

9-1969

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Valparaiso University

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NEWCOMER?

or are you an
old hand at
college life?

Get the supplies
you need and
the things you
want at the

Monday-Friday
8:30-5:15
Saturday
8:45-2:00
Special Hours for
Special Occasions

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come walk
through the grayworld
where light and dark
dissolve into daily
ambiguities.

can you elucidate
responses
to the various shades
of gray?
can't and yet must try.

blind from birth
or from the searing
flash of white heat?
blind at all
or grayworld?



chalk drawing
Char Anderson

haiku
Ruth Kahrs

*Last rose on the fence
Pale against the fallen leaves,
Who do you wait for?*

The first night that you came to me
My hair was long and thick
And spread in dark profusion
On white pillows.
My face was fair,
With love and laughter gleaming
From my longing eyes.
My skin was smooth
And smelled of the perfume
That you had always loved.
My arms, my breasts were firm
But soft and yielding
To the warmth of your embrace,
The passion of your kiss and your caress.
You have returned,
Both of us old.
Tonight when you will come into my bed,
You'll say again
That I have nothing you could want.
My hair is short and white,
The frame of an old face,
With wrinkles where
The lines of smiles were,
Eyes sunken in a mass of tired skin,
The luster gone.
My only perfume now
Is faded violet of long-forgotten
Springtime mornings.
My body's shape is gone.
The breasts are flat.
There is nothing left to tempt you.
You are old too.
And now instead of youth's white gloves,
You come with soiled hands.

KATHY KRACKE

Eyeless we gaze
 Staring at life with empty sockets
 Crying empty tears into a darkened world
 masking pain with laughs
 Hollow as our visions.

Richard Oelschlaeger

Eyeless We Gaze

Thomas A. Janson

Slow and Free

Soprano: Eye - less we gaze
 Alto: Eye - less we gaze gaze
 Tenor: Eye - less we gaze - gaze
 Bass: Eye - less we gaze gaze

at life with emp - ty sockets
 at life staring at life with empty sockets
 staring at life with empty sockets
 Staring at life with emp - ty, empty sockets

masking pain with laughs - hol - low

masking pain with laughs, with laughs hol - low, hol - low

masking pain with laughs, laughs hol - low, hol - low

Masking pain with laughs, with laughs hol - low

as our vis - ions

as our vis - ions

as our vis - ions

as our vis - ions

* Three sopranos sing the words, rest hum.

me i remember your strong thick thighs
over me and the nights
bathroom weeping fear for the seed
within me wanting to grow and i so scared it would
rum cokes a prayer in bed mentholated shaving cream
your hand on my breast
remember that, for christ's sake
i remember you.

NANCY LIENECK

Morning but the evening of our existence
blast off comes
when you yawn
arrival due somewhere
someday,
some...
how to heat an icicle
and retain its essence

a piece of raisin toast
burnt
means
Nothing but a lousy breakfast

DAVE GOUKER

JULIE
OLDENBURG **ACORNS**

A country scene. There is a white picket fence in the background; big flowers grow in clumps. A stream runs downstage. There is a tree stage left. A boy sits up in the tree, a stick with a red bandana handkerchief tied to it propped in the tree beside him. He is about twelve years old and not very happy. He is leaning on his elbow, chin in hand, thinking.

A very proficient whistle is heard off stage. Someone is whistling "Swanee River." Boy looks up for a moment, then goes back to former position of deep thought.

The whistler enters — a girl about the same age. She is freckled, has short red hair, is wearing cut-offs, a bright red shirt, and an old straw hat on her head. Over her shoulder she carries a fishing pole, and in the other hand she carries a can of worms. When she sees the boy, she drops her things, walks over to the tree and stands beneath it, hands on hips.

SHE What do you think you're doing up there anyway? That's my tree, not yours!

HE I'm sorry; I didn't know it was anybody's tree.

SHE Well, it is. It's my tree and you'd better get down this minute.

HE I was only thinking.

SHE I don't care what you were doing. Get down or I'll come up and push you out.

HE Okay, okay; I'm coming. *(He throws bundle down first, then gingerly comes down himself, muttering.)*

Girl stands there, hands still on hips, looking at him.

SHE Well, you're kind of sissy-looking, but I guess you'll do.

HE Do for what?

SHE I'm going fishing. You can carry the worms.

HE I don't like worms very much.

SHE Okay, then. Don't come. I'll just go fishing by myself. Fishing's a lot more fun than talking to a jerk like you anyhow. *(She picks up her gear and walks downstage — never looking back.)*

Boy stands watching her, puzzled, leaning against the tree — starts to climb back up, then thinks better of it — looks at her — then, unable to stand it any longer, follows her downstage where she is already fishing.

HE Do you come here often?

SHE Shut up! You'll scare the fish.

HE You're not going to catch anything anyhow. Not in a mucky little pond like that.

SHE You'd be surprised. There are fish in here four feet long.

HE Where I come from, they've got fish six feet long.

SHE So if it's so great there, why don't you go back?

HE I'm never goin' back.

SHE Why not?

HE 'Cause you can't trust anybody there. *(Then sadly)* Not even Acorns.

SHE Acorns! What are you talkin' about?

HE Nothin' *(He throws a rock in the water.)*

SHE Cut that out. You'll scare the fish.

Silence. He sits down on a rock near her. They sit in silence for a few moments, she content, he thinking again.

HE Do you ever get lonely?

SHE Nope.

HE I do. Sometimes.

Silence.

HE Do you have very many friends?

SHE Nope.

HE I don't have any friends.

SHE Friends aren't worth the trouble. They're always snitching on you behind your back and getting mad and wasting your time.

HE I'd like to have friends. I get lonely sometimes.

Silence.

SHE My uncle takes me on fishing trips every spring. We go up in the mountains where the *real* fish are. And we don't let anybody come with us.

HE Nobody?

SHE Nope. Nobody. Just Uncle Len and me. We really rough it up there in the woods. Buildin' fires and puttin' up the tent and stuff. It's real *man's* work. *(She rolls up her sleeve and reaches out to fix the line.)*

HE But you're a girl!

SHE *(Turning on him angrily.)* I am not! *(She walks over to him, grabs his neck — strangle-like.)* Don't you ever say that again!

HE I — I'm sorry. I just thought you were. . . .

SHE Well, I'm not. I hate girls. All that sissy stuff — wearin' ruffles and bows and perfume and garbage. You should see what happened to my sister. She used to be normal. She'd go fishin' and climb trees and throw rocks in the hermit's window and everything — then she turned into a girl. Now she does these crazy things.

HE Like what?

SHE She takes baths. Every night. By candlelight, no less. And one night I saw her through the window and you know what she was doing?

HE No, what?

SHE She was dancing — all by herself — without any clothes on!

HE None?

SHE None.

SHE And you know what else I saw her do once?
HE No, what?
SHE Promise you'll do anything I ask if I tell you?
HE *(Hesitates.)* All right. What else did she do?
SHE One night I was walking down here right by this river and I heard someone talkin' — and you know who it was?
HE Your sister.
SHE *(Nods.)* And a man. And they were laying in the grass, kissing and, you know, touching each other.
HE Did she have her clothes on then?
SHE Not much, she didn't.
HE Ooo — I don't like to think about that.
SHE Why?
HE 'Cause it's too much like. . .like. . .
SHE Like what?
HE *(Kicks a stone.)* Like Acorns.
SHE What is this Acorns crap anyhow?
HE Oh — nothing.
SHE It's not nothing. Tell me! You said you'd do anything I said. And I'm saying. So tell.
HE Oh, I had a dog once. His name was Acorns.
SHE That's a dumb name. How the hell did he get a name like that?
HE Didn't you ever have a dog?
SHE Yeah. Henry II. After me.
HE Your name is Henry?
SHE Yeah. What's wrong with it?
HE Nothing, I guess. It's just a funny name for a girl.
SHE I'm not a girl! I told you never to say that again.
HE I'm sorry. I forgot.
SHE Well, you'll have to be punished.
HE What?
SHE Here. Eat this worm.
HE No, I can't. I hate worms.
SHE Look, do you want a friend or don't you?
HE Friends don't make you eat worms.
SHE My friends eat worms. Anyway, you have to. You said you'd do anything I say. So here — eat it! *(She shoves the worm into his mouth. He chokes and spits it out.)*
HE Is. . .is that enough?

SHE It'll do. *(Pause.)* Now, how did your dog get a stupid name like Acorns?

HE Because. . .Because. . .Well, he was only a puppy when I first got him and he only drank milk that we fed him from a bottle. And he had this little pink tongue and when the milk was almost gone, he'd stick it out and lick the drops from the nipple. And he'd try to lick the rubber and he'd cry 'cause there wasn't any more milk. I used to love to watch him drink from the bottle. Only then Mother said it was time to wean him. I didn't know what wean meant but it sounded terrible and I didn't want to hurt him.

SHE You blockhead. Everybody knows what wean is. You've got to wean them. If you don't, he'll drink out of a bottle forever. You don't want him to be a sissy, do you?

HE Well, I didn't know what it meant then so I ran away from home. I took my puppy and we ran and ran and ran. Only then I got tired — he was so heavy — and we sat down in the grass. And he licked my face — and it was rough and it tickled. Only then he got hungry again and he cried 'cause I didn't have any more milk.

Long pause.

SHE Okay, *what happened?*

HE *(Fast.)* So I tried to feed him anything I could find. And that was Acorns.

Silence.

SHE Well, it's still a stupid name.

HE Does Henry II ever lick your face like that?

SHE Yeah. He's a good dog. Only he's getting old now. He always used to come fishing with me, but now he just wants to sit around and sleep. He sleeps all the time now. Just sits in the sun and snores.

HE Yeah. You just can't trust 'em. Whenever you really need a friend, they're busy.

SHE Huh? What are you talkin' about now?

HE Acorns. He was always my friend when he was a puppy. Whenever I needed somebody to talk to, he was always there and he always listened and he always played with me. I wasn't ever lonely when he was around. Only one day I needed him. I needed him real bad and I looked all over for him and I couldn't find him anywhere. He wasn't in his bed and he wasn't in the park and he wasn't by our tree house. He just wasn't anywhere. So I went for a walk — all by myself — and I was just thinking and wondering where he was. And then I saw him. He was down by the river and you know what he was doing?

She shakes her head no.

HE He was with another dog. I think it was a girl dog. Anyway, it was a cocker spaniel and they were playing — and talking to each other. He was following her everywhere and licking her and. . .and. . .sniffing in her. . .you know. . .

SHE Her ass. Why don't you just say it?

HE I couldn't stand to watch it. I just ran away.

Silence. They sit thinking. She checks her fishing pole, sighs, puts it back, throws a rock in the water.

HE Do you ever wonder what it feels like?

SHE What feels like?

HE To touch somebody — I mean that way. . .

SHE Nope. *(She is busy changing the worm on her fishing pole.)*

HE I do. I like to touch things. Smooth things. Like this rock. When it's been in the sun for a long time, it feels all warm and smooth. And then you put it in the water and it's different. All cold and slimy. *(Pause.)* Do you suppose people feel like that too? — all warm and smooth and then slimy and cold?

SHE *(A little impatient.)* I don't know.

HE I like to touch people. I remember when my mother used to give me a bath. She rubbed soap all over me and it was all smooth and slimy too. And then she poured water on me to get the soap off and it made me shiver — it was so cold after the soap. *(Pause.)* She doesn't give me baths any more. She says I'm too old.

During this speech, girl has lain back, using her jacket as a pillow — She holds the fishing rod between her knees.

SHE That's sissy stuff anyhow.

Silence. They lay side by side. He is playing with the rock and dreaming. He looks at her, then shyly reaches over and touches her face.

HE I'd like to touch you.

SHE Don't you dare! I'm not turning into a damn girl like my sister.

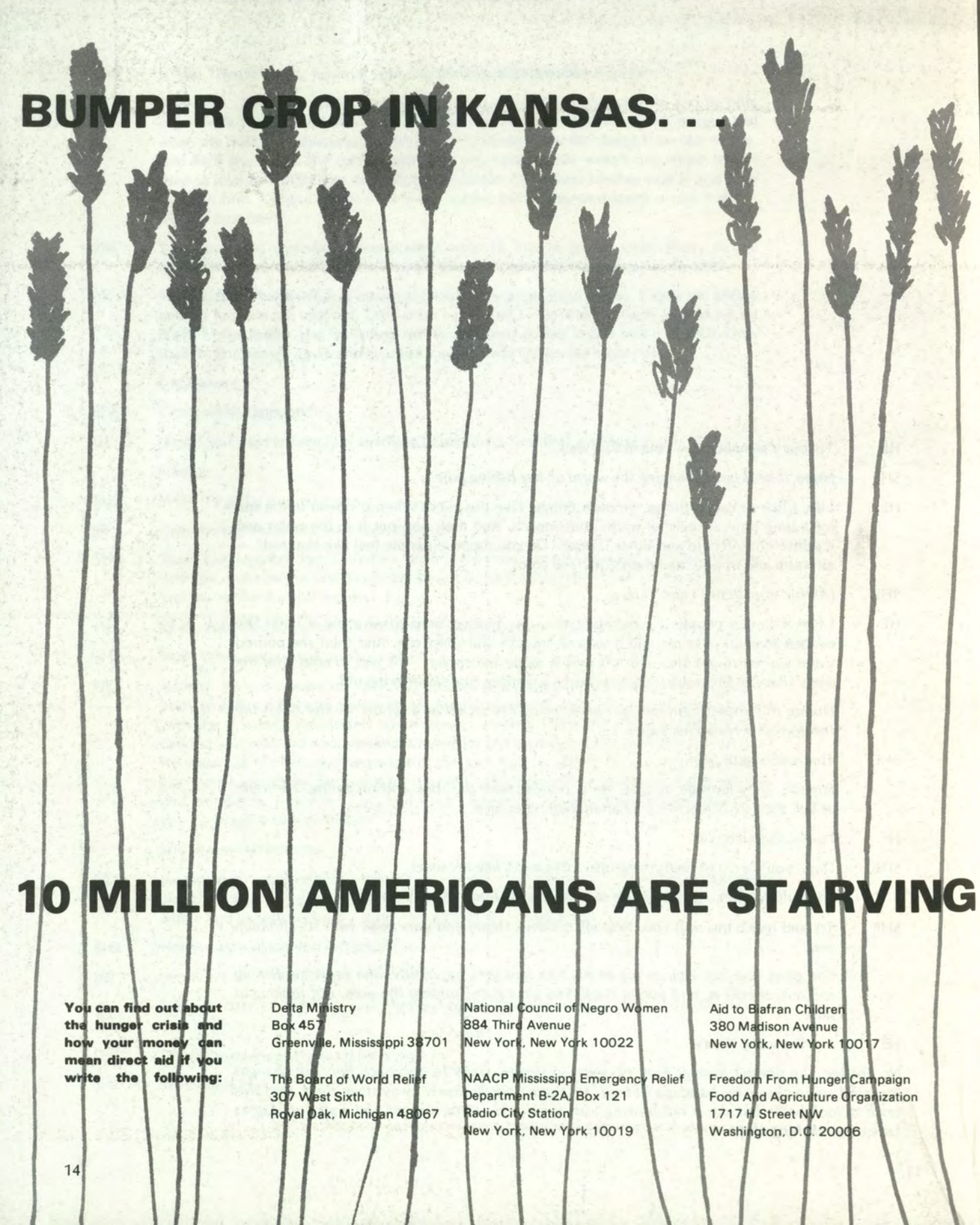
She pulls his hair and sits on top of him, beating him with clenched fists.

SHE Try and touch me, will you. Nobody touches Henry and gets away with it! I'll teach you.

She gives one last vicious tug at his hair and gets up angrily. She pulls her fishing rod out, checks it, and puts it back. She sits rigidly holding the pole, not looking at him.

HE I — I'm sorry, Henry.

No answer. She doesn't look at him. He gets up slowly, starts to approach her, but changes his mind and picks up his bandana instead. He starts to walk slowly away stage right. He turns once to look back, but she is not looking, just fishing. He turns around and walks off. Lights fade on girl fishing alone.



BUMPER CROP IN KANSAS. . .

10 MILLION AMERICANS ARE STARVING

**You can find out about
the hunger crisis and
how your money can
mean direct aid if you
write the following:**

Delta Ministry
Box 457
Greenville, Mississippi 38701

The Board of World Relief
307 West Sixth
Royal Oak, Michigan 48067

National Council of Negro Women
884 Third Avenue
New York, New York 10022

NAACP Mississippi Emergency Relief
Department B-2A, Box 121
Radio City Station
New York, New York 10019

Aid to Biafran Children
380 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10017

Freedom From Hunger Campaign
Food And Agriculture Organization
1717 H Street NW
Washington, D.C. 20006

**Black brawn
is sought after,
bargained and fought for.
Black brawn
is offered million dollar
ranches, weekly allowances,
rent-free apartments.
Black brawn
is envied by horn-rimmed
intellectuals, wasting away
on Wall Street.
Black brawn is lusted after
by pale-skinned girls,
hungry for the black experience.
Black brawn is the number one
draft choice,
the world's greatest sprinter.
Black brawn
is cheered, decorated in the spotlight,
but shunned, ignored —
still a nigger —
in the white light.**

Mari Chillis

an assemblage of
fine things
from the students of
valparaiso university

september 1969

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The Lighter
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I smacked him, so there were no tracks for 15 feet from the edge of the ditch. But they were coming and I told Mick to put his back to the wall. We were straighter than 2x4's against that wall. I could hear them coming, scuffing up dirt to choke us in.

The warden barked, "Come on out, you damned scalawags. We know where you are and if you don't give yourselves up, every day will be Monday!"

An old Hoppalong Cassidy trick I thought. Wouldn't suck me in with that ploy. I chuckled at his lack of television education sophistication.

Out of the corner of my eye, Mick's skin looks like a sweating alabaster tombstone. And the tombstone is trembling and the Kleenex addict is cooing amnesty while the warden preaches fire and brimstone and the tombstone cracks. A bitty crack, just a little sob. Mick's sobbing, then crying and then bawling, then screaming. What would Humphrey Bogart say now I says to myself. The warden said it for Humphy as he peered into our grave, kicking gravel into my glasses.

"The jig is up boys."

We threw out our guns and put our hands over our heads like all good "kriegies" do and climbed out of the ditch. And Mick is still bawling, not wiping away the tears and I'm getting the gravel out of my eyes. And the pigeon mouthed case for the Narco Squad and the plush bellied warden began laughing. Mick stopped bawling quicker than you could breathe between two laughs. Mick winked his evil grin and I felt a bowling ball roll off my chest. Down the road to prison me and Mick walked. Only the sound of the jackals laughing behind us broke the silence of the early afternoon air. Me and Mick walked with arms over our heads, doing isometrics to strengthen our triceps, firming our resolve to escape with each jackal chuckle.

So I sat here next to Mick, the closest thing to a killer I ever met, and drank milk with him. Mick was looking good, satisfied that the break he planned was pulling off so well. I dropped my guard. He was looking that good. And it was Monday. He was looking so good that I suggested we get moving so the hounds wouldn't have a fresh scent to trail us with. He winked that evil grin at me, which wasn't so evil as the teachers and priests said it was and which was looking more clever by the minute, and said the idea was a good one. I cached our remaining milk and cookies against Mick's hesitations. If we were caught, we could escape again and pick up the cache. Mick was feeling so good that he finally agreed.

With mortars thudding and ruins crumbling, we set out from our hole for the railways. On Mick's suggestion, we crawled Boy Scout style. Mick explained it was safer and besides, it was the prettiest perversion he ever thought out. Along the way we picked up some guns shot from the hands of recaptured escapees. Fine guns they were too. Stout 2x4's with nails affixed on the sight and on the Monday end of the gun.

Mick thought we might need some money once we got to the train, so we collected the little iron discs that the electricians throw away. From the one penny I had we copied Mr. Lincoln's picture on twenty discs, and it was a swell copy job. We'd really need that money.

Quicker than you could say jesuschrist Mick's breath whooshed in like someone pushed a bowling ball in his stomach.

"It's the warden," he screamed quietly.

"God's Nightgown," I unwhooshed.

The warden himself was coming down the road sweeping a derringer across the road, and the Kleenex addict was bringing up the rear covering for him with a bazooka. Mick stood as stiff as the stuffed owl standing in the warden's plush cell.

"Hit the dirt, Mick!" I lip-synced.

He stood there. He didn't move. In a personally unprecedented action I hit Mick with a clean left hook to the nose, tumbling him into a deep roadside ditch. Awakened, he brandished his phalanges at me. I quickly reminded him that war and necessity change man's character, and he gulped once to indicate he swallowed this philosophy whole.

Above the ditch's edge the action was furious. The warden and our teacher had obviously read more of the Boy Scout handbook than Mick had, or they had seen more of the Duke's flicks than I had, because they were tracking us down. I rapidly concluded that even they'd be bamboozled when the tracks ended in mid-step. I had broad jumped the last 15 feet to the ditch and Mick went nose over toe when

caught the train heading north to the border and we'd be safe and gone. Me and Mick had saved up cookies and milk from the midday break. The guards told us to drop the hammers that we rapped boulders with. They said take a break. Me and Mick faked eating and drinking like we could fake rapping rocks. Mick was inhaling the cookies now, though I thought we should ration them. I didn't say anything. It was Monday and I had to talk right.

I sat on my back, drinking my half pint and watching Mick out of the corner of my eye, just in case he got jumpy. The robins were looping "I's" in the sky and a nice pop fly from the playground formed a "V." I could never be a good penman. What a drag it must be to be a penman. Sitting there, copying "I's" and "V's" and other things from dictionaries till the bell rings. I sluffed through with a "D." Mick was more honest about it than me. He got an "F-" and the teacher said she'd have given him a lower grade if she could have, but the warden said she couldn't, so she couldn't and she just bitched Mick to a lower grade. Mick just smiled at her, and she wound up bawling and charging off to the girls room because she was addicted to Kleenex. Then she bitched me out and I bawled and she smiled. The tears dried on my cheeks, probably giving me the salty smelling, leathery looking John Wayne face I possess to this very day.

The report cards went home and I gave mine to our dog, hoping he'd mistake it for a soccer ball and would chew the hell out of it. Well, he thought it was a report card and he turned heel on it and went looking for the real thing. Dad came home. Mom dutifully opened my cell door on Death Row and told him that my report came home. Dad looked at the card and sighed. He didn't say anything until Monday night, which is the night he is addicted to bitching on. He bitched me out, though he didn't make me bawl, because he didn't shame me before my ancestors and posterity like the Kleenex lady did.

Tuesday morning Mick's nose looked like one of my "V's." It was purple and yellow like my Yogi Berra 29 inch fire-tempered bat. I gathered that Mick's old man was addicted to throwing left hooks on Mondays too — especially when your dog doesn't chew up the report card. Mick continued to make Kleenex stockholders rich and I began to look more and more like John Wayne.

One morning Mick passed his social studies assignment to me to hand in. My jaw rebounded from the floor like a Super-Ball. Mick's assignment was typed, in red ink. Mick winked his evil grin at me. The next day the Kleenex addict bitched him out for having his old man typing his assignments for him. Mick bitched back in red ink and being that it was Thursday, got his old man to testify that Mick taught himself to type. Mick taught me how to type too because I was the only copy-boy in the class, besides himself, who couldn't make a clean pop fly "V." We kept turning in our typed red ink assignments because it was symbolic of blood and war and because it was hard to read. Our teacher doubled her Kleenex consumption and one day the warden called us down to his cell and beat the hell out of us. And it wasn't even Monday.

We raced, were almost swished by the fire power of the sky from a trampled peasant's hut to a mortar crater. The ack-ack poofed and thunked convincingly. Me and Mick dived just as convincingly into the crater. It was war.

We hated each other down to our tonsils lying in some surgeon's graveyard. Oh, I erred in my ways occasionally: I talked like John Wayne sometimes, but I always confessed it and hoped my sins would be washed out. Now and then I clobbered a candy bar from the drugstore. But I figured that unless my appendix rotted on me and my doc was a part-time priest, I'd be safe. But Mick, he was a mean bastard. He's that way out of habit. On Mondays, I always had chow mein and jello for supper. On Mondays, Mick always threw a left hood at somebody's nose. I kicked the jello habit. Mick never could kick the left hook habit. He was mean. I saw him throw my best Yogi Berra 29 inch fire-tempered bat at his brother's knee. Hit him too. Mick said he wasn't rounding third hard enough after I hit a home run. His brother collapsed like someone sawed off his leg. I got brother up and walked him around so the pain wouldn't stiffen his leg and he was bawling and I thought he'd die in my arms.

But this was war. And even if I hated Mick so bad that I'd bust my Yogi Berra 29 inch fire-tempered bat over his nose and make him eat jello every Monday till eternity stopped, I couldn't desert a war buddy. Me and Mick were on the same side. All that was out there was Germans and craters and mortar shell casings and wrecked up peasants' huts and long grass — and the prison, long and snaky with the flag flying. Mick said he'd rather lock himself in a garbage can with the heads and tails of a dozen bass for twelve days when it was 104 under the docks at Snow Lake than remain one day in the snake. I had to agree with Mick. War does strange things to a man.

Mick and I sat down in the crater. We didn't post a guard because Mick figured that our break wouldn't be noticed for at least 25 minutes when the guards called the prisoners in from the playground. By then we'd have



chalk drawing

photography

Al Roehl

Paul Colburn

Monday Escape

Steve Suppan

from these frail rafters
we spin out our lives
on coffee after ten
and loving after darkness
and we hang the lonely strandings of our days
across some empty chasm,
till the fragile flute-notes
through a summer-open window
resurrect
the dreams we used to harbor
waiting for the tides to run again.

and we battered out our answers
over cigarettes and saucers
in the ignorance of questions.
in another half-blessed time
our words had builded monoliths and temples
not these silken trailings
that trap dragonflies
and dust
and us.

but clouds
will shape our answers
into porpoises and ducklings
and stretch them
fine across the sky
while we search for clovers
among our tangled lives.

shuttle and thread
taunt-stretched across the frame
of still-imagined hours,
we weave
the tapestry of days
against the non-existent night
and hang
the clumsy cloth
upon the wall-stones of our souls
and call it us.

phyllis root



Union Rat
Bill DeHoff

i am the singer who has
no melodies
unless they are the clear high
sigh of the ancients upon an
unseen violin, like the moan
of the wind across white towers
at night when the stars are
silent, like the sound of the wind
on an antique violin.

i am the poet who has
no words
unless they are the sight of
the sun slanted evening-wise
through branches of the sacred
tree or rising glittering over
the mystic sea, opposite
the pale old moon, turning
her face in tranquillity.

We were able to get several thousand people to assemble in front of the Post Office for the mailing ceremony. The police roped off the street and the stores closed their doors for two hours in order to allow their employees to attend the ceremony. It turned out to be a beautiful spring day and everyone was in a gay mood. The Mayor, the Postmaster, and myself delivered speeches. I have never heard so much heartfelt applause rendered in the name of sympathy as the school children in their Sunday best presented the stacks of sympathy cards to the Postmaster. The high school band played "America the Beautiful" as the mail truck rolled off towards the highway. That evening, we hosted a catered banquet in the George W. Wilson Fellowship Hall of First Presbyterian to recognize all those who had devoted time, money, and energy to our special service project. Mrs. George W. Wilson, III, the President of Friends in Council, surprised me with a beautiful bouquet of long-stemmed red roses in appreciation for my capable chairmanship of the project.

Our biggest job however was in addressing the 2000 odd cards which we finally sent out — getting the right spelling of all those Vietnamese names and signing each card in India ink, "Friends In Council, Shawnee, Illinois, The United States of America." The Lions Club and the Lions' Wives Club worked with us every night for a week and a half in the George W. Wilson, Jr. Fellowship Hall signing and addressing the cards, each night Friends In Council providing free coffee and donuts. We involved the young people of the churches and the Boy Scouts by asking them to stuff envelopes for us. I'll never forget that moment when Mr. Dawson, the Scout Master, drove up in his official station wagon, "**B.S. of America**" printed boldly on each front door, to drop off ten tousle-haired young boys, all eager and willing to work so that 2000 war-torn Vietnamese could receive our sympathy.

Well, I hope our humble example of service will provide inspiration for a service project of your own. Quite frankly, I would appreciate a few suggestions, if you have any, for our next year's special service project. After this year's grand success, what can we do for an encore?



moods
mona bornhoeft

matter. No demonstrations of protest like those in the City. For one thing, no one in our town opposes the war from the standpoint of national duty and honor, but we **are** concerned when we hear about the suffering of the poor South Vietnamese peasants at the hands of the Viet Cong.

I was elected chairman of the special project since I have two nephews, one a Marine and the other an Army man, currently serving in Vietnam and hence I am closely in touch with the situation over there. In addition, I am the only single woman in Friends In Council and so have a little more time than the others to organize our bigger projects. After reviewing the facts of what happens to a Vietnamese village when the Viet Cong move out from the jungle to invade — we were especially appalled at the slaughter and burning of the huts that they do — our biggest problem was to come upon a specific course of action that we could take to help alleviate the suffering of the innocents. Once we decided what we could do to help, organization and promotion would present no difficulty. Friends In Council has a wealth of experience in those areas.

We all wanted our special service project to exhibit that personal touch of compassion that Friends In Council and the townspeople feel for the plight of the South Vietnamese. So we sat down one afternoon in the George W.

Wilson, Jr. Fellowship Hall, staring long and hard at "The Good Shepherd" and "Jesus Knocking" windows, asking ourselves, "What do we do, here at home, when grief strikes a Friend?" Someone mentioned the community suppers we sponsor on the evening following a funeral — we always place the bereaved family at the head table — but obviously we could not sponsor something like that in South Vietnam unless we traveled over there, which we considered, but decided such a trip would be impossible in light of our responsibilities at home. Then the solution to our dilemma fell upon us like manna from Heaven. What do we do when grief strikes a Friend? We send her a sympathy card! Why not do the same for the South Vietnamese? It was so perfect. We would send the South Vietnamese personalized sympathy cards!

Once the enthusiastic applause had died down, we began to work out the details of the project. It is so heartening how every time Friends In Council reaches a concrete decision on a project, the innovative ideas of the members grow and snowball and we make fantastic progress. Of course, Friends In Council commands great respect in the community, and thus any requests we make for help are met with friendly cooperation. Within two weeks after our decision to send sympathy cards to the South Vietnamese, I had written

my nephew in the Army, asking him to send us the names of all the Vietnamese people who were in the area which his division occupied and whose villages had recently been ravaged by the Viet Cong. Mrs. Terrence Eliot, who majored in English literature in college, composed a poem for the cards which I sent to my Marine nephew to translate into Vietnamese for us. (Sam, my nephew, is in intelligence and knows their language.) We were quite pleased with Mrs. Eliot's little verse and hoped that it would read as nicely in Vietnamese as it did in English:

Although the loss of those you love
Seems very hard to bear,
Sometimes it helps a bit
To know that others care,

So this is sent with Sympathy
And Understanding too
To say that many heartfelt thoughts
Are there today with you.

Mrs. Karl Guteheim made arrangements with her brother-in-law, John Guteheim of Guteheim Printers, to print up the cards for us — free of charge as his donation to our cause. This was no small sacrifice for John (although his print shop was pictured in two of the photographs in the **Tribune** Sunday supplement article, in which he also received three paragraphs' worth of written recognition) as he had to find a calligrapher who could write out the Vietnamese script for him to reproduce. We used the Durer praying hands for the drawing on the front of the card.

Mrs. Jim Billings, our treasurer, took some of our surplus funds to send off to a national button and poster company for buttons and posters in yellow lettering on a pale blue background which read, "Show Your Sympathy for the South Vietnamese." Naturally a slogan that long required large buttons — three inches in diameter — but we felt the expense would be well worth the publicity gained. We distributed the buttons at all the schools and churches in town, including St. Ignatius, and set up posters in the display windows of all the downtown stores.

First Presbyterian. When Mrs. Wilson, Jr., one of the Friends, initiated construction of the new fellowship hall, we were delighted, for the new building would allow us to expand our social service program. One simply cannot host a proper tea in a church basement that is partitioned off into cramped cubicles for Sunday School and that has a cracked cement floor.

A lady becomes a member of Friends In Council only by invitation. Several years ago we decided to limit the total membership to thirty-five — our town population is small, around 7000 at the last census, and the honor of being asked to join would lose its distinction if we would open our doors to just anyone. To be chosen for Friends In Council is about as high an achievement a woman can reach in our community. In order to avoid personal prejudice as much as possible in the selection process, we rather religiously follow established objective criteria. Under our qualifying standards, a lady must have lived in town no less than ten years, she must be a member in good standing in a local church, she must have evidenced a sincerity of concern for community affairs (we particularly look for active participation in those events such as the annual Charity Cake-Walk which Friends In Council sponsors for the entire county), and above all, the candidate must possess a spotless character, which we think is best revealed by her personal loyalty to her home, family, community, and country. We examine all these areas quite thoroughly so that we do not miss any little detail that might either qualify or disqualify a candidate.

Three years ago we admitted our first Catholic. I suppose if we could elect a Catholic as President of the United States of America, there is no valid reason why we could not elect Mrs. Murphy to Friends In Council since she did meet all of our objective criteria. Not only has she participated in every Charity Cake-Walk since 1940 (she baked nine cakes last year), but

she has also swept the tennis courts and put the nets back up unassisted after each event. And I don't think it is simply because her husband is maintenance manager of the city park system. Mrs. Murphy was number thirty-five and as no one has moved away and no one has died, we have not added any new members to Friends In Council since her, although we have compiled a prospective-member-waiting list of six qualified women.

But enough of history and details. What I really want to tell you is the story about the special service project to which Friends In Council devoted its energies this past March and of which I was chairman. I know you are eager to hear about our special compassion project which has enabled us to reach out beyond the bounds of our own little community to those suffering overseas. I believe that you will find what I tell you about our service project to be a great value in forming ideas for a compassion project that your own service organization can sponsor in your own community. Now that I think about it, I am glad that I have told you all about First Presbyterian's stained glass windows, because your own congregation may presently be in the market for a beautification project and I may have given you some ideas.

Every March Friends In Council leads the community in a special service project. Our aim is to involve as many people as we can in some issue of national or international importance. I believe the reason we received so much free publicity from the City newspapermen this year (they have never descended upon our town in such droves before) is because we chose a theme about which everyone across this nation is concerned — Vietnam. I further believe the reason newspapers like the **Tribune** devoted feature articles with full-color photographs to us in their Sunday supplements is because we took such a positive, constructive, and unique approach to the whole

of the bride rather than the groom) I noticed that the words beneath the left stained glass window said, "Open Up Your Heart and Let His Light Shine In." Then for the first time I realized that the vine-covered door symbolized the human heart.

Well, as I mentioned earlier, these two windows were the only ones in First Presbyterian that were made of stained glass. The remaining six simply held large panes of thick glass colored a deep amber. I don't remember what happened to the plain windows once the new stained ones were installed, but the elders saved the two older stained glass ones, covered them with tarpaulins and stored them in the church basement. When George Wilson, Jr., the town's wealthiest undertaker, died and his wife wanted to use her sizable inheritance to erect a church fellowship hall in his memory, the elders decided that the old stained glass windows would lend an atmosphere of sacred devotion to the new social hall. Mrs. Wilson agreed and the windows were placed side by side at the front of the hall, Jesus the Good Shepherd next to Jesus knocking.

The elders commissioned an artist from a nearby town to design the eight new windows, which were to represent (the congregation had voted its approval on this) the first eight beati-

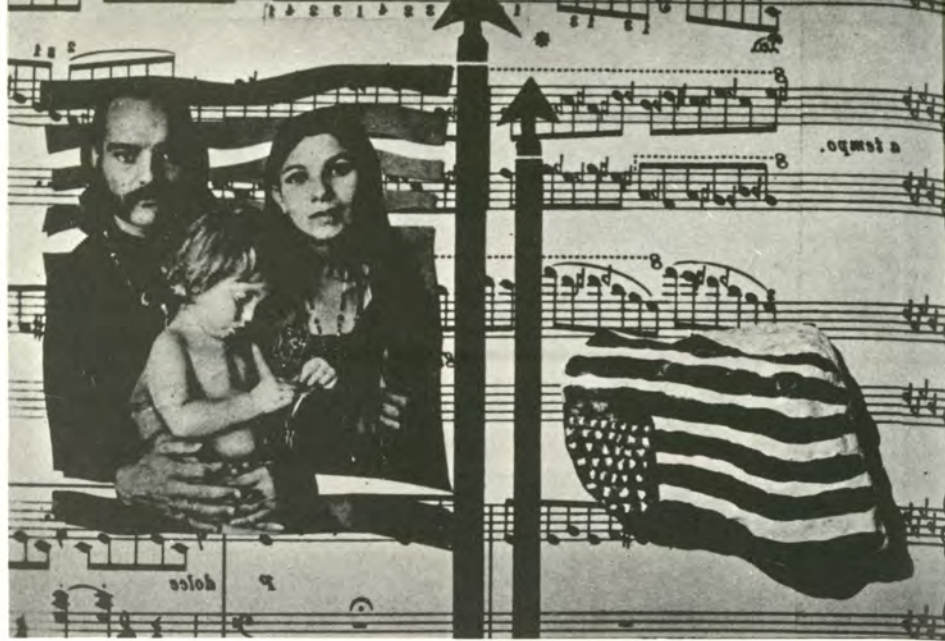
tudes — from the Sermon on the Mount, which we all know and love so well, using **modern** people to illustrate the theme of each beatitude. On the day of dedication First Presbyterian invited all the other protestant churches in town to a special Sunday afternoon service to share with us the joy we felt in being able to add to the beauty of our own House of God. The bright new stained glass windows were indeed a joy to behold, true works of art designed especially for First Presbyterian. Starting with the window closest to the altar (on the right where "The Good Shepherd" used to be), the first, "Blessed are the Poor," shows a family with five children dressed in rags, the father in overalls and rolled-up shirt-sleeves, holding a shovel in his hand, and the mother in a white scarf, carrying a small baby. The second, "Blessed are the Sorrowful," pictures an older woman weeping over her dead son in a soldier's uniform. "Blessed are Those of a Gentle Spirit" is my favorite, although it is difficult to choose one window over the rest. In it the little laughing children with crowns of flowers on their heads hold hands and dance in a circle. The last window on the right side shows a young man bearing aloft a billowing American flag with a young woman marching proudly at his side to illustrate "Blessed are Those who Hunger and Thirst to see Right Prevail."

Up in front on the left side, where Jesus used to knock on the heart of the believer, we have "Blessed are Those who Show Mercy," a nurse and a doctor attending the bedside of their patient. Next to that, "Blessed are Those whose Hearts are Pure" depicts a family with bowed heads saying grace around the Thanksgiving dinner table. Two smiling men shaking hands illustrate the seventh beatitude, "Blessed are the Peacemakers." The last beatitude — more international in scope — pictures a group of peasants trying to enter a church that is being barred by a swarthy fellow threatening them with a rifle and displaying a red star on his chest. It is entitled "Blessed are Those who have Suffered Persecution for the Cause of Right." Jesus stands in the upper right hand corner of each window with his hand raised in blessing over the people in the picture. I remember that on the day of dedication, some people voiced angry objections to the last beatitude. The carved titles had not arrived in time for the service, and people said it just was not plain whom was being blessed in the last window — the peasants or the commissar. Once the titles were affixed to the windows however, the confusion was cleared up and peace again settled upon the congregation.

Here I am telling you all about First Presbyterian's stained glass windows, when I started out to tell you about Friends In Council, our women's club, which meets every Thursday afternoon in First Presbyterian's Fellowship Hall. Friends In Council can boast of a long tradition of social service to the community. Around the turn of the century, it was founded by three ladies of First Presbyterian, one of whom, by the way, was Mrs. George Wilson, Sr., the mother of George Jr. From its beginnings Friends In Council has always held its meetings on Thursday afternoons at First Presbyterian, it being the largest church in town and having the best facilities, and most of the members of Friends In Council being members of

Every Thursday afternoon our women's club, Friends in Council, meets in the George W. Wilson, Jr. Fellowship Hall of the First Presbyterian Church, the largest church in town and the only one with a steeple. That is, it's the only **Protestant** church with a steeple. St. Ignatius Catholic Church has a steeple too: one that is topped by a fillagreeed cross. But although St. Ignatius has more statues, it does not have as many stained glass windows as First Presbyterian. It has been at least twenty years now since the elders of First Presbyterian voted to use the money left over from regular expenses — salaries, insurance and pension for the two ministers, and the good-size maintenance bill — to purchase a new set of stained glass windows.

The congregation had generally approved of the elders' project, for out of eight windows in the church only the two closest to the altar were made of stained glass, the one on the right depicting Jesus as the Good Shepherd leading his Faithful Flock of woolly sheep. I was a teenager then, in the mid-forties when First Presbyterian still had the old windows, and during the Sunday service I used to always sit on the right side because I was fascinated by the sheep in the window. To think that sheep designed out of smooth glass could give the impression of actually being woolly. I believe it was the intricate curlicued threads of black lead winding across the backs of the sheep that made their woolliness so convincing. The gold-lettered inscription beneath the window read, "The Lord is Our Shepherd. We are His Sheep." The other stained glass window, the one on the left, showed the familiar scene of Jesus, holding a lantern, knocking at a heavy wooden vine-covered door. When I was a teenager, I always assumed the picture was meant to illustrate the verse, "Seek and ye shall find, knock and it shall be opened unto you." But once at a wedding when I had to sit on the **left** side (my family were friends



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come walk
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where light and dark
dissolve into daily
ambiguities.

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responses
to the various shades
of gray?
can't and yet must try.

blind from birth
or from the searing
flash of white heat?
blind at all
or grayworld?

