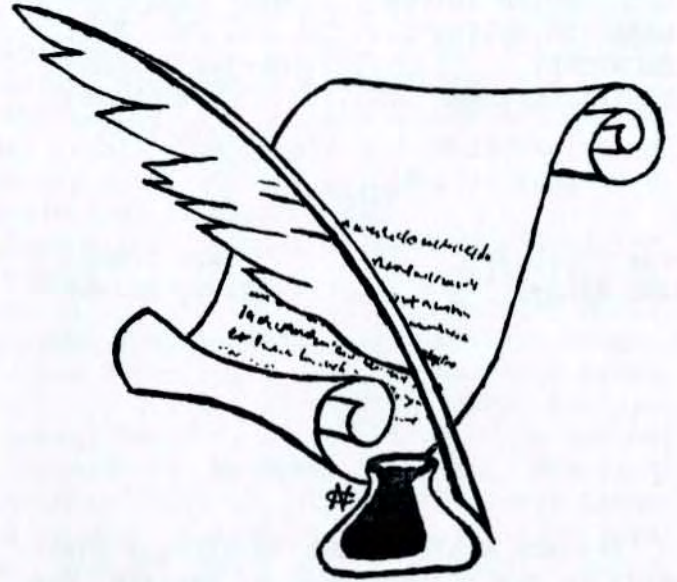
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VOICES

Vol. III No. 1

Spring 1958



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Western Writers wish to express their thanks to the student body of Western for their support of VOICES. We welcome any suggestions that anyone may have in regard to the improvement of this magazine.

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NOX

Allene Dooley

Night
Creeps in
On the silent wings
Of Dusk,
Chasing
The golden light of Day
Into the celestial regions
Beyond the setting sun,
And brings the soft, unbroken darkness
Down about our ears
As we set sail in our little ships,
One by one,
Onto the fathomless depths
Of the Sea of Slumber.

A SOLID GEOMETRY STUDENT'S LAMENT

Allene Dooley

My world is full of dihedral angles,
Prisms, cylinders, right triangles.
Millions of planes here and there
Intersect each other in mid-air.
A sphere rolls down an inclined plane
Which is tangent to it at time the same.
A rectangle turns around on its edge---
A cylinder of revolution with its axis same edge.
Do parallel planes intersect in space?
Does not a cone have to sit on a base?
I look at my figures and I sigh,
"Is not 3.1416 the value of pi?"
Now my vision's getting hazy---
Solid geometry's driving me crazy!

PRESSURE

Noel Coppage

The boy was twelve and he was lifting. The iron casing that had fallen on the boy's brother would not move and the boy sweat profusely from exertion and from fear. He felt a slight twang of pain beginning in his abdomen. His brother did not move--had not moved for some time.

His brother was dead.

The boy felt the pain in his abdomen and he thought: I'm going to be ruptured. And he strained even harder at the end of the casing.

ARCHIE'S METHOD

Shirley Ennis

i have decided that archie was a pretty sharp cockroach he claims to be unable to capitalize or punctuate because of his inability to hit the shift and another key at the same time well they dont have to be hit at the same time since jumping on the lock and then hitting the key would get the desired result granted this would require considerably more exertion but for a cockroach of archies abilities this little extra would be a whizz therein lies the secret of our little friends peculiarity

consider the fact that when you or i write we are constantly bothered by the minor details such as where to place a comma or when to make a capital letter technicalities technicalities anyway i am adopting archies method immediately right now if only someone could devise a method to cover up for my pitiful spelling oh well

THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH

Noel Coppage

Now I am going to town for Pap. Ma didn't say for me to go by myself, because I'm little, she says, but there's Pap, laid up for the whole winter it looks like so I had to. Because, there's nobody else, I have to. So I am going-- Ned would have been going to town instead of me if he was here. But he aint here no more. Somebody had to make an important decision in Washington, D. C., Uncle Barney says, and that's why Ned went away; because they made their decision and had to have Ned in a place called Korea that is not big and sticks out in the sea Uncle Barney says (he aint my real uncle--- he aint nobody's real uncle I don't reckon) so Ned went away and Pap had to have somebody to go to Seaton and there wasn't nobody left but me, so I'm going.

It is cold. I walk with my hands in my mackinaw pockets and my shoulders humped up because of the cold. I am doing it without noticing it, almost. Ma was worried I don't see why SHE was so worried I'm not little I'm surely big enough to walk. We have to walk; the mule died. It got laid up when Pap did and died. Ma shot it, because death would not hurt it as much as staying alive would, she said. Then she cried, Ma did, and gave me the gun and I cleaned it. Pap didn't die though. Ma and me carried him in--- I carried his feet and Ma carried his front part, under his arms---and we laid him down on the bed. And so he didn't die, and he still aint died, so I'm going to town for him.

He was in more pain than death would be too I know he was I know it but Ma didn't shoot

him because you don't shoot humans who are in more pain than death would be you keep them alive and in the pain and pretty soon you are in the pain too.

I am walking across Mr. Jenkins' cornfield because it cuts two miles closer than the road. Ma said stay on the road, but she didn't know how cold it is, nor how quick I want to get to Seaton, where it is warm in the stores. It is rough walking. The old corn rows hump up like a great big corrugated roofing and the few broke and tore-up cornstalks that Mr. Jenkins' corn-picker left whip against my britches as I walk.

It is cold. I walk fast and ahead of me, I can see the big highway where it crosses the railroad, I come to the roadbed and I am climbing and I get up on the highroad and cross the railroad, walking on the shoulder (Pap said that is what you call it---a shoulder, just like on a man) of the highroad. I can see Seaton, ahead and uphill, all spraddled-out over the ground, and cars going and coming on the highway, passing close to me. I can feel the wind after they go by.

After a while of walking, a car stops and at first I am afraid to get in; but then I see that it is Abe Dougan driving, and so I get in. We go fast, without talking.

When we reach the main street, Abe says:

"How's your Daddy? I heard he was sick."

"He aint feeling too good," I say. "You can let me out here,"

I get out and watch Abe turn the car toward the Post Office, and then I turn and go the other way. I pass Jackson's store, looking in. I can see Uncle Barney with a bunch of boys around him. He's telling them a story. Then I turn into Dr. Jacobs' drugstore, which is the only one in the whole town.

The fellow who sweeps the floor tells me that Dr. Jacobs is gone to Jackson's. "I didn't see him when I come by," I say. And he says, "Well, that's where he said he was goin'." So I go back to Jackson's. The boys are laughing and Uncle Barney is slapping his knee. Then he sees me.

"Well, well," Uncle Barney says, "if it aint Mose Harley's boy. How's Mose's leg doin'?"

"It's kinda swelled up," I say.

"Haw---and I don't wonder. Old Mose o'rt to knowed better'n to try to ride a mule acrost a rotten bridge."

I am looking at the doctor and he is looking at me. I am thinking about it. I am thinking about it and about Pap, and we are looking at each other and I can't say it.

"What's the matter, son?" Dr. Jacobs says.

It's black, the foot is. The whole foot is black. I seen it. It's black all over. But we are looking at each other and I can't say it.

"What's the matter? Is the foot hurting him?"

"It's---black. It's black!"

"What---" Dr. Jacobs says. "What---"

"My god," Uncle Barney says. "You mean that old fool's gone and let blood pisen set up?"

"It's---"

"Damn," Dr. Jacobs says. He is young and he is big. "Come on, son. Come on to the office while I get my bag. Damn," he says.

"I got to get some groceries," I say. "Ma said as long as I'm here I better get---"

"Never mind," the doctor says. We are going back to the drugstore and I have to trot to keep up with him. "Never mind. You just come on with me."

II

"I don't know what we'd have done without

the Jeep," Dr. Jacobs says as he drives into our yard, the little Jeep bouncing and me bouncing; but not him because he is holding the steering wheel tight. "But then, times like this are what I got it for," he says. "Come on."

Ma is peeping through the screendoor, with the front door slanting open behind her, letting the cold air into the house.

"Where's my groceries?" she says.

But the doctor only tips his hat to her and goes on in. I don't answer her. I follow him into the room where Pap is. It's black it's COV-
ERED UP NOW but it's black I know I saw it.

"Well," the doctor says. "Well, Mose, you messed up good this time."

Pap grins at him. "I know I o'rt not to a-done hit," he says, "but hit was either try to cross that bridge or go around five or six mile, and me and old Tom was both tuckered out---"

"Hmmmmp!" Dr. Jacobs says. "Damn wonder you didn't drown in the backwater. That might have taught you something," he says, his voice rough but his face not mad. Pap grins at him.

"Where's my groceries?" Ma says behind us.

"I---We---" I say.

"My god," Dr. Jacobs says.

"How bad is hit, Doc?" Pap says.

"Can't I trust you for anything?" Ma says.

"Does that hurt?" Dr. Jacobs says.

"No. I can't feel hit, even. Can't feel no-thing in hit from there down."

"Damn," Dr. Jacobs says. "Damn, damn."

I can see it: Blacker than a nigger's--foot.

The doctor stands up, laying the cloth back over Pap's foot and leg. He looks at Ma. "Come into the other room a minute," he says. Ma goes with him. They shut the door.

Pap grins at me. "Well, Frank, did you have

a good trip?"

"Yes," I say. I can hear him in the next room, his voice going; too low to catch the words just the voice going.

"Listen Frank," Pap says. "You got to help Doc Jacobs when he gets ready to---when he comes back in."

"Yes," I say. I can hear the voices going in there and then I can hear Ma's voice, high and thin, saying, "No! You can't," and his voice going again and then hers saying, "No," and then his again and then hers again: "No No No No!"

"...got to help him," Pap is saying. "Your Ma won't be much help. She can't help how she is but she---well, you just help him and do what he says."

"Yes," I say. Then the doctor comes in with the bottle of whiskey that was in the cabinet and hands it to Pap.

"Ready, Mose?" he says. His voice is so quiet that I can just barely hear it. "It's the only way---I wish--- It's the only way, believe me."

"I know hit," Pap says. "I want to live bad enough. Hit was my own stoopidity."

"I had to give her a shot," Dr. Jacobs says as he watches Pap. "She didn't--- That's it--- Take a good snort. I've only got a local."

Pap drinks. "All this from a rusty nail in a ratty bridge," he says, drinking. The doctor is taking things out of his bag.

"Oh---" he says, Frank. You go heat me a big dishpan of water."

I go and do it. I put one of Ma's dishpans on the stove and fill it, and put some wood in the stove, till I can hear it roaring. When the water is hot, I try to lift it but I can't and a little splashes on the stove and goes away, sizzling loud, and he comes in and gets it.

"Thank you, Old Man," he says. "You better stay in here. If I need you I'll call you."

"Pap said I should help you."

"You can, I'll call you. Just wait here."

He goes out, carrying the the dishpan, and then I hear him in there, splashing water.

I try to stay in the kitchen. Stay in the kitchen stay you stay in here Black yes it is as black as a nigger's stay here if I want you I'll call you Black.

I go and peek in the door. I watch him. When he wants me, he'll call me. I watch. When he starts, I want to stop him, but Pap said I should help him, and then I try not to look. The knife is awful sharp. It makes Pap's flesh seem soft, soft like cheese. I tried to stay in there I tried didn't I. Then I want to vomit but I can not and I feel the room turning sideways and I can see the blood, coming in little spurts, and he stops it with a little pad and it is like I am looking through a tunnel with the far end getting smaller and smaller and the room sideways and me sideways and then not sideways, gripping the door facing and feeling the sweat and seeing the knife again and the blood coming in little spurts again and the tunnel closing in now----it is a cave now and not a tunnel at all---and everything dark now and the sweat clear all through my shirt and my pants and my shorts and cold, and yet I am still standing up and everything is dark and the knife is even dark, though I know it is silver. I tried not to didn't I tr----

III

That was the first time I ever fainted. Dr. Jacobs told me how, when I passed out, Ma woked up at the same time and came in and saw me and screamed. He said he almost stabbed Pap then. And he said how he wasn't finished tieing-off

all the veins and couldn't leave Pap, so he just had to let Ma---who could shoot a mule, but who couldn't look at Pap---just had to let her yell till she got tired. I don't know whether Pap'll get up and around or Ned will come home, but until one or the other happens, I'm going to have my hands full, I know that.

The sack is heavy on my shoulder. Where it mashes down on my back, I can feel that my shirt is still wet with sweat. I walk along, looking at the ground. The spade is heavy, too. A lot of things are going to be heavy. I can see that.

Pretty soon, I stop and let the sack down, easy. I am in the tobaccoer patch, at one of the poor spots of ground. That's what Dr. Jacobs told me to do. "Take it out where the tobacco is always little," he said. "Mose might as well get some good out of it."

I begin to dig. The ground aint froze, so, it is pretty easy digging. Tomorrow is Sunday, but we won't go to church. The next day, I'll go to school, though. Pap will see to it. He will stand up to it when my education is the thing. He just lays there, but he'll get all right. I guess he's still feeling the licker. I stop digging a minute and look at the hole. Then I dig a little more, because it's got to be deep enough that the plow won't reach it this spring. And I know who'll be following that plow. I know. He will get all right he'll get all right. It is cold. I finish digging, and then I throw it in, sack and all, and cover it up fast. I didn't look at it. I didn't want to. It's black.

E'ER VOICE SO SINCERE

John Boyd

E'er voice so sincere
As mother to her son?
"John, be done, be done."

Pictures flow over years
Controlled, free, still guided.

Her life became his,
Brighter against the dim,
Arched in love's strong ken.

I weep my waxing call,
Through still her knowledge all.

BATTLE SONG

Herbert Ginger

Out of the pass of Pandaris they rode,
And on to the plain came the warriors bold,
Riding to meet the invincible Hun,
Came the pitiful ten thousand and one.
For six long years the Barbarians had made
The folk of Europe fit for the grave.
Until this never-to-be-forgotten day,
Attila's men had known naught but to slay.
In battle they'd never suffered defeat,
When faced by the foe they knew no retreat.

The hills resounded as the thundering hoofs
Split open the temples and rent the roofs.

Old Mars smiled at the strength of the host,
And Death longed to see them lie still as ghosts.
The Hun did ride on the wings of the wind,
And his ten lines seemed countless end to end.
The dust which arose made the skies turn gray,
As the scourge of God galloped in battle array.
Now they at last reached their swiftest pace
With blood in their eye, but no grace in their
face.

The brave Christians rode in a steel-clad wedge,
And crashed into the Hun with the force of a
sledge.

Above the turmoil and hell of the fray,
The savage heathen screamed slay, slay, slay.
The mighty army of Huns was cleft in twain
As a harvester reaps the mature grain.
The reapers swerved from left to right
As both men and horses displayed their might.
Both wings of the Hun were crushed by the foe;
No human could withstand that armored blow.

The fight had now reached its frenzied fury,
To the loser the victor is judge and jury.
The flash of light as it danced on the steel
Frightened the vultures away from their meal.
The lance, the mace, the sword, the ax and spear
Did sing of death for all heaven to hear.
The face of the turf wore a crimson stain,
While the warrior's blood flowed as the rain.
All day the deadly swinging swords did fall
On gallant knights of valor, rogues and all.

The age-old song of battle filled the air
While both man and steed fell everywhere.
The deadly weapons of war bore life's red stain,
As the wounded and dying lay screaming in pain.

The arc of the sword as it fell on the host,
severed his body and sent up his ghost.
Charnak, the merciless chief of the Hun,
Was struck with an ax ere the set of sun.
He fell to the earth with his brow all red,
Then a hoof struck his head and his spirit fled.

Dread fear clutched their hearts as their leader
fell.

In panic they fled, as if chased by Hell.
As they ran with the victor at their heel,
The point of his lance once more did they feel.
All of the Huns had met with slaughter,
And the number of knights was now much shorter.
From beginning to end in the battle's alarm
Great Death clutched men to his hoary form.
As the conqueror viewed the gory, strewn fields,
He saw many friends lying beneath their shields.

AN ALASKAN PROSPECTOR'S METHODOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY

Herbert Ginger

"You want to prospect for gold, eh? Yes sir, I can tell you all about it. Done a lotta prospectin' myself.....hit it rich a couple a times. Where'd be the best place? Who knows? Gold is where you find it....Klondike, Nome, Tanana, Chandalar, even Iditarod....might be most anywhere.

"Anywhere at all.

"Anyway, here's the way you go about it. Get y'urself a stock of gear, such as beans, bacon, flour, salt, coffee, sugar, and tobacco. Be sure an' take plenty of tobacco. A man can go a long time without grub, but tobacco's a different affair.

"You'll need a pick, a shovel, and a gold-pan for equipment. Oh yeah, better take a dozen or so moose hides pokes, 'bout the size of ten pound 'tater sacks, to carry y'ur gold in. You'll need a rifle to ward off the bears an' wolves, too. If'n you ain't got a gun, carry a stout club to bust 'em on the nose with. That'll discourage 'em or else cause 'em to speed up the job.

"Now you're all ready to.....huh.....oh yeah, moskeeters.....forgot to tell you 'bout them. They're almighty ferocious here in Alaska. So thick sometimes they look like a stormcloud. Ain't much defense 'gainst 'em. Best thing's a bottle o' skunk-juice. If'n you can't live with the smell, plaster y'urself with clay. That'll keep off the saber-nosed demons.

"Now, take yer grub 'n back-pack it on your huskies, an' head into the foothills of the white-headed mountains. Go way into the wilds where man ain't ever been nor likely to go. Find y'urself a nice creek and pitch camp. Dig down, along the bank 'til ya hit the black sand. Shovel a couple

o' scoops into y'ur pan, add water 'n swish it 'round in a swirlin', jostlin' motion, workin' the gravel over the brim. When ya ain't got more'n a cupfull left in the pan, start lookin'. If it's in there, you'll see it. Looks like butter and moves lazier'n anything else in the pan.....Nuggets?.... Don't worry, you won't lose 'em out. They're lazy too, and look like yellor cuds o' used chewin' wax.

"Whatta you do after you find it? Pan out enough to fill y'ur pokes, and stake her off. After that, pack up and skadoodle back to town an' file y'ur claim. After y'u've panned the town a couple o' times, and lived-up y'ur gold, go sell the claim to a company for a grub-stake, an' hit the pay-lode train again. There's always a bigger an' richer vein someplace else, just waitin' to be claimed.

"Hugh? What? Y'u're gonna try fishin', 'stead of prospectin'? Well now, 'bout fishin' here in Alaska-----"

STREET SCENE: THE COUPLE

Phil Osgatharp

A few quick words,
Like knives there in the dark,
Two outcries not voiced
And it ended; the pair,
Turning away, not yet stricken,
Perhaps did not feel the press
Of empty streets,
The bare hotel steps, the lash
Of the wind, tongue of loneliness;
Were not sufficiently aware
Of the insidious presence of future,
The endless chain of work and neon
Rattling down the long scramble;
Else they would have laughed,
As children do, to end quarrel.

But creatures of the tamed jungle
Have not learned its ways,
Not in ten thousand years;
Have not learned how the treachery
Of themselves must become nothing
Under the unrealized fear, the need
Of huddling together, out of the dark.
In twenty years, thirty, the lessons
For these two will press in,
Ominous, but the heart
With its necessary shards
Will cancel; and the new young,
Carrying their unknown history,
Will not profit, will stoop
Under that weight into age,
Never learning the values of necessity,
Those preserving more than blood.

But as I watched them
There on the street, busy
In the first demolition of dream,
An incident common, unnoticed
As grass, I saw how horror teaches,
How the jungle must, to grow,
Erupt, writhe, alarm its creatures,
Send out purveyors
Of need, war, the spectre of atom,
Grey dirge of epidemic,
And the slum, spawning violence,
The maniac bloody upon the sill:
All serve, for reminder
Of the taste of bitter storms,
For the memory of panic,
Which drives need into shelter,
Which alone shatters the silted dams
To the headwaters of man.

YESTERDAY?

Walter Langsford

Her footsteps dappled the virgin white
As she walked along the snow-covered path
To the old wall, and there with thoughts
Of years gone by, sat down upon a wooden bench
And brushed away, with gloved hand, the snow
And read aloud the words, "I love you."

TO ERSIE LEE, UPON HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATION

Edith M. Ginger

It has been twelve long years, my Friend,
Since first our paths began to blend,
Since first we joined our hands in play
And introduced ourselves that day.
Throughout the years we've learned to share
Each joy, sorrow, and love affair.
My playmate is forever thee,
You are my comrade, Essie Lee.

We shared alike in work and play;
Our friendship growing every day.
We turned from childish selfishness
To give of all that we possess.
To you through life I will remain
A 'give-and-taking' Half of twain,
And live assured that you will be
The other one, dear Ersie Lee.

Side by side through school we went.
I treasure now the hours we spent.
With toil and joy each grade we took
Till now at end we backward look
And view the road we've trod upon---
The days we shared that now are gone.
Since we must part, this is my plea;
Let's meet again, dear Ersie Lee.

From our very beginnings there is a constant struggle to walk, to talk, to learn----to live. During a later but still early period in our lives (usually from around three to six) we come as close as we ever will to thinking creatively. This is before we have learned what attitudes we are "supposed" to have about everything.

After this we reach a period when each action seems to be an end in itself. There is not much room for wondering why? The world is at this time a fascinating, entertaining, gay, and glistening ball. What would be the reason of questioning it?

But then, all too soon it seems, we catch a glimpse of what looms ahead: doubt, discontent, indecision mingled with joy, gaiety, love. (These, a combination of negatives and positives which seem to cancel each other.)

But assuming that "the fates" would have the positive factors reigning, what is accomplished in the end? A full, rich, and happy life is naturally the desirable one, but what has it succeeded in doing? Is it an end in itself? Is "beauty: its own excuse for being"? And even if a person has contributed greatly to society, has dedicated his entire life to a worthy project, and has been successful - - - what has he accomplished? Making life more comfortable or pleasant or liveable for the coming generations is the apparent answer. Then the reason for their being would be the same, and the whole cycle repeats itself. It is a sort of perpetual reason.

Yet a question is still unanswered. Why? Why? Why are we here? What differences does each little person make? I must believe that there is a reason - - - thus, the SEARCH.

Summer is a lazy stream
who lines her bed with mosses
And serves as mirror
for a sun-tanned maiden as she crosses.

Summer is a willow tree
who pants beneath the sun,
Who, like a restless lover,
wants the moon to come.

Summer is a little boy,
who wanders in his joy,
Who has more golden hours of day
than he can well employ.

Summer is an interlude
inside a pleasant gate
That looks behind the passerby---
the backward step's too late.

Summer is the mask of death
that waits behind the wall,
Sultry half-sister of
the harvest marauder, Fall.

Summer is a state of mind
that defies the touch of yearning
For always an unspoken vow
that she will be returning.

Pete Mayer closed the door, walked toward the counter and nodded to the group of tobacco chewers sitting close to the stove. The proprietor deserted the sourdough philosophers and moved behind the counter as he admitted, "Warmed up some. Looks like the cold snap's over."

"Seems so. When it goes up to twenty or so below, after a drop like that, it feels like California," returned Pete. "Got any rifle shells?"

"Uhuh, what kind?"

"30-30----ah, gimme a box."

Tossing the box onto the counter, the owner spoke, "You goin' huntin'?"

"Yeah,.....north-east. Gonna see if I can't get myself a moose or a caribou," Pete proudly answered.

"Good idea. No game 'tween here and Fairbanks, too many people." He hesitated a minute then inquired, "Goin' alone?"

"Yep."

"Got a team?"

"I've got Vic Hector's."

"This's your first winter here ain't it?"

Pete nodded. "I wouldn't do it. No, siree! Strange dog team, winter and new to the country." The proprietor shook his head and added, "Nope, not me."

"Me and you ain't the same," snapped Pete as he turned and left the store.

"Give those guys a couple winters up here, and they act like they're Alaskan encyclopedias," Pete muttered as he stepped on the sled-runners. "Get up there! Mush!" The team sent the fine snow into a small cloud as they eagerly fled before the lightly loaded sled. They raced out of Chatanika and up the kill toward the ridge trail.

Six miles out of town Pete swung the team sharply to the left, and allowed them to slow their speed to a steady pace. Pete's anger diminished as he became more observant of the scenery. He continually watched the trail ahead and glanced down the spruce and birch-clad gorges on both sides of the ridge.

Pete rounded the bend near Twin Buttes. He stopped the sled abruptly, took his rifle from its boot, and knelt in the snow. Three hundred yards ahead, a young bull moose was moving toward him at a reckless gallop. Seconds later, five wolves entered the trail behind the moose. They were slowly closing the space between them and their prey.

Pete prepared to fire as the moose charged closer. He squeezed the trigger, the lead-dog barked and lunged forward. The bull's watering eyes saw the new adversary; he turned off the trail as the shell exploded. The awkward moose lost his footing and slid off the trail on his side, with hoofs frantically assailing the snow. The wolf-leader saw the action, and led the group diagonally off the trail toward the moose.

Pete overturned the empty sled to keep the dogs from running away, and ran to the place where the animal had left the trail for the protection of the woods. He stopped where the wallowing furrow in the snow began. The moose had disappeared among the trees and saplings. He stood for a few minutes listening to the faint sound of the young bull crashing through the timber. Then, he walked to where the moose had fallen, finding only a batch of hair. "No blood! Only winged him," Pete observed. He started toward the sled prophesying, "Those wolves I'll have moose-steak for supper."

He returned to the sled, made tea, took some biscuits and bacon from his parka, and began eating. After lunch he rested for several minutes drinking more tea.

During the afternoon, while following the big swing around Third Pup, Pete heard the brittle cracking of saplings. He halted the team to listen. The sound came from a small, steep valley to his right. He overturned the sled, put on his snow-shoes, and with his rifle moved toward the source of the sound. A hundred yards down the hill, he saw three caribou. Fearing that the bushes and small trees would interfere with his aim, he slipped closer. Sixty yards from the animals, he knelt in the snow and fired.

The bullet smashed a large cow to the snow. The other caribou gazed at her curiously. Pete moved slowly toward the fallen cow while the other two glanced bewilderedly from him to their companion. When he had out the distance in half, the animals bounded off into the timber. He stopped a few feet from the caribou and admired her spread of antlers. The wounded caribou, Pete saw, moved. He drew his sheath knife and stopped behind the beast, trying to avoid the raging hoofs. He drove the blade into the animal's heart; her head jerked sharply in dying. One of the antler's prongs ripped Pete's right eye and cheek. He shrieked in pain and toppled backward into the snow.

He lay for many minutes, smothering the pain. He arose swaying in anguish as he gazed at his blood-soaked mitten. He could not see with it ---the right eye. Fear and anxiety encompassed him as he realized his predicament.

Quickly Pete started up the hill toward the ridge. He hurried, forcing a path through the deep snow. Finally reaching the top, sweating and gasping for breath, he paused, rubbing his face to dismiss the pain and the numbness.

He turned the team around, strapped his snow-shoes on the sled, and whipped the dogs into a frenzy of speed. He stood on the runners, gripping the handle-bar as the huskies raced toward Chatanika.

Several miles had been covered, when they approached a short, sharp curve. On their right the hill came down perpendicular to the trail. On the other side, was a steep slope that ended at a fork of Sorrels Creek. Pete did not see the bend, and the team did not slow. The team's leader led his mates too close to the wall, trying to miss the edge; the inside runner of the sled found a rut, and started up the wall. The runner had gained two feet on the wall when the team, having made the bend, jerked the runner onto the trail. The sled pivoted, slamming Pete against the wall. His grip was loosened by the jolt. He ricocheted off the wall and tumbled down the steep grade. His journey ended when he collided with a spruce tree which covered him with a sheet of snow.

He slowly revived, rolled over, and sat up. "Wh-what happened?" he asked himself. Then he remembered the mishap.

He gained his feet, shook off the snow, and began the climb toward the trail. The distance was short, but the hill was almost verticle, and the snow deep. Pete climbed several steps tripped and fell. He regained his equilibrium and moved upward again. Finally he crept onto the trail and lay exhausted for several minutes.

Pete opened his eyes and stared in horrified surprise. He had expected to see the team, but they were not in sight. Frantically, he rushed to the turn in the trail. He could see far along the trail from here, but the dogs were not there. They had deserted this strange master for home and their daily ration.

"Gone!...Left me!...What'll I- - - -wait! Dexter Creek or First Pup must be right over the hill. Cabin...an' help there. Not more'n four miles," he calculated.

He chose a good place and began the climb to the hill's summit. He reached a place which was almost insurmountable, but he refused to stop. By

feet and inches he climbed upward until he reached the top.

It was dark and Pete was soaked with perspiration. While he rested, the cold began to penetrate his body. His wound ached as the frigid night air seared deeper into it. His hands and feet began to lose their power of sensation. Pete, recognizing this new dilemma, undertook to gather wood for a fire. The winter's snow lay several feet deep. Any twigs or branches which had fallen to the ground had been buried. Desperately he searched for wood, but he could find none. He snapped several branches from nearby spruce trees and carefully laid them in a small pile. He struck a match to the green needles. They began to burn, but when he withdrew the match, the little flame ebbed to a smoking glow. He blew on the branch, but the tiny glow dimmed until it surrendered to the frost. Pete tried three more times, but each attempt ended the same.

He attempted to clutch a match, to try again, but his fingers were too cold. He replaced his mitten and beat the circulation into his hand. Using his last matches, he made two more tries at lighting a fire, but the green needles refused to ignite. He replaced the mitten and stood up. In disgust and anger, he kicked the branches away, cursing his misfortune.

Pete surveyed the lower terrain. It was dark but enough light was reflected from the snow to illuminate faintly the scene. He was looking straight down the valley at the bottom of which lies the head-reaches of First Pup, a tributary of Flat Creek.

He headed toward the pup. The downhill grade added to his momentum as he plunged through the snow. Without warning he came to a very steep slope. He was too weak and moving too fast to stop or swerve. Pete lost his footing in the overhang of snow, and fell. He rolled, slid,

and tumbled as he vainly fought to halt his plunge. He skidded head-first for a score of feet and stopped.

Pete lay in the snow for a long time before he rolled over and attempted to get up. Slipping into a sitting position, he shook his head until the landscape became stable. He massaged his left hand briskly. During his tumble, he had gotten snow inside that mitten. It had melted, and was freezing his hand. Abruptly, he stopped rubbing; there was the frozen pup.

He got up and started toward the pup. After several steps, he staggered and fell. He tried to rise, but could not. He lay in the snow for some time. After resting, he was able to walk a hundred yards before exertion dragged him down. Later, he walked fifty yards before dropping to the snow. Pete began to crawl, inching his way through the snow.

With the passing of time, he gradually journeyed down the pup. His body was one mass of numbness, slowly freezing under the inexorable northern cold. He was at the dividing line between consciousness and oblivion. Yet, the determination to hold on to life was there. It was microscopic, but present. And, because that minute quality did exist, he inched forward.

After one unusually long rest, he opened his left eye, and through the multitude of bright circles and flashes that obscured his vision, he made out a small cabin a few yards away. Desperately he tried to move toward it, but he could not crawl. Then, the will to live flared up and using every remaining reserve of energy in his being, he made it. He could not see or feel, but he knew he had found the cabin, when something blocked his path. Feebly, he raised his numb right arm---it never descended for the blow which would summon the occupant.

Instantly, in a blur of fury, a chained husky

bolted at him. A sub-conscious warning and the impact of the animal's assault rolled him to safety. Pete slipped into a blackness which opens into eternity.

"Bob, ya hear that?" questioned Slats, sitting up in his bunk.

"Just them damn dogs barking again," the other replied sleepily. "If they keep me awake one more night----just one more----I'll sell 'em all."

"Ain't jist barkin'. Somethin' out there," Slats deduced.

"Always is," grumbled Bob. He pulled the cover closer and added, "Go on back to sleep."

"Prob'ly a wolf," guessed Slats. He again lay down.

The two men were torn between sleep and the barking of the dogs. After several minutes, Slats said, "I'm goin' out an' shut 'em up!" He got up and put on his clothes, and passed through the door. Minutes later he bellowed, "Bob! Bob! Open the door!" Seconds later he boomed, "Open it."

"Okay! Okay! I'm comin'!" Bob replied. He opened the birch slab door as he began hotly, "Why the dev"-----

"Let's git 'im inside," interrupted Slats.

They brought Pete in, and stretched him out on a bunk. "Stoke-up the fire----boil water---git somethin' clean for bandages---git that whiskey. I'll"-----moving across the room----"Fetch the coal oil, an' try to thaw 'im out."

Later, Bob inquired, "Is he going to live?"

"Yeah, but he'll never be the same. Eye torn out----frost killed a coupla fingers.-----'Sides, Chena gave 'im a lasting souvenir when he tried to crawl in with her."

"You know," began Bob as he studied the injured man, "I've seen him somewhere." He observed the man more closely. "I know where! When I stopped in Chatanika this morning, he came in the

store. Said he was going hunting, alone. He's a cheechako. Dodson warned him not to go alone,----he got real mad, and stormed out of there.----Looks like he found game, but it got him."

"Well, ya know these greenhorns," said Slats.

"Yeah, give them a couple months up here, and they act like an Alaskan encyclopedia."

CHILD AND STORM

Marjorie Hanna

The child is wakened from his peaceful sleep
by a summer storm.

Too frightened to cry out, he lies there
breathless, with eyes tightly shut,

To keep out the lightning;
burrowing into his pillow

To block out the blaring symphony
of thunder.

His mother comes:

"Go back to sleep my son.

The storm is good; it makes the earth
all fresh and clean again."

The child is lulled to sleep
while raindrops patter on the roof.

WHY?

Carol Zerfoss

Nights cool.....

Thoughts wandering.....

Mind full...

Of silent wondering.

OH, LONELY HEART

Edith M. Ginger

Oh, Lonely Heart,
Be lonely not, and have no fear;
The one who loves you still is near,
Comfort and contentment to give
To every moment that you live
While we're apart.

Oh, Lonely Heart,
Be lonely not, and do not weep,
For I come home each night to sleep
With you; throughout the lengthy day
In memory I'll always stay
While we're apart.

Oh, Lonely Heart,
Be lonely not; beat gladly on.
The one who loves you is not gone;
Although you're far away from me,
This you may ever know---that we
Are not apart.

THE TYPEWRITER, MY ENEMY

Pam Hurt

The typewriter is a small innocent-looking machine composed of numerous keys and wheels mounted in a metal box. To the average human this device holds no terror, but it is my greatest enemy, because cleverly it has gained the upper hand of me.

I begin a composition with my mind full of exciting ideas for the coming work. I can hardly wait to begin! With paper in hand I approach the infernal little toy I fear and slowly insert the paper. I am ready to start to type. Suddenly I freeze, "I cannot do it," I say to myself. "I can do it," I encourage myself. Fearfully I touch one of the keys. It works! My fear lessens as my fingers press the keys down. I glance at the words I am printing. They are all wrong, my fingers have slipped. Again this little machine has begun to defeat me.

I sit and glance at the small contraption. It glares back at me defiantly. I begin to battle the problem out with myself. "I can type, I can, I can," I keep chiding aloud. A second time I start to type, this time with my fingers on the correct keys. I feel relieved, but no printing is on the paper. The typing ribbon has slipped. I feel like quitting, but I tell myself, "No, I must not quit. I will try again."

For a third time I insert a clean sheet of paper in the machine and begin to type. Slowly I press the keys down and the words, my words, begin to appear on the paper. "I am doing better," I tell myself. Then I hit the wrong key, but I cannot stop now. My fear starts to leave me. Could it be the typewriter is my friend?

Endless hours and mistakes later I take from the little menace my finished masterpiece. It is not the polished paper I had planned to write, but

rather it is several typewritten sheets of paper-- saying nothing. I gaze at the paper and realize my labors were to no end; the paper must be done over. I look at the typewriter and begin to cry. Not only have I wasted precious hours, but that unruly contraption has won again. I have been defeated.

I have recorded my feelings for one purpose, to show the world that the typewriter is not the time-saving device it is said to be. And, if you do not believe it, just ask me.

POINT LOBOS

Marjorie Hanna

Breakers rolling,

Whitecaps foaming,

Salt breeze blowing,

Sea gulls crying;

Boundless ocean,

Stretch before me;

Rocky beaches,

Rugged coastline,

Shifting slowly

Sands of time.

BUT A CANDLE'S LENGTH

John Boyd

That quick, sharp scratch
And blue spurt of a lighted match
The molded candle starts to glow,
Falters, flickers, and catches hold,
Pushing secret dark away,
Enough to show a way.

A stick of measured time
Yellow for growth and climb;
Hardening tears flow down the side
Again, again, still once again.

The scented air
The sheening hair
Oh, Sound, never break in!

A low, frantic flicker
And a muted whisper
"It's time to depart, my Friend.
Kindle this light
In your heart at night,
Soon we will see it again."

But soft-Breathed Love
Doth snuff it out,
Never to burn again.

Those who saw the motion picture "The Tarnished Angels" will find that it deviates, in true Hollywood fashion, from the book from which it was adapted, William Faulkner's PYLON. Similarly, PYLON itself is "off the beaten path" of Faulkner books. It is set in New Orleans (which Faulkner chooses to call New Valois) rather than Oxford, Mississippi (which Faulkner has repeatedly referred to as Jefferson in other works). Some of the favorite Faulkner characters, including the Snopeses, are missing from PYLON.

The story concerns a barnstorming group of fliers and a reporter during a Mardi Gras. The reporter assigns himself to cover the activities of the barnstormers who include Roger Shumann, the pilot; Jack, the parachute jumper; Jiggs, the mechanic given to drunkenness; Laverne, the wife of Roger; and her six-year-old son, whose father is either Roger or Jack.

The reporter becomes hopelessly fascinated by Laverne, if not by the entire group. Even the hard-boiled editor is amazed by the private lives of this strange family.

As in most Faulkner books, mood plays an important part in PYLON. The barnstorming group is given the air of almost-immortality, or of almost-inhumanity, depending upon the mores of the reader. It is a fascinating novel; characterized with tough humor and fast action.

In reviewing what might be termed current literature, timeliness is perhaps the most important point of selection.

Walter Lord's DAY OF INFAMY, a story of the people of Pearl Harbor December 7, 1941, is not this year's publication but in his narrative of the relaxed defense and careless planning of our cocksure military, this book may parallel some of our thinking today and our self assuredness that there will not be a nuclear war.

The book describes Pearl Harbor, through the eyes of the Japanese, as a "sitting duck" and Mr. Lord brilliantly lets you see into the lives of the personnel before, during, and after the attack.

Our future is shaped by our past and there can be few better ways of coming to know the past than by reading authentic novels such as DAY OF INFAMY. It could be that America today might be the "sitting duck" that was Pearl Harbor in 1941.

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