

1975

## Clemson Chronicle, 1975-1976

Clemson University

Follow this and additional works at: [https://tigerprints.clemson.edu/clemson\\_chronicle](https://tigerprints.clemson.edu/clemson_chronicle)

Materials in this collection may be protected by copyright law (Title 17, U.S. code). Use of these materials beyond the exceptions provided for in the Fair Use and Educational Use clauses of the U.S. Copyright Law may violate federal law.

For additional rights information, please contact Kirstin O'Keefe (kokeefe [at] clemson [dot] edu)

For additional information about the collections, please contact the Special Collections and Archives by phone at 864.656.3031 or via email at cuscl [at] clemson [dot] edu

---

### Recommended Citation

University, Clemson, "Clemson Chronicle, 1975-1976" (1975). *Clemson Chronicle*. 31.  
[https://tigerprints.clemson.edu/clemson\\_chronicle/31](https://tigerprints.clemson.edu/clemson_chronicle/31)

This Book is brought to you for free and open access by the Publications at TigerPrints. It has been accepted for inclusion in Clemson Chronicle by an authorized administrator of TigerPrints. For more information, please contact [kokeefe@clemson.edu](mailto:kokeefe@clemson.edu).

Clemson University



3 1604 018 902 447

38

OVERSIZE

LH1

2005

1975: Feb - 1976: Fall



Digitized by the Internet Archive  
in 2013

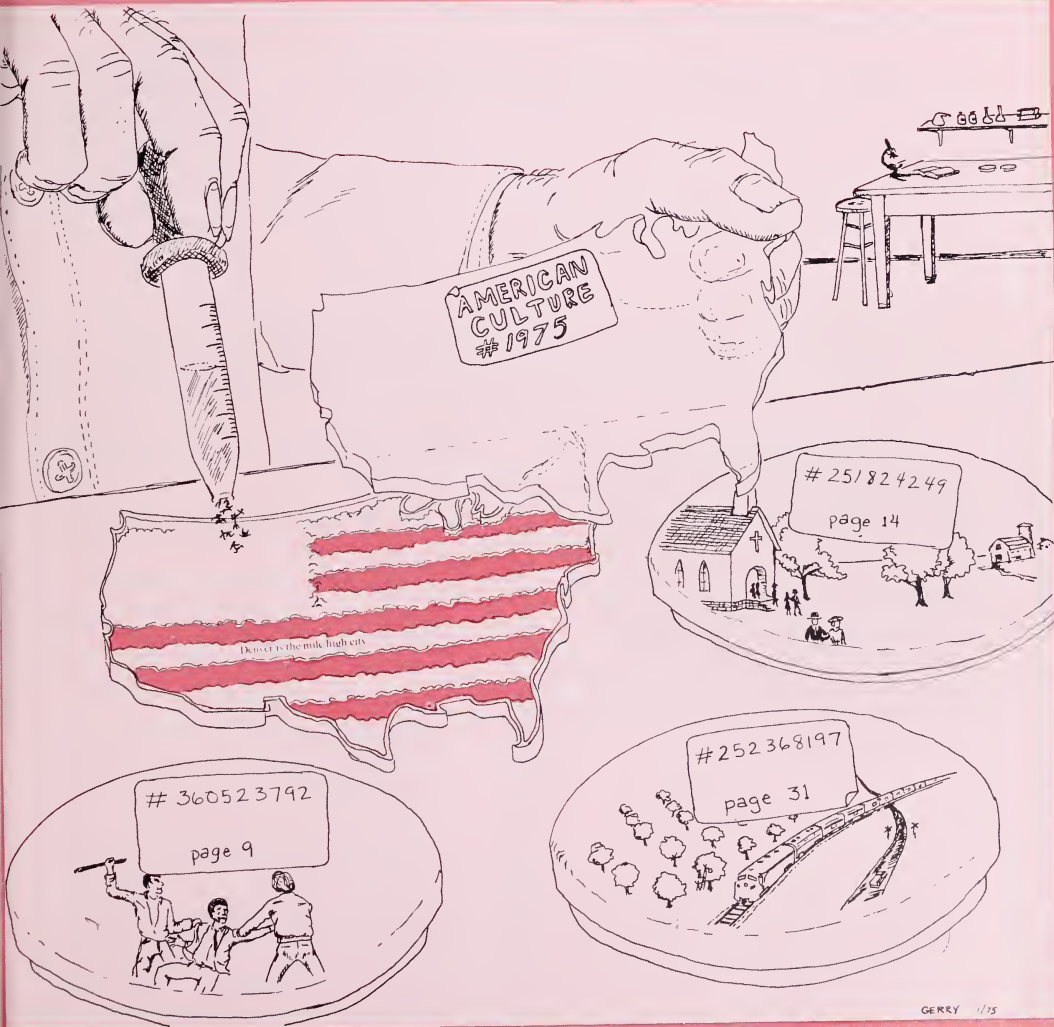




FEB 25 1975

February 1975

# Chronicle



# ***Congratulations***

***'74-'75 Tiger teams  
from Terry Bottling  
Anderson, SC***



***Join the Pepsi People feelin' free!***



3149 N. Main St.

Anderson Mall

Anderson SC 29621

## **Sherino's Villa**

*"It's worth driving for"*

Sherino's offers you a complete selection of Italian cuisine at reasonable prices (made even more reasonable by a 10% discount with student ID). Best of all, Sherino's Villa offers a quiet, relaxing atmosphere—a great place for dates. Their sixty seat banquet room is ideal for organization parties.

Oconee Square Shopping Center

Seneca

*Selection of wines*

*Michelob on tap*

Editor-In-Chief:  
HAROLD LEE

Managing Editor:  
DAVID ROBERTS

Features Editor:  
ALAN ROGERS

Producer:  
RON McCALL

Fiction Editor:  
MIKE STRICKLAND

Art Director:  
GERALD WALLACE

Director of Photography:  
HOWARD BOWLES

Business Manager:  
SHARON SHREVE

Public Relations:  
KEVIN HOUSE

#### ASSOCIATE EDITORS:

Ann Todd  
Jennifer Tallant  
Drew Smith  
Lisa Marsh  
Pam Holloway  
Bill Highsmith  
Pam Isacks  
etc.

Advisor:  
MARK STEADMAN

The Chronicle is the official student variety magazine of Clemson University. Address all submissions and correspondence to the Chronicle, 7th level, Johnstone Hall, Clemson University, Clemson, SC 29632. Student subscriptions are paid through student activities fee. Other subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, \$3.00 per year; Canada and other foreign areas, \$5.00 per year. Entered as second class mail at Clemson, S. C. The opinions expressed do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, the administration, or anybody else, other than the person who wrote it. The editor assumes responsibility for opinions expressed in the Chronicle, if there are any worth taking responsibility for.

## CONTENTS

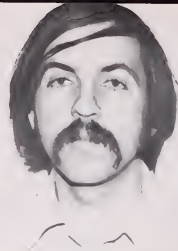
The Editor's Page	Harold Lee	p.4
Batman Interview	Drew Smith	p.5
Violent Crime In This Area:		
A Comparative Analysis	Staff	p.8
KIAWAH	Howard Bowles	p.12
What's Your Favorite Miracle	Alan Rogers	p.14
Vibrations	Kathy Quinby	p.15
Poem	Pam Holloway	p.15
Breakfast of Sheep	Harold Lee	p.16
Poem	Kevin House	p.19
Chronicle Yughs		p.20
Scuppernongs	Lisa Marsh	p.23
Whitewater Canoeing	Gerald Wallace	p.25
I Cannot Say I Am Afraid	Harry Ethan Johnson	p.26
For Jane Fonda	Mike Strickland	p.29
Kampus Killer Kit		p.30
Virginia's Dilemma	Mitzi Shuler	p.31
Miss Nancy	Ann Todd	p.32
Crossing the Georgia Line	David Roberts	p.32



Alan Rogers



David Roberts



Harold Lee



Mike Strickland



RON  
MCCAFFREY

How about that cover by our head artist? Great, ain't it. Yet it's just the first piece of an impressive array of talent in our February issue. The cover states the general theme of the issue as a whole—the American Culture—and each of the other pieces inside makes a comment on a different aspect of the culture from the different perspectives of different artists.

Our lead feature, Violent Crime In This Area: A Comparative Analysis studies particular cases that have occurred in Anderson, Greenville, Oconee, and Pickens counties and also takes a look at the trends in certain crime genres, comparing what's happening here to what's happening at the state and national levels.

The first poem we have, by KATHY QUINBY, presents a rather unique analogy of the emotional and intellectual reactions we have after we make one of those spur-of-the-moment moves we so often make. In another poem KEVIN HOUSE tells us something about religion, and if you know Kevin, well...BREAKFAST OF SHEEP has a little bit to say about almost everything: politics, university presidents and university students, economics, the current fad of apathy seducing the good citizens of this country, past U.S. Presidents who haven't done so well, etc.

In a poem DAVID ROBERTS looks back nostalgically at an almost extinct means of passenger transportation, a means that was vital to the unification of modern America. LISA MARSH bares all as she exposes the untypical mind of a typical American college student. And if that's not enough, MIKE STRICKLAND will give you his opinion of what you can do with women's lib in FOR JANE FONDA. PAM HOLLOWAY throws MICKEY MOUSE a new twist, and I wouldn't be surprised to see her poem revive Mickey Mousism - particularly among college students.

Since religion has played so important a role in making our culture what it is today, we decided to give ALAN ROGERS a chance to say what he has to say about it too—and if you come away feeling that God and Sam Peckinpah have a lot in common, well, perhaps there's some hope for you, baby.

So, you've got it, the whole issue is built around a general theme—even the ads; for what is the American Way but free enterprise? And, by the way, dearly beloved readers, go buy something from our advertisers. Quit hoarding that money and get the economy moving. I want a job when I graduate.

Finally—before you start flipping the pages—READ THIS: I want to thank all of the people who helped to reinstate the CHRONICLE, particularly: Nancy Jacobs and her Tigerettes (Phil, Gary, and John, this includes you too), Ombudsman Frank Qualls, Reggie Brantley, John Rivers and the other members of the Student Senate, Jim Aston's Finance Committee, that gorgeous woman down in Student Affairs - Dean Deloney, and all the students who signed our petition last semester. A big wet and wooly kiss to you all. Now, get to reading.

H  
O  
W  
A  
R  
D  
B  
O  
W  
E  
S



S  
H  
A  
R  
O  
N  
S  
H  
R  
E  
V  
E



L  
I  
S  
A  
M  
A  
R  
S  
H



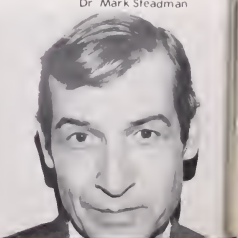
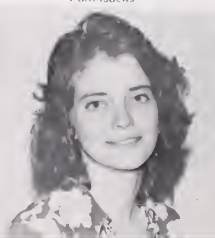
P  
A  
M  
H  
O  
L  
L  
O  
W  
A  
Y

Gerald Wallace

Gerald Wallace

Pam Isacks

Dr. Mark Steadman





12

**Editor's Note**—The interview with George Batman was done last semester at a time when we were still hopeful of getting a magazine out before the semester break. But the money came in late, and to have gotten a magazine out, we'd have had to sacrifice quality—and a hell of a lot of our leisure time—for speed, a compromise we rejected flat out.

Although George is no longer with us, having graduated in December, what he has to say is of very special interest to those of us unfortunate enough to have been left behind. Everything he says is said in that colorful, inimitable way that made him an unforgettable part of the Clemson landscape. And what he says is particularly applicable to us and to our school this semester—probably even more so than last semester.

For those of you who did not know George, you missed a lot. He had his own brand of wit and his own brand of humor. In short, he was one of the most distinctive characters we've had on this campus in a long time. While he was here, I would have rated him as one of the top ten student intellectuals.

In the final analysis, I guess you would have to say that George was...well...George was George.

# An Interview with George Batman

by Drew Smith

*I entered the Study Hall, praying that I would find a booth near an outlet for my tape recorder. I found one; now all I had to worry about was the interview itself. I had never done anything like this before.*

*Then I saw the object of my interview. He came in, ordered a beer, sat opposite me at the booth, and waited for me to open the conservation. I turned on the tape recorder, hoping for the best.*

**CHRONICLE:** That's an interesting last name--Batman--does it have any family history behind it?

**BATMAN:** No.

**CHRONICLE:** No?

**BATMAN:** It just has a history of family problems behind it.

**CHRONICLE:** Really? Since the advent of the comic book?

**BATMAN:** Since the advent of the comic book and the TV show. We had to have our number changed about four times in seven years, because there were some weird people who would call up and go, "Hello, is Batman there? Is Robin there?" You know. My grandmother used to live with us--she was about eighty-eight years old--it drove the poor old lady crazy, answering the phone a hundred times a day.

**CHRONICLE:** I can see where it could cause problems.

*I found out that Batman was an English major, so I asked him whether or not he had ever used the Placement Office.*

**BATMAN:** As a matter of fact, I'm using it now.

**CHRONICLE:** Do you find it helpful?

**BATMAN:** Not really. I've had three interviews so far--scheduled--after one of which they sent me back a letter in two days saying, "Kid, you're not our kind." The other two--Monday I went up there and they told me "Oh, didn't he get in touch with you over the weekend? He had to cancel the interview." I said, "What about the one next Wednesday?" The one next Wednesday is cancelled. So I've used it once, having scheduled interviews three times.

**CHRONICLE:** So you think that, all in all, it hasn't been very helpful?

**BATMAN:** I think it could be; the only problem is for Liberal Arts majors. There are only so many people who want to hire a Liberal Arts major.

**CHRONICLE:** Just what does an English major do?

**BATMAN:** I wish I knew!

**CHRONICLE:** Well, do you have any idea what you want to do with it?

**BATMAN:** I will probably go to graduate school--I hope to go to graduate school...

**CHRONICLE:** M.A.? Ph.D.?

**BATMAN:** Well, I've had to consider several possibilities. One, I've considered coming here--the M.A. program here at Clemson. But right now, what I'd really like to do is to get into the Master of Fine Arts program, to get a degree in Creative Writing.

**CHRONICLE:** What would you like to do as a career?

**BATMAN:** Probably teaching or writing.

**CHRONICLE:** Or both?

**BATMAN:** Or both.

**CHRONICLE:** Would you teach at Clemson?

**BATMAN:** Why, are you offering me a job?

**CHRONICLE:** No, I'm just asking whether or not you thought Clemson is a worthwhile place to teach, judging by other schools?

**BATMAN:** My information is limited, since I've gone to only two colleges: Clemson and Georgia Tech. As far as the Liberal Arts department is concerned, all I can say is that Clemson is far above Georgia Tech.

**CHRONICLE:** But that's all you know about it?

**BATMAN:** Comparisonwise, yes.

**CHRONICLE:** Do you like it better here than there?

**Why did you come here instead of Georgia Tech?**

**BATMAN:** Well, I failed out of Georgia Tech! I was in engineering; I had no aptitude for engineering whatsoever.

*Batman may not have an aptitude for engineering, but he does have one for the writing of poetry. An example of his work is included in the Chronicle.*

**CHRONICLE:** What kind of poetry do you like to write? Any particular form, subject matter?

BATMAN: No, whatever seems to come out right.  
 CHRONICLE: Have you ever been published?  
 BATMAN: One or two small magazines.  
 CHRONICLE: Have you ever been rejected?  
 BATMAN: Thousands of times!  
 CHRONICLE: Do you save your rejection slips?  
 BATMAN: As a matter of fact, I do! They're one of my favorite momentos. No, really, I did, for a while; I just throw them away now.  
 CHRONICLE: You don't have a scrapbook, or anything of that type?  
 BATMAN: No.  
 CHRONICLE: Any famous rejection slips? Big time magazines?  
 BATMAN: Oh, sure, I've gotten them from about any magazine that you could name in the country. The Atlantic, the New Yorker. I gave up on those markets for a while; I'm not that good yet.

#### The Potter

In youth his passions howled to shake the house.  
 Drunk with fury, drunk with wine  
 he beat his wife and bruised her to a broken form  
 (but then his hands were merciful to clay).

On troubled nights,  
 his fists acquiver with the half-remembered rage  
 he wakes, unknots the tension from his hand  
 and numb with echoes of her frame,  
 he settles like a whisper at the wheel  
 to beg the ghost of long forgotten art.

George Batman

CHRONICLE: You decided to start small, and work your way up?  
 BATMAN: I don't think it's a matter of my choice. If I had my choice, I would start out as an enterprising young author that makes his success overnight; however, I don't think it's quite in my hands!

*We went back to the subject of the Liberal Arts department at Clemson.*

CHRONICLE: Do you have any criticism that you could think of, off-hand, constructive, or...!  
 BATMAN: Or destructive...  
 CHRONICLE: Well, either one, yeah.  
 BATMAN: For the most part I've found that professors in the English department are very good. The only thing that bothered me was that something--I don't know how I can describe this--I've been piecing things together since taking an American History course last spring--I wish somebody had talked to me about when I was a freshman, that someone had mentioned in freshman and sophomore sources--I suppose the only way you could describe it is "methods of literary analysis." Exactly what a symbol is, how to recognize one, and how to--well, they never tell you about the methods of interpretation of a story. They tell you--you get either one of two things--this story means this because of this here and this here and this

here--a lot of times you get that--or, what do you think it means and support it. You sit there sort of dumfounded, going, "Uh, mumble mumble." I don't know whether there is any way possible to teach how you can come to some meaning about it, to come to some understanding--but, if there is, I wish someone would teach it in sophomore classes.

CHRONICLE: Do you read science fiction?  
 BATMAN: Yes, in fact, I'm taking a course in science fiction now.

CHRONICLE: Who do you like?

BATMAN: Heinlein, Asimov,....Ray Bradbury, I think he's got a better style than a lot of the others. It's more fantasy than science fiction. But there's something in the style I like.

CHRONICLE: You've read the MARTIAN CHRONICLES?

BATMAN: Yes.

CHRONICLE: Herbert?

BATMAN: Herbert...?

CHRONICLE: He wrote DUNE.

BATMAN: Yes, I've read DUNE.

CHRONICLE: THE FOUNDATION TRILOGY?

BATMAN: Yes, and I've read the Ring trilogy, if that was the answer to your next question.

CHRONICLE: Which one?

BATMAN: The Ring trilogy?

CHRONICLE: Oh, Tolkien!

BATMAN: I loved him. He's another one of those guys I wouldn't classify in science fiction.

CHRONICLE: You've read THE HOBBIT? Did you read that before the rest of them?

BATMAN: Yes. I always considered Tolkien my discovery. About 1966, I tried to turn on some of my teachers in high school to him. They kind of looked at me, saying, "Why are you reading that trash for?"

CHRONICLE: What do you read, beside science fiction?

BATMAN: Everthing. Phone books, if that's all there is left! Everything, with the exception of magazines and newspapers.

CHRONICLE: What about music?

BATMAN: The Beatles, I kind of like. There are a lot of musicians I like. Progressive rock.

CHRONICLE: What is progressive rock?

BATMAN: As far as I understand it, it is music within the rock framework, but it is constantly changing, constantly pouring out new ideas.

*We left George's likes and dislikes and went on to discuss any special problems he might have as an off-campus, commuting student.*

CHRONICLE: As a commuting student, do you find it hard to get to your classes?

BATMAN: Well, personally I'm in favor of their putting a commuting parking lot next to Daniel Hall! And another one right next to Hardin! Excluding those possibilities, well,...the ones they've got are pretty well satisfactory.

CHRONICLE: Are there advantages that you think on-campus students have that commuters don't?

BATMAN: I have noticed that there are a lot of things that I can't--I don't really feel a part of the student body, the student community. When I went to Georgia Tech I lived in one of the dorms, and it was almost

impossible to study. That's one of the major disadvantages. There's just too much activity going on here that interferes with study. I think when I started all over again, I preferred the idea of living far away from it. But I do notice that I've missed out on a lot of things.

CHRONICLE: What about student government representation of off-campus students? Is there any?

BATMAN: I wouldn't know. Student government--I suppose you have heard, someone has mentioned the campaign or whatever last year.

CHRONICLE: I'd like to hear all about that.

BATMAN: I suppose the student government does some good. But from all I can tell it's a joke. If they are doing any good, they're not publicizing themselves very well. I don't know what they are doing--just a bunch of people sitting around in the Student Senate (doing the same ego-trip I'm doing right now) going, "I'm a student senator. I'm a student body president." They're on the same ego trip I'm on, going in a different direction.

CHRONICLE: What did you do last year about that?

BATMAN: All I did was write up a little paragraph and post it all over campus, saying that "I don't know anything about student problems; I couldn't care less; I'm not a member of CDA, or a Greek fraternity; and the only reason I want to be elected is that it would look good on my resume. As far as doing anything, no, I refuse."

CHRONICLE: Did you have any supporters?

BATMAN: I had a number of verbal supporters, none at the ballot box. I didn't expect any.

CHRONICLE: Didn't you say that everyone that didn't vote at all were voting for you?

BATMAN: Of course! I don't know exactly the number of the student body, but I doubt that out of nine thousand more that two thousand voted. I haven't seen the results of the election.

CHRONICLE: Do they publish them?

BATMAN: I think that it's in THE TIGER. It would surprise me if more than two thousand voted. The only thing that I was really trying to do was say, "Listen, this is a joke."

CHRONICLE: It was just a protest type of thing?

BATMAN: Not a serious protest, just that it was a joke, what more can you say?

CHRONICLE: What do you think, going on to other student organizations, what about THE TIGER the TAPS the Chronicle? Do you have any comments, criticisms...

BATMAN: Personally...of course, my first attention goes to the Chronicle. After all, they're giving me the opportunity to sit here and talk about myself.

CHRONICLE: Okay, but that has nothing to do with your criticism about it.

BATMAN: I don't know, it has everything to do with it.

CHRONICLE: Be honest!

BATMAN: My attention is more directed to literature. I think that the idea of a student literary magazine is cool. THE TIGER, have to admit that I've hardly ever read it. Since I'm off-campus...

CHRONICLE: Do they mail it?

BATMAN: No, but I could pick it up here at school. I pick it up once in a while to read some of the student letters. Most of the things in THE TIGER are relatively uninteresting to me because I don't live here. I don't

read the GREENVILLE NEWS either. I listen to the news on TV.

CHRONICLE: Do you listen to WSBF?

BATMAN: No. Well, I can't pick it up off-campus, and I don't have an FM radio in my car. From what I understand, I wish they had a station like WSBF in Greenville; they don't have one. The closest they come to it is WFBC's Hit Parade, which is terrible. But I really wish they had a station like WSBF in Greenville.

CHRONICLE: The kind of disc jockeys?

BATMAN: The kind of music they play. I hear that they have good music, that they play progressive rock. I wish that kind of thing was down in Greenville, instead of only the Top 40 music.

CHRONICLE: Does the cost of living pinch you, since you live off-campus?

BATMAN: Yeah, one of the main reasons for my living off-campus is that I work in Simpsonville. It's a part time job.

CHRONICLE: May I ask what you do?

BATMAN: I'm a counselor for the Department of Corrections.

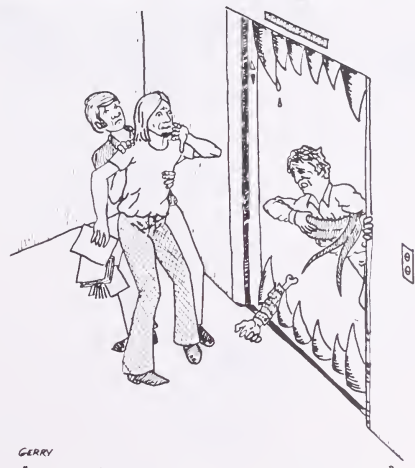
CHRONICLE: Who do you counsel? What about?

BATMAN: Inmates.

CHRONICLE: Personal problems?

BATMAN: Personal problems, not so much as generalized problems. Well, I guess they are personal. A lot of inmates, people who are in prison, are highly resistant to any kind of authority figure. Rather than co-operate with them, they try to appease them, in any way possible, and if that doesn't work, they rebel against them. In a lot of cases, that's how the guy wound up in prison in the first place, for something minor, like...he might be drunk one night, and what got him into trouble is that he cussed out a cop. Most of them dropped out of school because they couldn't get along with their teachers. Or they've gotten out of jobs because they couldn't get along with their bosses. This is one thing we're trying to work on. Another is to fix an internal locus of control instead of an external one. A

cont. p. 32



GERRY

"FOR GOD'S SAKE, SOMEBODY CALL THE P-PLANT!"





# VIOLENT CRIME IN THIS AREA: A COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS

*The morning of 27 September 1972*

"Charlie" Brown, age 27, a farm laborer from Anderson, lay under his mother-in-law's house listening to the sounds above him.\* He was hoping to learn the whereabouts of his wife who had left him earlier that month. Two days ago he had purchased a .22 caliber High Standard pistol from a local gun dealer. It was now in his possession, and he was thinking about using it to find out where his wife had gone.

He had approached the mother-in-law, Mrs. Verna Groves, before, and had pleaded with her to tell him where his wife had gone. He was sure that she knew. But she wouldn't tell him.

He had gone to work this morning as usual for one of Mrs. Groves' neighbors. But as he was unable to get the nagging thought of how his mother-in-law had done him out of his mind, around nine he had walked off the job and gone to her house.

The house was quiet. There was little movement and no conversation. She was alone. It was apparent that lying under the house would not get him the information he wanted. He would have to go inside.

He had been married for five years and had two children whom he loved very much. Until this separation, his marriage had worked out all right — in spite of the fact that Mrs. Groves had virtually forced him to marry her pregnant daughter. During the course of the marriage, she had continued to interfere, and it was she whom he felt was responsible for the separation.

He crawled out from under the house and went around to a

side window. It was still quiet inside. Only the sound of someone sewing broke the silence.

He climbed through the window and saw Mrs. Groves sitting at her sewing machine. She had her back to him and had not detected his presence.

Raising the pistol toward her, he fired four times. She tumbled to the floor. The next several minutes were filled with confusion. She was dead. He had killed her. It wouldn't be long before they would be after him.

To delay them as long as he could, he would have to find a place to hide her. A place where she wouldn't be found for awhile.

He went to the door and made sure that there was no one around. Then he dragged her outside and placed her in her Buick LaSalle. Hurrying back inside, he found some newspapers and spread them over the blood spots where she had fallen.

Next he got into the car, started it up, and drove down a country road till he came to a bridge about three miles from the Groves' house. Stopping, first he made certain that there was no one around, then he got her body out of the car and placed it up under the bridge out of sight.

Afterwards, he drove to his girlfriend's house and picked her up. They went to Augusta, Georgia, where she decided that it would be best for her to go back home. So he put her on a bus and started out to New Orleans. Near Macon, he removed the money — \$165.00 — from Mrs. Groves' pocketbook and tossed it onto the side of the road. Later on, a mowing crew would discover it after they had run over it with a bush-hog.

Meanwhile, about nine o'clock of the night of September 27, Mr. Groves moved aside some of the newspapers and spotted the bloodstains. Until then he had thought that she was off visiting friends or relatives.

The Anderson County Sheriff's Department was notified, and during the next few days, the surrounding area was searched, and friends, neighbors, and relatives were questioned. When neither Mrs. Groves nor "Charlie" Brown could be located, the Sheriff signed a Flight to Avoid Prosecution warrant, and the FBI became involved.

It was not until September 30, three days after the killing, that the body was found. Some coon hunters had decided to go out and run their dogs. The dogs became excited when they reached the bridge, and when the hunters investigated the cause of this reaction, they discovered the body.

On 25 April 1973 Brown was located in New Orleans. In the interim period his girlfriend had rejoined him, and they were living together.

During an interview with two FBI agents, Brown admitted to having committed the crime. He agreed to waive extradition and was taken back to Anderson County.

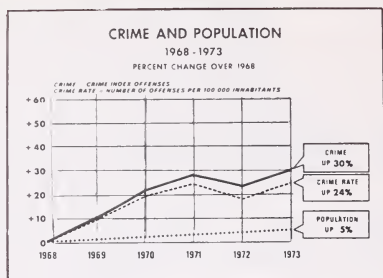
---

**VIOLENT CRIME IN THIS AREA: A COMPARATIVE ANALYSIS.** staff written and staff researched. It is the result of interviews with 21 law enforcement officers, including the Sheriffs of Anderson, Greenville, Oconee, and Pickens Counties; the Chiefs of Police of Anderson, Clemson, Greenville, Seneca, and Wallalla; The Sheriff of Towns County, Georgia; Captain J. Leon Gasque and Lieutenant Willard N. Cate of the Headquarters of the South Carolina Law Enforcement Division; Paul Schaaf, Senior FBI agent of the Greenville office, and many other members of the above mentioned departments. Others interviewed include William D. Lecke, Director of the S.C. Department of Corrections; Dr. Salisbury, Director of S.C. Treatment Services; Sam E. McKuen, Public Relations, also of S.C.D.C.; Billy R. Evans, Computer Operation's Supervisor at SLED HQs; Alex Layton, Chemist at SLED HQs; and members of the staff of the ANDERSON, INDEPENDENT and the GREENVILLE NEWS. Clemson University Sociologists Larry Peppers and Bill Capel were also interviewed. We talked to area gun merchants and to members of the general public in order to elicit a broad base of opinion on various crime related issues. Finally, three prisoners were interviewed. Due to the amount of available space, unfortunately, much of the information received from the above sources has had to be synthesized.

In addition to the interviews, we used the UNIFORM CRIME REPORTS of the FBI and of SLED. Background information came from MAN, CRIME, and SOCIETY (New York: Random House, 1970) by Herbert A. Bloch and Gilbert Geis, and SOCIOLOGY (New York: McGraw-Hill Book Company, 1968) by Paul B. Horton and Chester L. Hunt, and PRINCIPLES OF CRIMINOLOGY (Chicago: J.B. Lippincott Co., 1960) by Edwin H. Sutherland and Donald R. Cressey — plus those sources noted at the end of the article.

\*The following case history was taken from the files of the Anderson County Sheriff's office. The names remain unchanged. Special thanks should go to Chief of Detectives Larry F. Bracken and Sergeant James Cann for the help they gave in putting it together.





FBI CHART

His trial began in General Sessions Court in Anderson on 27 November 1973, and on November 28 he was found guilty of murder. He was given a sentence of life imprisonment and is now serving out his time in the state penitentiary in Columbia.

His girlfriend was charged with accessory after the fact, but the charges were unprovable and were dropped.

The evidence leading to Brown's conviction consisted of the testimony of an eye-witness, who knew Brown personally and knew Mrs. Groves' LaSabre on sight. He had recognized Brown driving the car a short distance away from her residence on the morning of the murder. The man who had employed Brown reported that Brown had walked off the job around nine o'clock September 27. The two FBI agents who had received Brown's oral account of the crime in New Orleans also testified.

The murder weapon was never found. But detectives were able to locate the dealer who had sold Brown a .22 caliber High Standard pistol on 25 September 1972.

## VIOLENCE

The William Charles Brown Case is a disturbing example of the most prevalent type of criminal homicide -- that of victim and subject being related or acquainted. According to the Uniform Crime Reports of the South Carolina Law Enforcement Division (SLED), 57 percent of the 427 murders which occurred in the State in the one year period of July 1973-June 1974 were committed by family or acquaintances of the victim. When this figure is compared to that for felony related murders, 16.6 percent, it can be viewed in its true perspective.

What is most alarming about the family/acquaintance related figure is that there is not much that the police can do about it -- the largest percentage of murders -- in view of the fact that most of them are committed in the heat of passion.

The problem of criminal homicide, and other types of violent crimes as well, includes a far more extensive range of conditions and factors than our system of criminal justice has control over. It is our contention that the bulk of the problem is social and that only when society as a whole, and the individuals who make it up, begins to accept the responsibility for crime will it begin to be reduced.

As many of the country's leading criminologists and sociologists contend, crime is an index against which the conditions of society can be measured. An increase in the crime rate is an indication that social conditions are becoming more and more intolerable for certain segments of the population. For example: the crime rate among blacks is much greater than that among whites -- 41.6 percent of the 61,331 arrests made in the state from July 1973-June 1974 were Negroes, although, according to the 1970 Census, Negroes comprise only 30.6 percent of the state's population. The explanation for the high Negro crime rate, according to Doctor David Abrahamson, is that, "The prevalence of criminality among Negroes is perhaps an expression of a poor environmental situation and discouragement and frustration at being unable to gain a foothold within a society mastered by whites."



Chemist Alex Layton, SLED HQs. Testing a blood sample.

In its report of 1967 the President's Commission on Law Enforcement and Administration of Justice goes a step further, stating that the differences between the black and white arrest rates

become very small when comparisons are made between the rates for whites and Negroes living under similar conditions. However, it has proved difficult to make such comparisons, since Negroes generally encounter more barriers to economic and social advancement than whites do. Even when Negroes and whites live in the same area the Negroes are likely to have poorer housing, lower incomes, and fewer job prospects. The commission is of the view that if conditions of equal opportunity prevailed, the large difference now found between the Negro and white arrest rates would disappear. 2

A rewarding side effect of the observations just made is that we can see that by singling out a segment of our society for study which has a greater crime rate than the society as a whole, we can analyze the sociological differences between the segment and the whole and pretty well blame the differences in the crime rate on the sociological differences which create frustration and anxiety in the segment. By using these sociological differences as a base, we should be able to fairly accurately diagnose the causes of much of the crime and predict the change in the crime rate as the sociological differences fluctuate.

It should now be easy to see that crime viewed symptomatically is an important indicator of the ailments of society. After thorough analysis, comprehensive correctional programs targeted against the conditions which cause the crime-symptoms will have to be implemented -- instead of the usual hue and cry for stricter laws and demand for larger and more efficient police departments. After all, crime is only the symptom, like a bad cough, and the causal conditions lie much deeper, like a virus in the bloodstream. Correctional programs will have to encompass the Federal, State, and Local governmental levels, as well as every individual who makes up the society.

With our position on the resolution of the crime problem now spelled out, we still turn our attention to the different types of violent crimes with which we are most concerned. Through the use of statistics, trends, examples, and interviews with professional members of the system of criminal justice, we will try to ascertain more precisely the nature of the social diseases. First murder will be examined, then rape, next armed robbery, and finally the killing of police officers, the latter of which is an act directed not against a particular individual but against society as a whole.

South Carolina Department of Corrections			Total Number	Percentage Distribution	
(January 10, 1975)					
Total Inmate Population			Assaults	445	10.1
			Auto	90	2.1
			Burglary	316	7.2
			Drug Law	382	8.7
			Liquor	96	2.2
		Forgery/Fraud	141	3.2	
Total	Percentage	Kidnapping	8	.2	
Number	Distribution	Larceny	1,090	24.8	
		Robbery	755	17.2	
Males	4,233	96.5	Sex	156	3.6
Females	154	3.5	Arson/Conspiracy	32	.7
L	4,387	100.0	Weapons	23	.5
			Family	22	.5
s	1,871	42.6	Against Confinement	32	.7
Whites	2,516	57.4	Miscellaneous	20	.5
L	4,387	100.0	TOTAL	4,387	100.0

## MURDER

Abrahamsen states that, "Homicide is more prevalent in the United States than in [any other country]." <sup>3</sup> Comparing England's statistics to those of the United States, he says that the United States' rate is, "approximately twelve times as high." The Scandinavian countries also have an, "exceptionally low incidence of homicide," in sharp contrast to the United States. In addition to all of this, the homicide rate is increasing rapidly. According to the 1973 Uniform Crime Report published by the FBI, the homicide rate increased by 35 percent during the five-year period from 1968 to 1973.

In order to explain the prevalence of violence in this country, Abrahamsen says that, "In a society such as ours, where assertion and competition are part of the culture, a person will frequently try to find any means of asserting himself against his environment. Such a competitive drive is a potent contributory factor in instigating criminal behavior in general and homicide in particular."<sup>4</sup> Another factor is the fact that much of the population of our country is concentrated in large cities. "Consequently, many are apt to feel 'fenced in' or even overpowered, resulting in a greater inclination toward hostility, aggressiveness, and emotional tension."<sup>5</sup> (The oriental countries, which also have high population concentrations, tend to be suicidal instead of homicidal).

Of the four regions of the U.S. the South, according to the 1973 FBI Uniform Crime Report, has the highest prevalence of homicide with a rate of 12.7 per 100,000 persons. Abrahamsen blames the rate partially on the historical development of the South: the violence surrounding the civil war, so that a "pattern of behavior" of violence and "individual disregard of the law" developed.<sup>6</sup> He also says that since the Reconstruction, "the people of the South have been emotionally, socially, and economically frustrated," which has given "rise to aggressions." Another possible explanation, he says, is the great proportion of the Negro population of the South who have a high homicide rate.

South Carolina had a rate of 14.4 per 100,000 population in 1973 -- a total of 392 murders. In 1972 the rate was higher, 16.8, with 447 murders reported. Although there was a decrease in the rate in 1973, it appears to be on the increase once again. The latest figures available are those for the first six months of 1971, during which time 223 murders were committed for a rate of 16.8.

Of the four-county area with which we are most directly concerned — Anderson, Greenville, Oconee, and Pickens counties — Anderson County had 16 homicides in 1973, a rate of 15.3, and 15 in 1974, a rate of 14.4. The City of Anderson had 7 in 1973 for a 28.6 rate and 10 in 1974 for a 35.7 rate. Greenville County experienced 56 in both 1973 and 1974 for a 21.5 rate each year. The City of Greenville had 17 murders in 1973, a 26.5 rate, and 20 murders in 1974, a 31.1 rate. Oconee County reported 4 in 1973 for a 9.0 rate and 7 in 1974 for a 15.9 rate. Pickens County had 4 in 1973 for a 6.3 rate and 5 in 1974 for a 7.9 rate. The four-county area as a whole experienced 80 murders in 1973 and 83 in 1974. The rate rose from 16.7 to 17.3.

Therefore, the homicide rate in this area appears to be pretty much in line with the rate for the rest of the state. Both the state's and the area's figures are far above those for the Southern region and those for the nation.

The above statistics tend to support the contention that the crime rate increases as the density of the population increases. (Compare the rates of the two cities to those of the counties.) The figures also tend to support both Abrahamsen's and the President's Commission's findings that Negroes have a higher rate than whites. For instance: Greenville County's population is 16.5 percent black and the City of Greenville is 31.3 percent black. Psychologists Gregory A. Kimble and Norman Garnezy consider the psychological explanation as being one of role conflict. Negroes are confronted, on one hand, they say, with the American ideal of the "self-made man," and on the other, with a rigid caste barrier which prevents them from mingling freely and safely in the majority white world.

(There are other factors that should be touched on, but we have neither the time nor the space to do so. The connection drugs have with violence will be mentioned later on. The role organized crime plays in criminal homicide was intentionally left out since it is not pertinent to this area-- according to the top officials of the South Carolina Law Enforcement Division at Columbia, it does not exist in this state. Mr. Paul Schaff, Senior FBI agent for the four-county area, refused to comment on it. All we can say is that if it does exist in South Carolina, it's pretty damn well organized.)

(Cont. p. 21)

## KIAWAH

By Howard Bowles

Twenty-five miles south of Charleston and just off the coast lies a chain of islands locally known as the "barrier islands," because of the natural protection they offer the coast from the often hostile Atlantic. One of the islands comprising this chain is Kiawah Island. Virtually unknown to people, other than Charlestonians or those of surrounding areas (for many years), recently it has become to many a symbol of nature's plight in man's world.

Plans for the island call for its development into a resort with homesites and condominiums, golf course, tennis courts, etc., similar to Hilton Head Island and Seabrook Island, both incidentally located in South Carolina. The developers, the origin of the capital, and those who sold the island are really secondary to the matter at hand man's gradual elimination of the remnants of nature. If it wasn't the Kuwait Investment Company as the purchaser, and the Kiawah Beach Co. as the developer, some other company would be there. They are just extensions of man's methods and manners for a selfish and unconscious extension of himself.







Objections have arisen to the island's proposed development, finally. The motivation for these objections are somewhat puzzling; perhaps it's guilt for thoughtless and unconcerned exploitation of so many lands previously. But we hope that it is foresight and a gradual enlightenment about ecological problems and the fact that we are not the sole inhabitants of the earth.

Is man going to permit nature to coexist with him, or is he going to fully eliminate the few remaining green spots, which he has let slip through his exploiting, enterprizing, and endangering touch. Perhaps it's too soon to tell. Perhaps too late. Hopefully not. Is it necessary to save and preserve the island? Does nature actually need to be defended? Will our, or can our, intelligence let us continue upon the path we have chosen for our coexistence with nature. Does man's intelligence really separate him from the other animals which inhabit the earth, or does he have the right?

# What's Your Favorite Miracle



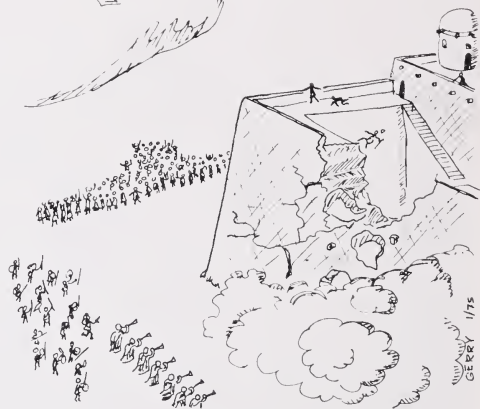
How many times have you marvelled at the handiwork of God Almighty? How many times have you been awed by the truly great productions which God has so graciously provided us? Well now is your chance to let us (and God) know just exactly what you think of His miracles. I'm not speaking of your everyday miracles like childbirth (which doesn't seem to fit in the miracle category anymore). The ones we are dealing with here are the really big gala miracles.

To complete the form below merely fill in the blank. The categories are as follows:

1. Costuming (30 possible points) Example: The Red Sea Miracle, an obvious biggie in this category, could conceivably rate all 30 points. One need only think of the cost of armour and chariots to realize the great expense God went to on this one. On the opposite end of the spectrum there is the Lazarus Miracle, a biggie in the Special Effects category, but sadly lacking in the Costuming category.

2. Setting (20 possible points) Example: The Crucifixion and Ascension of Jesus Miracle is the obvious winner here, with the cold, cruel Calvary and the calm, quiet tomb of Jesus. Although the expense involved was fairly minimal, the choice of setting is a stroke of pure genius.

3. Casting (20 possible points) Example: The Flooding of the World Miracle (starring Noah) would receive top honors here. The cool and commanding performance of Noah in this one outdoes even the Moses performance.



4. Special Effects (15 possible points) Example: The Tearing Down of the Walls of Jericho Miracle is sure to take this one. The beautiful use of background music (which later proves instrumental in the climax) is an unparalleled step in musical effects.

5. Plot (15 possible points) Example: The Virgin Conception Miracle takes the Kewpie doll in this category, with its inconceivably intricate plot. How God pulled this one off is still a mystery. Not only does He handle the basic story line of Jewish-kid-is-born-and-grows-up-to-bring-salvation-to-the-world but also neatly disposes of the problem of having a man whose wife is pregnant. The pregnant isn't so hard to bear, but the who done it? part creates a rather sticky situation. A marvelous job done on this one would seem to deserve all 15 points.



	Costuming	Setting	Casting	Special Effects	Plot
1. The Red Sea Miracle	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
2. The Manna Miracle	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
3. The Flooding of the World Miracle	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
4. The Tearing Down of the Walls of Jericho Miracle	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
5. The Virgin Conception Miracle	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
6. The Jesus in the Wilderness for 40 Days without Food and Water Miracle	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
7. The Crucifixion and Ascension of Jesus Miracle	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____
8. The John Seeing the Future of the Entire World Miracle	_____	_____	_____	_____	_____

#### Vibrations from a Confrontation after an Impetuous Move

They slide through past skin cells  
and trap themselves inside  
like summer heels  
that fly against the panes  
in autumn.

Knowing they need  
the outside world  
Beating themselves on liquid walls  
to reach it.

Only to be swatted down  
by cylinders of evening news  
or dusty bedroom slippers

But somehow,  
never an unarmed hand  
that might unlock the sill latch  
or raise up the window.

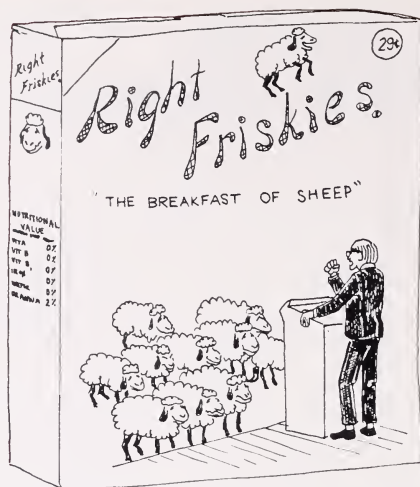
Silenced-  
with a crash-  
for fear they should begin  
to distract one thought  
from practiced emotion  
or a roving eye  
from mirrored light.

Their crumpled carcasses fall  
only to rot  
beneath the swelling sores  
they leave behind  
stinging a frightened mind.

Kathy Quinhy

*Something about seeing you  
all wrapped up  
in those Mickey Mouse sheets  
told me  
that you were more  
than just a bedtime lover.  
Thanks  
for the smiles in the morning.  
Next time  
you can have  
the good pillow.*

Pam Holloway



# BREAKFAST OF SHEEP

or

Goodbye Clementine

by

Harold Lee

This is a tale about a plump little man and the people whom he had power over.

He was a university president named Ed Lord. He had a bubbly face, wore glasses, and still had most of his hair. The thickness of his waist was a souvenir from all the dinner parties that so important a man must attend.

This is what he looked like:



The people whom he had power over, the students, the faculty, the employees, and the members of the administration, loved him as much as any people can love an overseer, in the same manner as all authority figures are loved—in other words, since he plucked the strings, the others danced to his tune.

§ Listen to what I have to say:

The University was called Clementine. It was big and spacious, covered with lots of trees and plenty of grass. It sat on the side of a lake near the foothills of some mountains. To Lord it was paradise. It was his kingdom. To the students, it was, well, it was something else, though at that time, they didn't know it, as they'd already been lulled by Lord into seeing things pretty much as he wanted them to see them.

§ This particular story begins on a cold blustery winter day at a time when Lord was worrying himself silly about the steadily increasing possibility of student rioting. Campus tension had been mounting all week, and today, Friday, it had reached its highpoint.

To attempt to stave it off, he had scheduled a student assembly later on in the afternoon, and he now sat in his office thinking about the long trek across campus that he would have to take in a few hours to get to the place of assembly where he would address the students and attempt to calm them down.

§ Temporarily forgetting his worries, he jumped up from his chair and walked across the room to the thermostat. "Only eighty-five," he spluttered, turning the instrument all the way up.

Returning to his desk, he bent to the ditaphone and told his secretary to "send out the word for the dormitories to reduce

their temperatures by two degrees."

"But, sir, they're already operating at sixty."

"Now, Dumpling, don't forget what the President said."

"Yes sir," she said patriotically. "I'll notify them at once."

Ed Lord gave himself a mental pat on the back. His energy conservation program was rolling along nicely. The President would be proud of him.

§ His office was richly ornamented, the floors covered with the plushest carpet money could buy, the furniture the most impressive in the state.

Sitting there behind his big purple and orange desk, he started laughing. His beady little eyes began to spin around and around in their sockets.

What had inspired this reaction went something like this:

When a student came in to see him for the first time, he was nervous of course. But when he saw Lord sitting behind his monstrous desk grinning wickedly and ready to pounce like a tiger, the poor student had to prop himself up against the wall to keep from collapsing. The student would just stand there with his knees banging together, his teeth rattling—even crying.

At this remembrance, Lord's laugh became hysterical. He clapped his hands together wildly, his eyes spun faster, and the room began to shake.

§ When such a student walked in, Lord would bellow "Sit down!" at the top of his voice, while at the same time, he would motion to an uncomfortable straight chair sitting in the most remote corner of the room.

The student would glance wistfully at the plush rocker beside the desk (reserved for VIPs only), then cowardly take the straight chair.

§ This was an important step in Lord's program of student indoctrination. He wanted the poor devils as ill-at-ease as possible. The more intimidated they were, the greater the feeling of his absolute power.

It was almost orgasmic. Which means that Lord almost experienced a kind of sexual release without having to go through the normal procedure. In other words, without the help of human orifices.

§ One particular student who suffered in this manner was called Rollout. Rollout, of course, wasn't his real name. It was his nickname. His real name, as was recorded in Lord's files, was Ghenis-Adolph-Judas-Cain Calley. So you can see how logical it was to call him Rollout.

This is how Rollout looked:



§ As Ghenis - Adolph - Judas - Cain Calley fidgeted on the edge of his seat, Eddie Lord began:

"Why're you here, son?"

Without giving the student a chance to answer, Lord supplied one of his own:

"You used obscene language in class, didn't you?"

Rollout shook his head meekly.

"You hit a policeman?"

A policeman is a person who looks like this:



Again the student shook his head.

"Ah, ha, now I remember. You're the one who knocked up—uh, impregnated—Dean Gargoyne's little bi . . . uh, young daughter?"

At this the student shook his head violently and mustered up enough courage to groan.

"Well, what did you do?"

Rollout couldn't speak; he could only tremble.

"Why won't you tell me? Can't you speak?"

He paused for one-and-a-half seconds for an answer. But as Rollout said nothing, he rushed on:

"Ah, you're the one who's dropping out and joining the Israeli Army?"

When the student smiled at this statement, Ed was certain that he had finally hit on the right answer. But his certainty vanished when Rollout suddenly got up and walked toward the door.

"What're you doing?" Eddie shouted.

"Leaving."

"I'm not finished with you . . . ."

"You've got the wrong student, sir."

"I have, have I? Humph. Well, how close did I get? Which one are you?"

"I'm the one who walked in here by mistake. I was looking for the restroom."

Lord was so shocked by this admission that he couldn't speak. His head dropped back against the chair, and his eyes froze on the ceiling.

Rollout left, slamming the door behind himself.

\$ The slamming of the door brought Lord around.  
"GET BACK IN HERE!"

The door reopened, and Rollout's frizzly head, followed by his sickly body, hesitantly reentered. "It's a nice day, sir, don't you think."

\$ Eddie was boiling mad. His face flushed bright purple. His cheeks were puffed out; his chest was bloated; he was ready to blow.

He now stood up behind his desk. "Do you know who I am, young man?"

Rollout nodded.

Heedless of the nod, Lord said, "I'm Ed Lord, President of this University. Do you know what that means?"

Again the student nodded.

"It means that you show me proper respect! Now, is that clear?"

"Yes . . . yes, sir!"

"It also means that you will never again make the mistake of insinuating that my office is a shithouse! Nor that I'm a shithouse keeper. I want you to know, I'm proud of my office!"

He took off one of his shoes and began pounding the heel of it against the top of the desk. This is what the shoe looked like:



"I'm proud of my job, and I'm proud of this University!"  
He was really getting wound up. "And I'm proud of what I've done for the University!"

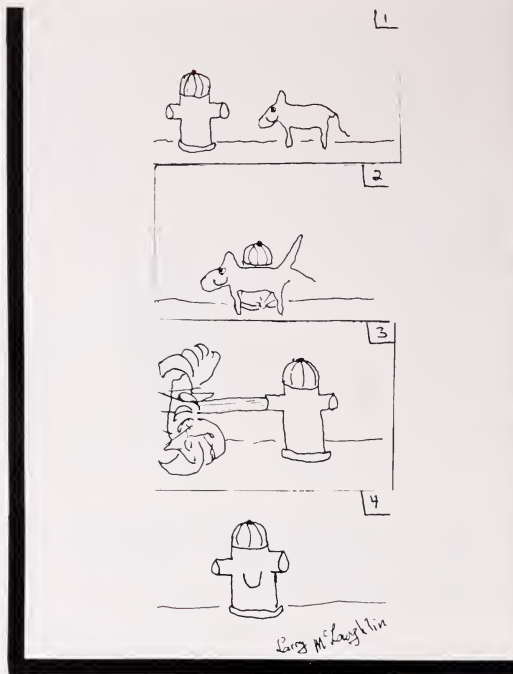
Listen:

"I've made this place what it is today. I've been with the University so long and have done so much for it that I feel like I am the University.

"I feel like I rule by DIVINE RIGHT!

"Now get out of here and don't let me see you again until you've shaped up—that is, until you've cut your hair and changed your clothes."

This is how the student would look later on that day after he'd had his hair cut:



\$ After the student was gone, Lord sat back down at his desk and spent more than three hours thinking about the session with Rollout. He was more than just mildly pleased with himself. He convinced himself that he'd reformed one more student, making him a better and more productive member of future society.

Here is how Lord visualized himself:

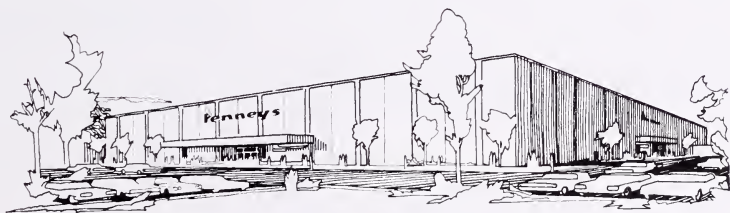


(Cont. p. 28)



# J. C. Penney

## *An American Institution*



Here you'll find more of all the J.C. Penney brands that wise homemakers have counted on for three generations for quality and value. More fashions for everyone in the family. More home fashions, too.

And much more! Brand new departments-getting cards stationery, typewriters, cosmetics, personal care needs, sporting goods, toys and bikes television, stereo, radios, home appliances, home decor, housewares, hardware, tools, lighting fixtures, porch and patio furniture, even garden equipment.

And there's more! A luxurious new Beauty Salon, Snack Bar, Camera Shop, Catalog Center and a complete Auto Center with tires, batteries, accessories, gas.

## Anderson Mall



# Chronicle Yughs

Christopher's blood gushed hotly through his veins as he tore madly at his shirt. He glanced down to his bed at the luscious young maiden wriggling coyly out of her clothes. Oh, but she was a beautiful piece of pie indeed and Christopher could hardly wait to cut himself a slice.

She was no Jezebel, no Whore of Babylon, nay, not this one. She was well-bred, blessed with rich parents, and obviously a virgin tried and true. He watched her (while slipping smoothly out of his jeans) as she removed her bra and shyly tried to hide her breasts, covering them with her arms. They swelled up and over the copper tanned skin of her forearms, like twin, ripe, honey-dew melons peeking out of the cornstalk corpses in an autumn field of harvest gold.

He lusted for her, yes. In fact he had wanted her for a long, long, time. And now, as if in answer to unvoiced prayers, here she was on his very bed, her heavenly body like a succulent pear being slowly unveiled before him.

The sight of her, clad only in those translucent, cream-colored panties that clung to her soft round hips like moth wings damp with morning dew, rose up his lust to a throbbing peak. He could wait no longer! "Please," he gasped frantically, "take them off, everything, everything off!" He turned and stepped virilely out of his black silk boxer shorts. As he took a deep breath and spun majestically, like a conqueror, to face his conquest, she placed her dentures on the nightstand and began to unscrew her leg at the thigh, (what a lovely birch veneer!). She then lay back on the bed, the silvery socket in her stump reflecting the light of the lamp blindingly into his eyes. Her lips drooped limply over the empty gums as she pulled him down for a kiss.



Our dictionary defines a graveyard (pronounced gra've yard') as a place where fresh tender meat is turned into yummy yummy gravy.

Carl was eating her. He'd been wanting to ever since the party last night, but his mother had seen to that. Mother had taken her and put her in one of the upstairs guest rooms, and after the party, he'd been too tired to look for her. But this afternoon, when he'd finally awakened, he'd begun to go through the rooms one by one. And now he lay on the bed in the room in which he'd found her and was finally doing it. Ah! how exquisite she tasted, the best little gingerbread doll a four-year-old had ever had.

The Sedgemore House was an old captain's house on Front Street in Boston. Everyone who lived there was a musician of one sort or another. Jeremy was a violinist who lived on the ground floor in a room just under that of Crystal, a pianist. They knew each other fleetingly, to the point of fluttering smiles at one another when they brushed in the hall. Yet Jeremy loved Crystal with an intensity not seen outside the tales of Arthur. For all that, they had never spoken and Jeremy was constantly searching for a way to get acquainted and commence a fiery romance. Often he would sit in his bay window listening to her play and joining in whenever he was familiar with the piece. Finally Jeremy's chance came. It was on a cold misty morning in May and Crystal's ear refused to start. Jeremy was watching from his bay window, as always, and leapt out the door to offer his assistance.

"Might I be of service, lady?"

"Oh, please do. I fear I'm so very unmechanical." Jeremy plunged in and had the ear going in short order.

"Lady, I have some cheese and good hard bread and some fine wine and well...I would be greatly pleased if you would share them with me."

"Ah my fair lord! I'd love to. This afternoon? I wait with bated breath." And so Jeremy succeeded in his plans. He met Crystal on the bank of the lake in the park and they dined on a red checkered cloth. They sang to one another in voices as clear as the chablis they sipped. Gazing into Crystal's eyes, Jeremy took her hand in his and with smooth supple motion broke all her fingers.

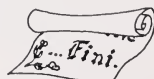


## \$50 prize winner

It had been another long warm day. There had been none of the usual refreshing breezes, and Alice, alone all day in the apartment, had lain around a lot in her slip, sweating. She'd done her hair up in curls the night before, because of the banquet she was supposed to attend with Horace tonight, but she'd been unable to rise to the occasion of taking them out.

She now sat on the sofa watching the ice melt in the glass of ice water she'd made a little while ago. She'd been sipping on it regularly, and the water was now at least half depleted.

Waiting until it was time for her favorite program, Budding Romances, she reached over onto the couch beside her and, lifting the remote control unit, flicked the television on. She then settled back into the cushions, propped her feet up on the coffee table, took a sip of the water, and began to enjoy her program.



Denver is the mile high city.

Heard a yugh lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Yugh Editor, CHRONICLE, Student Affairs, 7th Level Johnstone Hall, Clemson University, Clemson, S.C. 29632. Each contributor whose card is selected will pay the CHRONICLE \$50. Yughs cannot be returned.

\*Yughs are anti-jokes or notjokes.

## TAMMY HAYNES

*The evening of 21 December 1973*

Most everyone who was in this area during December 1973 and January 1974 still remembers the Tammy Denice Haynes Case, as it was one of the most gruesome acts of violence to have ever occurred in the state.\*

Tammy, age 12, was abducted from a Liberty laundromat at approximately 7:45 p.m., Friday, 21 December 1973. Tammy and her sisters, Tina and Teresa, had been left at the laundry to wash clothes while their parents went grocery shopping.

According to Tina, Tammy lost some money in a change machine, and a man she later identified as Virgil Preston Vinson, a 36 year-old Norris house painter, told Tammy that he knew the owner of the laundromat personally and would drive her to his house so that she could get her money back. When Tammy did not offer to go with him, Vinson grabbed her, pulled her out of the laundromat, and forced her into his car.

During the next 31 days an extensive search was conducted by the Pickens County Sheriff's Department, area rescue squads, Civil Defense personnel, SLED agents, FBI agents, Navy frogmen, wildlife personnel, helicopters and airplanes, and many other volunteers. Due to an anonymous telephone tip, the search was concentrated in the vicinity of Maw Bridge, just North of Central on Lake Hartwell.

On 1 January 1974 Vinson was picked up at his place of work near Easley and taken to Liberty where he was questioned by Pickens County Sheriff David Stone and SLED agents.

Tina had already picked Vinson's picture from a folder of mug shots. "This is the man," she said, pointing to the picture of Vinson. She also picked him from a seven man lineup in the Pickens Fire Department on the afternoon of January 1.

Sheriff Stone was first led to suspect Vinson when Spartanburg County authorities, "told him a man they were questioning reported to have talked to Vinson on December 24 and noticed blood on his car. The man also told Spartanburg authorities that Vinson had wanted to trade tires with him and he noticed that Vinson's tires had mud and pine needles on them."

In spite of the extensiveness of the search, Tammy was not found until approximately 1:30 p.m. 22 January 1974, at which time Jimmy Swaney, who was on his first day of a new contracting job on a house overlooking Lake Hartwell and Maw Bridge, decided to walk down to the lake during his lunch break and see if he could find Tammy's body.

When he got to the lake's edge, a reflection of light caught his attention --

"I saw the heel of her shoe reflecting in the sun when I first spotted her, about 15 feet from the bank. It was in three or four feet of water and wasn't moving."

Later, after he had called the Sheriff's office and the body had been removed from the water in a leather bag, SLED verified the identification from the clothing and through lab tests.

Vinson, who had been held in the State Mental Hospital in Columbia for observation since he was arrested and charged with kidnapping on January 1, was charged with murder on January 24. On February 20, he was arraigned before 12th Judicial Circuit Judge David W. Harwell in the Pickens General Sessions Court. He pleaded "not guilty" to three indictments, charging him with the kidnapping and murder of Tammy Haynes on December 21. After answering the charges, Vinson told Judge Harwell that he was not ready for trial and was granted a continuance until the June term of court.

On June 3, he reversed his plea, surprisingly, pleading guilty to all three charges. Judge Frank Eppes handed down two life sentences and a forty-year sentence, and Vinson was removed from the courtroom by SLED agents less than two hours after the trial had begun. He is now serving out his sentences in the



January 10, 1974. Diving for Tammy Haynes. Photo by C.L. Gray.

State Maximum Security Prison at Columbia and in ten years will be eligible for parole.

According to the autopsy report from the University of South Carolina Medical School in Charleston, Tammy was strangled to death before she was thrown into the water. Because of the condition of the body when it was found, the length of time it had been in the water could not be established. Neither could the time of death. Although the autopsy could not prove conclusively that she had been raped, it did establish the fact that penetration with an elongated object had occurred.

(Two additional facts should be noted at this time: first, Tammy's mother, Mrs. Patricia Haynes, died of "acute respiratory depression, due to acute central nervous system depression due to acute ethanol and valium (drugs used in sleeping pills and sedatives)," on 9 January 1974 while the search for her daughter was still going on. Second, after Vinson was sentenced, his father said: "The only reason Virgil's taking the blame is to protect us. He told me he didn't do it, today, since the trial. He has owned up to something he didn't do.")

## RAPE

In the book *Sex Offenders* the authors say that the conflicting American attitude on sexual behavior lies at the heart of the problem of forcible rape.

On the one hand we stress and encourage the development of heterosexual behavior -- the literature, the advertisements, the movies, everything relentlessly dings in the order: be sexually attractive, find romance, get a mate! On the other hand we strive to prevent heterosexual coitus, the logical end-product of the social campaign for heterosexuality, in any situation other than legal marriage.

The resultant role conflict culminates in frustration and anxiety for many -- particularly in those who have psychological and physical disorders or moral constraints.

\*Special thanks for much of the information in the following account should go to C.L. Gray of the GREENVILLE NEWS.

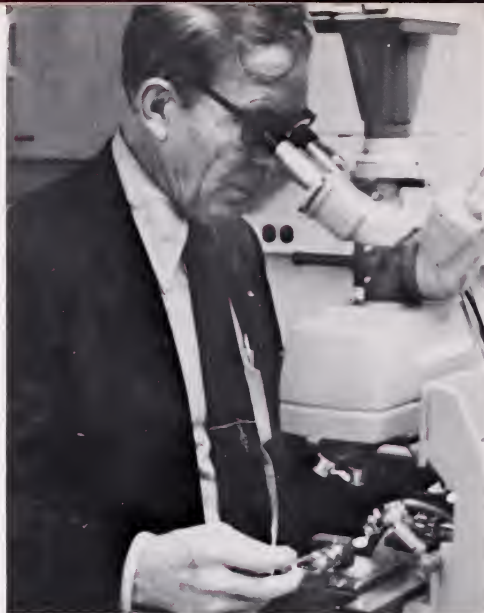


Comparison of .38 bullet from victim with bullet from suspect's pistol.

A study of 102 sex offenders revealed that all 102 persons had been emotionally and physically insecure during childhood.

Their parents had, by and large, been unstable; many of them had been strict and domineering, sometimes even cruel. At other times they had been overindulgent and overprotective. Frequently, as children, these offenders had been socially displaced, not having a place they could call home. Many of them had been in orphanages or had been cared for by unloving stepfathers or stepmothers, making a positive emotional relationship with grown-ups difficult.

... they frequently were unable to identify themselves with adults, they were also therefore confused about their own sexual roles and had not been able to develop normal sexual concepts.<sup>8</sup>



Lt. Millard N. Cate, SLED HQs. Using the Comparison Microscope

## CAB DRIVER ROBBERY

*The evening of 22 April 1974*

Stanley Rembert Butler, alias Allen Grant, age 24, and Paul Matthew Jackson, age 19, two black soldiers AWOL from Ft. Campbell, Kentucky, placed a call from a pay phone in the vicinity of the Intersection of Highway 29 North and the 29 By-Pass to the Anderson Cab Company, requesting a cab to come and pick them up.\* In a few minutes, James Herman Norton picked them up and drove them North on the 29 By-Pass for a short distance, then turned right onto Plantation Road.

One hundred yards down Plantation Road the man in the back seat pulled out a Thirty-Eight and shot Norton behind the right ear. An eye-witness later said that Butler had gotten into the back seat and Jackson in the front.

The two men ran through the cab driver's pockets and took his wallet. All total they got fifty-seven dollars.

The first person who happened on the car a few minutes later, mistook it for a wreck and called the highway patrol. One of the Anderson County Deputy Sheriff's who was near the area of the crime also went to the scene.

The cab was parked on the right side of the road, and Norton's body was hanging out the right side of the car. The top of his head touched the ground.

In the meantime, Butler and Jackson had returned the short distance to the house of Jackson's brother, whom they had been visiting. They took their clothes, got into Jackson's car, and went to Honea Path, where they may have been involved in another robbery (the case is still pending). From there the investigation led the law enforcement agents back to Hopkinsville, Kentucky, where they had been picked up for another case of robbery. Chief of Detectives Captain Larry F. Bracken and Sergeant Jack Cann of the Anderson County Sheriff's Department in addition to an agent of SLED went to Hopkinsville and picked them up and returned them to Anderson, where on 26 November 1974 they were tried in the Anderson General Sessions Court and sentenced to life in prison.

In this area, the following results were tabulated for 1973 and 1974: Anderson County reported 14 rapes for 1973 and 7 for 1974, Greenville County reported 21 and 68 respectively, Oconee reported 1 for the last six month period of 1973 and 5 for 1974, and Pickens County reported 7 during 1973 and 5 during 1974. The City of Anderson had 9 in 1973 and 11 in 1974. Greenville reported 246 and 282 respectively.

"People are now looking at rape in a different light," Captain J.A. Burris, head of the Records and Training Division of the Anderson Police Department, told us. "They still feel that a rapist in a case like the one in Clemson should pay the price. But they now look at it differently when the victim and the accused know each other. The reason is that most people are now looking at the human element of it -- just how far did she go and stop."

Of the eleven reported rapes in Anderson in 1974, Burris said that three of the women finally admitted to voluntary consent. "A lot of time they just want a little sympathy from their husbands," he said. One of the rapes was unfounded. The mother had reported that her daughter had been raped by the stepfather, but the medical examination didn't back it up. There was one child-molesting case and one assault with the intent to ravish. Three who were raped told the police who had raped them, but they would not press charges. One girl said that she had been in a house with several friends, and when she decided to go in and take a bath, one of the boys came in and raped her. And one claimed that she was taken off, held at gunpoint, and raped twice. She finally admitted later that she'd spent the night at his apartment, voluntarily.

"The greatest number of sex offenders are those who are impotent, old, or senile -- men who indulge in sexual activities with children."

David Abrahamson

\*The following case history was taken from the files of the Anderson County Sheriff's office. The names remain unchanged. Special thanks should go to Chief of Detectives Larry F. Bracken and Sergeant James Cann for the help they gave in putting it together.





# Scuppernongs

by Lisa Marsh

## August 1

This journal has been dedicated to the immaculate attestation of several wretched mental impressions, a multitude of non-descript generalizations, and other sundry entities. Henceforth, with this commencement and the forewarning of ill occurrence that has predominated it, the author wishes those who attempt to peruse and comprehend this edifice of tentative ramblings *la bonne chance*. (You'll need it.)

## September 4

I feel so exultant that in one fleeting moment the breath of revelation could disappear only to reappear in the next. It would be a shame to write about it, though, because it would never be the same. Even thinking the idea would kill the essence. Revelation hides behind words, but never really shows its face again once written or thought about for fear it will be found out.

## September 16

Harold is the editor of the CHRONICLE that does not exist. Therefore, Harold is universal, truly a king. Harold does not know quite what to do with a freshman interested in writing for the Chronicle-that-does-not-exist. But he promises that he will find something. Can I handle it?

## September 30

Well, droogies, today is a good day. Not your ordinary foot powder and dust-ball day, but a clear day that caught my smelly washcloth mentality by a thread and flung it out of the hamper and into one of those cold rivers that walk the land about here.

This morning my clock fell out of my monkey's arms and proceeded on its way to a smashing success. Relative to yesterday and similar bygone days, today is Wednesday which is known in the vernacular of the common hoard as "hump-day." (Let me assure you that the implications are not those of humping on a specific day of the week, but rather are of the middle of the week.)

At any rate, this is still 1974 A.D., and I wonder to myself how we know this. Well, of course, I answer myself -- because we of the present say it is. But just wait...2000 years from now THEY won't care what we called out time. To THEM it will be called something else and will exist from some point in time more relatively important to them than the birth of Christ. It's all relative. (But, my droogies, we are a folk of such conflict!)

"Relative" (and I don't mean uncle, mother-in-law, or cousin) is a common word on campus these days. You hear it until you know, logically, that nothing exists in reality, or that, in fact, there is no such thing as reality. Everything is relative. Nothing is. But it could be this and this or that and that, depending on the way you look at it.

(The probability that either theory exists is the union of the probability that nothing exists in reality and the probability that there is no reality. Enumeration, technicality, and lack of relativity -- our greatest downfalls?)

Which brings me to my final conclusion: anybody for a sixty-cent Mr. Peanut Mechanical Pencil?



## October 2

Today Harold told me to write my journal as an assignment for the CHRONICLE. It sounds like an interesting idea. Yes. All right. I'll just keep doing what I always have done and will do -- I'll write up any idea that I happen to find interesting at the moment. (Usually that entails a vast amount of trivia and other ideas for some further literary attempt.) But what am I telling myself that for? You'd think I was planning on having this printed.

Your promises are as clear and empty as your eyes. What do you think I am? Your spring-time effort?

## October 12

It has been *si long* since I have last written. *Mais, Ca m'est egale*. My creativity has the awesome habit of running in tides. So does my Francophilic condition. *C'est la vie, n'est-ce pas?*

Wait a minute:

He looked out the window into the blanketing fog, wondering if the volcano was still there. It was, though, it could be perceived only vaguely under the fingers of a stifling mist. The creased folds of hardened lava stood out like buttresses against the resolute abbey of rock.

Brenton was a monk of this abbey, this fortress of the sea. His deep hollow eyes glared broodingly over the crashing waves. He hunched his shoulders in a draft of cool salty air that blew from the cracks around the window...

Eh? Tristan -- a quaint, isolated island in the middle of the most stormy ocean in the world. Benbury, seagulls, etc. -- combination for a good nature of character conflict -- now where's the story? It's lurking somewhere underneath that volcano -- or maybe just walking under it. I'll have to think about it.

## October 19

You know what I really like to see? I like to see the cooks singing into chicken legs to the beat of the jukebox in Harcombe... But my favorite fellow was this copacetic-type who, while dropping chili from both ends of his hot dog at once, sat supremely before four equally filled glasses of milk and kool-aid in alternate red and white intervals. We are, all of us, such order loving creatures (even if we don't do what the sign in the cafeteria says.)

## October 20

Today Harold told me that my journal was all right. "All right" is such a passive expression. What can I do to make my journal perfect, Harold? All right is ambiguous. I know that what is read from my journal can strike anyone any number of ways -- but it is genuine, it is a part of my thinking. So what of it? I never meant it to be published before the whole world, God, and everybody. All right, maybe I've got the assignment confused, but doesn't "allright" imply a missing ingredient? Am I a missing ingredient?

## October 25

She was in her "other" world again. One could always tell when she was in her other world, for her green eyes glazed and a strange inexorable light filtered through her features, a light that seemed dark in its outer incomprehensibility. She had been here a long time. She was here even before the old grey orderly had made his indistinguishable entrance into this institution that mocked his existence. Some thought she was hiding something. Her name was Lilith -- that was all we knew.

I watched her closely as she sat, bent over her thin hands. She fingered her wadded handkerchief as if it were a linen rosary, beads of perspiration dotting her forehead, her hands clapping and unclapping as if in a worried concentrated prayer. "No," she said. "Things might go wrong." Her last phrase ended in a small choke, as if she were afraid she might say too much.

Pressing her lips together deliberately, she whispered, "No. How can you say I am afraid when you know I understand the consequences." She raised her head, glaring through me, and suddenly, stood up, her hand placed in the airy palm of an

invisible confidante. "I must go." She walked slowly across the room and out the door, her arm akimbo, yet not resting on her hip. The air she retreated from sighed after her as if in some confounded regret.

I never saw her again, but her singularly charming morbidity impressed a tinge of greyness on my conscience. I heard the discussion leader say, in passing, that her insensitivity had brought her to her end. I could not believe that. Perhaps her sensitivity had withdrawn under a guise of pretended indifference...but, no, it had not left entirely.

Lilith -- her name was known, but she was not. I had wandered into her life just as inane as she had wandered out of my sight. And yet, this glimpse of her bruised soul haunted me. Why, Lilith?

Would you please stop eating my toadstools?

## October 30

I got the strangest impression that the elves were going to have a party. The dainty powder of fairies covered the earth in a thin haze. I looked up through the trees and saw the stars. That's all I could really see. But, wait -- I could see the top of the mist where the powder of fairy maiden vanity reached its peak. If I had sat on the top of the tallest tree on its tiniest twig, the earth would look like a cloudy sky upside down.

## November 13

The sky is blue and I feel like dancing in the sun. Light after darkness. I am beginning again to accomplish.

## Floor Level Dimension

You think you're really somethin', don't ya'  
Me -- bowin' -- beggin' before your feet  
You think you're really sumpin'  
Watch me grovel on the floor  
Dirty floor walkin' up my face  
See the broomstreaks  
Fallin' from my eyes  
Janitor's footsteps  
Echoing in my mind  
As you turn your back  
And just  
walk  
away

## November 17

Today Harold told me to change the format of my journal. He doesn't like it the way it is. A true journal is a rational thing -- especially when being presented to the public! There must be a continuous idea -- a theme amidst all the chaos. People cannot read if there is not a continuous idea. If they do not see the same name repeated more than once, they are not interested in what is written. All people are this way.

More than that, People like to read this continuous matter. That is what they are habituated to and that is all they will tolerate. That is why people read Jean-Paul Sartre and Robinson Crusoe. So the editor says.

## November 18

On some days I am backwards. I'm up when I should be asleep and asleep when I should be up. As a consequence of this physical reversal, my mind does a film wind-up, and I begin to wonder why there are no such things as backwards games -- the point of which would be to lose. Couldn't we turn around most of the games we play and by trying to lose, create another game? Everything has its opposite, it just takes time to switch things around.

Seriously, though, under this psychology, I decided that if everything was to be backwards, perhaps I could write a backwards story.

I recall, after seeing a particularly overweight American-type in the cafeteria the other day, one of the New York channels near Staten Island that I saw this summer. We had just passed a ship graveyard in the middle of the river. The tide was down and it was like someone fat pulling down their underwear -- we got a look at the embarrassing underside of America -- the waste skin, the adipose displacement of muscle, the scandalous displacement of nature...

#### November 7

The other day, while I was reluctantly thumbing through Thucydides, *The Peloponnesian War*, I came across a Pericles original: "Praise of other people is tolerable only up to a certain point, the point where one still believes that one could do oneself some of the things one is hearing about." You could almost change that word "tolerable" to "believable." Do we not often find ourselves doubting the genius of others because we cannot relate it to our own efforts? All of us humans are so self-centered. It's an obstacle to spiritual progress, methinks.

#### November 25

##### TAKE BACK

It was just me again. Me with tears falling up into my eyes against the windowpane and cold clear. The dog's bark began with the last reluctant effort, and I saw wet footprints on the sidewalk being soaked into the soles of mountain-brown shoes. The door slammed and opened somewhere while a sob of self-defeat emitted from somewhere deep within. Already I'm alone for what I've done. Moan ran into heart-felt scream down below. I could not bear the thought. The slam on the wall came, echoing first and then running, faintly up the steps. The door

opened with a buried brown figure on its fringes stepping backwards to face me and lift its crushed face with heart-blood in its eyes and on its kips "LUOY DOVEL I"

"DEVOL REVEN EW," swept back to my lips, soaked vibrations into tissue larnyx.

I was going to go through the whole deal and end with something like "we kissed and met," but I got caught up in the gradual withdrawal and folding back of character and time, and as all things begin in cells and tissues and larnyxes, so I ended.

#### November 30

Today Harold told me to hurry and finish all of the changes in my journal, because I am late for the typesetter. I do not want to hurry. I do not even want to finish. I do not want to bother my sleeping journal anymore. I have not changed a word yet. Exams are upon me. Cleaning bathrooms would be more profitable, particularly, from a literary point of view.

Journals are no fun anymore.

#### December 5

Today Harold told me that if I did not turn in my work, it would be all over. I am glad. So, today I did not bother my journal, I merely continued answering the phone in Russian. I am glad that things can merely be all over. It is a comfort to know that all things end.

Even my journal must end. Even me. Good-bye!

#### December 11

Today Harold told me to get lost.

#### December 12

I want to dive for sand; forget the pearls, what are they to me?

## GOEZON

### Virginia's Dilemma

*Sunday night when I left you,  
I could not sleep.  
My sheets were too warm, too cozy,  
Too lonely.  
In desperation I shut my eyes to make dreams.*

*I made a wall, a long winding stone wall  
That turned at the center toward its vanishing point.  
A nun, tall and menacing guarded its gate.  
She wore a black smile and a cross that read,  
"Give it to Jesus."*

*I took one step.  
She crossed her breast with a bloody, gleaming sword.  
Her face was a rabbit's;  
Her eyes a french whore's.  
She began to shrivel and shrieked,  
"Give it to Jesus. Give it all to Jesus!"  
I pressed my fists into my eyes  
And whirled from her.  
Waking, shaking in my own bed.*

Mitzi Shuler



# The Dangers of Whitewater Canoeing

GERRY

ROCKS



TUBERS



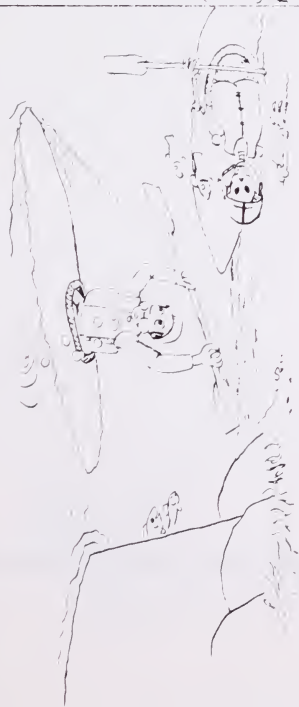
OTHER BOATERS



ROOKIES



BEING UNABLE TO RIGHT YOURSELF



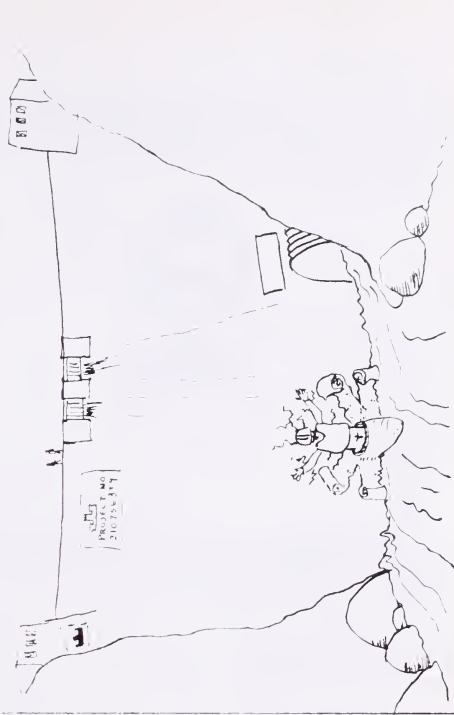
FISHER MEN



HILLBILLIES



U.S. ARMY CORPS OF ENGINEERS





(Breakfast cont.)

\$ Toward the end of the three hours, Eddie was laughing so hard, because of the way he'd frightened Rollout, that he nearly went into convulsions. Suddenly, he sprang up from his chair and jumped up onto his desktop.

This is a picture of his face during his fit of madness:



\$ When his laughter began to die down, his thoughts returned to the almost forgotten threat of student rioting. Immediately, the last vestige of his smile was replaced by a frown. Like this:



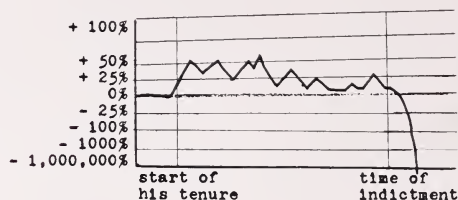
\$ The threat had arisen because the President of the Right Frisky Cereal Company had finally been indicted. He had been indicted because he had supposedly authorized five of his employees to burglarize the Sweaties Cereal Company. Now, Sweaties was Right Friskies main competition. And if the burglary had been carried off successfully, Right Frisky would have known Sweaties' future plans before they were implemented and could have devised successful counter plans. In other words, Frisky would have had an unfair advantage.

But like I said, they were caught in the act, and the President was forced to spend the next year or so trying to make everybody forget about what had happened. He tried to sweep it under the rug.

But it didn't work. Sweaties got madder 'n hell. They dug up every bit of dirt that was in a prayer's breath of being connected to the President.

Meanwhile, the world was crumbling around him. Public opinion for his office went from an all-time high to an all-time low.

Like this:



But in spite of the fall of public opinion, the President admirably continued to stand up to his opposition. No matter what new charges were leveled at him, he continued to maintain his innocence. Nor was he shaken when it became necessary for him to kick out some of his most trusted advisors. Not even when the Vice President, faced with charges of the misuse of Frisky funds, resigned under fire.

But finally in the cold of winter, after too many long gruelling months of collecting evidence, the President was brought to trial. And, surprisingly to some—and not so surprisingly to others—the prosecution began building an airtight case against him.

The nation was shocked. Businesses shut down temporarily; public schools closed for a day of mourning; and churches held special services to pray for the future of the country.

Up until this moment, no one had imagined how important Right Friskies were to the welfare of the nation.

\$ Faced with the impact of this national crisis, Ed Lord did what many other university presidents were doing. As soon as the verdict became inevitable, he scheduled an assembly of all ten thousand of his students, so that he could have a little chat with them and squelch their fears.

The meeting was held in Largetoilet Mausoleum, the biggest building on campus.

\$ That afternoon, when all of the students were assembled, he awarded them the opportunity of waiting twenty-five minutes past the appointed time, before he appeared. This was considered a necessary and proper procedure. It was another step in his program of student indoctrination. It was commonly used by all administrators. The purpose of it was to increase student respect for the administration.

It was believed that the higher a person's rank, the longer he was supposed to keep his audience waiting. President Ed Lord was the highest ranking official on campus, so he could keep the students waiting the longest.

Denver is the mile high city.

§ This is what he told them:

"My little sheep, I've called you here today to talk to you about a very important subject—the Frisky Crisis."

A sheep is an animal covered with wool. They are known for their timidity and defenselessness. They tend to follow a leader and to flock together. This is what one looks like:



"I know that many of you are upset. Well, you most certainly have a right to be. Tomorrow morning there will be no Right Friskies in the dining halls. Nor will there be the next morning. Nor the next. Nor the next. There may never be another box of Right Friskies anywhere."

At this point a loud murmur arose among the students. They were appalled by the Friskies shortage. It was a thing they would have been unable to dream of as little as two months before.

Lord held up his hands, attempting to stem the noise. But his gesture was ineffective. The students were even more upset that he might have guessed. The murmur rose in volume, then turned into a loud hiss intermingled with boos and shouts of obscenity.

"My sheep. My little lambs," Lord lulled gently. "There is no need of this

Consoled by the reassurances of their shepherd, the students quietened.

§ At this point, a very pretty female student stood up and raised her hand. This meant that she had something she wanted to discuss with Lord.

Lord stopped in mid-sentence, ran the back of his hand across his mouth, then his tongue around his lips. All of this was a clever ruse he used when he wanted to study one of his female students.

The one he was taking in now—with her big boobs, long corn-silk hair, and her big blue bedroom eyes—required a longer than normal period of study.

This is a picture of Lord studying the girl:



## Miss Nancy

Miss Nancy, Miss Nancy, where are you now,  
Still typing the letters that must be typed,  
Delivering the messages that teachers must see,  
Signing excuses for your returning admirers,  
Where are you now?

I can see you clicking your alligator shoes  
Up the dark, oil-polished pine floors,  
The clicks echoing and amplifying in the high ceilings  
of my ancient grammar school.  
You were so adult, big and looming, and  
So pretty.  
On your way, briskly and efficiently, to your destination.

What happened Miss Nancy?  
I grew older and bigger and looming myself, I suppose.  
Pretty Miss Nancy became  
Old Maid Miss Nancy  
With caked make-up covering acne scars and unhappy  
adolescence,  
and an overweight bottom from years of sitting and typing.  
Miss Nancy, Miss Nancy,  
What is happening to us all?

Ann Todd

§ After ten minutes of stilted silence, Lord finally began to notice his audience's restlessness. Then, realizing that someone might have noticed his preoccupation with the girl, he swept his eyes over the Mausoleum, searching for a means to help him avert such possible thoughts.

For once, fate was on Lord's side. At that time, a black man, carrying a mop and pail, was making his way across the floor in front of the stage. As the old fellow walked, the handle of the bucket clanked loudly against its side, making a disturbance that affected the whole Mausoleum.

This was the opportunity that Ed Lord was looking for. Pushing his mouth up to the erect microphone, he boomed down to the old man.

But just before that, the old fellow had sat down his bucket on the floor and had begun to mop that portion of the tile to the front and center of the stage.

"Ole man!" said Lord, "Take your ass out of here. Can't you see that I'm conducting a meeting?"

The old black tugged on the suspenders of his overalls, stuck a broomstick in his mouth, and propped up on his mop. "What you say?" he said, cupping one hand around an ear and aiming that ear at the stage.

"I said, GET OUT! I'm having a friendly little chat with my students."

"Talk to my bossman," the old man said. "According to him, I'm supposed to be here."

"GET OUT!"

"I ain't leaving till my boss tells me to. I ain't about to lose my job on account of some meeting." Ignoring Lord, he returned to his labors.

Lord exploded. "YOU'RE DISRUPTING MY—oh, what's the use." He motioned for his blue-coated minions to take care of the old fool.

§ He smiled, for he was very, very pleased with the students. They had actually helped him try to drive the old geezer off. During his conversation with the old fool, they had made hundreds and hundreds of paper airplanes and thrown them down at the old fellow.

And even though several of the paper machines had landed on the stage, and—oh—a couple of dozen had actually hit Himself, Lord felt assured of the honorable intentions of the students—his students.

§ As a dozen of his uniformed men drug off the now cussing old black, Ed turned his attention back to the girl.

He extended his hand toward her like a magic wand, and with a deft little flick of the wrist (which he'd spent many hours practicing before the mirror in his wife's bathroom), he granted her speak.

She braced herself at a rigid form of attention and said:

"My name is Pussflake, and I'm one of your loyal subjects."

She hesitated, resuming only when he nodded for her to proceed. For the first time, he noticed the tears flowing from her eyes and the almost valiant effort to restrain them.

"I want my Right Friskies," she said, crying ever more loudly. "As a condition of my enrollment here, you promised my mommy that I would be able to have Right Friskies every morning." At this point, she broke down completely and had to sit down.

Lord cleared his throat and spat it out on the stage. "I know how you feel, little Pussflake. I know how all of you feel. And I want to promise you that I—that we, the members of the administration—will do everything possible to remedy the situation. I assure, we'll do something—even if it means

switching to Sweaties."

"BOO!" the student body shouted. Then rising to its feet, it said: "WE DON'T WANT SWEATIES. WE WANT RIGHT FRISKIES!"

## Denver is the mile high city

i cannot say i am afraid

i cannot say i am afraid  
for only men of courage know  
and i am not a brave man  
perhaps they'll say i was sane  
in some epoch of fantasy  
where the vain and bosomed lie  
in concrete bunkers of virgin soil  
where smoldering mushrooms spice the air  
and silent snails leave only shiney ways

i cannot say i am afraid  
for only men of courage know  
and i am not a brave man  
perhaps they'll say i was scared  
in some epoch of fantasy  
where hearts are warmed by the sun  
in yellow fields of sweetheart roses  
where tears are caught by calloused hands  
and returned to swollen tho living lips

The chant went on and on:

"WE DON'T WANT SWEATIES. WE WANT RIGHT FRISKIES!"

But finally Lord was able to cow them down once again.

§ Little Pussflake rose again. "You lied to my mama. I'm going to call her and tell her!" Tears began rolling down her cheeks as thickly as before.

"See me after the meeting," Lord said.

Happiness replaced Pussflake's sorrow, and a lecherous smile spread over her face. "Yes sir!"

§ Lord held another meeting with the student body on the following day. This is what he told it:

"The President of the Right Frisky Cereal Company announced his resignation last night, and his successor was sworn in this morning."

A round of applause began.

"The new President promised us a speedy return to normalcy. He said that the company will work around the clock seven days a week to get Right Friskies back on the table."

A sustained barrage of shouts and cheers flooded the Mausoleum.

"HUP HUP HOORAY!" the students shouted. "HUP HUP HOORAY!"

§ Lord stood watching them as they filed out. He was happy, because they were happy. In fact, he could not remember having ever been happier.

"My sheep," he murmured to himself. "My little sheep. And my school."

Suddenly, the crowd of leaving students froze.

Unable to understand what was going on, he stood looking at them, his mouth agape.

"What . . . What happened?" he finally managed to say.

i cannot say i am afraid  
for only men of courage know  
and i am not a brave man  
perhaps they'll say i was stoned  
in some epoch of fantasy  
where the children and dogs never die  
in green houses of the weeping willow tree  
where laughter and spitballs thrive  
and sleep be the hardest task

i cannot say i am afraid  
for only men of courage know  
and i am not a brave man  
perhaps they'll say i was shy  
in some epoch of fantasy  
where men and women never promise  
in silken sheets that be loves only embrace  
where midnight giggles and sweet incense last  
and the coffee is never cold

Harry Ethan Johnson

"It was I," I said, materializing on the stage behind him. Startled, he whirled around to face me. "Who are you?" he asked, after he'd had a moment to study me.

"Come now, Eddie. Surely you know."

"You seem familiar. But, I'm not sure . . ."

"I'm your creator. I'm the author of this piece."

I knew that he was completely astonished, yet he didn't show it. His ability to retain his composure reminded me of my father.

"What're you doing here?" he asked.

"Can't you guess?"

He frowned.

"I've begun to see you as you really are. You've been corrupted by power.

"Here, let me show you what I mean." I snapped my fingers, and we were instantly transported to Blowman Field before Stillman Hall.

"This is what you've become," I told him, pointing toward Stillman.

Here is what he saw:



"But you can't be serious!"

I nodded. "I'm afraid so.

"I've come here to set the students free. You've come to believe that they belong to you and that you can do with them just as you please. Unfortunately, they're beginning to believe it. So I'm setting them free, and they can learn to do and to think for themselves.

"You're free too. Now you can do all the things you've been wanting to do all your life but have been unable to do because of the demands of your job."

Tears came to his eyes. "There is one thing: I want to buy a little plot on the lake, build myself a cabin, catch up on all the fishing I've missed out on through the years, and . . . But my students?"

"Don't worry," I said, putting my hand on his shoulder to console him. "They'll be all right."

"Thank you."

\$ I took his hand and shook it, bidding him farewell, and when he looked up at me, he had my father's face.

"I'm a student myself, sir," I told him, having a strong desire to justify myself, "and by doing this, by setting my literary characters at liberty, I'm freeing myself as well—I am, so to speak, renewing myself, so that I can go on to other and better things."

"Is there nothing I can say that will make you change your mind?"

I was adamant. "Nothing."

"Go on now," I said, shaking his hand again. "Go build your cabin."

\$ He started walking away, went several feet, then stopped, turned, and said: "There is one last request."

"Yes?"

"Make me young again. Make me and all the friends I've aged with young again."

# AND SO ON

Denver is the mile high city.

## Crossing the Georgia Line

*I nightly board the train  
And leave my face behind.  
The beat of these hoofs,  
The surge of this power,  
Is alien.  
A tin horse  
That gallops through orchards  
Like a Brillo pad through pansies  
Never stopping for a peach.*

David Roberts



## For Jane Fonda

I saw your picture in a magazine  
the other day, dear Jane  
of when you gave a speech  
at my university.

But that was several years ago  
when I was still a boy  
in high school.  
But now that I'm a man  
in my university  
I think it would be nice  
if you came back again  
to speak.

And maybe after your speech  
you could drop by  
to see me.  
We could smoke marijuana  
and you could tell me about  
our terrible deeds in that horrid war  
and of those poor mistreated people  
in North Vietnam.  
And then we could ball.

And after we've eaten a simple meal  
of wild rice and various cheeses  
(and oysters for me)  
we could sit out in the  
brisk October nite air  
and sip tequila (to keep warm)  
and we could look up at the stars  
while you tell me about  
your childhood and  
what it was like to grow up  
with Henry Fonda for a father  
and then maybe we could  
ball some more.

Mike Strickland

## Kampus Killer Kit

Tired of that same old campus? Tired  
of raking leaves and mowing grass?  
Tired of that same old aesthetic charm?  
Well the Planning Committee has heard  
your screams of dismay and has come  
up with a solution. Now, for the first  
time, you can do something on your own  
with this Kampus Killer Kit. Dispose of  
those unsightly trees. Get rid of that  
annoying grass. Give your campus a  
new, more modern look. For the  
fantastically low price of \$19.95 you get  
all this:

- 5 lots Putrid-Pink brick
- 1 bag of Quick-Dry Qampus Cement
- 1 Bark-Buster axe
- 1 Tree-Tearer Chainsaw
- 5 lots of Campus-Cover Cement Blocks
- 1 Ground-Grinder bulldozer
- 1 box Buddhist-Brand matches and
- 1 gallon Fast-Flame Pyromaniac
- Petrol (if all else fails)

Order now and be the first one on your  
hall to ignite an oak.

(Batman Cont.)

lot of people down there...of course, obviously, any  
generalization doesn't work for all of them...but, a lot of  
them have very little idea about the responsibility of  
their own behavior. It's never been trained into them.  
They've never been taught that: You are responsible  
for what you do. And they may have heard the phrase,  
they may have had someone shake their finger at them  
and say: You are responsible. But it's just not part of  
their life style. Responsibility is not part of their life  
style, and that's another thing we're trying to change.  
Moralizing about "Stealing is wrong," they would  
throw that out the window.

CHRONICLE: Do you think that it's something  
inherent in their personality?

BATMAN: No. It's generally the life situation they  
came from. One thing I'm sure of: I could be in prison  
just as easily as anyone else.

CHRONICLE: That was my next question: could  
anyone be in prison?

BATMAN: Sure. I was just luckier; I ran into  
something about responsibility somewhere along the  
line. They haven't learned it yet.

CHRONICLE: Have you ever been in trouble with the  
police? Campus police?

BATMAN: No.

CHRONICLE: Do you find that unusual? Lucky?

BATMAN: I don't know about unusual. Really just  
lucky, I guess.

CHRONICLE: What form of politics do you lean  
toward? Are you Marxist, socialist, libertarian?

BATMAN: I'm not really sure I've ever defined my  
political views. I lean to the left, I know that. Whatever  
the left means. My political views are more or less  
transient. Whatever achieves what I think is right at  
the moment.

CHRONICLE: Do you feel that the end justifies the  
means?

BATMAN: Not necessarily that. I don't continually  
lean to the left if a policy is wrong. I won't react just on  
that level. I suppose I lean toward (it would probably  
be toward) Marxism. I have a great deal of difficulty  
standing in any one particular position. I think it's  
absurd. Anything that makes me start saying, "Well, I  
adopt the position of Marxism," or "I adopt the position  
of conservatism," or socialism, or anything like that,  
that's excluded the possibility of any other position.

CHRONICLE: You're saying you're not a party  
liner?

BATMAN: I would say that generally I lean towards  
the Left, whatever that means.

*I had to agree silently: Whatever that  
means. I asked George Batman what he did in  
his spare time.*

BATMAN: I don't know; for the last few years, I  
haven't had any.

*I agreed with that, too. After considering all  
that we had talked about, I came to the  
conclusion that George was a mighty busy  
person.*

*I thanked George for the interview, asking  
him if he had any last words.*

BATMAN: Yes. Anything that I said that was  
inconsistent or illogical, it was supposed to be!



Local gun merchant.

An informer and the eye-witness, who knew them, connected them with the crime. They did admit in court to planning the robbery and the killing of the cab driver. Earlier in the day on April 22, they had driven out the route in Jackson's car from the telephone they would use to the scene of the murder on Plantation Road. "This will be a good place to kill him," Butler had told Jackson.

Who pulled the trigger is still a matter of controversy, although it was determined that the bullet came from the back seat, and the eye witness stated that Butler had got into the back. But Butler claims that it was Jackson who actually shot the cab driver, and Jackson claims that it was Butler. In the eyes of the court it was not necessary to determine who the murderer was, for both men were equally guilty since they had conspired to commit the crime. Yet, they are using this as a basis for a request for an appeal.

(Jackson came from a good middle class family, though he does have a juvenile record. While in the Army, Butler served time in Ft. Leavenworth for stealing a pistol.)

"You don't study them and say what makes them criminals; you've got to live with them to find out."

Lt. Randall Stewart  
Records, Identification and  
Road Control Supervisor of the  
Pickens County Sheriff's Dept.

## ARMED ROBBERY

The above case was just one of the 25 cases of robbery in Anderson County in 1974, compared to 20 during the previous year. The City of Anderson reported 16 for 1974, an increase of 6 over 1973. Greenville County reported 170 in 1973 and 233 in 1974, while the City of Greenville had 246 and 282 respectively. The only figures available for 1973 from the Oconee Sheriff's Department was for the last six months of the year, during which period of time one robbery was reported. Five occurred in 1974. In Pickens County there were six during each year.

According to Greenville County Sheriff Cash Williams, drugs are one of the main contributory factors for the increase in robbery (and Breaking and Entering, as well). "A habit is expensive," he said, "and the money has to come from somewhere."

"The people who have the monkey on their back can seldom hold down a job. They could have graduated from college with the best GPR possible, but if they're freaked out on drugs, they don't have the desire to work."

\*Special thanks should go to Sheriff Edwin Puett and the Sheriff's Department of Towns County, Georgia for supplying many of the details in the following account. The names remain unchanged.

"John Wayne is one of the few people left who can win the person he's shooting at."

"We train out people -- and so does the FBI -- when you pull that gun, shoot to kill. But we train them never to pull it unless it's absolutely necessary."

Captain Gasque  
SLED

Most drugs come into South Carolina through Charlotte or Atlanta. According to Lieutenant Cate of SLED, "The Vietnam War did most to open up the drug routes."

Captain J. Leon Gasque of SLED HQs in Columbia told us that all economy oriented crimes are on the increase. The present rate of crimes and conditions causing crime parallels that of the Thirties.

"Armed robbery, arson, and other crimes related to the economy are on the increase," he said.

Another contributory cause is population intensification. "Throughout history as areas urbanize crime increases," Gasque said. "Large cities allow people to hide themselves -- you see the item you want and you go after it."

## THE SLAYING OF SHERIFF JAY CHASTAIN

2:10 a.m., Sunday, 8 December 1974

The patrol car in which Towns County Sheriff Jay Chastain and Deputy Rudy Eller were riding had been trailing along behind a red Pontiac for a short period of time, when at the Intersection of U.S. Highway 76 and State Highway 28 east of Hiwassee, Georgia, they pulled the car over.\*

As Chastain got out of the patrol car, he had no premonition of what was about to happen. It was just another routine check.

While Eller went up to the driver of the Pontiac, Ernest Harold Hollifield, age 36, and asked to see his license, the Sheriff followed standard operating procedure and stood to the rear of the Pontiac.

When he had looked at the license, Eller told Hollifield that he was under arrest for driving under the influence of alcohol and for him to get out of the car.

"When Eller got Hollifield out of the car, he saw a lot of stuff in the car and he nodded for Jay to come up," Sheriff Puett (who replaced Chastain as Sheriff) told us.

As Eller escorted Hollifield to the patrol car, Chastain walked up to the left side of the car and looked inside. One of the things he saw was a case of wine sitting on the front seat beside the passenger, Roy Lockaby, 42, of Hiwassee.

"Hello, Roy. How you doing?" he said.

A sudden burst of gunfire was his answer. Lockaby fired three times with a .38 caliber pistol, and Sheriff Chastain fell to the ground.

Sheriff Chastain



In the meantime, Eller had already placed Hollifield in the back of the patrol car, and when he heard the shots, he got down behind the car. Lockaby remained in the Pontiac and fired at Eller while Eller waited for the help he had radioed for to arrive. When deputies from nearby Towns and Union Counties arrived on the scene, after warning Lockaby to get out of the car and give himself up, they opened fire with a .45 semi-automatic rifle, a .357 magnum revolver, and a .38 caliber revolver, striking Lockaby numerous times.

Sheriff Chastain was dead when they got him to the Towns County Hospital two miles away. Lockaby had been shot to death also. Hollifield, who had remained in the back of the patrol car during the shootout, was carried to the Towns and Union County jail and charged with murder.

According to D.V. Stockton, District Attorney for the judicial circuit in which Towns County is located, when two or more conspire to commit a crime, the act of one is the act of the other. He also said that Hollifield "did have knowledge that Lockaby had the gun."

Hollifield is also charged with two counts of burglary. The trunk of the Pontiac was loaded with goods with had been stolen in recent robberies. Stockton indicated that the two men had apparently just completed robbery of the Lake View Grocery and Package Store on the shores of Bell Creek five-and-a-half miles from the scene of the shootout. Their car contained cases of beer and wine, cigarettes, anti-freeze, and several other items.

Hollifield is now in the Towns and Union County jail awaiting trial.

(Both Hollifield and Lockaby worked as merchant marines in Michigan. Both were natives of the area and had returned to visit with relatives. They had been in the area an undetermined period of time.)

Lake View Grocery, Hawassee, Ga



#### THE KILLING OF LAW ENFORCEMENT OFFICERS

In 1973, the latest year for which the complete figures were available, "a total of 131, local, county, and state law enforcement officers were feloniously killed in the U.S. and Puerto Rico." This was an increase of 17 over the previous year. One hundred twenty-four were committed with firearms, 90 with handguns. The city with the most was New York City with 5; the state with the most was California with 17; and the region with the most was the South with 60 -- 45.8 percent of the nation's total. South Carolina had a total of four. The last one to have occurred in this area was 31 January 1974, in the City of Greenville when Lt. Frank Looper III of the Greenville County Sheriff's Department was shot and critically wounded. He died the next day.

The main reason for including a section on the killing of law enforcement officers is that it is a crime not necessarily perpetrated against an individual, but one which is directed against society as a whole in that law enforcement agents,

"I've just returned from a symposium on crime in Norway, and they're having the same problems as we are with violence."

William D. Leeke  
Director of the S.C. Dept. of Corrections

representatives of society, are generally carrying out the wishes of that society. Thus, the felonious killing of one of them is one of our most serious crime-symptoms.

An increase, taken in consideration with other factors, may indicate a growing general disaffection with the entire social system by particular groups and types of individuals. By study and observation of the offenders and their backgrounds, social and psychiatric programs can be instigated and directed against the causal conditions in order to reduce or eliminate them.

#### SYNTHESIS

The objective of this article has been to provide you with a true-to-life portrait of what violent crime is like in the area in which you live (or spend a large amount of your time) -- this area. Often the facts have been blunt, the account insensitive. But there will be no apologies from us if this type of thing happens to offend you, for this is what the situation is like. If you're one of the ones who normally look the other way when confronted with a similar situation (even though it may only be a news account or a second-hand account), then you should be beginning to realize by now that it will not disappear if you refuse to look at it. It will only get worse. And who knows how close to home it may one day strike?

Crime is a problem for society and the individual to solve -- not one for the police. (They are only, so to speak, our garbage collectors -- they go out and pick up the garbage society spits out into the streets.) If the problem is to be solved, it must be met head-on by everyone, which means that each of us must take an active interest in it and try to understand its causes (beginning with studies such as this one). Once we have done that, we can begin to work out psychological and sociological programs of correction, such as strengthening and adjusting the present welfare program, eliminating over-crowded low-rent districts and building better housing facilities for the people who live in them. This article is the first step. The second is yours.

#### REFERENCES

- <sup>1</sup> David Abrahamsen, *The Psychology of Crime* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1960), p. 183.
- <sup>2</sup> President's Commission, *Challenge of Crime in a Free Society*, pp. 44-45.
- Abrahamsen, p. 180.
- <sup>4</sup> Ibid, p. 180.
- <sup>5</sup> Ibid, p. 181.
- <sup>6</sup> Ibid, p. 182-183.
- <sup>7</sup> Paul H. Gebhard, John H. Gagnon, Wardell B. Pomeroy, and Cornelia V. Christenson, *Sex Offenders* (New York: Harper and Row, 1965), p. 108.
- <sup>8</sup> Abrahamsen, pp. 157-158.



# Lake View Steak House

## For your dining pleasure



## 123 By-Pass Seneca, S.C.

HASSLE is a fantastic new game from the Chronicle. End hours of boredom studying and going to school and have hours of fun and games playing HASSLE. Both resident and commuter students move around the board under the watchful eye of the police. Players collect witnesses, special privileges, and land on one of four "action areas": downtown, parking lots, sidewalks, and administrative centers. Students can attempt to pull off felonies and misdemeanors while the cops try for the bust, or just plain hassle a bystander. There is never a dull moment playing HASSLE. If you're the students, you can use your "IPTAY" card to keep the fuzz away or get stuck with the "long hair" card and watch witnesses vanish before your eyes. Play the "mob" card if you're hassled and watch the crowd gather, or watch in horror as your opponent counteracts the "mob" card with the "national guard" card and all four students get killed. Hours of fun for everyone. Game comes complete with: four student pieces, two law enforcement pieces, witness cards, special cards, colorful game board, and a complete set of rules. Clip out the coupon and send it to the Chronicle, 7th level, Johnston Hall, Clemson University

I'm tired of being bored. Send me \_\_\_\_\_ HASSLE games at \$21.95 each.

Total enclosed \_\_\_\_\_ (please add 25¢ for handling)

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Street or route \_\_\_\_\_

city \_\_\_\_\_

state \_\_\_\_\_

zip \_\_\_\_\_



Katherine's Kitchen of Anderson

P.O. Box 1071

Intersection of I-85 & US 76

Anderson, S.C.

Phone (803) 225-7900





# Sid Hodges

## Chevrolet - Pontiac Inc.

Main St. Walhalla 638—3606

### SID DID IT AGAIN:

He is on a big big giveaway  
For you & yours: a new black & white portable T.V.  
& dinner for 2 at the all new  
Sernos Villa, Oconee Sq., Seneca.  
(Limit 1 Giveaway per purchase;  
With a copy of This ad.)  
You can be sure of lowest prices & quality service.



**Stan Philips**

**Tommy Gillespie**

**Sid Hodges**

**Welcome new car & truck purchases**

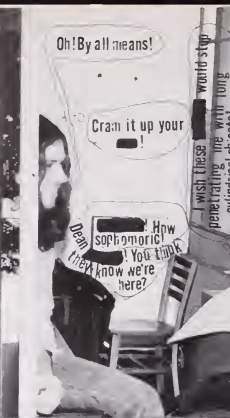
Service center staffed with factory trained technicians 24-hr. wrecker service

AUG 19 1975

# CHRONICLE

SPRING 1975





Photography by Glenn Bates



CONTENTS

Front Cover		Jack Blake	
The Simian in the Wheatfield	Fiction	Phil Porter	6
A Romance of Western Pennsylvania	Poetry	David Roberts	7
Dan Brown: Works in Progress	Feature	Al Willis	8
Implications of the Recently Discovered Cherokee Ceremonial Spoon	Feature	Gordon Howard & Paul B. Hamel	11
Postlude	Poetry	Malcolm Cook	12
A Visit With My Ophthalmic Surgeon	Humor	David Roberts	13
Fatal Choices	Fiction	Ron McCall	14
Fishing	Feature	Alan Rogers & Pam Isacks	16
Faces of War	Feature	Harold Lee	20
Last Birthday	Poetry	Mike Strickland	22
For Cynthia	Poetry	Kevin E. House	22
Ship of Fools	Poetry	Ed Wilson	22
Clemson's Neanderthal Man	Humor	Gerald Wallace	23
Satisfactory Daughter	Fiction	Lisa Marsh	27
Old Men in Charleston	Poetry	Harry Ethan Johnson	28
Gallery	Art		29
Margaret Burbidge	Feature	Kathy Hyatt Ruth Wilson Marchel Barefield Prof. C. R. Sturch	38
Yuletide Nocturnal Suburbia	Poetry	Robert Hooker	39
Pendleton Photo Club	Feature	Pam Isacks	41
First Exercise	Poetry	Al Willis	46
Back Cover		Harold Lee	

The *Chronicle* is the official student variety magazine of Clemson University. Address all submissions and correspondence to the *Chronicle*, 7th level, Johnstone Hall, Clemson University, Clemson, S.C. 29632. Student subscriptions are paid through student activities fee. Other subscription rates: U.S. and possessions, \$3.00 per year; Canada and other foreign areas, \$5.00 per year. Entered as second class mail at Clemson, S.C. The opinions expressed do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, the administration, or anybody else, other than the person who wrote it. The editor assumes responsibility for opinions expressed in the *Chronicle*, if there are any worth taking responsibility for.

**Editor-In-Chief:**  
**HAROLD LEE**

**Managing Editor:**  
**DAVID ROBERTS**

**Producer:**  
**RON MCCALL**

**Fiction Editor:**  
**MIKE STRICKLAND**

**Features Editor:**  
**ALAN ROGERS**

**Art Director:**  
**GERALD WALLACE**

**Director of Photography:**  
**PAM ISACKS**

**Designer:**  
**HAL PRIDGEN**

**Ad Manager:**  
**HOWARD BOWLES**

**Business Manager:**  
**SHARON SHREVE**

**Advisor:**  
**MARK STEADMAN**

**ASSOCIATE EDITORS:**

Lisa Marsh  
Drew Smith  
Al Willis  
Jack Blake  
Bob McCall  
Ed Wilson  
Glenn Bates  
Diane Dickerson  
Pam Holloway  
Robert Hooker



# The Editor's Page

This issue is the last production of this particular staff. By the time you're reading it the new editor-in-chief shall already have taken over and shall have started planning next year's calendar.

In retrospect, the year has been an interesting one, to say the least. At its beginning, we had no money, no offices, no apparent future — just a handful of dedicated members with a gleam of what could be in their eyes — and with an unshakeable tenacity they organized, pleaded with members of the student body, student government, and the administration, and in the end got their hopes realized. At this juncture, I extend my thanks to them — a small token for so large an accomplishment. And to them all I dedicate this issue — for without any one of them, the magazine would have sunk into oblivion. In the face of what they have gone through they are true gladiators.

Not only has the Clemson year seen the rebirth of the *Chronicle*, but it has also seen the effects of what a football mastermind such as Red Parker can do to a smoldering football team. On the newly named Frank Howard Field, our team went undefeated, sporting the finest season in recent Clemson history — a fitting gift to all the graduating seniors — and as I speak (I'm sure I speak for the rest of the seniors), it's a memory I can look back on during the succeeding years and speak of with pride.

As for the soccer team, what can you say, they're great every year and this one was no exception. The basketball team experienced a mid-season resurgence, giving us one of *their* finest seasons in recent Clemson history.

There are so many other organizations and things to be appreciative of that it's impossible to mention them all here in so short a space: there was an excellent *Tiger Staff*, led by editor Nancy Jacobs, which put out an outstanding college newspaper; there was a progressive radio station; and there was Reggie Brantley, all one could ask for in a Student President.

To each of these and to the student body as a whole I take this opportunity to congratulate you for a fine 1974-75 year.

Before you get all soggy-eyed, I'd better change the pace and shift the attention to the contents of this specific issue. First of all, we have undergone a change of format — as you can readily see. It is our desire to produce a

magazine that will entertain and stimulate you intellectually, while at the same time, giving those students with artistic merit, a median for expression. That is the basis upon which this issue has been designed. Secondly, a rift between two opposing factions of creative students, with different temperaments and concepts of the correct way of artistic expression, has somewhat been healed. Consequently, new members have been added to the staff; and the magazine is the beneficiary.

Particulars: our lead story "Simian in the Wheatfield," by **Phil Porter**, is a parody of Henry James' "The Beast in the Jungle." The first feature by **Al Willis** is an excellent study of the works in progress of a Clemson student — **Dan Brown**, a painter who has already captured several first place prizes. Next, writer **Alan Rogers** and photographer **Pam Isacks**, combine talents to produce an insightful look into the psychology of one of South Carolina's commercial fishermen. What are the lifestyles and mindsets of these men? It's an interesting question, and for the answer, read "Fishing Pawley's Island."

Our second short story, by Producer **Ron McCall**, draws upon the author's naval experience in the Aleutian Islands. For an exciting adventure read "Fatal Choices."

During the spring holidays, Managing Editor **David Roberts** visited his eye doctor for an examination, which experience he relates in the feature "A Visit With My Ophthalmic Surgeon." If you're into psychology, you're in for a treat as David candidly reveals his mental workings.

There are several other interesting pieces which I will only mention briefly: A piece about my experience in Vietnam; **Lisa Marsh's** short story; a *Chronicle* interview with Margaret Burbidge, one of the world's leading female astronomers; and a representative selection of a recent convention of the Pendleton Photo Club, one of the top photo clubs in the country. A new addition, this year at least, is the *Art Gallery*, which presents some of Clemson's finest student talent. Also, there is a comic strip by a very funny person, **Gerald Wallace**, and a large variety of poems on many different subject.

Again, before parting, I would like to extend my appreciation to all the staff members, who have put in a lot of long hours and hard work to produce the two issues of this year's *Chronicle*.



NOTHING  
BEATS-A-PIZZA FROM  
CHANELO'S

# CHANELO'S

**Pizza & Spagetti  
House**

DIAL 654-6990

**DINE-IN**

**CARRY-OUT**

**DELIVERY**

107 College Avenue  
Clemson, S. C.

HOURS

Sunday thru Thursday  
Friday and Saturday

11:30 AM to 11:15 PM  
11:30 AM to 11:25 PM

# BRUSHED DENIM LEISURE SUIT

AT OWEN RUSSELL NOW  
IN WESTERN FLAIR

**\$29<sup>99</sup>**

Come in OWEN RUSSELL today,  
for the best selection of leisure suits,  
if a more casual look suits you, try  
this brushed denim suit that will be  
perfect. S, m, l, and xl. Western  
shirts that coordinate at \$10.88.



2718 N. Main St. 224-6575 Bank Cards

## *Belvedere Camera Shop*

BELVEDERE PLAZA  
ANDERSON, SOUTH CAROLINA 29621  
PHONE 226-2422

### Anderson's Largest & Most Convenient

Vivitar Headquarters for  
Electric Flash, Enlargers, Filters,  
Tripods, Gadget bags

Kodak-Pentax-Konica Polaroid  
Yashica — Bell & Howell

Special Discount to Clemson  
Students on Presentation of 10 Card.

Expert Camera Repair Service

Hrs. Mon. Tues. Wed. 9-5:30  
Thurs. Fri. Sat. 9-9

## YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT

visit

## GENERAL NUTRITION CENTER

**Anderson Mall  
Anderson, SC**

*We are the only Health Food &  
Vitamin outlet in this area  
carrying an extensive line of  
natural foods — without pre-  
servatives — as well as Hoff-  
man Hi-Protein Products*

Dannon Yogurt — 32c all flavours

Vitamin E — 100 IU — 79c 100 caps



## The Simian in the Wheatfield

fiction by

Phil Porter

What was it that guided their chance encounter in their milling about among old acquaintances that he forgot; in the midst of dangling conversation and superficial sighs, (the borders of their lives)? Their eyes were averted as they mingled through the sea of faces in the old gymnasium of Weatherhead, where small huddles of conversation met and dispersed around the A<sup>+</sup> finger paintings. The PTA meeting had captured John Birscher in an endless onslaught of tiresome faces and bodies, indeed, in a swoon of boredom until, of course, he had seen her. Her face was fleetingly familiar, it sent ripples of half recognition through his orange inundated mind. Yet he failed at recognition; he could never remember faces.

They lingered at a study in red as the huddle of nonentities moved on to another painting. She let the huddle

interpret the next painting for themselves, perhaps with some help from the artist's respective mother. As for her, her face was flushed and alive with the sheer impossibility of their meeting again. Birscher was the first to speak.

"I met you eight years ago at the Bear Cages in the Grand Tetons."

She smiled knowingly, apologetically.

"I'm afraid not. It was a week and a half ago in a snow storm at the Parthenon. You tried to light my cigarette but the snow kept putting it out."

"Oh yes, I remember now. Wasn't it the true picture of the wasteland? There we were at the ruins of an ancient culture, so long ago and far away; the snow was falling so hard it set your cheeks aflame. You couldn't keep your lighter aflame to light your Virginia Slims, and for that matter,

neither could I. It was all impossibly romantic. And one hell of a mess. As I recall you were working on a dig with your granduncle Popadopolis and were staying at the Eurilutzidos' at the time. I was on leave from the Navy and was staying with an old friend of the family by the name of Aristotle Phenobarbitol. Yes, I remember now."

Again she smiled sympathetically.

"I'm afraid not. I was on leave from the Navy, and was staying with my godmother, Aristotelis Phenobarbitol. You were working with your best friends, the Eurilutzidos, gathering Neolithic stone fragments. You were staying with Dr. Popadopolis, who happens to be a 'mutual friend' of ours."

Birscher fidgeted uneasily, delicately swishing his Hi-C orange and the rather superficially curious ice cubes in his Dixie cup.

"At least you remembered the names," she said at last.

"I like to fancy that I always remember names. It's rather curious that I'm so inept at faces and events."

"Do you remember my name?" she asked softly.

"Wait . . . I know it . . . of course, you are Dr. Mayella Bfestsxzckski-Smythe. Yes, I always remember names."

"Correct, quite correct," she smiled.

"And if you are Mayella Bfestsxzckski-Smythe, you are Dr. Popadopolis' psychoanalytic colleague, with whom he confers on all of his cases (illegally of course)."

"Quite so."

"Then you must know . . ."

"Yes . . ."

Birscher looked around the gymnasium to make sure no one was within hearing range.

"I must be sure . . . you must tell me."

Birscher had, since his early adulthood, had a premonition. It was a premonition of doom, darker than any sea dingle, a vision of something strange, prodigious, and terrible. It was something overwhelming that would *happen to him*; the premonition haunted him from the deepest reaches of his consciousness, mysterious and enigmatic and nearly always taking the form of a large hairy gorilla in a wheatfield laying wait to pounce on him and beat him mercilessly with a large red

wiffle ball bat.

"Does 'monkeying around in a wheatfield' strike a familiar note?" asked Mayella.

"Oh . . . what an ass I was to have ever told Popadopolis!"

"Yes, we discussed your case. The wheatfield is a subconscious sea of fertility and gorillas are predominantly black, and you really don't have to be Fellini to figure out the wiffle ball bat. A clear case of white penis envy which may soon manifest itself in a mindless act of violence against a Negro, or any of a hundred erratic acts, probably quite self-destructive," said Mayella clinically. "Oh, please—I wouldn't want you to feel embarrassed, I've seen hundreds of cases like this. Perhaps I can help you."

"How? What can I do? I'll do anything . . . anything."

"Oh, my . . . I'm afraid I cannot tell you."

"But why not?"

"It's quite simple. But . . . alas," she sighed.

"But alas?"

"You see, I cannot simply tell you what to do . . . just as I cannot give you a pill to make your gorilla go away. The answer lies deep within you and, at present, faraway and beyond your control."

"I see."

"Are you scared?"

"Damn straight!" he said.

Two hours and several drinks later he reluctantly took leave of her at the door of her office-apartment.

He left disappointed that night. And yet he felt relieved to have someone with whom he could share his burden. Perhaps she was laughing at him through that cold glimmer and strange beauty that was her eyes. But at least she had not openly guffawed, as had all of the other doctors when he had told them his story. Birscher found himself looking for excuses to meet her, to take her to lunch or spend idle moments just walking through the playground with her in the weeks and months that followed.

He wondered why she had quit practicing psychiatry to teach a class of the second grade at Weatherhead. It dawned on him, much to his amazement and delight, that the reason was he himself; his unique problem, as well as his genuine appeal, (which was not to be scoffed at, he imagined) had caused a rather attractive and totally professional lady to occupy herself

primarily with him.

"You must stay with me," he told her one evening over a cold Minute Maid. "You must help me see this through, whatever the outcome. I feel this portent closing in all around me. I feel so vulnerable and exposed . . ."

"We will watch for this gorilla together, however the gorilla may manifest itself," said Mayella tenderly.

"Do you think you might want to come up and watch with me in my apartment?"

"Not a chance."

The years went by. Throughout these years they had been seeing each other frequently. Birscher lived in constant fear that some word, some phrase on her part, might be the key to his realization of the gorilla, indeed, the very falling piano of his fate. He spent long evenings with her, questioning her, and yet she seemed content to study him at a distance.

"It seems so unfair that you can't just tell me, or show me," he said. "Oh . . . you must think that I'm quite simply bereft of my senses."

"Don't worry about it," she said.

"But when? . . . When will it happen?"

"You must hope now that nothing will ever take place."

"That nothing will take place," he echoed.

"That nothing will take place," she repeated.

"Perhaps . . . Perhaps it need not,

not if you stay in the city."

That night he felt more confused than ever. The following evening he learned from Mayella's housekeeper that she was ill, that she was in fact dying of Bengi fever that she had contracted from one of her second graders, and that the fever was complicated by a mysterious recurring skin itch she had caught at the Bear Cages in the Grand Tetons. He was allowed in only with a surgical mask, and he spoke to her softly in between moments of delirium and fits of scratching. After a few minutes the nurse told him he would have to leave.

She passed away in the night. Two days later he attended her austere funeral with Dr. Popadopolis and Mrs. Phenobarbitol, and he left with a deep feeling of emptiness and a foreboding of the future. Birscher was alone to face his fate, and he felt that he would be at a loss to cope.

He went home and sat on his sofa. In his loneliness his thoughts attacked him until at last, in desperation, he took out a bottle of Tropicana and drank it all in one gulp. He coughed and gritted his teeth, and then he did the same with another, and another.

An hour later, his head reeling, he bought three cases of Tropicana at his local Handi Mart, and carried them down to the train station where he bought a round-trip ticket to the Grand

continued on p. 34

#### A Romance of Western Pennsylvania

*As I lay down beside her  
I said "I love you."*

*She said  
Nothing and did nothing but  
Lay there like a play-doh corpse,  
Which made me say,  
"You're not there."*

*To which she replied  
"I never have been,"*

*As the sheets  
Enveloped a dark, frigid,  
Emptiness.*

David Roberts



# Dan Brown:

## *works in progress*

by Al Willis



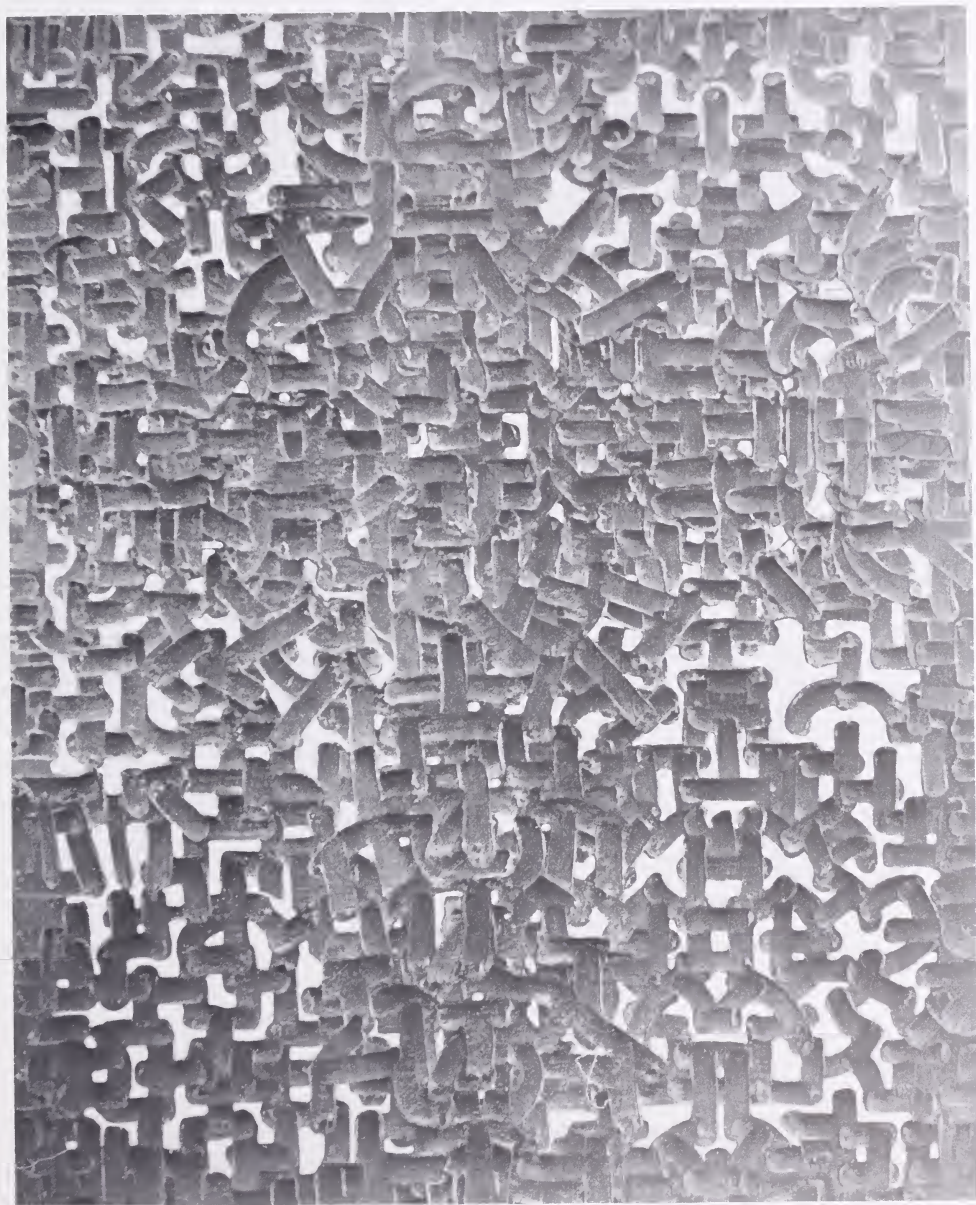
Dan Brown, a native of Spartanburg, S.C., is presently working toward his MFA in the College of Architecture at Clemson University. The paintings discussed in this article constitute the basis for his thesis work. Brown's undergraduate degree is from Furman University. He has exhibited prints and paintings in

several shows around the piedmont area. He won first prize for printmaking in the 1974 Toccoa Art fair and was distinguished again in 1974 at the Greenville Museum where he was awarded the Grand Prize for his painting *Actaeon Adept* in the Greenville Artists' Guild Show.

An analytic consideration of the works in progress of Clemson painter Dan Brown is no easy affair. The paintings are exceptionally strong statements, but with a quiet impressiveness, giving them their disturbing power. The viewer is so struck by the beauty of the canvasses and so absorbed by the tortuous complexity of the compositions that the task of sorting out his reactions to the works and the compositional elements of the works is quite a difficult one. The ambiguous nature of the images in the designs make analysis nearly impossible. One is immediately taken by the complicated patterns of giant brushstrokes which cover the canvasses and which parent the multiple images evident in the paintings. But are the strokes merely strokes, with integrity of their own as painted images, and nothing more? Or are the strokes intended to represent, as they appear to, organic elements — microbes, feathers, bones, leaves, fruits, body parts — abstracted from nature, or even perhaps calligraphic or hieroglyphic images drawn from the realm of technical graphics? And these brushstrokes, whether or not representational of other images — how is one to interpret the larger patterns formed by their interrelationships? And how is one to understand the inconsistencies of real and apparent textures of the painted surface and of the dichotomy between actual and apparent three-dimensionality of the canvasses? The viewer is haunted by the ambivalences of the paintings, by their defiance of definite interpretation, by their teasing of his perception — and can hardly help being delighted by it all.

Brown has researched this disturbing ambivalence; he has exploited the possibilities and implications of contradiction to achieve a vitality in his painted expression.

Brown indicates that he considers his current paintings to be investigations of pagan art. The works, he says, are of a sensual, rather than spiritual (in a theological sense) nature. His compositional elements are intended to, and do, evoke superstitious feelings in the viewer by suggesting fearful or charmed images, weird amulets, strange idols. But the eeriness of the imagery is reinforced by the ambiguity of the painted surface with real depth and form playing against implied depth and form. This uncertain effect is furthermore heightened by the ap-

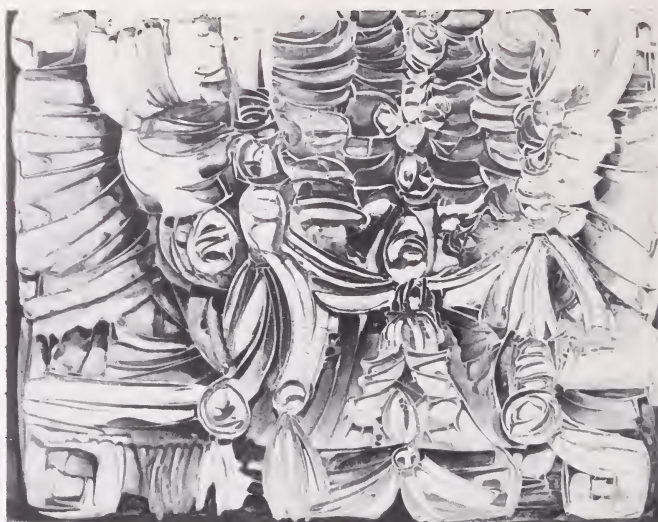




pearance of the painted elements to be neither definitely of two or three dimensions, but to be balanced uncertainly between dimension, rendering the painting as a whole even more mysterious and disturbing.

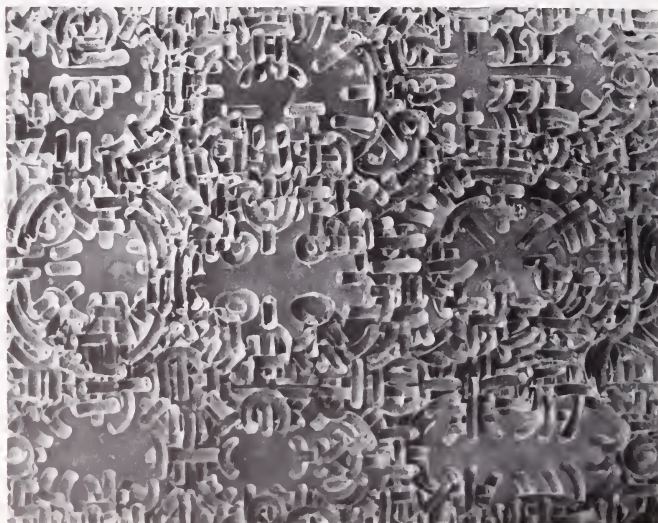
The sources for Brown's interpretive images remain rather obscure. Patterns which appear to be recognizable as clear extrapolations of oriental, pre-Columbian American, or natural motifs are really only incidentally related to those sources. Brown admits that he has an admiration for (though not a very broad knowledge of) pre-Hispanic Central American cultures and their arts, and for oriental t'ao-t'ieh mask designs, lattices, and calligraphy, but claims that his interest in such art provides him with inspiration only on a subconscious level. His images result naturally from the painting technique being investigated in the present works, and therefore are expressionistic, and not impressionistic or representational of historical motifs or specific organic objects. He is "looking for values inherent in the process of painting."

There is no reason to disbelieve Brown's expressionistic explanation of his works. Nevertheless one feels compelled by the simultaneous strangeness and familiarity of the images and by the absorbing complexity of the canvasses to trace any clues to their subconsciously inspirational sources.



The influence of color-field painting is quite evident in his current works. But whereas the color-field painters — a recent school — investigated broad expanses of flat color for its own sake, Brown employs color as a unifying element over his canvasses and exploits a range of tones for modeling forms against a background of implied depth. Like the color-field painters, he respects the two-dimensional nature of the painted surface, but then

goes beyond their considerations by considering this surface to be upon a picture plane hovering at an indeterminate but small distance above a background. Besides the color-field painters, Brown cites, particularly, three artists whom he admires and by whom he is, to some degree, indirectly inspired: Leonard Baskin, an artist in several media who produces expressionistic works based mainly on organic imagery; Mark Tobey, a painter of apparently much talent but rather little reknown, concerned with optics and perception; and John Acorn, a sculptor working in Clemson, dealing with organic forms in his production of complex and often brutal pieces. But Brown's paintings are in no way redactions of any of the works of these artists. Only a hint of the essences of their works is evident in Brown's highly original paintings. Each canvas is for Brown an opportunity for further exploration of the possibilities of the painted surface building directly on his own experience of creating his previous material. His inspiration is from within himself; his expression is based upon the implications of his chosen technique of painting; and he finds great delight in the meticulous creation of beautiful things.



# IMPLICATIONS OF THE RECENTLY DISCOVERED CHEROKEE CEREMONIAL SPOON

by

*Gordon E. Howard*

and

*Paul B. Hamel*

Department of  
Recreation and Park Administration  
Clemson University

Early writers (cf. Garcilaso de la Vega, 1723) were unimpressed with certain aspects of Cherokee hospitality. Money (1900) states that the Cherokees considered the Spaniards as unwelcome guests. Early tax acts in Colonial Carolina repeatedly appropriated funds for fighting the Cherokee (Cooper, 1837). Even the noted naturalist William Bartram (1791) indicates that he did not care for certain aspects of these native's food or feasting customs.

While working in the field, one of the authors (GEH) discovered a wooden spoon in association with shards known to be of Cherokee origin. The site is a small natural bowl near the Chattooga River in Oconee County, S.C. It is located approximately three miles south of a former large Cherokee town known to the English as Indian Camp and situated on a stream known, even today, as Indian Camp Creek.

The spoon and its protective shards were located under a rock ledge which provided very dry conditions. It is thought that the fats from the food eaten with the spoon so impregnated the wood that it has survived these several centuries (Radiocarbon date AD 1600±50 years). Analysis of the wood indicates that it is *Rhododendron* (**Rhododen-**

**dron maximum**). Animal fats remaining in the wood are predominantly those of white-tailed deer (*Odocoileus virginianus*), wild turkey (*Meleagris gallopavo*), and various turtles (*Chrysemys variousi*).

Hamel and Chiltoskey (1974) report that *Rhododendron* was and is used by Cherokees for implements including eating utensils.

The dimensions of the spoon are: Length: 27.4 cm; Width: 2.6 - 4.5 cm; and Depth: 1.1 - 3.5 cm. An interesting feature is a hole running from the top of the spoon, just behind the bowl, to the bottom. The hole was drilled in



Frontal view of the dribble hole in dribbling position.

such a manner that it would be difficult for the user to see it. The authors believe this to be the first authentic specimen of the fabled Cherokee Ceremonial Dribble Spoon. Indeed, it is a valuable find that substantiates previously recorded hearsay tales.

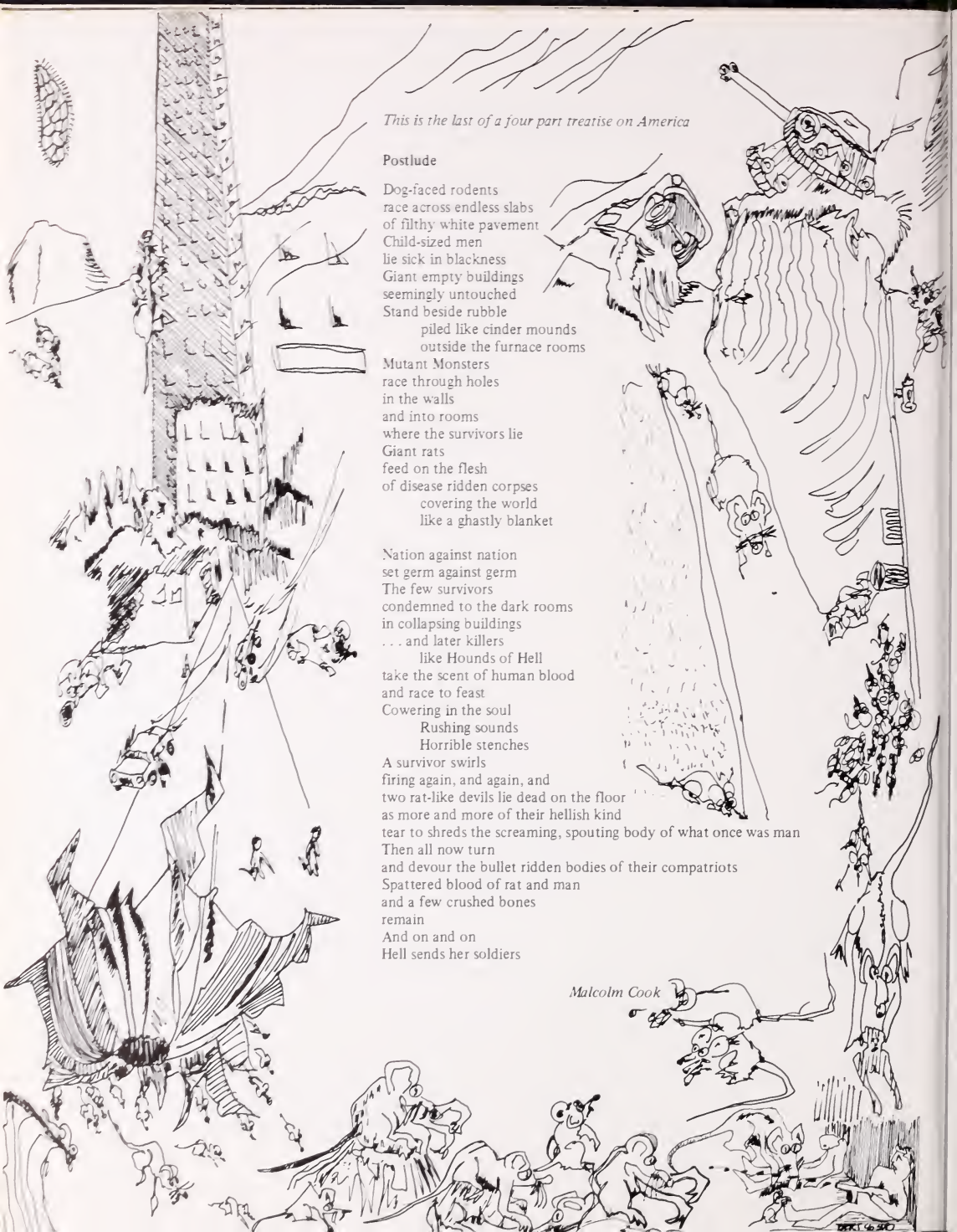
The Ceremonial Dribble Spoon was used by the Cherokee Indians at selected special feasts put on to welcome high ranking visitors from other tribes and, in more recent times, explorers and colonial government officials. The knowing Cherokee chief would taste a grain-based mash — often fermented — while keeping his thumb over the top of the hole. The visitors generally failed to notice the hole when the spoon was handed to them. When the 'honored' guests tasted the mash some of it would dribble



Sagittal view of the ceremonial spoon (SCMMPP No. 74-6563401). Note that a portion of the handle has been broken off.

continued on p. 34





*This is the last of a four part treatise on America*

#### Postlude

Dog-faced rodents  
race across endless slabs  
of filthy white pavement  
Child-sized men  
lie sick in blackness  
Giant empty buildings  
seemingly untouched  
Stand beside rubble  
piled like cinder mounds  
outside the furnace rooms

Mutant Monsters  
race through holes  
in the walls  
and into rooms  
where the survivors lie  
Giant rats  
feed on the flesh  
of disease ridden corpses  
covering the world  
like a ghastly blanket

Nation against nation  
set germ against germ  
The few survivors  
condemned to the dark rooms  
in collapsing buildings  
... and later killers

like Hounds of Hell  
take the scent of human blood  
and race to feast

Cowering in the soul  
Rushing sounds  
Horrible stench

A survivor swirls  
firing again, and again, and  
two rat-like devils lie dead on the floor  
as more and more of their hellish kind  
tear to shreds the screaming, spouting body of what once was man  
Then all now turn  
and devour the bullet ridden bodies of their compatriots  
Spattered blood of rat and man  
and a few crushed bones  
remain  
And on and on  
Hell sends her soldiers

*Malcolm Cook*

It's 3:01. My appointment was at 3:00. Damn punctual, actually. I wonder if this place really needs this many receptionists. A whole damn cackle of receptionists.

"May I help you?"

"Yeah. I have a 3:00 appointment with Dr. Watkins. David Roberts."

"Okay, if you'll just step right around this way."

Yeah, I might as well get it over with. Hell, I'm around this way, where the hell do I go?

"Come right on in here."

Whatever you say, lady, but get that damn gleam out of your eyes and that grin off your face. A shit-eating grin, that's what that is.

"Have a seat."

What the hell, can't this place afford decent chairs? I could have ripped these off from a high school cafeteria. Better sit in this one — further away. Aha, you want me in the other one, by the machine. Well, that's cool. It looks harmless.

"Now just look into this and put your forehead against the piece of paper. You can keep your glasses on for this one."

Thanks. Okay, I'm looking into it, and I guess my forehead is against the piece of paper. I could look up and see, but then I wouldn't be looking into the machine, right? Round and round she goes and where she stops . . . Oh ho, little donuts inside squares. Damn, they're clear as hell. I got this one knocked.

"Which of the circles in number one is complete?"

What the hell do you mean, which one of the circles is complete? First of all, they're donuts. Secondly, how am I supposed to tell you which one is complete if you don't have them numbered? I could use north, south, east, west; or top, bottom; but then what would I do with the ones on the side? I could use the clock readings, like "twelve o'clock high". I've got it, top, bottom, left, right. Okay it's top, bottom, left, right. I could use plane coordinates. No, better not.

"Top."

Is that okay? I mean you didn't want me to say 'north' or 'twelve o'clock' or anything?

"In number two?"

I guess 'top' was acceptable.

"Left."

"In number three?"

"Top."

"In number four?"

"Bottom."

"In number five?"

"Top."

"In number six?"

"Top."

Damn, sure are a lot of tops, and not one 'right' yet. 'Right' must be next.

"In number seven?"

"I don't know."

"In number eight?"

Damn, lady. If I couldn't see seven, how the hell am I supposed to see eight?

"I can't tell on any from thereon down."

*Comprenez-vous, ma petite douchebag?* Round and round she goes. . . Great, the color-blind circles. For the life of me I can't see the use of a damn bunch of dots in a circle. I can't see shit in many of them, but I'm not color-blind.

"What number do you see in the first circle?"

"Twelve."

"In the second circle?"

"None."

I know what you're thinking. You think I'm color-blind. Well, up yours, lady. I don't even think there is a number in there. I know red, yellow, blue, and all the colors in between, so don't try to tell me I'm color-blind.

"In the third circle?"

Let's see, it sort of looks like a twenty. Listen lady, like I said, I know colors but these damn circles with the dots are a little too much. I think I'll go with twenty.

"Twenty."

"In the fourth?"

Hey, I remember that pink and red one from a book. I know it's a six, but I'll be damned if I can see it. Well, maybe a little bit. Anyway, I know it's a six.

"Six."

"In the next one?"

"Nothing."

Well, she's not going to ask me the last one. She must think I'm hopeless. To you too, lady. Don't say it, you think I'm color-blind. Well, like I said before, up yours.

Well, well, well, what next? Color-blind dots, little donuts; oh wow, something new, little notes.

"What note does the red line pass through?"

continued on p. 44

## A Visit With My Ophthalmic Surgeon

An Exercise in Paranoia and Irrationality

David J. Roberts

a feature story by

Lieutenant Carley watched the cold wind sweep across the runway, picking up whiffs of light snow and solidifying the ice already collected on the asphalt. He turned from the frosted window and fingered the weather report from Anchorage. The weather was un navigable between Adak and his home base. The entire Aleutian Chain was isolated by foul weather.

"Christ!" swore the lieutenant, crumpling the report as he walked angrily to the telephone. He picked it up and dialed his room in the Bachelor Officer's Quarters. It rang once.

"Lieutenant Michaels speaking, sir."

"Tom, this is Spec at the flight tower. Looks like we're stranded here for awhile until they can get the ice off the runway. Besides, I just read the weather report from Anchorage and we're socked in by a cloud cover. Make arrangements for the rest of the flight crew, OK? I'm going to the Quarterdeck to make sure the hotel doesn't kick us out. I'll see you in the lounge in about fifteen minutes."

"Roger," replied Michaels. He hung up, overjoyed at the thought of a few extra days leave at the government's expense.

Carley stepped out of the flight control complex onto frozen ground. No planes were turning up, making ready to leave the isolated island. The morning was quiet except for the recurring howl of the wind as it collided with the concrete surface of the flight tower. He turned up the collar of his leather flight jacket and walked toward the Quarterdeck.

The Naval Base at Adak was situated on the only flat piece of ground on the island. Actually it was a former lagoon that had been drained and paved during the Second World War. The cold winds from the Bering Sea brought constant bad weather to the rocky link of the Aleutian Chain.

Adak was a desolate island, winter being its only season. There were no trees to punctuate the landscape. Only tundra moss, thick and low, rolled out to the sea. The base was small, consisting of only one store, quarters for both officers and men, a hangar, and the flight tower. The buildings were made of grey concrete, built intentionally to adapt to their bleak surroundings of grey airplanes and the grey sea. Rusty tin quonset huts and abandoned wooden frames gave evidence of

*"His body jerked. He awoke terrified at having dozed off. The sound he heard startled him instinctively in his sleep. A howling noise. . ."*

Adak's busier days. But the busy war years were long past now. The huge hulks of useless warehouses stood like mammoths preserved in an ice age. Because of the rugged terrain, only a small portion of the island was suitable for military use. The remainder of the island was unlevel ground covered with brown, velvet moss. For the unfortunate souls cast out to the nation's perimeter, constant inclement weather reduced recreation to poker, dice, and an occasional fist fight.

Lieutenant Carley stepped into the Quarterdeck and shook the light snow from his pants legs, leaving small puddles as it melted on the highly polished, black linoleum. The room was overheated and smelled of floor wax. Approaching the Officer of the Day, Lt. Carley began to explain his need for quarters.

stopped and asked over his shoulder, "What do stranded crews usually do around here?"

"They usually lose their paychecks," smiled the young man. "If you like to play cards, there's always a game in room B12. If you're interested, I mean. The sky's the limit."

"No thanks," answered Carley, zipping up his jacket. "I'm not much of a gambler."

"There's a hunt tomorrow morning. That's more of a sure thing," enticed the deck officer. "It's the Captain's hunt to thin out the caribou herd on the far end of the island. If you want to go, you'll have to be briefed on survival at 1700 hours in the armory. It's in your BOQ — you can't miss it." Carley was immediately interested. He loved to hunt but had never shot anything larger than a swamp deer. The thought of bagging a caribou fascinated him. "Where can I get a rifle?" asked the lieutenant.

"Same place."

In the lounge Michaels was hovered over a cup of black coffee, dabbling with his spoon trying to make configurations out of the oil slick that floated on the surface. Carley shook the snow from his jacket before hanging it up.

"Too bad about the ice," said Michaels as Carley sat down. "Wish we had gotten laid over in Japan instead. Any place but Adak!"

"You interested in playing poker tonight?" asked Carley.

"Got no money."

"Sorry I asked," said Carley, remembering that his co-pilot had been fleeced by a bar girl in the Ginza district of Tokyo. "That's what you get for leaving your wallet in your pants over night. Oldest trick in the books."

They both laughed.

"How about caribou steak over an open fire tomorrow night?" Carley asked, baiting Michaels.

"What do you mean?"

"The Captain is having a hunt tomorrow and if we can get some rifles, we've got a good chance of bagging a caribou."

## Fatal Choices

fiction by

Ron McCall

"No need to explain, Mr. Carley," said the junior officer. "I've already made arrangements for you and Lt. Michaels to remain in your present quarters. With a cloud cover like the one we've got, looks like you'll be with us for a couple of days. Not bad weather for Adak though. We usually get some sleet and snow with these covers."

"Thanks," replied Carley, annoyed by the officer's presumptuousness. Turning toward the door, he

continued on p. 37









Pawley's Island

## Fishing

Written by Alan Rogers

photography by Pam Isacks

Wind blew the water into sharp waves that sopped against the side of the boat. Amidst the rustling of the vegetation and mumbled complaints, queries as to why the fish refused to bite drifted around. Captain Tommy Gaede shifted his fishing pole around and smiled.

"I been fishin' these creeks all my life, and the only reason I've ever found for fish not bitin' is that they just ain't bitin'."

The chance to make this observation doesn't come often to Tommy Gaede, for he is one of the most successful fishermen on the coast. Tommy and his wife Fran live across the marsh from Pawley's Island. Their hunting dogs guard the 60-year old house in which they live. Barely visible behind treefuls of Spanish moss, it is what Tommy calls a "Pawley's house."

"This house was originally built for Windsor Plantation. Later they tore it down and moved it to South Pawley's and then they moved it here," Tommy relates. "The old lady who lived here, Mrs. Austin, died a few years back and . . ."

"And she still walks around in here now and again," inserts Fran.

The house itself says a lot about the type of life Tommy lives. The backyard is filled with crab pots, fish traps, a dog kennel, and a boat shed. The walls inside are covered with trophies of past fishing trips. Some of the trophies were caught by Tommy himself and some were caught by fishermen who went out on the charter boats he used to skipper. Elsewhere on the walls are plaques describing some of his travels.

"I was in the Navy for awhile and got around a good bit. There are five voyages for which you receive one of those plaques. I did four — circumnavigating the world, crossing the Line of Demarcation, crossing the Antarctic Line, and crossing the Equator." Now, however, Tommy makes his living like many of the locals, fishing and hunting the creeks and serving as a guide for visiting hunters and fishermen.

"The creeks around here are full of fish and clams and such," says Winston Perry, owner and operator of Perry's Landing in Murrell's Inlet. "I've been going out into the creeks for the past twenty years and I don't reckon I've missed too many days out of those years. You have to live in a

place a long time to really know it. I learn something new every time I go out." But the chance to get to know some of the places in the area may be slipping away. The creeks are filling up with silt and sand.

"There just aren't any oysters at the mouth of Murrell's Inlet anymore," says Perry. "They've been dredging out the channel for a good while now. But they're going about it the wrong way. You see, they use this dredge that shoots the silt out to the side. It all ends up washing back down in the channel, especially when they pump on a rising tide."

The silt and sand have filled up the creeks so much that it is impossible in many areas to get across the channel at low tide. The sand that comes in kills the oysters and the silt holds so many pollutants that many areas have been closed to shellfishing for years. The only solution appears to be a rock jetty, which must be built immediately. However, a \$8.3 million price tag is prohibitive. Situations such as these are anathema to men who depend on the creeks for a living. Some are forced to resort to illegal action.

"Georgetown County has more game wardens than any other county in the state," says Tommy. "They could use a lot more." Poaching goes on on a small scale, most of it being done by people who just need food.

"The state is acquiring much of the land on the coast," he continues. "They control Bull's Island, Huntington Beach, Hobbecore and Bellefield Plantations, and are supposed



to be willed a good bit of Thomas Yawke's land on North and South Islands. They control pretty much all of the coast between North Inlet and Charleston." State control will help alleviate some of the pollution problems, as well as another problem which threatens the continued existence of the creeks in their natural state — commercial exploitation.

"The problem with the commercial clammers is that they dig out the center of the channel where the clams spawn, making reproduction difficult. The way we do it doesn't hurt any-

thing. Really the more you pick, the more shellfish you'll have . . . oysters especially," observes Perry, who is the biggest bait salesman in the area. The way they "do it" is a process cal-



led "keyholing" (in the case of clams). "You look for a keyhole-shaped opening in the mud, which is made by the clam when it burrows in. Then you dig the clam out by hand, rake, or post-hole digger."





Perry also deals in fresh seafood. He gets his catch the same way in which people have been doing it for years. Shrimp are usually seined or caught in a throw net. Crab are either caught in wire cages called "pots" or with hand-held and baited lines. Most of the fish caught are taken on standard fishing tackle. Oysters are generally just picked up at low tide. All the above are seasonal and are subject to certain game laws.

Besides fishing, waterfowl hunting is a major source of food and revenue for locals. Abandoned rice fields are inundated at regular, controlled periods. These rice fields make ideal spots for waterfowl of all sorts to stop and feed. Hunters take advantage of the situation to bag marsh hens, coots, and several varieties of duck.

Captain Gaede hunts the creeks



regularly with his two dogs, Sam, a Labrador Retriever, and Duchess, a German Drathaar.

"I hunt as much as possible myself, and then I take parties out hunting



and fishing a lot, also. My latest project is a houseboat that I plan to use to take parties out for two or three days at a time this summer. I'd take people up to North Inlet and around crabbin', and fishin', and clammin'. I'm also thinking about getting into commercial shrimping."

Commercial shrimping, fishing, running a party boat, guiding hunters and fishermen . . . it all seems like more than one man can handle.

"Well, it's just like anything else. When you're fishing' you go where the fish are. When you're shrimpin' you go where the shrimp are. To make it, you gotta be in the right place at the right time."

It seems that Tommy Gaede's thing is pretty good.



# Chronicle Yughs

Slowly, the footsteps come up the stairway. You feel the cold chills go up your spine. Suddenly, the doorknob slowly starts to turn. The door opens and you are face to face with the image of a decayed, worm-eaten corpse. The odor of decayed flesh fills the room and burns your nose. The form slowly moves toward you. You want to scream and run but your body seems paralyzed. You are frozen to the floor. The form moves closer to you. Your spine has become numb, and your vision becomes blurred. The corpse moves closer and closer. The stench becomes overpowering. A dull throbbing pain starts in the pit of your stomach and slowly creeps throughout your body. You try to whisper a prayer, but your lips no longer obey your mind. You just stand there waiting for the ungodly creature to end your agony. It moves closer and closer, so that it could reach out and touch your fear-racked body. Suddenly it stops. It's rotted lips began to tremble, as if it is trying to speak. It whispers so quietly that you have to strain your ears to hear it say, "Got a light?"



I leapt from my window today, with a smile on my face and a scream of delight tracing my path. The people on the ground below were quite surprised and the looks of terror delighted me. As I squashed into the pavement there was a sickening crunch and blood spurted all around. I heard a chick yell, "Oh my new dress is ruined!" A chortle of glee escaped from my gurgling throat which was attached to my head by a limp, rubbery neck. My body looked like a sack of crumbled graham crackers and my left arm had quite left my shoulder. A pool of blood spread to touch the splatter spots between the feet of the onlookers. I rolled over and executed a few epileptic flops and tried to gurgle some more from my sardonian mouth. The general screams and retches reverberated up and down the sidewalk. With dramatic fervor, I slowly rose to my mangled feet, put my disjunct arm under my conjunct one and strolled away amidst maniacal laughter.

\*Yughs are anti-jokes or notjokes.

Martin dearly loved the lake at this time of year. The bees fairly dripped from the flowers and trees. The buzzing was enough to drive one quite mad, were it not for the sweet voice of the larks in flight. Martin spent lifetimes watching the worlds of his lake unfold and wither.

On this particular day, Martin was in what he classified as a "birdy" mood. Perhaps it was the way his mind flitted about or mayhap it was the headiness of the Malmsey, but it more likely was Martin's all consuming desire to be St. Francis II. Albeit, Martin was indeed in one of his birdy moods, and took particular joy in the yellowness of the larks' breasts that day. It seemed to him that one of the larks was showing great interest in him, always fluttering and dipping very close to him. A sudden thought struck Martin and he lifted his hand to the bird. To his jubilant shock the lark glided down and lit upon his wrist. He dared not move as the bird slowly strolled up his arm to his shoulder. With the care born of profound wonder Martin turned his head to look at the bird. The lark cocked its head and pecked Martin's eyes out.



"How many times do I have to tell you to leave that cat alone, Johnny! You're hurting him!"

"Do what your mother says, Johnny. You shouldn't hold him by the legs."

"Ah, pop, I'm just playing with him."

"You have to treat him gently. He doesn't like such rough treatment."

"OK, pop."

Mom and dad continued to read, and little Johnny, followed by the cat ran off to play.

Soon, when it was suppertime and Johnny had not reappeared, the two parents, mildly concerned, went to look for the little boy. But all they could find was the cat.

"My, what a big tummy you've got this evening, Tabby," said mom winking at dad.

"A big rat he's had," said pop, with a merry twinkle in his eyes.

And the three of them, mom, dad, and Tabby, lived happily ever after — Tabby, never to be tormented again, had "a big tummy" for a fortnight.

Heard a yugh lately? Send it on a postcard, please, to Yugh Editor, CHRONICLE, Student Affairs, 7th Level Johnstone Hall, Clemson University, Clemson, S.C. 29632. Each contributor whose card is selected will pay the CHRONICLE \$50. Yughs cannot be returned.



# Faces of War

a feature

by Harold Lee

So we think of the Vietnam War which at that time was the American conversation piece, which fed the blood appetites of two hundred million vicarious vampires, and which was the sacrificial altar of the Gods Democracy and Communism. In the sixties and early seventies Vietnam was hell brought to earth. Not only did it lay waste to Indo-China, but it ripped this country apart as well. Its slimy fingers reached out and grabbed up our young men, strewed them through its rice patties and jungles, and in the resultant vacuum in the United States, protest marches, riots, and unbridgeable establishment/youth gaps exploded. Spawned were cult heroes such as the likes of Bob Dylan, Janis Joplin, and Jane Fonda and massive peace festivals such as Woodstock. In the eyes of

the world the image of the war became that of a hideous monster. Vietnam became the U.S.'s Mr. Hyde.

Of the many youths who were grabbed up, I was one. I had been a student at Clemson for two years, but having decided to negotiate a marriage contract with an attractive young lady and having refused to allow my father to assume the added financial responsibility of a daughter-in-law while I continued my education, I left school, found myself a job, and was drafted. I spent the next two years in various Army schools, including Officer's Candidate School at Ft. Benning, Georgia and Rotary Wing Flight Training at Ft. Wolters, Texas and Savannah, Georgia.

Suddenly, one day in May of 1970, I awoke from an erotic fantasy to find

myself sitting on an airplane that had just landed at Bien Hoa Air Force Base, Vietnam. To say the least, I was shocked, for in my dream I had been back at college, and due to a shortage of space in the male dormitories, I had been living in one of the girl's dormitories.

I was getting screwed all right, but not in the same sense my fantasy would have had it.

In short order I was assigned to a unit, A Troop, 3rd Squadron of the 17th Air Cavalry, and was given a job, scout pilot (light observation and reconnaissance helicopters). And for the first time in several years, I was truly happy. Not only was I removed from the unhealthy influences of stateside boredom and decadence, but I was also going to have a year-long vacation



from the girl I'd married and consequently seen so little of during the past two years.

A Troop was originally stationed at Dian, about ten miles from Saigon, but in the fall, we were relocated to Quan Loi, which was about eighty miles north of Saigon, in a rubber plantation tangent to An Loc. Compared to Dian where women and whiskey were cheap and plentiful and the Officer's Club had a regular supply of rock bands and strippers, Quan Loi was paradise, the clay being nice and red and when it rained, as it did virtually everyday of the monsoon, it was moist, pliable, and glistening. The barracks, or hootches, we lived in were top-notch, radiating a special friendly warmth that was attractive to all kinds of furry little fellows. But best of all was the work. It was pleasant. It was my favorite type — travel with pay. Every morning a flight of helicopters would take off for a particular Area of Operations (AO) if the AO was a good distance off so that returning to Quan Loi for refueling would not be feasible. We would then operate from the refueling (POL) area nearest the AO, usually sending out one team at a time to conduct aerial reconnaissance, while the other teams remained on alert at the POL area. If the AO was not all that far away from Quan Loi, we would operate directly from there using basically the same procedure, i.e., the teams not actually airborne were alert to scramble should a combat situation develop or the airborne team get into trouble.

The teams usually consisted of one observation helicopter, the scout, and one or more Cobra gunships. In the AO the scout (flying a Kiowa helicopter) would operate a few feet above ground or treetop level, while

the Cobra, if it was not a particularly hot area with known or suspected large caliber anti-aircraft weaponry, would orbit at three to five thousand feet. It was the job of the scout to search the jungle for signs of enemy activity. On occasion this meant setting yourself up as a guinea pig — that is, deliberately trying to draw fire. Once a particular target was discovered, it was marked with colored smoke, a quick description of what was down there would be radioed to the gunship, the scout would move out of the line of fire and the Cobra would roll in hot, shooting the target area up with rockets and mini-gun (electrically fired machine guns capable of a sustained rate of fire of two thousand to six thousand rounds per minute). A team of expert Cobra pilots working out was a sight to behold. They would fly mutually supportive patterns, one covering the other as it made its run. In a matter of minutes they could have a sizable area fogged over with rocket smoke and virtually every inch of ground hosed down with mini-gun bullets. If the area was really hot and the gunships couldn't take care of it, artillery was usually on call or bombers could be requested. (I once estimated that I was responsible, after having detected a large enemy base camp tucked neatly away beneath the jungle canopy, of having caused the expenditure of one million dollars in one day, i.e., on bombs, artillery, men, supplies, and equipment.)

In addition to the gun platoon and the scout platoon, the Troop consisted of a platoon of troop carrying helicopters (Hueys) and an infantry platoon (plus, of course, maintenance, supply, operations, and administrative personnel). The latter two operated in tandem. When it was deemed more

likely that ground troops would be in a better position to gather information, providing that it was not too hot, the infantry platoon would be inserted into the area by the Hueys.

That Christmas was the worst one I've ever had. Just before day broke on December 23, I was awakened by Paul Bennet, a fellow scout pilot and a big ex-football player from LSU. (Before he left Vietnam the following May, he would lose or have shot up five helicopters and yet sustain no serious injuries.)

"Hey, man," he said, flicking on the overhead light, "get up. Ford and his co-pilot haven't made it back in yet."

I looked at my watch. It was three-thirty. Ford had gone out with Tom White on a special night reconnaissance mission — what we had nicknamed a chicken hawk flight, a term parodying the eagle flights flown by the larger Hueys with special infrared and light intensification devices. For the chicken hawk flight, White had rigged up a big bank of high intensity lights and mounted them on the side of his Kiowa. He would fly at about fifty feet above tree level with the lights on, and Ford, the pilot of the gunship, would operate at five thousand feet with his lights blacked out — at that altitude it was not likely that the enemy would hear him, and with his lights blacked out, it was not likely that they would spot him. They had taken off at midnight on a mission to reconnoiter the area between An Loc and Loc Ninh. Ford would have carried only fuel enough to have lasted him, at the most, two hours. If he wasn't back now, that could only mean one thing.

continued on p. 35

### Last Birthday

Tommorrow, they said, you're going to turn 21  
you'll be a man you know, you'll need to act like one  
and you know what that means they said.  
He shrugged and sniffed at the thought  
and went to his room and opened the window  
to conjure colored fantasies about responsibility and such.

So he stayed up past midnite  
waiting to be a man.  
And when it came, he took a deep breath  
but he wasn't impressed . . . . . at all.

And sitting on the couch, his head detached  
eating those boiled eggs, with lots of pepper  
he realized himself  
divided in two, yet sharing a heart.

One looking forward, one looking back  
then looking at each other  
and shaking their head.  
He chuckled to himself  
and you know what that means he said.

Mike Strickland

### Ship of Fools

If the sun set in a mushroom of apathy  
Who would the infanticide be?  
God, for seeming to speak only to zealots  
of the Bible,  
Television, for pacifying the fatlinged minds  
of frothy lazars.  
or Mankind, who while striving for his comfort  
provides for his destruction?  
Think of every lea shore a parking lot  
with escalator sidewalks.  
Think of lazing through the day,  
with friends like coffee  
and doughnuts.  
A cancerous death would appear on the horizon,  
And the ship of fools, with a gaping stare,  
Would furl it's sails  
And slowly sink into the sea  
of God's laughter.  
As the sun set in a muchroom of apathy,  
Billions of bewildered infants cry the tunes  
of repentance  
To a golden ear,  
Who for the moment,  
doesn't care.

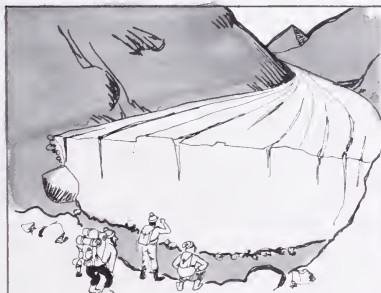
Ed Wilson

have you ever tried to write  
a poem for your sister  
it's not an easy thing to do  
you're never quite sure  
if she remembers  
the two of you  
dressed in quilted skirts  
doing pantomimes  
to old 45's in the  
living room  
she may not remember  
telling you to stamp out  
a lit cigarette  
when you were only four  
and barefoot  
but she probably does recall  
how embarrassed she was  
when retrieved  
from a dance by you  
her kid sibling  
no it's not an easy thing  
to write a poem for your sister  
it never seems good enough  
to give

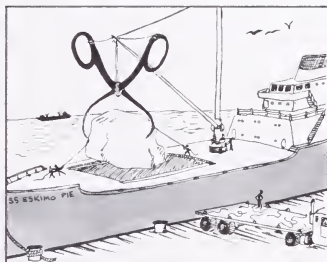
*for Cynthia  
(Kevin E. House)*

# CLEMSON'S NEANDERTHAL MAN

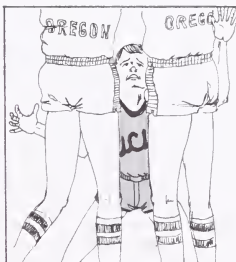
ART & STORY BY GERRY WALLACE



IT ALL BEGAN WITH THE U.C.L.A. EXPEDITION TO NORWAY. AN ENTIRE MAMMOTH WAS FOUND, FROZEN IN THE FRIGSÖRN GLACIER.



THE CHUNK OF ANCIENT ICE CONTAINING THE MAMMOTH WAS SHIPPED TO CALIFORNIA. THE ICE WAS TO BE MELTED AND THE ANIMAL STUDIED.



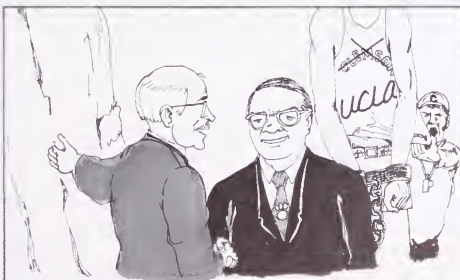
AT THIS SAME TIME, THE U.C.L.A. BASKETBALL TEAM SUFFERED FROM THE LACK OF HEIGHT.



CLEMSON UNIVERSITY HAD SIGNED A SEVEN-FOOT-SIX YOUNGSTER WHO HAD A GREAT JUMP SHOT...



BUT CLEMSON'S ZOOLOGY DEPARTMENT DESPERATELY NEEDED RECOGNITION AND HUNGRED FOR FAME.



A DEAL WAS MADE. U.C.L.A. GOT THE TALL YOUNG SIGNEE, AND CLEMSON RECEIVED THE ICED MAMMOTH. CLEMSON'S BASKETBALL COACH AND ALUMNI WERE VERY UPSET.

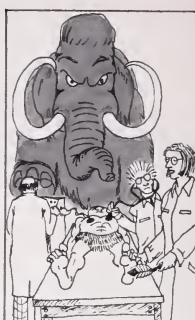




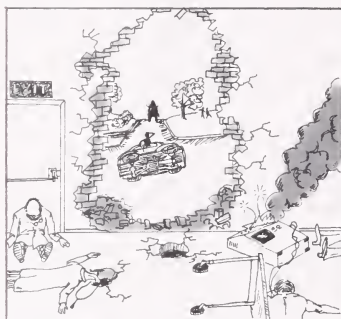
WITH HELP FROM THE BIOLOGY DEPARTMENT, THE CRYO-GENETICS PART OF THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT, AND THE P-PLANT, THE ZOOLOGY PEOPLE DECIDED ON AN ATTEMPT AT REVIVIFICATION.



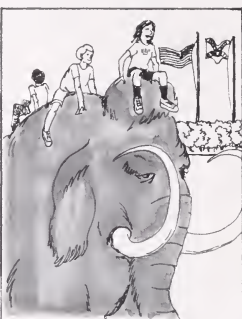
THE ICE MELTED TO REVEAL AN EVEN GREATER FIND. THE FROZEN BODY OF A NEANDERTHAL MAN!



TRYING TO REVIVE HIM THE EXPERTS FORGOT ABOUT THE MAMMOTH!



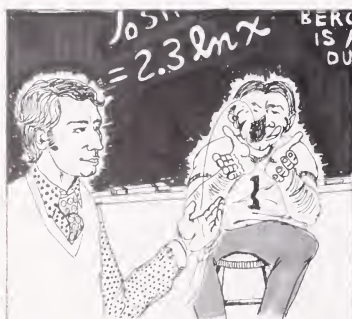
MAMMOTHS ARE EXTREMELY CROSS WHEN AWAKENED UNEXPECTEDLY. THIS ONE DESTROYED THE LAB AND AN UNFORTUNATE VOLKSWAGON.



THE ANIMAL, DISGUISED ITSELF AS A KIDDIE RIDE NEVER WAS RE-CAPTURED.



BUT WORK CONTINUED, AND THE NEANDERTHAL WAS REVIVED. MAJOR NEWSPAPERS AROUND THE WORLD REPORTED THE EVENT.



INITIAL EXCITEMENT DIED. THE NEANDERTHAL, NOW NAMED FRIGSORN, WAS EDUCATED BY THE PSYCH. DEPARTMENT, IN THEIR OWN WAY.



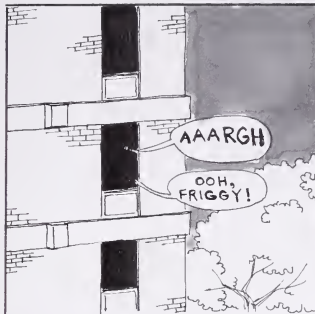
SOON FRIGSORN GREW INDISTINGUISHABLE FROM ANY OTHER CLEMSON STUDENT, ALMOST...



FOR ONE THING, HE WAS UGLY. WHOEVER HEARD OF AN UGLY CLEMSON STUDENT?



HE HAD NO TROUBLE GETTING WOMEN. IT MAY BE THAT THEY LIKED HIS UNIQUENESS.



IT MAY HAVE BEEN HIS PURE ANIMALISM. THE GIRLS SEEMED TO LOVE THAT.



ANOTHER STRANGE THING ABOUT THE NEANDERTHAL MAN WAS HIS CRAVING FOR THE FOOD IN THE SCHOOL CAFETERIA.



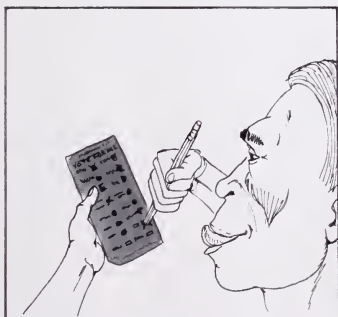
HE SUPPLEMENTED HIS DIET WITH HUNTING FORAYS. HE BRAVELY FACED AND CONQUERED THE VICIOUS CREATURES ROAMING CLEMSON UNIVERSITY'S LANDS.



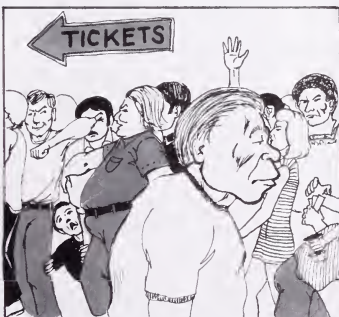
UNLIKE MOST STUDENTS FRIGSORN ALWAYS EXPRESSED HIS OPINIONS, ESPECIALLY OF THE ADMINISTRATION.



HE ALWAYS PARTICIPATED IN CLASS DISCUSSIONS, OFTEN IN A RARE, DIRECT MANNER



FRIGSORN LOVED TO VOTE IN ALL STUDENT ELECTIONS. HE VOTED FOR EVERYBODY, BECAUSE HE DISLIKED SEEING SOMEONE LOSE.



DISDAINING THE POPULARITY OF INTERCOLLEGIATE SPORTS, FRIGSORN PREFERRED CULTURAL ATTRACTIONS.



HE NEVER MISSED FINE ARTS PROGRAMS, LIKE CELLO CONCERTS.



THE NEANDERTHAL JOINED ANY CAMPUS ORGANIZATIONS HE COULD, SETTING A NUMBER OF PRECEDENTS.



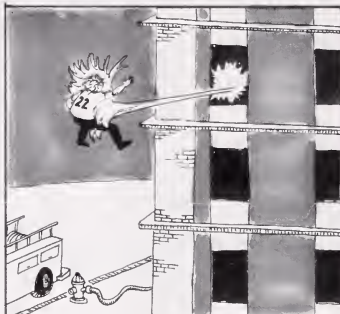
HE DIDN'T ENJOY HIS SENATE SEAT. THE SENATORS MADE SO MUCH NOISE, HE COULDN'T HEAR ANYTHING.



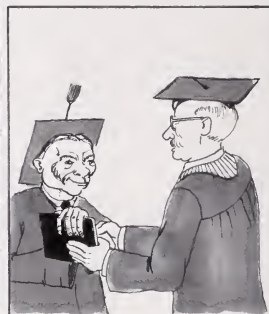
FRIGSORN DIDN'T COMPLAIN ABOUT THE BOOKSTORE. HE OBTAINED HIS BOOKS BY MUGGING STUDENTS HE SAW STEALING TEXTS IN THE CAFETERIA.



HE CARED ABOUT UNIVERSITY PROPERTY. FRIGSORN TRIED TO KEEP THE CAMPUS NEAT AND CLEAN.



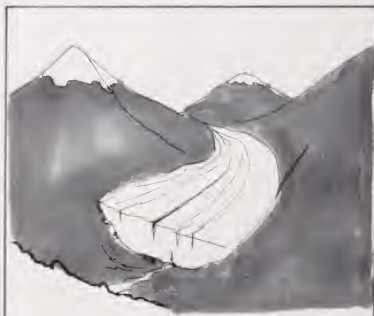
FRIGSORN HATED FALSE FIRE ALARM PULLERS. HE REPORTED THEM TO THE FIREMEN, WHO TOOK CARE OF THEM IN THEIR OWN FASHION.



AND, EVENTUALLY, THE NEANDERTHAL MAN, LIKE MANY COLLEGE STUDENTS, GRADUATED.



HE FOUND A JOB IN THE U.S. FOREST SERVICE, MARRIED A NICE GIRL WHO REMINDED HIM OF MOM AND TOGETHER THEY PRODUCED SOME OF THE UGLIEST CHILDREN EVER SEEN.



AFTER TRANSFER TO ALASKAN FORESTS, THE ENTIRE FAMILY DISAPPEARED FOR, OH, SAY ABOUT 200,000 YEARS.

**THE END**



# Satisfactory Daughter

fiction by  
Lisa Marsh

— No way, gaily she said. — No way am I gonna ask her to my party. — So said Amy of the curly blond hair and eyes of navy-blue. The old maid of fifteen — her eyes dancing — regarded the laboring form on the blue bicycle with disgust.

Amy and her mother gained speed around the corner and overcame the chunky short-haired figure on the bike with the crooked basket. — No way, Amy shook her head and then, loudly, out the half-opened window, — She's weird!

A stifled — Oh, Amy, how could you! — was flattened under tires on gravel before the faintest vibration could reach Phyllis. She had not heard the first remark either. Really, it did not matter what anyone said to or about Phyllis Carson, for she would not hear it. She could hear nothing but the odious buzzing of her mother — the sound, infuriating, maddening, inside her. The buzzing went on and on, pushing and scratching like a fly between a screen and window at night.

Taking one hand off the handlebars, Phyllis pressed her fingers to her temple. The bicycle's front wheel hit a puddle, and she slid onto the gravel and lay there helplessly, her hand still on her temple, one foot in the puddle. She closed her eyes.

\* \* \*

Hideous peals of laughter had turned in-out and echoed upon themselves.

— Buzz buzz buzz. Buzz buzz buzz. Buzz. My Phyllis went to Middlebury to play piano in state competition. It's very important. Click, Click. (Dial tone.) She received a first place which, of course, means she got a hundred per cent. She'll qualify now . . . buzz buzz buzz buzz buzzzzzz. Phyllis is a very satisfactory daughter.

Silence intercepted Hell for a moment.

— Uh, at first, I couldn't really decide, but Phyllis is going to the College of . . . (more static). Of course, she is going through high school in only three years. She told me — Mama, you'd better call that College of Townsmand and ask them for an ap-

plication. — And I did. Buzzy fuzzy wuzzy!

Another oasis of silence.

— Well, her grades are another thing . . .

— Courses? Phyllis nearly finished the Minnesota requirements, so I had the high school she goes to now accept what she had without the college algebra, gym, and English requirements they impose. It was so much trouble buzz buzz cruddy fuzzy.

— Well, really, I didn't feel she needed to waste her time in the southern schools. . .

— What does she think? She thinks what I think. . . Click click click. Click click click. Pound, Pound.

Ice grains whispered through two tiny ears exploding backwards. The pain of the smoothness and coolness of the green wall crept in intermittent phrases through Phyllis's fingers and forearm to her head.

— Buzzy don't know where she is. She should be here by now. Buzz (and Phyllis had heard and understood this fully in the clarity of terror). . . since she's not home from school yet, do you think we could do a little matchmaking? I mean, you've got a boy and I've got a girl. . . (Phyllis pictured her mother's grimace.)

— Your boy's dating another girl? Well, couldn't you have him take Phyllis out just this once? She's lonely here, I think, after losing all her friends in Minnesota. I think she needs a little confidence before she starts afresh. . .

— You'll see what you can do? Good. Yes. Yeah. Yeah. Do you think you could do that? I mean, call him from here? I'll make you some more ice tea. You ought to be able to get him to do it. Let me show you where the telephone is.

Phyllis moved out of sight into the hall closet. The fury and the hatred and the terror hung themselves neatly on the hangers in the darkness among the mothballs. Trembling, Phyllis sobbed pieces of her soul out into the warmth

and stuffiness and smell of old wool coats. They absorbed what little she could give. Her trembling stopped.

Her mother's muffled buzzing and wheedling now seeped through into the darkness: — Tell him he can kiss her; I'm not stopping him.

Phyllis heard no more. Not even her hatred was strong enough to force her to listen. Fear and fury fell full force upon her shoulders. Clench. Inhale. Thump. Thump. Exhale. Clench. . . Her eyes stared at a closed and darkened door, a snort rising in her — a tremendous roar of human rage surfacing in her, surging through her —

— Phyllis! — wavered through the stifling heat on ripples of hot lava. — Where are you? I see your school books on the table.

Sacred silence.

— Phyllis! — came again, this time from somewhere overhead. Phyllis slipped out of the closet and stopped breathing.

\* \* \*

She felt something gnawing inside her after that furtive hypocritical kiss, the quickened steps, and the chuckle that rode on the opening of the car door before the boy left for home. The kiss was a practical joke, someone's bet; it was a filthy, monstrous thing that had sucked a flush of horror and rage onto the plain, freckled face that now pressed its warmth to window coolness.

Oh, there had been the hasty cleaning up after the bicycle fall — the bandaging of the elbow — and then, a flight into dowdy mother-clothes — Mama's favorite lime-green shift. — You're late. — A spray of Tabu. — Here let me do it for you. — Some powder, hastily spattered eye makeup. — You look cute. You look fine. — A run that crawled from the ankle she had bumped against Mama's choice in Teen Decor. — He won't notice. He's here. He's here!

She felt again the dullness, the selflessness that had enveloped her through the entire evening and remembered the silence. The embarrassment. The disaster. And then, the kiss on the forehead.



Old Men In Charleston

*go to Charleston  
little girl  
and take  
your husband too  
so he can  
hold your hand  
and keep  
away  
the strays  
(like us)*

*go to Charleston  
little girl  
and wear  
your frail brassiere  
so we can stare . . .*

*(we sip our morning brew  
and munch on  
nights  
we spent with you)*

*go to Charleston  
little girl  
and stomp  
in life's parade  
so we can  
dream  
with a lump  
in our britches  
about easy bitches  
orgastic cathedrals  
and second comings.*

*go to Charleston  
little girl  
and smile  
at us  
so we can  
believe  
in life's absurdities  
as Old Men should  
with penises  
as hard as wood.*

Harry Ethan Johnson

The kiss — the volcanic boil of ignorance — had been imprinted on the forehead of Phyllis Carson — now a siphon out through which crept all of the hate, staining the window white with steam and Phyllis white with the sudden knowledge of transgression and of loss.

— Did everything turn out all right? The question came from nowhere, from the Mother.

YOUR CHILDREN ARE NOT YOUR CHILDREN. The white of Phyllis raged and pulled on her eyelids in a tightened swoop.

— Phyll. — THEY ARE THE SONS AND DAUGHTERS OF LIFE'S LONGING FOR ITSELF. — Phyllis, answer me. I want to know what happened. THEY COME THROUGH YOU. . .

The white of Phyllis raged at the loss. . . BUT NOT FROM YOU AND. . . The inverted boil bubbled in a cup that should have been empty in its freedom. . . . THOUGH THEY ARE WITH YOU. . .

— Phyll, answer me! YET THEY BELONG NOT TO YOU.

— It was all right.

— What?

— It was all right.

— What!? What!?! Don't tell me. .

YOU MAY GIVE THEM YOUR LOVE, BUT NOT YOUR THOUGHTS, FOR THEY HAVE THEIR OWN THOUGHTS. The white of Phyllis raged, the white of the eyes bulged, the livid cup spilled. A scream.

\* \* \*

Phyllis' eyes looked out from her mother's. She felt new, fresh, as if she had somehow made up for a loss. YOU MAY HOUSE THEIR BODIES, blew in and out — unfinished — calmly, breathlessly, eternally — BUT NOT THEIR SOULS. . . Phyllis' cumbersome cage slumped on the floor — un-lived in, never to be inhabited. . . FOR THEIR SOULS DWELL IN THE HOUSE OF TOMORROW WHICH YOU CANNOT VISIT, NOT EVEN IN YOUR DREAMS.\*

— It was all right, I said.

\* Kahlil Gibran  
The Prophet.









Jennifer Lallant



Jack Blake



Russell Parks



JEN/ALL 9/71





JAMES TALLA



Tetons. He had decided to make a pilgrimage to all of, all of the places . . . all of the places . . . no, it was too painful even to think. He sat dazed in his seat, staring out of the train window the entire trip.

"Hey, Bud . . . dont'cha think ya better lay off dat stuff?"

Birscher looked up at the porter, then at his club car table, strewn with Tropicana bottles.

"Ungh!" he said.

When at last he reached the Grand Tetons he checked into a cabin and immediately set out for the cages. Everything was just as he thought he had remembered it. The rocks and pine trees were etched into the landscape.

The goldenrod gently swayed in the cool breeze. It was one of those brisk autumn days that was so majestically beautiful and hopelessly forlorn that it made his very soul feel empty. He thought of Mayella. A tear welled up from the dark void of his consciousness as he took his handkerchief from his coat and sneezed into it uncontrollably five times. "Damn goldenrod," he thought.

When he got to the cages he realized something was amiss. Suddenly he noticed that they had changed from bears to gorillas. Much to his horror he saw a huge red wiffle ball bat in the hands of a gorilla wearing a blue Adidas tee shirt, swinging around in a tire. He slowly backed away as he saw a trainer with some bananas approaching the cage, but it was too late. As soon as the trainer unlocked the cage, the gorilla rushed him and broke down the cage door with a loud clang. The gorilla started chasing Birscher down the mountain. Birscher tripped over a Tropicana bottle that had fallen out of his pocket, and the gorilla was upon him in an instant, beating him about the face and body with the bat. Whump! Bop! The plastic exterior would be dented at each blow and then

pop back out again as the gorilla swung the bat over his head.

At last the painful truth dawned on Birscher. The field had been goldenrod instead of wheat. The premonition had been literal instead of symbolic, and *she* had known it all of the time. Ah, how hugely it glared at him. Ah, how savagely the ape whooped at him. He thought of all the time he had wasted. He thought of the opportunity he had lost. The love of a woman that might have rendered his wretched existence some sort of ultimate meaning, and, in all probability, a pretty good lay. The beast sprung on him with a renewed passion, bopping him several times soundly up the side of his head. The gorilla grunted and screamed as Birscher tried to crawl away. Whap! Thump! went an uppercut across the chops, wrapping the wiffle ball bat completely around his head. Birscher's eyes filled with tears as he saw at last the bitterness of his cold fate. He spat out red pieces of plastic, he spat out the butt ends of his days and ways, and sobbed bitterly, but not tragically, over what could have been, over the beauty he had lost in losing the love of what's-her-face.



#### "Cherokee cone"

onto their shell necklaces. This was a source of great satisfaction to the Cherokees' wry sense of humor.

It is recorded that DeSoto's chainmail was permanently stained in this manner. He was so angered that he threatened to take away the sun (an eclipse) until the chief apologized. Since DeSoto was known to be in the Carolinas in 1540, it is evident that the Dribble Spoon predates the Dribble Glass by at least 357 years. Undoubtedly the Dribble Glass represents a diffusion of this cultural element of the Cherokee.

The spoon and associated shards have been deposited in the collections of the South Carolina Museum of Miscellaneous Paraphernalia and Phenomena.

The authors wish to thank the editors of *Archaeologica* and *Antiquity* for having directed this paper to the *Chronicle*. Mr. F. L. Hiser graciously reviewed earlier drafts of the manuscript.

#### REFERENCES

- Bartram, W. *The Travels of William Bartram*. New York: Dover Publications, 1928. Reprinted from the 1791 original.
- Cooper, T. (ed.) *The Statutes at Large of South Carolina*. Vol. 4. Columbia, S.C.: A. S. Johnston, 1837.
- Garcilaso de la Vega. *La Florida del Inca*. Madrid, 1723.
- Hamel, P. and Chiltoskey, M. *Plants of the Cherokee*. Clemson, S.C.: Clemson University, 1974.
- Mooney, J. *Myths of the Cherokee*. Nashville: Charles Elder, 1972. Reprinted from 1900 original.

## War continued

I jumped out of bed, dressed as rapidly as possible, strapped on a shoulder holster containing a thirty-eight, then picked up my flight helmet, flak vest (armored vest), maps, and survival vest, containing, among other things, a special six hundred dollar survival radio (which was not much larger than a cigarette pack).

As I started toward the door on my way to the flight line, Paul said: "Tom came in a little after two. He has no idea what happened to the gunship."

The chicken hawk flight operated under the concept that Charlie, feeling more secure at night since that was the period of least American activity, would be more likely to be exposed then. If White spotted enemy troop movement, he would identify the area by marking it with thermite or incendiary grenades, and Ford would roll in, douching it out with rockets and mini-gun, or if the situation warranted it, he would adjust artillery in on it.

But that night White had located no more than a few trails and old bunkers, and when his fuel got low, he radioed Ford that he was ready to go in. But there had been no response. White tried the radio several additional times, and remained on station longer than his low supply of fuel safely warranted, looking for the Cobra, first in the sky, then on the ground.

When he couldn't raise Ford, he called base operations at Quan Loi: "Three-Oscar, this is One-Three."

"Go ahead, One-Three."

"Have you heard anything from Three-Five?"

"I can't get ahold of him. He might have had radio trouble. How about

getting somebody to check the flight line and see if he's returned?"

"Roger."

Ford had not returned. So the standby team was scrambled, beginning an extensive search that would involve every flable aircraft for the next twelve hours.

The standby team was still out when I was awakened. Paul and I went on out to the flight line, met our crew chiefs and observers (enlisted men who rode with us and acted as our eyes and ears). We preflighted each of our helicopters, got everything ready for an immediate takeoff, and went down to the operations bunker, where most of the other pilots were beginning to congregate.

We stayed there for awhile, listening to the conversation between the operations officer and the team out in the AO. The gist of their dialogue was that Three-Five was not to be found. After awhile, we went over to the mess hall, had some coffee and attempted breakfast, scarcely touching the eggs and bacon on our plates.

At daybreak the area to the north and west of Quan Loi was divided up into small sectors and several teams, including the one to which I was assigned, were sent out. As the day wore on, the search area was expanded.

The Squadron Commander sent out another troop to help with the search. But even with additional help, it proved to be a frustrating morning, and by noon we were all worn out with the last vestiges of hope that we would still find them alive having vanished.

After having been in the air all morning, I came in for a short break at about one-fifteen. At one-thirty as I was going over my helicopter, the Troop Commander, Captain Grindstaff, came hurrying out to Paul's helicopter, whose blades were already beginning to spin.

"Come on, Harold," Grindstaff said. "Let's go."

From his expression, I knew instantly that the down aircraft had been located. Before I was settled in the back seat, Paul had whisked us off the ground, and, ignoring the regular traffic pattern, soon had the machine pushed over as fast as it would go. Within five minutes, we were there.

What I saw was hard for me to accept. It was an area I had passed over twice before.

My mind shot back to a brief exchange between myself and the gun

pilot earlier in the morning during which time I was covering the quadrant rapidly at five hundred feet of altitude.

"What's that out your right door?" the Cobra pilot had asked, speaking of some debris scattered along the edge of a waterlogged field and extending into the treeline.

Instead of dropping down to it, I said: "I'm not sure. But it can wait till later. We'll come back and check it out after this thing is over."

Paul dropped in as close to the debris as possible, hovering with his skids six inches off the water, while Grindstaff and I unholstered our pistols, to have them at the ready and also to keep them dry, and lowered ourselves slowly into the water, clutching at the skids until our boots finally sunk down into the mucky bottom.

Grindstaff led the way through the floating debris, and we soon climbed out onto dry ground inside the treeline. The Cobra was spread out around us perhaps in a hundred foot long flattened out circle. There were not many pieces of it larger than my two hands. As for the pilot and copilot . . .

The thought hit me again of how I had erroneously dismissed the wreck on my early morning fly-by. Then, I had still entertained some degree of hope. My mind had simply refused to admit that a helicopter could look like that.

On Christmas Eve memorial services were conducted in our small and crude outdoor theater. Center stage two pair of empty boots sat and resting on top of them were black Stetson Calvary hats. Over it all, as the mournful sounds of Taps were blown, I was reminded of how their faces had looked when we found them.

That February (1971) A Troop operated in Cambodia in the vicinity of the Chup Rubber Plantation and a few miles east of Phnom Penh. Each morning we would fly in from Quan Loi to a hastily contrived POL strip west of Tay Ninh just inside Vietnam near the Cambodian border; the first teams would refuel, then take off for that day's AO.

On this particular day my first mission took place later on in the morning. It was to investigate and report on the accuracy and the consequences of a bombing mission conducted by the South Vietnamese Air Force





(VNAF) a few minutes prior to our entry into the area.

On the way to the target, I noticed a great deal of smoke coming up from a small area, and since I was down low and could not see that far ahead because of the contour of the land, I asked the Cobra pilot, Mike Billows (a recent Stanford graduate), "Where's the smoke coming from, Three-Eight?"

"A burning village."

Since it lay along the route to the bomb site, I decided to check it out and see what was going on.

Before entering the clearing in which the village was located, I flew the treeline, looking for signs of enemy presence. When I was reasonably sure that I wouldn't be shot at, I flew into the village.

It was going quickly. Most of the twenty-five or so thatch hootches were aflame or had already burned down. The others had been blown all to hell.

"We won't have to look any farther for the bomb site," I told Mike.

A man holding a limp left arm with his right hand stood in the main village street staring blankly at a burning hootch. He was suffering from shell shock. Not once did he seem to realize that I hovered above him.

"What't it look like from down there?" Mike asked.

"Pretty bad. I would estimate a minimum of twenty-five dead and twice that many injured."

Most of the survivors had already left or were in the process of leaving



the village via one of the dirt roads to the south. They all appeared to be dazed.

As I had been hovering unwisely over the same spot for the past several moments, some smoke had got up into the cabin, forcing me to sideslip left in order to ventilate it.

Following the main street, I crept past the man who had been holding his arm. I noticed three others attempting to make an exit down one of the side streets. One of them, an old man, had his arm blown off, and a woman's face was bloodied. The third person carried a small bundle of possessions. As I passed overhead, unlike the first man I had seen, they looked up at me. Their expressions made me wish they hadn't.

The hootches burned with ever greater intensity, the flames shooting high into the air, the heat reaching me.

I watched one of the buildings, not previously on fire, suddenly ignite and almost instantly be consumed by flames. It was filled with grains and rice.

"I've notified Three-Oscar (operations) about the village," Mike said, "and they're going to try and find out what happened."

Returning to the center of the village, I noticed that the man whom I had originally noted still stood rooted to the same spot. Never had I seen a more worn out, a more totally dejected person. I believed the hootch at which he stared, which had been bombed and now burned, to have been his home and that it still contained some members of his family. He was oblivious to all but his own personal tragedy, the loss of his loved ones, probably his wife and children. He was even oblivious of the woman lying in the street behind him.

"Three-Oscar found out that the actual VNAF target was six kilometers to the northwest," Mike said.

I was indignant. "How could they possibly make a six kilometer mistake?"

"They claimed that the wind blew the bombs off."

The Cambodian finally, slowly looked up at me, showed me the pain on his face, and linking me to the VNAF, raised his fist and shook it.



"Why not?" answered Michaels.

At five o'clock both men ambled into the armory and found other men already seated, talking of previous hunts. They sat down and waited for the captain to arrive. The seated men were mostly bearded; others had rough, leathery faces from constant chapping by the wind. Carley rubbed his clean shaven face self-consciously.

"Attention on deck!"

"As you were, gentlemen," responded the captain automatically, as he walked in. He was a small man with a heavy build. His lined face testified to the hardships of prolonged military life. He spoke through a heavy black beard that was speckled with grey. Only a pink patch of his bottom lip was visible as he began his speech.

"Welcome to our annual hunt. This year we should thin the herd down by at least twenty animals. Just shoot horns, please. I believe that most of us are quite familiar with the terrain and the location of the survival barrels placed between the main cabin and the hunt area. These barrels are quite important as wind breaks and they will keep you dry. So use them when it starts to snow. Each of you will be issued the necessary survival equipment and maps of the area, just in case you are separated from your hunting partner. When your gear is issued, check that it is complete and that each unit operates." Unfolding a map of the island, the captain pointed with a short, stubby finger to a natural harbor on the far side of the island. "For those who missed the hunt last year, we will dock at Finger Bay at 0800 hours in the morning. The tug leaves pier one at 0400 hours. Hope to see all of you there. Now, are there any questions?"

"Yes, sir," said a young man. "Is the location of the dogs near the hunt area this year?" Carley turned to Michaels in surprise. "I've never heard of a dog pack on Adak," he whispered.

"Listen," Michaels hushed.

"There has been some speculation about how to contend with these dogs this year," the captain answered. "Our latest report shows the pack to be smaller than last year and to the far east of the island. I don't think we will lose any animals to them this year," he ended positively. "Now, if there are no more questions, I'll see all of you at 0400 hours. Dismissed." The burly,

old man vanished as quickly as he had appeared. Carley turned to the man seated on his left and asked, "What do you think about those dogs?" He tried not to show any alarm or ignorance of the subject. He failed.

"I don't know," the bearded sailor replied honestly. "Last year we lost a few animals because the pack showed up just as they were being butchered. Only thing to do is to leave the carcass to the dogs. They won't bother you, if you don't bother them," he reassured the lieutenants.

"How did dogs get on the other side of Adak anyway?" Michaels asked, listening intently.

"That was the captain's idea," said the man lightly. "Some people leave their dogs behind when they get transferred, so when the Old Man got tired of stepping in dog shit, he had them rounded up and flown to the other side. Sort of a balance of nature he says. Thins the herd down like we do. Keeps the caribou from out grazing themselves. It's been a hard winter, so the dogs that haven't frozen to death will be damn hungry. Watch yourselves," he warned. The man left to pick up his rucksack of survival gear. Carley and Michaels remained behind to pick up their rifles.

The irritating alarm awoke Carley at 3:30 AM. He shook Michaels, who groaned and stretched. Moments later they approached the bobbing lights of the tug. A harsh wind whistled through the shrouds of the tug boat as it rubbed its hemp nose against the pilings. "Cold as hell on this pier," Carley complained. "Let's get below." They stepped aboard and ducked through the doorway. It was warm in the tight quarters. It smelled of gun oil and strong coffee. The two men found a seat among the other hunters. Some were already asleep again. Others were nodding off, their heads bobbing like corks on a rolling sea. Carley and Michaels tried to fight the sleep, but they finally dozed off as the tug plowed its way into the Bering Sea.

The captain's hunting lodge was nothing more than an observation station left over from the war. There was a table, some kerosene lamps and a big, pot bellied stove in the center of the room. Carley stoked the fire as the strategy for the hunt was being decided over a map laid out on the table. The herd, maybe four miles to the east, was to be driven toward the cabin. Three pair of drivers would circle behind the

herd and drive them through a gauntlet of hunters. The party drew lots for drivers. Carley and Michaels were unlucky.

The six men left within the hour. Each man was heavily clothed in a fur lined parka, with rucksack and rifle slung over his shoulder. Carley fingered the four lead-nosed cartridges he had been issued as they laid deep in his pocket. He calculated the odds of a successful hunt as he trudged his way along beside Michaels. The tundra moss lay dead beneath their feet, soft and hard to negotiate. The four mile hike was exhausting. The herd had been located in the expected area. There had been no signs of any other life. It was decided that each pair of drivers would separate and encircle the herd to move them westward. Each pair was to sleep in the nearest survival barrel and drive the herd early the next morning. The small group separated leaving Carley and Michaels studying the map with respect to the herd and the nearest shelter. "We need to go east for about another hour," said Carley, picking up his pack. Michaels followed tiredly. It was bitter cold, the wind whipping across the tundra in waves. There was no sun to warm their faces, the cloud cover being thick and grey.

"It'll be dark pretty soon," said Michaels. "We better find that damn barrel before dark."

"We've still got an hour of daylight left," Carley said, watching his steamy breath disappear in the wind. Suddenly Carley jerked Michaels to the ground. Pointing to a hill in the distance, he said, "Caribou," in a whisper. Looking again, the hunter saw a single bull grazing on the hillside.

"Don't take a shot, Spec. We can't pack meat for four miles and, besides, we couldn't butcher it before dark," begged the co-pilot.

"I'll just bleed it and butcher it tomorrow," said Carley, shouldering his piece. He sighted the bull and squeezed the trigger. The animal reeled, stunned by an unseen enemy. It ran blindly trying to escape over the ridge to safety on the other side of the hill.

"You got him!" cried Michaels, suddenly filled with excitement.

"I'll go get him," said Carley, "You take my pack and I'll see you at

continued on p. 40

# MARGARET BURBIDGE

by

Kathy Hyatt  
Professor C. R. Sturch

Ruth Wilson  
Marchel Barefield

As objects of sentiment, superstition, and scientific inquiry, the stars have always excited man's passions. Poets have written of them, astrologers have used them to predict man's behavior, astronomers have trained telescopes on them, and romantics have dreamed of going out to them.

Margaret Burbidge wants simply to watch and understand them.

She has maintained a fierce fascination with the many puzzles presented by the cosmos since viewing the stars through a ship's porthole in the English Channel when she was four years old. "Throughout my childhood," she says, "anything glittering in the distance caught my eye. If there was a tin can reflecting sunlight a mile and a half away, I had to go and find it."

Her fascination carried her to a bachelor's degree in astronomy from University College, London, and a Ph.D. from the University of London, where she so impressed her professors that she was made assistant director of the university's observatory. This was during the Second World War when London was blacked out and viewing at night was not obstructed by city lights.

The advent of peace in 1945 brought the return of street lighting and automobile exhaust fumes and the end of serious observation in London. Determined to find clear air for viewing, Margaret and her husband, physicist Geoffrey, sought jobs in the United States. She was awarded an International Astronomical Union grant for work in Chicago, and he received a fellowship from Harvard.

The two became permanent residents of the United States in 1955 when Geoffrey won a Carnegie Fellowship at Mount Wilson and Palomar Observatories. Margaret found things complicated by her sex; the Carnegie Fellowships were not open to women; and women were not allowed observation time at the Mount Wilson Observatory. She was forced to accept a research fellowship at the California

Institute of Technology and to accompany her husband, as his assistant, in order to use the Mount Wilson telescope.

But with the singularity of purpose found in those who have carried a passion all their lives, she damned the torpedoes. Working in collaboration with her husband, nuclear physicist William Fowler of the University of California, and astrophysicist Fred Hoyle of Cambridge University, she propounded in 1957 a theory of the formation of heavy elements during nuclear reactions in stars.

She then turned her attention to galaxies, and since their discovery in 1963, has concerned herself with the mysteries posed by Quasi-Stellar Radio Sources (quasars).

Margaret admits that the subject of quasars is a ticklish one and that one of the most difficult tasks astronomers presently have is to answer the simple question: What is a quasar? These phenomena show up strongly when observed with radio telescopes, but are only dimly visible through optical scopes.

Evidence seems to indicate that quasars are located at mind-boggling distances from the earth — the nearest at a mere 1.5 billion light-years. (One light-year is the distance light, traveling at 186,000 miles per second, covers in a year — or approximately six trillion miles. The sun, the star nearest the earth, is about 93 million miles away.) Spectroscopic analysis reveals the so called "red shift" — i.e., lines in the spectra of quasars are shifted toward the red end of the light spectrum — and traditionally this means that quasars are receding into outer space at great velocities.

Her own hypothesis on variations in the red shift is that quasars produce great clouds of gas that move at different velocities. But she is quick to point out: "There are no conclusive observations. Everything that one tries to do, you come up with an answer that's just the opposite way. The nature of their red shift is all up in the

air. There is something frustrating about quasars. Never been able to pin them down, get a real answer. This is probably because we're not asking the right questions."

Right or not, the question of her sex came up again in July 1972 when she left her position as Professor of Astronomy at the University of California to return to England to assume the position of Director of the Royal Greenwich Observatory. Though she was the first woman ever to be appointed Director, she was not given the additional title of Astronomer Royal, which throughout the Observatory's 300-year history had fallen to the same individual who held the title of Director. When her appointment as Director was announced, the positions were declared separate; and Sir Martin Ryle was subsequently nominated Astronomer Royal.

Undaunted yet again, Margaret set to work to implement her ideas for upgrading the status of optical astronomy in Great Britain. "I took it as a service job," she says. "For years I've been a user of telescopes that others have put hard work into producing, so I felt it was time I did some of the organizing myself."

Her work centered around two projects, a 150-inch telescope in Australia which is due for completion in 1976, and the establishment of the Northern Hemisphere Observatory, an organization with headquarters in England, but with its equipment scattered over the world in locations where the climate is suitable for astronomical observation.

Locating telescopes outside England is necessary, Margaret explains, because of the amount of pollution in the English atmosphere. She points to the 98-inch Isaac Newton telescope located at the Royal Greenwich Observatory as proof. The Newton instrument can be used for only 600 to 800 hours a year, a figure she laments

---

This article is the result of a *Chronicle* interview with the astronomer.





Margaret Burbidge

when she compares it to the 2,100 to 2,500 hours of use possible with telescopes in the more favorable climates of Arizona and California.

But persuading the British government to locate telescopes in suitable climates was difficult, she says, because politics tend to take precedence over scientific argument; and her ideas became bogged down in bureaucratic squabbles. She is not

sparing in her criticism. "It really was the bureaucracy that I found I couldn't cope with. It's pretty hard to get decisions made when you've got a number of committees that consider the same materials. One committee can reach one decision. And this decision can be reversed by another committee with some of the same people on it that do the same thing."

The upshot was that in October 1973, after only 15 months as Director of the Royal Observatory, she left England to resume her position at California. Her letter of resignation stated that rebuilding optical astronomy in Great Britain was not something she could do alone and that it would require the collaboration of many scientists who had left Great Britain.

But in the manner that has characterized the rest of her life, she is carrying on. She would like to see more work done in the area of clusters of galaxies and does not think that the answers to any questions will come easy. "There are so many things that don't fit," she says. "I think we shall find the situation is very much complicated."

But for Margaret Burbidge, the situation is far from complicated. It's one of the most simple things in the world: "You know," she says, "what I really enjoy is astronomy."

## Yuletide Nocturnal Suburbia

The apple slice of  
A moon  
bleaches the lawns,  
roofs, and streets,  
winding between rows  
Of houses, into porcelin  
Whiteness.

A kind of a mist  
like the dying excitement  
Of the day  
seems to be settling;  
Forming quadratic slivers  
around porch lights.

Strains of a yuletide  
organ reach above  
The distant roar  
of the highway.

The headlights of a car  
move noiselessly  
through the intricate  
network of asphalt.

Robert Hooker

Glenn Bates



the barrel in about an hour. It can't be far from here."

"Roger," responded Michaels.

Carley dropped his pack, taking only his gun and his knife. He trudged through the moss to the spot where he had shot the caribou. The earth had been turned by the animals broad, sharp hooves. The bull was not in sight. Carley followed the blood spots through the patches of snow and tundra moss just like he had followed paper trails through the woods as a boy. He forgot about the cold wind and the grey light turning to darker shades. His mind was occupied only by the caribou and the excitement of following a blood trail. It reminded him of his first hunt years ago, with his heart thumping and his hands sweating. His excitement intensified as he followed the trail to where the animal lay, panting and dying. Seeing the bull still alive, Carley approached cautiously. It was a big caribou, an old bull as the spread of its rack testified. "Must have been left behind by the herd," thought Carley. Speaking aloud for his own sake primarily, Carley said, "You were cut out to die anyway, old boy. Don't blame me." Carelessly straddling the bull, Carley bent down to cut its throat. In an instant, the bull's huge antler crashed into Carley's shoulder, knocking him to the ground. The animal tried to regain his feet, kicking desperately to escape. Carley snatched up his rifle and shot the animal at close range. The pain in his shoulder pierced him with the recoil of the shot.

Time consumed the daylight rapidly. The twilight added bitterness to the cold, stinging wind. Looking away from the sprawled caribou, Carley turned his attention to Michaels and the survival barrel. Not knowing exactly where the shelter was perplexed him. He knew that stumbling through the darkness would be certain death. He began to walk in the direction where he had last seen Michaels. His tired legs begged him for rest. The throb in his shoulder kept pace with his heartbeat. He stopped walking and tried to clear his mind. "To search for the barrel and find it would be a slim chance," he thought. "To remain in the open tundra would mean death before morning." The oncoming darkness hurried his decision. He turned back toward the caribou, hoping to make the spot before total

darkness covered him. The animal was not yet stiff from the freezing cold. Carley worked quickly putting the heavy animal where it lay. The entrails steamed as they rolled over the frozen ground. He hollowed out the chest cavity with surprising dexterity. His hands became sticky and began to numb in the sub-zero temperature. He completed his work as darkness covered him with a thick, cold blanket. He zipped up his parka and crawled into the carcass for shelter. Stretching, grunting, he tried to get most of his body inside the ribbed cavern. His feet would not fit. He shifted his position but found no extra room. He shuddered at the thought of losing his feet to frostbite. Visions of empty shoes flashed through his mind. He lay still, freezing and afraid.

His body jerked. He awoke terrified at having dozed off. The sound he heard startled him instinctively in his sleep. A howling noise. "The wind? No, a dream," he thought. He lay quietly still, straining his ears. He heard the sound distinctly this time, erasing all doubt from his mind. He heard dogs! He scrambled out of the carcass into a grey, pre-dawn mist. A wild stench of death filled the heavy, morning air. Carley stumbled painfully to his rifle. Checked it. Loaded it. His eyes scanned the rolling tundra for what his ears had heard, the howl of dogs on a scent. Suddenly his eyes caught the image of dogs rounding a hill not far in the distance. He saw ten, twelve, maybe fifteen dogs close together, running as if they were a single body. He saw them stop, mill around until the scent was caught again, and then resume their direction. Carley's mind raced. He began to panic, but checked the impulse quickly. He tried to run on his frozen feet, but fell in a painful heap. The howls of starving dogs sounded more determined as they came closer and closer. His whole body was permeated with the smell of dead caribou. The lieutenant knew there was no escape. The acid in his stomach and the stench of his parka made him retch. The thought of dying so violently repulsed him. Dogs ripping and tearing. Crawling stiffly behind the caribou, Carley rested his rifle on the shoulder of the carcass. He aimed at the running mass a few hundred yards in front of him and squeezed off a shot. The bullet found no victim. Fumbling his last cartridge into the chamber, he began to cry for help, seeking salvation

from the emptiness. Carley's frantic cries only heightened the frenzy of the dogs as they raced each other to the caribou. Seeking his eminent death approach with bared fangs and the howls of starvation. Carley slid behind the carcass, breathing heavily. With the stock of his rifle between his knees, he laid watching his short, steamy breaths vanish in the wind. The close yap and growl of the dogs was a signal to obey. The lieutenant quickly bit the open end of the barrel as the vicious pack engulfed him. His moist lips froze instantly to the bare metal.

Start your literary  
career —  
Contribute to  
the *Chronicle*



STAFFERS ALSO NEEDED  
Come by the *Chronicle*  
office, 9<sup>th</sup> level loggia  
or  
call: 656-2320

# Pendleton Photo Club

by Pam Isacks



SAFETY FIRST

J. N. WATSON



Dan Harvell

If you happen to catch sight of forty-two figures carrying mysterious bundles and skulking around the Anderson telephone company some night — you can bet that it's the Pendleton District Camera Club sneaking in for their bi-monthly meeting. Actually, their meetings are open to anyone interested in photography, but admittance to club and international competition require club membership, i.e., dues. Their \$12 membership fee goes towards providing various technical lectures and film strips throughout the year.

Membership ranges from long-time photography enthusiasts like 16 year member Tom Compton of Anderson, to high school beginners. In international competition the Pendleton District Camera Club rated sixth last year — outstanding, especially, in the color division.

This issue contains examples of some of their fine black and white work of '74 - '75.



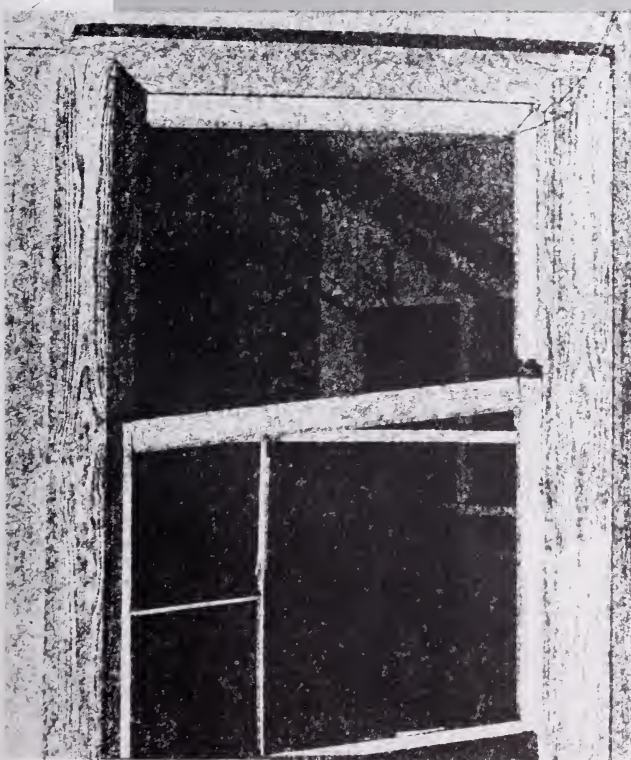


Sandy King



CHILDHOOD'S END

Heyward Henderson



PORTAL

Robert T. James

So that's the trick. At least this one is easy.

"Number four."

I think. A new one. Looks simple enough.

"What number does the arrow point to?"

What arrow? Oh, I see it now. That's hard to say. It's sort of between the nine and the ten. Damn, I guess it's the nine.

"Nine."

"Now which number does the arrow point to?"

God damn, what'd you do. The damn arrow is moving back and forth. Okay, let's start over. Stare at it. Ten, right? No, there it goes to seven. Say lady, what the hell does this prove. It's still moving. I think I'll go between the seven and ten. It's got to be in there somewhere.

"Eight."

"Alright. Come with me please."

Finally, off the first machine. Well, tell me my dear, am I blind or do you think there's hope? At least you didn't try to tell me I'm color-blind. Where to now, sweetie?

"Just have a seat in here. Dr. Watkins will be with you in a moment."

"Thank you."

I thought my appointment was for 3:00. Here it is almost a quarter after and I've got to wait on the good doctor. Damn, if this is Watkins' office, he's in bad shape. Well, I guess it's not. Visual Analysis, that's what it says on the door. Here he comes.

"Hello."

"How are you?"

You didn't look as faggy three years ago. Well, lets go Jack, am I going to live?

"Let's see, David, it's been three and one half years. Is that right?"

Yea, buddy, but how about sparing me the scolding for ignoring all those little notes I got in the mail about how long I'd had my glasses and what a slack bastard I was for not coming in for another twenty buck going over.

"Whatever it says on there, I'm not really sure. It's been awhile."

"Do you have frequent headaches?"

What the hell, are my little complete circle scores that bad? I mean, am I going blind or something?

"No."

"Do your eyes ever itch or burn?"

C'mon doc, are they supposed to?

If I've got a few hours of daylight left, I'd kind of like to see something besides the visual analysis chamber.

"No."

Any more questions?

"Have you ever had any eye diseases?"

No, goddamit, should I have?

"No, never."

"Any history of family eye problems?"

Yeah, my father is a cyclops, and my mother has one blue and one brown eye. Cut the crap, how about it?

"No, none."

"Does glare or bright light bother you?"

Not nearly as much as these questions. Maybe I'm just paranoid, but you sound as if you're looking for a cause. I can hear it now, the first 'yes' answer I give, "Aha, that's why. I'm sorry David, but you're going blind. I knew there had to be a reason."

"Not much. A little bit, maybe, but nothing abnormal."

"Okay, how about getting up into this chair."

Oh boy, the chair. Well, hold on Jesus, here we go. Golly gosh, a hydraulic chair. Not too high, uh, Watkins?

"Please turn this way, that's it. Now look straight down this barrel."

Whatever damn, I don't even tell what's the barrel and what's not. Listen man, my eyes feel pretty reamed out right now, how about if I take five in a cave somewhere.

"Try not to move."

"Okay."

I can't stand not moving. It's something inside of me. I love to walk, to pace. I love to be in motion. I can't be still. I mean I'm going to try not to move, but I'm probably going to twitch a little bit. It's just that all the motion inside of me has got to come out. Hey, an eye at the end of the barrel. I guess that's what I'm supposed to look at. Wait a minute, is that my eye or your eye? I mean am I staring myself in the eye? I'm not sure I can take this, if that's my eye. It doesn't look like my eye, but hell, I've never stared into my eye before. I guess it's your eye, Watkins. Whoever's eye that is, it's getting old. Let's go, Jack. I can't sit still anymore. I'm reaching the breaking point. I'm going to start laughing. You'll probably think I'm crazy if I burst out laughing. Come on, damn it.

"Okay, David, now turn your head

a little. That's it. Now look down the barrel again. Try not to move."

Sadist. How about staring at this eye and backing this damn tube off before my mind calls it quits. Focus it, hurry up. What *are* you looking at? I've always thought I had normal looking eyes.

"Okay David, just sit back."

Goodbye eye at the end of the tube. The lights are dimming, must be showtime.

"David, I want you to look at the chart on the wall."

"Okay."

Well, well, well, a classy eye chart. Half red, half green, that's a new touch.

"I'm going to cover your left eye. Just read the chart with your right eye. Can you see the line without straining?"

That depends on what you call straining. I mean if you're going to declare me legally blind for not being able to read the fourth line, I can probably do it. But I'll have to work at it. I guess that's straining. Nothing's going to be easy with you sticking that piece of cardboard in my left eye. Ah well, might as well be honest.

"I'd have to strain a little, but I could read it."

If I had an hour or two to work at it.

"How about the third line?"

For sure, doc. You're not examining a damn bat.

"Perfectly."

I guess that means I'm going to live, huh? While I can see it, I'd better memorize it. I might need it later.

"David, now I'm going to cover your right eye. Just read the chart with your left."

What the hell, don't I get to read the third line to you? T, S, V, L, F, that's what it says. I can read it.

"Can you read the fourth line?"

"Not without straining."

That is what you meant, isn't it?

"The third line?"

"Yes."

Even if I couldn't, I memorized it. Pretty clever, huh?

"Read it to me."

"T, S, V, L, F."

"Now I just want you to sit back and look at the chart."

Sounds easy enough.

"Okay."

Well, I'm staring at the chart on the wall. It's still red and green. So



what? Hey, what's with the floodlight in the eyes, Watkins? So that's the trick, you're still staring at my eyes. Well, I guess I'm still staring at the chart on the wall but I can't be sure because I can't see the wall anymore. Am I holding still? That light's a little bright to shine right in someone's eye, isn't it? Relief at last.

"Just continue to look at the chart. Try to hold real still, now."

Listen Jack, I'm not very fond of the sitting still drills, one of these times I'm going to start laughing for no reason and you'll have to call to one of your receptionists to ask, "Who gave this crazy son of a bitch an appointment?" Looks like time to dig out the little pencil flashlight.

"Hold real still, now."

"I'll try."

"Just concentrate on the chart."

Sure thing, except it just disappeared again. I guess you know what you're doing, but I'm afraid my eyes aren't going to be worth a damn when the going gets rough if you keep stabbing them with light. Am I holding still? I think I preferred the floodlight drill. This close work is getting intense. Do you have to breathe on my neck? I guess you can't help breathing, but do you have to do it on my neck? Am I still staring at the wall? Am I holding still? I guess you have to be real careful about how you smell and all, having to work breathing on somebody's neck. At last, relief. Listen, how about that five minute break in a closet somewhere?

"Okay, now David just sit up and lean back against the headrest. Tell me when it feels comfortable."

"That's good right there."

"Now just look straight ahead. Hold real still."

Here comes that big thing that looks sort of like a flattened out hockey mask. Holding still won't be hard once I'm strapped into this damn contraption. Movement will be impossible except maybe with my feet. Can I swing my feet, doc?

"Does that feel too tight over your nose?"

Does it matter?

"No."

"Look straight ahead at my finger so I can line up your eyes."

"Okay."

Let's do a good job on this part, Watkins, I'd hate to have to wing the rough part on one eye.

"Can you see out of both sides now?"

"Yeah, fine."

"Okay, try not to move."

Damn it, why not hand out little tickets when you come in. They could read something like, "In order to fulfill the obligations of this appointment you must be able to sit still. If you are normally a hyperactive, twitchy person, you have no business here." Besides, it's hard to move with your head pinned against the headrest by these high-rent binocs.

"David, I want you to tell me when you can see the third line on the chart clearly."

"Okay."

Damn, everything just went blurry. These lenses suck.

"No."

These aren't much better.

"No."

Not yet.

"No."

Damn, that third line better be coming through soon.

"No."

Christ, the next set better clear things up. He's probably thinking I'm a real blind bastard by now. That's better. Hey, it still reads T, S, V, L, F. I should have remembered it.

"I can see it now."

Do I get a fish or anything?

"Read it to me if you would."

"T, S, V, L, F."

"Is it clearer through this . . ."

Or what?

". . . or this?"

Oh, well, I guess the second set cleared things up. I can see the fourth line now.

"The second one."

"Through this or this?"

Hell, nothing changed.

"No difference."

"Through this or this?"

Nothing again.

"No difference."

"Again, through number one or number two?"

Really, Watkins, there's no difference. You should slide up in here and see for yourself. Might as well say something.

"Number one, I guess."

"But not much difference?"

That's what I said, wasn't it?

"No, hardly any."

"This time, through number one or number two?"

You want to know the truth,

buddy? I don't think you changed a damn thing. You're just trying to see what kind of a fool I am. I don't know how to break this to you, but . . .

"Not really any difference."

"Again, number one, or number two?"

Damn it, if you insist.

"Again, number one . . ."

I can see the fourth line clearly.

". . . or number two?"

I can still see the fourth line clearly. What the hell?

"Number two."

"Alright."

Well, I guess the rough part's over. Off comes the harness.

"Just have a seat, David."

Well, well, well, back to the cafeteria chairs. Well, your honor, what's the verdict, lenses or a dog? Don't sit there and look concerned. Spit it out.

"Your eyes have . . ."

Completely deteriorated?

". . . changed a little, David, but considering the time it's been since your last examination, the change is insignificant."

The weight of the world lifted off my shoulders.

"Come right on in here and I'll have Mrs. Glenn come and help you choose your frames."

"Okay."

If it's all the same, I'd rather do it by myself. I don't want anybody telling me how nice I look in such and such. At least I won't have to ask for anything, here's a whole damn selection of what I was looking for. "Ranger". I like these frames but I hope I look better in them than the fag in the picture. Ranger my ass. Here she comes, the smiley woman.

"Hi there."

"Hi."

How are you, cutey? Keep on smiling. Had any lately?

"I think this is the style I want, right here."

Ranger.

"Alright. As you can see, you can get those frames in gold, antique gold, bronze, white gold, and pewter."

Sounds awfully high class. I wonder how much they set you back. I'll wait and ask later. I don't want to sound real cheap. Might as well start from the top.

"Those are the white gold."

Oh really?

"Okay."

Not bad. Listen honey, you're cute for an old lady and all but do you have to watch me try every damn pair on. I hate to look at myself in the mirror while somebody else is standing there grinning. What's next?

"Those are the pewter."

Far out. I don't like the way they look.

"They'd look real nice with your gray lenses."

"Yeah, they would."

But they look real shitty with my face. Just stand there and look cute, honey. What's next? These aren't bad looking. Wonder what they are. It must say on here somewhere. There it is, antique gold.

"Those are antique gold."

Really? I kind of like these. I guess they're first choice so far. Keep on smiling, honey. Let's see, these are bronze.

"Those are the . . ."

Don't tell, let me guess. Uh, bronze?

"... bronze."

What's the difference between bronze and the old gold. I mean I don't want to seem ignorant but they look the same to me. These bronze aren't bad at all.

"I sort of like these, the bronze."

Hell, I thought I'd give you the chance to say something. Just keep on smiling, sweetie. One pair left, the gold. They're alright, but I have gold already. Let's see the white gold again. You might as well go take a piss or something, doll, because I'm still deciding. They're okay. Quit grinning at me. Antique gold, not bad. Let's give the bronze another once over. Yea, I like these. Quit grinning, damn it. The white gold, one more time. Say something, will you. I mean quit watching me as if I'm some little kid on Christmas morning. Not bad. The bronze, yeah, they're it. I think. Let's see the antique gold one last time. Hell, they're not too bad. Wipe that grin off your face, damn you. Hell, I'd better take the bronze and run before I'm grinned to death.

"I think I like these the best."

"The bronze?"

No, my hush puppies.

"Yeah."

Time to pop the big question before she gift wraps the damn things.

"Uh, how much are these?"

"Thirty-six."

Not too bad. I guess I could do

worse. What the hell, you only go around once. You've got to grab for all the gusto you can.

"Okay, I'll take them."

With gusto.

"Let me get Dr. Watkins to come in and check on the size."

"Alright."

Let's see, thirty-six for frames, twenty-two for the going over, that makes fifty-seven. The damn tinting will run around fifteen. All in all, I might get out under one hundred. Ah ha, the good doctor approaches. Don't tell me you've changed your mind and I'm getting a dog and dark glasses instead.

"Okay, David, let's see. Those look a little big. Put on the gold pair."

Whatever you say. Just remember I get bronze.

"How do they feel?"

"Fine."

"Are they too tight?"

"No."

"How do they feel over your nose?"

Like glasses.

"Fine."

"Look at me a minute so I can see if they're straight."

Why not parade me around the damn offices a lap or two and get everybody's damn opinion.

"Okay, they'll be fine."

Thank you bwana, great white father. Just minutes away from daylight, and I haven't broken down yet. Maybe a chuckle once in awhile but nothing major. Everybody's gone. I suppose I should sit here and wait for the smiley chick to show me out. I wouldn't want to wander into the wrong room. They might have more little donuts for me. Here she comes.

"David, your total bill is one hundred . . ."

God.

"... and one dollars."

Damn. Well hell, let's reach for the wallet with gusto.

"Okay."

"Just step out to the desk, and she'll tell you when you can get your glasses."

"Will do."

Well, well, well, back where I started from. Hello, hello, cackle of receptionists.

"Mr. Roberts, how much of this do you want to pay now?"

"All of it."

That's right bitch, every last cent.

"Will this be check, cash, or bank card?"

"Cash."

Cold, hard, and with gusto.

"Okay, that will be one hundred and one dollars."

Time to reach for the wallet.

"There's one."

"That's a start."

Chuckle, chuckle, Jewess. Here's the rest. These damn glasses better stink of gusto. "Ranger". Why does that sound queer? Must be me.

"David, your glasses will be ready next Thursday at 3:30."

"I'll be here."

With gusto.

"Here's your receipt. I put your appointment time on there."

"Thank you."

Better hold on to this bastard. I'll tuck it away in the little compartment with that banquet ticket and my damn draft card.

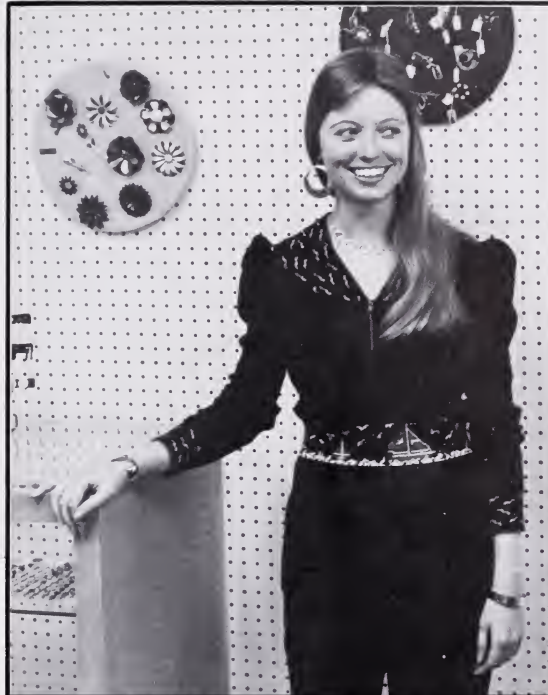
Freedom at last. My eyes are still intact, still brown. Hell, I wonder what kind of deal I could make with Watkins for my sister, hee hee.



### First Exercise

tactile dactyl  
pterodactyl  
erectile rectal  
rectal linear spectral  
specter rector  
Hector's Exeter nectar  
rent collector  
sack rack pack rat  
Gnat Blat  
Splat

Al Willis

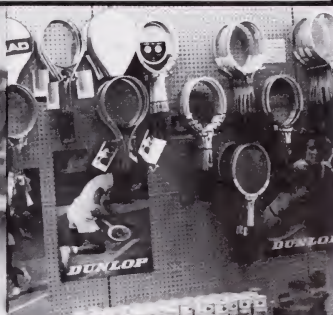


**charles hopkins of clemson**  
*designers/craftsmen*



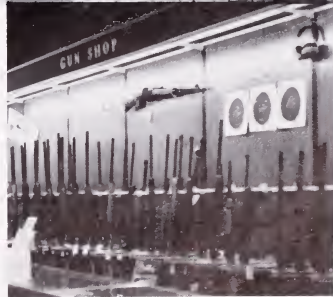
**IN THE MINIMALL -  
 CLEMSON, S. C.**

Sharon Byrd, Senior from Society Hill, S. C.  
 models Charles Hopkins' jewelry



***HARRIS***  
**SPORTING GOODS**  
 S. C.'s Most  
 Complete  
 Sporting Goods  
 Dealer

123 bypass, Seneca, SC  
 and  
 Grant Plaza, Toccoa, Ga.

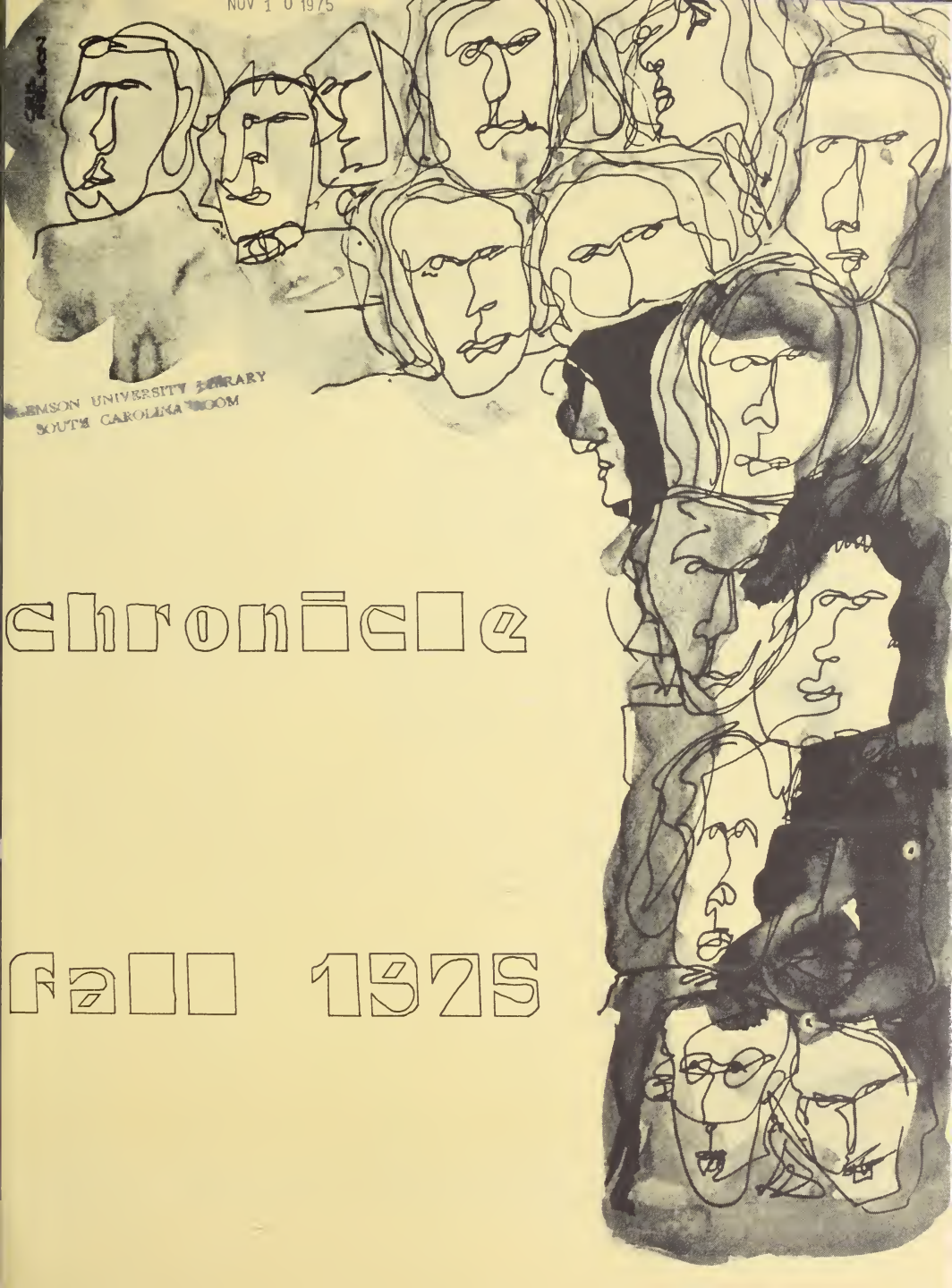






Harold Lee

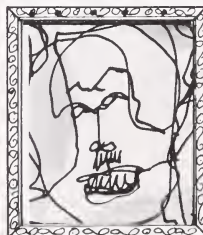
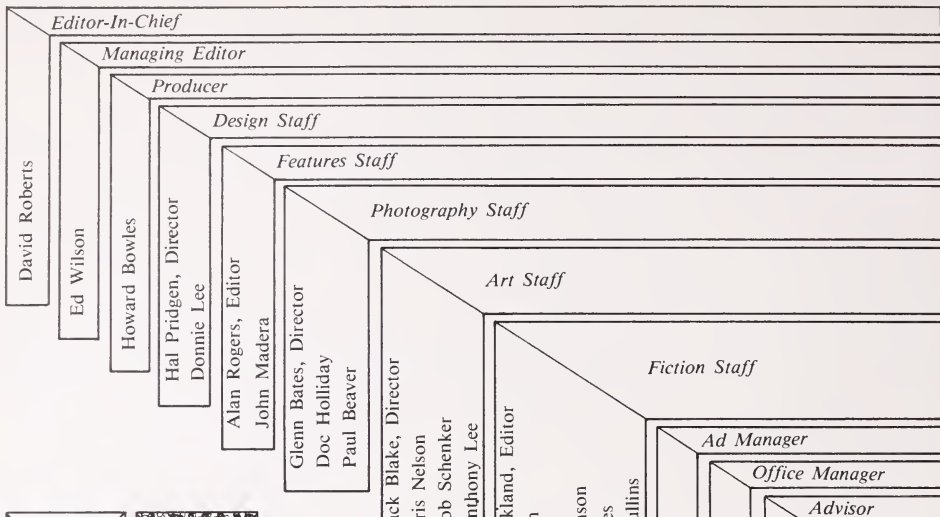
NOV 10 1975



WILSON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
SOUTH CAROLINA ROOM

Chronicle

Fall 1975

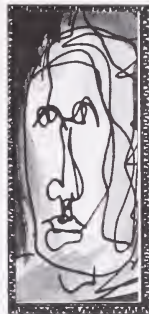


The Chronicle is the official student variety magazine of Clemson University. Address all submissions and correspondence to the Chronicle, Office of Student Affairs, Mell Hall, Clemson University, Clemson, S. C. 29632. Student subscriptions are paid through student activities fee. Non-students may obtain copies at prevailing newsstand prices, plus postage if applicable. The opinions expressed do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, administration, or anyone else, for that matter. The editor assumes responsibility for opinions expressed in the Chronicle, if there are any worth taking responsibility for.

# CHRONICLE



\*Note - The two-page spread, pages twenty-two and twenty-three, involves poetry which candidly discusses sexuality in variant forms. While we are not obligated to justify the inclusion of these pieces in the magazine, we do feel it our duty to advise those readers who are easily offended by works of this nature to peruse these pages at their own risk, having been duly advised as to their content.



## CONTENTS



Cris Nelson

Ed Wilson

Lisa Marsh

Ed Wilson

student talent

Alan Rogers

anonymous

Al Willis

Mike Strickland

Bob Schenker  
Anthony Lee

Pam Holloway  
Jeff Davis  
Leon Hayes

Allan Wendt

Front Cover

Cloudy Days

Of Glass Chimes and Roses

Jim Edens and the Cherokee

Chronicle Gallery

Tales of Tillman

I Shall Not

Embrace I and II

Dawnthoughts

Bizarre Comics

Poetry

Back Cover

5

6

9

13

18

21

22

23

24

28



# MY PAGE

this page belongs to the Editor-In-Chief of the Chronicle, David J. Roberts

It's a nice thing to have a page of your own. Above the dwarfish racket at our last meeting I heard a voice wish dolefully for "a page of my own". I just chuckled to myself knowingly. And just in the last two weeks at least four people have asked me to "say hello to Mom", or "tell Laura I love her", but I told them all to go to hell, because this is my page.

And so there I sat in my Nehru jacket and Beatle boots eating Cheese Tid-bits and ripe olives and getting thirsty. Directly across the room, on the somehow dirty sterility of our white walls, someone had painted in large magenta letters "GO WILKES COLLEGE DEBATE". The inanity was alien. At the Chronicle we have a standing joke that the inane among us cannot print. I remember saying that at the drop-in, trying to give a taste of the inside Chronicle to all the newcomers who were to be absorbed. "It's a rule," I said, "that the inane among us cannot print." I thought this was funny and a few old staffers chuckled but everybody else just sat there and breathed. They THOUGHT that WE were CRAZY. But at any rate there are none among our numbers who could have attempted the perfect foot high Gothic News Bold Condensed letters. Someone suggested the architects, but everyone knows that all the architects print in letters that look themselves like a string of small buildings silhouetted against the paper. At any rate, the inscription sat on the wall like a piece of meat in our vegetable soup and bothered the staff considerably, especially the inane among us who, as a rule, cannot print. We finally all chipped in fifty cents and hired this burned out guy we found kneeling outside a laundramat in Liberty to stand by the inscription and say "it's cool".

The night was getting early (and the morning late) when we decided to take a break and rolled up our amberlith tents to the point where we could make our escape. When all else fails you can always be hungry so we started cruising and looking for some burgers. The only place open that early was Jimmy Dan's House of Home Fried Chicken just off the highway to nowhere. Jimmy Dan didn't have any burgers and we sure as hell didn't want any chicken so we just pulled up chairs in the dining room and sat around. We still had x-acto knives clenched in our semi-paralyzed grips and were generally feeling pretty bad ass. Everybody's spirits were low without any burgers and I started to yell at Jimmy Dan's wife, a mousy brunette visible in the

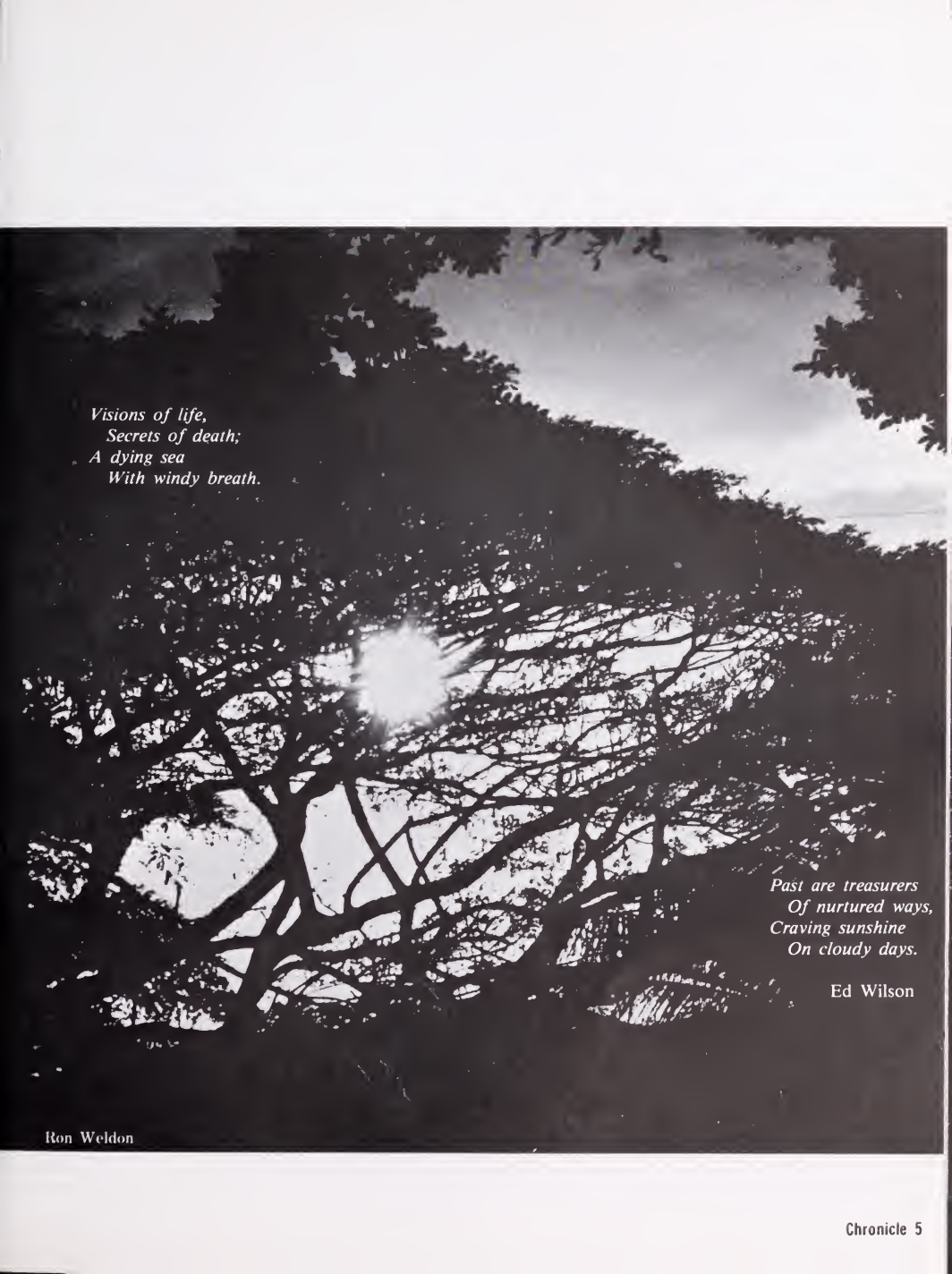
kitchen home frying some chicken. I told her that if Frank's Violin Sonata in A wasn't on the jukebox that we were all going to come back there and cut her up. That's pretty much how I got the ketchup stain on my Chronicle shirt.

One reader writes: Tom is nineteen years old. Dick is younger than Tom. Mary is Dick's older sister and she is three fourths five eighths of Tom's age. If Dick has nuts that sell for sixty-nine cents a pound and Tom has nuts that sell for eighty-four cents a pound; assuming acceleration due to gravity to be nine and eight tenths meters per second and the mass of the cart to be seven kilograms, ignoring frictional forces, how far is it to Chicago?

Another reader writes: Yesterday in English the Prof told me to stand up and recite Shakespeare's "Shall I Compare Thee to a Summer's Day". I told him that I really hated the poem and that he could go to hell and stick his head in a barf bag if he thought he was going to make me do it. Pretty cool, huh?

The oppressive heat of the day had, for the most part, dissipated. There were three of us on our hands and knees crawling over the freshly carved goatpath that wound around the side of Tillman circumnavigating the construction site. It wasn't until we had crawled almost to the sidewalk that a voice from the front suggested that we pretend the old man was Johnny Valentine and that this was for the two thousand silver dollars. That was sure to make things livelier. We all agreed. We reached the sidewalk and continued down it towards the circle. Even the most vigilant of midnight strollers would probably have passed us by. We reached the circle and after a brief huddle, stealthfully crossed the road. It was now that absolute quiet was most important. We tucked the crosses which were dangling around our necks into our shirt so that no accidental clatter would relieve us of the element of surprise. We encircled the statue, adhering precisely to the plan we had formulated before embarking. Without warning, after a synchronized count to three, we ambushed the figure from all sides yelling, "whoremaster, whoremaster!" and kicking him in the balls when the opportunity arose. After thirty seconds or so we were all rolling in the grass and laughing. We laughed and laughed and laughed UNTIL we ALL just DIED.

Such, such, are the joys.

A black and white photograph of a tree with a bright sunburst effect in its center. The tree's branches are dark and silhouetted against a lighter sky. The sunburst is a bright, circular glow with rays emanating from it, positioned in the middle-left of the frame. The overall mood is contemplative and serene.

*Visions of life,  
Secrets of death;  
A dying sea  
With windy breath.*

*Past are treasurers  
Of nurtured ways,  
Craving sunshine  
On cloudy days.*

Ed Wilson

Ron Weldon



# Of Glass Chimes and Roses Post Mortem

*Fiction by Lisa Marsh*

I remember that the room was deathly hot--a smothering box of yellow, though the windows were open. The breath of roses mingled with a vague stench of disinfectant and the sweat of fever. I could barely see the tarnished disc of the sun through the grey of mid-afternoon.

The roses my husband had sent me that afternoon were already beginning to wilt in the heat. He had sent them in such a lovely huge glass vase. Four dozen of them. And the chimes, the lovely glass ones; they tinkled so nicely right above my bed. Wilfred is so kind to me, but he should know better. Glass chimes have always frightened me; they are so deceptively beautiful. It always seems as though they know the darkest secrets and tinkle among themselves, whispering just above my level of comprehension.

The nurse came in to check on me, I remember. Her heavy shoes walked in soft, precise steps. I heard her before I saw her. She opened the door quietly and stuck her head around it. She frowned.



*Sandra Tate '95*

"Why, Mrs. Pitcairn, you look so dazed."

I nodded.

"Well, maybe I'd better give you a sedative. Does it hurt much?"

I shook my head.

"Well, maybe I'd better give you one anyway. We don't want you moving at all." She smiled translucently, her lips gliding gently around her face.

She walked to the white enamel chest beside my bed and pulled a drawer out. "Here we go," she said reluctantly. She sucked some Thorazine into a syringe and squeezed the plunger. "Here we go," she repeated. She swabbed my arm with alcohol and quickly followed through with needle and plunger.

"There," the nurse said. She pressed the cotton swab stiffly against my arm. Then she threw the swab, plunger and needle into a wastebasket. "I hope that makes you feel better." She gave me a cagey wink of dismissal, smiled, and walked out, closing the door behind her.

The room seemed to hold its breath expectantly. The door did not open again. Nothing stirred. Outside, beyond the stifling room, I could see a storm gathering strength. I tried to clear my head. Minutes before, there had been no wind, no cool expectant breathing, no hint of stirring. No, but there WAS a storm. I was sure of it. I was floating, floating calmly on a green windswept lake along a rocky shore under the pressured breath of an oncoming holocaust. The grey shore-line grew dense with thick bushes and tall craggy trees that groped for the water's edge. Ominous darkness blanketed a sky that heaved dry, heavy gasps.

A sluggish creek was camouflaged under a wall of tangled vegetation to my left. The raft moved unchecked through the dark greenness and into a dense woodland. I drifted sickly, drowsily, as if drawn by a thousand sucking snails. My eyes had just begun to adjust to the acrid iridescence of the forest when I felt

the presence of something. It was sitting on the raft next to me. I felt it shift suddenly. There was no coordinate sound with the movement. Everything was so dormant, so general.

Ahead, a patch of profusely blooming thistles filed along a narrow muddy path that began where the stream ended abruptly. Purple—I wanted to pluck one to put behind my ear. No. No. The raft floated over the mud and through the thistles without a sound. Suddenly, I felt an urgent prodding on my shoulder. I remember turning around to see.

The nurse stood right above me, her eyes lowered apologetically. "I'm sorry I had to wake you, Mrs. Pitcairn, but your husband is waiting to see you."

I nodded and she turned to go out, leaving one hand on the doorknob. I heard her mumble something behind the door before abruptly swinging it open. Wilfred sauntered in blusterously. He was always so arrogant.

"Now, don't stay too long, Mr. Pitcairn," she said. "Mrs. Pitcairn is on a sedative." She gave the same wink and smile she had given previously and walked out the door.

"Well?" he said.

"Well, what?"

He smiled sarcastically. "Well, I've news for you, Martha, darling. . ." So arrogant, so loving. His thin nose quivered nervously.

"Yes, darling?"

"I want to leave you, Martha." That was so like him. So pertinent. "Did you hear me, Martha? I've filed for a divorce today."

"I heard you, darling." He was so handsome in his blue suit, his violet eyes reflecting shallow reverie. I remember when I first met him . . .

"Well?" he said, breaking my memory sharply. "What did you expect me to do? You live half your life in your dreams and the other half in the hospital."

"Darling, you're so amusing."

"Listen, Martha, didn't you hear me? You will never see me again. I'm leaving you." His tired face

flushed with intense frustration.

I looked at him. It was all a joke anyway. He edged tensely towards the door. "I want to live now, Martha. I want to be free, free from you, free from your hellish dream world." He blinked defensively when I didn't answer.

He stood locked to the floor, his hand placed hesitantly on the doorknob. He waited expectantly a few moments and then turned curtly and stepped out the door.

I closed my eyes against my agitation. Sometimes Wilfred is so disagreeable; and, yet, he loves me. He truly does. He sent me some roses, pink ones. Pink roses. . . I heard the cut glass pieces whispering among themselves on the chime. They are all, all so wistful, so deceptive. Wilfred, the roses, the chimes—they are all delicately frustrating, as if they had two sides. Thistles are much better. I watched them fold out, their thorns bristled in obvious defense. Behind them, on a lower level, I glimpsed a field of roses, all delicately pink, each petal daintily outlined with brown. The thistles guarded the living cemetery of dying roses.

The roses had no smell. I picked one as the raft sucked through the field. It came easily, like a dandelion, its stem rotted. I held it. A whisper. A chill. A voice said something, but only half murmured. The huge trees overhead shaded everything, the thistles, the roses, the path.

shot with a needle full of disappointment, the rose still clutched in my hand. I felt alone now. A squat house fell in view through the thick forest, its white siding held back stiffly by neat rows of black shutters that gazed blankly out into dense swamp. The house belonged on a lonely cliff overlooking the ocean, but here, it was crowded. There was no path to the doorstep. The black door of the house was soft and yielding as I drifted through and sank into the atmosphere, bringing another with me.

"Hello. Where've you been?" she

asked without turning. She was cooking some green vegetables over a white enamel gas stove. I didn't answer. The room was bright. It held shelves on all four walls full of different glasses. They had been her family's for years and years and years. . . each contribution a gift made in the memory of a deceased member.

"Here." She put the green stuff on a white enamel table and dished it into a yellow plastic bowl. Her hair was tightly curled under a white cap, her face young, her white uniform pressed stiffly. "Eat this when you feel up to it, okay? Mrs. Pitcairn?" I didn't answer. She smiled and winked and moved efficiently out the door. I could hear her heavy white shoes whisper softly down the hallway. The chimes began to tinkle quietly again, this time in an unceasing, irritating way.

"Nurse."

Silence answered.

"Nurse!" The bellow of my own voice lifted the languid mood from the walls. "Nurse!"

A light was flipped on and the nurse appeared at the doorway. "Sh-h-h-h! Please be quiet, Mrs. Pitcairn. We don't want to wake the other patients. Now, what is it?"

"Would you please take that incessantly ringing glass thing down?"

"What glass thing, Mrs. Pitcairn?"

"The chimes! The chimes!"

"Chimes? What chimes?"

"Why, the ones right over my bed, of course."

"Now, Mrs. Pitcairn, you KNOW that no one is allowed to keep that sort of thing in this hospital."

"Don't Mrs. Pitcairn me! I know when I hear something!"

"Listen. Now do you hear anything?"

"No, but. . ."

"Well, then, it must be all in your mind. You must have been dreaming. Now, you just close your eyes and try to go back to sleep." She paused for a moment. The door closed softly.

Wait. Wait. The chime was

tinkling again--now more insistently. I sat down, a feeling of confused dread spreading through me. I remember sitting at the white enamel table on a white spindle-backed chair. The unappetizing green stuff gathered dust in its bowl while the heat of the room lulled me into deep sleep.

I awoke in the same room. It looked dingy in the half-light, the glasses still stacked in the cupboards. The chimes were ringing wildly, though there was no hint of movement. I felt strangely ill at ease. It was as though the chimes were trying to tell me something I could not understand. The green stuff, still uneaten, wallowed in its juice in the shallow yellow plastic bowl before me. Suddenly, I felt something in the room with me. I could sense it moving, throwing wisps of air about it. Abruptly, it began opening all of the cupboards one by one. It ran before the cupboards, plunking the front row of glasses. They did not ring. They sounded dull--covered with a mood. It laughed. It laughed. It laughed. It went by the cupboards once more, slamming the doors shut. The glasses rattled slightly from the impact. They stood still for a moment and then cracked, still in place, one by one. It laughed again, then sighed, disappointed.

I was frightened. "Who are you?"

It laughed suddenly, uproariously. It laughed again until the laughter itself had died into stiffened oblivion. It opened a cupboard and took out a large glass goblet, holding it in mid-air. "Look, you've gone too far." It plunked the glass with an airy finger until it resounded deeply and exploded into a million fragments. The shreds were edged with the brown-black of a dying flower, its clear petals scattered and dying slowly. It laughed. It laughed maliciously.

"No. No. You can't do that." I felt as if my heart had been sliced with the glass. "No. No!" I tried to retrieve the broken pieces, the broken pieces of my life. I was held down. It laughed. I exuded all my

strength, forcing myself to rise. Slowly, painfully, I sat up. "Don't you see? I can play in your world all I want!"

I began to run before the cupboards. I opened one. I touched a glass. It quivered and shattered, brittle life. I laughed. I laughed. The room filled with the other atmosphere and laughed with me.

We fed on destruction, running about breaking the glasses until almost all of them were crushed. I laughed and stepped on the glass, grinding it into the floor. But then, I stopped cold. There, on an enamelled chest, was a picture of my husband and me. I began to move toward it. It was so familiar, suddenly so real. The thing had reached the picture first. I screamed in terror as it raised the picture over a huge glass vase with pink roses in it. I caught hold of the photo, but it forced it down, down, and the picture and the vase and the flowers, all, all fell to the floor in a thousand screaming pieces. I fell among the fragments and saw, near a fallen white spindle-backed chair, a black stinking corpse. It lay prostrate, its arms outflung across the broken glass, its battered face lying crushed and deflated on the white tile floor, staining it brown in the shape of its own figure. One hand gripped a dead rose. . .

The chimes whispered softly, far away. I tried to move--the side of my face wet with a warm stickiness, the fragments of the vase scattered about the floor of the yellow room--but, I couldn't. I couldn't move at all. I could just see the stainless steel legs of the hospital bed through a veil of blood. I sobbed and clutched the rose tighter. The thing laughed maliciously in my head.





# Jim Edens and the Cherokee



Thunderbird, symbol of creation

*a Chronicle feature  
written by Ed Wilson  
photography by  
Doc Holliday*

"Clemson and the surrounding area is one of the richest in Indian history in the entire United States."

It became more evident as conversation ensued, that Jim Edens could document this surprising statement about the local Indian heritage. Mr. Edens came to Clemson in 1961. He grew up near Horseshoe Bend, Alabama, the site where Andrew Jackson defeated the Creek Indians. It was here that his interest in Indian history and relics first developed. He was then fortunate enough to be able to work

with professional archeologists from the University of Tennessee while attending college. He learned excavation techniques and methods of identifying and cataloging the findings. After college Edens came to Clemson as an insurance agent. Since his arrival, he has religiously tracked down every known Indian village in the area. By utilizing British military records in the state archives in Columbia, as well as other historical documents, he was able to locate these village sites. From Oconee and Pickens counties alone, Edens has compiled a collection of over five thousand Indian relics. He is currently writing a book about the Indian history of this area, hoping to encompass foreign manipulation and the inter-relationships of the various tribes. "By looking through these records," Edens relates, "you can see how the foreign governments living in this country at that time were manipulating the Indians against one another and also using them to reap the profits of the land."

According to Edens, there were as many people in Oconee and Pickens counties in 1750 as there are now,

**Hammer stone with tool used for chipping arrows**



**Cherokee pipes**



and they were all Indians except for a small military outpost at Fort Prince George and a few trading posts. The village of Keowee, which was located about three miles above present Keowee Dam, was the largest known Indian incampment in the Continental United States. Approximately eight thousand Indians lived in the village, which served as the Southern capital of the Cherokee. This is a massive village considering the number of people within the city limits of Clemson or Seneca can not amount to more than six thousand. Edens points out that many of the towns in this area are much smaller than the Indian villages which formally occupied the Piedmont. The Cherokee were the prominent tribe of this area. There were some fifteen known villages near by, each having from fifteen hundred to eight thousand inhabitants.

The Cherokee were once a part of the Iroquoian nation. In fact, the village of Seneca Old Towne, also known as Esseneca, located about one and one half miles up the Keowee river on both the east and west banks above where the Keowee and Twelve Mile rivers meet, was

named after the Seneca Indian tribe of New York State. The Seneca, also a part of the Iroquoian nation, were down here in an administrative capacity to direct war efforts. The Cherokee, however, were a more peaceful branch of the Iroquois, and disapproved of constant fighting and bickering. Consequently, they broke away from the Iroquoian pact and drove the Seneca back to New York. The Cherokee then developed their own federation, which became the most powerful Indian pact in existence. Smaller tribes such as the Catawba from around Rock Hill, that were not able to fight off the larger tribes, also joined the Cherokee federation. These tribes were offered protection and in return they were to provide warriors if the Cherokee went to war. The bounds of this federation covered from West Virginia to Northern Alabama in width and from Kentucky, down t h r o u g h the Carolinas and Georgia. And as Eden put it, "They manipulated this territory with an iron fist."

At the onset of the French and Indian War, when the French and their Indian allies were pushing south and attacking the Cherokee, this federation proved very efficient. By this time also the Cherokee were receiving guns and ammunition from the British, to help keep the French from invading the South. The emperor of the Cherokee nation, Atta Kula Kula, nicknamed the little carpenter, by the British, sailed to England to sign a treaty with King George. "The little carpenter" had never been on the ocean before, but nonetheless he sailed to England, signed a treaty with King George, and hired British mercenaries to fight for the Cherokee. The Indians, around this time, also began building log palisades around their villages, with guidance from the British. The Cherokee had already developed wood housing, however, and although the British engineered the Indian fortification, the white settlers actually patterned their log houses after the Indian housing.

Around each of these main villages were splinter groups which spread up and down the creeks and tributaries. In time of war they could gather within the palisade for protection. A noted naturalist, who traveled up through this area in the 1750's related that from Seneca Old Towne north up and down the tributaries of the Keowee River for nearly thirty miles was solid Indian housing.

The Cherokee had developed, by this time, probably the first democratic form of government on the continent. An illustration of this was their method for declaring war. If the Cherokee were attacked by an invading force, they would not just suddenly send several thousand warriors charging off to battle, as the Western Indians might have done. They would meet in council. There were men and women on this council, and the women were given equal voting rights. If the council decided that war was necessary, they would elect a war chief. The person chosen for the job

"One of the southeast's most complete...

top name brands...

7 minutes from campus."

**HARRIS**  
**SPORTING GOODS**

123 By-Pass Seneca, S. C. 882-3391





would then amass several thousand warriors and proceed with the punishment of the offenders. This system is probably the main reason why the Cherokee survived so long. Most of the Eastern tribes were already defeated before the onset of the 19th century. The Cherokee, however, were still strong when they were finally moved west in 1841.

When the Revolutionary War began, the Cherokee became allies of the British and fought in every major battle in the South. The British had convinced the Cherokee that the Americans were going to take their land away from them. Of course the British planned to do the same thing, they were merely manipulating the Cherokee into battle for their cause. As a result of this the colonists began a concentrated campaign against the Cherokee in Oconee and Pickens counties. On August 1, 1776 Major Williamson and his men stormed into Seneca Old Towne and burned it. Within the next fifteen days the villages of Keowee, Kulsagee, Socony, Estatoe, Warachy, Toxaway, Jocassee, Ostatoe, Tugaloo, Brasstown, Tomassee, Chehohee, Eustaste, and Uwarri were completely destroyed by Major Williamson, Captain Tutt, and Colonels Neel and Thomas. The Indians retreated into Franklin, North Carolina. The patriots then realized that because of the amount of Indians present, the only way to completely defeat them was to destroy their food. The soldiers burned the corn crop before the Indians could harvest it, and in that first winter 17,000 men, women and children died of starvation. The Cherokee had become so concentrated that they had become almost 100% agricultural. They hunted only as a sideline to provide the British with furs.

A treaty was not signed with the Cherokee until nine years later at Hope Well, near present Utica Mohawk Mill between Clemson and Seneca. This was the homesite of General Andrew Pickens, who was

Indian Commissioner at that time. The Hope Well treaty was signed on November 20, 1785, ten years after the initial burning of the villages.

When the British were defeated, the Indians were left alone and they had come back in and rebuilt some of their villages. They also built large plantations like the whites--some of the chiefs even lived in white columned houses. The Cherokee then began to amass large numbers of black slaves, and unlike the whites, treated the slaves as sharecroppers. The slaves were protected and even fought along side the Indians in confrontations with the whites. The slaves recognized that they were getting a better deal from the Cherokee, and they began leaving the white plantations for the Indian plantations. The Indians had the best fertile bottomland anyway. The Indians were never known to beat or punish their slaves as some whites were known to do. In 1838, when the Indian Removal Acts were finally signed, the whites really wanted their slaves back, and they wanted that good fertile bottom land. The Indians had developed such large plantations and such fine agriculture that the whites were envious.

The Cherokee had also concentrated on being civilized. This is evident in men like Sequoya, an Indian blacksmith, who exclaimed that the Cherokee must have an alphabet so they could write letters. He said that it was time for the Cherokee to learn to read and write their own language. For eight years he worked in his blacksmith shop devising an alphabet. Sequoya wasn't his real name, actually it was a nickname meaning possum in a poke. They made fun of him because he spent so much time in his shop on his alphabet. His shop was located near Westminster and he serviced the Cherokee plantations in the area as well as some of the whites. After eight long years, Sequoya had developed an alphabet for the Cherokee people. The

Indians immediately began learning this alphabet and teaching it to their young. In a short time they could read and write their own language. The Cherokee then developed a newspaper and translated the Bible into Cherokee, since many Cherokee had been converted to Christianity by white missionaries. Although many Cherokee had been educated in the white man's schools and could speak and write English fluently, many still regarded the Indians as sub-humans. These opinions were used by instigators, such as John C. Calhoun, to justify the Indian Removal Acts signed by Andrew Jackson.

Although these Indian Removal Acts were signed in 1838, it was 1841 before the Cherokee were moved West. They were moved in the coldest part of the winter. They marched through the snow on foot, and it is estimated that 75 % of them died on the trip west. Some of the Cherokees who protested the move fled into the Great Smokies. It is for this reason that we still have a band of Cherokees in Cherokee, North Carolina. The remainder of the Cherokee were given land in Oklahoma.

When the Civil War began they were again manipulated, this time by Southern politicians, who convinced them that it was the Yankees who moved them west. Consequently, many Cherokee fought on the side of the South. After the defeat of the South the Cherokees were punished severely and their land cut as a result of participation in the war.

Leaning over the desk I switched the recorder to off, and looked up as Jim Edens said with a grin, "Yea, there's a lot of interesting history in this area, and I think it would be a shame not to have a composite book to let people know what we had here."





Allan Wendt

# chronicle gallery



Robert Miller



Jack Blake

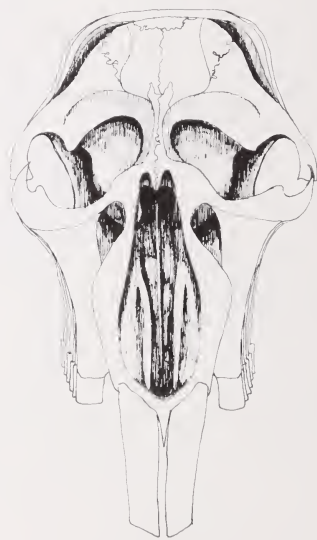


Anna Hornkohl





Jack Blake





Doe Holliday



*Author's Note - When one is a prospective Freshman at Clemson, one receives a little booklet entitled, "Clemson Perspectives." This little booklet tells one all the things about Clemson that the Administration wants one to know. However, what about those unmentionable occurrences? The things couched in whispered snatches over coffee in the canteen? The mumbled secrets exchanged through the bookshelf in the basement of the library? These grotesqueries which could bear no more grotesque a name than...*

# tales of tillman

*Humour by Alan Rogers*

Timothy dragged up the stairs to Tillman. It was another registration day at dear old CU, obviously, for there were multitudes of people milling around, sweating, and cursing under their breath. Everything seemed to be going well. There was a steady stream of people moving up the steps to the various tables. Timothy fought his way through the crowd and managed to step in the door just as his name was called. He procured his packet and proceeded outside to struggle with it.

Upon opening it he found the usual array of validation stickers, computer cards, and maps. Then, of course, there were the directions. Timothy glanced down each one of the columns, silently praying that they hadn't changed the way to do it again. His eyes slid over the page until it at last reached the ones at the end which read -

"Please aid us in our search to better understanding your problems, by filling out the two attached forms. These are not mandatory..."

at which point, Timothy, quite dexterously, deposited them on the floor of Tillman.

He proceeded to fill in the essential cards, and to stick on the essential stickers. He was just preparing to deposit the cards at the proper tables, when his eye fell on a little piece of paper in the bottom of the folder. Perusal of said piece of paper revealed that the University, in all its wisdom, had decided not to provide the students with Activities Cards in the packets this semester, but instead, one must retrieve one's card in the bell tower of Tillman Hall. Writing it off as par for the course, Timothy proceeded to get rid of all his cards. As he walked by the table where one is supposed to deposit the non-mandatory cards he chuckled to himself. There were a couple nurds handing their's in and Timothy could barely hold in his laughter. Somehow he managed, however, and continued on to the entrance to the stairwell of the bell tower. As he began to ascend he thought he heard laughter behind

him, and turned to see the two nurds who had been at the non-mandatory card table elbowing each other. Timothy couldn't imagine what they could find so funny, so he shrugged it off and cruised on up the stairs. As he got closer to the top, he heard a whizzing noise. It was almost a whistle, and came at regular intervals. Assuming it to be the clock, Timothy opened the door and as the blade bit into his neck, he read the words -

"Failure to aid us in our search to better understand your problems, will result in immediate decapitation."

Paul was a genius. That's all there was to it, and Paul knew it. His first day at Clemson had gone as he expected it to. He filled out all the forms the way he was supposed to (even the non-mandatory ones) and everything had gone smoothly. Paul had even gotten into the Physics 412 course that he had wanted so badly. He gloried in his genius as he read

the little directive which he had been given by the Dean of Admissions, which simply stated -

"Please allow Paul Hendrix to enroll in your Physics 412 course. He has taken the proper tests, and is well able to handle the work."

Nothing had ever made Paul so proud, not even the time he won first place in the Podunk High School Science Fair. Ah well! He would soon be rich and famous and loved by his fellow men. All he needed was some recognition of his genius, and Paul planned to begin to achieve some of that recognition Saturday at a meeting which he had been informed would take place on his hall.

That Saturday, Paul put on his two-toned shoes, plaid pants, and golf shirt, and proceeded to room B-12. As he knocked on the door, he heard rustling and a strangled, "Who's there?"

"It's me, Paul Hendrix. You know, the genius in B-18." The door cracked open and a face appeared.

"OK. Come on in and have a seat," said the face. As Paul stepped into the room, he was overwhelmed by a dense fog of some rancid smoke.

"Here. You can sit here, Paul," said the face which had now acquired a body also. "We were just talking about the game today."

"Game? What game?" queried Paul as he passed the newly lit cigarette which had been handed to him. Musn't clog his brain with nicotine, he reasoned.

"Why, the football game, of course!" replied the face.

"Oh! I have no time for such triviality," answered Paul. "It's so childish and ridiculous. A ludicrous waste of time and money, if you ask me, and...would you please quit trying to shove that cigarette in my face? I don't smoke!" This emphatic tirade had induced a stunned silence within the room. Paul congratulated himself on impressing them so quickly.

"You mean to tell me that you

don't like football?" asked the face. "Can't stand the thought of it!" returned Paul.

"And you mean to tell me that you don't smoke?" asked the face which had been forcing the now extremely short cigarette which everybody seemed to be sharing, in his face.

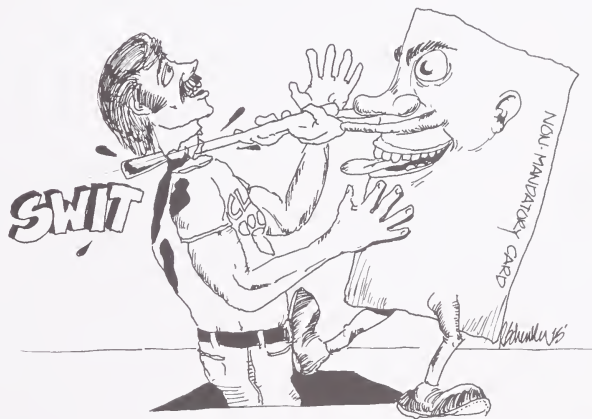
"Ruinous to mind and body!" exclaimed Paul with a shake of his head.

The faces in the room looked at one another and a look of decision lit up all of them. The face in

and turned upon him. The last thing he remembered hearing, before he gave up the ghost, was the radio blaring above the sound of the huffing and puffing -

"Here we are today, in Death Valley to see the Clemson Tigers take on..."

Sophia whisked around the room one last time. The wine was chilled, the bread heated, and the small room made as attractive as a shoebox dorm room could be. Everything needed to be perfect that



charge, the one at the door, looked around and spoke -

"Well, we all know what we have to do," and with a nod of agreement, they all reached into their pockets, and produced one fat, wrinkled cigarette apiece. Each licked his own in silence and lit up. After getting them all burning, the faces stood one at a time, and turning toward Paul, placed the burning ends of the cigarettes in their mouths. Then leaning down over him the faces began to pour out clouds of smoke, until Paul was totally immersed in the dense fog. His eyes stung. His throat cried for liquid. He tried to move but found himself strangely paralyzed. All he could do was watch in horror as cigarette after cigarette was lit up

evening, for it was the first time she had been able to lure Brad up to her lair. The clock read 10:30, and as she touched the flowers for the last time, the anticipated knock came.

"Hello, Brad," smiled Sophia, as she opened the door.

"Hi, Sophia," returned Brad as he handed her a bottle of wine. "I thought we might find some use for this."

Sophia felt a chill of pleasure as she felt Brad's eyes glide over her body.

"I'm sure we will," she cooed as she directed him to a seat on the bed. She slid her hand up and down the inside of his bicep, tingling at the pleasurable warmth. "I have some chilled already, if you'd care for a glass."

"That would be fantastic, hon,"

intoned Brad, with a long look into the depths of Sophia's eyes. She could hardly tear herself away to pour the wine, but with a super-human effort somehow, she managed to fill two glasses. Sitting close beside Brad, Sophia sipped her wine while he began the hoped for come on. Words soon led to actions, and ripples of excitement flowed through Sophia's body as she bit Brad on the neck. Their hands traced scenes of incredible delight on each other's backs. Brad was just sliding his hand down into Sophia's jeans, when a knock came at the door.

"Who's there?" gasped Sophia, as she struggled to free herself from the forest of arms and legs that they had become.

"Mrs. Martin, the hall supervisor," grated a voice from the other side.

"What do you want?" queried Sophia as she opened the door. She was answered by a deafening shriek.

"My God! It's a man! Help! Help! It's a man in this dorm after 11 o'clock! It's a man!...." these and various other screams, interspersed with non-verbal yodels of terror traced Mrs. Martin's flight down the hall.

"What's going on, Sophia?" asked a bewildered Brad. The words no sooner left his mouth, than four husky, blond dykes wearing gold lame slippers grabbed both he and Sophia.

"Where are you taking us?" shrieked a frightened Sophia.

"To see The Boss," grunted one of the dykes. They dragged the couple roughly down the sidewalk, and up the steps to Mell Hall. Sophia and Brad looked at each other in despairing bewilderment, as they entered an office. They were pushed into chairs in front of a desk, behind which was the back of a swivel office chair. A light was placed directly over their heads, revealing the cloud of cigar smoke that filled the room. The chair behind the desk turned and the couple was faced with a most unusual sight. There sat

a figure in a floral print house-coat, and an orange and purple dustcap, chewing on a fuming stump of a cigar. A cookbook lay between its spread legs.

With a sneering grin the figure spoke, "What's yoah name slut?" "Sophia," came the reply from a now thoroughly confused and frightened young woman.

"And yoah's, you animal?"

"Hey you can't do this! Just wait!" Brad's protest was silenced by a gold lame slipper rapped across his mouth.

"Keep yoah filthy mouth shut, yo' heah?" The figure rose as it screamed out these words. Fright silenced the young man and he slid back into his chair. "They tell me that you two was togethah in this slut's dorm room aftah 11 o'clock. You have anything to say in yoah defense befoah Ah pronounce yo guilty?"

Sophia leaned forward, "But I thought..." She was cut short by a cry of indescribable anguish.

"Yo did what? Yo thought?! Didn't they teach you in yoah fust day heah that Clemson Co-eds aren't supposed to think?" The figure had drawn to its full height and stood quivering behind the desk. "Yo have just signed yoah own one-way ticket outta heah, you little rabbit! Take em to the pool!"

The four dykes emerged from the shadows and dragged Brad and Sophia out the door, down the steps outside, and across Bowman Field. They continued down past the amphitheater and along the path by the side of the Library pool. Stopping under the bridge, they waited as the figure from behind the desk limped up to them. Now, however, it was clad in orange and purple robes. It carried a bag in its hands and as it approached the odor of burnt pot roast drifted to their nostrils. The figure deposited the contents of the bag in the pool and it hit the water with a plunk.

"That should bring my beauties," chuckled the figure to itself as it walked toward the group. "Well,

you two ready to suffah the consequences of yoah sins against this sacred institution?"

Sophia shrank against Brad, but they were quickly torn apart and dragged to the edge of the pool. Something disturbed the water and Brad could discern several fins gliding around in the blackness.

"Wait a minute!" he exclaimed. "Those are sharks!"

"That's a real smart conclusion theah, pig," sneered the figure, and all the dykes snickered. "Why don't yo get acquainted? That one with the white tipped fin is named Candy. That one with the hammer-head is named Sherry, and that one with the big nose is named Tiger Lilly."

By this time the water boiled with action and four more sharks cruised up. Brad began to struggle but was silenced once more by a savage blow from the gold lame slipper.

"Now is the time for you two to pay for yoah sins. Put 'em in the drink, girls!" The four dykes went into action and dragged the couple to the edge of the pool. Sophia was screaming and crying, and Brad fought with all his might...but to no avail. They were tossed into the water like so many coins into a wishing well. The splash evidently startled the sharks, for they backed away and began circling the hysterical pair. The circle began to tighten and Tiger Lilly began to move in when suddenly, for no apparent reason, all seven sharks dove and raced away from the couple. Brad held a wet, sobbing Sophia in his arms and was in the midst of a sigh of relief, when he saw the reason for the sharks' withdrawal. There in the middle of the pool, cruising slowly toward them, was a huge, white fin. It began to pick up speed and as the cavernous jaws bit both their abdomens out of their skeletons, Brad screamed, "The Great White!"







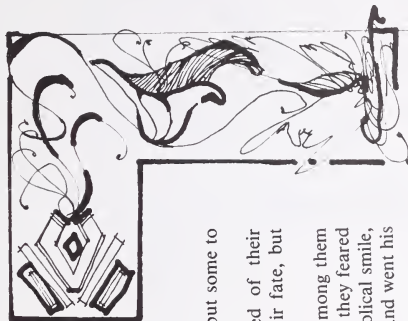
**AND** it came to pass, early in the morning toward the last day of the semester, there arose a great multitude smiting the books and wailing.

2 And there was much wailing and gnashing of teeth, for the day of judgment was at hand. And they were sore afraid, for they had left undone those things which they ought to have done, and they had done those things which they ought not to have done and there was no help for it.

3 And there were many abiding in the dorm who kept watch over their books by night, but it availed them naught.

4 But some were, who rose peacefully, for they had prepared themselves the way and made straight the paths of knowledge. And these were known as wise burners of the midnight oil, and to others they were known as raisers of the curve.

5 And the multitude arose and ate a hearty breakfast. And they came unto the appointed place and their hearts were heavy within them.



6 And they had come to pass, but some to pass out.

7 And some of them repented of their riotous living and bemoaned their fate, but they had not a prayer.

8 And at last hour there came among them one known as the instructor, and they feared exceedingly. He was one of diabolical smile, and passed papers among them and went his way.

9 And many varied were the answers that were given, for some of his teachings had fallen among fertile minds, while others had fallen flat.

10 And some there were who wrote for one hour, others for two; but some turned away sorrowful, and many of these offered up a little bull in hopes of pacifying the instructor. And these were the ones who had not a prayer.

11 And when they finished, they gathered up their belongings and went their way quietly, each in his own direction, and each one vowing unto himself in this manner:

12 "I shall not pass this way again!"

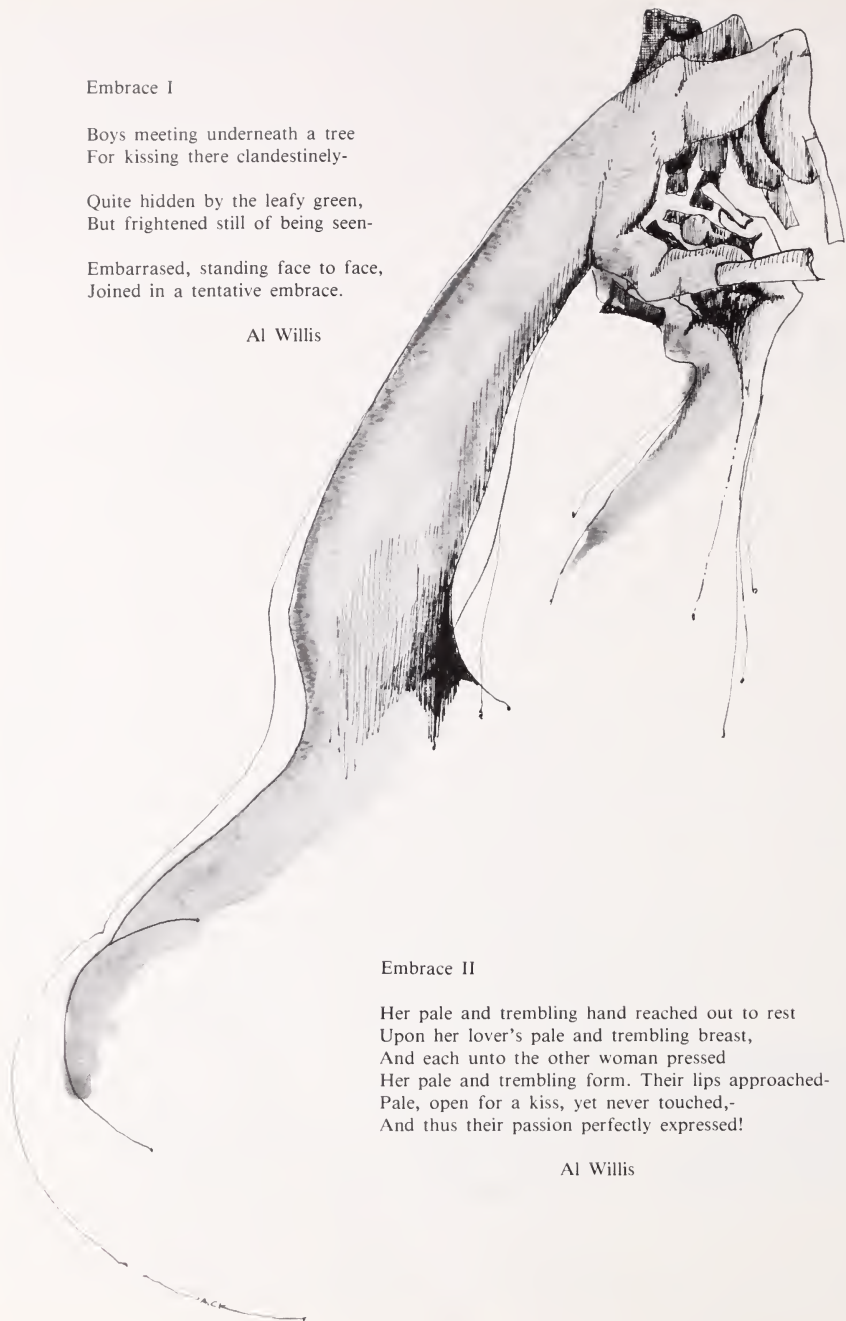
### Embrace I

Boys meeting underneath a tree  
For kissing there clandestinely-

Quite hidden by the leafy green,  
But frightened still of being seen-

Embarrassed, standing face to face,  
Joined in a tentative embrace.

Al Willis



### Embrace II

Her pale and trembling hand reached out to rest  
Upon her lover's pale and trembling breast,  
And each unto the other woman pressed  
Her pale and trembling form. Their lips approached-  
Pale, open for a kiss, yet never touched,-  
And thus their passion perfectly expressed!

Al Willis

Dawnthoughts

*Urge and urge and urge  
Always the procreant urge of the world.*

Walt Whitman

Friends when I first met you  
strangers now, how odd.  
Wandering home together  
in the comfort of the midnite rain,  
I stop to piss in the river  
wondering the why of it all.

Reaching home and into the graveyard  
pull me down beside you, drunk with your scent.  
Drawing me closer to abiding promises,  
love is a verdant nature movie  
my body riding the rapids  
of those ever flowing currents.

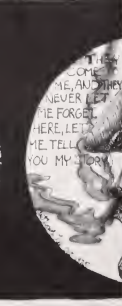
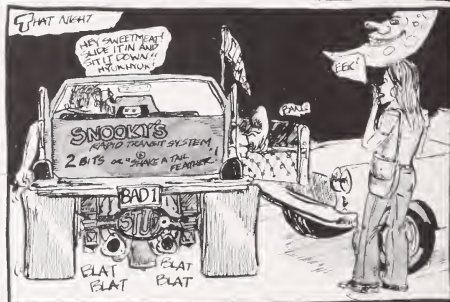
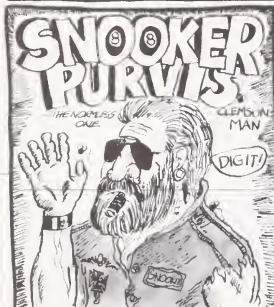
Abolish the lights so questioning eyes may hide  
and assume the posture of an underling  
as I apply to a wound that never heals.  
Calling forth eternal unforgotten rhythms  
to the slap of our sweating bellies  
we perform the dance of the moon.

Drawn to the center that is female  
plowed earth gathering seed--into moist darkness  
drawing my melted marble----this father stuff.  
Changing embracing desperate clutch  
wrestling against me with naked breasts  
warm squeezing thighs.

Returning from the battle-field at the end of the day  
the young warrior reflects on the deeds of bravery  
the dark face he met for the first time  
and the missing friends at cockcrow.  
Lying together in cold salt tears and nite-sweat  
love is a fiction that I must read some day.

Mike Strickland





THIS PAGE IS DEDICATED TO  
ANTHONY LEE, WHO PUT MORE THAN  
20 HOURS OF WORK INTO A CARTOON  
FEATURE THAT WAS TO BE PRINTED  
ON THIS PAGE. AS FATE WOULD  
HAVE IT, ON OCT 8, 1975, THIS  
DETAILED PIECE OF ARTWORK WAS  
STOLEN FROM UNDER ANTHONY'S BOOKS  
WHILE HE WAS EATING IN HARCUMBE  
COMMONS. WE HOPE THAT THE  
PERSON WHO STOLE THIS IS GETTING  
THE ENJOYMENT THAT WOULD HAVE  
OTHERWISE BEEN RECEIVED BY  
10,000 STUDENTS.

—HP!









The Antique Dollhouse

Light fell on her face and the silver spoon:  
Porcelain surfaces  
And porcelain smiles  
Sunshine hair  
and Moonstone eyes;  
THEN  
She stands before the mirror, theamericandream.  
Only death blossoms pure white.

Jeff Davis

Winter walked across my hills  
Leaned against a naked bough  
All alone and still

I could hear her whispering late at night  
Sighing through the pine groves  
Crying tears of ice

I could hear her calling me all day long  
As I sat before the fire  
As I sat 'alone

I walked the sides of barren hills with my bride  
And the lace of her wedding dress  
veils the sky

L. Hayes

Staring Out My Window Into the Faces of Eleven  
Sleeping Automobiles

While looking for someone  
to feed my self-pity  
I found that even the parking lot  
had eaten without me.

Pam Holloway

BUSTER

Tip your hat to the wind.  
you ole black man.  
White folks, they don't pay you no mind,  
They ain't gonna waste their  
sweet Georgia time  
a waving at some ole country nigger.  
So tip your hat to the wind  
you ole black man,  
It don't matter who waves and who don't.  
You could be the savior  
and that hat your bible  
and them white folks would still  
cruise by in their fancy cars  
and laugh at you.  
Tip your hat to the wind  
You ole black man,  
and don't you rape no white woman neither.

Pam Holloway





charles hopkins of clemson  
designers/craftsmen

contemporary

jewelry

handwrought

IN THE MINIMALL -  
CLEMSON, S. C.

Sandra Whitley, from Bennettsville, S. C.  
models Charles Hopkins' jewelry.

**Precision**  
PAINT & WALLCOVERING



PAINT FOR  
THE HOME  
BUSINESS  
INDUSTRY

Call

**225-1631**

224 W. WHITNER



WALLCOVERINGS, CABINET & BATHROOM HARDWARE  
ART MATERIALS, CARPET,  
CUSTOM PICTURE FRAMING  
INTERIOR DECORATING

"We Install What We Sell"

RUFUS HACKETT — MGR.

(P-239)

Student discount: 10% off on art supplies

# The Chronicle

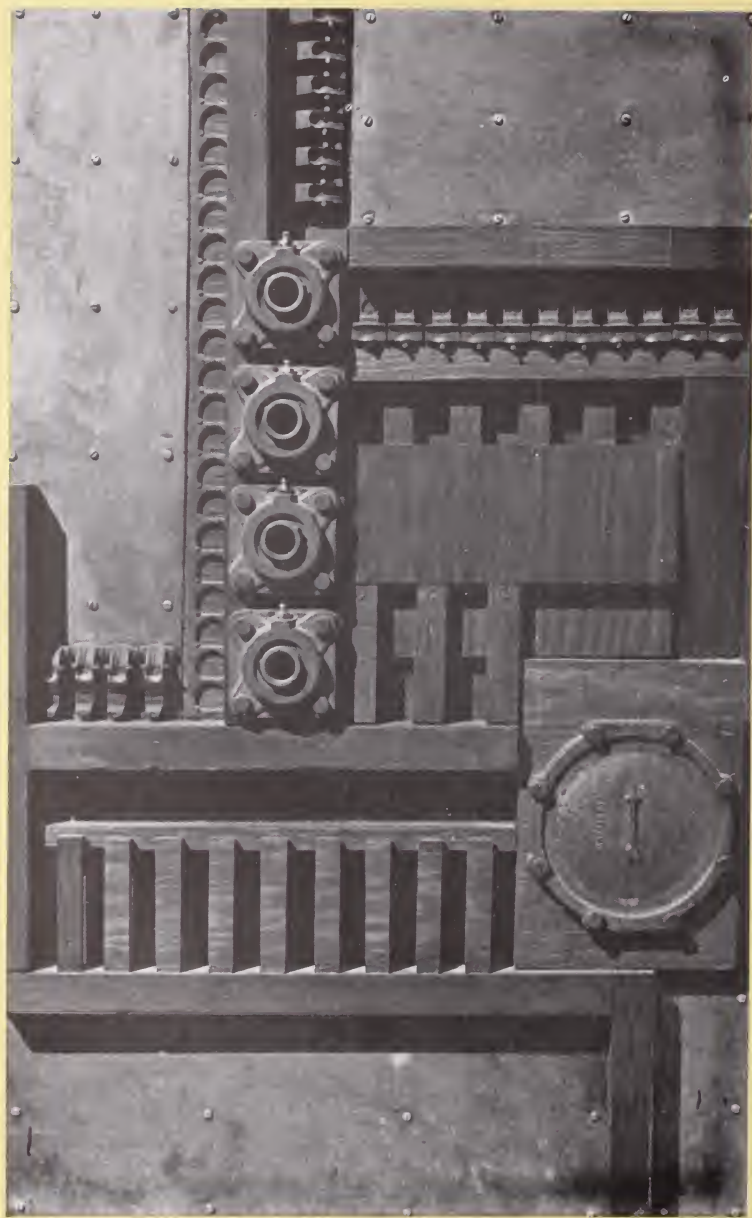
the official student variety magazine

needs official student short stories, poems, feature ideas,  
drawings, illustrations, and other works of art.

Meetings every Wednesday at six o'clock

Ninth level above the loggia

Phone 656-2320





CLEMSON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
SOUTH CAROLINA ROOM

FEB 18 1976

# Chronicle

Spring  
1976



Buttram 2/20/76



## Farmers Hall Tea Room and Restaurant

INTERNATIONAL CUISINE IN AN HISTORIC SETTING

morning tea: coffee, teas, fresh fruit, sweetbreads, a new day

luncheon: a gastronomic celebration

afternoon tea: each dessert a bite into the orgasmic

dinner meals: four course adventures... by reservation only

reservations & information

sun. - fri. 9:00 - 11:00

sun. - fri. 11:30 - 2:30

mon. - fri. 3:00 - 5:00

weekends 6:30 - 10:00

646-7024 or 654-2446

**Congratulations**  
**'75-'76 Tiger teams**  
**from Pepsi-Cola Bottling Co.**

**Anderson, S. C.**



**Join the**  
**Pepsi People**  
**feelin' free!**

# CONTENTS



Cover	
Anthony Lee .....	



My Page	
David Roberts .....	5

Poem	
Ed Wilson .....	6

Mountain Men	
Elizabeth Flynn .....	7

Poem	
Elizabeth Flynn .....	8

Brandied Mousse	
Cris Nelson .....	10



Gallery	
Student talent .....	11

Poem	
Mike Strickland .....	16

Poetry	
David K. Williams	
Leon Hayes .....	18



Joanne - 1946	
Jeff Davis .....	20

Poem	
Baylus Morgan .....	21

Photo Feature	
Student talent .....	23



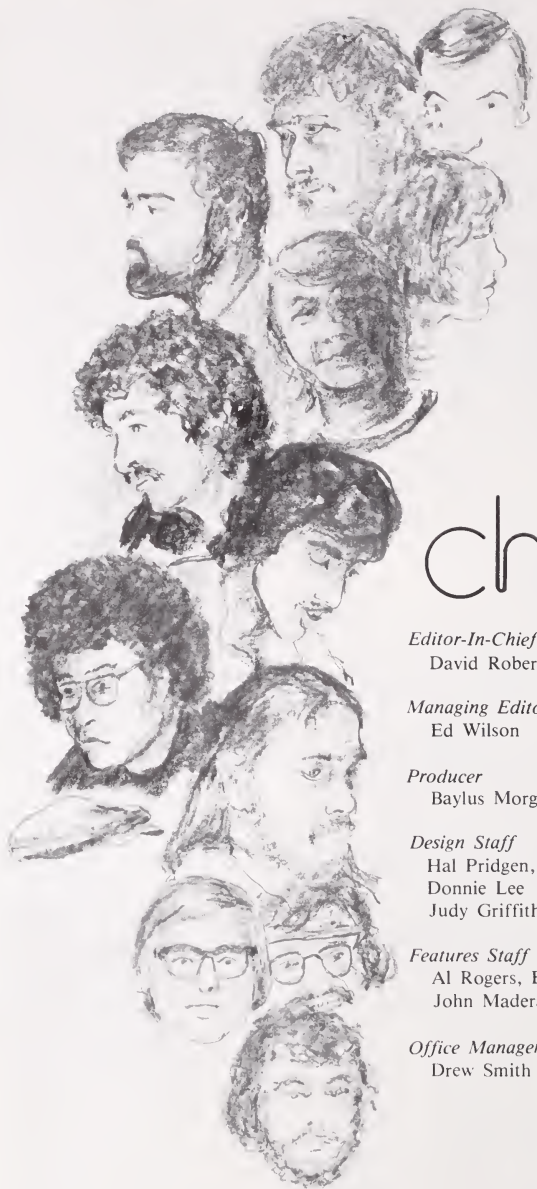
Poem	
Leon Hayes .....	27

Poem	
Chris Riley .....	30

Bizarre Comics	
Bob Schenker .....	31







The *Chronicle* is the official student variety magazine of Clemson University. Address all correspondence to the *Chronicle*, Box 2048, Clemson University, Clemson, S. C. 29632. Student subscriptions are paid through student activities fee. Non-students may obtain copies at prevailing newsstand prices, plus postage if applicable. The opinions expressed do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, administration, or anyone else, for that matter. The editor assumes responsibility for opinions expressed in the *Chronicle*, if there are any worth taking responsibility for.

# chronicle

*Editor-In-Chief*  
David Roberts

*Managing Editor*  
Ed Wilson

*Producer*  
Baylus Morgan

*Design Staff*  
Hal Pridgen, Director  
Donnie Lee  
Judy Griffiths

*Features Staff*  
Al Rogers, Editor  
John Madera

*Office Manager*  
Drew Smith

*Fiction Staff*  
Mike Strickland, Editor  
Lisa Marsh  
Al Willis  
Tony Johnston  
Leon Hayes  
Cynthia Eayre

*Photography Staff*  
Doc Holliday, Director  
Glenn Bates  
Paul Beaver

*Art Staff*  
Jack Blake, Director  
Bob Schenker  
Anthony Lee  
Cris Nelson

*Advisor*  
Dr. Mark Steadman

# MY PAGE

Knock, knock.

Who's there?

The editor.

The editor who?

The editor of the *Chronicle*, of course, you silly dipstick. Who did you expect to find on my page? And this is my page, you know, and I'd appreciate it if next time you knocked before you started to read. I mean I wouldn't walk into your bedroom or anything without knocking first and I expect the same courtesy from you. It's sort of strange, you think you're all set with your own page and all, and then you find out people don't even respect your damn privacy. Lock up all the marble cakes, even they might not be safe.

And just who is this obnoxious person, this "incoherent, perverted, and, yes, inane, person"? You could read the staff listings, but that won't tell you a thing, really. In fact it might be misleading, so don't read the staff listings, not now at least. Let me tell you all about it.

It all started about five years ago in a cornfield in southwest Iowa. In the middle of this cornfield there was a small stage with fire-engine red curtains. It was privately owned, but still was regarded as the entertainment center of southwest Iowa. And now it was showtime. The production manager was scurrying around backstage and frantically searching for the star of the show. He kept muttering to anyone who would listen, "It's showtime, where the hell is the buffoon? Hey, has anybody here seen the buffoon? He knows damn good and well what time the show starts. It starts now, so where is he?" The production manager waited about ten minutes until the crowd out front started to grow restless. He had to put somebody on stage, at least until the buffoon showed up. There was nobody like the buffoon to bring a crowd to its knees laughing, but he wasn't here, and the show must go on. He closed his eyes and pointed. The poor guy he pointed to was Urlildavy. So that's how Urlildavy got on stage for the first time. He was real nervous and couldn't think of anything much to say. The crowd, who had been expecting the buffoon was pretty rude and didn't even give Urlildavy a fighting chance. Finally, he sat down at a piano that was left over from the last act of the last

show and banged out a surprisingly decent version of "The Times They Are A Changin'". This was better than nothing but most of the audience just piled into their trucks and left. The only people who stayed were some English grad students and the members of the Wilkes College debate team which was touring southwest Iowa at the time. They all thought Urlildavy was okay after all, but they were hardly a crowd. Finally the buffoon was spotted sauntering through the cornfield toward the stage, strumming a guitar and singing one of his own compositions, "I Went To See My Baby To Get Me Some Schoolboy But She Gave Me Old Joe Instead." He had met the crowd as they were driving away, and now the trucks streamed back into the cornfield, Urlildavy was jerked off the stage, the buffoon and the show went on, and everyone was real happy. Things are different today but the shows are pretty much the same.

And now for our bicentennial plans. To start off, we've invited all the high school bands in the county to the *Chronicle* bicentennial celebration which is scheduled for Easter Sunday of this year. We're going to get all the bands together on Bowman Field and then they are going to play "The Horse", "Get it On", and "25 or 6 to 4". After the concert, Jesus Christ is going to fly over in a B-52 flanked by the Blue Angels. Following several aerobatic stunts which we hope will include the famed outside loop, Jesus will attempt a parachute jump onto the soccer field. To close out the festivities, Jesus, the staff, and all the bands will join in a classical rendition of "I'm a Yankee Doodle Dandy". As soon as the fun is over, we've much work to do. As soon as the merriment has ended, when everyone is off guard, we will sweep away the drug and sex induced lethargy which rots this campus. In the vacuum we will kindle the fire of revolution which still smoulders in the consciousness of the late sixties. We will burn Sikes Hall to the ground. After arming ourselves, we will hijack a couple of University vans and tour the country, wasting unenlightened politicians and distributing magazines. If all goes well, we should end up parked in front of Independence Hall. There we will set up our last rack, and as we wait for them to come and get us, we will toast the revolution.

THE BRINK

*We walked the brink of existence  
Along the rolling waves  
Choosing little treasures  
And satisfying craves.*

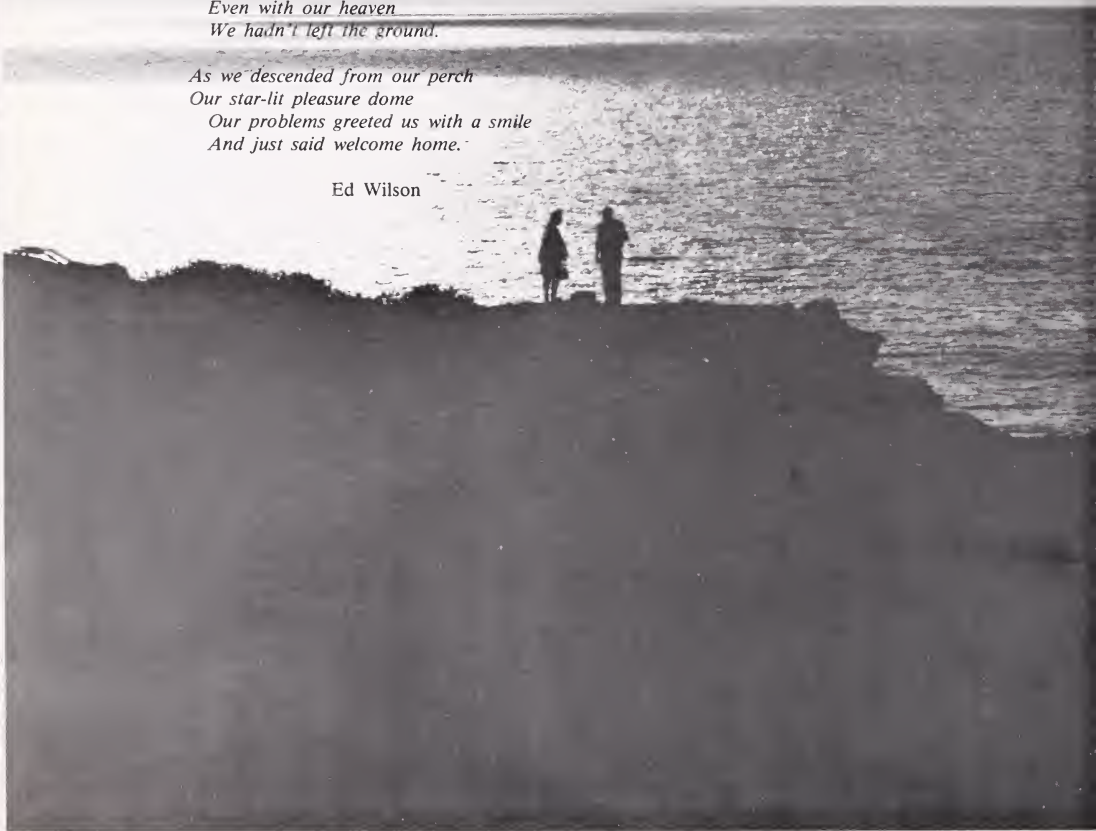
*We ran to scale the heavens  
And reach beyond the stare  
To reflect upon a limpid love  
Of joy without despair*

*We skipped about in star-flight  
And sent the sun to bed,  
We mined the salt of lovers  
And with the sky were wed.*

*But at the brink of dawn we sat  
And talked without a sound,  
Even with our heaven  
We hadn't left the ground.*

*As we descended from our perch  
Our star-lit pleasure dome  
Our problems greeted us with a smile  
And just said welcome home.*

Ed Wilson





*As I sit and review my life today,  
memories of a gentle touch come to  
mind. Like the touch of a mother's  
hand holding both the caress and  
the willow switch. Like the  
memories of love and its fraternal  
twin sorrow. Perhaps with the  
uncloaking of innocence comes  
wisdom. I can only beg once more  
for the innocence.*

*With my first footstep into South  
Carolina, I felt the *deja vu* common  
to those who have read literature.  
Oh "Gone With the Wind" how  
you have played with the mind of a  
naive Washingtonian. Searching for  
the romantic vision, the proud  
stoicism of the Southern mind, I  
found only the red clay, the tragic  
red clay, and the tenacious clinging  
that brings into this world such a  
terrible form of human suffering.  
Caught between the mint-julep  
drinker rocking on the porch of his  
gracious mansion and Mark Twain's  
muddy Mississippi, I was left  
dangling like a strand of Spanish  
moss over the stagnant marshland  
of Charleston awaiting the sweet  
oblivion of a fall.*

## Mountain Men

*fiction by Elizabeth Flynn*

The moon, beginning to emerge through an ocean of evil looking clouds, cast a ghostly haze over the age old mountains giving them the peaceful look only ancient wisdom can convey. Mist flowed over its valleys like caramel covering an apple and the next day promised rain to the living things on earth. But the night did not seem to acknowledge the living. It gave the illusion of truth promised only to those long dead; its shadows promising to cast light on all mystery.

An old man sitting on his porch looked over the scene with a love emerging from awe. He'd lived in these hills seventy some years and

yet he never seemed quite able to grasp the message he was so sure this land held buried like treasure deep within her womb. He'd tried hard, with the diligence that only greed can provide, to fathom the ancient archetype buried silently within his unconscious. He wanted a conscious symbol; something he could grasp and obey like a commandment. He wondered if this was how the people of Israel felt while awaiting God's commandments, desperately hoping for a code; something to live by and for.

His wife came and sat down beside him without saying a word. She rocked gently making hardly a sound with which to verify her

presence.

"Mighty quiet tonight, Rupert," she crooned.

"Yeah. Seems kinda evil don't it?" he said not turning his head or moving his eyes away from the countryside before him. There was no reason for him to. He'd lived with this woman for thirty odd years now and never once had he heard her enter a room. Her presence could just be felt.

They were really a part of two different worlds and they had merged long enough to raise their children. It hadn't been such a bad life together; they seemed to draw life from each other these days. You could almost hear a gentle sucking

sound when their bodies were close together and they had no need to speak. As long as they could give strength to the other all was well. Rupert thought this was alright.

Both Rupert and his wife were conscience ridden people. They were born and raised Southern Baptist and though they did not believe a word the preacher said, they could not help but wonder a little now that old age had begun to cast its shadows. Rupert had disturbing dreams at night and he often wondered if these dreams were a warning of impending doom. He was beginning to wonder just how perfect you had to be to get into heaven.

He wondered what had ever possessed him to have children. Somehow at the time of his marriage, Rupert had thought having kids a pretty good idea. The smartest boy in high school, he possessed the arrogance needed to start a family. He'd known Ellen since he'd started school and he liked her quiet ways. The idea of getting married, though, had never occurred to him before. It wasn't until graduation that he felt he had to take on some kind of responsibility. He was bored with working in the mills and spending his evenings sitting at a bar pretending he liked to drink, getting just drunk enough to let people know he could, quietly observing those who were setting the pattern for the rest of their lives.

Sitting on the porch and thinking about those days set him to wondering why he had chosen marriage over drunkenness. Weren't they both attempts to escape something seen as unpleasant? Weren't they both attempts to escape loneliness?

He nudged himself mentally, "You're too old, ole boy, to be thinkin'. Leave that to the young'uns." And he smiled inwardly. He'd gotten this far with very little foresight so what was the use of hindsight? His kids were gone. All that was left was his wife,

Reflections After a Walk  
Through the Blue Ridge Rain

*In the cool stillness of this earth  
I find the lushness of the earth's  
ancient eruptions*

*Hidden, veil-like, in their majesty  
from my weary gaze.*

*Afraid of my greed, they dance  
in and out of sight  
touched only by my tears.*

*I sit and ponder my naivete,  
my hopeless dreams of accomplishment  
loosed upon this mysterious land,  
realizing my powers will not pierce through  
the veil,  
knowing they weren't meant to.  
What is hidden has suddenly become  
all important, all necessary, all.*

*I sit at this table writing of my love  
and my weakness.  
Weakness that cripples me, cripples  
my dreams, my hopes, my desires, my needs.  
Elusive like these mountains.  
Something never totally known, never  
realized, but all encompassing.*

*Deep beneath this earth lies a pulsing  
surging life I cannot know.  
Like throbbing mercury it is sealed  
within an unbreakable entity.  
Passion of all organic life bottled  
secretly in its tomb beneath my feet.*

Elizabeth Flynn

these old mountains and him. Of the three, the only mystery left was the mountains. So his gaze set him once again into the lucid depth of the night and the hills were outlined charcoal against the moon's shady light. And his thoughts carried him inward.....

The days had gone by like snowflakes on frosted fields. The days of coldness and transgressions. Those days of hatred and self doubt and the realization that life was just too much to handle. That thin veneer that hid the fear of not being quite good enough. That devil lurking inside his soul twisting and stabbing with the pitchfork of condemnation. To care or not to care. To hate or to love. Whether or not to be selfish or used.

He was weary of that game and he pleaded to be saved from it. Like a bird in the hand he was trapped within a drama, an uncertainty that bound him in its grasp and squeezed until his very heart burst with the pressure. Like sap tapped from some maple tree, perhaps something

sweet would result from all this. Maybe some new sense of peace derived from pure shit, derived from something seemingly worthless, derived from suffering, from clinging to false truths.

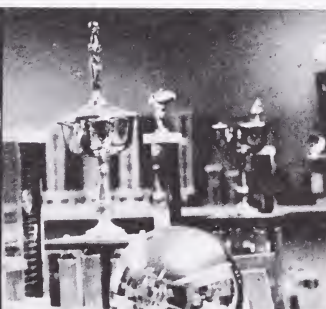
Maybe he would find that hidden treasure buried amongst the micro-organisms of the sea, covered with barnacles and decaying flesh, covered by fathoms of the earth's most critical element. If only to find those dabloons of such ancient value, to sift them through his greedy fingers and laugh with the ecstasy of the wind, he would give his soul to this, like an actor with a part to play... as if it has purpose.

Ellen, rocking gently in her chair, seemed to merge with him in her thoughts. She, too, was haunted by those same fears, those same flickers of brightness that shine transiently like a star. She thought of her husband sitting silently beside her and of those long years together that in retrospect seemed so short.

At eighteen she had not glimpsed this part of her life. She was not

prepared for this old age that kept her steadily rocking on the porch of the home she had lived in so long . . . a lifetime. She looked out into the hills and sadness surged into her body in waves of despair. These mountains she had lived in all her life suddenly seemed like strangers, as if this was her first glimpse of them. But, no, she would always feel their presence, their watchful eyes upon her condemning her in some way.

She couldn't bear it. She knew she would die here. She knew Rupert would die here. It wasn't far off. A silly old man sitting dreaming as if he was young again. Didn't he realize their dreaming days were over? She looked at him more closely and felt sickness surge through her body in wave after wave of nauseating emotion. For Rupert was not dreaming; Rupert was dead.



# **HARRIS**

## **SPORTING GOODS**

### **S. C.'s Most Complete Sporting Goods Dealer**

123 bypass, Seneca, SC  
and  
Grant Plaza, Toccoa, Ga.



# Brandied Mousse

## A Chronicle Recipe

Humour by Cris Nelson

*(This issue's special recipe was contributed by Julia Vile, chef at the famed D'Anjou Restaurant in New York City.) Comments and additions by our Food Editor, Nunzie McGuire.*

First, catch a moose. To do this, you must go to Minnesota or Canada, although we prefer to work through established Moose Lodge channels, as the quality of the moose is more reliable than something you surprise taking a leak in the forest. The moose you get must be:

- 1) chocolate
- 2) female (has less grit and is more flavorful than male moose)
- 3) free from emotional and dental problems (although braces are acceptable)
- 4) single, a virgin if possible.

Once you catch your moose, bring it back to your home and place in your freezer. A chest-type deep freezer is best, but a stand-up type will do. Leave the moose in the freezer for about one week, to get the proper consistency, and under no circumstances let it get constipated during the first forty-eight hours of freezing. (This advice was forwarded us from our resident game expert, "Moose O'Liny." Mr. O'Liny suggests ample doses of castor oil during the first forty-eight hours of cold storage if the gourmet notices any signs of constipation, such as soft antlers or a pained expression on the moose's face.)

When the moose's inner parts are sluggish, its coat frosty, and its eyes glazed, the gourmet will know that the moose is at its prime consistency.

On the day you plan to serve the moose to your dinner guests, melt 100 pounds of butter and 50 pounds of sugar together in a large container. Add a very large pinch of salt, and either 4 pounds of ground glass or 3 pounds of gravel as a thickening agent. It will make the texture of the moose more palatable. Stir constantly until the mixture bubbles. Add 62 pints of cheap brandy (your nouveau-riche friends will never know the diff!

Our etiquette editor suggests leaving an empty bottle of Christian Brothers lying around). Keep on stirring the mixture, and add 16 pounds of chocolate if you like a more chocolate-y moose. In a pinch, chocolate flavored products, such as Ex-Lax or Malt-O-Meal will suffice. Before the mixture cools, throw in the moose, after having scraped off the frost from its coat, and making sure its bowels have been evacuated. If the moose looks surprised, don't be alarmed, it's only me pursuing something I'm not sure of, I chase the bright elusive butterfly of love. Forgive me for letting the music editor interrupt. As I was saying, if the moose looks surprised, it's only natural.

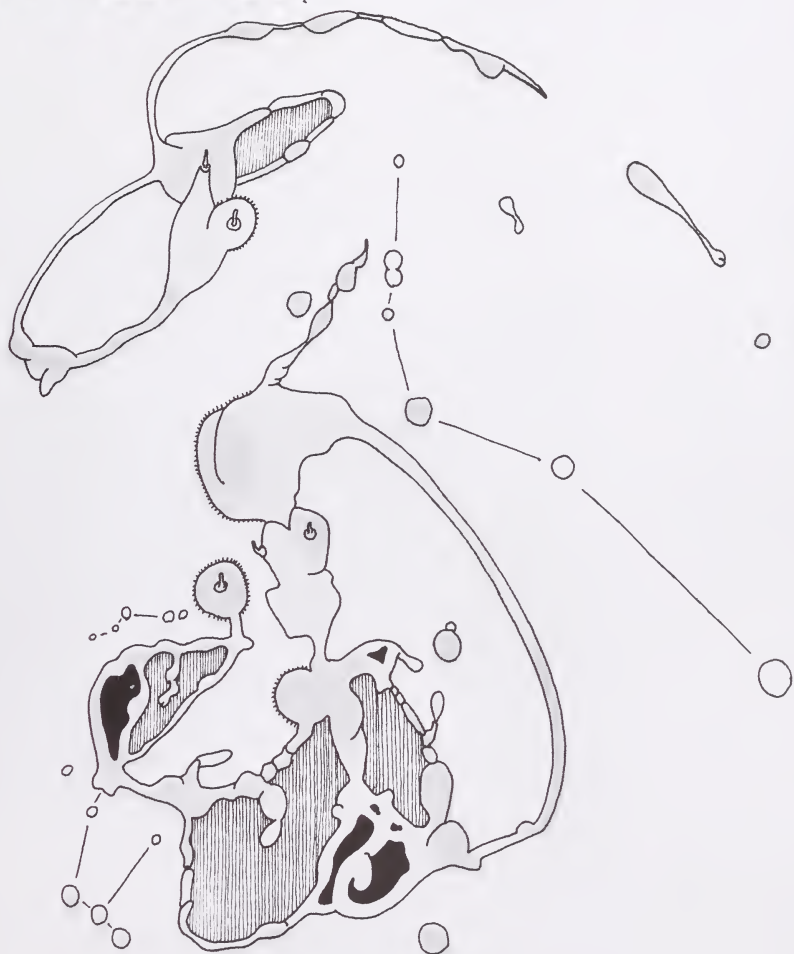
Lower the heat and simmer the mixture for an hour or so. Add a volume of Emily Dickinson's poetry to remove the gamey taste, and simmer for another hour or so.

Remove from the heat. Pour what's now become a *mousse* into dessert cups. Removal of the eyeballs is optional. (In Armenia, the eyeballs are left in, and the first two people to find one in their dessert cup are said to be pregnant, if female; the culprit, if male; and very sacred, regardless of sex.)

Place the cups in the refrigerator, and let chill for at least one hour. Garnish with salami slices, or dacron polyester if any of your guests are Orthodox Jews. Serve. Makes 56 servings.

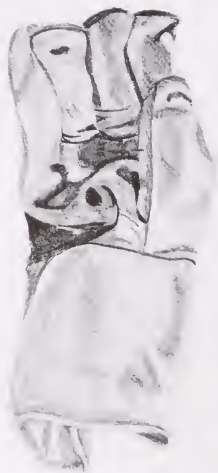


# chronicle gallery



Jack Blake

# chronicle gallery



Steve Black

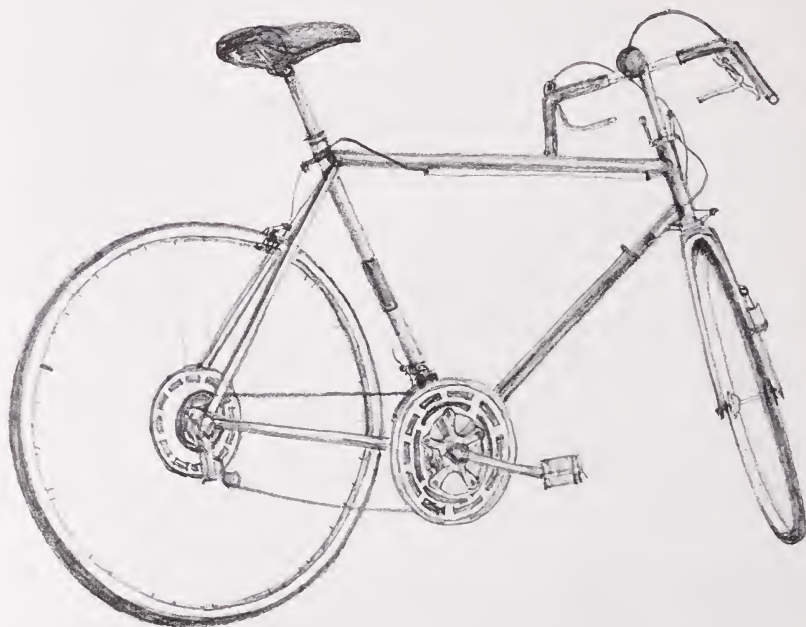




Mark Elliott



# chronicle gallery



Jimmy Arrington



Mark Elliott



### The Vestal Lady In Math Class

*Slowly I walk, to the innovation of numbers.  
Wander through halls, bright threatening the walls  
with-inside the ivy covered.  
Closer I draw, with mind sterile from the bright heat  
light, the keen pale acetylene, in the temple of mathematics.  
Turn and enter the inner sanctum, where  
faces blankly stare, and blood pumps through binomial circuits.  
Slowly I walk, to conjure the square root of infinity.*

*Desperate for a signal of living, you brush your hand  
through midnite hair and startle me, with a flash  
like lightning glinting off raven's wing in the storm.  
I pass you in the aisle  
on the way to my seat  
and your soul screams out to me  
recognition . . .*

\*\*\*\*\*  
*Through eyes turquoise crystal blue, like the morning sky  
strangely captured in the night of forever  
Slowly I fall, into ancient June, time of festival.  
Crowds jeer at paraded captives pagan and savage, We  
trudge with heads bowed by the river of the twins  
through the hills on streets paved with conquests.*

*Enraged by a fierce pride that can withstand no more  
I attack and surprise the armored captor.  
Running . . . I am free! Running, through strange streets and alleys  
across field as many give chase. Running . . .  
long yellow hair flows behind me like the mane of a wild stallion.  
Panting, frightened and tired I enter, into the temple to hide.*

*Your five sisters are afraid and run screaming,  
But you are not.  
You sense my fear and move to comfort me.*

*I am an animal.  
I wear the skins of beasts and feathers adorn my hair.  
I am savage like the bear.  
I strip away the white robe of your purity and pull you to the floor.  
I make love to you as a lion.  
Your eyes are soft and timid like a deer's.  
You are yielding as water and more.*

*When I stand above you it is in triumph that is tender in its wonderment.  
You try to cover your nakedness with your tears and your shame.  
You take my hand and lead me deeper into your place of secrets  
and show me the small tunnel that will give me freedom.  
Without words we understand. Looking back only once,  
I cannot know they will bury you alive.*

\*\*\*\*\*

*Taking my seat behind you  
our eyes meet oncemore in a coy glance over your shoulder.  
But you turn again and shake your head like a proud mare  
freeing a thousand bats and starlight from your hair.  
Your heritage flows subtly through you  
a legacy ancestral, that was passed on before you were killed.*

*But I can only smile at your back and stare.*

*And like Lady Lazarus who dies and rises and  
dies and rises and reappears again  
You someday I'm sure  
will eat men  
like  
air*

Mike Strickland

# Rice's Lucky Strike Drive In

Seneca, S. C.

Fast Food - Good Food  
Take out orders - Curb Service

From World Famous  
Hot Dogs to Steaks

882-6458

Monday-Saturday



## CHANELO'S

Pizza & Spaghetti  
House

DINE-IN

CARRY-OUT

DELIVERY

DIAL 654-6990

107 College Avenue  
Clemson, S.C.

HOURS

Sunday thru Thursday  
Friday and Saturday

11:30 AM till 1 AM  
11:30 AM till 2 AM

NOTHING  
BEATS A PIZZA FROM  
CHANELO'S

## DEPRESSION

*Sadness...immense sorrow  
These are my feelings  
Cold...oh so cold, dear Father  
Help me to life again  
Just wispy air remains of once yearned-for dreams  
Now chilled fantasies.*

*Time appears as a vast waste - irrealities voice  
Incomprehensible as well  
Dwelling in such a mind as mine  
Whirling impressions of past sensations  
Foaming...massing...no purpose  
The geography of Hell more decipherable.*

*Frigid existence this  
Ice-kisses from shadows in deserted lands  
Tracts of this consciousness no less desolate  
Time unfeeling continues on.*

*An embrace of loneliness grasps me  
Frozen to life escape unknown  
To live a life of warmth  
Sweet seems the thought  
Time uncaring guards the secret.*

David K. Williams







#### *HILL BOUND*

*Grass grasping ground  
slanting skyward  
As a bullying wind  
drags ragged clouds behind  
Spiky pines  
black fights gold  
And wins  
The sun covers its face  
and sinks down beneath  
the brutal moon*

*Behind me in a hollow  
a dead child  
A dying mother lowing  
before me  
A dying day  
I poise hill bound  
Afraid to turn back  
Afraid to go forward  
and while I stand guard on life  
Darkness comes*

Leon Hayes

# Joanne - 1946

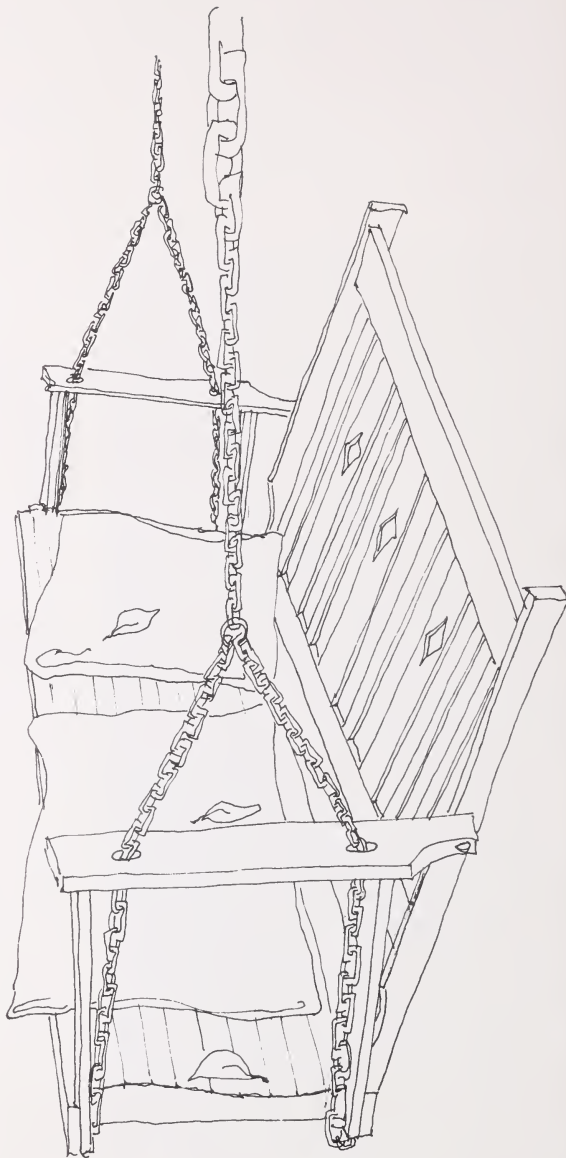
*fiction by Jeff Davis*

Pulling carefully to the curb, Frank parked the raven black Ford, a coupe, and switched off the smooth-running six. He rolled the window up, and wiped the smudges off the knob with his handkerchief. He took the cigarette out of his mouth and looked around. Damn. No ashtray. The old man wouldn't appreciate the stale smell in his new car anyway. He rolled the window back down, wiped the knob off again, slid off the gray cloth seat, and stepped out onto the sidewalk in front of her house.

He flipped the cigarette on the ground beneath the pear tree, and buried it with his foot. He noticed that his shoes matched the car, both were new, shiny, and black. She would be impressed. He could see himself in the fender, and, taking out his comb, put the finishing touches on his hair. He wished he had worn a tie.

He stepped lightly up the walk toward her front porch, smiling at the rows of carrots and staked tomatoes around the birdbath. He always wondered why they kept their victory garden in the front yard. Everybody deserves a few flowers. Besides, the war had been over for months. Not that it made any difference. He took the one step up onto the porch and rang the bell.

It was a nice porch, hanging off the front of an otherwise nondescript little bungalow in nondescript little West Ashby, as if Scarlett O'Hara lived there and had designed it for the sole purpose of entertaining gentleman callers. There was the pear tree in front that



bloomed in the spring, yellow-white blossoms you could almost see through. The petals were falling every day now, and some had fallen on the hood of the car, contrasting nicely with the flawless black, looking like a picture out of "Town and Country." Of course, there was a porch swing, a white wicker one that might be found in someone's gazebo on the other end of town in East Ashby. Frank knew that swing well. He had received many envious stares from passing friends and had seen many sunsets beyond those tomato plants, through that pear tree, and behind the Presbyterian Church across the street. He had counted many stars from that swing.

He turned toward the door and put his hands like blinders to the sides of his head to keep out the glare. He still couldn't see through the venetians; they were closed. He could hear a familiar voice from within:

"No, Mama, let me get the door." It was Joanne.

The doorknob moved without warning, and Frank jumped. The door opened about a foot, and revealed the face he knew by heart. He had hoped for more though, maybe an arm, or an exquisitely turned ankle. For the moment, however, he would settle for the face; that Ingrid Bergman face with its frame of blonde hair, falling to what he assumed were her shoulders, one strand actually in the corner of her mouth. She opened her mouth and, at the same time, tucked her pinky under the stray silk and flicked it back into place.

"Oh. . .hi, Frankie," she said.

She smiled tentatively, as if she wasn't expecting him, but this wasn't on the level, and he knew it. This was Friday. He wasn't confused. She knew what day it was, too. Maybe he was a little confused.

"Hey, uh, you afraid you'll turn into a pumpkin if you come outside before the sun goes down?"

Shit, he thought. That was stupid. It sounded like something a kid would say. He had wanted to say something mature, tender, maybe a

little risque, something along the lines of "wanting to see more of her than that." Besides, you turn into a pumpkin at midnight, not sundown.

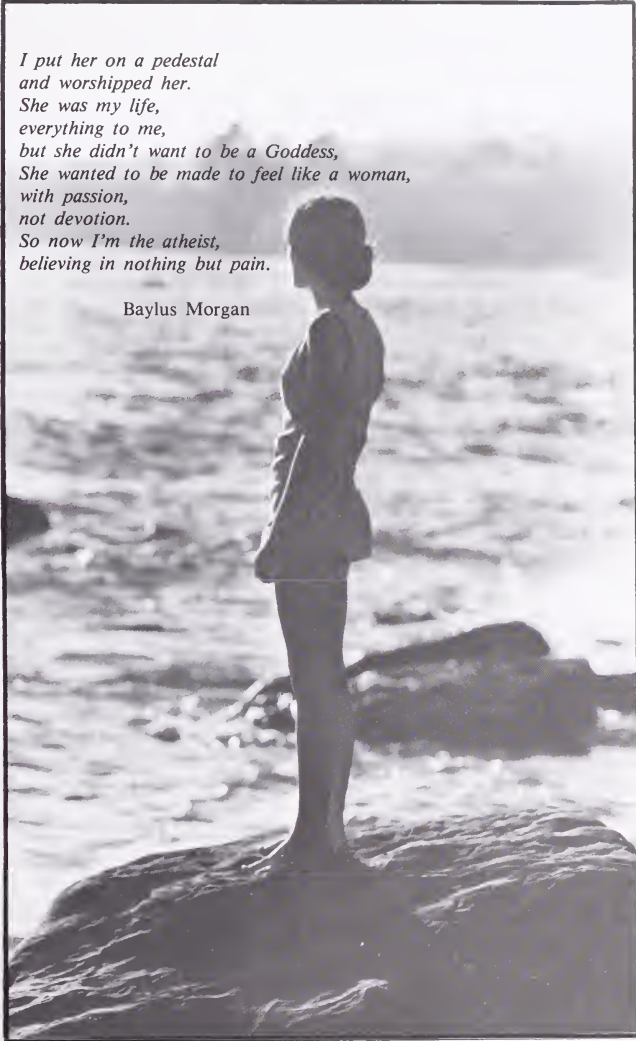
"I mean, I can't even see you," he said. ". . .Uh, ready to go?"

She took one step outside, one foot on the doorsill, the other six inches below on the porch. One hand remained on the doorknob. She had on a cream white blouse, a

narrow bib front with a gold pin, a brown skirt, and nylons. God, he thought. Nylons.

"No, Frankie," she said. "I'm not ready. I can't go out with you tonight."

He knew it. From the moment he saw her face, he had known it. She didn't have that "prom night look," the look she always had before, that made every guy at West Ashby High



*I put her on a pedestal  
and worshipped her.  
She was my life,  
everything to me,  
but she didn't want to be a Goddess,  
She wanted to be made to feel like a woman,  
with passion,  
not devotion.  
So now I'm the atheist,  
believing in nothing but pain.*

Baylus Morgan

want to date her. In one week, everything had changed. Until this point, he had managed to fool himself, but it was no use now. He already knew the answer, but he asked the question anyway.

"W-why not?"

"I . . . just can't, that's all."

He heard a muffled voice from inside, and he could see her mother's outline in the darkened hallway. Joanne's face twisted uncomfortably as she turned inside to answer.

"No, Mama, he doesn't want to come in."

Pause. He turned away from the house and looked around, at the pear tree, the tomato plants, and the sunset.

"He's coming back, isn't he?" he said.

She looked down and clicked her heels together as if the good witch of the north would get her out of this. He waited, but she wouldn't speak.

"Isn't he?"

"We're getting married," she

said. "Next year."

So there it was, the truth he had tried to face since V-J Day. He couldn't really say he didn't expect it. The steadily growing lump in his throat and the thumping in his chest had past their peak as he had anticipated her words. None of his speeches would work here. He couldn't remember any of them anyway.

"Next year, huh? Just like that, no warning, no 'Gee, Frankie, I'm sorry,' no . . ."

"Surely, you knew. . ."

"Knew what? That I was being taken for a ride? That I was just warming the porch swing? Yeah, I knew."

"Frankie, please."

"Please, what? Please don't say what we both know?"

"I love him, Frankie."

"How many times has he written you?"

"He doesn't like to write."

"What about me, Joanne? I love you."

"He's a soldier, Frankie."

"Big deal."

"Please go."

Pause again. Last week. Look around again. A damn victory garden. Everybody deserves a few flowers.

"Okay," he said.

He stepped down from the porch and walked toward the street, listening for the sound of the closing door behind him. Maybe he wouldn't hear it close. He could turn to meet her in the gazebo or she could come to him under the pear tree, and he would whisper in her Ingrid Bergman ear:

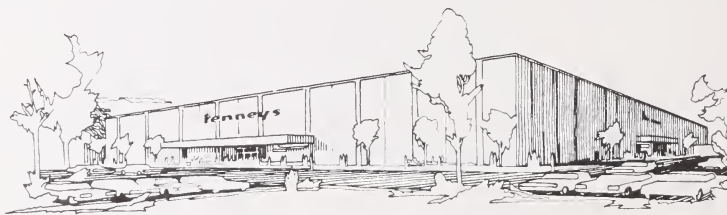
"Joanne."

The smooth-running six powered him away from the curb. Yellow-white pear tree blossoms slipped off the flawless black hood, rolled down the sculptured fender, and fell onto the sidewalk.



## J. C. Penney

### An American Institution



Here you'll find more of all the J C Penney brands that wise homemakers have counted on for three generations for quality and value. More fashions for everyone in the family. More home fashions, too.

And much more! Brand new departments-greeting cards, stationery, type-writers, cosmetics, personal care needs, sporting goods, toys and bikes, television, stereo, radios, home appliances, home decor, housewares, hardware, tools, lighting fixtures, porch and patio furniture, even garden equipment.

And there's more! A luxurious new Beauty Salon, Snack Bar, Camera Shop, Catalog Center and a complete Auto Center with tires, batteries, accessories, gas.

## Anderson Mall



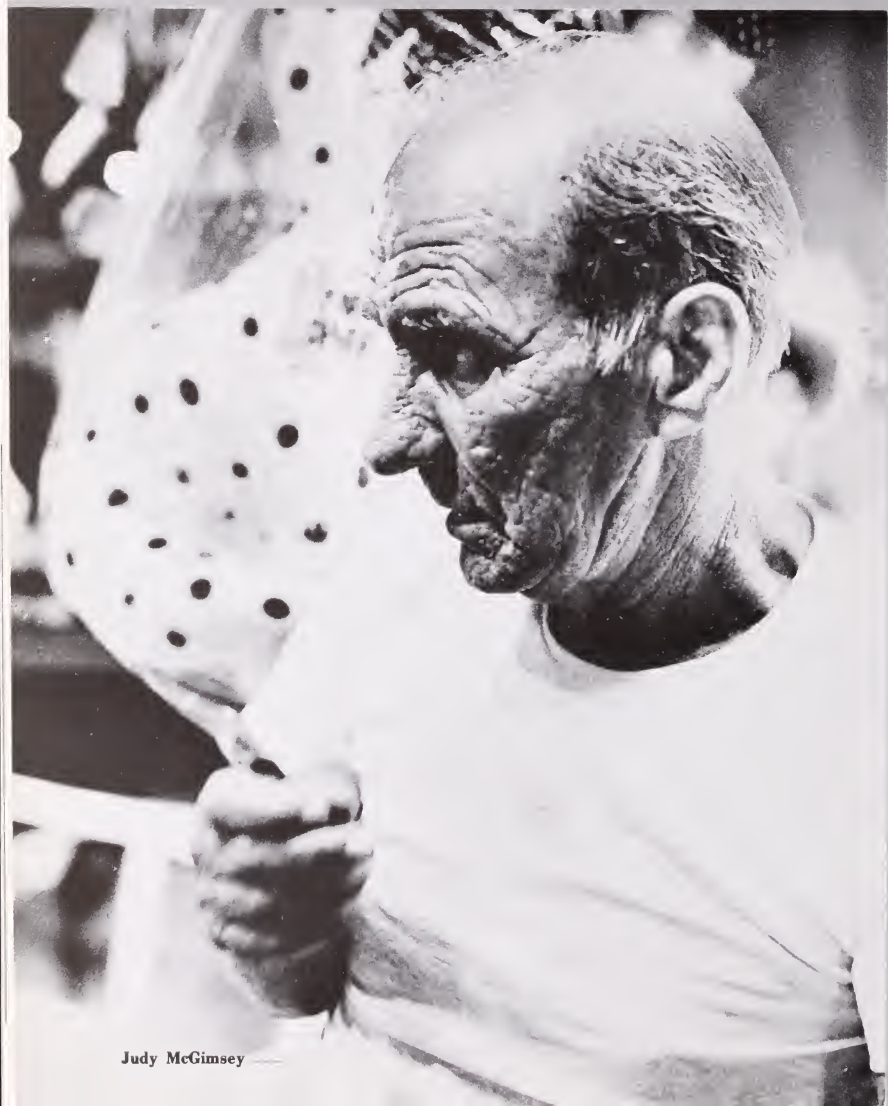
*Back in November, the Clemson Photo Club had a photo contest, normal enough thing for a photo club to do. This contest gave the staff a chance to see a sample of the photographs done by some of the different photographers on campus. Realizing that there had been little response to our pleas for contributions from this segment of the student body, I decided to contact some of the photographers that had entered the contest. The photos that follow are a result of that contact. Some of the photos were in*

*the contest, some were not. These photos are not intended to represent entries in the contest, but rather represent some of the photography being done on campus today. I would like to give my thanks to the Clemson Photo Club for bringing together the photographers initially, and a special thanks to the photographers for making their contributions to the Chronicle.*

Doc Holliday  
Director of Photography



Wayne Good



Judy McGimsey —



Randy Mayor



William Page



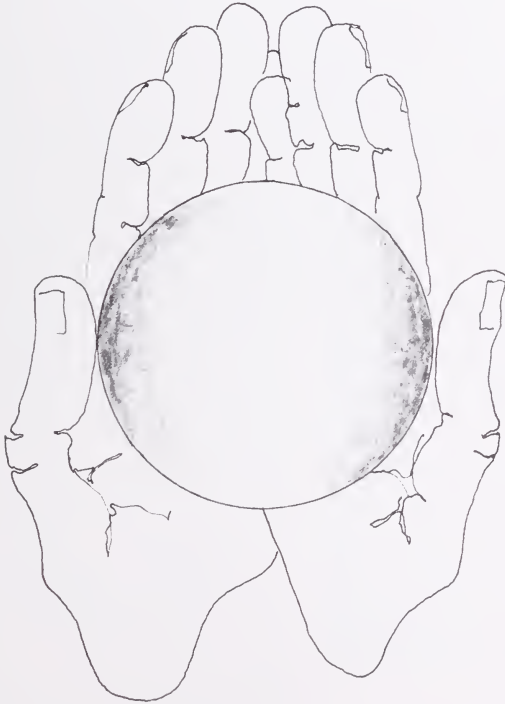
Wayne Good



Phillip Jones



*Nuns out marketing  
Blackly ascend a steep sidewalk  
Their thoughts fluttering toward the sky  
A bag bursts  
And oranges come bouncing  
Golden down the hill  
I laugh and catch them in my grimy hands  
I can already taste their sweetness*  
Leon Hayes





Our mechanics  
could be our  
best salesmen.

## HONDA CIVIC



They know cars.  
Factory Service  
Training Centers  
make sure of it. And  
they'll tell you the most  
beautiful part of a  
Honda CVCC is the way  
it's put together. Come  
in for a test drive  
and get the full story.

Honda Civic CVCC Sedan  
**43 mpg E.P.A.  
highway ratings**

CVCC and Civic are Honda trademarks.  
©1975 American Honda Motor Co., Inc.

See what the world is coming to at

**Guy Motors**

Anderson, S. C. 225-4151

TELEPHONE  
654-5151

*Clemson*  
Jewelers

PRECIOUS STONES - DIAMONDS - FINE JEWELRY



chronicle



we are looking for artists,

photographers, poets, writers, etc.

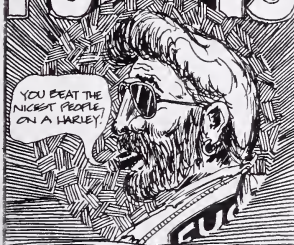
...Polaris:  
I see you burning bright in years  
past...  
you are there,  
yet,  
maybe not-  
Your life is self-consuming  
Your tragedy eternal...  
And ever-circular paths  
are your  
Fate,  
And loneliness is your virtue,  
Ever-present, eternal, mortal  
Star  
Whose sisters are the gods...

Chris Riley



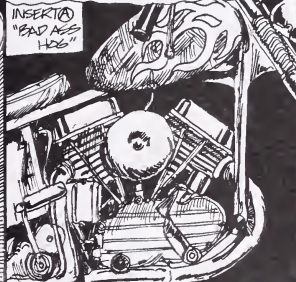


# 88 SNOOKER PURVIS

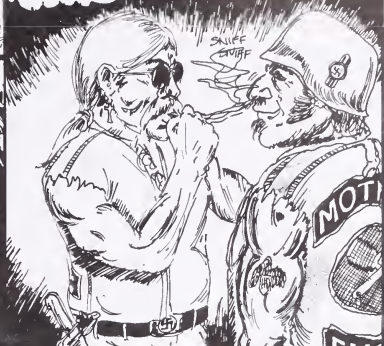


SINCE THE LAST ISSUE OF PIZZARRE COMIX, SNOOKER OBTAINED ENOUGH GREEN TO BUILD A "RIGHT QUEER" TAKE-TOGETHER WITH HIS BROTHER AND SEVERAL OTHER MEMBERS OF THE NOTORIOUS OUTLAW GANG, THE PERKES, THEY HEADED FOR THE WEST!!!

INSERT A "BAD ASS" LOGO



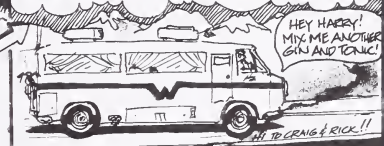
ONE LAST JOINT AND A FEW BREWS INSURED A "MELLOW" JAM



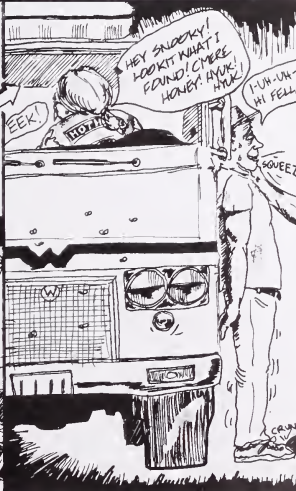
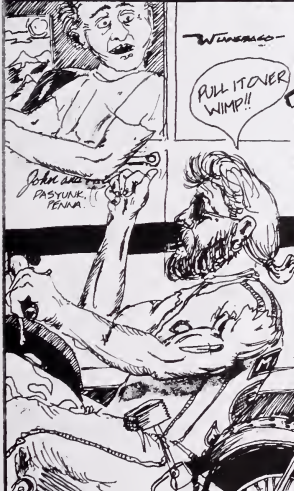
DOWN THE HIGHWAY THEY CRUISED, LOOKING FOR RAW EXCITEMENT...



TWO MILES IN FRONT OF THE PERKES, A LONE WINNEBAGO ROLLED OVER THE COUNTRY SIDE...



BUT THEIR DISTANCE WAS SOON SHORTENED!!



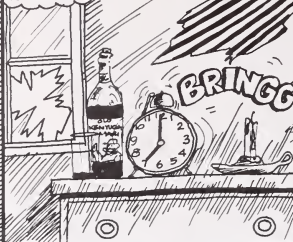


# JOE JUNK



... THE PORTRAIT OF A HEROIN ADDICT

THE STORY COULD TAKE PLACE ANYWHERE OURS TAKES PLACE IN A SMALL FLAT DEEP IN THE MIDDLE OF THE GARMENT DISTRICT IN NEW YORK



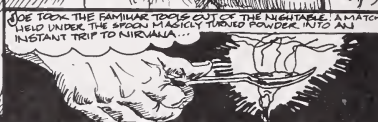
THE ALARM CLOCK ONLY FUNCTIONED TO WAKE JOE'S MIND UP HIS BODY WAS UP LONG BEFORE...



EVERY ONE NEEDS A "SHOT IN THE ARM" FIRST THING IN THE MORNING; JOE WAS NO DIFFERENT!



CHRIST! I GOTTA GET STRAIGHT!  
SWISH!



JUST A QUICK POUR INTO THE CUP HYPO FROM THE SPRAIN WAS ALL JOE WANTED TO KNOW ABOUT "HOME COOKING"

FINDING THE RIGHT VEN WAS ALWAYS IMPORTANT TO JOE SINCE MOST OF THEM WERE COLLAPSED...



IN ORDER FOR ONE TO "GET DOWN" EFFECTIVELY, A TECHNIQUE KNOWN TO ALL JUNKIES IS "SUPERCHARGING". THIS ENABLES ONE TO BECOME "LAID BACK" PROPERLY.



FIGURE A DRAW ELONG AND STRETCH WITH LEGS! STRETCH IT BACK IN! ALRIGHT IT BACK IN!



SOMETIMES A BIT OF NAUSEA ACCOMPANIES THE HIGH ONE RECEIVED FROM HEROIN. THIS IS COMMONLY KNOWN AS "HORSE CHOW"



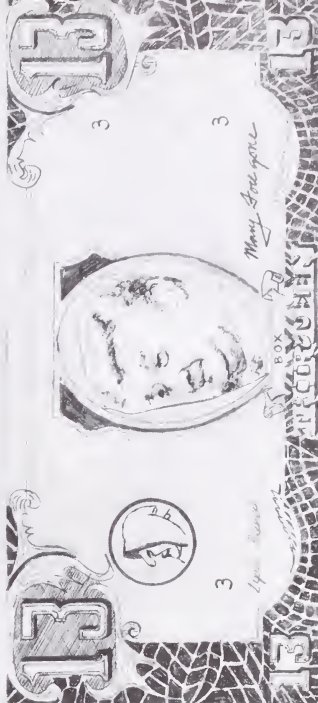
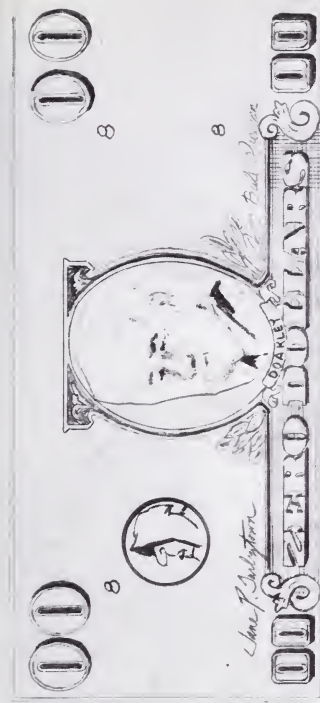
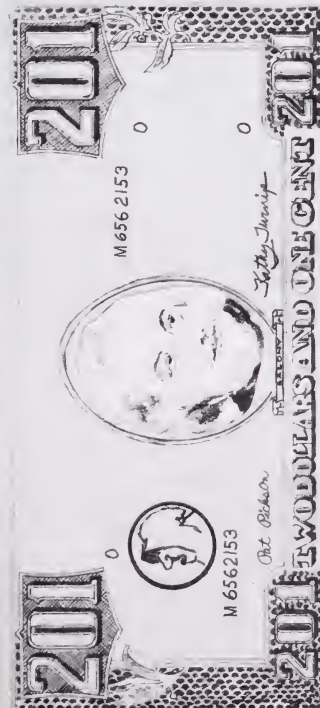
JOE IS HIS OWN MAN. HE NEEDS NO ONE ELSE. THIS IS PROBABLY WHY HE'S SO LONELY. HIS ONLY BLISS WILL HAVE HIM...



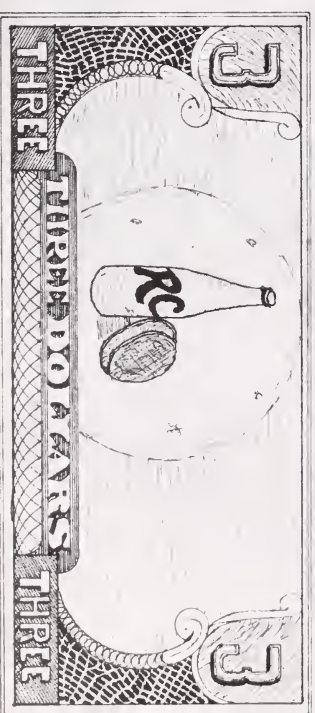
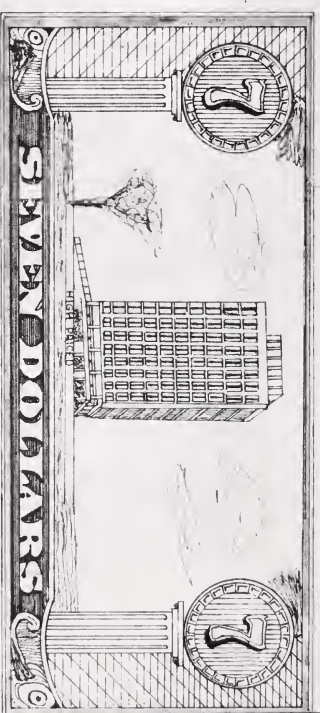
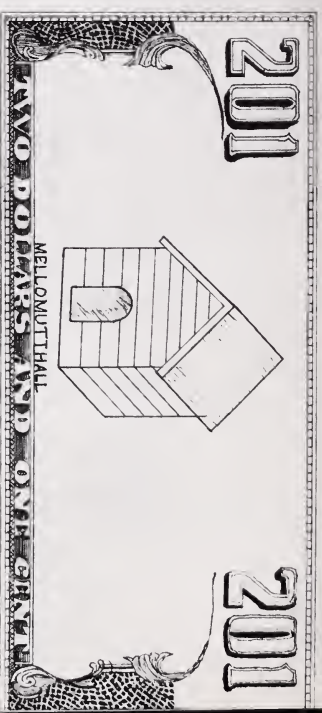
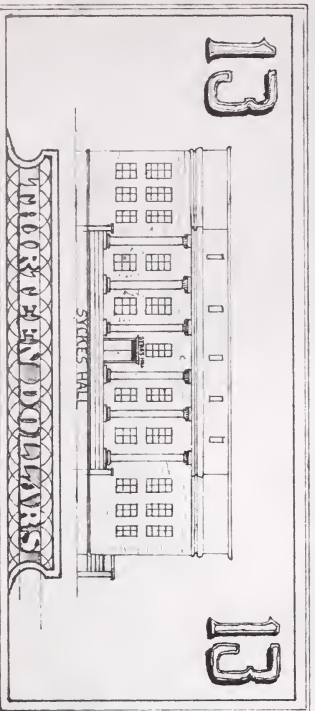
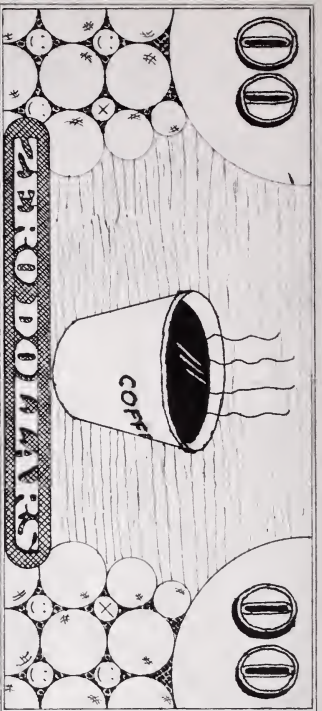
IT'S BEEN A ROUGH DAY FOR OLD JOE. THE EXCITEMENT WAS TOO MUCH FOR HIM. SEE YOU TOMMORROW JOE!



NEXT ISSUE:  
"JOE" COPS A FIX









**CLEMSON**  
**PLANT & GARDEN CENTER**  
654-6055

**FREE**  
**Plant Guides**

**FLORA & FAUNA**  
**ANDERSON MALL**  
225-1120

Turn right after  
R. R. tressel —

Across from  
Kentucky  
Fried Chicken



**OPEN**  
**Monday**  
**thru**  
**Saturday**

**Cut Flowers**

**Special Orders Available**

**Indoor & Outdoor**

**Sand Terrariums**

**Garden Equipment**

**Plants & Supplies**

龍

殿

樓

**Dragon Den**

**CHINESE RESTAURANT**

**ANDERSON MALL**

**AUTHENTIC CHINESE  
CUISINE AND AMERICAN  
FOOD**

**EXOTIC ATMOSPHERE**

**CARRY OUT ORDERS**

call **224-7135**

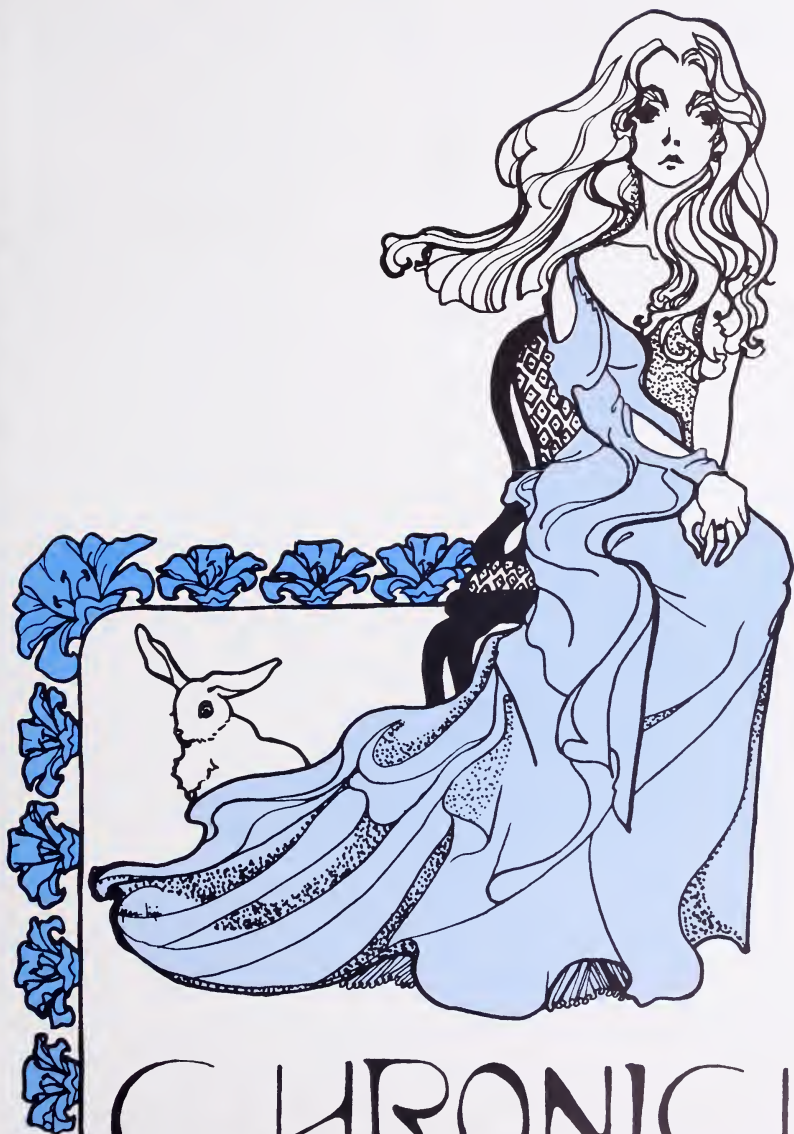
**OPEN**  
**11:00 A.M.-10:00 P.M.**  
**DAILY**





CLEMSON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY  
SOUTH CAROLINA ROOM

APR 25 1976



CHRONICLE...



# Community Cash

now serving you

in the Clemson Shopping Center

**FOOTHILLS  
HONDA  
YAMAHA**

Rt. 9 - U.S. 123

Easley, S. C.

859-7154



**HARRIS**  
SPORTING GOODS

S. C.'s Most  
Complete  
Sporting Goods  
Dealer

123 bypass, Seneca, SC  
and  
Grant Plaza, Toccoa, Ga.



## CONTENTS

My Page	
David Roberts .....	5
There Ain't No Gomer Pyle	
Lisa Marsh.....	6
Poem	
Harry Ethan Johnson.....	10
Gallery	
Student talent .....	11
Poem	
Ed Wilson.....	14
History For the Hell of It	
Alan Rogers.....	16
Poem	
Cris Nelson.....	21
The Devil of the Many Heads	
Leon Hayes.....	23
Poem	
David Roberts.....	24
Poem	
Frank DeHaven.....	27
East Fork of the Chatooga	
Dgc Holliday.....	29
Poetry	
Mike Strickland.....	32

Line negatives for the cover were produced  
at Clemson Graphic Arts laboratory

Cover art work by Jean Dyer



# chronicle

*Editor-In-Chief*

David Roberts

*Managing Editor*

Ed Wilson

*Producer*

Baylus Morgan

*Design Staff*

Hal Pridgen, Director

Donnie Lee

Judy Griffiths

*Features Staff*

Al Rogers, Editor

John Madera

*Office Manager*

Drew Smith

*Fiction Staff*

Mike Strickland, Editor

Lisa Marsh

Tony Johnston

*Photography Staff*

Doc Holliday, Director

Judy McGimsey

*Art Staff*

Cris Nelson, Director

*Advisor*

Dr. Mark Steadman

The *Chronicle* is the official student variety magazine of Clemson University. Address all correspondence to the *Chronicle*, Box 2048, Clemson University, Clemson, SC 29632. Student subscriptions are paid through student activities fee. Non-students may obtain copies at prevailing newsstand prices, plus postage if applicable. The opinions expressed do not necessarily coincide with those of the student body, faculty, administration, or anyone else, for that matter. The editor assumes responsibility for opinions expressed in the *Chronicle*, if there are any worth taking responsibility for.



# MY LAST PAGE

Starving people darken the earth and cry for food. I am hungry because I don't want to use my clean fry pan and get it dirty like new white sneakers in the mud. The blood refuses to flow to my hands. The chill of the corpse is in my palms. I bury my hands within myself and release my consciousness to undeniable sleep. And somewhere, maybe in eastern Pennsylvania, the cool, dark stockroom of a produce stand radiates the aroma of fresh potato dust and my senses are filled with the soil. And in the majestic mountains, the aged, omniscient mountains, a twelve year old girl is flung into the rotten mulch of decaying leaves, uncovering discarded urine stiff pants, and in this stench she is raped, and she cannot know until she looks into its eyes.

Thus ends my final contribution to this beatific presence on campus, the *Chronicle*. Although I have made great strides toward non-conformity in conceiving the contents of this page, I request that I now be allowed a last breath of conformity in the form of what is commonly referred to as a "farewell editorial." As recently as last March, the *Chronicle* and the staff which produced it were still things to be regarded with cautious glances. I hope that since then a new day, characterized by a brilliantly flaming sun, has dawned as we kept watch over our racks by night. The *Chronicle* has been reborn. I participated in the marriage, the consummation of which led to the new *Chronicle*. The shadowy meetings, the elitist, aloof staff, both are buried. This new *Chronicle* is conceived of dedication which no honorarium can purchase, of vitality which no select group of people can provide. The *Chronicle* is yours, it was born of students, it lives of students. The *Chronicle* can only be as good as you make it, and although some of you might not yet realize it, right now you're making it rather well. If you remove the magazine from the shadow of its past and display the decency to read it, to look at it, to involve your mind in it, in the light of any normal day, you might be surprised at what you find. You can question the validity of this opinion as I am unquestionably biased, but I am not alone. Believe it or not, a nationally famous magazine designer has critiqued this year's magazine and said that it "sparkled with craftsmanship." Yes Clemson, your *Chronicle* is on file with a national idea exchange, available to all those looking for an example of what to do with a collegiate magazine; it is exemplary.

As an aside, or should I say, as an upside down, standerous idiosyncrasy about a certain candidate and many school children in an election year, bellowing artistic students that litter this campus. They are like so permit me to comment on the pseudo-intellectually correct claim to intelligence, while in reality they haven't the faintest awareness of the situation. I refer to the often self-proclaimed talents who comprise the myriad of "talent" at this university who prefer not to have their names associated with the *Chronicle*. There are moments when my pacific nature slips away and I am tempted to hunt them down and kick each and every one of them in the head, for a kick directed at one area could not help but to strike the other, they are in such proximity). You might think I'm hostile, but then the fact that this paragraph is upside down totally reverses its meaning. Believe that and I've got a '61 Corvair and some real estate in Florida you might be interested in looking over.

One last act, a few feathers in a few caps, and I'll be done. I have had the privilege of working with a wonderfully talented staff. They have both lessened my work and made it easier. Before going out to pasture, I have five very specific personal thank you's. Thanks to Lisa Marsh and Drew Smith, who joined our company at its conception, who weathered times when the going wasn't quite so glamorous, and never gave up. Thanks to Mike Strickland, another veteran of the wars, whose "bestial" spirit, sleepless nights, and dedication to the ideals upon which this magazine is founded I will long appreciate. A very special thanks to Alan Rogers, my cohort of three years and founding father of this magazine. The magazine didn't always go his way, but he always went its way. It is of this stuff that staffs are made, and his contribution cannot be condensed to a listing on a staff page. A long over due thanks to Harold Lee, who I will be joining shortly wherever it is that old editors go. He never received a fraction of the respect or prestige that he deserved. Without his personal time, money, and effort, I wouldn't have a page, and Clemson, be it good or bad, wouldn't have a *Chronicle*. The magazine should burn in hell if it ever forgets him. "I built a wall, a long, winding stone wall. I cannot say I am afraid for only men of courage know, and I am not a brave man." I take a piece, I leave a piece. How much you cannot know until you look into my eyes.

# ASK A MARINE...

## There Ain't No Gomer Pyle

Experienced by James Holliday

Written by Lisa Marsh



This is my shot after seven years. This is my shot and you won't understand. You won't understand the sweat. You won't understand the fear. And you won't even understand the stupidity of it all. But listen. Listen if you've got any brains in your head, because I'm talking about you. The one that Uncle Sam points his finger at. The one that sings "The Marine's Hymn" and all that stuff. The one who believes that a marine can be "proud to claim" his title after nine weeks of boot camp on Parris Island in South Carolina.

No, no. A Marine with any brains in his head, with any patriotism, is scared stiff and is anything but proud--mainly because he's seen something that you've never seen in your life or maybe he knows something you may never guess at. No, a Marine is relieved if he is lucky enough to have any conscience left at all. Relieved because he was not a "ten-percenter"--not a "shit-bird."

I just read in the paper the other day about a guy who got his hand

busted up pretty bad. Eight bones broken. Yeah, and he was on Parris Island, too. And so were a lot of other guys who all saw things that they would never repeat until after graduation--and even then, only in whispers. Maybe. But I know. Some D.I. probably got fed up with a ten-percenter--one of the ones who can't seem to do anything right and never do make it--and probably beat the hell out of him besides. The poor sucker probably explained to the officials that his hand slipped on his gun or got slammed in a door by accident. I can imagine the hell, the platoon pressure, that the guy must have gone through. Maybe the D.I. reminded him on his way to sick bay that he'd have to come back to his platoon after he was fixed up.

Yeah, a lot of guys die on Parris Island. Didn't you know that? Sure--you can read about it once in awhile. You know--flu, kidney disorders--that kind of thing. But the particulars? No. No, not the part about standing at attention on a stinking, hot coastal island without being able to swat at the gnats and

mosquitoes that are given welfare rations there by the U. S. Marines. No, not the particulars concerning the vertical butt stroke in the kidneys.

But really, that's nothing. You really don't know what it's like to graduate from pure hell--you know, that place where everything you ever knew to be decent is reversed in some perverse way. The place where violence and lying are unofficially condoned. After all, how else could you whip a bunch of "girls" into shape? You've got to kill them for the country, right? Turn them against each other. Kill them for Parris Island.

Really, though, I'm just exaggerating. Right? After all. Someone would raise a fuss about any real fishy stuff--alert those who could do something, do justice. No, no, no. Why do that? That would call for an investigation by D.C. Headquarters. Everybody would be in trouble. And the platoon would be in limbo until it was over. Why prolong hell? I mean, you've got to do your nine weeks, and time spent on Parris

Island during an investigation is not counted toward graduation. No, no. So you lie. Man, you want to get OUT of there, so you keep your mouth shut. You see a guy get kneed by a drill instructor; you forget it. You see a guy get a shot in the kidneys with the butt of a rifle and hear later that he died of a kidney ailment; you won't contest it. If some guy can't keep up and constantly screws up the platoon, you go after him. Maybe break his arm for provoking mass punishment. Make him walk to sick bay alone to tell stone-faced officials that he fell down during drill and accidentally broke his arm, and thank God that it wasn't you.

But no. Wait a minute. I'm not telling everything. And God knows that I don't want to. But, all right. So I was one of the first to jump on the guy. What do you expect? I mean, once before because of him, the eighty of us were shoved in a 12 by 15 shower room and forced to do push-ups and side straddle hops with steaming hot water running on our asses. And I, for one, wasn't about to go through it again. I mean, the guy had just told the D.I.

to fuck off. He didn't need to do that. He didn't need to do that. And the D.I. wanted to know whether we wanted to roll in sand burrs behind the barracks or help the guy understand that we didn't like the way he was handling himself. I don't know what moved me so suddenly to that guy's side, and I guess I never will. Instinct maybe. But I'll never forget the guy's face, the sweaty smell of the pressing platoon, the loud snap that came with the breaking of his arm, and the whispered "God" that signaled sudden mass consciousness as we backed off. But that was what the D.I. wanted. He smiled and told the guy to go to sick bay.

Anyway, that's the Marine way. They get you. You get you. We all get you. And nobody hears about it until it's too late, and by that time, nothing can be done.

Then there's the ones you never hear about at all. You don't know and you really don't want to, but you still wonder. One guy I knew disappeared after going to talk to a D.I. I heard later that the guy was pulled into the D.I.'s office and never heard from again by anyone,

not even his own platoon.

Yeah, you're lucky if you can still wonder about things like that. A lot of guys lose their heads in one way or the other during those months. One guy got so desperate while I was there that he cut his wrists with a bayonet. And let me tell you, that's like trying to cut yourself with a spoon. The first thing the D.I. did when he found him was to put a pressure bandage on him and send him to the john to get a towel to clean up his blood. He was then sent to sick bay to get sewn up, only to be taken to the lieutenant directly thereafter.

Well, the lieutenant was p.o.'d to say the least. This suicide case looked bad. I mean, it was the second attempt within a month. After all, the guy explained to the lieutenant that he'd rather die than stay in the Marine Corps. So the lieutenant took him up on it. After all, the Marine's purpose is to break you--especially of habits like that. So the lieutenant gave him a loaded .45. "Shoot yourself," he says. The guy started breaking down, all right.





"I can't," he says. "Go ahead. Shoot yourself!" he says. "It's a whole lot neater." Well, the guy just stood there shaking and crying. "Come on," says the lieutenant. And he leads the poor guy up four stories to the top of the building. "Jump," he says. "Go ahead and jump." By this time, the guy had shaped up. He's gone completely nuts and is shaking and mumbling incoherently. But he still refuses to take advantage of the situation. Maybe the lieutenant felt a tinge of remorse. Or maybe he was just tired of standing on top of the building in the heat and the bright sunlight. I don't know. But he brought the guy down finally. Told him that if he really wanted to die, he'd give him a sharp knife. He also reminded the guy that a faster way of letting blood would be to cut along the vein rather than across it. With that, he left him. A few hours later, the guy was put into the psychiatric ward.

And I swear that I will never forget how we all saw that same guy, peering strangely out of the psyche ward window, as we marched by on Graduation Day. He had been there all that time.

The Marines work on you in a funny way. Do you see what I mean? I mean, they confuse you, humiliate you. The D.I. is there to find the key to breaking you. They need you in pieces so that they can put you back together the way they want you. And you know something? I think they always succeed in changing you. At least to some degree. They know right away who's who and work especially diligently on the weak and the strong of the bunch. They have ways of hurting you both physically and mentally without leaving any outward mark. And they don't make any bones about using them either. They don't care, people. They just don't care. I mean, nothing is sacred. Nothing.

I was something of a troublemaker. I mean, I'm a normal guy and all that stuff, but I like to ask questions, and the D.I.'s didn't always want to answer them. I was one of those chosen. I mean, they

made me so frustrated, starting with the first day I got there, that I sort of built up a wall around myself. I guess I didn't show sufficient fear, so they picked me out to break me. I tried hard not to slip, but I'll be damned if the D.I. didn't find the one and only thing that can touch me. The one thing in the world. And, believe it or not, that is my mother. You probably don't understand. I mean, you just don't let some ass stand there and tell you that he screwed your mother and that his buddies did, too. You just don't let him stand there and call your mother a whore. I mean, my mother--that was a lie. I mean, I knew that he had found me behind my wall and was pulling me out to laugh at me. Not only to laugh at me because he found me WHERE I was, but also to laugh at me to see my humiliation.

What could I do? I could feel the adrenalin rushing through me. The heat. My attention in line was broken. His mouth fell open. If I'd thought it'd do any good, I'd have said, "Hey, I've had enough. I want to go home. Who needs it?" But it was much too late. My fist was in his jaw before I knew it, and I was never so happy. He fell, sprawling into the line in front of us. And he couldn't do anything. And I was glad. He and another D.I. came and beat the crap out of me afterwards, but I didn't feel it. Who cares? I knew I had done the right thing. There had been justice for one moment and that was an exception in that place. I mean, really, what would you do?

I didn't care what happened to me after that. But nothing did. Humiliating privates through libeling their family members was strictly against the rules. The D.I. couldn't do anything without getting himself involved. But, anyway, I don't want to talk about it anymore.

That's the whole situation. There are so many stories, and I could sit here and tell you about the whole stupid thing, about the propaganda that caught our eyes and at first

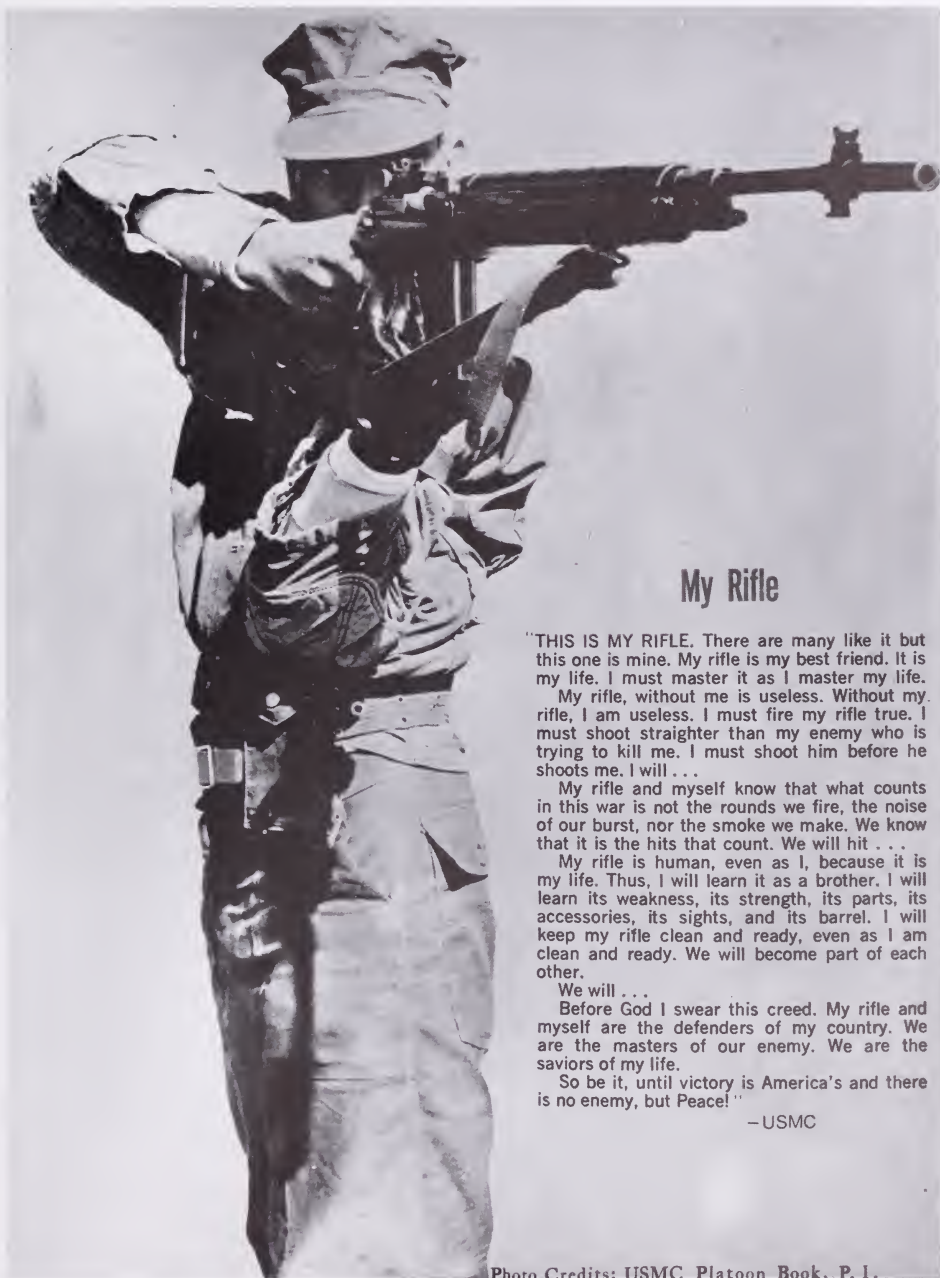
made us feel like the Marines were the only real men in the world. But you wouldn't understand. I mean, we were actually proud. We wanted to be U. S. Marines, rough guys, real men, the whole bit. The first day we were there, we found out how unreal they really were.

Before going to boot camp, I had my physical taken at Fort Jackson where they piled me and a bunch of other guys on a bus to go to Parris Island. Anyway, we were carrying on and stuff because we thought we were pretty hot shit already. We were going to be Marines and all of that mess, whatever that meant, and we were going on and stuff about how a lot of other guys down there were going into the Navy and how it really didn't rank up there with what we were going to do. And I suppose, looking back, we were right, because what we were going to do was pretty rank.

I'll never forget that first night: "Ready! Sleep!" I slept like I'd never slept in my life. For some reason that struck home the whole irony of the thing. I mean, I was already there. What was I doing there? I wanted to be a Marine. No. I wanted to get out. But I couldn't, and there was more to come. More than I could ever guess. And the problem was that once I found out where I was at, I could never forget it. I'd never be the same.

Do you know something? The worst thing of all--despite being broken down and battered, humiliated and changed for life--was that no one actually succeeded in escaping, in letting the outside world know what was going on. We never got it across. And I'm afraid. Yes, I'm afraid. I'm afraid for those guys going in and for their families after they come out. But do you know what I'm most afraid of? I don't think you believe me. You don't really understand. I'm afraid that I haven't really helped you at all.





## My Rifle

"THIS IS MY RIFLE. There are many like it but this one is mine. My rifle is my best friend. It is my life. I must master it as I master my life.

My rifle, without me is useless. Without my rifle, I am useless. I must fire my rifle true. I must shoot straighter than my enemy who is trying to kill me. I must shoot him before he shoots me. I will . . .

My rifle and myself know that what counts in this war is not the rounds we fire, the noise of our burst, nor the smoke we make. We know that it is the hits that count. We will hit . . .

My rifle is human, even as I, because it is my life. Thus, I will learn it as a brother. I will learn its weakness, its strength, its parts, its accessories, its sights, and its barrel. I will keep my rifle clean and ready, even as I am clean and ready. We will become part of each other.

We will . . .

Before God I swear this creed. My rifle and myself are the defenders of my country. We are the masters of our enemy. We are the saviors of my life.

So be it, until victory is America's and there is no enemy, but Peace!"

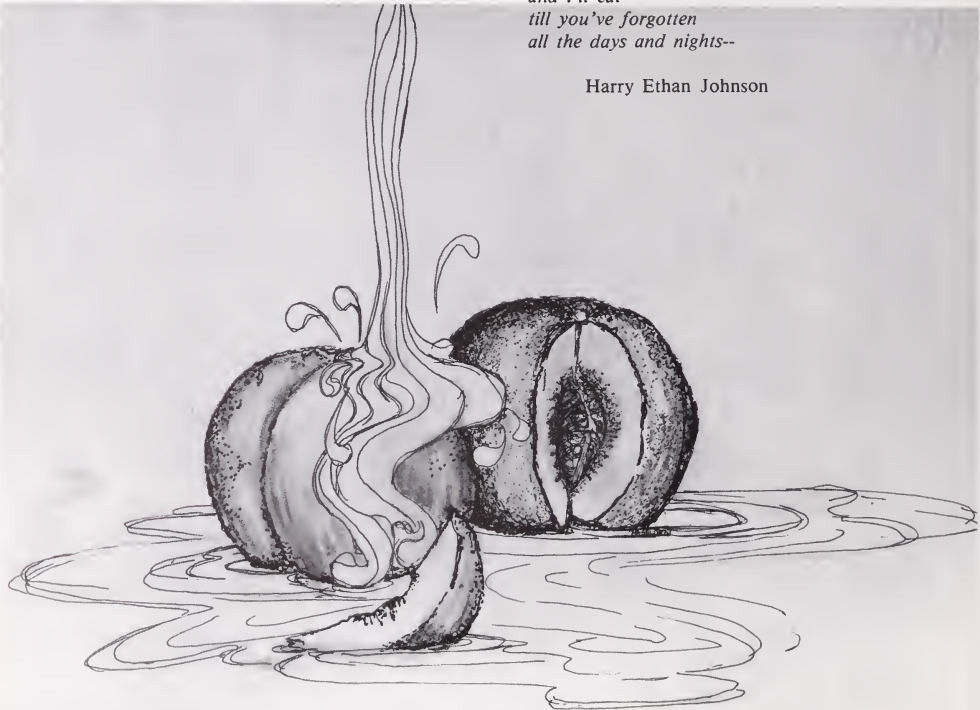
—USMC

Photo Credits: USMC Platoon Book, P. I.

## PEACHES AND CREAM

*Tonight it's gonna  
be just alright  
with peaches and cream  
on your lily-whiteness  
and i'll eat  
till you've forgotten  
all the days and nights  
spent with carnaby loves  
it's gonna be  
like an endless dessert  
in childhood dreams  
with sweetness lasting  
the awakening full  
tonight it's gonna  
be just alright  
with peaches and cream  
for my lady love  
and i'll eat  
till you've forgotten  
all the days and nights--*

Harry Ethan Johnson



Dan Haselden





Russell Parks



Legare Porcher



Matt Crawford



Suzan Baker





## BUCK TALES WADE IN FLAME

*Shivering light tracks  
Melt firebreak dew  
As sun squints slate-blue arms.*

*Boot-heavy stumblers  
Inimically march  
On Earth-dawn seething compressed.*

*Numb sliding safeties  
Join riveting stares,  
Kicking warm powder ignites.*

*Buck tales wade  
The trophy-smell flame  
Deluged in virile blood rain.*

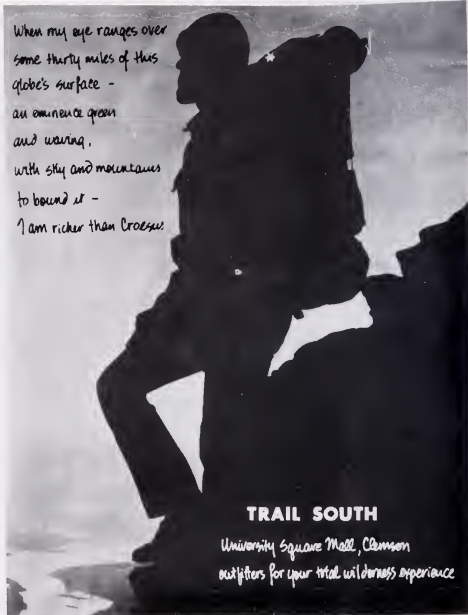
Ed Wilson



**Katherine's  
Kitchen**

Katherine's Kitchen of Anderson  
P.O. Box 1071  
Intersection of I-85 & US 76  
Anderson, S.C.  
Phone (803) 225-7900

*When my eye ranges over  
some thirty miles of this  
globe's surface -  
an immense plain  
and waving,  
with sky and mountains  
to bound it -  
I am richer than Croesus*



### TRAIL SOUTH

University Square Mall, Clemson  
outfitters for your total wilderness experience



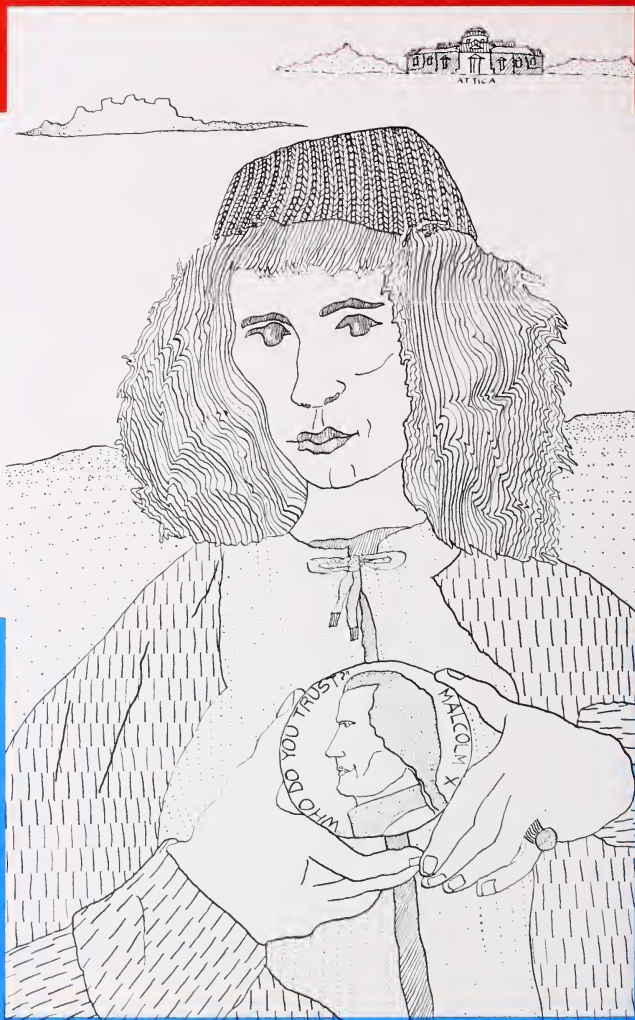
*The Chronicle*  
*Bisontennial Section*

# HISTORY

*humour by Alan Rogers*

What is history? At one time or another in your life, I'm sure you've asked yourself that question. Is it dates? Politics? Who came after who? Who came into who? Yes, history is all these things and more. Being the only history major on the staff who can type, I shall now proceed to give you, the ignorant student, a look at history, American history in particular, through the eyes of a pro.

To begin with, the facts which most historians emphasize are totally peripheral to the real core of the historic events being dealt with. Just as sure as Gloria Steinham's juices are dried up, the reason that Pocahontas saved John Smith from execution wasn't because of noble devotion and true love, it just so happened that Smith was hung like a bull elephant. Washington wasn't standing up in front of that boat as a symbol for his soldiers to follow; the British had ambushed his supply trains and absconded with his Preparation H. Accordingly, I would like to take what I consider to be the most important events in American history and give you the real facts.





# FOR THE HELL OF IT



1971



Since this is indeed 1976, and this is supposed to be a Bisenntennial article anyway, I shall begin my history with the event that most folk consider to be the moment of

conception of our beloved republic, the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Most people believe that all the "Founding Fathers" got together just to sign the document, but the real reason for their coming together was to smoke some of Jefferson's early crop. After a few numbers, they all got into a big circle and did what most politicians do when they congregate. "Hands" Hancock came away victorious, winning the privilege of signing first, due to his adeptness at "manipulation".

Thomas Jefferson was the only holdout, due to his aversion to solo flying. This dislike for solo work later manifested itself in several small, red-haired slaves on the "Little Mountain" and also in the contract for the Louisiana Purchase which records as its list price, "60 million francs and *un piez de Josefín*".

Then came war. The "Northern Agressors", as the British were called, opened hostilities by having the audacity to ask for tax revenue from their colonies. With typical American tact, the colonists dressed as Indians (out of honour for "our red brother") and proceeded to dump several tons of tea into Boston harbour. Further hostilities followed and through a unique blend of guerrilla tactics and limited warfare the Americans emerged victorious. At a news conference following the signing of the Treaty

of Paris in 1789, Washington held both hands up in the "V for Victory" sign and was heard to repeat several times something about "Peace with honour."

With this newly acquired peace, America turned its face westward, manifesting its destiny all over the Indian nations. The pioneers brought opportunity to the Indian. The Indian had the opportunity of being raised from his level of "ignorant savage", in which he could live in peaceful co-existence with the white man (i.e.-on the reservation) or of being totally annihilated. Ungrateful wretches

that they were, the Indian nations chose to try and remain free and sovereign, but were finally shown the light by the US Cavalry.

The American concern for improvement of minority groups didn't stop with the Indian. It was extended to the African in a grandiose fashion. Americans went so far as to provide free transportation for all black men to North America. There was a paltry life servitude clause in most of the contracts, which stirred up a hornet's nest of protest among "bleeding hearts" in the North. This added to an increasingly vocal radical faction among the Africans which eventually lead to yet another war.

The "Northern Aggressors", as the Yankees were called, opened hostilities by having the audacity to protest the secession of South Carolina from the Union. The boys in blue had a rough time of it until they employed one William Tecumseh "Burn the Whole Damn Thing" Sherman. With a unique blend of guerilla warfare and fire, the Americans emerged victorious. At a news conference following the surrender at Appomattox, Grant held both hands up in the "V for Victory" sign and was heard to repeat several times something about "Peace with honour."

With the war over the US had several thousand unemployed killers on its hands, so it decided to put them to a constructive use. Those

Indians had started trouble again, and America decided to put an end to the ingrates. Soon the West was covered with blue soldiers and blood, but thank goodness, most of it was Indian blood.

Over the next fifty years, America was pretty busy establishing itself across the continent, but whispers were creeping in from outside. These whispers spoke of a world rife with ignorance. America saw clearly that its duty was to elevate those poor wretches. Accordingly, in 1914, Woodrow Wilson decided it was time to make the world safe for democracy. The first course of

action was to eliminate the Germans. With a unique blend of guerilla tactics and mustard gas, the Americans emerged victorious. At a news conference following the Peace Conference at Versailles, Woodrow Wilson's wife held both hands up in the "V for Victory" sign and was heard to repeat several times something about "Peace with honour."

Once again America was faced with an unasked for, unwanted peace and an equally unwanted army. This time, however, a new approach to the problem was sought. The search culminated in 1932 with the establishment of the WPA. Soon all the destitute killers were out digging ditches and building walls. But, killers will be killers, Americans will be Americans, and finally in 1941 Washington wised up and went out to find another war for America. Since the Germans had been such good adversaries last time, once again America's face turned to Europe. This time, however, there was another enemy, this one in Asia. The Japanese also proved good adversaries, opening hostilities (something America never likes to do) with a high casualty battle in Hawaii. The Japanese lowered the destitute killer number considerably, until America decided to stop all the foolishness, and dropped the bomb on them. This shut them up pretty fast. At a news conference on VJ-Day, Harry Truman held two

V-shaped Hiroshamen above his head and with characteristic tact, was heard to repeat several times something about "pieces of manure".

Yet another time Peace reared its ugly head, but for some unexplainable reason, it seemed that perhaps the general populace was becoming more and more tolerant of it. The great minds in Washington saw this and knew that it was not good. America needed an enemy and with an incredible stroke of luck one was dropped right in its lap.

In the 1950's the Red Threat was everywhere and after multiple

attempts to institute mass internal persecution of anyone whose eyes were ever red (a common form of persecution which persists even today) a real conflict was finally developed. It wasn't a full-fledged war of course, but it had all the essential ingredients - a "Northern Aggressor", lots of tanks and guns and bloodthirsty Americans and Koreans, and all the combined resources of the United States of America. It satisfied the blood lust for a while, but what America really needed was an honest-to-God blood bath and Washington wasn't about to let the country down. Soon the American people faced yet another war, Viet Nam. With a unique blend of napalm and guerilla tactics and several thousand tons of bombs and mines and several thousand pounds of heroin and opium, America emerged. For the next several months, Richard M. Nixon held the reins over the American people and was heard to repeat innumerable times something about "Peace with honour".

And so, once again, America is faced with the prospect of another long, arduous Peace. Thousands of trained killers are floating around, but once again, Washington has the answer. The masterminds have found just the place for the combined resources of the Army, Navy, and Air Force---the DEA. Yes, all those Phantom jets, all those gunboats, all those guns and gunners are now pointed at the

potheads of the world. But this story will undoubtedly have a different ending, and if my readers will permit me a little speculation, I will give the end to it.

The war came and came and came and most of it was over slimey, rotted dinosaurs. And the masterminds in Washington devised new ways of lighting homes (nuclear energy) and new ways of cooking (microwave ranges). All across the country nuclear reactors sprung up, with nuclear pollution that lasted a half a million years and nuclear lakes with atomic fish. And the people took the atomic fish and cooked them in their microwave ovens. But the microwave radiation in combination with the atomically polluted fish produced a strange genetic mutation among babies born to consumers of the dread food-stuff. Everyone began to turn into dogs! The masterminds in Washington tried to hush it up. Gerald Ford appeared on TV, but nobody recognized him until he cocked his leg to piss on the lecturn and fell down. He was a black german shepherd at the time. He approached the lecturn, held up two Milk-bones and was heard to repeat several times something about, "Duh-uh-uh". But he could not assuage the people, so they got other leaders. But these new leaders all said the same thing that Ford had said. And the war came and came and came and soon there was nothing left....but Peace.



## A New Kind Of Chip Good For Cold Night Camp-Outs





# Bisontennial Book Club

The Valley of the Bison  
The Bison in the Rye  
The House of Seven Bison  
Tale of Two Bison  
Gone with the Bison  
The Old Man and the Bison  
The Bison Also Rises  
A Farewell to Bison  
To Kill a Mockingbison  
The Bison of Wrath  
Of Mice and Bison  
The Scarlet Bison  
The Bison's Share  
The Lord of the Bison  
In Cold Bison  
Bison 22  
One Flew Over the Bison's Nest  
Oliver Bison

War and Bison  
All Quiet on the Bison Front  
Brave New Bison  
20,000 Bison Below the Sea  
War of the Bison  
Around the Bison in 80 Days  
How to Pick Up Single Bison  
The Joy of Bison  
Good News for Modern Bison  
I'm Okay, Bison Okay  
Day of the Bison  
The Bison Sanction  
Jonathan Livingston Bison  
Rosemary's Bison  
Journey to the Center of the Bison  
The Bison of Navaronne  
The Rise and Fall of the Third Bison  
Lady Chatterly's Bison

I am not stupid and would much rather live in a Communist country than miss your fantastic offer. Please rush me the books I have checked. I realize that if I am not completely satisfied there is not a whole lot that I can do.

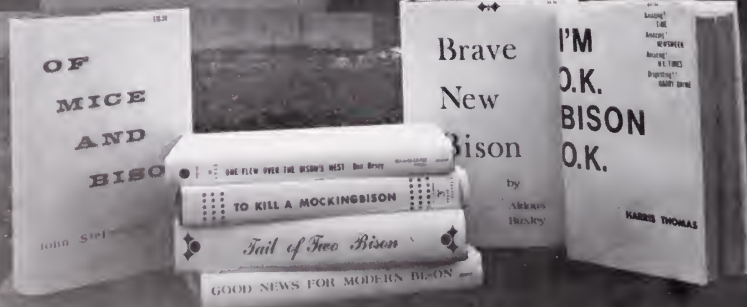
Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

Amount Enclosed \_\_\_\_\_

No stamps or COD's please

Mail to: **Bisontennial Book Club**  
**Box 2048**  
**Clemson University**  
**Clemson, SC 29632**



## Pick any 10 of these best sellers for only 76¢

and agree to buy fifty more books at regular club prices during the next three fortnights

## ANSWERING A CRITICISM OF THE CHICAGO RIVER

*My friend, this is my river  
and it behooves me to tell you  
that I once scribbled an unlikely ode  
to this stinking wounded soldier.*

*That it is so much piss running down the city's leg;  
that it is a grey and infected cut  
only half-sutured in cast iron from east to west;  
that it is an aged bastard vomiting on itself;  
that it is these things  
and many more,  
this I don't dispute.*

*But I once saw it  
in a day of blanket-rain  
dancing wildly in the greyness,  
frenzied with the tempestuous rhythm-music  
of the rain.*

*So, think of this:  
of all the rivers you have crossed,  
or drunk, or swam,  
how many have been the silent scribes  
and precarious poets,  
or snaky, winding baptizers  
of a city gone mad,  
like this river  
my river  
has been?*

*For, after all,  
how many rivers have shown their progeny  
how the last slow dance  
would look and smell?*

Cris Nelson



WE WANT YOUR TALENTS AND SKILLS.  
WELL? ARE YOU COMING OR  
JUST BREATHING HARD?



**JIM CONNELL**

CHEVROLET, INCORPORATED

YOUR ONE STOP  
CENTER FOR  
NEW CHEVROLETS  
USED CARS, PARTS  
AUTHORIZED SERVICE



Authorized  
SALES • PARTS  
SERVICE

EXPERT  
**AUTO  
REPAIRS**  
ALL MAKES  
COMPLETE  
BODY & FRAME  
SHOP



USED CARS

**225-5481**

SEN  
BANKAMERICARD  
with easy plan

910 SO. MAIN — ANDERSON, S. C.

BY ORDER  
master charge

University Stereo  
Mini-Mall Clemson, S. C.  
654-4400

Speaker Systems      Turntables  
Tape Equipment      Receivers  
Records  
Tapes



Use our 90 day lay-away plan



# The Devil of the Many Heads

*fiction by Leon Hayes*

It was in a dream his four year old self had. Laughing. Talking. He and his mother and his father were at his grandparent's house, the old one; the Big House, they called it. Then the door to the back hallway swung out on its hinges, whispering around into the shadows.

A devil came through that door . . . a devil with horns and hair bristly like rusted pins. The white parts of it - the eyes that

bulged sickly from its head, the dull glint of horns, and the teeth that protruded from its lips - they were the worst.

No one moved. In one defenseless dream moment the devil walked to him, gathered him into his arms. He screamed, fighting to free himself, but the devil only clasped him tighter. He shrieked for help.

The sound that came from his grandmother was more horrible to

him than the sight or smell or touch of the demon. The sound spread to his father, his mother, his grandfather, his aunt. They were laughing.

"Oh! You silly . . . It's only your Lafe trying to scare you."

"Lafe, you take that mask off right now and quit trying to scare Nathaniel that way. You ought to



know better."

"Nat honey, it's nothing but a mask. You just reach up and pull it off and Uncle Lafe will be under all that hair and stuff."

He grabbed the devil's nose and pulled. The face came away in his hands, but his Uncle Lafe wasn't under the mask. A black face with great, red lips grinned sardonically. He snatched at it; it fell off. The bearded head of a moose shook its antlers, threatening him with yellow, hating eyes. He clawed at it and it, too, came away. This time it was his uncle's face that grinned at him. When he had touched him, made sure it was him, he laughed with the rest of them.

"Lafe, now aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

No answer. His uncle threw him up toward the ceiling, laughing as he yelled his way back down. He gave him a hug, wanted to know if he would like to go exploring. Nathaniel said yes to all the rooms, to all the closets and chests that made up the Big House. With the boy riding on one broad forearm, the uncle walked into the hallway. He pulled the door quietly to behind him. He raised his hand as though to scratch his head. But he pulled on his hair and it slid off and his face slid away and underneath was all the evil that waits in a four year old's nights. The boy screamed. The devil of the many heads crushed him to his chest and ran toward the blackness at the end of the hall.

Lafe Donaldson's moving his family back to Elsdon made a lot of people happy.

Nat heard it first from old Mr. Damson - he all shaky excited under the pecan tree in his front yard.

"Nat! Nathaniel Todd!" He hailed the boy as he pedalled past on his way to a Coca-Cola and a dozen eggs for his mother. "You park that contraption over here a minute!"

He U-turned, then braked to a stop in the shade where the old man quivered impatiently.

"What's the matter, Mr. Damson?" he asked with the least bit of

apprehension; he had orders to come straight home with the eggs.

"Why nothing's the matter, boy." A look of joy gapped his mouth. "He's coming home! And he's going to live right there across the road from me. That boy is going to be my next-door neighbor and he's a-coming home to stay!"

"What boy?" he asked, puzzled.

"What boy?" His squint turned suspicious of Nat's sanity. "Why the boy that was like a son to me after Jeff was took in that car wreck. The boy that did for us same as he did for his own family. Your Uncle Lafe! Who else could it be?"

The sunlight flared up as though it had just evaded a cloud. The doubt of the hoping made him inquire.

"How do you know?"

"Well! Didn't your grandma just finish telling Edna Mae on the telephone?" A grain of irritation roughened his voice. "She knew we'd be one of the first ones'd want to hear news like that. Got the letter from your Aunt Connie this morning."

By now Nat was grinning as inanely as the old man. His pulse was already racing up the road to spread the news. He pushed off, pedalling furiously in the direction of his grandfather's grocery store.

"I'm gonna be the first to tell Papa!" he yelled over his shoulder at Mr. Damson.

He covered that mile and a half in epic fashion. Cows stampeded as he blazed by. Birds fell silent, then whirled nervously to some safe, sane thicket. He hit the storeyard in

#### PEDAL STEEL PAGODA

*Pain enveloped all  
Death was by his side,  
And I was witness to their folly.  
To suffer no pain  
To triumph over death,  
You must abandon life in the body.  
Take up your life  
and  
Leave your body lying  
Soft upon the ground  
Like a dead bird's breast.  
Something for Daddy to shovel away  
For even the cold iron blade  
Conducts the yielding of its lifelessness  
And repels my living touch.  
Leave it for old men  
Who have been to the wars  
And slept amongst the limpness of the dying.  
yes,  
I will leave my body lying  
Soft upon the ground  
Like a dead bird's breast  
And conquer its limited span,  
but not until I've made you  
two or three times  
at least.*

David Roberts

a blur of pumping knees and circling sneakers. Mr. Donaldson was tipping his straight chair from against the front of the building, a surprised O lengthening his lantern jaw, as Nat braked his worn-tired bike into a slick of spilled oil. The front legs of the chair hit the dirt at the same time boy and bicycle collapsed, Marathon-like, at his feet.

"Uncle Lafe's coming home!" Nat wheezed, triumphantly.

Damsons, Todds, Butlers, Gallo-ways, all the Donaldsons, of course - everybody who knew Lafe was there to help him, his wife, and their two daughters get settled in the new house. But Nat was there only for his uncle. Wherever Lafe moved through that sweating, grabbing jumble, Nat trailed along behind like an iron filing after a magnet.

Mr. Damson was struggling to get a cedar chest out of the back of a pickup truck. He had managed to slide one end down on the ground, but the other had hung in the tailgate. Now he cursed and fumed, pulling it this way and that. Lafe looked down at his nephew, shook his head wryly, and said, "Come on, Nat."

"Homer, if you didn't want me moving next door to you why didn't you just tell me," Lafe said. "You don't have to bust up my furniture that way."

Mr. Damson sucked in his lower lip and rolled his eyes skyward. "Do you hear him, Lord? Here I've dragged myself out in weather hot enough to raise blisters on a brick and do I get one word of thanks? No! It's ingratitude and accusations!"

He and Lafe laughed, pleased with themselves. Then they turned to the work at hand. Lafe lifted the end of the chest high enough from the ground for Nat to dislodge it from where it had stuck. The three of them got it to the carport. They left it there and started back to the truck for another load.

"You always was right there when a body needed help," Mr. Damson

said. "It's just like old times -- just the way it used to be."

The way it used to be, Nat thought. Like old times. Like it was just after his parents had decided that they both had to work and that they couldn't hold down jobs and look after a baby, too. So Nat was taken to his grandparent's on Monday mornings and left there until Saturday afternoon. And six days is a long time to be without your mother and father, especially if you're only two years old. Lafe saw the child's hurting, saw his loneliness, and he tried to erase the insecurity that his sister and her husband had created in their son's mind. He had had to struggle through a shell of pain and rejection, but soon he filled every corner of Nat's life. In his grandparent's house there was a picture of two children crossing a dilapidated bridge while over them hovered their guardian angel; for four years, Nat knew how those children felt. . .knew that security and love. Then Lafe met Constance Stanley, married her, and took her to Stoneville, where the paper mill promised a fair income for a young couple. Nat hated him for a whole summer. But school happened to him then. In the crush of strange faces and new friends, Nat forgot his hatred. When he thought of his uncle, it was with a feeling of loss and love.

Now he was back. The eight years absence had not caused the nebulous, fearful changes that Nat had anticipated. It was the same between them--just the way it used to be. Let it stay the way it used to be, Nat said over and over to himself all that long day.

When the last piece of furniture was argued into place, after the women had swept the floors for the fiftieth time, they all sat down to the mountains of food each family had prepared. Nat, stripped to the waist and still dripping with sweat, perched on a stool across the table from his grandmother and his uncle. He was too tired to eat, too tired to

join in the joking conversation that hummed behind the clinking of forks and spoons. He was satisfied with being near Lafe, with making sure that this was the same man who had gone away so long ago.

Two cool hands laid themselves on Nat's shoulders. Startled, he turned to find his Aunt Connie's eyes on his face.

"Suze!" She yelled to Nat's mother, her voice, as always, verging on a giggle. "You better start watching this boy of yours. He's gonna have the women all over him pretty soon."

Her hands slid on down to tickle his chest as he glanced sheepishly around at all the laughing faces. All but one. Nat paled because at first he thought the look was directed at him, but he realized that his uncle was gazing at his wife. Glaring at her, rather. His look said hate and love and fear and Nat quickly dropped his eyes to the barely touched plate of food in his lap.

Tommy Joe Butler, a chicken leg at his lips, turned toward Lafe.

"Now, Lafe, tell the truth! How come you moved back to Elsdon? You just couldn't stand being away from all us beautiful people a minute longer, huh?"

Lafe's eyes never left his wife's face as he said, "I was getting crowded out down there."

Connie let her fingertips tease Nat's flesh until a thread of ice wound its way up his spine.

"Connie! Go see where the girls have got to!" Lafe snapped.

Her hands removed themselves from Nat's body, giving a slight caress to the back of his neck as she left. Nat looked his gratitude to his uncle, but Lafe was oblivious to everything around him. His eyes were fixed on the spot his wife had occupied and his hands slowly drew into fists on either side of his plate. Nat shivered under his sweat.

When Nat went away to college, the last person he said goodbye to, except for his parents, was Lafe.



He parked his Volkswagen behind his uncle's black Ford pickup, got out, and went into the house. He called. Nobody was there. Well, he supposed he could call him on the phone tonight--let him know he was leaving tomorrow. He paused a minute under the grey concrete coolness of the carport. He didn't want to go without seeing him. Lafe had told him not to. He couldn't find anything to do with his hands. Without seeing him. He blinked out at the steaming, late-August sunshine. Didn't want to go. . . .

"Lafe?"

Someone.

"Lafe!"

Was calling.

"LAFE!"

From the backyard.

"Is that you?"

Nat stepped into the sultry heat and followed the gravel path that curved around the house.

"Lafe?"

"No, Aunt Connie. It's me. Nat."

She was sunbathing, flattened into a frayed, green plastic lounge. She had opened the top of her bathing suit to expose the white bands that curved over her shoulders and rippled across her back. She was wearing one of those elasticized blindfolds that some people wear in bed; the staring blue eyes painted on it covered her own eyes and there were long, plastic lashes that touched the backs of her hands where she propped her chin.

"Well, you'll do just as well."

"Huh?"

"Come here." She smiled over her shoulder. "I want you to put some lotion on my back."

He squeezed out a palmful of the white liquid and, bending over her, he rubbed it into her skin. She smelled like--the way a pine thicket smells when the rosin beads down the trees; it was the same sharp smell--fainter, but the same smell that stuck in his hair and his clothes and on his skin when he walked in a pine thicket.

"Where's Uncle Lafe?"

"Oh, he's around somewhere. I guess he's down at the shop. Did you want him for something?" She lifted the blindfold with one finger.

"Well, I just . . ."

"Nat, for goodness sake sit down! You're gonna end up humpbacked if you stay bent over like that." She moved her legs over to the edge of the lounge. "Sit down." The blue vacant eyes snapped back into place. "Now. What did you want him for?"

"I . . ."

"Get some of that on my sides, too."

"I just wanted to tell him--to tell you all--that I was leaving for school tomorrow."

"Already? Surely not!" She reached her hand back and cupped his knee. "Just think! Little Nat becoming . . ."

The warmth from her oily flesh had worked its way through his palm and was flowing in his sun-thinned blood.

". . . a big . . ."

And her smell--the tangy smell of rosin and pine needles--had gone down into his lungs and was speeding through his sun-swollen veins.

". . . college man . . ."

And the sun burning down. And her breasts crushed out of sight. And her hand sliding on up the inside of his thigh. And the part of him that didn't care at all that she was his aunt swelling to meet her touch.

She made a noise of satisfaction and moved her head so that the painted eyes leered at him.

"Nat! What are you doing here?"

Her hand flipped over--playing possum on the top of his leg. Her husband stood at the corner of the house, knocking wood shavings out of his hair. Nat started to stand but remembered that he couldn't.

"He's putting some suntan lotion on my back and waiting to tell you some news."

"What's that?"

Nat wiped his hands on the legs of his jeans.

"I'm leaving for the university tomorrow. I came to say goodbye."

"Leaving already?"

"Yeah. Registration's Monday morning. I want to be settled in before then."

He could stand up now.

"You must be excited . . ."

"I'd as soon go to work, but you know mamma and daddy, they . . ."

But his uncle wasn't hearing him, wasn't seeing him. He was looking at his wife.

"You must be real excited."

"Uncle Lafe?"

The man's eyes turned toward his nephew. They were hard, black and cold as a pond in winter.

"Being on your own. Not having anybody else to worry about. It's the best thing, sometimes, to get away."

"Yeah."

"Come on. Let's go down to the shop. It's hot as hell out here. Connie? You better get out of this heat."

She rolled over onto her back, holding the top of her bathing suit with one hand. The painted eyes stared calmly up into a sky almost as pure blue as they were.

"You behave now, Nat. Don't you be fooling around with those college girls!" she laughed.

When Nat left an hour later, his uncle had not smiled.

He came into the room one Friday at noon. It was February and wet. And you couldn't get hot chocolate in the canteen like his mother made. He was trying to decide if the hot chocolate was worth the two hour drive home when he saw the note his roommate Mitch had scrawled on the wall beneath the telephone: Nat--Call Home At Once! And Mitch was a pain sometimes the way he overdramatized things so he knew he'd go home now.

He threw his books on the bed. Wedging the receiver between his ear and his shoulder, he kicked off his clanny sneakers, worked his socks off his icy feet. Then he dialed the number.

The phone rang. It only rang twice and someone picked up and his father's voice said, "Hello?" and why wasn't he at work and then went all hollow inside as he knew Mitch wasn't being a pain this time and that he'd have to go home.

"Hello?"

"Daddy, it's me. Nat. What's wrong? It's not . . . nothing's wrong with Ma, is there?"

"No. No. It's . . . it's your Uncle Lafe."

Not dead! Not dead! Not! Dead!

"We think . . . he's lost his mind he's got your Aunt Connie and the girls in the house and he told us we've tried to get him to come outside but he just stands behind the curtains and hollers back at us he's got a gun we can't get near the house he was going to kill them kill them all three and then himself Sue's at your grandma's now this has about killed her we've tried everything my God kill them all I just called the police we couldn't do a thing me or your Uncle Carl we tried to talk him out we heard him shoot one time!"

Not dead. Not dead. Not . . .

"I'm coming home. I'm coming home now."

"What?"

But Nat had already hung up the phone. He jammed his feet into some mocassins, grabbed his coat, and slammed out the door, not even

stopping to lock it. So let Mitch piss and moan. He didn't believe it. He couldn't. He wouldn't. Not Lafe.

In the car. Speeding. Not giving a damn. And seeing Lafe not mad. Seeing Lafe so tall holding his five year old hand, his head up there making the clouds give room and darkening the sun with his smile. Seeing Lafe laughing lifting him into a tree. Holding the gun steady as he took his first shot. Putting him to bed at night mother-gentle. Lafe coming back after eight years still smiling. Joshing Mr. Damson. Laughing during his first meal in his new house. Seeing his wife's hands on Nat's body. Not laughing. Seeing Lafe's hands curl into claws into fists . . .

No!

Seeing little as the tears spilled down his face.

Mr. Todd was coming down the back steps when Nat brought his car to a stop. He walked to the car, looking every second of his fifty years.

"Nat, I'm going back over there. You stay here in case Sue calls. If they do get him out they'll need somebody . . . somebody from the family ought to be there with Connie and the girls. You don't mind if I take your car?"

"Get in."

"Huh?"

Nat was trembling all over. "Get in. I'm going, too."

"What? Why he's crazy, Nat. There's no telling what he might do!"

"Don't you say that! Don't you ever say that to me!"

The man tried to stare his son into submission, but what he saw in his face made him turn away his own. He went around to the other side of the car and got in. Nat backed the car into the road, then turned and started down the long hill that lead to the main highway.

"How did it start?"

"Mr. Damson called your mother about eleven. Said he'd heard shouting over at Lafe's. He saw Lafe's truck was at home. Said he'd heard Connie screaming. Sue called me at work. I went straight to Lafe's. Your Uncle Carl was already there; I reckon Sue had called him, too. We tried to talk to him, but he just hollered at us that he'd kill us if we tried . . . if we tried . . ."

"Tried what?"

"To take Connie away from him."

"You said he had a gun. Did you see it?"

"Yeah. He made sure we saw it. We couldn't do a thing. He shot one time. We had to call the police. He

## DESERTS

*Deserts aren't only places  
where dry sand supports  
so little life.*

*Cities are deserts  
and sometimes when I walk  
down the streets,  
it seems that people  
are sagebrush blowing without direction  
and cacti-  
Obstacles from where I've been  
to where I'm going.  
I'm the only living soul  
in the lifeless dust.*

Frank DeHaven



said he'd kill all of them--kill himself."

They turned down the road to Lafe's house. A patrol car was sitting half on the Damson's front yard, half on the road that ran between the Damson's house and Lafe's. Nat pulled in beside it. One of the officers was watching the house; the other one was calling in. Nat heard him say, "Nothing yet," as he got out of the car. Mr. Damson was standing on the front porch of his house. When he saw Nat and his father, he came down the steps to where they were standing. His eyes were blank, scared. He couldn't get his mouth to stay closed; his lower jaw was as slack as if he'd been stunned by a haymaker.

"They can't get him to come out, but Connie and the kids are okay. They got him to let them talk to them." Mr. Damson's voice quivered in the wind that twisted through the barren pecan trees. "Who would've thought that boy would do something like this?" He turned to Nat. "Can you believe it?"

"No," he said.

Mr. Todd walked over to the patrol car, leaving Nat and Mr. Damson huddled beside a tree.

"I'm going to talk to him."

"Wha . . . ."

"He'll come out for me. I know it."

Mr. Damson clutched his arm.

"Boy, are you crazy? He's got a gun! He's liable to start shooting!"

"He wouldn't shoot at me. He . . . ."

"Why he won't listen to anybody anyway! Your daddy's tried to talk to him, your Uncle Carl's tried, the police have tried, I've tried to get him to give himself up. He just cursed us all. Said he'd kill us if we came toward the house."

"Well, I'm going to. I don't care what you say."

Nat went to where the police car was parked. His mouth had begun to form the words when there was a scream from inside the Donaldson house. The door was thrown open.

They heard glass breaking, the sound like the cold that ran up their backs.

Lafe appeared in the door. He held his wife against his side. He had a pistol at the back of her head.

The officer who had been in the car said, gently, "Get down." He took two rifles out of the car, handing one to his partner who crouched at the back of the car. He bent slightly, reached in the front seat and came out with a bullhorn.

MR. DONALDSON THROW DOWN YOUR GUN. DON'T DO ANYTHING FOOLISH. WE WANT TO HELP YOU. DON'T DO ANYTHING YOU'LL BE SORRY FOR. IF YOU HAVE A PROBLEM WE CAN GET HELP FOR YOU. BUT DON'T TAKE IT OUT ON YOUR FAMILY. YOU DON'T WANT TO HURT THEM REALLY NOW DO YOU? THROW DOWN YOUR GUN AND PUT YOUR HANDS OVER YOUR HEAD. THEN WALK SLOWLY OUT INTO THE YARD. YOU DON'T WANT TO HURT ANYBODY.

Nat almost smiled, thinking how even the guy on "Adam-12" didn't sound that corny. Then he noticed how his hands were trembling and he jammed them between his knees.

The limbs above his head were scraping one another, fiddling away in the wind. There was another sound behind this, one he wanted to hear. But the wind tore it into ragged pieces that scattered meaninglessly--pieces that roared. ". . . . goddamned bastards!" and ". . . . Is my problem!" And the limbs were gnawing at one another so that Nat didn't hear the pistol when it barked out or the shot as it zinged overhead. All he heard was one of the policemen bellow:

STOP!

And then

"Uncle Lafe!" his own voice thin in a scream.

The crack of a rifle.

He was running--they were all running. His father and Mr. Damson to where his Aunt Connie lay sobbing beside the steps. He and

the two officers to where Lafe lay so still in the backyard.

Blood. There was blood crawling down his right arm. Nat touched his shoulder and his uncle moaned and rolled away from him, rolled over onto his back.

"Uncle Lafe?"

The eyes opened red and hating. "Sonabitch can't haver! 'Smine! 'Smywife!" His mouth became a square of pain and fury. "G'damn bastards can't haver! G'damn you!" He struggled up on his knees, grabbing Nat by the throat and bearing him down under him. Squeezing. Tighter.

The policemen caught Lafe. Wrestled him to his feet. They handcuffed him. Nat sat up, rubbing his aching throat.

"You all right, son?" one of the officers asked.

He nodded yes. Couldn't say it. Then he heard a voice. A voice with a smile like the sun in it. He looked up.

Lafe smiled down at him. "Nat! What are you doing here, boy? And without any socks on. You're gonna catch your death and then what'll I tell Sue?"

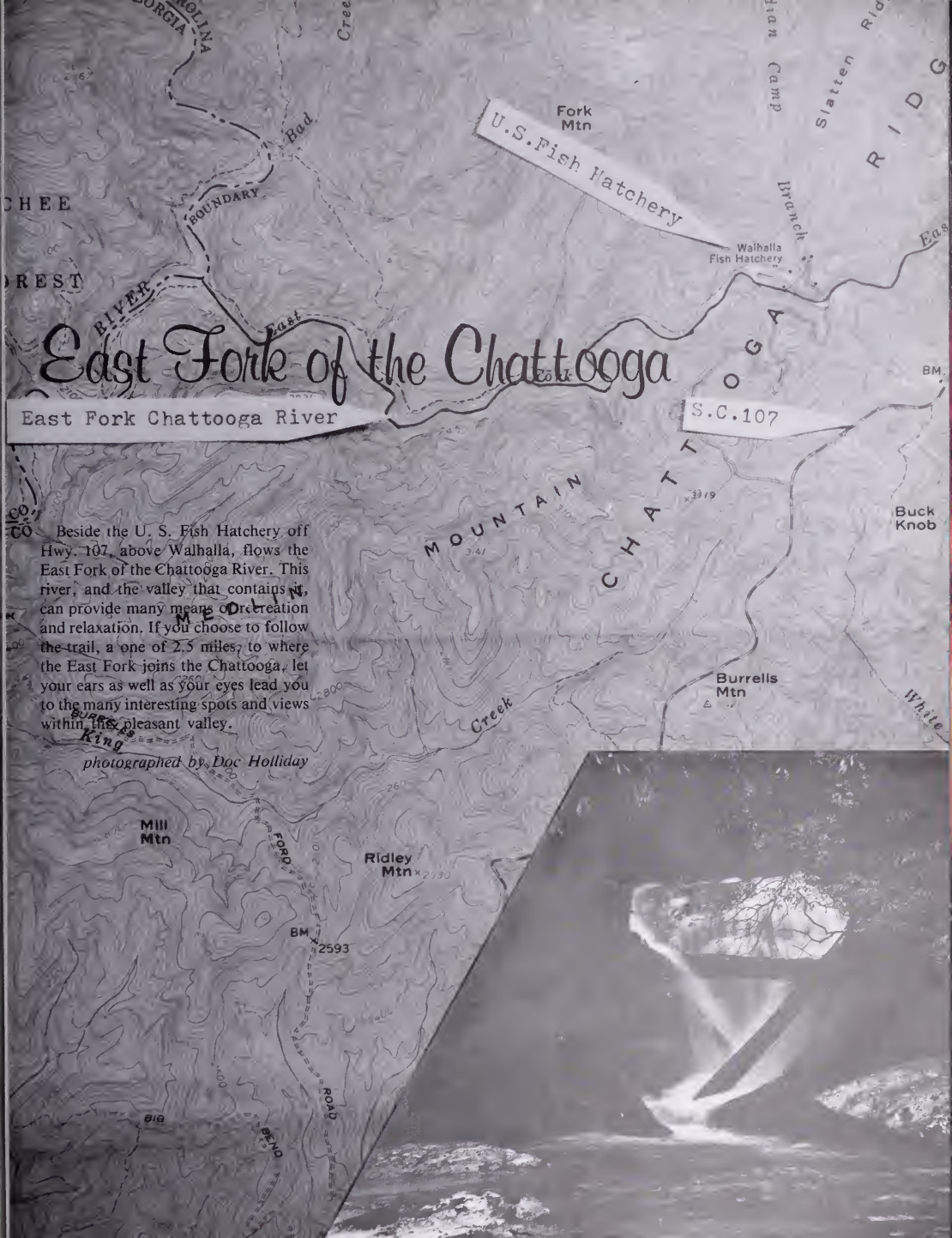
Suddenly he gave a low growl. His eyes started from his head, bulging slickly as he strained against the handcuffs, strained toward his nephew.

"You're just like the rest of them, goddamn you! Get away from here! You can't have her! She's mine! Get away from her! You leave her alone, you sonofabitch!"

Nat knelt in the spreading cold. They carried Lafe toward the shadows beneath the trees, toward the waiting car. Nat watched until the tears came and he couldn't watch anymore. He got up from the ground and went to his car. He sat shivering there until his father came and told him to go get his mother to sit with his aunt that night.







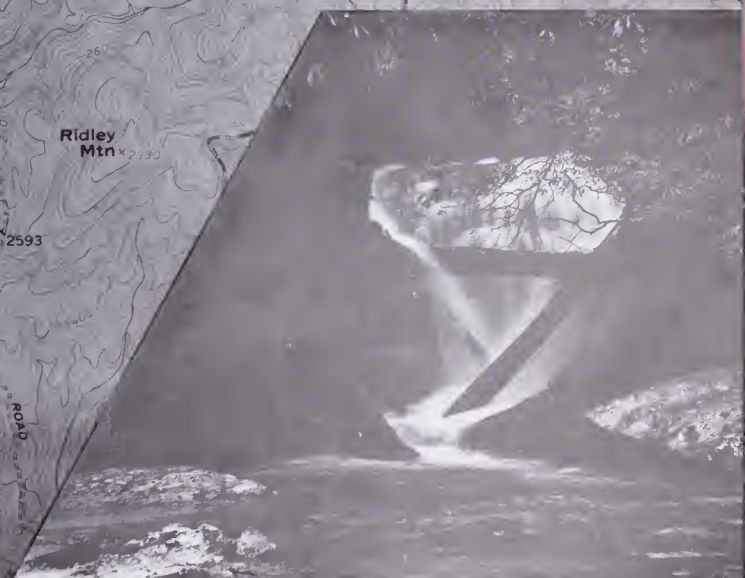
CHEE  
REST

# East Fork of the Chattooga

East Fork Chattooga River

Beside the U. S. Fish Hatchery off Hwy. 107, above Walhalla, flows the East Fork of the Chattooga River. This river, and the valley that contains it, can provide many means of recreation and relaxation. If you choose to follow the trail, a one of 2.5 miles, to where the East Fork joins the Chattooga, let your ears as well as your eyes lead you to the many interesting spots and views within this pleasant valley.

photographed by Doc Holliday











# WIZARD'S LIPS

by Mike Strickland

*"In meiner Heimat  
where the dead walked  
and the living were made of cardboard"* (Ezra Pound)

## I. The Dance of the Moon

*"And rules the shadows of the wood,  
And the white breast of the Dim sea  
And all dishevelled wandering stars."* (W. B. Yeats)

*Waves chant restlessly in the predawn silence  
of a dove-grey day, at the edge of the sea.  
Bleak and bitter stands the tall stone tower  
overlooks as solemn cold grey swells  
move effortlessly through the realm of summoning souls.  
on the blue silver sand by the sea  
two weary travelers much confused  
beg warmth from the frail flame.  
Old grey-beard bent and twisted, hooded by cloak  
his eyes aglow in the darkness  
like jewels in a form much misused.  
Wandering wise-man, skilled in magic  
some call him wizard for name.  
By the craft of the magic within his songs  
he sends imagination forth  
that whispers in the winds  
sparkles laughing in the waves, and longs  
for the moist warm furrow of the bleeding earth.  
Lovely Moonchild sheds her pearl white gown and dances  
naked on the beach with myriad mystical creatures.  
The hawk flashes cruel and noble among the gulls  
as nearby the goat-child smiles and plays his pipes.*

## II. The Wisdom of the Fool

*"Wisdom is of the soul, is not susceptible of proof, is its own proof"*

(Walt Whitman)

Wizard:           *The poet's sleepless candle burns once more  
                      in this everlasting night  
                      in those open books he searches for  
                      fertile images and a metaphor  
                      to spark the vision's light.*

Old Man:           *His soul recalls its loneliness  
                      as he walks beneath this ever altering moon  
                      dreaming back, dreaming back. . . .  
                      in the eternal dreamtime of this faraway land  
                      as he traces magical shapes in the sand  
                      in the eternal dreamtime of this faraway land.*

Wizard:           *To him I give the drunkard's name  
                      in his madman's tower by the sand  
                      though his songs may pierce the marrow like a flame  
                      he speaks with these creatures, herbs, and stones the same.  
                      Indeed he is quite a fool of a man.*

Poet:               *Urge and urge and urge. . .*

(voice drifts  
down from  
tower)

Chorus of  
magical  
birds and  
beasts and  
fishes:

*His songs call to a god within us  
and we dance prismatic in this his universe.*

## III. The Song of The Fire Witch

*"Madness in great ones must not unwatch'd go." (Shakespeare)*

Wizard:           *He has fed his heart on fantasy  
                      that nurses the fire of his soul.  
                      Moonchild moaning, dulls keen his ecstasy  
                      gives him images and metaphors for poetry  
                      herbs and fruit and sweetcream, carried meekly in her bowl.*

Poet:               *Ganga. . . Burning, burning, burning. . .*

(voice drifts  
down from  
tower)

*In the pale moonlight, the grass sings to me.*

Old Man:           *He has bared his brain to vision's pain  
                      for the poet's dreaming wisdom.  
                      Searching, seeking in this poem universe  
                      spouting mad mouthfuls of language.*

Wizard:           *Hark you to the fire, what demon doth there appear?*

Fire Witch:       *Welcome unto these enchanted sands!  
                      Indeed, backward devils, know how came ye here?  
                      Ah Magick, well I know you, where are your powers now?  
                      And you, old one, many times I have seen you  
                      yet knew not who you were.*

Old Man: *I am known as many, or as none  
I contain multitudes.*

Fire Witch: *Magick here, he has his craft and trade  
Tell me, old one, concerning your life  
of what is its journey made?*

Old Man: *My existence is a simple one,  
To know the universe itself as a road, as many roads,  
as roads for traveling souls, yet why am I here?  
What am I to the one in the tower alone?*

Poet: *I inhale great draughts of space,  
(voice drifts down) The east and the west are mine,  
and the north and the south are mine.*

Moonchild: *My Lord, I have remembrances of yours  
(calls to poet, then approaches the fire) and many are the abiding promises. . .  
Much I can tell you of he in the tower  
I have sucked the honey of his music  
I have felt the gentle bestial power.*

Poet: *warm squeezing thighs. . .  
(voice drifts down from tower)*

Fire Witch: *Where the bee sucks, there suck I, Ha!*

Wizard: *Immortality from the poet, for your heart?  
Dear Child, we are born with the dead  
and with the dead depart.*

Fire Witch: *Many times they have died, many times risen again.*

#### IV. Poets Ride Unicorns Wearing Shirts of Flame.

*"Make room, then, for the life-giving ones!" (Henry Miller)*

Poet: *Searching for me you look everywhere  
(descends with cohort of demon images) except beside you, except within you.  
I have squeezed the universe into a ball  
here in my island of order  
here in this sea of chaos.*

Wizard: *Beware Poet!  
I can freeze the light of rainbows bright  
before me flee all fiends.  
The sea I command, as is my right  
before me flee all fiends.  
Caliban bows before my might  
my songs can weave the winds.  
Beware, seer of visions.*

Old Man: *His eyes are like black holes in the sky!*



*Fire Witch: Those are pearls that were his eyes, Ha!*

*Poet: Here I sit amid the essential strangeness of myself  
In the smoke of my breath I can see these images around me  
rushing hysterical wide-eyed and high  
who pass waking nightmares eating green fire  
who pass naked through universities  
crimson eyes hallucinating  
the supernatural sweat of their bodies like piss in the river  
rises up in rows of soulless replicas for the machine.  
The universe to me like smooth parted thighs  
drawn to the center that is female,  
plowed earth gathering seed into moist darkness  
drawing my melted marble, this father stuff.  
Magick, I have found what I had wanted  
this gleaming sword, this silver wand  
and though once yours, these wizard's lips.  
My seed, my children helpless, my songs. . .  
Fly with your sable wing into the chaos. . .*

*(Two pale  
images)*

*Allen: Visions! omens! hallucinations! miracles! ecstasies!  
Gone down the river! Fuck yourself with your atomic bomb!*

*Gary: With the Sun and the Moon in his belly, The Space Poet  
sleeps. No end to this universe, but his poems, like  
wild geese, fly off the edge.*

**CLEMSON  
PLANT & GARDEN CENTER**

654-6055

Turn right after  
R. R. tressel —

Across from  
Kentucky  
Fried Chicken

**Cut Flowers**

**Indoor & Outdoor**

**FREE  
Plant Guides**



**Sand Terrariums**

**FLORA & FAUNA  
ANDERSON MALL**

225-1120

**OPEN  
Monday  
thru  
Saturday**

**Special Orders Available**

**Garden Equipment**

**Plants & Supplies**



# chronicle



Fall 1976

CLARENCE J. COLEMAN  
SOUTH CAROLINA ROAD

NOV 17 1976





# GO TIGERS



**Pepsi Cola Bottling Company,  
Anderson, South Carolina**

# GRADUATION DAZE.

## **CLEAR UP YOUR FUTURE IN THE 2-YEAR AFROTC PROGRAM.**

What's up after college? That question is enough to get a lot of young people down. Air Force ROTC college graduates have that worry, too. But their immediate future (and longer if they choose) is much more secure. As a commissioned officer, there's a good job....Travel. Graduate level education. Promotions. Financial security. And really, lots more.

If you have two academic years remaining, there's a great 2-year AFROTC program still available to you. Look into the details. We think you'll be pleasantly surprised. And pleasantly rewarded.

**CONTACT: AFROTC THIRD FLOOR TILLMAN HALL 656-3254**

**Put it all together in Air Force ROTC.**



# CONTENTS

Fall 1976

Underwhere? Feature by Joe Clayton .....	4
Walter and the Magic Hickory Nut Fiction by Chuck Butler .....	7
Haikus Cris Nelson .....	11
Looking Back Fiction by Tom Pender .....	12
Chronicle Interview with Josh McDowell .....	14
Skirmish at Spencer's Creek Fiction by Jeff Davis .....	17
The Nursing Home Poetry by Tom Dryden .....	19
Gallery .....	20
The Untried Poetry by Greg R. Bright .....	24
Schwinn—Dixie Style Feature by John Madera .....	25
Chronicle F-Stop .....	30
Ronald Nimkin Poetry by Cris Nelson .....	36

The Staff dedicates this issue to David J. Roberts.

August 5, 1954 — May 28, 1976

# Underwhere?

By Joe Clayton



All locales have their interesting legends. Clemson does, too. This particular legend, however, is not that well known. As a matter of fact, it is unusual even to hear about it. The privileged few who do manage to hear, usually do the way I did—pieces of conversation between two old-timers—and with the usual reaction—a micro-intelligent “Huh?” —What tunnels? Under Clemson? —Yup. Meanwhile, images of Clemson perched atop a foundation honeycombed with huge caverns and cold passageways arise, as you try to pry more information out of them. Few have ever heard of them, while even fewer have seen them. But I was fortunate—my friends had been in them and could lead me to them. We were all possessed with a true adventurous spirit, so an impromptu expedition set out to verify a little known legend.

Monday night our gang set out, flashlight and rope in hand and a general air of conspiracy about us. We were prepared for anything, but how does one gain access to a legendary tunnel? Through a manhole, of course! Nothing to it, happens all the time—six laughing fools disappear into the ground somewhere in the middle of campus and spend two hours running all under campus. No one missed us. No one even knew we were there.

I was the one granted the dubious honor of dropping into this underground haven first. In I went, my pants tucked into my shoes to keep the beasties from exploring my legs. It wasn't too bad—the lights were on. Twelve feet of rope put me on a dry mud floor facing a circular tunnel roughly seven feet in diameter with a concrete sidewalk, lighting, electrical





outlets, and central heating—all the comforts of home. Outrageous. A couple of huge, noisy steam pipes ran along the right side of the walkway, and along the left there were power cables and fuse boxes controlling 4160 volts worth of electricity. It was a nice place to get fried or steamed, depending on which way you might prefer to stumble. The tunnel ran in straight sections with about fifty yards between each of the two dozen inter-sections. On looking down the tunnel, there seemed to be nothing but an endless series of lights, pipes, and cables that faded into the distance with only a dip here and there for variety.

You could feel the moist heat from the pipes and hear the muffled rumble of running machinery buried somewhere ahead of you. The steady, soft hiss of the pipes provided a nice accompaniment, although you could still sense a blanket silence to the place. Like all removed, seldom-visited and half-secret places, it possessed its own atmosphere. Being there felt...unnatural. There was no sign of life. Nothing. Just the relics. You could neither see nor feel any

sign that anyone had been down there in twenty years. It was like rediscovering some forgotten passageway, some treasure unfairly kept from you. It didn't take a very active imagination to produce a paranoid feeling. And with each new step, your sense of time and direction slipped away. It was an unsettling feeling. So was the knowledge that there was a tin can full of water over your head. I wondered if anyone could hear me whistle "The Ants Go Marching In."

Much to the aggravation of my nervous system and of whoever has to repair the hole I made in the roof, someone did hear. I call him "Legs" because that was all we ever saw—five long feet of running legs. And, Lord, could he move those legs! That character could run the hundred in three seconds flat. Even Ready Freddy, our trusty photographer, couldn't get more than a picture of his legs. Owing to his mildly unusual height—about ten feet—Legs always ran a little bent over. We had a splendid view of the back of his blue-jean coveralls—standard fashion for



tunnel-dwellers—but that was about it. I really wished he had not picked that particular moment to come scooting out of a side tunnel and scare the hell out of me; I mean, I had just managed enough confidence to stand up straight in a tunnel which was only a foot taller than I. And, being in the front of this unusual procession, I really appreciated the wonderful notion that took hold of some intelligent—and I mean brilliant—individual behind me. — Catch him! Right. Just go flying after some indistinct blue blur already two hundred yards ahead and with five screaming maniacs following right behind. I could just picture it: how they would discreetly haul my mutilated corpse through some hole in the street. — What happened to him? — Didn't quite make a turn and perforated a wall. —Where? —Oh,

somewhere under Bowman field. Beautiful. But, chase him we did—and catch him we didn't. Up one tunnel and down another, through the tunnel hand-marked "To Sikes," and past one to Tillman, up ladders and down ramps. I thought we had him once when we followed him into a dead end—a tunnel that ended in a mysterious, locked door somewhere under Calhoun Mansion. Everything looked right, until that jerk behind me spoke again. — Hey, we got him! — Wrong. As if that were a signal, Legs screamed with insane laughter. Before we were halfway down the tunnel, he began to waver and fade, becoming thinner and thinner in the distance like the end of a half-remembered dream, until he just . . . wasn't there. The echoes of his laughter went with him, leaving us feeling

very disorganized in the silence. How do you handle something like that? I just stared, shook my head, and turned to go. Homework was waiting, and classes the next day, so we left—faster than we came in—mumbling to ourselves.

They're really there. Clemson University is riddled beneath with tunnels—long mysterious affairs leading all over the place and inhabited by some unhinged nut who spends his time racing about underground doing God-knows-what. The ground we are late to classes on hides more than subterranean rivers and buried hatchets. Ripley—are you out there?



# Haynes

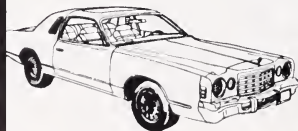
SALES  
**226-2472**  
PARTS & SERVICE  
**225-6976**

## DODGE

SALES, INC.  
NEW & USED CARS

### FULL SERVICE DEALER

- BODY SHOP WE REPAIR ALL MAKES
- CHRYSLER PARTS HEADQUARTERS
- PARTS FOR ALL CHRYSLER PRODUCTS



3415 CLEMSON BLVD.



Take a trip around the world — visit exotic lands  
view original native crafts. All under one roof.

World Imports

In the

Market Place

Clemson Blvd.

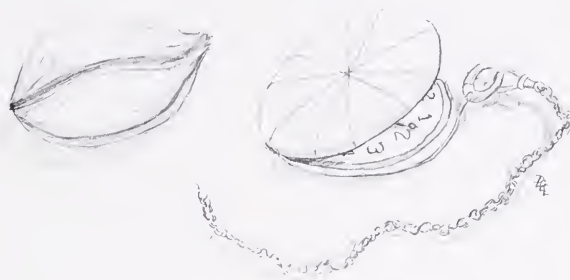
Anderson, S. C.



Bring this ad to our Anderson Store  
and receive a 10% discount.

# Walter and the Magic Hickory Nut

By Chuck Butler



"I remember it jus' like it was yesterday."

"What?"

"But it weren' nowhere this hot," Walter said. The sweat had beaded up on his forehead.

"What wasn't this hot?" I asked.

"Time I went huntin' by m'self," he answered, "It was real nice." He nodded to himself.

It must have been one of those bright, sunny, skyblue afternoons in the Virginia autumn — October, or maybe early November, but no matter, for the uncertainty of the exact days involved in no way reflected the distinctness of the season; the Indian summer warmth, the calm and picture-clear day, the air as still and full of the ringing sounds of children playing as on any other day I could imagine. It is a pleasant sensation to dwell on such perfect days anytime one should take the notion; maybe old men stiff in their chairs might dream of their next lives where some place all of their days would be just as perfect as these days, one after the other, on into forever; or maybe young men, sitting on tires and counters in filling stations, idling away the time, might think of such days and smile to themselves in the knowledge that they would enjoy many more perfect days before they sit in chairs, stiff and old.

Anyway, the kind of day it was stood clear in my mind, though I

didn't know what year or exactly what month it took place. I was sure of what the day had been like, for I have experienced such days, too. It was not my story to tell, you see, but old Walter's. Walter Taylor was in his late sixties. Of just which year he wasn't sure. Often as not, men of Walter's origin aren't sure. But he placed it at sixty-eight because about six years ago he remembered the woman in the welfare office in Petersburg telling him he was eligible for a monthly check if he went into semi-retirement. Knowing that he could draw a small check at sixty-two, Walter reckoned his present age at sixty-eight.

It was August, late in the morning as we sat there, leaning on the wall of the store, directly in the path of a continuous migration of flies and yellow jackets that swarmed between the trashcans and open door of the store. We sat near the door of Reddick's Store under the porch. I sat on a wooden bench and Walter sat on an old dented five-gallon grease can, opened at the top and with a board placed across it to make a seat. The top of the can slanted away from the store and Walter was forced to lean against the wall to keep his balance. But he appeared to be quite comfortable.

Reddick's Store was a white painted wooden building with rambling walls and floors that had shifted and sunken with the ground over the

years it had been standing. Located just outside of Surry, business at best was slow and sometimes an hour would pass between customers in the store. Walter would sit for hours at a time watching the traffic on the road occasionally nodding at a familiar passerby. He fit in perfectly with the surroundings of the store, owned by his brother-in-law, who had been slightly more ambitious in his youth than Walter. Not to say that Walter had been a loafer. To the contrary, he had been a steady and faithful employee at the sawmills in the area, and later the stave mill. But he was through now, and his slowed pace was evidence enough of the years spent under the roofs and sheds of mills.

I liked Walter partly because it was so easy to learn things about him. His dress and sentences gave me clues to his character that he would never have told himself. His pants were large and baggy, almost always dirty, and formed several wrinkles when lying on his boots. In the summer he wore a short sleeve shirt which, though tucked into his pants still allowed room for his belly to protrude between the buttons. His clothes had the appearance of being slept in, and I believe this to be the case, as I was firmly convinced that it had been three months since his last bath and two weeks since his last change of clothes. Walter was ripe. Even the



slightest whiff of a breeze directly brought to my attention that I was downwind of him. But I did not hold it against him. So, naturally, I sat at the far end of the bench with plenty of room for the flies and the air to circulate between us.

I was also interested in Walter's hat, a little cap of wool that was gray tweed in appearance. It was always cocked on his head at some angle as if while walking through bushes it had been knocked off and put back on askew. Sometimes it would be pulled down almost to his eyes or pushed back on his forehead exposing his bald round head. I enjoyed just watching Walter put the cap back on his head. He would put it on from back to front and pull it forward quickly and emphatically with great determination as if it were some gesture of finality. Still, it would end up crooked.

Whatever his appearance, Walter Taylor commanded a great deal of respect from me. He was of humble beginnings, uneducated but not completely illiterate. Born near the farmer's town of Ahoskie, North Carolina in the coastal plain, Walter probably spent his early years in the fields. Maybe he went to school until he was old enough to work. He could recognize and write his own name, though. I have seen many who could not. Somehow he found his way to Surry. Walter's world was different from mine, it was one of long cold nights next to wood stoves in shanty houses. It was a world of summer homes of abandoned shacks with broken down porches standing in the middle of cornfields; of dusty country roads and empty stomachs at noon-time; of hand-me-down coats and 20 year-old automobiles; of corn liquor and fried carp.

He had been knocked around all his life like a fighter in the ring with his eyes half shut. He had staggered from one foot to the other, been up against the ropes and fallen face first on the floor. But he was through now. He had weathered two-thirds of a century on earth and he had my respect. I could see the years etched in the wrinkles on his face; I could see the hot summers in his eyes; could hear

the roar of the winds in his cracking voice.

So it was on the hot August morning that Walter chose to tell me a story.

"Y'know," he said, "one time somethin' happen' to me that I ain't never forget." He looked at me, seemingly puzzled by his own comment.

"Is this about that hunting trip?" I asked. Walter nodded. He continued.

"It was th' strangest thing — I ain't never seen nothin' like it." Again he looked at me, still puzzled as if I knew what he was talking about and could clear it up. Somewhere in the folds and pleats of his mind, Walter was sorting out something he had experienced. It was almost a physical effort for him to organize his thoughts.

"What was it?" I asked.

"It musta been 'bout thirty years ago. I was huntin' on a man's farm, he had some woods on his land."

"What time of the year was it?" I asked. "Was it in the fall?"

"Uh-huh," Walter nodded emphatically. "Th' evenin's was startin' to get chilly, but th' days, they was still warm."

"It must have been a nice day," I pretended to muse aloud.

"It was real nice," Walter said, again shaking his head vigorously. "I was huntin' on 'nother man's land. He done tol' me I could shoot all th' squirrel I saw 'cause his wife, she don' like him doin' no huntin'. Ol' man Parham, you know him?" I shook my head. "His son th' one that drive that Gary's truck that caught on fire."

"I don't think I know old man Parham or his son."

"Yeah," Walter nodded. It occurred to me that my world and Walter's had very little overlap.

"I ain' seen but 'bout shree squirrels all day," he said. Walter had never been able to pronounce the word "three." For some reason his mouth was not equipped to say the "r" after the "th." I had heard others do the same thing.

"Did you shoot any of them?" I asked.

"Yeah," Walter nodded. "I got one," he said, holding up a short fat

finger. "But I sat down to rest on a leg."

"On a log?"

"Yeah, a leg," he said. I nodded. I was beginning to piece the story together from Walter's vague account. He had been hunting on one of those brilliant autumn days that seems to be created especially for hunting. I guessed that Walter must have sensed the pleasantness of the day around him, and that, though he would not approach it as a poet or romantic might, maybe his mind, one that could read only his name and a little more, achieved that same level of contemplation and satisfaction as the minds of poets and philosophers.

"Bout then I felt somethin' move 'neath one of m' feet." Walter paused, and, looking out across the road, chuckled to himself. He looked at me, grinning, and said, "I jumped up straight in the air and got out of there real quick like. I thought it was a ol' snake." He had straightened up on the can and placed his hands on his knees and rubbed them.

"Did you go back and kill it?" I asked.

"Naw," he said, holding up his hand to make a ring with his fingers. "It was a hickory nut."

"Huh?"

"Hick'ry nut."

"A hickory nut?"

"Yeah," Walter said, nodding emphatically again. "It weren' no snake at all." His eyes grew wider and I could tell he was afraid I didn't believe him.

"It was the hickory nut on the ground that was moving?"

"Yeah."

"Oh, it fell out of a tree on the ground."

"Naw! It was on the groun' movin' by itself." Walter was getting excited. He drew his feet up close to the can. "I ain't knowed what to make of it. I kept back m' distance."

"Well, what was it doing?"

"It rolled about two feet on the ground," Walter said, holding out his hands and measuring two feet of air. "Then it rolled back."

"Are you sure it was just a plain old hickory nut?"

"Uh-huh," Walter nodded. "I got a stick and started to poke at it. Then I hit it real hard with m' stick 'til I done pounded it in the ground." Walter was really serious. I couldn't understand what he was talking about.

"Why did you do that? Why did you hit it so hard?" I asked.

"I ain't knowed what it was. I ain't knowed what to make of it."

"What did you do?"

"Why, that ol' hick'ry nut jump straight out of th' ground."

"All by itself?"

Walter nodded. "I fell back away from it. It jump as high as my head." He held a hand above his forehead. "I got behind a tree 'cause I thought it might blow up like them army grenades I heard 'bout." He was dead serious. He had stopped grinning and was looking at me soberly.

"Blow up?" I said, trying to hide my grin with words. "Hickory nuts don't blow up."

"Naw, it ain't blowed up. It fell back on th' groun' an' ain't done nothin'." I watched it for the longest time, but it ain't moved. After 'while I come out

and poked it some more with m' stick. I thought it was dead or somethin'."

"What, the hickory nut?"

"Yeah. It weren' movin' 'round no more. I ain't knowed what to think."

"Well, what did you do?"

"I knowed it was somethin' special 'cause I ain't never seen nothin' like it 'fore. So I reached down and picked it up in m' hand, and you know somethin'?"

"What?" I said.

"That thing—it was warm, jus' like it had been roasin' on a fire." Walter's hand was balled up in a fist as if he was holding the nut in it. His tone of voice had changed and his face took on an inquisitive look. It was like he was thinking about the nut for the first time, after all those years.

"Maybe it had been lying in the sun," I said.

"Naw!" Walter said, ruffled because I didn't seem to believe him. "An somethin' was tappin' on th' inside like a chick kickin' a egg, tryin' to get out." Walter's face had changed again; he was excited and seemed delighted about his description. A car

passed by distracting his attention momentarily. He turned back to me. "I set it on the leg, thinkin' it might cool off, but it ain't."

I had a lot of respect for Walter, but I was having a hard time trying to believe his story. Hickory nuts don't stay warm or tick from the inside.

"What else was on the ground? Was that the only nut around?" I asked.

"Naw, they was lots other 'round on th' groun', but there weren' no more like this 'un." He was serious. I hated not to believe him, in fact I couldn't think of any reason I shouldn't except that the story was so unusual. It appeared he was becoming unsure of his story.

"I bet there must have been some explanation," I said.

Walter hesitated. "I ain't knowed what to make of it," he said.

"Did you think it was somebody's trick?"

Walter sat there thinking, the flies buzzing and landing on his cap, walk-



## Honda of Anderson



1209 S. Murray Ave.  
Anderson, S. C.  
226-8112



**We do it all for you™**

In the morning, the first thing you need is the last thing you want to hassle with. Breakfast. So, if you're trying to beat the clock to your first class, zip by McDonalds™ and pick up an Egg McMuffin™. A fried egg covered with melted cheese on a piece of Canadian bacon served on a toasted English muffin. It's a first-class break-fast you can eat on the run.

©1975 McDonald's Corp.

ing across his bare arms.

"I seen hick'ry nuts all my life. When I was a boy I ate lots of 'em before it snowed. They weren' much good by spring. Cracked 'em open 'tween two rocks. I knowed what they was." His eyes rolled around as he spoke, with long heavy blinks. "But this 'un weren' reg'lar," he continued. "It was warm. If I hold it real close in m' hand," he said, again balling his fist, "it got real hot. There ain' been no fire on th' groun' 'cause I done checked to see. I ain't knowed what it was, but I weren' afraid to hold it."

He stopped. We looked up the road. A big log truck was coming into town, its cab bouncing on its wheels, its image distorted by heat waves rising off the highway. I wished a yellow jacket away from my face and said, "That's a wild story."

"Yeah," he replied. He had made no effort to back up his story. He had told it like he thought it had happened. No frill, no effects. Even now he did not understand what had taken place. I wondered if Walter expected me to listen to the story and then clear it up for him. I wondered if he had wanted someone to nod and say "Yes, I understand. You must have really been surprised!" or something which would let him know that someone understood what had happened and believed him.

"Is that all?" I asked.

"Naw. I put it in my pocket. I's going to take it to town to ask somebody what it was, 'cause I ain't knowed what to make of it." He had turned back now toward me and we looked at each other and I could tell he was trying to see if I believed him. I looked away down the road. I could see the log truck in the distance, on its way to the mills. I looked back at Walter. He was still looking at me, his eyes darting from the road back to my face. He wanted to know if I believed him.

"Well, what happened then?"

"I ain't sure," he said, looking down at his boots.

"What? Why not?"

"It was gettin' hot, like 'fore, so I took it out of my pocket. I ain't been able to hold it, so I dropped it to th' groun'."

"It was that hot?"

"Yeah. An' then — then it was th' strangest thing — th' nut, it started to smokin' like it was on fire."

"Smoking? Are you sure?"

"Yeah," he nodded. "An' then it got on fire. I stomped on it tryin' to put it out. Finally it quit burnin'. It was black and ain't moved. I ain' picked it up 'cause I ain't knowed what to think." He paused. "After 'while I picked it up in m' hand, but it weren' hot no more."

"It wasn't?"

"Naw, it ain't done nothin'. I held it for th' longest time, expectin' it to jump up out of my hand, but it ain't never done nothin' else."

"Was that all?"

He nodded. "That's all it ever done."

"Did you leave it out there?" I asked.

"Naw, I took it with me but I ain't never showed nobody it."

"Why not?" I asked.

Walter looked away through the heavy air down the road toward town. From the other direction we could hear another big log truck rumbling down toward the mills. Walter shoved his hat back some more on his head and leaned up against the building again. He let the log truck pass by before he spoke.

"Y'know — I ain't thought I'd ever tell this story to nobody." Looking down at his knees, he smiled. "Sometimes — sometimes I don' know to believe it or not m'self." He looked at me. "But it happened. I 'member it like it was jus' th' other day, though it musta been 'bout thirty years that it happen'. I ain't forgot none of it." He paused. I looked away.

"Do you still have it?" I asked.

Walter shook his head. "I kept it for 'while. But somehow it got lost. My son, he said he ain't played with it, but I think he th' one what lost it."

"Well, do you remember where you found it?"

"Yeah," Walter said. "But them woods — they ain' there no more."

"What?"

"Mr. Parham, he the one that owned 'em. He sold 'em to a man who wanted to grow soybeans on that

hill. Last time I passed by that place, them soybeans was knee deep all over that hill."

"Oh," I said.

We were silent for a minute, thinking about the conversation. I played the story over in my mind.

"That hickory nut really jumped around like that?"

"Yeah, uh-huh. I couldn't sleep jus' thinkin' 'bout it for a long time."

"I've never heard anything like that before."

"Me neither," he said shaking his head vigorously. "That's why —" he stopped. "That's why I ain't never tol' nobody." His voice trailed off.

The hot air continued to stir around us, those flies racing through the air, resting on my pants and shoes. Walter sat slumped against the wall of the building, staring blankly out across the road. I kept thinking Walter may have regretted telling such a ridiculous-sounding story. He spoke. "I'm gettin' old now. I don' feel like I used to. But I figure can't be no harm tellin' that story jus' once 'fore I —" He sat motionless for a minute, and then reached down with a hand to help move his legs into a more comfortable position. After several minutes of silence he turned to me and said, "What, what you think?"

I thought a minute. "That nut, did it really catch on fire?"

Walter sighed heavily and said, "Yeah, I can still see it now." He looked tired. There was no more fervor to his voice. It was like he was no longer convinced himself.

We sat in the shade of the gas station porch for moments while a car passed by. Finally I looked at the side of his face and said, "You must have really been surprised."

Walter turned and looked up into my eyes. He smiled. "Yeah," he said, nodding. "Yeah."





Night chokes the soul that cries—  
Nor does daylight give it time  
To mourn the flesh.

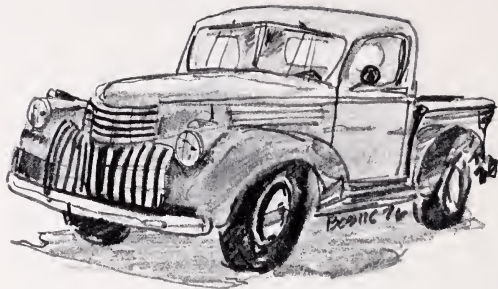
The end of the man:  
The final delta — his life  
flows into the sea.

Resentment, division;  
Again, all we ever were  
Becomes an accusation.

Cris Nelson

# Looking Back

By Tom Pender



"Forrest, I've got some bad news for you."

"Yeah, I heard."

"We're all really bummed out about it up here."

"So am I."

Wakes seem to be coming back into fashion. Last year when that guy from Atlanta with the Thai Sticks drowned in Lake Hartwell they drank until dawn. Moonshine. Now, over at Sandy's, they were drinking. Forrest wasn't at Sandy's; he was in Columbia, at Ralph's apartment, and he didn't hear me say goodnight and hang up. Ralph took the receiver from Forrest's hand, hung it up, and reached for his pipe.

"I don't want any of that stuff."

"Beer?"

"Yeah."

Nancy and I did laundry today. Her load was considerably larger than mine because she was doing Forrest's wash too. He hadn't asked her to. She didn't know that he would be upset when he found out what she had done. He would be angry when he saw the old army blanket neatly folded in his foot-locker.

"That blanket kept me warm when I was drunk and broke and had to sleep in the gutter. I never wash it; it's bad luck."

It didn't matter that the gutter in question had been variously reported as existing in three different towns. No

one doubted for a moment that some day, some time ago, Forrest's grizzly face could have been seen appearing out from under a moth-holed, crusty blanket on a morning so cold that his glasses frosted over with his breath. I tried to explain this to Nancy—that Forrest's possessions, which could all fit into a 1966 Bonneville, were special, sacred to him, and were not to be tampered with. She didn't understand, and pushed the plunger with the quarter into the machine.

Those few belongings were not in the Bonneville then; they were in my house, and their owner and Nancy slept in my bed. Three years later the blanket, the Bonneville, and Forrest were at an apartment in Columbia, and Forrest was thinking about the girl who had loved him and wanted to marry him. The girl who had been killed that morning in a motorcycle accident.

The laugh revealed a slight glint of silver in the lower left corner of her mouth. Charlie, to Nancy's right, had placed the four of spades on top of Nancy's partner's King of Clubs and, after Nancy's slough, Charlie's partner had thrown down the ace. He had another, lower club in his hand. Nancy knew this, but his mind was elsewhere, and the slough covered most of Charlie's trump. An honest mistake in a loose, friendly game — they were, of course, the same color — but Charlie exploded, and it was

The game broke up, and Nancy realized that she was ten minutes late for class. Sunny Friday afternoons were made for Virginia Woolf and a bench in the amphitheatre where she could lean against a tree. Class would only make her sleepy, and now she needed to wake up. It wasn't the first warm day of the year — back in March she had gotten a proper sunburn during an unexpected thaw — but now it was spring and it wouldn't be cold anymore.

Chucka — chucka — chucka — chucka... beawrump!

"Try it again!"

Chucka — chucka — chucka — BAM!

Forrest let down the hood of the ancient truck and wiped his face and neck with a greasy red bandanna. It was the same red as the truck and, like the truck, it was smudged with black. Charlie and I, aware of the tacit message sent when the hood slammed shut, grabbed our beers. I popped a his outburst that prompted her laugh.

"Didn't you see my spade?"

"Oh, yeah. Guess I wasn't watching."

"Well, watch next time! Jesus, where'd you learn to play?"

The laugh grew, and with it came a soft crinkling at the edges of her eyes, framing the pale blue. The pale blue with the lightest, ever so light, hint of lavender.

cold one for Forrest, who was now dowsing his head with a garden hose, and the three of us sat down in the shade on the front steps.

"We gotta tear it down. It's all gummed up."

" 'Fraid we would. It's been standing for almost a year. Surprised it even turned over."

"Aw, we'll have it running like a scalded cat by next week."

Forrest had the truck running by nine the next night, Saturday, and he drove it down to the Study Hall, without plates, to show off his handiwork. Luckily, he got to park right out front, and the red truck was clearly visible from the bar through the wide shining windows that opened up to the sidewalk on two sides.

It was the truck that first caught Nancy's eye, and when she saw Forrest step out and walk slowly around it, testing the springs and looking underneath at the differential that would probably need work, she knew that she had to talk to him. They sat together in the bar till closing time and talked, or rather he talked while she listened, adding a comment every now and then to let him know she was hearing what he said above the din of the jukebox. It still got chilly at night, it would be May before the heavy Winter bed-clothes would be stored away for the summer, and Nancy was glad to have the old blanket to wrap up in as Forrest took her home in the unheated truck.

Ralph had already left for work when Forrest woke up. He was moving down to Charleston that day where he had just gotten a job. It didn't take long for Forrest to get his scattered things together and load them into the Bonneville, and after walking slowly around the car and spitting on the ground at each corner for luck, he got in and drove off down I-26.



#### HALLOWED BE THY NAME

The newspaper had seen fit  
to call us all by name—the magic water men  
whose wizardry had failed.

Indeed I wish they could've heard  
that bellowed haunting sound  
that surged out from her lungs  
with every watery retch,  
And if they'd dared to touch  
that shriveled bulk  
of algid flesh.

Though a moment with the scent of death  
can bend the strongest bow  
we could not stop and so  
pressed harder still  
upon her blue—gray lips.

They pushed us back  
and said you've done enough now kids  
it's over, just go home.

Though so long past  
we often hear those deadened sounds  
and feel those lips  
too soon gone pale and gray  
with retrospects of one so young  
and holy men who lost their soul  
at alters built in vain.

Pam Holloway



# A Chronicle Interview with Josh McDowell

Transcribed by Tony Johnston and Jim Dickson

*Josh McDowell, staff lecturer for the Campus Crusade for Christ and author of Evidence That Demands a Verdict, visited Clemson in late September, drawing crowds of up to three thousand students. Winner of numerous speaking awards including the Lyman Strauss Award in 1965, Mr. McDowell has lectured in over five hundred universities in fifty-two countries.*

*Raised in Union City, Michigan, Mr. McDowell attended Wheaton College in Illinois and later Talbot Theological Seminary where he graduated cum laude and magna cum laude respectively. He holds degrees in economics, history, and languages. The Chronicle took this opportunity to interview him, asking some of the questions we thought most students would like answered.*



**Chronicle:** Why doesn't God do something to prove without a doubt that He exists? It's certainly within His power, if He does exist.

**Josh:** Well, I've probably got about 283 questions to ask God as soon as I see Him face to face — when the Lord takes me home. He's given us a word revealed from Him so that we can understand who we are, why we're here, what the world is all about, who He is, how we can know Him. . . . He became the God-man of Jesus Christ — what better way for a god to communicate to us than to become one of us through Jesus Christ? And then to put His revelation in Scriptures that we can understand — to me that's the smartest thing that ever happened in the universe. Now, if Jesus Christ came down here to Clemson University and demonstrated on this campus that God existed and that he was absolutely beyond the shadow of a doubt the Son of God, that doesn't mean people on this campus are gonna trust Jesus Christ as Savior and Lord. That doesn't mean it at all.

**Chronicle:** You just mentioned a visit of Jesus Christ to this campus. Suppose all the prophecies concerning the Second Coming of Christ had been fulfilled and three identical people approached you, each claiming to be Christ. How would you know which one was the real One?

**Josh:** First of all, I had one guy come up to me and say, "I'm Jesus Christ." I said, "Why don't you show me the nail prints in your hands." See, when Jesus Christ comes back, He's gonna have the nail prints in His hands and His feet. Not only that, when He comes back He's coming back to the Mount of Olives, not Clemson. When He does come back, the Mount of Olives is going to split from East to West, and a gorge of water is going to be opened all the way from the Mediterranean to Jerusalem. Plus at that time, I think many others will be coming back with Christ. Also at that time, Russia, China, and the Arab alliance, etc., will be set for battle in the Middle East. I think it will be rather obvious that even though the other men might walk up to me, I would be able to see Christ coming down.

**Chronicle:** Couldn't an anti-Christ come down right beside him?

**Josh:** No. No, it's not gonna happen.

**Chronicle:** There would be no doubt in your mind as to the right One?

**Josh:** At that time I don't think there will be any doubt in anyone's mind. CBS, NBC, *Chronicle* — all of them will be covering it.

**Chronicle:** The *Chronicle* wouldn't be there, we don't have the budget.

**Josh:** Oh, well, read *Newsweek*, they usually carry it.

**Chronicle:** Why isn't it reasonable to assume that God uses other religions to accomplish his goals? Can we find the answers in religions other than Christianity?

**Josh:** O.K. Now, it's according to what the questions are as to the answers you'll find in other religions. Now if the basic question is about a relationship with a personal God, whether called Allah or what, then I know when I set out to refute Christianity, one of the basic things I started with was Jesus Christ because He was the only religious leader that claimed to be God. I thought it was rather natural to start out with Him. His resurrection would confirm that, along with other things. Now as I studied the life of Christ and then the Scriptures, I understood that God has done something to bring humanity into a relationship with Him and He did it through the cross. So the point is, if there's any other way that God could save humanity, why did His Son have to die? I believe Jesus Christ is the Son of God. Now I didn't believe that when I was in the university. In fact, I set out to make a farce of it. But the more I studied it, the more I came to the conviction that He must have been who He claimed to be. Then, if He was the Son of God, well, what did He have to say about a relationship with God? So I think it's pretty clear that Christ is the only way to a relationship with God. Now if you're talking about maybe living a better life or experiencing a certain amount of peace and joy, etc., I'm sure that in other religious faiths, you can find that. If somebody says, "Is Jesus Christ the only way to a changed life?" I'd say no. I'm for anything that'll cause people to live better together. We have enough killing and prejudice and everything else going on. But if you're asking the question: "Is Jesus Christ the only way to a relationship with God?" I'd have to say yes.

**Chronicle:** What do you feel is the temptation that gives young people today the most problem?

**Josh:** For an average student I would say to get absorbed into the materialistic, success-oriented aspect of society. Because of your materialistic success-oriented society, you've been influenced by your environment. I would say that that is probably the greatest temptation.

---

"Christianity is not something you force down somebody's throat. It's something you share by the way you walk and the way you talk."

---

**Chronicle:** Belief in Jesus allows us to believe that there may be other species under God's care. Do you believe there's life on other planets?

**Josh:** I'm curious too. I don't know, why not? I mean, why wouldn't it be possible? What makes planet Earth so great? The thing is, maybe we'll find a planet with people on it that sin has never affected; maybe they don't need a savior. No, I mean, that is a possibility. George Bernard Shaw said that there are people on other planets that are using the earth as a lunatic asylum. And you know, he might have a point. The only creature that runs around killing for the fun of it is humanity. There could be life on other planets. But let me tell you, if they don't find life on Mars, if we don't find life, we have to throw out every

theory on creation and evolution and rethink the entire origin of life. That's why they're trying so hard to get that arm out there—like somebody's put a little capsule out there to show there's life. So it's going to be interesting what they find. I kind of hope they do find life. It makes no difference to me, but for the non-Christian who holds to evolution, they better find life or they have got problems. They've got problems anyway, but this will just add to them.

**Chronicle:** Do you believe that someone who is a Christian and who lives a life according to Jesus's teachings has an eternal afterlife with God?

**Josh:** I think the issue is not so much one following the teachings of Jesus, etc. The issue is trust in Christ as Savior and Lord. I believe there is an afterlife. I really do. And I think that it is in this lifetime that we determine where we spend our afterlife. One thing about God, he doesn't force anything on anybody, which I like. You know, I really appreciate that. Now, I think there's gonna be more people in heaven than a lot of people think. There might not be a few people there who think they're gonna be there.

**Chronicle:** Is there a Hell and what do you think it's like?

**Josh:** Jesus probably spoke on Hell more than anyone else, at least in the Scriptures. Yes, I believe there is and I basically believe that it's the absence of the presence of God. I think some people are going through Hell right now. But I have basically looked at the concept of Hell—I don't think there's so much flames burning. I believe the place, I have to be careful when I say that—but I'll give you my descriptions: pitch black, absence of all light because God is light—it's pitch black, and every person is gonna have sketched in their mind the glory of God. Every person throughout eternity is gonna know who Jesus Christ was and what they rejected. I believe that in Hell a person's passions in this life time will extend to eternity but will not be satisfied. Like, a person's on a ego trip here—he'll be on an ego trip throughout eternity but no one will praise him. Persons on a sex trip here will have sexual drives throughout eternity with no way to satisfy them, only burning passions. They'll all have sketched in their minds all that they've missed in Jesus Christ and there will be nothing that they can do about it, because they've turned their back on Him. And when I think of that, it causes me to go night and day to tell others. But here again, Christianity is not something you force down somebody's throat. It's something you share by the way you walk and the way you talk. Each one of us is responsible for our own lives, and I can respect people for what they believe even if I don't agree with them.

**Chronicle:** What about people such as Jews, Buddhists. . . ?

**Josh:** Haven't heard.

**Chronicle:** Either they haven't heard or did not accept, but they've still lived a good life, right?

**Josh:** That's one of the big seven questions that a student always asks: what about those that haven't heard? Romans was written to answer this question, and in Romans it



points out that every single person in the world has two witnesses of God. One within the consciousness, the oughtness of God. One is responsible when they go against their own conscience. I think this could pretty well be substantiated, apart from the Scriptures, as we study sociology. Second, in the Universe around. The Bible points out that God uses these two witnesses to bring every person in the world — doesn't matter if they're religious or not — to God-consciousness. When you come to God-consciousness, you basically know that God IS and that He's all powerful. And then it's a crucial time: then, you desire to know more. If, at that time, a person desires to know more, then God had the responsibility to reveal it to him. But what so often happens, as Paul brings out, is that it is at that point that people will suppress it. They willingly suppress the truth, and then, they could well die without ever hearing the message. So the key is not so much hearing the message, as how an individual responds when they come to God-consciousness. Now, I think God has been faithful to anyone who responds, who wants to know more. But you might enjoy reading the first chapter of the book of Romans on that.

---

“There are people trained in theology that I wouldn't trust with my dog.”

---

**Chronicle:** Do you think that people should impose morality on others by legislation or prayer in schools?

**Josh:** I've always had one attitude in speaking and answering questions: if I don't know the answer, I point it out, and this is one area that I really haven't developed convictions on yet. I see the Christians' responsibility in the area of morality, moral principles, etc. But how far do you go with legislation? I really don't know right now. It's one thing I'm still trying to work out and I don't want to say something that could be misinterpreted and later regret it.

**Chronicle:** What about prayer in schools? Wouldn't it be better to let people trained in theology handle the religion instead of someone who, like a teacher for example, knows what the individual. . .

**Josh:** There are people trained in theology that I wouldn't trust with my dog. Well, I personally don't see anything wrong with prayer in school but it would have to be voluntary. Forced prayer, forced morality is really not prayer or morality. This is why you can draw all the legislation you want on morality, but until there is the work of the Holy Spirit in the heart of the individual, it's not going to do you any good.

**Chronicle:** Is God all knowing and all powerful, and does He abide by the rules that He had made for man himself?

**Josh:** God is God. He is all knowing: Psalm 139 brings this out. It says that even before a word is on your lips, He knows it. He is all powerful but, at the same time, limited. In fact, you might say that He's not limited by the principles He applies to man. God is limited by His own nature. You see, God can perform any reality that is consistent with His

basic nature. Example: God cannot lie. That's inconsistent with His basic nature. God cannot be unjust, because part of God's basic nature is justice. God can never act out of conformity to His basic nature. So you might say that there is something God can't do. That is, He cannot perform any reality that is inconsistent with his basic nature.

**Chronicle:** Josh, why does God play games? Why doesn't He just destroy the devil and make life a lot simpler?

**Josh:** You ask why God plays games. Well, I don't think He is playing games. He's too full of love to play games. Why doesn't God destroy the person down the street that's anti-God? I'm not quite sure why He didn't immediately hinder the activities of Satan. Satan was one of the most beautiful creatures ever created. But God knew an eternity ago that humanity was going to rebel. And the eternity passed and the decision had already been made about the cross. And so many people have concentrated on Satan. I guess I used to, but now as I study history, I see the love of God manifested in the cross. You see, God didn't have to create humanity. Somebody said we came from the apes — I say we ought to apologize to the ape for what we've done. They make more sense that we do. God did not have to create humanity — there was nothing missing in the nature of God so that He had to express His love to someone or something. But God chose to create man and woman. And basically from what I understand, He did it to share His glory and His love with them — not because He had to, but because He wanted to. And to do that, to share love and to share one's glory, there needs to be a voluntary response. God couldn't create a robot. He created us so perfect that we had a perfect will. And with a perfect will, you can choose or reject. God as the creator has done everything to His creation to show them and to work with them and to mold them into His glory and share His love with them. But He won't force it upon us. And you know, I'm glad I wasn't created a robot, I really am. Now look at my wife, I'm so glad that my wife doesn't have to love me. She is free to love me. Now if my wife had to love me, I wouldn't even want to go home. But my wife is so free, she's free to love me. And it's kind of the same relationship with God. I mean, what a lousy relationship if you are created a robot.

**Chronicle:** A moment ago, you said that when he created Adam and Eve, they weren't pre-programed, they had the will to rebel or to stay pure. How did He know that they were going to rebel if He didn't program them? Isn't that a contingency?

**Josh:** Because He's God. No, I don't think that's a contingency at all. Somehow God has the capacity to know. You know, you can learn a lot from the garden of Eden — Adam and Eve. Or Adam and Ms. Eve. Here are two individuals in a perfect society, and there are perfect surroundings. Yet they still rebelled. And yet people are still saying that if we can create that perfect society, men and women would change. They have never been able to do it

Continued on page 34



# Skirmish at Spencer's Creek

By Jeff Davis

As the sun sank lower behind the pine trees on the hillside, it began to get cold, a smooth and creeping autumn evening cold. The puny fire the two soldiers had dared to keep was getting low, providing little relief for the chapped skin stretched over their bony fingers. These two were lucky: they still had their boots — most of their comrades had walked out of theirs long ago. As scouts, they had horses, a rare commodity indeed for soldiers in gray. Stuart's boys had them, and Stonewall rode one, but his men, his "foot cavalry," had to walk. They had already walked the length of the Shenandoah twice.

"I still say we should've pitched up on that hill, so's we don't get bushwacked," said Billy. Maybe he was shaking from the cold. Maybe Cap wouldn't notice anyway. Billy didn't know why they called his partner Cap — he heard it was short for captain, but that didn't make sense . . . he sure wasn't one.

"So every Yankee this side of Baltimore can see the fire? No, thank you. No sir, this here hole is just fine with me. I ain't about to put out this fire. Besides, them yankees come yellin' over that hill like they usually do, and we'll just hightail it back down that creekbed, ride right up to ol' Stonewall and tell him they's coming, just like we're supposed to."

"Yeah, but what if they don't do no yellin'?"

"They will."

"I don't know."

Not bolstered by the stupid courage of his partner, Billy would rather have been back at camp, with everybody

else. A whole bunch of people and maybe they wouldn't notice him but sure as shit with just two of them they'd pick him out — and that god-damn fire standing out like a red-headed whore in a milkbath.

"Don't you think we should put that fire out?" he said.

"Hell no."

It had been worth a try. Cap would be asleep in a minute, then it would go out, by God. There weren't no Yankee gonna murder him in his sleep, not if he could help it. This Cap or whateverthehell was his name could have his ticket home, but Billy Baskins was going home still breathing.

He hiked his musty woolen blanket up around his chin and over his shoulders, completely covering his body except his back, which was resting firmly against the base of a giant Shenandoah Valley Oak tree, its huge roots spread like the fingers of a great and comforting hand.

For a moment, he was content, warmer than he'd been in a long time this late in the day. The sun was below the hill now, but he could still see the orange of the October sky through the trunks of the tall pines, their foliage beginning well above the ground. The undergrowth was sparse — it wouldn't slow down any Yankees very much. He guessed they had big roaring fires back at camp — old Stonewall wouldn't be afraid of the Yankees seeing them. But Stonewall wasn't out here . . . he'd be smart enough to put 'em out if he was out here.

In camp, they would have hot food. Just beans and fatback, but hot, steaming black kettles full. In camp,

there would be people to talk to, the noise of the army all around — the clanking, shuffling rowdy, exhausted sounds of soldiers and their equipment, horses, the beat of their hooves and their snorts filling the air all the time, the voices of new sergeants. Voices. That was the most important thing. Cap didn't talk very much. Out here, even the horses were quiet. The only sound came from the crackling of the pine branches on the dying fire . . . their smell floated lazily around his nose, and he imagined it was food. He undid the strings on his leather pouch and looked inside. His cornbread was gone. He'd already had supper.

Billy wanted to be asleep by dark himself, but it wasn't going to happen and he knew it. It never happened out here — he could not keep his eyes closed long enough. As he stared up the hillside, he glimpsed a deer through the pines, drawn from the mountains by the silence of the sleeping armies, really an unrecognizable movement far up on the hill. Deer were plentiful around here before the war, he'd heard. Ah . . . venison. The thought was painful, and he tried to put it out of his mind.

Involuntarily, he remembered the last time he'd had venison. He attributed his memory, so attractive in its vividness, to his longing, his natural desire to return to the arms of Elizabeth, the barmaid at the Cock 'n' Bull, her creamy white (on the inside of her thighs) skin, her coal black hair, the succulent venison on the shining wooden table before the fireplace, the ale, the haven . . . her bed. It was Saturday — he would be at the Cock

'n' Bull at this very moment if it weren't for this goddamn war, and for what? To freeze his ass off just so Jeff Davis can have his goddamn niggers? He had been a fool to join this loser's army. They were going to lose, he could feel it.

That fearful feeling settled into his chest so that he could hardly breathe. A Yankee prisoner . . . what would they do to him? Make him pick their goddamn cotton, probably.

He heard a nightbird, a sound he'd never noticed before — sort of like a bob without a white. He felt a chill as the cold came through the holes in his shoes. He'd read about Natty Bumpo and the Indians — how the redskins used to use bird calls to communicate, just before they scalped somebody in their sleep, beside a campfire. Bill reached up and ran his fingers through his hair . . . they sure would get a lot tonight, he thought. Soldiers don't have much time for haircuts. Besides, he weren't no Natty Bumpo, and there weren't no Mohicans around here. He saw the deer again.

He had begun to drift — toward sleep, toward James Fenimore Cooper, toward Elizabeth (the Cock 'n' Bull, the ale, the fire, the roaring fire, the wax windows and the lights of the town outside), toward home, and daylight. But no — wait! He jerked his nodding head up. His eyes flew wide open in terror. The deer! It was all the way on the other side. It couldn't have moved so far! He whipped his head back and forth, not wanting to miss a single shadow. Had it even been a deer he'd seen? He wasn't so sure anymore.

"Cap! Wake up! Cap!" This was important enough.

"What the . . ." Cap's head barely moved.

"Cap, you see anything out there?"

"Oh, goddamn . . . no, I don't see nothing; now shet yer mouth and go to sleep." He seemed quite sure of himself.

Billy settled back a little, moving only to look longingly down the dry creekbed that could take him back to camp. Mostly, he just stared fixedly

ahead, afraid he wouldn't see a deer next time. Had he even seen a deer last time? Or the time before? He hadn't seen any antlers or anything, just assumed it was a deer. What else could it have been? A Yankee, that's what. He shuddered.

One Yankee he could cope with, but where there's smoke there's fire, they say, and Billy knew there would be more Yankees, many more than they could handle. There could be one behind every tree on that hill and he wouldn't know it — all he could see now were the spaces between the trees, the last vestiges of the day seeping out of the forest and away from him. Then again, movement on the periphery and a jerk of the head. Nothing. Those Yankees were something. Just like Indians.

They just seemed to be filtering down through the forest toward him, tree to tree, steadily creeping, crawling like the night. His eyes were playing tricks on him, he told himself, but that was no trick, and that over there was no trick and his shaking, quaking arms was no trick. Those bayonets were no trick.

"Cap . . . Cap!"

The shout brought Cap around, and he fumbled for his gun. Then he saw only Billy.

"What is it now?" he said with such disgust and such an evil look in his eye that Billy shivered again.

"Cap, there's somebody out there, I know."

"You don't know no such thing. I don't see nothing."

"Well, they're by God out there."

"Go to hell." That seemed to be his last words, for he then turned over and pretended very convincingly to be asleep.

Now, Billy was trying to think of other things, of Elizabeth, a good drink, fatback and cornbread . . . anything, but yankee rifles, one-eyed prison doctors, dead or dying his own body lying still in the blood-filled creekbed. They were surely coming now — he could spot the occasional flash of early moonlight on a Yankee bayonet, as they advanced the very trees and bushes seemed to stare back at him . . . Northern girls were so

cold he'd heard.

Why? He asked himself. Why here? Why now? He could see no real reason, other than his own stupidity, for his predicament. So far, he hadn't even shot any Yankees, at least none he'd seen. In the early days of the war, in the infantry, firing into long lines of blue, he might have hit one of them — but he didn't mean to kill nobody. That's why he volunteered for this. He cursed himself, resigned himself to his stupid fate . . . but he never closed his eyes.

And he never stopped shaking — once it started, the cold, the Yankees, the coming night, all prolonged his shaking and intensified it. Poor Cap, they're gonna get him in his sleep. It serves him right, it's his goddamn fault, him and his fire. They were both gonna pay, though, and soon — he could see their smiling eyes as they moved down through the trees, ever closer, smell their Yankee breath, hear their Yankee voices, feel the cold of their Yankee rifles. He struggled to free himself from the grasp of the great oak, its roots reaching up to entwine him, hold him until they got there.

Billy was on his feet now, the pounding in his chest drowned out the evil laughter of the advancing Yankees . . . he tried to think of what to do. He stood screaming, towering over his startled and sleepy partner.

"Goddamn you! Can't you see nothing? Don't you see 'em?"

Without waiting for a reply, one leap over the roots of the great tree and he was gone, his quaking legs churning down the rocky creekbed, wild, instinctive strides toward the towering bonfires of Stonewall's camp.

The dying embers of the campfire glowed in the eyes of the remaining soldier as he watched in amazement the sudden retreat, the quickly disappearing figure in gray that was Billy.

"Well, I swan," he said.





#### THE NURSING HOME

Senile, silly, she's put away to mold,  
To rock the chair with a persistent pace,  
To see white dogwoods bloom in early March  
And wither like aged wedding lace.

Kinfolk frequent once a month or so,  
Rotating wisely to cement their wills  
While waiting for life's organ's simple stop;  
Already the wrecked hull sits empty, still.

Thomas Dryden.





Walter Benton

# chron galle



Cris Nelson



Walter Benton

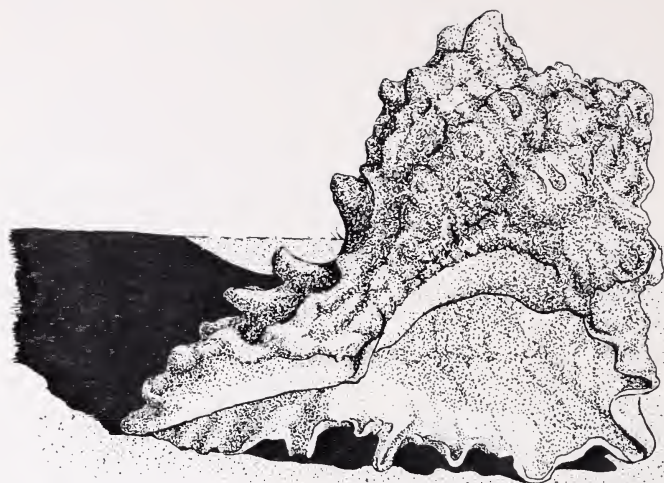
cle  
y



Jennifer Lou Lawrence



Laura White



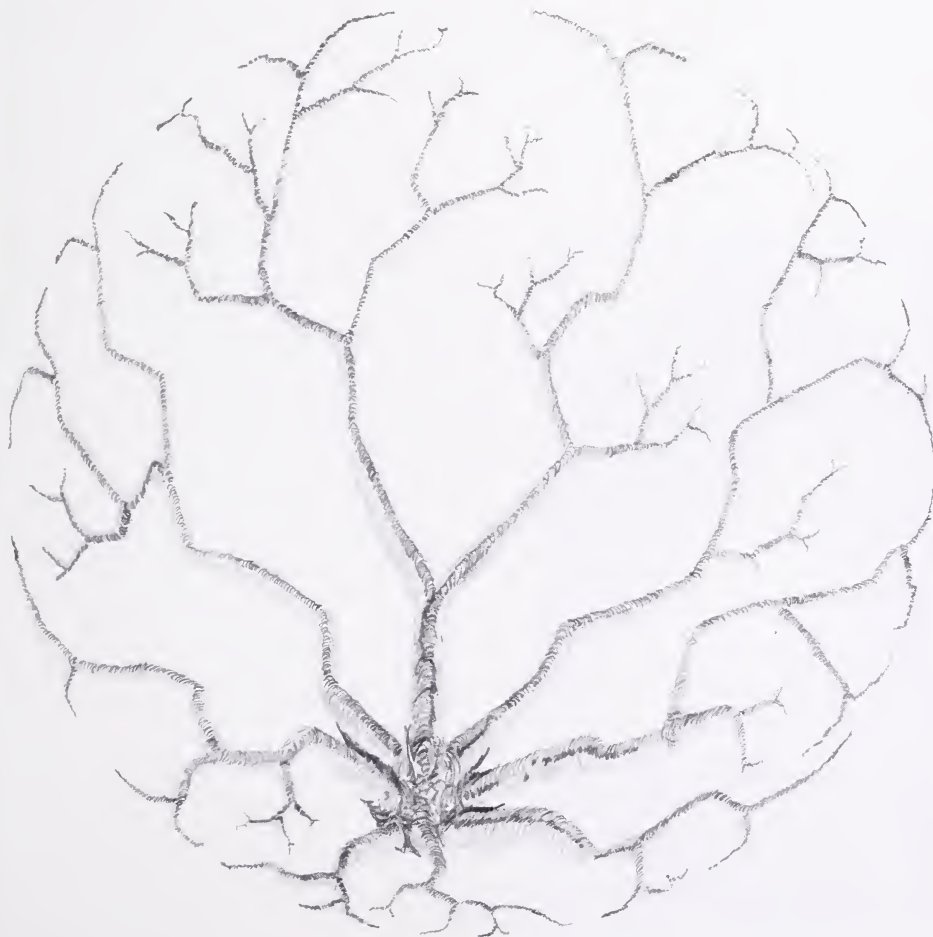
Laura White  
9-76

Laura White



Steve Black





Steve Black



### The Untried

"Virgins are not as virginal as they used to be."—  
Sinclair Lewis

Hi, men.  
Let's not beat around the bush  
(or work an over-used phrase to sweat)  
but lay 'er out  
for full appreciation  
like untried word combination

Intrusions on the men-brain, Buster,  
declare sweet chastity  
as cool and pure  
as orif-ice.  
And we all know the pain of biting into cherry seeds,  
not to mention future fears  
being made-in the head.

Look out, Lolitas on the loose!  
Nymphs and nymphets can never know  
(in the Nabokovian sense)  
nice nether areas.  
So young, so inexperienced,  
so long.

Greg R. Bright

# Schwinn-Dixie Style

By John Madera

In July, 1976, a friend and I went by bicycle on an exploration of South Carolina. We saw intimately that which can not be seen from an interstate highway — 210 miles of South Carolina's geography, vegetation, culture and people. The trip concluded at the coastal port of Charleston two days after it began in South Carolina's upcountry where the idea for such a trek had first been conceived in a garment factory:

"Goodness, John! I sure do feel sorry for you!" The supervisor with the sweet Southern voice had a concerned expression on her face. Although they varied in age, thirteen other supervisors in the stitching department expressed similar sentiments. The idea seemed ridiculous to them. Even the men who worked in the cutting room thought my plans to be those of "some kind of wild man."

"If I was you, I'd get me one of them things with the motor on it," advised one young man, patting his sagging gut. "You're damn crazy. Why don't you just drive your car down there?"

The girls in the payroll office, who usually buzzed of such topics as so-and-so's grandbaby or frosted hairdos, already thought me unbalanced because I pedalled my bicycle four and a half miles to work every day. They couldn't imagine riding a distance which would take five hours to cover by automobile.

I had just finished my last final exam, and as I pedalled to work, I looked forward to the lazy days of full-time employment. Ah, those precious hours of trivial small talk, clowning around like slapstick comedians.

As I clocked in, though, I felt like one of those educated college types — not at all like one of the "good ol' boys" with whom I had established such an easy rapport. Those first weeks were relaxing. Leisure with money to spare. I soon grew tired of smiling at everyone on the stitching floor. "Hey, John, aren't you going to speak today?" By then it was late June and I was bored with talking of sex and salvation, with listening to country and gospel music, and, in general, clowning around. I wondered if they felt the same way. I asked a number of people about their plans for vacation. About half of the people said that they were just going to stay home and rest. The other half said that they were going to Myrtle Beach. These people gasped in amazement over a cross-state trip, a mere ride around the block when compared to the Bikecentennial, a 4,500 mile event in which 1,500 people participated.

I once heard somewhere the definition of a "good ol' boy" — a good ol' boy is one who takes life easy. He is one who is not concerned with social problems or politics — he also doesn't care about making anything out of his life. Whatever his station may be, he is satisfied. From these ideas and experiences, I thought I could perhaps formulate a model of South Carolina: a state spread with red clay hills and covered with kudzu, populated with good ol' boys who have deep religious convictions and a big car and live in brick ranch-style houses. As I discovered in the first week of July, I was misled.

With the previous day's work still fresh in my memory and country

music still ringing in my ears, my friend and I started across the piedmont for Charleston. It was Saturday, July 3, 5:45 AM. As I started down the hazy road, illuminated only by the faint light of the yet unrisen sun which reflected off of some scattered clouds, my sister waved good-bye. A sense of loneliness set in, and I felt like a boy soldier marching off to war. This was ridiculous, because I was just going around the block to meet the friend with whom I was riding. Once there we both bade farewell to his family and with that, began our journey.

The road led through downtown Anderson with its unique (to this area anyway) orange sodium-filament street lamps still on and, as there was not yet any traffic, its safely ignorable traffic signals.

Few people walked the sidewalks so early in the morning, and with those that did we carried on brief dialogues:

"Where are you headed?"

"Charleston!" we proudly proclaimed.

"Sho' enough!" said one elderly man on the south side of town. We had passed through the city of Anderson, and though it was sometimes just an exchange of good mornings, we had spoken with everyone we saw.

Now Anderson was behind, but the sun had yet to rise. The landscape consisted of dew-sparkled kudzu spreading over red clay hills. The valleys were filled with fog as a bowl is filled with milk, concealing all but the tops of the willows they contained. Now and then brick ranch-style dwellings cropped up with Grand-Prix or Monte Carlos parked in front. Shacks occasionally dotted the route — ramshackle frame houses supported by small brick pillars and set off by clumps of grass growing in the eroded red soil immediately in front.

We passed through silent crossroads guarded by country stores whose names were framed on either side by Coke and R. C. Cola signs. By that time, the sun had risen in that manner that is most photographed



and written about. We plunged down into creek valleys only to climb out again; we passed an old brick school building, desolate from summer abandonment. Several old wooden churches stretched out, yawning in the new light and everywhere displaying such old-time-religion names as New Zion or Mt. Moriah. If one couldn't be found within five miles along the highway, signs would point down lonesome secondary roads.

We reached Due West, a small college town tucked under some large oak trees. It was a strange little town that had a street named "Bambooboulevard" and only one bar among the cluster of buildings known as "downtown." How did the students occupy their weekends? They probably went home.

By this time, we were ready for our morning break and so pulled into the filling station there. We dismounted and walked into the combination service station-store, looking for food and drink, and afterward, searching for someone to pay, we eventually found three rough looking gentlemen, two wearing white socks and black steel-toed work shoes, the other wearing an Exxon cap, and all sporting short hair and dirty jeans and T-shirts. We paid for our groceries and exchanged some small talk. Soon we brought up the subject of our trip. "Say, y'all are ridin' to Charleston on motorcycles?" one of the men asked.

"No, by bicycle."

"By bicycle? To Charleston? Y'all are crazy as hell. Hey!" he shouted to the others. "These boys are ridin' a damn bicycle to Charleston!"

As we concluded our respite, one of the men approached us. "Say, I have twelve pair of tube socks I can let you have for real cheap — five dollars." I had considerable trouble in explaining that even if we had enough money, we didn't have the room or the desire to carry the extra weight. We went back outside and were packing our billfolds when I accidentally dropped a small American flag I had in my pack. My companion had advised me that someone was looking at me and talking about the flag. I care-

fully picked it up and put it away.

We were soon on our way down the oak-shaded street leading out of Due West. The road from there was pleasant — scattered hills and open farmland. We wound past old farmhouses typical of Southern architecture — high, hippered roofs with two chimneys, one on either side, and broad, sweeping porches.

We entered Greenwood County. Peering through some trees, I caught a glimpse of a tremendous vista dark with forests extending for many miles. The next town was Hodges. Although it is a small town, it was bustling on that Saturday morning. A railroad and several highways junction at the village which is comprised of a number of houses centering around a larger general store and a huge water oak. From there the road is generally flat — it follows a ridge between two river valleys. The soil, until then, had been a bright orange-red. It now looked like chalk. A couple of rural farm communities such as the hamlets of Cokesbury and Coronaca were strung along this route. These communities seemed to follow a general format: a cluster of houses concentrated around a general store and a cotton gin and usually bisected by a rail spur. Cokesbury followed the rule fairly closely — Coronaca did to a tee.

We had our first glimpse of dense pinelands before lunch break at Greenwood State Park. This park had all the atmosphere associated with a sunny July day: tall sixty-foot pines covered to the top with dark green vines loomed over a large field where people were playing softball. People

were diving and swimming in the lake as we watched from the canteen. It was so good to hear again the sound of human voices.

The road going from the state park was even more lonesome than the one coming into it. We crept toward the edge of the industrial piedmont into an area sparsely populated. The next town on the map was Dyson, where a main-line railroad crossed our route. We came to the railroad which was guarded by a solitary house. The only indication that this town was not fiction lay one hundred feet down the track — a small, green, reflectorized sign that read: DYSON.

The soil was red again, and the terrain, hilly. In the heart of these dense pinelands we stopped. I looked up and down the shaded road. There was no movement. The silence was scary — the thick, still Loblolly pines seemed to absorb any sound that might have been generated in this remote place. We continued. The few people who inhabited this area lived miles apart in shacks. Finally we passed a farmer alone in his field. We waved. He waved back.

Saluda was the next town. This lower piedmont town hummed with Saturday afternoon activity. Looking for some cold drinks, we stopped at a hot dog stand. Several people inquired about our trip upon seeing our loaded bicycles. One young woman was surprised to hear that we had come from Anderson and not from Greenwood which was considerably closer. Sipping our drinks, we conversed with an elderly black man. We talked about Anderson — he had a



friend there. He told us of the days when he was young, the days of wooden bicycles and the advent of the solid rubber tire. We finished our drinks, and asked the girl at the counter to fill our water bottles. She seemed proud to do it and wished us luck. From there we headed for the midlands.

On the road to Batesburg, the scenery, the vegetation, had changed — within two miles. Silky Longleaf pines had replaced Loblolly pines as the dominant plants. A more populated and affluent region, farms and ranch and split-level houses dotted the landscape. The town of Batesburg was not at all unlike the town of Saluda which we had passed an hour earlier. As the next town of any considerable size was fifty-two miles farther down the road, we decided to stop there for the night.

Two motels were in business on the same street, directly opposite each other. One appeared rather modest — not too modern, but clean. The other, with its two portable flashing signs, one which read: “Come to our bar. Entertainment nightly. Best girls in town.” — and the other which read: “Help Jimmy’s. Vote Jimmy Brown for sheriff!” — looked like a set from *Walking Tall*. We took our chances with modesty.

Eventually the proprietor came and opened the motel office. We had a conversation with her as she checked us in. Finding that we attended Clemson University, she related that the football team, during the days of Frank Howard, used to spend the night there before their annual bout with rival South Carolina. They thought it would bring them good luck.

Many drivers in town were fond of squealing their tires. Perhaps it stemmed from boredom: when I asked a gas station attendant if there was a movie in town, he replied, “What? In Batesburg? The closest one is in Columbia.” Columbia was 32 miles away. With dinner, a shower, some television, and some minor repairs on our bicycles, we called it a day.

With the previous day’s ride still

fresh in my memory and “Lullaby of Broadway” from the all night bicentennial TV program still ringing in my ears, we started across the sandhills, still bound for Charleston. The weather was as beautiful as the day before. The sandhills are just that — a long succession of sandy hills with the climbs seeming shorter than the descents. Scrub oaks covered the countryside, and the needles of Longleaf pines shone in the early morning light. The few people who lived there lived mostly in modest wooden houses. Church signs still pointed down lonely back roads. We waved at a woman who was sitting on her porch waiting for the sun to rise, and she waved back. The only sound we could hear was our own spinning wheels and changing gears. Only two cars overtook us during the next fifteen miles.

There were only two towns for the first fifty miles. The first town, Pelion, appeared to be deserted, as would any town at 7:15 Sunday morning. An ominous cloud suddenly appeared from somewhere, and wind began to kick up dust. One would almost expect to see tumbleweeds. The next hamlet was called North. It was a little busier, mainly due to the steady flow of vacationers and other people who drove through on the main highway which it bisected. The terrain became more tame — just long, low hills and some flatland. We thought we had finally reached the Coastal Plain. As we later found out, the hills would have their last revenge. The land became hilly again, and the sand gave way to the familiar red clay. It was a last reminder of the Piedmont, with climbs as stiff as any in the up-country. Were we going in the right direction? As we climbed a hill and rounded a curve, a grand old antebellum house came into view, and the trees in front hung heavy with Spanish moss. After that, the stuff was everywhere.

We wondered if the hills would ever end. Businesses and sub-divisions began to line the highway, and we knew that Orangeburg and lunch were drawing near. Orangeburg, a small city with about 13,000 inhabit-

ants, was to be the largest town aside from Anderson along our route. We climbed a hill in the business district and, short of the top, we found a convenience store where we stopped to eat. After lunch, we continued to the top of the hill, at the intersection of a main thoroughfare which led directly into the center of the red-white-and-blue decorated city core. That was where the hills ended. We didn’t encounter another hill for the remainder of the trip.

The lowcountry, a land of flat, sandy fields and thick blackwater swamps lay ahead of us. The next stop was Bowman. There we stopped at a general store, shaded by the surrounding woods. This store was operated and patronized by black people. One man, who seemed to be in his late thirties, saw us and our bicycles and again we were asked our destination. We told him. “No kidding!” he exclaimed. “I used to do that kinda stuff when I was a young man!” He went on, “Yeah, we used to just get us up a bunch a’ boys and just go ridin’.” I asked him where he rode. “One time we rode from here to Columbia and back down to Charleston.”

“You did that on regular bikes?” I asked.

“Yeah, it wasn’t too bad to ‘round Columbia — them hills was bad near Columbia.” I told him that we had passed through Orangeburg an hour earlier. “You don’t mean!” He observed, “I bet you boys can make some time on them things.”

Bowman and the other lowcountry villages we traveled through had extremely wide main streets, unlike their upstate counterparts. The population, spread far and thin, was predominantly negro and lived mainly in modest brick houses. These dwellings didn’t approximate the dire poverty which was prevalent in the shacks above Saluda. The cars we saw displayed New York license tags as often as those from South Carolina. This may be evidence of the black migration to the North that occurred during the days of oppression. As this was the



Fourth of July, a number of people were probably down to visit their friends and relatives.

On the long, straight road ahead, we saw something. Gaining on it, we finally made out two cyclists. They turned out to be two young boys, black, in their early teens. We exchanged hellos as we passed. Several miles later, they rode up beside us. "Sure is nice to have some company," I said, trying to strike up a conversation. "Why don't you come with us?"

"No, can't do that," they laughed.

"Where do you guys live?" I asked.

"A little ways down the road that way," I asked as to the distance we had yet to go — they told us fifty-five miles.

They admired our bikes and asked us their value, while we checked the map. Soon we were moving again. A fireworks "supermarket" which we had passed several miles ago had come to mind, and as this was the Fourth of July, I asked if they were going to shoot off fireworks. One of the boys, in his very quiet manner, answered "Yeah, we'll have fireworks." They soon said good-bye and dropped off, leaving us to the now threatening weather.

The race was on across the Coastal Plain—thunderheads were everywhere, chasing us toward the Atlantic. Moss-draped oaks hung their branches over the road but provided little protection against the imminent storm. The storm finally caught us in lower Dorchester County, just as I had predicted one would when this trip was in its planning stages. The rain pelted us for only a minute or so — it felt tremendously good. After that, telltale signs that rain had occurred would appear now and then, but after we crossed the line into Charleston County, we saw the real thing. We pulled off of the road to seek shelter when lightning began to flash. We found a shed where a tractor was kept which probably belonged to a large industrial plant which was nearby. The rain let up long enough to allow us to make it to a service station. The proprietor, upon being asked, said

that we had six miles to go, and then, referring to our hard, thin saddles, observed, "If I were you boys, I'd get me one of those big motorcycle seats — I wouldn't ride with that corncob sticking up my ass."

We had entered urban North Charleston with its many, sometimes beligerent, motorists. After six miles of rain, restaurants, and shopping centers, we pulled into the motel.

We enjoyed Charleston for the remainder of the week, coasting through the streets of the old historic section, feasting on seafood, relaxing at the beach. At night or in the rain, a cyclist away from home must abandon his vehicle and use public transportation. As Charleston's population is 80% black, so is the ridership on the city busses. On my first bus ride, I talked with a bald-headed man dressed in a leisure shirt and slacks who was headed for Charleston's battery. We exchanged fish stories about the Santee-Cooper lakes. Later he motioned me over. "Hey, man, I got some mean cocaine," he whispered as he showed me a small plastic bag filled with white powder. I politely refused.

The riders on the bus knew each other — or so it appeared. A big, sharply dressed gentleman boarded and was greeted by a number of people: "Hello, preacher!" or "How's it going, preacher."

Most of the week spent in Charleston was characterized by fair skies, and on those sunny days, I toured the town under my own power. Many of the young people rode bicycles, and as I rode, pushing for excessive speed, they would watch, and sometimes cheer.

Later, when I sat down to write this story, I recalled having been served a drink in a cup covered with tourist advertising. The printing on it read: "South Carolina: you couldn't have seen all of me!" Couldn't I?







## YAWN

Sitting at her desk,  
A sleepiness seeps inside;  
Her arms reach skyward,  
The hands grasp empty air;  
Her back extends inward  
Into a smooth, sweeping arch;  
Jutting breasts stretch forward,  
Seeking to burst their containment;  
Covering her slightly open mouth  
By lowering one dainty hand,  
She anticipates the final feeling  
That will fly through her form.  
Her leg muscles tighten,  
She tilts her head back,  
The forceful energy rushes through her being  
Sweeping, surging into her soul 'til the force finds a  
peak;  
Then . . .

Tony Johnston

When writing, I haven't the time  
To check all my poems for rhyme  
And so, when I'm pressed  
To put out my best,  
I don't.

# F/STOP





Below and left — Jeff Jackson  
Bottom — Ray Smith  
Opposite — Blake Banta





Right — Doc Holiday  
Below — Jim Dickson  
Below right — Randy Mayor



Tim Chamblee





down through history. One thing God was trying to get across in the Garden of Eden is that you need to be born again, you need an inner change. You're more than a product of your environment. You need a change of the heart. If any place shows that a controlled environment can't change anything, it's prisons. Here they've got them under a controlled environment and they still can't do any good.

**Chronicle:** Adam and Eve weren't programed?

**Josh:** No. They were enticed by Satan. And you know, if Adam hadn't blown it then, I would have blown it now. I kind of say, "Well, how is it fair that I'm held responsible for something Adam did?" Well, I don't have the total answer to that, but I know that I've confirmed his decision one thousand times over.

**Chronicle:** But God knew much earlier than this that this was going to happen?

**Josh:** Yes. He already knew that the cross was going to take place in history.

**Chronicle:** Did God create Satan with the rest of the universe?

**Josh:** He was created before. He was created the most beautiful angel ever. Right next to my wife.

**Chronicle:** God created Satan?

**Josh:** That's right. Satan didn't have a navel.

**Chronicle:** Then you are assuming that God had always been here. It gets back to the question: if God made man, who made God? Or, is it just that God IS?

**Josh:** I'd have to say God IS. Yes, God revealed himself to Moses: — I AM. — Who should I say sent me? — I AM sent you. I AM. That's what upset the Jews when Jesus said: — I AM. Only God can say that. I'd have to say God IS. I don't have all the answers here. If I did, I guess I'd be God. Or second lieutenant.

**Chronicle:** If Satan was an angel that rebelled, what would keep the other angels from joining together and rebelling?

**Josh:** Many of them did. And many will in the future, as the Bible brings out.

**Chronicle:** Elaborate on that some more. In what form will the angels rebel? Do you mean in the central concept of Satan, the devil, or for instance maybe witchcraft or other types of movements like this?

**Josh:** I think these are all various manifestations of spiritual warfare. Prophecy points out that Christ is coming back and that He is going to reign for one thousand years of peace. Now let's face it, only God could pull that off. At the end of the thousand year period, Satan is going to be released for the final time. At that time I think the greatest angels are going to rebel with him.

**Chronicle:** When do you think the Second Coming will be?

**Josh:** About 2:30 this afternoon. No, seriously, all I can say is that if it's not soon, then God is going to have to reenact history again. It's unbelievable how the stage is set according to Biblical prophecy. If this isn't the time, then God is going to have to break it all up and then, later in history, bring it all back together again. But I think this would be the time, really, because the Jews are in the land. For the first time in 2500 years, Jerusalem is under the control of the Jews. Plus, when you just look at military history, humanity has not gotten better, humanity has gotten worse. Or as they say at USC, "worse." No. . . . We know better ways of killing people. Look at military warfare. Hardly ever has a weapon been devised that has not been used. Except right now. And what's going to keep humanity from using what we possess right now? I was just in Germany at some committee meetings on military weapons. I met with a weapons expert in California — scared the living daylights out of me with some of the things that exist today. And the most dangerous things are in the area of biological and nerve warfare. It's staggering, really staggering. I mean, now Israel has the bomb. Within twelve months various Arab countries are going to have the bomb. Kadafi has offered \$52 million to anyone who will steal him a nuclear weapon. Within 18-24 months we're going to live in a totally different world.

---

"Now, some churches aren't worth the powder to blow them to kingdom-come."

---

**Chronicle:** Is participation in the Christian groups on campus as good as going to church, and can these groups substitute for church?

**Josh:** No, a Christian group cannot substitute for church. On different campuses there are different groups, and even on the same campuses there are some groups like Crusade that have tremendous works. The same way with Navigators and others. You'd have to evaluate each campus and each group. I believe every student who knows Jesus Christ personally should have a church where he fellowships. One, I think it's Biblical. Second, I think you need to be instructed that way, because if the student doesn't get the attitude of local church responsibility when





RONALD NIMKIN: AN EPITAPH

Young Alexander Portnoy  
remembers an event.  
Please note, says he,  
the ending strategy  
of Ronald Nimkin's death.

The rope that hugged his bony neck  
was fastened to the shower head,  
and Ronald swooned  
and then he spat  
and danced a little jig.  
And that was that,  
his death among white tile.

In his last act,  
Ronald was a man,  
depriving his mother of the last word.  
On his shirt  
was pinned the note,  
"Mrs. Blumenthal called.  
Please bring your mah-jongg rules to the game to-  
night.  
Ronald."

This was his last beatitude.  
It could have said much more  
for Ronald's fifteen years.  
But the curtness was the strategy,  
for what it really said was this:  
Blessed are the meek,  
for they shall inherit a sly death  
among white tile.

Cris Nelson



**JIM CONNELL**

**CHEVROLET, INCORPORATED**

YOUR ONE STOP  
CENTER FOR  
NEW CHEVROLETS  
USED CARS, PARTS  
AUTHORIZED SERVICE



Authorized  
**SALES • PARTS  
SERVICE**

EXPERT  
**AUTO  
REPAIRS**  
ALL MAKES

COMPLETE  
BODY & FRAME  
SHOP



USED CARS


**225-5481**

SEN  
BANKAMERICARD

master charge

910 SO. MAIN — ANDERSON, S. C.

When my eye ranges over  
some thirty miles of this  
globe's surface -  
an immense green  
and waving,  
with sky and mountains  
to bound it -  
I am richer than Croesus.



**TRAILS SOUTH**  
University Square Mall, Clemson  
outfitters for your trail wilderness experience



**CHANELO'S**

**Pizza & Spaghetti  
House**

FAST FREE

**DINE-IN**

**CARRY-OUT**

**DELIVERY**

TAKE A BREAK — YOU OWE IT TO YOURSELF  
KIRK BRAGUE SAYS: CALL OR COME BY

DIAL 654 6900

107 College Avenue  
Clemson, S.C.

NOTHING  
BEATS PIZZA FROM  
CHANELO'S

**OMELET  
HOUSE**

**RESTAURANT**

LUNCHEON SPECIAL

SERVED

WITH VEGETABLES



**SERVING OUR CUSTOMERS...**

**24 HOURS A DAY**

**COLLEGE AVENUE  
CLEMSON, SOUTH CAROLINA**



# chronicle

Box 2048

Clemson University

Clemson, SC 29632

Fall 1976

Our attention has been drawn to the fact that there are some basic incongruities concerning the input provided to the *Chronicle* and the output that is expected from it. For example, of the X amount that a student pays in fees that are to be used for student organizations, the *Chronicle* receives \$7,520. If this figure is divided by the number of students that attend Clemson, it can be seen that this figure is at most 75 cents per student.

Anyone knowing anything about economics will say that the revenue is only half of the picture. This issue that you're reading costs 41¢ per copy. The next issue will cost about 44¢ per copy. Well, it appears that 85¢ worth of magazine is being paid for with only 75¢. There's more. That 85¢ only represents the cost of printing or about 78% of the total cost of producing this magazine. There are no profits in this venture.

In the year 1972, the *Chronicle* received \$12,000. Even without corrections for inflation, this is a far cry from the \$7,520 presently being received. Why is this the case? The cost of putting out a magazine hasn't gone down. And yet, high quality is expected from only two thirds as much money.

We all know from recent trends in candy packaging that either the price increases, or the package size decreases. A price doesn't stay at the level it was at ten years ago. So it doesn't take much imagination to visualize what happens when the price is cut, much less when kept at a given level.

Incidentally, in reference to last years 6% budget cut, how does one justify the cutting of budgets whose source is not from tax revenues, but from student fees, and therefore should not be under the supervision of the State Budget and Control Board?

The image of being caught between a rock and a hard place is apropos: the gap is becoming unbearably tight. All these pleas could be interpreted as "biting the hand that feeds," but then, when you neglect to feed your pet for several days, doesn't it tend to snap at your fingers when you finally do give it enough to subsist on?

This magazine not only provides entertainment for the reader, but also serves as a medium for the creative student and as a learning tool for the student interested in pursuing a career in journalism. We feel that the *Chronicle* has the potential to be a desirable student publication. Tell somebody that you feel the same way.

I thank my staff and other contributors for making this particular issue possible. Also, thanks to Pat Dickson, who is rumored to be the best liaison between students and administrators this side of the library pond. Clemson, these are the people who turn your student fees into the magazine that you want it to be. The assumption here is that if you're apathetic, well, you're not reading this in the first place; but that if you care, you care enough to help us out by physically contributing or by specifically and objectively critizing us.



# chronicle

**Editor-In-Chief:** Hal Pridgen  
**Literary Editor:** Lisa Marsh  
**Graphics Director:** Doc Holiday  
**Business Manager:** Baylus Morgan  
**Designer:** Donnie Lee  
**Features Editor:** John Madera  
**Art Director:** Cris Nelson  
**Typographer:** Jeff Baumann

**Stage Hands (show wouldn't run without them):**

John Allgood  
Authur Belge  
Walter Benton  
Joe Clayton  
Richard Collins  
Jeff Davis  
Karl Deily  
Jim Dickson

Jeff Jackson  
Tony Johnston  
Herb Nagamoto  
Anne Pearce  
Leonard Pearlstine  
Drew Smith  
Ray Smith  
Laura White

The *Chronicle* is the official student variety magazine of Clemson University. Address all correspondence to the *Chronicle*, Box 2048, Clemson University, Clemson, SC 29632. Offices are located on the ninth level of the Student Center. Student subscriptions are paid through student activities fees. All rights reserved. Copyright, 1976.

**Credits:** Cover, Steve Black; p.3, Doc Holiday; p.11, Maria T. Makapugau; pp. 14,15,16, Doc Holiday; p.19, Jeff Jackson; p.24, Guy Allison; pp.25,26,27, John Madera; p.29, Laura White; p.36, Laura White; p.39, Leonard Pearlstine.







