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Lady Eagles lose close one to Florida International



The George-Anne

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Since 1927, Georgia Southern's Official Student Newspaper

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Late News

News Briefs
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College Information Network

BUSH TO UNVEIL ANTI-DRUG PLAN:

President Bush unveils an updated anti-drug plan Thursday, a day after Sen. Joseph Biden, D-Del., made a rival proposal. Both claim their blueprint will reverse the United States' drug epidemic - setting up a show down between Capitol Hill Democrats and Republicans. The 1991 cost: \$10 billion.

CLOSE VOTE ON CHINA SEEN:

A close Senate vote is expected at the end of the week after the House override of President Bush's veto of a bill Wednesday extending visas for Chinese students in the United States. The 390-25 House override vote was seen as a rebuke of Bush's China policy as much as the student issue.

BUSH RAPS SOCIAL SECURITY PLAN:

President Bush derided a Democrat-sponsored plan for a Social Security tax cut Wednesday as "a disguise for increased taxes." He accused the author, Sen. Daniel Patrick Moynihan, D-N.Y., of trying to run a "sleight-of-hand operation." Moynihan's plan: roll back two increases in the Social Security tax and prohibit use of the surplus to mask the size of the federal deficit.

SIX MORE MIAMI OFFICERS INDICTED:

Four Miami police officers were indicted Wednesday on charges of trying to steal more than \$1 million, 110 pounds of cocaine and a ton of marijuana from drug dealers. Two more were charged in a separate cocaine case.

MIAMI POLICE OFFICER SENTENCED:

Police Officer William Lozano was sentenced Wednesday to seven years in prison for the deaths of two black men in a shooting that ignited three days of racial violence a year ago. Lozano, 31, was convicted last month of manslaughter in the fatal shooting of motorcyclist Clement Lloyd, 23, and the death of passenger Allan Blanchard, 24, injured when the cycle crashed.

PENTAGON BUDGET CUTS SEEN:

House liberals set their sights on a \$10 billion military cutback Thursday as the war over the "peace dividend" begins. Buoyed by the fall of communist regimes in Eastern Europe and reduced tensions with the Soviet Union, a coalition will propose cuts well beyond those expected from President Bush next week.

FLU OUTBREAK NOW AN EPIDEMIC:

The country is in the midst of a flu epidemic, and the number of flu-related deaths is at its highest level since 1983, the government said Wednesday. For the second week in a row, the number of flu-related deaths was higher than the expected level, says Walter J. Gunn, an epidemiologist with the federal Centers for Disease Control in Atlanta. That means it's officially a flu epidemic, he says.

STANDARDIZED TESTS PROTESTED:

An end to standardized, multiple-choice tests as the main yardstick measuring how kids do in school is being urged by a coalition of 35 education groups. The group calls on President Bush and U.S. governors to phase out standardized tests, including the Iowa Test of Basic Skills, the California Achievement Test and the National Assessment of Educational Progress.

SENTENCING LAWS GET HARD LOOK:

California officials are already moving to revise state laws that allow criminals like Charles Rothenberg to receive early parole for good behavior. Rothenberg was freed Wednesday after serving 6 1/2 years of a 13-year sentence for setting fire to his sleeping son.

HEARTGUIDE UNDER ATTACK:

The American Heart Association's embattled Heart Guide program, set to start next week, is now under fire by the Food and Drug Administration. The FDA threatened "regulatory action" because the HeartGuide label on some products could mislead consumers.

Global Issues Conference coming to GSC

By LAURA MCABEE
Assistant News Editor

A conference on global issues will be held at GSC on January 31 through February 1.

The conference will focus on problems currently facing the world, and their possible solutions. National experts in political science, health, and the environment will convene in order to discuss these issues.

"The conference will bring into focus several issues facing an even more interdependent world community of nations and people," said Dr. Zia Hashmi, the director of the International Studies program, as well as sponsor of the sessions. "It is designed to help participants gain a

deeper understanding of the critical problems world leaders confront today, problems which may indeed threaten the survival of humanity."

The conference's opening day, which begins at noon and concludes about 8 pm, will feature roundtable discussions and speakers. The topics for the day will include contemporary concerns, the extent of worldwide interdependence on those issues, alternative global systems for dealing with the problems, and also interrelationships among global issues.

The keynote speaker for the first day will be Dennis Pirages. Mr. Pirages is from the University of Maryland, and will be addressing the future of global issues.

The second day, which lasts from 9 am until 9 pm, will consist of

workshops studying five selected topics. The topics are to include the drug problem, food supply, population, the environment, and also development/underdevelopment.

The keynote speaker will be John E. Fobes, who served as the director of UNESCO from 1971-77. He is scheduled to address "America In A New Global Context".

Fobes is especially interested in the organization and management of international institutions and their involvement in economic and social development. He has been involved in US military, civilian, and diplomatic services since 1945. His involvement includes work with the U.S. Air Corps, and the Marshall Plan, as well as American delegations to NATO, OECD, and

the United Nations. He was with the U.S. AID mission to India as deputy director from 1969-64. In addition to this, Fobes was the chairman of the U.S. National Commission for UNESCO from 1979-81.

Other participants who will be serving as discussants will include GSC faculty members, Donald Puchala and Morris Blachman of the University of South Carolina, Jack Nelson-Pallmeyer of the Center for Global Education in Minneapolis, James Harf of Ohio State University, and LaMond Tullis of Brigham Young University.

Also appearing will be Patrick Michals of the University of Virginia, Jerry Ashcroft of East Georgia College, Warner Fornos of the Population Institute in Washing-

ton DC, and Ja A. Hanhannes of Savannah State College.

All sessions of the conference will be held in the Southern Center for Continuing Education. The sessions are free and open to the public.

The first 50 qualified pre-collegiate social science teachers who apply to attend the conference will be reimbursed for their travel to the conference, and also have their daily luncheons covered by grant funds.

The sessions are funded through the US Department of Education, the Foreign Language and Culture Center, the Institute for International Studies at the University of South Carolina, and the Georgia Southern International Studies Program.

Future of on-campus housing discussed

By SANDY HANBERRY
News Editor

Recent developments have generated interest in GSC's housing situation.

Deal Hall will undergo a transformation this summer, changing from housing to office space.

Stratford Hall will end a two year hiatus in 1991 when it is scheduled to reopen for Fall Quarter.

Three hundred additional beds will open up in the fall of 1991 when a new residence hall opens.

GSC Director of Housing Pat Burkett affirms that the housing situation at GSC is in "much better shape than it was five years ago".

However, when looking at the numbers on paper one would deem Burkett's interpretation as unwarrantable.

Since 1987, the number of housing spaces has steadily declined. In 1987 there were 3,536 housing spaces. In 1988, Anderson Hall closed and housing lost 114 spaces. Then, Stratford burned and Hampton Hall was declared unfit for residence occupancy. This upcoming fall there were only 3,176 spaces available.

The announcement that Deal will be converted to office space continues the recent trend.

In 1990's Fall Quarter, the college will have 3,068 spaces. The student population will be nearing 13,000.

There is a purpose to this madness. The Fall of 1991 will see an increase of 440 spaces, bringing the total number of spaces to 3,508. In terms of numbers it does not seem to have gotten any better.

The situation from a realistic perspective is not so cut and dried. The school had plans to close Anderson, Deal and Hampton since the early 1980s.

According to the plan the new 300 bed residence hall, which will be constructed on and near the space currently occupied by the tennis courts behind the Johnson Hall parking lot, was originally slated to replace Anderson, Deal and Hampton Halls.

However, a series of "unforeseen events" caused the timetable to be altered. The deplorable states of Anderson and Hampton forced them to be closed before the construction of the new dorm.

Renovations on these facilities were out of the question for the Department of Housing, which is self-supporting.

Anderson Hall found use as office space. Hampton Hall is in limbo, perhaps eventually being demolished, possibly finding another use or maybe maintaining its current capacity as warehouse space.

Deal Hall is being closed for many of the same reasons that Anderson was closed for.

According to Burkett, "no one asks to live there. It is an old building that still uses steam heat. Pipes clang in the middle of the night. It has no air conditioning and no phones in the rooms." There was no money to renovate Deal. Instead, the funds have become tied to Georgia Southern's university status.

It will go out of service as a residence hall in order that there be office space to the growing university.

The fire which broke out in Stratford of Jan. 20 of last year was just another twist in the perplexing housing puzzle. It began when a resident awoke to find that the candle on her night stand had set some of the contents of her room aflame. Three of the rooms were destroyed, at least 20 others suffered from smoke damage.



Deal Hall will close after Spring Quarter and will reopen in Fall 1990 after being transformed into office space. It is being

done in accordance with the plan by the Board of Regents granting Georgia Southern university status. (File Photo)

After a year of negotiations a settlement was reached, which, with the aid of some auxiliary funds, will allow Stratford to go back into service in better condition than before the fire.

The new residence hall is in the planning stages. If all goes well, ground will be broken on the project in late summer or early fall.

According to Burkett, although it is currently being called a residence hall, it will be more residential. "There will be separate areas with inter connecting court yards".

Burkett also indicated that Georgia Southern is fortunate to be

getting any new living space at all. "There are many schools around the state who have unused housing space." The Board of Regents has not approved any new dorm space in many years.

This new dorm is not being constructed without any money from the Regents. Instead, it is being constructed with a \$3 million loan from the Federal Government, which Burkett adds, "we (the school) didn't expect to get".

Even that would not have been enough if the Georgia General Assembly had not provided a matching \$3 million grant.

By the time Fall Quarter 1991 arrives, there should be 440 new or newly refurbished spaces with good pipes, air conditioning and telephones.

Also, plans are underway to add telephones to the rooms in Lewis Hall for fall 1990. Lewis will also receive air conditioning, but no time table has been set for that.

Although the quality of living space will have increased by 1991, the quantity of housing spaces cannot be expected to increase as long as the Regents maintain their aversion toward funding new dorm space.

Police Report

George-Anne staff reports

Forest Drive. Youkham was arrested and charged with DUI.

*Later that day, C. Kinsey reported that someone entered her vehicle while it was parked at the Olliff Hall parking lot. There were some tapes and a radar detector missing, she reported.

*Also occurring on the 19th, a Housing Employee reported that a door in Dorman Hall had been kicked in, causing the door subsequent damage. However, nothing appeared to be missing from the room.

*Finally, on the 19th, a Johnson Hall Resident reported receiving harassing phone calls.

*On January 21, at 1:07 am, Anthony D. Tremble and Try A. Whitley were involved in an accident on Forest Drive. Whitley was arrested and charged with following too closely as well as DUI.

*At 2:52 am that same day, Corrine R. Harris reported that someone hit her vehicle while it was parked in The Pines apartment complex and left the scene.

*On Tuesday, January 16, Jason G. Edens and Jefferey W. Walsh were arrested and charged with obstruction of an officer.

*On Wednesday, January 17, Thomas A. Duke and Linda A. Lee were involved in an accident on Forest Drive.

*Later that day, at 4:55 pm, William N. Sherman reported that someone hit his vehicle while it was parked in the Dorman Hall Parking lot and left the scene.

*At 7:35 am, Rex E. Martin reported that someone hit his vehicle while parked on Herty Drive and left the scene.

*On Thursday, January 18, at 11:41 pm, Tamara S. Day reported that someone hit her vehicle while it was parked in the library parking lot. After the incident, the perpetrator left the scene.

*On Friday, January 19, at 10:41 pm, Shane W. Youkham was involved in a one vehicle accident on

SGA launches contest

By SANDY HANBERRY
News Editor

The Student Government Association, in order to foster greater knowledge, understanding, and awareness of the ever growing environmental problems that may shape the future trends in our society, is sponsoring an aluminum can drive.

The drive, which is currently underway, will conclude on Monday, April 16.

On April 18, Earth Day, The Golden Trash Can Award will be awarded to the winning student group.

The contest is open to all recognized student organization, regardless of size. In order to give all groups an equal chance of winning, the total number of pounds collected by a group will be divided by the number of members that the group has. The group with the highest ratio of pounds to members will be declared the winner.

Donations will be taken in the Johnson Hall parking lot every Monday from 3-5 p.m. at the High Hope truck.

According to SGA Vice President

Tom McLean the contest was designed with a two fold purpose, "to celebrate Earth Day and to help High Hope".

The SGA is also instituting a second conservation oriented program to help High Hope.

Paper recycling boxes will be placed in the main office of each of GSC's departments. Faculty members will be asked to leave their discarded papers for recycling.

The SGA is also searching for a conservation logo to be used in conjunction with Earth Week. A \$25 prize will be awarded to the winning entry.

GSC is not the only school doing the conservation projects. SGA members, joined with 1600 students the Threshold Conference in October of 1989.

The conference emphasized a

See Earth Week, page 2

Campus Briefs

George-Anne staff reports

*Red Cross - There will be a Red Cross Bloodmobile visit on campus on Thursday, Feb. 8 from 1 to 7 p.m. at the Williams Center.

*AOTT Initiates - The Alpha Lambda chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi would like to congratulate its new initiates:

Wendy Adkins, Shannon Anderson, Niki Brown, Dawn Busek, Amy

Carson, Lisa Clements, Melissa Connatser, Lynn Coombs, Kim Cranford, Sarah Cunningham, Jennifer Deas, Kathy Dillard, Heather Drewry, Lisa Fairell, Shannon Halley, Lisa Handman, Michelle James, Denise Miles.

Melissa Petty, Amy Ramage, Shelly Robbins, Summer Sas, Nikki Shields, Heather Steinkirchner, Laura Wallace, Maura Waring, Jennifer Wiley, Maria Williams, and Paige Worley.

GSC campus may get facelift

By YOLANDA WALLACE
Features Editor

"By gathering facts from all departments, we can get an idea of where you want to go," Theresa Clemons said last Wednesday.

Clemons, a member of the Houston planning firm, CRS Sirtine, Inc. (CRSS), and several other representatives visited GSC last week to present a progress report on a 20-year campus reconstruction plan.

Last quarter, representatives of CRSS and Savannah's Saussy Engineering conducted 30 interviews with groups of GSC students to find out what changes students would make if given a chance.

From that information, Clemons said, "We can develop the direction of growth. That will allow the cam-

pus to grow in an orderly manner." A series of concepts developed from the students' survey responses may eventually change the layout of GSC.

In the proposed "phased growth" plan, phases one and two would see "development on the existing campus," Clemons said. "Phase three may show growth beyond the existing campus. However, the growth may be 20 years down the road. It's all part of a 20-year master plan."

Most students surveyed, she said, indicated that they would like to see increases in the number of parking spaces and bike paths, in addition to more funds for buildings and an increase in available housing.

"Planning is very long term," architect Steve Morton of CRSS cautioned. "It's a continuum. First, we plan, then we act, then we evalu-

ate the plan, then we plan again. What we're searching for here is a new order for the campus."

Morton said the design of Sweetheart Circle has been outgrown for quite some time. When GSC was a smaller school, he said, it was fine to locate the dorms and classrooms in one central area, but as GSC grew and more buildings were added, they were placed in a random pattern. He suggests an open-ended horseshoe or courtyard that can be expanded indefinitely.

Some of the "growth scenarios" Morton and the rest of the planning team came up with include concepts designed for better use of land organization, circulation and parking, facilities design, campus organization, and site development.

Lewis May is the vice president and lead planner for the project. Monte Wilson is the assistant planner.

Campus Briefs

George-Anne staff reports

—Competition is now open in the contest to design a logo for GSC's TOPSTEP program (Tutoring Others Program: a Students Teaching Each Other Project). Laura Hale's logo production class has already entered the contest, but all other students are also invited to compete. The first set of submis-

sions will be reviewed February 13 by program founder, Victoria Futch.

The designer of the selected logo will have the right to use copies of every item emblazoned with the logo. In addition to being able to use the logo in a portfolio, the winner will also receive a certificate of recognition in a ceremony that will probably be conducted by Dr. Nicholas Henry before members of

the press.

—Students and parents who have questions about financial aid at Georgia colleges and universities can seek answers Saturday, January 27, from the experts through a

toll-free telephone hotline provided by the Georgia Student Finance Commission, a state agency that administers state-funded student grants and loans.

Dodging the asphalt maniacs

By SARAH SWEETING
Staff Writer

Any bleary-eyed student who was not blessed with a vehicle for graduation can probably relate to this article, for all students have experienced in their lives the unfortunate exercise of weaving their way in and out of drivers who believe that life is a video game and every human is worth 50 points.

Who are these caffeine or coffee addicts with the firm belief that every piece of road they see is meant to be driven on at no less than 50 miles per hour?

This is one reporter/pedestrian who gazes at the number of accidents reported in the *George-Anne* as well as the *Statesboro Herald*. Where do these driving fiends

breed? And who are they paying to receive a permit?

Coming from a large city to a small place like Statesboro, I see that driving attitudes do not change from street to street. Here at GSC, the futile attempts at speedbumps rarely slows down the problem, and even restricted driving times for on-campus students does not cure the disease of asphaltitis; the affliction of a lead foot and a disregard for pedestrians.

I figured GSC to have a relaxed atmosphere like that of a small suburb where drivers maybe stop to talk to friends they saw walking along. My image was completely shattered, however, with the rolling tide of college students with four wheels under their feet.

Unfortunately, there is no ready solution to this mounting problem,

and I doubt even our experienced editor, Clint Rushing, could come up with an intelligent answer, considering he probably is one of the four-wheeled crazies.

Any suggestions from the rest of the wandering backpacked nomads? Or are we doomed to a life of slipping on track shoes every time we venture out of our dorm rooms and apartments?

Bikes are a small help; some drivers just consider them moving targets. Instead of 50, our points jump to 100 we're if hit on a bike.

Well, since no apparent relief is in sight, I guess I'll go for a high speed stroll across campus. Perhaps I'll make it alive if I take shortcuts through the parking lots.

Music closeup: The Chickasaw Mudd Puppies

BY BILL JOHNSON
Staff Writer

I had the opportunity to have a chat with the Mudd Puppies before their show last Thursday, Jan. 18 at the Rockin' Eagle and here is part of the conversation:

G-A: What are your ambitions?
Ben Mudd: To get to the end of the song without messing up.

G-A: Where will you be 10 years from now?

Brant Mudd: In hell, if we don't change.

Ben Mudd: I want to be settled down with a beloved.

G-A: What song has the best story behind it?

Brant Mudd: We recreate all the songs each night.

G-A: Who has helped you with your career?

Brant Mudd: Without all of the members of Drivin' n' Cryin' we would not be here today.

The Mudd Puppies said that Statesboro is their favorite place to play because they can kick back and have a great time. They have an album coming out later in the year called *White Dirt*, and should be back in the 'Boro before 1990 is out.

So be watching for the Chickasaw Mudd Puppies, a band on the rise in the South.

Late News continued from page 1

TEMPS ACROSS THE UNITED STATES:

A Pacific storm front will bring rain and gusty winds to the West Coast Thursday, while the Cascades and the Rockies will be dumped with heavy snow from a Northwest storm, forecasters said. The East as far north as New England's mountains won't escape the moisture either as a storm will bring rain to the areas.

NCCA INVESTIGATING ILLINI:

Freshman center Deon Lewis won't play for the University of Illinois men's basketball team this season because of allegations the school violated NCAA rules to sign the high school All-American from Chicago. The NCCA is looking into charges that an assistant Illini coach offered Lewis \$80,000 and a Chevy Blazer as an inducement to attend the school. Lewis denies the charge.

SCHMIDT, PLAYER OF THE DECADE:

Retired baseball superstar Mike Schmidt was chosen as the "Sporting News" Player of the Decade for his prowess with the bat. Schmidt hit more home runs in the 1980's - 313 - than any other major league player during the decade. Schmidt, who played for the Philadelphia Phillies, hit 548 home runs, 1,595 RBIs and appeared in eight All-Star games during his career.

GREEN BAY CENTER RETIRES:

Green Bay Packer center Blair Bush announced his retirement after 12 years in the National Football League. Bush, 33, was credited as being a key player in the Packer's resurgence in 1989, when they finished 10-6, missing the playoffs by one game. Bush will forego the final year of his contract, which would have earned him \$400,000.

STEPHENSON FRACTURES FINGER:

Golfer Jan Stephenson might miss two months of the LPGA circuit because of a fractured finger she suffered while being mugged and robbed on her way to a Miami Heat NBA game Tuesday. Stephenson was attacked in the arena parking lot. Authorities have arrested a suspect in the mugging.

BARKLEY TO DEDUCT FINES:

Charles Barkley hopes to be able to deduct from his federal income tax the \$15,350 in fines he has amassed while playing for the NBA's Philadelphia 76ers this season. Barkley earns \$3 million a year playing for the 76ers. Internal Revenue officials will not comment on the proposed deduction.

ASHE AWARDED HONORARIUM:

Former Wimbledon tennis champion Arthur Ashe received an

honorary doctor of humanities degree at a University of Hartford Convocation. Ashe, who also won the U.S. Open, was awarded the honorary degree for off-court achievements, including winning an Emmy award for his adaptation of his book "A Hard Road to Glory," which tells the history of black athletes in the United States.

TRIPLE CROWN MAY INCLUDE RHYTHM:

The 1990 Triple Crown will open May 5 with the running of the Kentucky Derby, but 17 3-year-old horses have already been nominated for the sports' premier circuit. Rhythm, 1989's 2-year-old champion, joins the list of nominees, who already includes Grand Canyon and Summer Squall.

47 SIGN UP FOR SOLO SAIL RACE:

Forty-seven sailors, including 13 from the United States, have signed up for the round-the-world BOC Challenge yacht race, officials said. The solo race leaves Newport, R.I. Sept. 15. The racers include 10 Britons, seven Australians and six Frenchmen. Three women will also be competing in the race.

BOXER SUES TO OVERTURN LOSS:

Middleweight Michael Olajide, who will fight Thomas Hearn in April, is seeking to overturn a Dec. 1 split decision loss to Dennis Milton by suing the New York State Athletic Commission. Olajide will

fight Hearn at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas as part of a triple-header card which includes a George Foreman fight.

PORSCHE MAY RETURN TO FORMULA 1:

West Germany's sports car maker, Porsche, may return to Formula 1 racing after 1991, said the company's chairman Wednesday. The company, which dropped out of Formula 1 racing in 1987, needs a sponsor in order to return to the circuit.

RILEY GETS 500TH VICTORY:

Pat Riley recorded his 500th coaching win when his Los Angeles Lakers beat the Indiana Pacers 120-111 Wednesday night. The Laker's Magic Johnson scored 32 points, 26 of them in the second half. In other NBA games: Bruins 116, Heat 95; 76ers 125, Magic 103; Hawks 103, Cavaliers 86; Spurs 106, Clippers 98; Milwaukee 119, Seattle 112; Kings 129, Warriors 99.

SABRES CLOSE IN ON BRUINS:

The Buffalo Sabres moved within one point of the first-place Boston Bruins in the Adams Division Wednesday night by defeating the Chicago Blackhawks 3-2. The loss cut Chicago's lead in the Norris Division to five points. In other NHL games: Maple Leafs 7, North Stars 3; Canadiens 7, Nordiques 3; Devils 3, Capitals 2.

CAB

Any persons interested in the Films/Special Events Committee for the Campus Activities Board, please meet in 103 Williams Center on Feb. 8th at 6:00p.m.

AT THE MOVIES WITH CAB



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
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variety of the ecological problems and similar conservation efforts are taking place at colleges and universities around the nation.

Other activities will be planned for Earth Week, April 16-22. Students with questions or suggestions can reach the SGA at 681-5080 or 681-3965.

Reel to reel: movie reviews

By BILL JOHNSON
Staff Writer

Leatherface: The Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part III

Rating: Expelled

"OOO.....AAAA.....VRUMMNN," or something like that. Those grunting noises and chainsaw effects make up most of the dialogue in *The Texas Chainsaw Massacre Part Three*.

The movie is a continuation of the story of a cannibalistic family living in Texas who attack people for food. It also happens to be one of the worst movies ever. Some films have bad acting, some films have bad directing, but this one had it all.

As for the acting, monkeys could have done a better job, and the actors must have been dead during part of the filming. The plot consisted of a small group of people being killed for snack-packs. The main villain, Leatherface, is no

more than a child with a toy, shaking his chainsaw when he's angry.

Unlike most bad horror films, it was not unintentionally funny. Some horror films are funny because they are bad, but this was just plain bad. Nothing in *Texas Chainsaw Massacre* will shock you and nothing will make you sick. I was informed that the film almost earned an X-rating, but you could not tell from the finished product. I can not remember one bloody scene. It is supposed to be the most controversial film ever. The only controversy I saw was whether or not it put you to sleep.

TREMORS

Rating: B+

Another movie about Texas is *Tremors*, a low budget gem with Kevin Bacon and Fred Ward, two handymen in a rural Texas town called Perfection. They decide to pack up their belongings and head out of town a day too late. For a new

tenant has come into town: large, slug-like animals are burrowing through the ground of this small town, grabbing people, and using them for food. The two heroes spend the rest of the movie battling these monsters.

This is a very thrilling "Jaws in the Ground" movie full of pure tongue-in-cheek humor, and the two stars milk it for all it's worth.

Fred War, Lily Tomlin's boyfriend in *Big Business*, uses his acting talents to the fullest here, leading the pack against the monsters.

The humor is rich, the action is exciting, and the film makes you feel for the protagonists.

Unlike some films about Texas will shake you.

Tango & Cash

Rating: C+

Using an old formula, Kurt Russell and Sylvester Stallone team up for a buddy movie that uses all of the plot devices to their advantage.

The plot is about two rival cops in LA who get framed for a murder by a ruthless drug king. The cops end up in a disgusting prison, where half of the inmates were put away by them, but they break out of jail eventually, and go on the warpath to find out who framed them.

The chemistry between the two leads is the best male bonding since Redford and Newman. They seem like they are partners in real life and are sincere on the screen.

Russell fares better than Stallone, playing the wisecracking rebel to the hilt. Stallone is okay as an Armani cop, a nice switch from Rambo, which he jokes about in the movie. Jack Palance plays his *Batman* role again in this, and, as always, he plays it well.

The action is good throughout, with a thrilling escape scene. The dialogue is okay—Russell nails his lines, but Stallone bombs on some jokes.

This is a bang 'em, shoot 'em up action that pulls no punches to give the audience a thrilling time.

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Anti-Depression Week Set

By SANDY HANBERRY
News Editor

The Department of Student Affairs has proclaimed the week of February 12-17 as Anti-Depression Week.

According to Audrey Campbell, Acting Director of the GSC Counseling Center, Anti-Depression Week is an annual event that was begun approximately ten years ago.

The purpose of the week is to add cheer and activity at the time of year when many people have the blues or are sliding into depression.

According to Campbell, February was chosen because people "have a tendency to withdraw during the Winter" and "are not as active."

"The highest suicide month is

April, but the depression that causes it builds up in January and February."

During the week of activities, the Counseling Center will be giving away helium balloons (some restrictions apply) and will be hosting a series of seminars on combatting depression.

Topics of the seminars include handling stress, being single, and breaking up.

Two activities sponsored by the College Activities Board are planned for the week. Comedian Bertice Berry will appear on February 13 and video buttons will be made on Valentine's Day.

More activities are being planned for the week are being planned by other groups.

However, Campbell reminds those groups wishing to perform

special functions for Anti-Depression Week that any on-campus activity must be cleared through the Special Programs Department.

GSC gets new club

By SARAH SWEETING
Staff Writer

"Every restaurant needs a food expert!" This quip comes from the president of the newest club on campus, HOST.

Senior Michelle Pappas heads up the newest interaction/interest club to originate in the Home Economics department.

Along with the club comes a new major that became official around the same time the college received notice of its university status. "The technical name is Restaurant, Hotel, and Institutional Management," said Pappas.

Bonnie Fields, faculty advisor of HOST and a member of the Home Ec department, said, "This field will be one of the largest by the year 2000 and even now is one of the heaviest in demand. The club began

last quarter as an accumulation of ideas and needs from the home economics students and has been growing steadily ever since."

Every student that joins will receive job training in at least five areas of food management.

"We catered an alumni luncheon recently and every student who participated gave his full effort and made it a huge success!" said Fields.

Anyone is free to join HOST, but the focus is mainly on home economics majors.

The first meeting is February 21 in the home ec living room in the Herty Building.

One of the upcoming events is a catered party for the migrant workers on February 4 or 5.

For more information, call President Michelle Pappas at 681-9190 or Bonnie Fields in the Home Ec department at 5345.

Campus Briefs continued from page 1

Advisers from several Georgia schools will be available to answer questions about financial aid during the statewide program to be held from 10 a.m.-3 p.m. The toll-free telephone number for Georgia is 1-800-776-6878. Atlanta residents can call a local number, 493-5402.

—The Consumer Resource Institute recently published *The Report Card on Credit Cards*, a journal

designed to aid consumers who are having trouble getting a credit card and others whose cards are costing them too much money.

The journal covers such subjects as selecting a card, credit card fraud, credit repair, and low-interest bank cards. To order, send a check or money order for \$4, made payable to: Consumer Resource Institute, P.O. Box 2180, Mill Valley, CA 94942.

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The George-Anne

Since 1927, Georgia Southern's Official Student Newspaper

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Council decision a problem

Last week the Statesboro City Council passed an amendment to Article II, Section 201 (11) of Statesboro's zoning ordinance stating that no more than three unrelated people can live in a single dwelling in low-density neighborhoods.

The amendment stands to affect GSC students who live in these low-density neighborhoods. Once again, the existence of an overcrowding problem in the GSC community due to increased enrollment has made itself evident.

What is going to be done? The George-Anne offers no immediate solutions, but we are concerned about the implications of the housing problems. If no more than three unrelated people can live in one dwelling, then the group of students forced to scramble for housing will increase from a number that is already too high.

Perhaps only three people to a house may be a bit harsh for the existing circumstances, but the city of Statesboro is only doing what it believes is safe for its residents and neighborhoods. The fact that the amendment had to be passed points to the larger-scale problem of a shortage of housing in the GSC community.

With a new record enrollment projected for the 1990-91 school year, it is evident that the problem is only going to worsen. Somewhere, a compromise is going to have to be made. It may be to limit enrollment, to continue to build more housing, to raise the number of occupants per dwelling again, or a combination of these and/or other measures.

But something must be done soon, before this situation gets out of hand and measures more drastic than a family definition ordinance have to be taken.

Frank Kerns is a hero!

We would like to congratulate men's basketball coach Frank Kerns on both his 300th win and his winning TAAC Coach of the Decade honors. Both are feats of exceptional merit and he is very deserving.

More importantly, we would like to congratulate him on his perspective and attitude. He is a self effacing, hard working man who strives for the success of his players on and off the court. He took over a program that lacked direction and was at one of the lower points of its history and raised it up to the high level it now enjoys. In his eight year career at GSC he has won five conference championships, had several All-Americans, and even had a player be drafted into the pros. He has also maintained a program that is free of violations and scandals, something many coaches have not been able to boast.

Kerns, despite all of his success, has not enjoyed the stature of another successful GSC coach, Erk Russell, nor has he or the team been supported by the students and public in the same manner, but he has been above sniping, feuding, or complaining.

Coach Kerns, we at the George-Anne, congratulate you on both of your recent honors, but more importantly, we commend you for the character, drive, and commitment that led you to those successes.

Letter policy . . .

All letters to the editor are subject to standard editing policies for taste, libel, etc. The editor reserves the right to reject any letter. There is no word limit on letters and are published on a first come, first served basis. Letters should address certain issues and not attack individuals. All letters MUST BE SIGNED. The letter writer may request to remain anonymous. However, it will be the editor's decision whether or not to print the name.

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Washington D.C.: City searching for a savior

From the editor's desk

CLINT RUSHING

Washington D.C. The capital city of possibly the greatest nation on earth. Home of the United States federal governmental body. Home of such great educational institutions as Georgetown and George Washington Universities. Home of the Smithsonian Institute. A great city? A tourist attraction? A true capital of a first world nation? Hardly, I'd say. Why, you might ask? One need look no further than a newspaper or news broadcast to realize that this city, although it should be the epitome of a peaceful, well-run business district in the United States, is really a filthy, corrupt (internally), crime and drug ridden disgrace to our nation.

Viewed already by many as the murder capital in the United States, Washington D.C. has recently undergone yet another embarrassment to its long list of infamous accomplishments; this time at the hands of Mayor Marion Barry.

It is no secret that Marion Barry has a personal drug problem; that has already been proven and he's already admitted it publicly. It's no secret that Marion Barry is a liar, not only to his constituency, but to his wife and to himself. Claiming to the press at least six times within the past two years that he has no drug problem and has never used drugs, Barry has taken a prestigious political position and made a mockery of the office he has held, as well as, made fools of the people who put him there.

Wait, there is more to add to the turmoil of our nation's capital city. It has the highest homicide rate in the nation. So there is more to D.C. than just a corrupted mayor. The massive drug problem is simply out of control, and that is leading to a crime problem which will eventually turn our capital into a haven for drug bosses, criminals and every other dreg of society one can think of.

So why did Barry march with citizens in the streets of D.C., shouting, "We are taking our neighborhoods back!", when he himself was caught using illegal drugs (in a hotel room with his shirt off with a woman other than his wife, no less). This is hypocrisy at its worst!

I shudder to think that our nation's capital has been run by a lying hypocrite. Who knows what corruption he has spawned which is still waiting to surface?

When I was in D.C. this past summer, I made some lawyer

friends who could talk about nothing but the fact that the mayor was a drug pusher. I tried to deny the accusation on behalf of Barry, whom I respected for his history of civil rights activism. They all seemed to predict that Barry would get busted, and damn if they weren't right! I have been let down yet again.

Washington D.C. has the potential to be a beautiful city. But as long as the stigma of drugs and murder hangs over its sky line, all the citizens can do is hope for a political savior to come and reconstruct the government and the drug/murder defense forces. The city needs a politician with the guts to point out the corruption and then kick the crooks out of the system. The city needs a politician who already has the faith of the people. It is a true shame that a city of such potential dignity is wasting away into the halls of infamy. Is there anyone out there to help? Jesse Jackson, where are you?

Life in the 'Boro: winds of change keep blowing

It's Miller Time

By Ashely Miller

No matter how one views our college, the time for becoming a university could not be better. With all the growth that GSC has experienced in the past few years, the old blue and gold will no longer be denied the status it so richly deserves.

The clincher for 1989 was not only that GSC had been approved for U-status for the next academic year (The cake), but that our very own Big Erk would drive the Eagles to their unprecedented third national championship for the decade (The icing on the cake). However, as a GSC student who is also a Statesboro native, I hope to present a slightly different view on a couple of areas of our alma-mater's growth.

To begin with, I can remember not so long ago when there were only a hand full of fast food restaurants and grocery stores in Statesboro. I can remember cruisin' the Hardees' parking lot (possibly with a pass through the drive thru for good measure) as a mandatory requirement for the evening to be complete. As the only place with decent business hours (24 no less),

it was a favorite refuge for us all-nighters.

Another prerequisite of the look-for-something-to-do drive on Friday nights was the ride through the College Plaza parking lot, home of (affectionately) "The Pig." Who knows what designates which parking lots to be the ones graced as "the" place to hang out. Once in a while the location changes, but I believe young locals meeting in these parking lots ranks right up there as one of the constants in the Ever Changing Universe. Of course, back then, there was only Big Star, IGA, Piggly Wiggly and Winn-Dixie. Even though Big Star is gone, one can add Bi-lo, Food Lion, and soon to be Food Max. To the fast food restaurants, one can add many more names; including the newest, Taco Bell.

Sometimes I wish I could meet the people who name all these

places and ask them a question like, "So where did you come up with a name like 'Piggly Wiggly' anyway?." On second thought, I don't want to know.

Anyway, if one begins to wonder if all this food industry growth is good or not, remember that more choice creates competition which in turn generally lowers prices. Of course, this does not even begin to touch on the growth of restaurants in general or the increasing quality of food being served. However, it is an easily observed example of Statesboro's swelling economy.

Another facile sign of GSC's influence on the 'Boro is the growth of the housing industry. The next notch down from the fact that all humans need food to survive is that we need shelter. Just five years ago there weren't any places like Stadium Walk, Sussex Commons or Eagle's Court. The area around the newly built GSC Stadium was all forest and many other areas of Statesboro were undeveloped. Now, greatly owed in part to the substantially increased enrollment of the college, there is a profusion of new housing available. The over-

abundant supply of rental space is a direct effect of the need generated by GSC. However, if the matriculation of students continues on its present course and certain local housing ordinances are passed, the student body will once again find housing to be difficult.

As a Statesboro local, I have family and friends right here to help me in locating a place to live, but I can admit that my choices have been expanded by GSC's population boom. Those who are out there reading this and are beginning to worry over what will happen don't! Even if GSC growth stops and the City Council says ten per house (both of which are pie-in-the-sky), local builders will continue to erect there abodes as if the ones already here were disposable. Disposable? Kind of makes you say "Hmmm...."

Of course, the effects of GSC on little old Statesboro could never be entirely discussed or even discovered. For that matter, neither could the effects of Statesboro on GSC. It is best said that they exist in a growing state of equal importance to each other and that one could not survive without the other. Hey, I'm just a local Good Ol' Boy trying to keep things in perspective.

My tribute to a brave soldier: PFC Markwell

On the Cutting Edge

By Laura McAbee

Early on the morning of December 20th, approximately 560 U.S. Army Rangers parachuted into foreign airfields as a part of the United States' invasion of Panama. The paratroopers jumped in under hostile fire, and bravely achieved their objective, gaining control of the two airfields.

The maneuvers were successfully completed with a supposedly low casualty level. Of all troops deployed during the invasion, several hundred U.S. soldiers were wounded, and 23 were killed.

The number of casualties stops being low when one of the faces shown on the evening news is a familiar one, however.

Savannah, where the 560 Rangers are stationed, is my hometown. When I heard that the Ranger battalion was being sent into combat, my first thoughts were not about America exercising its force to give Noriega what he deserved.

Instead, I thought of my friends and acquaintances. I thought of young men my age, some a little younger, some a little older. And I thought of these same men going

into a situation where their lives were in danger.

After the initial fighting was over and the casualty lists had been released, I learned that one of the 23 was James Markwell.

James Markwell had been in battalion for less than a month. He was only 21 years old. One of his fellow soldiers told me that he used to be a medic. During the Panama invasion, James Markwell made a tremendous sacrifice for his country. He made the greatest sacrifice that he could have.

One of James' friends remembered him as being very down to earth. "He was the guy next door. He never really got in trouble. You know, you wouldn't have thought anything would happen to him."

James had many friends. "Nobody didn't like him," one of his friends said. "We used to go out a

lot. He was shy, but people really liked him. We would go out to the Gallery downtown. A lot of us would just hang out and talk or whatever."

One of Markwell's friends said that she had written James' parents. "They called my house once. They used to call him Jimmy." She said that Jimmy was different from anyone else she knew. "He was like family. We were both so far from home. He was practically my best friend; I could count on him, tell him anything. He was like a brother to me."

On the night of the jump, James Markwell asked a fellow soldier to tell everyone he loved them. "He said that he had a felling that he wouldn't come home. He wanted me to see about his personal business for him, stuff like his car, and mailing a letter he had written to his folks."

The weekend before the invasion, I went home to Savannah. I was introduced to a very nice young man by some of his friends. Earlier that day, they had done a "live fire," a military exercise where real ammunition is used. One of the

guys was teasing the nice young man about being nervous. The young man stammered a bit. After all, he was new and didn't quite know what to say.

I talked to the guys for a while; when I left, I shook the nice young man's hand. I told him to hang in there for a while, and that it was nice meeting him. I think I said that I hoped to see him again soon.

But I won't be able to see him again. The army sent James Markwell home to Cincinnati last week. A nice young man is gone, and I am still not sure why.

I do know that I'll miss him. A lot of people will miss him.

I wish that there was a way to make things right, but I am only an aspiring journalist. All I can give him is what you just read.

All that I can do is tell the truth: that James Markwell was a good man who knew what he had to do and did it. He didn't deserve what he got.

Lets not forget him.

Letters to the editor

Dear Editor,

This letter is in response to the January 9, 1990 George-Anne in which an article appears concerning the issue of abortion. I read this article with disgust; I cannot believe that people are so deceived as to think that abortion is an issue that involves only women's rights to control their reproductive lives. The reason women want to have abortions is selfish- they look at children as problems rather than

gifts. They don't want the responsibility of raising children, so they have abortions. They don't want to face the responsibility for their actions, and see abortion as a form of birth control. They think about the here and now, rather than the future- when they will have to face their actions and their reasons for them.

Also, I find it very ironic that John Young of Norcross "Thanked God" for helping him scrape up the

money to attend the rally, when his attendance supported the killing of God's creations, our children.

Equally ironic is Molly Yard's assertion that "the Soviet Union throws off its shackles... the Berlin Wall comes tumbling down...." Bush would slay the women of this country." It seems to me that Yard is equating the new freedoms of other nations to the destruction of the offspring of our own nation. To me, Yard is then equating freedom with

the right to kill children. Freedom isn't the right to kill children, and even if it were, why throw off shackles when murdered children won't enjoy the freedoms gained?

Contrary to what the author of the article may believe, there are other people out here who believe differently. I happen to be one of them. I believe in life.

Janice McFarlin

Miscellany

A Look Back. . . the 1960s



“Just wait...
After the ‘80s, the ‘90s
will make the ‘60s look
like the ‘50s...”

– Dennis Hopper
Flashback (1989)

Editor's Notes

We present to you this special edition of *Miscellany* in which we hope to capture the essence of what Georgia Southern was like during the Sixties. In order to obtain an accurate view of that "mythic" era, we have reprinted literature from the five editions then published. Unfortunately, since the *Miscellany* was not published from 1965-1968, that segment of Georgia Southern's literary past is missing. In addition to the original pieces from those years, interviews and color pieces are included which detail the experiences of a few of the students and faculty from the era.

We hope that this special edition will also to introduce *Miscellany* to students who have not heard of it. Contained in this edition are examples of most of the different types of literature that will be published in the spring edition: poems, short fiction, essay, and a theatrical vignette. As for the visual arts, we have reprinted the majority of the pieces contained in the sixties magazines; these do not begin to represent the vast array of styles and works of art which will be published in the spring edition.

Faculty involvement has, since the earliest days of the *Miscellany*, been one of the keys to its success. Currently, several faculty members use the magazine in the classroom as a teaching resource. Also, many faculty members encourage their students to submit their works. Like their predecessor, Roy F. Powell, they realize the value of having a creative outlet for students to display their talents.

Roy F. Powell was the first faculty advisor of the *Miscellany*, and he remained the faculty advisor of the magazine throughout the sixties. Since he taught both the journalism classes and the creative writing classes, he was the mentor of many of the student writers of the day. He was, according to a former student, "rough as hell on students, especially if he thought they had talent." This special edition is, to a large degree, a testament to his commitment to his students.

We would like to extend many, many thanks to those who have made this edition possible. We thank Charlotte Crittenden, John Humma, Bill Neville, and Dan Rahn for their commentary on the times; Olivia Edenfield and Bill Neville for assisting in the overall production of this magazine; John Parcels, Adam Hils, and James Perdue for their assistance and helpful suggestions; we also thank all of the contributors to *Miscellany* throughout the years, without whom, of course, none of this would be possible.

We gratefully extend special thanks to the Student Activities Budget Committee, chaired by Vice President Nolen, for having the interest and insight to fund this edition.

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Miscellany

- A Look Back ... The 1960s

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Melissa Lukehart Associate Editor

Olivia Carr Edenfield Advisor

Bill Neville Student Publications Coordinator

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Love is a Fragile Thing (1961)

Love is a fragile thing,
Or so the poets say.
And when love came my way
I handled it gently and
Watched over it with care.
Yet soon it began to wane
And to wither and to pale;
For love is an earthy thing
And must have contact
With each day's needs.

Love has no handles
For one to grasp
And say "Here it is;
This is love."

Love is intangible,
It comes and it goes.
Its coming is a mystery
And its going a misery.

Love has but one eye.
It accepts all one's vices
And loves them all
As if they were virtues.

The sob in my throat,
The tear in my eye,
The hurt in my heart.
What do you mean
You ask of me
And I say nothing,
Letting you go.

Stacy Wells, Jr.

Within The Night (1962)

Within the night
As seems
The infant screams
The black cat's crying
The tin-filled pen
That over-spilled
Weight fell down
In crash and clang
The quiet night
Felt, moved
Sensed the cat
And was disturbed
The unending scream
Fell lightly
Hid near the fence
And went unwatched
In the yard
The roar of the lion
Was quiet
The self-same tooth
Extracted
And so the night
Was quiet

Martin Fleischaker

UPON A DEATH (1960)

Take half a heart
Because
That's all there is.

If an arm lies limp
Then it cannot encircle,
Nor the hand take hold
If it already has let go.

The wall was built
Long ago
With eyes separate
From the soul.

Life is a reflection
that is easily disturbed
Or lost
In the shadows of darkness.

I held the limp hand
But could not hold
The flickering in the eyes,
And then—the soul was gone.

Pat Shely

UNTITLED (1960)

I do not love you yet enough to forget
The land I met at birth,
I cannot take you in exchange
For all memory of mossy oaks and salty earth
Of tides and rushing hurricanes
Of wild iris and pungent laurel bay
Of woods and beaches and rivers
And the thrush's note at closing day,
Yet I feel as days go by
I more nearly perceive the odor of salt in
 your hair
And the blue of wood violets in your eye.

Mary Elizabeth Williams

Her Life In The Times: An Interview With Dr. Charlotte Crittenden

by Melissa Lukehart, Associate Editor

Today she's wearing jeans and a sweater, sitting in a comfortable chair across her office from me. She's grading papers and giving the students in one of her English classes a bit of extra time to finish an essay in between answers to my questions. The 60's have been and gone and left their mark on virtually every facet of today's society. This college campus has proven no exception. Neither has she.

Dr. Crittenden first came to this campus in the early 50's as an undergraduate. For those with a limited knowledge of American History that was the era of bobby socks and ponytails, before the "awareness revolution" took over. Before the Beatles, Dylan, or the Stones. Before war, and before "Peace" became the watchword. She remembers being a cheerleader and going to the basketball game in Tampa with the team. Just doing the usual college stuff, sandwiching fun in among tests and classes. Studying to be a teacher was hard work, especially if the now-famous Marvin Pittman (Does the Marvin Pittman School ring a bell?) was the professor of one of your education classes. She left to get married, then came back to school in 1961 to finish her Bachelor's degree in English, which she completed in 1962. Dr. Crittenden was a teaching assistant for a few years before joining the faculty in 1965. She remembers a relaxed and personal campus, one where everyone knew everyone else, whether the "everyone else" was faculty, staff, or students. There were only about 45 members of the English Department faculty here then, as opposed to approximately 70 now. Most of the students here were studying to be teachers, but more majors were opening up.

It was a conservative campus in the early sixties. Teachers here were supposed to act with propriety, setting an example for the students to follow, which is why anything but dresses were forbidden for women (Her outfit on the day of our interview would have caused quite a stir). She taught here until 1969, when she left for the University of Georgia to pursue a doctoral degree. She also taught at Waycross College for eleven years after receiving her doctorate and before returning to Georgia Southern. She's been here ever since. Dr. Crittenden left at the height of the "Love" movement, but she can remember students saying, "If I fail, I'll go to Vietnam," as a form of blackmail. The pressure on teachers was pretty heavy then, when they knew that a healthy guy with a failing grade could get shipped out and killed at any time.

The years have changed everything and everybody; the college is no exception. Neither is Dr. Crittenden. Although the close-knit campus of her early years here is gone, replaced with a crowded 10,000-plus student one, it's still a pretty nice place to be. Maybe that's why she keeps coming back—Statesboro is where she grew up. This campus has been around while she got through her freshman year, while she got married, and while she got her start teaching English to kids who were still trying to grow up themselves. Georgia Southern has changed from a small college to a thriving, growing university during her time here. She and the campus have both grown up together, and maybe there's some attachment there that's hard to place, but it is as real as the personal touch she still has with her students as they knock on her door to pick up their essays.



Day for Decision (1962)

by Charlotte Crittenden

Dorothy awakened with a start, trying to remember the awful thing she knew she had to remember. It was a warm, beautiful spring day, but something was wrong. Then she remembered. It was Friday, the 31st of May, and the last day of school. Today everyone would find out. She was going to fail the eighth grade. She was going to be left behind. It just wasn't fair.

Quickly she sat up in bed, and a familiar gaze met hers as she looked across the room into the mirror. Dorothy had known for a long time that she was not a pretty girl. The realization was not a sudden thing, but something she had grown up with, learned to accept, and sometimes to overlook. Even when she could forget, the reflection in the mirror was always there: lips too full, eyes much too large, and a small nose that didn't fit her face at all. But then again, there was her hair.

She was undeniably proud of her hair. It fell in dark swirls and waves down to her waist. The sun, as it streamed into the room, caught its highlights. It seemed almost to shine. She was always careful with her hair, careful to keep it cleaned and brushed, and always in place. She reached for the brush and carefully began her routine. Sometimes she felt her hair was the only really clean thing in her existence. Carefully she counted each stroke, and with each movement her hair seemed to come alive, gracefully from the brush. But today, even brushing her hair could not make her feel any better.

Her mother was already up, and Dorothy knew by the familiar sounds and the familiar smells, that breakfast was nearly ready. The strong black coffee would still be perking; the biscuits baked and set aside to get cold, the way that her daddy insisted that they be. She finished dressing and started into the kitchen.

The thick smoke from the frying meat and strong coffee stifled her as she entered. She would hurry to eat and get to school. The kitchen was

in its usual state of disorder. On the table was a cup half-full of black coffee left from the night before. The sink was overburdened with greasy dishes, and in one corner was an overturned saucer of milk, left there for an ungrateful cat. She avoided her mother's eyes, not wanting to see the disappointment reflected in them. She knew she need not worry about her daddy. He wasn't up yet. She knew he was still asleep. She heard him stumble in sometime during the night. It didn't matter. She had become so accustomed to his thoughtless ways, she no longer cared.

Dorothy swallowed a few bites of cold biscuit, drank some weakened coffee, and went quickly to get her books. There, on top, was a pass to the movies. On Fridays she always got a pass. Mr. Stone gave them to her daddy for advertising the movies on his truck. She always went with her mother. Once she had gone with her friends, when they were in grammar school. But her friends no longer came home with her. Since they had been in high school, they seemed to leave her out. Dorothy knew why. It was because she lived in an old ugly house. In a way, she was glad. Glad not to feel the hot wave of embarrassment that she always felt each time she rounded the corner by the filling station next to her house. Yes it was a good thing they no longer came.

Dorothy gathered up her books, left the house, and quickly passed to the filling station. Now she could breathe. If only she weren't going to fail. Why couldn't it be like it was in grammar school? She had been the smartest girl in the class. It was always she the teachers chose to do the reading in the class, and sometimes to be in charge if the teacher had to leave the room. She knew whose fault it was. It was Mrs. Johnson's fault. Mrs. Johnson was a terrible algebra teacher. But then, the other girls were going to pass. It must be their fault. They helped one another, but no one helped her. Yes, it had to be the fault of those silly girls.

Slowly the familiar school came into view. The same old school. It never changed. Faded red brick never seemed to change. Why did people have to change? Dorothy crossed the school yard, entered the front door, and then and there made up her mind. She knew exactly what she would do. If no one liked her and no one cared, it didn't really matter. Suddenly she realized how tired she was of pretending. She would fight no longer. She would take her report home, put it away, brush her hair, and go to the movies with her mother.

Autumn Auspice (1964)

Sunlight streams into my heart
And the morning dew glistens.
In the air a Monarch flits
Around a spider and its art.
Below them a lazy muskrat sits
Beside a brook and listens—
The leaves are silent in their fall,
The swooping blue-jays joke and laugh.

A young doe lies on the soft, loam path,
Felled by a feathered shaft
Whose endorsement—autograph
Is her eternal epitaph.

The leaves are silent in their fall,
A thickening pall, covering all.

James Hancock

Drought (1963)

... the finish of
grass, wheat and
green leaves.

... the cause of
black arm bands
on blue serge sleeves.

I like the Winter,
the slumber,
not dead.

That usher of Spring,
not dryness,
not dread.

Why do they
sing, it's a
long, long time?

The middle of summer,
the peak
of the clime,

is soon enough
to feel the spread
of the shimmering
dryness—
to mourn the dead.

Michael W. Poller

On the Nature of the Bathroom (1963)

by James Hancock

Whenever people speak of panaceas, paradise, their discoveries, and their new experiences, I think about the bathroom. It's the only place in this sprawling cosmos where man can be alone to evaluate and modify himself, to see things as they really are, to reflect leisurely on his past, and to plan sanely for his future. Everyone is acquainted with the physiology and construction of the bathroom. However, there is some mysterious, protean property of this room that makes it unique.

There are certain things one must do in the bathroom. The bathroom is the appropriate place for these rituals and ablutions, not only because it contains the necessary equipment, but also because it is permeated with the atmosphere in which one can really enjoy performing them. Moreover, one can adjust this atmosphere to parallel one's mood and thereby facilitate the performance of these acts. For example, when a man who must shave every morning before going to work notices in the mirror that he "looks like hell," he can draw the blinds and put a towel over the light to cloud his awareness of his depressing appearance. After shaving, he can brush his teeth and clean his nails before making the mandatory scrutiny of his physiognomy. Perhaps he will then smile at himself and enunciate an articulate "You handsome bastard, you."

The bathroom is equipped for almost anything imaginable, and best of all, there are no rules (Hoyle has no say-so here). If one wants to read, one locks the door, washes one's hands and face, turns on all the lights, and sits down, easily forgetting one's problems and anxieties. If one is in need of meditation, one turns off the lights and very humbly kneels in the tub, where one can rest one's head on the faucet. If one needs exercise, then one can turn on that versatile faucet, flooding the bathroom, and practice the elementary backstroke. And when one tires, one can pull the plug or open the window and float or bob until the tap-water-tide ebbs. The bathroom is the cornerstone of our democracy; in it one can do whatever one desires, without having to justify or defend oneself.

One can have myriad sensory experiences in the bathroom. Some of these sensations are not limited to the bathroom; nevertheless, they can be appreciated more fully there. The swish-swish of a razor caressing its strap is more soothing than a double shot of whiskey. The pleasant, mysterious fragrance and invigorating sting of after-shave lotion can't be fully enjoyed outside the bathroom. Though some fun-loving decorating committee will surely disagree, one can't really abandon oneself to the enjoyment of watching toilet paper spin off its cardboard telescope unless one is in the bathroom. There are other sensations which one can't experience

unless one is in the bathroom. You are probably familiar with some of these. After taking a shower, have you ever started to dry your face with a sour towel? Can you possibly forget the shock of sitting down on an ice-cold toilet seat? Or the consequence of forgetting to put the seat down at all? Is it any wonder that the Romans chose, as the place to sever all bodily sensations through suicide, the room of the bath, where so many feelings are natural?

The bathroom is also productive and provocative. It is a womb where practical plans and irrelevant thoughts are conceived and developed before their emergence into our demanding, inquisitive society of practicality. For example, last week when I was broke, I secluded myself in the bathroom and conceived the idea of selling all the empty bottles lying around the apartment so as to have cigarette money. In the bathroom I find the tranquility essential to serious thought and the careful study of a situation. This tranquility is also conducive to daydreaming. I often think about such things as catfish swimming in a deserted street on a rainy night and a pianist with twelve fingers making his debut at Carnegie Hall, twiddling his extra thumbs throughout the entire performance. And I shall never forget the joke about the man who was so skinny that he had to run around in the shower to get wet.

The bathroom is the only remaining place where the aura of magic still exists. It's incredible that anyone can go to sleep in the bathtub.

"Yes?"

"Don't get up, I just came in to wash my hands."

Miscellany

SPRING 1963

That My Soul Alone (1962)

In an hour of misty melancholy
I watched a solitary, home-bound bird
Trace false signature
To some god-artist's glorious mural of evening sky.
Blinding-sweet music he cried, a true music that fit
The strange and holy time of day.
Surely, thought I, here is a sign.
How grand and lordly, this way of marking off
 a bit of the earth,
Assigning to me a span of evening, of marsh and sea and sky,
That my soul alone may drink of its magic.
Then gleeful, chanting blue waters grew dark and heavy
With sad resignation.
Then weary day began silently to obey, softening gently
With grace and noble dignity.
Black mud banks, deep-green bulrush,
Gray moss nursed by massive oaks,
All began fading, all color slipping,
Yielding slowly, yielding sleepily,
Yielding to phantom shapes and night-sounds.
The thing was done.
The change had come and was complete.
Yet I heard a voice and could not depart.
All nature waits . . .
Gloomy stretches of dark-wrapt sands,
Nights drunk on salt air-elixir,
Haunting sounds to mourn while yet they linger,
Faint sounds fishes cause, caught in calm captivity
As though a boy had thrown a stone,
Deafening sounds of clamoring tide, stirring quick response,
Soul-rooted thrill with each sure-spaced roar,
Ah, but my soul alone does wrench!
For love wanders distant shores
While all nature waits.
In this one fierce hour of need, love comes not,
Offering sweet hand in wisdom of my wild doubt.
Virgin paths of beauty whisper but once
Still she with warm eyes and tender hands does not come
To christen in guileless caprice this soul alone
Her love-guide.
Then go silent as slow-climbing smoke.
Lost is her languid, velvety voice
In the soft-sweeping rhythm, the sibilant strum
Of marsh grass and gilded sea oats.
The tide at her highest is as my lusty heart,
Her streaming surges, savage in their urgency,
Overstretch her sinewy strength, rushing madly on to satiety,
To flat stagnation, that heavy-hanging moment of impotence.
This diffident heart in its most kingly hour had no greater power.
Its spirit splintered, too,
At zenith of silent-screaming uproar.
Once-friendly comforter, free of confusing sounds,
This one great hour turned to mock me,
Standing alone,
Standing futile.
This one sacred moment of soaring beauty
That seemed so suited for formal ceremony,
For swearing purest devotion,
Did crest,
Wane,
And now simmered hostile.

Rod Medders

• A Review of "The Secret Life of Walter Mitty" (1964)

• by Mary L. Trusdell

With this story the reader can step into Walter Mitty's mind and view with him the threatening, sometimes humiliating world around him. Because there is probably a bit of Walter Mitty in each of us, we can sympathize with him; and we are delighted to join him on his escapades into fantasy, where Mitty dominates and superbly controls every situation. We're glad to see him find success, if only in his dream world.

Of course we are amused at his embarrassments: at the parking lot when the attendant scornfully parks the car so easily; on the street as Mitty mutters "Puppy biscuit" to himself and is laughed at by a passer-by. We realize that the world regards Mitty as a Mr. Milquetoast, but, by George, Mitty isn't yet willing to accept the world's appraisal of himself.

The author has successfully lightened the tone of the story not only with the ridiculous sub-plots, but also by making Mitty's various motors go "pocketapocketa" or "pocketapocketa queep"; and by having Mitty mutter while he's trying to remember what he's supposed to buy, "Toothpaste, toothbrush, bicarbonate" and "carborundum, initiative, referendum" (Interestingly, the first three items are plausible, but the last three seem to reflect Mitty's wish to find something abrasive and autonomous with which to counteract Mrs. Mitty's despotic malevolence).

Fact and fiction are so cleverly interwoven that the transition from one to the other is as unobtrusive as Mitty's entrance into a room would be. "Rev her up to 8,500," Mitty says to his Lieutenant. Whereupon Mrs. Mitty cautions, "Not so fast! You're driving too fast!" Or Mitty drives past a hospital on his way to the parking lot, and we are immediately transported into an operating room where Mitty's cleverness staves off disaster.

Later, we move with Mitty from glancing at the pages of *Liberty* magazine where there are pictures of bombers to a battlefield scene where we view Mitty's sang-froid and courage in the face of a terrifying ordeal. Yet, even though the sub-plots tumble over each other, the main plot revolves relentlessly ahead, carrying Mitty inevitably to his meeting with Mrs. Mitty. Of course, Mrs. Mitty is still her querulous, belittling self, barraging her husband with questions that assume he's in the wrong even before he can reply, but we're hopeful, as Thurber must be, that one time, some day, Mitty will be a winner in real life. After all, he makes a brief sally when he says to Mrs. Mitty as she asks him why he didn't put on his overshoes in the store, "I was thinking. Does it ever occur to you that I am sometime thinking?" True, it's only a sally, but we can hope with Mr. Mitty that there's always a possibility of a sustained attack.

Desolate (1964)

The catafalque, a crescendo of gloom massing
the responsive room,
Deprived, I ran the tip of my finger along the
gaunt of my oppression.

I traced the course of the emblem, terribly sensate,
Its message violent, uncontrolled,
Arose, and breaking through overgrown beds of night,
beheld the sputtering dawn.

In a rage the Earth-burned spider pulled the
last filament from the ache of the moon,
Draping the pits, the bogs, and every island
purple with swamp.
The flowers bloomed furiously, bloomed death.

Around me the stones were whimpering,
Behind me, the room swollen in death.
I saw the agony of a storm delivered of the winds
and rocks,
heard the very shudder of time.

I was a mere syllable of life spoken in the fault
of the madness of speech.
Desolate, I wandered across the sagging strand
and into the jellied seas.

There was a fish heavy with lamenting.
There was a fish prostrate with grief.
I arose in the terror of my happiness
Toto
To butter my bread with the moon.

Jim C. Usry, Jr.

Hope Regained (1962)

Days in number
Passing me by
Restless slumber
Clouding my eye

Life immortal
Mortal to me
Mine in a sprinkle
Lost in a sea

A sea of life
I cannot grasp
How great my strife
How fast the hasp

Hasp that closes
Closes with doom
Mind that dozes
Locked in a tomb

Entombed in ashes
Once in green leaves
Heart still dashes
But mind deceives

Deceives my soul
Refutes my love
Deadens my goal
Or life above

Logic builds walls
Pushes soul out
My spirit falls
I fill with doubt

Open my vault
My God I pray
Forgive my fault
Remold the clay

My faith restore
That mind may be
Walled up no more
My soul set free

Freed forever
This world to see
This death does sever
Then rest with Thee.

Randall Bacon

Postscript to Hester (1961)

You made atonement for your sin;
You paid again, again--
A mad Shylock's exorbitance--
Until the brocade letter
Symbolized your martyrdom,
Became an emblem
Of your mercy, strength, and good.
And you were not the first one
Standing where you stood:
There was the one forgiving Jesus
Comforted and saved from the righteous stones.
Yet how much more you faced than she,
When you confronted unforgiving neighbors
In stark Bostontown--
That staid, strict age, that Pilgrim frown,
Those stern ones from the rock!

God! What a travesty that now this age
Tries to make you a laughing stock,
To stultify your victory,
The cross you bore,
The coat of arms you earned
And wore so woefully
Until you turned it into honored heraldry!

But, there in your sunken grave today
Beneath that somber headstone,
Know well that some of us
Not totally estranged from Puritan compulsions,
With bleeding fingers still clinging to the Rock,
Perhaps in torture merciless as yours,
Know well the cost of courage and responsibility.
And may we tell you, too,
That there are still some who would stand for you
As stumbling Dimmesdale tried to do
Atop that ignominious pillory,
Could we but exorcise our flesh.

Roy F. Powell

I Remember Guatemala

I remember Guatemala

Amerto Barrios blazing in the heat;
Of tropic sun, night there jungle black;
Bananas bunching like giant pine cones,
Stemmed, lifted on endless trolleys to cargo holds;
Coffee, red berries crushed by Indian feet,
Ground and packed with pungent fragrance;
The filth of a port town, the soft swish of the waves,
As a boat readies its return to the States.
The "ferrocarril" to the city
(A narrow gauge railway, in fact)
Raffia-laced, crowded, courageous,
Climbing the hills to the volcanoes;
Burdened with Indians, half-breeds, Americanos,
Germans, Italians, Guatemaltecos;
Laden with sweetmeats and fruits and flies,
Blessed with warm bottles of "safe" mineral water.
Esquintla, the United Fruit Company's Eden:
Banana plantations wrested from the heat
And jungle growth, to stand in rows
Of luxuriant green trees with yellow fingers,
Wrung from the toil of the "dum-kopf" Indians—
Those "Pobres" fed their eternal and vitamin-less
Tortillas, cafe, and frijoles; housed, hospitalized,
Gloriously paid their "quince centavos el dia."
The Launderettes on the river banks:
Mothers and daughters scrubbing clothes on the rocks
Lathering the stream with big brown balls of soap,
Dipping and scrubbing again; some stand
Waist deep in the river, washing themselves,
 washing black shining hair;
Young ones sport free and stark naked,
Laughing, fighting, playing,
Some shamed, some giggling at a stranger's stare.
Guatemala City, pastel colored, church spired,
Nestled beneath the volcanoes; "Ah. ¡Qué linda!"
(Oh! How lovely!) the spanish voices, the bright costumes,
The gay fiestas, the dark-eyed señoritas— how fat
The mamas! How reckless the small foreign cars,
 the old-model taxis,
How pocked and dirty the beggars, how swollen the babies!
White, paved, beflowered, the Avenida de la Reforma,
 runs from the city
Out to the emblazoned embassies, to the beautiful Palace of
 "el Presidente."
Yes, I remember Guatemala,
Though twenty-odd years have flown;
¿Pero-dónde está mi nene? (But where is my little son?)
¿Y dónde está mi corazón? (And where is my sweetheart?)

Sarah D. Gougler

Quanah (1963)

by Gary L. Roberts

The long figure stood motionless atop Lookout Point, a mere shadow against the autumn sky, while ominous clouds drifted swiftly and silently along. The moon was up now—a full, blood-red moon—the kind the *Tejanos* call a “Comanche Moon.” Its eerie light cast weird shadows across the stoic face of the solitary warrior and danced on the streaks of crimson and black paint that spread across the grim, mask-like features of a face that might have been clipped from the rocks at the base of the jagged cliff.

His eyes, black and hard as obsidian, gazed into the nothingness about him. And yet, strangely, in them burned a dark fire, ablaze with a savage hatred. His thin lips were tight, and his proud jaw was firm. The moon glistened on the black hair that hung loosely about his broad shoulders. A stream of blood trickled slowly from the gash above his eye and etched its way down his cheek.

Quanah was a big man, his large muscular body scarred from many battles. He was naked but for the buckskin breech-clout and tattered mocassins he wore—as bare as the dark mountains that rose up behind him. At his feet was an ancient buffalo robe, dark with age. A soft breeze was blowing, and the scalps on his lance fluttered against the midnight sky.

Quanah was as wild as *Llano Estacado*, the Staked Plain, which stretched out before him, flat and barren, until it disappeared into the dark sky far to the south. He was as untamed as the mountains at his back.

The black smoke drifted lazily up the mountain from far below and stung his nostrils. He could still see the smoldering embers, like fireflies, in the canyon below. Here and there he could see the naked poles of the burnt lodges. Scattered too were the dark motionless forms of friends who only yesterday had laughed and talked of their successful hunt in the South.

Little Nokoni. A faint smile broke his stone face momentarily as he thought of Nokoni, his young son, but the smile quickly became a bitter wrinkle, for Nokoni was dead. Maria, the Mexican girl who had been his wife, was dead too. Lovely Maria, once so beautiful, so full of life, gone. Now only an eagle feather, here and there, moved in the camp. All that Quanah loved was gone, and his blood cried out for vengeance.

Quanah had been on the mountain fasting and praying just before dawn when the soldiers came, their clanking sabers in hand and soon to be dripping with blood. Quanah had searched futilely for Nokoni and Maria in the tumult. And then, turning to look toward his chieftain's lodge, he had seen only the flashing saber. By the time he recovered, the camp was still. Their blue shirts now crimson, the “Yellow Legs” had ridden away to the east. They left only death. Quanah alone still lived.

The wind was stronger now, and Quanah sat down, pulled the ragged buffalo robe about his shoulders, and huddled under a rocky ledge. The moon was gone behind the boiling black clouds. A burst of thunder and a flash of jagged lightning split the still night air. The rain, like the white man, had come to *Llano Estacado*.

Quanah rose slowly, took his lance in hand, and looked up into the midnight sky. With the rain beating upon his chest, he lifted his lance toward the dark heavens. His mournful chant echoed through the rain-soaked mountains. He must be strong. The task ahead of him was a great one.

Life Among the Test Tubes (1962)

by Carolyn Jenkins

Maybe it was the year some of my friends were taking chemistry; or maybe it was the influence of the race into space; but for some reason I decided to enroll in a chemistry class.

Everybody in the class was very excited on the first day. I suppose we expected the teacher to split an atom or do some highly dramatic scientific experiment, but he just distributed the textbooks.

So the first few weeks were dull. The teacher seemed to think that we should learn the metric system, laboratory procedure, and other important facts. But then he finally gave up and just turned us loose in the laboratory. That is where the fun began!

The class had previously been divided into groups of four for the lab work. Since the class had only a few girls, I found myself with three male lab partners, and that was all right with me.

Now I would not want to make a rash statement such as that boys know more about chemistry than girls. I would just say that most boys, and most girls, for that matter, know more about chemistry than I do. This being the case, I found a comfortable seat and watched my lab partners do the majority of the experiments.

Notice that I said the “majority”; I didn’t always sit by and watch. In fact, I became quite renowned for my ability to make silica gardens. (To make a silica garden, one takes certain crystals, adds a certain solution, and—*presto!*—it grows!) When I discovered I could make these gardens, there was no stopping me. I made them in everything from test tubes to half-gallon fruit jars.

Probably the most colorful phase of my scientific career was the time when I discovered copper sulfate and phenolphthalein. Copper sulfate is a pretty, bright blue chemical. When it is dissolved, it imparts this color to the water. One of the boys in my group remembered from high school and applied this fact to college. He added some to one of the college’s circulating fountains.

Copper sulfate may have been more colorful, but phenolphthalein was by far more interesting. It is a colorless liquid that looks very uninteresting. However, when it comes in contact with a base, it turns red. Then, when an acid is added, it becomes colorless again. The minute I discovered this, I laid all other things aside and started with phenolphthalein. I suppose the rest of the class went ahead with other experiments, but not me. For weeks my only materials were a test tube of phenolphthalein, a base, and an acid. I changed the color of phenolphthalein so often that at times it actually became so confused that it ended up in red and colorless layers, instead of combining.

Luckily our section of the lab was the best-equipped. One of the boys, who was either a kleptomaniac or a thief, made a practice of gathering up all the stray, and sometimes not-so-stray, equipment. If anybody else needed any equipment, he did not go to the storage room. He simply came and looked through our collection, where he was almost sure to find what was needed.

I hope I am not giving the wrong impression here. Some might think that I didn’t learn anything in chemistry. However, I became most proficient at tying apron strings, scrubbing test tubes, and writing reports of experiments in lab manuals.

I remember my last day in that class: we cleaned and re-organized lab equipment. I watched as the boys dismantled their most prized experiments—a little still. Later, when I was about to throw away my silica gardens and to empty my test tubes of phenolphthalein, the thought struck me—why throw away my valuable material? I would be able to use it again next quarter—probably.

Naked in the World (1964)

Naked in the world
I stand in front of you
naked....

your clear heavy eyes
fell over me
and broke down
everything I had built up
to hide
myself
for you

Naked your eyes picked me
one after one you picked off
my shining armors
There goes the hero's
colorful dress
the pretender, the coward
stands naked
there go my wonderful thoughts
I stand back with the truth
they were all stolen

Charity!
There goes the fig-leaf
the wilting fig-leaf
of my soul
naked I stand in front
of you.

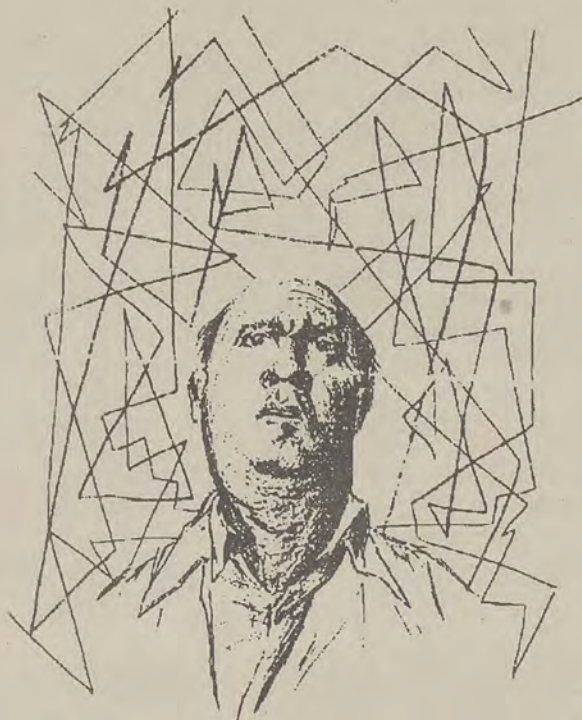
Hakon Qviller

I Made Up A Fire (1964)

Jeg tente på peisen
og brant meg
helvete
shrek jeg besatt
et geitehode spratt
ut av asken
hvorfor roper De på helvete
De er jo der
hva fanden
sa jeg forbauset
hodet sa på meg og smilte
De kjenner meg?

I made up a fire
and burned my hands
Hell! I cried in pain.
A goathead rose from the ash
Why do you call for hell?
This is hell!
What the devil?
I asked astonished
The head looked at me
and smiled
You know me,
already?

Hakon Qviller



Ephanasia (1962)

One summer's midnight time
The Child did melancholy climb
From out the meadow's misty vale
And past the moonless shadows pale
Her solemn shape in strange ascent
Rose from the echoes as was meant
To have the farther mountain's height
Beneath the awesome stars of night
She is passing nearer the place
Where vain I tried to touch her face
For something held my reaching arm
As if my touch might cause her harm
The hem of her veil brushed my hand
A wanton wail swelled the sand
The silence burst with insane roars
The savage surge of horror pours
From out the deep a nightmare rears
Its head and rears remembered fears
A howling sea of clamoring beasts
Rape the ground half mad for feasts
They endless came in nightmared streams
With howling rage and angry dreams
Unfearing yet unhearing these
She went in silence on the leaves
High in the height she lonely stands
And reaches starward with her hands
Through all the distant dark expanse
Across the stars her fingers dance
Through the spirals burning bright
She searches deep within the night
As if to seek in empty space
Someone waiting who knew her face
Beneath a twisted tree up high
She waits but there is no reply
Long and lonely though she years
The sound of silence soon returns
To haunting fill her anxious fears
With moments from forgotten years
Down in the meadow's misty vale
Something stirs in the shadows pale
From out the echoes ashen heaps
The last of the beasts belly creeps
Past all the shredded bodies lain

In bloody pools across the plain
A pregnant shadow gorged with lust
Whose bulging form drags in the dust
With flesh-hung fangs and sunken eyes
Whose horrified humor curdling cries
Across the meadow's shadowed light
A gnawing air of after-fright
That fading dies above the plain
The ravaged field the savaged plain
Up from the winding way below
The wind does stir her gown aglow
And swirls the silver clasp apart
The held the veil across her heart
Then whirls the loosened cloth to air
And leaves her trembling body bare
So now she stands upon the crest
With starlight shone across her breast
Above the bone and blood made land
The Child alone does shivering stand
Her fragile form upon the height
Is naked shone in telling light
With sorrow's tears upon her face
That chill the summer's warm embrace
Tomorrow's dawning light does seem
To be a strange familiar dream
And though her heart should sweet implore
The Child a child would be no more

Al Egan Walls

A Talk with Dan Rahn

by Ira Dove, Editor

With silver-white hair, a pocket full of pens and a smile, Dan Rahn, news editor for the University of Georgia Cooperative Extension Service, types on his computer with hands that are no strangers to work. He has had a long relationship with Georgia Southern that began when Zach Henderson visited his high school and recruited him. He served as an editor of the 1969 *Miscellany* and graduated from Georgia Southern that year. After graduation, he taught school at Southeast Bulloch in 1969-71 and worked for the Statesboro *Herald* as a reporter and sports editor and for the Claxton *Enterprise* as associate editor before taking his current position.

When Rahn was a student, Georgia Southern was a much smaller and more conservative campus; still, women and good times were among the priorities of male students of the time. He aligned with the writers and more liberal thinkers among the 3,000 students on campus. His freshmen composition professor, Barbara Bitter, introduced him to Roy F. Powell, one of the driving forces behind the Georgia Southern literary scene. A writer himself, Powell "was brutal on writers." The first paper he corrected for Rahn "looked as if it had bled to death."

In the sixties, Georgia Southern was more of a regional school and that region was a rural one. The road systems were not nearly as developed. Around the county, Rahn remembers seeing farm laborers, mostly black, working the fields by hand. He witnessed the impact of television as it was just beginning to take hold in rural Georgia. Heated debates and footage from the civil rights movement and Vietnam were brought into the quiet communities.

Student life was more influenced by the values of the region. Concerning the sexes, there was a dean for men as well as women. Women had curfews, and intervisitation in the dorm rooms was prohibited. Rahn does not remember if men had a curfew, for "if they did, it was never enforced." Still, most of the men were in their dorms shortly after the women because "there was little to do once the women were in their dorms." Then, baseball and basketball were the big sports. Attendance at both sports seemed greater than it is today. Dan Rahn remembers that the old Hanner Gym would fill to capacity (2,800) for almost every home basketball game.

Traffic was not a problem on campus in the sixties. There seemed to be four to five students on campus for every car, Rahn says, as most students could not afford them. Also, playing bridge was a favorite pastime at the Williams Center. Rahn did not play bridge much, but he did hang around at the Williams Center for the lively conversation.

Dan Rahn also spent a lot of time at a coffeehouse in the basement of the long-gone Georgian Hotel downtown. Students and faculty met there to discuss the sometimes volatile and ever-changing world around them and to recite literature of their own creation. Rahn read one of his pieces, "Laughter of Sand," there and it led to quite a controversy. The piece upset some of the audience that night because it deals with a pubescent boy becoming aware of the opposite sex. They protested to the president of the college, Dr. Eidson, to make sure it was not printed. Its banning was a shameful incident censorship for *Miscellany*.

Dan Rahn's "Death of Catfish" deals with the subject of race. It was inspired by one of his former professors and the attitude of the day, which was to give "equality, but not really."

Death of a Catfish (1969)

By Dan Rahn

The mirror was cracked diagonally and the upper right half was gone, so that he had to tilt his head to see his face when he shaved. He didn't really know why he went to so much trouble to keep his face clean. Especially when he looked at the dirty cracked plaster walls of the tiny bathroom. And the broken seat on the john. And the grimy, unfinished wood flooring.

"Niggers don't shave anyhow," he said to himself. Nevertheless, he kept on shaving. He talked to himself quite a bit now. There was no one else. And hadn't been for a good many years.

"Charlie!" It was a woman's voice that called him. "Charlie Cooper!" Charlie Cooper rinsed his razor and put it in the medicine cabinet, behind the cracked mirror, wiped his face clean on his shirt-tail, and walked slowly, but with the sad, mellow dignity of a resigned old man, to the front door.

Cora was standing there impatiently when he opened the door. "Waters boy wants to know if you wants to buy some fish." She pointed to the late model pick-up truck parked on the street.

Charlie nodded. "What kind he got?"

"Catfish. I mean a pretty mess of 'em too."

"Tell him I be there in a minute." He walked back into the house to the bedroom. Glancing carefully first at the one window and the open door, he stooped and extracted an old coin purse from beneath the disheveled rug. The slowly he shuffled out to the curb where the truck was waiting.

"Yessir, Charlie," the Waters boy began before he even reached the truck. "I got some pretty ones here for you. How many you want?"

"How you selling them?" Charlie's voice was deep and old and mournful, like the way he walked.

"Fifty cent a pound, big ones and little. They're as fresh as they come, too."

"Yeah, I see that." Charlie looked at the two bushel baskets of fish. There were channel cats and great blue cats in one basket, two, three, four pounds apiece. Mostly little channel cats and speckled cats in the other basket, with a scattering of brown butter cats. The Waters boy had just poured water over them to keep them from drying out and they squirmed and flapped about with the forlorn hope that had been awakened in them.

The boy had set up the scales, so Charlie slowly and expertly picked up one of the little channel cats and placed it on the tin scoop of the scales. A catfish properly handled is as harmless as a dead eel.

Charlie picked over the fish slowly and surely. The fish squirmed in a gray, black, and brown mass as he looked at them, still alive, living as only catfish can hours after they have been taken from the water. But Charlie knew they were dead and had been dead since the Waters boy first pulled them out of the river. They were living dead, living only in the forlorn hope that was revived again and again as the water poured over them that someone might put them back in the water where they could live again.

Four little channel cats tipped the scales at two pounds. He extracted a crumpled dollar bill from the worn coin purse and handed it to the boy. The boy tilted the tin scoop and slid the fish into a paper bag, and Charlie shuffled back toward the house. It was getting late; the sun was almost down. It was almost time for supper and Charlie saw ragged black men and women emerging from the shadows, converging on the parked pick-up, carrying dishpans and paper sacks and old, worn-out coin purses that hid their dirty coins and crumpled bills.

"Charlie Cooper, what did you get them little things for when he got all them big ones?" Cora whined at him.

"They eat better," he said simply and slowly walked on into the house. As he shut the door he heard Cora's whining call, "Johnny! Johnny Bostick! He got some big ones here!"

The sky was brilliant with the sunset when he finished cleaning the fish and walked back to the front door. The truck was still there but everyone had come and gone except one old woman, who was buying fish, and Cora, who was just standing there watching.

"Cora," he called and motioned for her to come to him. He fumbled in his pants pocket and pulled out two quarters. "Here," he said and put the money in her hand. "Get a couple of little ones. They fry better."

He closed the door when she left and shuffled back to the kitchen to put some more wood in the stove. He was surprised that Cora knew so little about fish when her husband had been a fishing man himself. She should have known the big ones aren't any good except in a stew.

"Charlie?" He put one more piece of wood in the stove and looked around. She was standing in the kitchen door.

"You didn't have to come."

"But I owe it to you, Charlie. You bought my fish."

"Cora, you just go on home and eat them."

"Cora, you just go on home and eat them."

She hesitated. "I ain't got nothing to cook them in."

He stood up slowly and looked at her compassionately. She was like a fish out of water herself since Buddy died. He held out his hand and she handed him the fish.

They had almost finished eating before either of them spoke again. Charlie just concerned himself with eating the fish. It was funny, but he knew that no matter how black or brown or gray or speckled a catfish's skin is, the meat is always pretty and white when you cook it right.

"Charlie? Who is it that sends you that money all the time?"

Charlie looked curiously at Cora. He hadn't known that anyone knew about that. But Cora squirmed uneasily when he looked at her so. "A friend," he said. "An old friend."

"He been sending you money ever since you got here, ain't he?"

"Yeah."

"He a white man?"

"Yeah."

"Hit must be nice to have a white man for a friend."

He looked at her curiously again.

"Oh, I don't mean the money. I mean—it's different when a white man's your friend. I mean—a white man don't have to be."

Charlie smiled sadly, knowingly. "Yeah."

Cora squirmed uneasily again. "Can I use your bathroom, Charlie?"

Charlie nodded. He watched her as she left the room. She was right. It WAS different with a white man. Doug Turner had been the only real friend Charlie had had. They had grown up together. They had always been friends. Charlie hadn't seen him in fifteen years, but he got those checks. Every month. Forty dollars. It wasn't much to a rich man like Doug Turner, but Charlie knew that he didn't HAVE to send ANYTHING. But since he'd come here from Victory Hill, he'd always been too old to work, and he always got those checks. It was like payments for his land, and Charlie accepted them.

"Charlie?"

"Huh?"

"You got a real nice house here, Charlie. I mean, what with the bathroom and all. You got a real nice house."

"It ain't mine."

"Oh, I know. But you live here. Ain't no difference."

"Ain't no difference at all if you never owned anything. But if you ever owned something you know the difference."

Cora squirmed again. "Well—I reckon I can wash the dishes and you can get ready for bed."

"You go on home, Cora."

She came over and stood by his chair and put her hand on his grizzled old gray head. "You're a good man, Charlie."

He watched her as she walked away. "I used to be," he whispered sadly as she walked out and closed the front door behind her.

II

Charlie had never been on a bus before. He paid the driver with a few crumpled bills and shuffled self-consciously to the rear of the bus and took a seat. He looked nervously around him. Charlie was old and frightened, and the strangeness of the bus added to his uneasiness.

He pulled the yellow envelope from the inside pocket of his ragged coat. He slipped the thick yellow sheet of paper from the envelope and read:

Mr. Turner very ill. Dying. Wants to see you.

It was signed, "Mrs. Douglas C. Turner."

Doug Turner had taught him how to read when they were boys growing up together.

When he first got the telegram he hadn't thought of anything but his old friend. He remembered how they had warned him not to come back when they ran him off his land that night. "Don't you ever come back, nigger. We'll kill you if you do." But he didn't like to think of that; he didn't like to think of that at all, or of what had come after. He thought only of the times before that, of his love and respect for the old friend he had once had. They couldn't keep him away.

It was only when the bus got out of the city that that long-forgotten hope began to well up inside him. When he looked out the window and saw the land.

The land. It was HIS land that bothered him. His land. It was knowing that it was his land and his house and knowing he could never go back to it. At least, no to stay.

But Charlie's hope was not real, inspiring hope. It was hope against hope. A wish mingled with just resentment.

He knew that things could never be the way they were.

So Charlie just sat and watched the land roll by. He saw the land: the rich, black earth and the hot white sand. He saw it and he loved it. He saw the tall, yellowing green, gold-tasseled corn with the firm, white and yellow tipped ears, the strong squat cotton, still smothered with the thick green leaves that hid the hard, wet, white meat of the newly opened bolls, and the peanut-vines, spreading out their mesh of oval leaves on soft thick limbs to hid their store beneath them from the casual eye. Charlie saw the sweet gum and the poplar in the bottoms, and he saw the tall pine and the cool oak on the hill-tops. He saw the barrenness of the fallow field at the top of the hill and the winding creek sneaking through the maze of briars and bamboo vines and palmettos and blackberry bushes at the bottom of the hill.

Charlie saw a little boy fishing. Or rather, he had been fishing. He was just leaving a little creek at the bottom of a hill, carrying a string of tiny black catfish, squirming and flapping about, drowning in oppressive air.

III

"Charlie." The voice was warm and compassionate, and it spoke of the long absence of a dear friend in that one word, that name. Elizabeth Turner reached out with both hands and took Charlie's gnarled, calloused hand between them. "I'm so glad you've come."

"I had to, Miss Elizabeth." He spoke in a low, mournful tone, but he was happy at least to be back where he was born, where he could breathe free again. But he was nervous, too, at the thought of seeing Doug Turner.

"Come on back, Charlie." Elizabeth Turner led him through the big house to Doug Turner's room. She stopped outside the door. "He's been very sick, Charlie. He's been calling for you since early yesterday. You go on in, Charlie. I'll wait outside."

Charlie put his hand on the doorknob and stopped. He looked out the window at the end of the hall to the river where the last faint wisps of sunset were being pulled down from the sky.

Inside the room, Charlie looked soberly at the white-haired man in the bed before him. He felt compassion for him. He had aged too much in fifteen years. "Doug?"

The white man turned his head toward him and motioned feebly for Charlie to come to him. "Hello, Charlie."

"Doug." Charlie sat down in the chair by the bed, holding the feeble hand that had beckoned.

"I had to see you, Charlie. I'm dying. And I couldn't die without telling you—what I have to say."



"You don't have to say anything, Doug."

"You remember you wouldn't sell me your land, Charlie? You remember?"

"I remember."

"I needed that land, Charlie. I had to have it."

Charlie looked sadly at him. "I know, Doug."

"You remember that night the Klan ran you off, Charlie? You remember?"

"I remember."

"I was their leader, Charlie."

Charlie stared at his old friend. "I know, Doug."

The white man closed his eyes wearily. "You knew all the time?"

"We grew up together, Doug. You think I wouldn't recognize your voice?"

The white man nodded feebly, vacantly. "It's all yours, Charlie. I'm giving it back."

He didn't have to give the land back to him. But it was too late for Charlie to feel gratitude—too late for him to feel anything. He could only pity the white-haired old man that lay dying before him.

"I'm sorry, Charlie."

"Yeah." Charlie released his hold on the white man's hand.

"Well," Doug Turner said slowly. "It's over. I've told you." There was a vague look of relief on the white man's face as he turned his head away from Charlie.

The air was thick and oppressive in the room—it was hard to breathe. Charlie got up and left, a little heavier, a little more hunched over than he had entered. He walked slowly on out the front door.

"Charlie!"

Charlie stopped, and a dead spark flickered momentarily inside him.

"Wait a minute, Charlie." Elizabeth Turner was scuffling about hurriedly inside the big house.

Charlie waited outside the front door, obscure in the shadows. It was dark outside. There was no moon.

Elizabeth Turner hurried through the door. "Oh, Charlie," she said breathlessly. "Someone brought us these fish and I just haven't had time to do anything with them, so I thought I'd just give them to you."

Charlie looked at the string of stiff, dry catfish. He took the string from the white woman. "Thank you, ma'am," he said, without emotion, and walked slowly away, disappearing in the darkness.

IV

There was no moon. No light at all. The clouds hung like a heavy, wet blanket, annihilating the stars. It was a warm, sticky night, and Charlie slowly stumbled and pushed his way through the blackness till he came to the river. He was tired; he sat down on the cool dampness of the high bank and let his legs dangle over the water. Slowly, deliberately, he slid the dead, dry catfish off the string and dropped them one by one back into the river.

Love's Sweeter Pain (1962)

Though pain enough
There is alone
Love's sweeter pain
Is deeper known

Al Egan Walls

The Evening Shadows (1961)

The evening shadows lengthen now
Across the fields from woodlands thrown.
For space of half an hour or so
It seems that from without the woods
The black and fearful animal,
Which sunlight held beneath the trees
In fetters which it could not break,
Now bursts its bonds and freely prowls
Throughout the land and steals the light.
Where dusk has been, he leaves the night.

George Ronald Nesbitt

You (1964)

You and more of you,
Song and all of song,
We sing
And all we know ...
or ever-know ...
Or love is more but love
And dreams are all but dreams.

Martin Fleischaker

Rust (1969)

There was a bowl full of flowers
where the sun shone then
I head the bowl rusted
then of course the flowers would be dead
So I planted
a flower in the cement
and waited for the sun to come to it
The sun came
on a cloud
I accepted that and walked away
contented

Cathy Koger

The Crypt (1969)

I wonder
How many million photons meet
And know each other
And relish the consequence
Of knowing the part of a moment
When congruent glances clash—
Where do they go,
The dashes,
The infinities
When with the recognition
And the scattering
Falls the blank?

Frances Thomas

Some Things Never Change

by John Humma

I came to Georgia Southern in 1969 right out of graduate school. 1969 was a year of new growth for the college. Six of us came that year, including Fred Sanders, Fred Richter, and Del Presley, now of the museum. Georgia Southern had an enrollment of 5000 and a strong English program. The Vietnam War had just exploded in the national consciousness, and I remember reading anti-war poems at rallies. The campus was smaller then: Newton had not yet been built in the bog, there were tennis courts where the library is today, and my office was in a building called Old Music on the sight of what is now part of the Hollis Building parking lot. It was a creaky old building with a good deal of drafty charm (It did not take someone long to decide that it needed to come down). Rosenwald was the library, a feet away. Football was nobody's dream yet, and no one seemed to miss it. Weekends were quiet. Traffic was something you encountered in Atlanta or Savannah. Then, as now, *Miscellany* was the school's literary magazine, changing its look every year as appropriate to the changing faces of the editors.

Speaking of changes.

Teachers coming for interviews at Georgia Southern in the sixties were shocked and disheartened to discover that the teaching load was fifteen hours. Our own teachers generally taught nine hours, but often only six or even three when they had research projects at crucial stages of development. To be sure, they were expected to be scholars. They couldn't afford to be drones. At institutions, however, like Georgia Southern in the 1960s, teachers in fact were invited to be drones. They had to fight to be otherwise under the circumstances, which left little time for thinking about anything but course work. The fifteen-hour load especially affected English faculty, which often must spend more time reading and grading than other faculty. Robert Pirsig in *Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance* (1974) writes of his own teaching experience in the 1960s at Montana State University, where the teaching load was twelve hours:

The school was what could euphemistically be called a "teaching college." At a teaching college you teach and you teach and you teach with no time for research, no time for contemplation, no time for participation in outside affairs. Just teach and teach and teach until your mind grows dull and your creativity vanishes and you become automation saying the same dull things over and over to waves of innocent students who cannot understand why you are so dull, lose respect and fan this disrespect out into the community. The reason you teach and you teach and you teach is that this is a very clever way of running a college on the cheap while giving a false appearance of genuine education.

Of course, at Georgia Southern in the 1960s we were fairly things would change. They would have to. A university system would have to come—eventually—to see what the fifteen hour load amounted to: to see

how it demeaned and exhausted, not to say dispirited, those in the ranks, the teachers. It is now 1990, a new age. The college has more than doubled in size and is to become a "university." So what has changed? What will change?

Very little in fact. Teachers still, on the whole, teach fifteen hours, week in, week out, quarter in, quarter out. And they will continue to do so. Most of them are trying to put the best face on things. But they know they are being used, and they don't like it. They cannot teach their best, and they cannot keep up with scholarship in their fields, so vital a part of teaching. The most promising teachers look elsewhere, and who can blame them? And who can blame the students for feeling they are getting short-shrifted? All round, the cause of education is ill served.

It is clear who must begin with the initiative for change. But then probably few in the administration, from presidents in the system on down, have ever themselves taught fifteen hours. One wonders if it might not be asking too much of them to work up to the simple altruism, or to the clear-sightedness as to the implications I have mentioned, or to the real interest in the quality of life of those who serve in the ranks—of any one or to all of these to seek to bring about a change.

Meanwhile, things go on.

The daily struggle against dronedom.

As this little poem puts it:

*Leaves fill the empty
places in the trees, and keep
filling them. Ah, leaves!*

Ah, 'sixties.

Ah, 'nineties.

DON'T DIE IN MY BACKYARD (1969)

By David Miller

Narrator: Good evening. The one act play you are about to experience is entitled "Don't Die In My Backyard," and from the title you may be expecting a play about death. That you may take for granted, but it would serve you well to remember that not all death is the death of the body. We represent death of the body as blazing guns on television and movie screens, yet perhaps we are too numb to this brand of death. We see it everyday in one form or another. We become immune to it because we eat with it, sleep with it, laugh at it, and cry with it. We even count death's toll on our televisions after dinner in the form of war casualty figurers, and in doing so, we may say: "Oh, hell, it can't be too bad over there. They only got four hundred of us this week and we killed at least a thousand of them." Then, we finish our cigarettes or coffee or mix ourselves another drink, switch the channel to another station to watch more death...

Yes, we all know this brand of death. It's the destruction of the body, the taking of life... There is, however, another brand of death, another brand of taking life. It could be called an inner death... the numbered, scrubbed out, Teflon-coated, polyesterized, supermarket-sweepstaked, TV soap operated, stay pressed, commercialized death of a poor, waning, strange force called the "soul." They die a little every day for various reasons, some having been instantly killed in high speed collision; some dying a slow death while crawling around in fetters in the wealthy atmosphere of Suburbia. Souls, consequently, are becoming extinct like the Dodo bird or the Whooping Crane. They are subject, like so many other things before them, to the progressive hand of a society too rapidly advancing to value them very highly or too busy to build enough cages to capture and protect them all.

Think of our little exhibit, then, as Hiroshima after the bomb was dropped or maybe a crumpled cigarette package floating down the gutter during a rain storm. Think of this as an epitaph for the death of souls and in particular two souls that once upon a time were alive and knew the power of love.

The setting is somewhere in Suburbia, in the backyard patio of Alex and Judy Random's middle-class ranch style home. The time is dusk on a summer's eve. Judy Random is fixing traditional middle-class Martinis to start the traditional middle-class cocktail hour, and Alex is absorbed, watching the hot, red summer sun settle in the west.

End Narrative.

The Play:

Judy: (coming on stage right with two Martinis—handing one to Alex and sitting in the chair next to him) Couldn't we just...

Alex: (still looking at the sun as if in a daze or hypnotized) In awhile... awhile. (sips) Anyway, I thought you said they would call if her condition changed or anything drastic happened... like her dying or something.

J: (somewhat alarmed) Alex, that's horrible!

A: (annoyed at her alarm) Well, hell, you know what I mean...

J: What?

A: The sun (indicating the sun with the cigar) It's pretty isn't it?

J: Oh, yeah. (indifferent, sips).

A: Reminds me of something... sorta...

J: Sorta what?

A: (still hypnotized) Pretty... oh, a long time ago, when I was small... near Ottawa.

J: What?

A: Ottawa, Canada... We were on vacation one summer in Canada. The sun looked just like that. All read and dull. It made me feel lonely... sorta sad.

J: (still indifferent) Yeah... Couldn't we just go there... for awhile? After all, it's the least we can do.

A: (ignoring her question) Oh... it's almost gone.

J: What?

A: Huh?... oh, the sun?

J: (continuing her plea) I've had the phone out here all afternoon while I was soaking up a little sun, myself... just in case the hospital should call if I fell asleep or anything. (this is addressed more to herself than Alex) But they didn't... maybe I worry too much, huh?

A: What?

J: I said, maybe I worry too much.

A: What, about your Aunt May? Hell, she's always been a tough ol' bird.

J: I don't know. Myra said that she looked pretty bad last time she saw her. And then the hospital called last night and said that she was on the critical list. Dr. Johnson says she's in a coma... that's what he told Myra, anyway.

A: Well, anyway I'd need to shave... what time is it?

J: A little past seven.

A: (winding watch) Makes you feel kind of small... small as hell.

J: What?

A: The damn sun. Makes you feel small... as about as big as a damn grain of sand on the beach.

J: When are we going to the beach again? I need some sun.

A: (continuing) Think of how small we really are compared to the damn sun. Ya know, if it wasn't for our brains, we would've been wiped out a long time ago... may never have even gotten started. It'd be so easy to crush us under if you were big enough... just like ants.

J: I used to do that.

A: What?

J: Spit on ants. My brother used to burn 'em up with gasoline.

A: Just think of all the people at the firm I would step on... Oh well, either way you look at it, you'd have to be awfully big to do it...

J: Alex, are we gonna go?

A: I wouldn't want to stay very long, I'm tired... I was thinking about going to bed... besides, that hole of a hospital makes me queasy.

J: Well, you don't have to go if you don't want to, but it'd give you something to do.

A: (grunting to himself) Ha! That's not exactly my idea of some thing to do... (finishing drink) Did Myra say she was gonna die?

J: It'd be a blessing, poor thing... God knows she's suffered long enough.

A: Terminal, huh?

J: (finishing drink) Yeah. Myra said that she was all shriveled up. She said she'd never seen her that skinny... never seen anyone that skinny... I guess it'd be a blessing. Are we gonna go?

A: (lighting another cigar) Look, can't it wait until tomorrow? I really am beat... We can go tomorrow. Tomorrow's Sunday. That's always a good time. Besides, Myra's keeping up with her, and that damn hospital said they'd call is she... well... died before we got down there.

J: Well, I should go this evening. Myra's just an old friend of hers, I'm the only real kin she has left... I remember all the things she

did for me when I was little...she really was sweet...once she mended a dress I tore, one of my best. I tore it climbing over our backyard fence. I knew if Momma found out, she'd kill me, but Aunt May just stitched it up so well you couldn't tell where I tore it. She never told Momma, either...I'll never forget that...She always liked you...She said something like "still water runs deep," or something like that...that was right after she met you for the first time...she always liked you.

A: (having listened, rises, crosses leisurely to the back of Judy's chair, leans down and kisses her cheek. His hands are on her shoulders, and bending down he says, amused) I didn't know that you were so sentimental. Did she really that the VERY first time she met me? (he continues to nibble around her neck).

J: (rising to avoid him, says teasingly:) No, what she said was that I better watch for that Random boy. He looks like a real sex maniac.

A: Aw, that's not true. Let's go to bed, and I promise I won't touch you for at least five minutes.

J: (smiling) Sorry, I always do what my Aunt May tells me.

A: (giving up the game) Well, if you won't go to bed with me, how about another drink?

J: OK. Where's your glass? (Alex hands her his glass and Judy starts off the stage).

A: Judy, (she turns) I really am bushed. We'll go to the hospital tomorrow, all right?

J: Well, I don't suppose it would make all that much difference...I just hate to go alone, that's all.

A: Good. I got a golf date with Jack Rawlins tomorrow, but after that would be fine. (she shakes her head yes and starts again off the stage. Alex adds) And not too much Vermouth, remember. (she leaves stage. Alex looks about him and goes over to the phone in a leisurely fashion. He puffs the cigar several times and caresses the phone dial. He stops and stares at it a few moments the grunts to himself, turns away and sits in Judy's chair when the phone rings suddenly. Alex rises slowly and stands frozen a few seconds then answers). Hello? Oh, (relieved) it's you Jack...no, I haven't forgotten about tomorrow...Oh, that's nice; how was it? (enter Judy with two Martinis. She stops dead in her tracks when she sees Alex on the phone)...What...(laughs loudly) Ha, ha, ha. Sun burnt, huh?... (continues to chuckle when he sees Judy) It's Jack Rawlings, honey, he and Mary were at the beach today, just got back... ol' Jack's sunburnt to hell and back...what's that Jack...oh, just a minute, I'll ask Judy. (cupping hand over the receiver) He wants us to come over for drinks; he probably wants us to comfort him in his pain.

J: But I just made some drinks.

A: Hell, leave 'em here, ol' Jack's got plenty of liquor.

J: Well, I suppose we could go over; I've got to talk to Mary about Garden Club next Friday...

A: (back on phone) OK Jack, we'll be over in a few minutes. (hangs up) Let's go (he gathers Judy's arm and they move off stage).

J: I don't want to stay too long. Jack gets loaded early and he starts to tell those rotten jokes.

A: Aw, don't be a spoil sport. It's worth going just to see that ol' SOB half baked alive.

J: (both are nearly off stage) Well, you know how it is when he laughs...It's enough to wake the dead...(chatter diminishes. The stage is silent for a few moments then the phone rings and rings until the stage fades total darkness.)

END...



Reflection

Hal Roach, Jr.

As he sat in the back seat of the car, his head turned slowly and his eyes stared out the window. He looked—seeing, yet not seeing. The October colors carousels brightly and hypnotically by him as the car moved to the steady and appropriate pace of a funeral procession; and there was only the swirl of autumn and the drone of the tires on the highway as he sat and looked out blankly. It didn't seem to be the way for it, he thought. Or was it? What sort of a day would he choose if he could pick one? To be buried on a pretty day or a dreary one—what difference? Then thinking, being useless, gave way to staring; and the car moved on into the warm and timeless afternoon.

He turned his head forward again, finally, and looked at the funeral train. He saw it stretching crookedly before him, down the hill, around a slight bend, halfway up a long hill. The sun flashed on the long black head of the snake as it topped the hill; and then it glided over the crest, drawing the rest of its body magically along. And he saw Death as the charmer, leading the way as the cortege wound itself on through the pine woods and corn fields, on and on into the suspended day.

As his car rounded the last bend, he saw the church gleaming whitely in the sunlight. The procession slowed, turned off the highway and carefully coiled itself among the tall oaks that grew on the churchyard. The building was sold and unkept, and its white, weatherboarded sides contrasted sharply with the bursting October sky. Along the sides of the church measly shrubs of Verbena struggled for existence; and behind, at right angles to the building, stood a new and pathetically optimistic Sunday school annex. Pines and hardwoods, tangled violently by honeysuckle vines, grew tall and thick to the edge of the churchyard, seeming to be waiting impatiently, the way a crowd throngs at a fence for the chance to reclaim the grounds. Already, at the far end of the adjacent cemetery, broomstraw and blackberries grew insidiously.

He filed inside with the other pallbearers, up the old cracked cement steps which had been painted often and needed painting again. As they walked down the aisle, the floorboards, under the thin strip of dingy carpeting, squeaked beneath their feet. They took their seats on the second row. The pews were wooden benches which added one final loud squeak to the chorus which had arisen from the aisle floorboards. He stared down at the dark brown floor for a while; then he looked up towards the chancel, which was only a small raised area. He saw the yellow white walls, with strips of paint peeling freely, and the water spots speckling the ceiling, in which six bare lightbulbs were set. The people filling the stark, squeaking pews provided the only real warmth within the building.

His mind wandered as he listened to the praying, the eulogizing, the crude-eloquent singing.

His grandfather had never been a real person to him, anyway. Even in his earliest memories, the man had been only a bent, arthritic figure who moved about with short, shuffling steps and obvious difficulty. For the last few years he had been reduced to a long lump under a sheet, and the only evidence that he was even human had been his gaunt, near-frightening face and his usually unintelligible mutterings.

He did not enjoy being there today, but he accepted it as an unavoidable duty. Where would he be if he were not in this church, he thought. And he was in a stadium, with sixty thousand people. He looked about the stadium and listened to the cheering mass, and his eyes moved upwards and then he saw him sitting on top of the pressbox—Death, surveying the crowd with detached serenity. The crowd roared mightily with the thrill of the moment, and leapt to its feet; and Death smiled faintly, mocking as he leaned forward in calm anticipation to mark his victims.

He shuddered and thought himself lucky not to have been chosen; but Death looked at him, and the mocking smile became a resounding laugh, and the silent echoes of that laugh shook his soul. Then Death, his work done, reclined on one elbow and watched the field with interest, dangling one huge, invisible leg over the edge of the pressbox and swinging it casually above the heads of the spectators.

Rock of ages, cleft for me;
Let me hide myself in thee.

The casket rolled by, and he filed out behind it. At the door of the church, he caught hold of one of the handles, and, with the strength of his own ironic arm, he helped carry his grandfather to the grave. It was a heavy casket; his left arm had always been weak, and he stumbled once; but the man from the mortuary was there to help him, as they always are. With short, careful steps they carried the casket and placed it directly over the grave, the people pushing closely about the preacher as he said the words. Then, the thing done, they began to break into small groups, talking and laughing softly with their backs to the unpleasant proceedings. A single cloud drifted over and shadowed the grave as the mourners went about the churchyard and the workmen lowered the casket into the narrow hole. He saw then that there was an old man who did not intend to leave so quickly. He sat in a chair at the very edge of the grave, and he looked as if he thought that he might just as well get in it, too. He had once been a large man, probably strong, but now he was gaunt and feeble; yet he bore it with a certain unmistakable majesty. He sat in his chair, bending forward, one arm erect at his side. He looked down at the descending coffin and said, "I loved him so much."

The cloud passed over; and in the returning brightness of the sunlight, the old man's hair shone clean and white against his fieldtanned face. The swollen joints of his fingers stood out clearly as they grasped the cane loosely.

Suddenly he could not look at the old man any longer. His throat ached, and his eyes were wet. Covering his face with his hand, he turned away from himself and walked stiffly toward the car.

Ignorance (1969)

I stand on tip toes
Trying to peep over the wall.
The contrast of the TRY
Against the CAN'T is all
That makes me feel alive

So life is pain.

I shift my gaze about
For Man or Rule to give the blame
But inwardly, where Truth stalks,
Casting a critical eye on my intent,
I know it is within me, this fault,
This gap between the will and the attainment.

I cannot rage against the masses
For their apathy:
For the embers of the Care
Grow dim in me.

Frances Thomas

Love (1969)

The eyes of tender love can see
Where Logic's search is vain.
The ears of love can hear a joy
That Reason can't explain.
Though this is true, eyes hesitate
And ears don't seek to find
Too hurriedly that perfect place,
That harmony of mind.

For many times the Fates have shown
How ecstasy is made
Into a throbbing misery
That Spirit can't evade.

Frances Thomas

What a long, strange trip it's been

By Bill Neville

I wasn't born to follow...

In the mid-1960s, a young black man sought to take his seat in the Georgia General Assembly. He had won the right, through due process, to represent his district in the state house. A large man, with stern eyes fired with deep conviction of his own, stood to block his path. It was a classic showdown: face-to-face.

The confrontation between the rising star of the civil rights movement, Julian Bond, and the imposing Jones Lane, a fiercely patriotic state representative from Statesboro, was big news. At this time, America was deeply involved in the Vietnam war. Friends from my high school had marched off to war. Some would come home with wounds not readily apparent: their scars wouldn't surface for many years. Some came home in flag-draped boxes. In Statesboro, most folks supported U.S. involvement in that war. A typical bumper sticker of the day read, "America, love it or leave it."

Lane said it wasn't because Bond was black that he blocked his path; rather, Lane objected vigorously to Bond's anti-war activities. For both men, it was a matter of principle. The news photographs captured their physical mismatch — Bond, although tall and lanky, was a wisp of a man compared to the barrel-chested Lane. A national magazine featured a spread on their confrontation, referring in its story to Lane as a "burly Baptist from sandy, gnat-humming Statesboro." (That description, as I recall, really upset folks hereabouts, generating comments like, "sandy, gnat-humming — my ass!" As a teenager, I couldn't figure out why so many were upset. "Burly Baptist" is an apt description. Statesboro's soil is sandy. And the gnats — the gnats are as awful here as any place on the planet. Maybe gnats don't hum, I mused.)

How many roads must a man walk down
before you can call him a man...

Statesboro in the 1960s, like many towns throughout the South, was dealing with the changes being "forced" upon it by mandate of the federal government, specifically by the rulings and directives of the U.S. Supreme Court and through the stipulations of the newly enacted Civil Rights Act of 1964. Most townspeople resented and resisted being forced to follow new directions. I was transferred to Statesboro in 1965 as a military brat, a transplanted Virginian who was "stationed" here to complete high school. The vestiges of the hard-line racial segregation, which had gripped the South for the century since the ending of the civil war, were alive and well in the 'boro. This was a time when blacks properly were called Negroes. Some locals, when lamely attempting to be proper, would snarl that pronunciation, stretching it into "Nee-grows" or the more derisive "Nig-ras." When they dropped the pretense of being proper, however, it was still "Niggers." The mere adoption of the term "black" was a long time coming.

At this time, it was *understood* that Negroes would eat in their own restaurants, sleep in their own motels, play at their own recreation park, and attend "separate but equal" schools. At Vandy's Barbecue downtown, it was *understood* that Negroes would use the back door for service. In the Georgia Theatre, it was *understood* that Negroes would be seated only in the balcony. At least these facilities were available, albeit in a demeaning fashion, to serve black people. At the Country Club outside town, blacks were not welcome at all, unless, of course, they were there to haul away garbage or perform menial labor. There was nothing "separate but equal" about any of these arrangements.

I was a junior at Statesboro High School in 1966, the year the school was first integrated with the enrollment of three black students. An integrated schoolhouse was nothing new for me, having attended schools in Virginia which were packed with military brats of all shapes, sizes,



colors, and creeds. As a 16-year-old, I was dumbfounded by all the brouhaha about integration. The only segregation I had known in schools in Virginia was that separating the males from females... and the Army brats from the Navy brats. During this process of racial transformation in Statesboro, however, there were outbursts, showdowns, and physical confrontations; yet, the disturbances here were mild in comparison to the anger and hatred of the white riots which roared forth in the early 1960s in places like Birmingham and Greensboro, events which shocked a nation outside of the South and triggered its conscience. The years would pass well into the 1970s before integration was a fact of life in Bulloch County, Georgia, and, the small steps taken by our three black classmates into the all-white world of Statesboro High in 1966 might as well have been stepped off on the surface of the moon.

Some are dead, and some are living.

In my life... I've loved them all.

Ultimately, Julian Bond gained his seat in the state house, and, after he inadvertently helped to make Julian Bond a famous man, Lane himself slipped from the national spotlight and continued working devotedly for his constituents. People could disagree with the late Jones Lane's politics, and many did; but, really, that was okay with Lane. No one ever accused this man of being a wimp. He had *his* convictions. Yet, one could agree with his views on many issues: he was a faithful servant of agricultural interests, a promoter of public works like paving roads and erecting buildings, an advocate for providing services for the mentally retarded, and a staunch supporter of Georgia Southern College. When Jones Lane stood to block Julian Bond, like it or not, he honestly was reflecting the majority of his constituents' strong support of the Vietnam war. Lane always maintained that patriotism, not race, was the issue. The truth is, however, that most of Lane's constituents were also vehemently opposed to racial integration in any place... school house or state house.

But all these events took place a quarter of a century ago. Times change. So do people. Schools are now open to all. Stores, restaurants, theatres, and other institutions — except for the Country Club — now judge people only by the color of their money, not of their skin. And, the Jones Lane I came to know as a reporter in the late 1970s was, to borrow an expression, a kinder, gentler man — powered still by fierce convictions arising from his strong moral views, but somehow, on the surface, at least, more tolerant of change. Yet, the Bond-Lane showdown encapsulates the essence of the struggle of the 1960s in the South... the emergence of a new age in relations between the races, and coping with the invasive agony and moral dilemma of the Vietnam war.

Traveling lady, stay a while... until the night is over.
I'm just a station on your way — I know I'm not your lover.

Nicholas and Allison's daughter would be about 19 now ... the age of a college freshman. It's a sad reality that Nick and Allison never got to know their daughter. The child, given up for adoption at birth, was the product of a relationship where the parents were too young, perhaps too busy growing up themselves — people caught in a swirling transition of the times — and just not ready to settle down, to marry, or to commit to the life-long responsibility of raising a child. Whether Nick and Allison's resolution to their predicament was right or wrong was not the question. In 1969, observers didn't make heavy value judgments.

When Allison became pregnant, options were few — have an illegal abortion or carry the child to term. Perhaps Allison held the child briefly before she was taken away, perhaps not — I don't know. Some inquiries are too private... even for a journalist. One only hopes that her adoptive parents could shower the time, attention, and love on her which her biological partners — for their own very private and personal reasons — could not.

I'd like to think the child has grown into a stunning woman. Her natural parents, both attractive, perhaps passed along their physical assets. Maybe she's red-haired, like Nick — lean, with sharp, classical features, blue eyes, and a broad, toothy grin. Yet her appearance probably is softened, with the liliesome figure of her mother, her long, flowing hair, and the sparkle in her eyes. This is what I want to believe — but the legal nature of adoption, as it should, keeps such matters private.

Still, I'd like to think she's found happiness. It was something Nick never found.

The good die young...

The assassination in April 1968 of Martin Luther King, Jr. had its impact on Statesboro. Black acquaintances voiced outrage. They felt disillusioned, betrayed, and heartbroken. In August, Robert Kennedy was slain in a Los Angeles hotel, snuffing out the hopes of many for a leader who would rekindle the fire of Camelot. Apparently, Camelot was closed for repairs.

On the first anniversary of King's death in 1969, a small group of residents, black and white, planned a memorial march downtown. Threats aimed at marchers were made by good ol' boys — rednecks who rode around in pickup trucks with shotgun racks and, more ominously, shotguns. Despite the well-meaning advice from friends and family who thought that there might be trouble, I wanted to march. And I did.



The political climate of the '60s in Georgia was so tarnished with racist ideologies that one redneck, Lester Maddox, actually was installed as governor of the state. Lester had come to notoriety when, as owner of the Pickrick Restaurant in Atlanta, he brandished ax handles — known as "Pickrick Drumsticks" — to drive blacks away from his establishment. Like Jones Lane, Maddox maintained that race wasn't the issue. Maddox simply reserved the right to refuse service to anyone. It was coincidental, I suppose, that those he wanted to block from the Pickrick were mainly black. Later, while Underground Atlanta flourished in the early 1970s, a kinder, mellow former governor Maddox, could be found in his store there, autographing small ax handles and selling them to visitors.

Fortunately for the 200 marchers in 1969, the loud threats were idle ones. Violence never surfaced, and the march progressed peacefully. The county sheriff had let it be known that he would tolerate no interference from agitators, white or black, and that law and order would prevail. It did. Ten years earlier might have seen no such reassurance.

anyone lived in a pretty how town...

In the waning years of the 1960s, perhaps the most notable gathering place for local artists was a small club called The Exit Coffeehouse and Pocket Theatre. The club, located in the cellar of the Georgian Hotel where the Regional Library stands today, was financed by a number of people, college professors mostly, who co-signed a bank note to underwrite the venture. Actually, the underwriters were as fine a bunch of non-conformists as Statesboro has ever seen. Even the club's name — The Exit — was an inside joke to its founders, based, as I recall, on an obscure reference to the writing of Sartre. (Exit out, exit in, no exit — get it?) At the time, the county was absolutely "dry," so beer or wine sales were not the motivation. Some patrons — and performers — drank, of course... but, in those days you "brown bagged" it from the trunk of your car. Coffee, exotic teas, and pizza were the "official" fare of the club. Moreover, The Exit served as a gathering place for people to talk about almost anything, contemplate poetry, watch dramatic presentations, and listen to music, primarily folk and bluegrass tunes.

The Exit was a focal point for people seeking answers. It was a free-wheeling environment. All this, in 1968, was heady stuff for a 18-year-old, still in high school, who was enthralled with the open pursuit of knowledge and the free exchange of ideas. The club was a virtual island of liberal philosophy in an otherwise provincial and conservative town. Such nationally prominent notables as political advisor Jim Haggerty, radical clergyman Bishop James A. Pike, and publisher Ralph McGill had visited the club, leaving their signatures on the "wall of fame" reserved for performing artists and special guests. Regulars — folks like Roy, David, Robert, Jim, Carlton, Mike, Gordon, The Amelia Earhart Memorial Bluegrass Band, and others — offered a diversity of entertainment ranging from readings of e.e. cummings and Lawrence Ferlinghetti and performances of one-act plays by Jean Paul Sartre to music ranging from Bill Monroe to Arlo Guthrie.

As the decade came to a close, so did this club. As a sophomore at Southern in 1969, I was one of the weekend managers, opening the club on Saturday nights, brewing coffee, helping accommodate performers, and waiting on tables. Like one's devotion to a comfortable pair of jeans which must be discarded because they've outlived their times, interest in the club faded as the decade closed, and people found other outlets, other places to gather. Without a bang, and hardly a whimper, The Exit made its own exit.

And I lean on the windowsill, in this old hotel I chose
One hand on my suicide, one hand on the rose...

They found Nick slumped over in a tub in a small house on the southside of town. A pair of butcher knives lay beside him, scattered on the floor. Blood was everywhere: on the walls, the shower, and even on the bathroom mirror. Apparently Nick — with cool, deliberate premeditation — had sharpened the knives, filled the tub with warm water to keep

the blood flowing, took the two knives in hand and sawed quickly through the soft flesh of his neck, inflicting the wounds that killed him.

While this episode was shocking, it was not surprising. Nick had sat for weeks in the basement of the Student Center, sipping coffee, and telling his friends that he planned to kill himself. "Sure, Nick," the friends muttered, "Sure, you're going to give up all these women who are so infatuated with you. Right. Besides, you haven't finished school." He never would.

In the final weeks, Nick spoke of this death dance scenario so often that no one took him seriously. "Just ravin', man." When people realized Nick was serious — deadly serious — it was too late. Friends were stunned and numbed by his action. No one could fathom his motives, the inner troubles, the fears that drove him to such a desperate act. Was it another woman? Was it Allison? Was it their baby? Or, was the child which fathered the man Nick had become, simply, gone forever? All that remained were questions ... and a handful of dust.

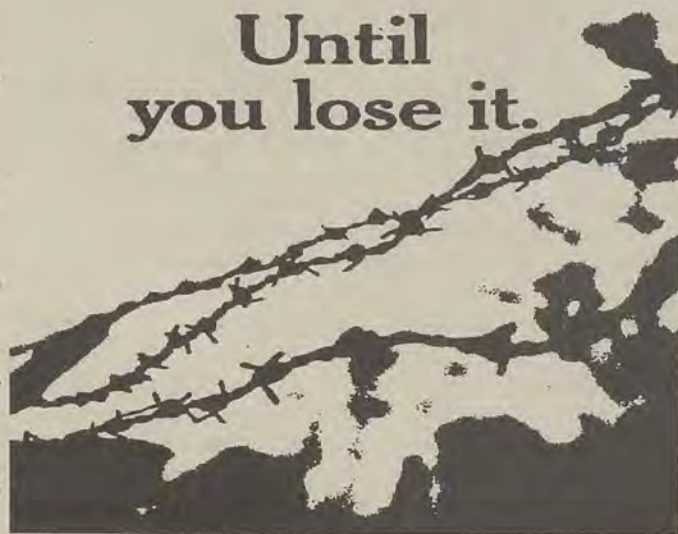
You say you wanna revolution...

On campus, the times were changing. The college, in the middle of an unprecedented growing boom, opened the doors to such campus landmarks as Foy Fine Arts Building, Johnson and Winburn Halls, the Biology Building, and Hanner Fieldhouse. By 1969, the enrollment of the college had swollen to about 5,000, bringing concerns from local leaders that the college's boom would outstrip the community's ability to respond effectively.

From a social perspective, the campus was divided into two notable groups... the Greeks and the Freaks. Over time, the once distinct boundaries distinguishing one group from another have muddled. In recollection, Greek guys held parties, drank beer, chased women, danced the "dirty gator," and promoted the spirit of brotherhood, whatever that was. The Freak guys smoked pot, chased women, held parties, took their music in concert, and sought to foster the spirit of the "revolution," whatever that was.

Freedom is just a word.

Until you lose it.



The Freaks, through experimentation with drugs and alternative lifestyles, were certain, however, that some college administrators were spying on them. Drug-induced delusions of paranoia? Not really. Recent conversations with administrative "old timers" have revealed the fact that, 20 years ago, as new staffers, it was their assignment from the Dean to spy, eavesdrop, and generally keep tabs on the long-haired, dope-smoking, radical types on campus. What these administrative "snoops" found out as a result of their surveillance was probably disappointing to the Dean. I can imagine their report: "Boss, exactly what these guys do is smoke pot, chase women, have parties, listen to loud music, and talk about the revolution... whatever that is." If there was paranoia, it was probably the Dean's. The reality is that Statesboro was no hotbed of student radicalism.

One event which tied these diverse groups together was the war in Vietnam. While most local residents supported U.S. involvement in Vietnam, some voices of opposition were raised at Georgia Southern. Old issues of the campus newspaper reveal a heated debate. In October 1969, some 400 students held a candlelight march in support of a moratorium on the war... a small protest by national standards but a first for GSC. About 100 others heckled and ridiculed the marchers. The mere fact that this "student protest" was reported in the *George-Anne* brought cries of "foul" from top administrators. "Why can't you write 'nice' stories about the good work fraternities do for charity instead of this... this... this sensational collection of half-truths and reckless reportage," the administrator admonished the newspaper editor. "Sir, with all due respect, when ten percent of your student body feels compelled to stage such a protest, it is news," was the editor's response. However, concern about being drafted and being sent to fight in an unpopular war was a profound motivator — a factor which kept many in school, and caused some to pursue graduate degrees which, otherwise, they would not have sought.

So you wanna be a rock and roll star...

Rock 'n' Roll music was growing in its influence on campus. Students would gather by the lakes on Sunday afternoons for impromptu concerts by local bands, whose amplifiers were powered from long extension cords running out of the halls of the Carruth Building. Favorite regional bands included folks like the Critical Mass, Backstreet Society, Sons of Bach, and Tommy Rowe's backup band, the Rowemen, whose bassist, Berry Oakley, would go on to join a band which shaped the music of the 1970s, the Allman Brothers. The Rowemen had long been a campus favorite, since the group literally had stolen the show from the Rolling Stones when Rock's "bad boys" performed on campus in 1965 at the Old Hanner Gym. Other performers who appeared on campus included Simon and Garfunkel, who played in McCroan Auditorium, Dionne Warwick who sang in the old Alumni Gym, and the Lettermen, who seemed to perform annually because they were a favorite of the Dean of Women. (At that time, GSC had Deans of Men and Women).

Elsewhere, entertainers like Jimi Hendrix, Vanilla Fudge, and the Soft Machine performed in 1968 at the Old Municipal Auditorium in Atlanta (now a part of Georgia State University). Nearly 100,000 gathered at the Atlanta International Raceway near Griffin over a summer weekend in 1969 to hear the likes of Janis Joplin, Led Zeppelin, Creedence Clearwater Revival, Johnny Winter, Blood, Sweat and Tears, Canned Heat, and dozens of other acts perform at the First Atlanta Pop Festival.

In Atlanta, one could see Stanley Kubrick's *2001: A Space Odyssey* presented in Cinerama, an ultra-wide screen which required three synchronized projections. The movie *Midnight Cowboy*, then a hard-hitting X-rated film, caused controversy. An underground cult classic was the futuristic film *THX 1138* by an unknown filmmaker named George Lucas, who went on to give us the Star Wars trilogy. The penultimate cult classic was, of course, *Easy Rider* — a sort of a modern day *Odyssey*... the story of a pair of hippies in search of America. These movies all had their influences.

Books of the day were also influential. Truman Capote's chilling narrative *In Cold Blood*, the story of a Kansas farm family who were slain for no apparent reason, gave birth to a combination of fact and fiction in a hybrid piece of literature the critics called "faction." J.R.R. Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings* trilogy provided the ultimate escape. Louis Pawells and Jacques Bergier challenged the basis of consciousness through *Morning of the Magicians*. Kurt Vonnegut Jr. propelled his character Billy Christman through a change of consciousness of his own in *Slaughterhouse Five*. John Fowles brought the Tarot cards to life with his epic tale of romance and choices, *The Magus*, or tested the limits of our sensibilities in the bizarre world of *The Collector*. Tom Wolfe's *The Electric Kool Aid Acid Test* chronicled the rise and fall of the so-called "counter culture" movement in America.

**An Eskimo showed me a movie he'd recently taken of you
The poor man could hardly stop shivering — his lips and his
fingers were blue**

They carried his body to the hospital for an autopsy. "Death by his own hand" was the physician's ruling. A news photographer was summoned. He photographed Nick for the last time. Front. Side. Back. The flash went off. Nick never blinked. "We need a close-up of the neck," said the physician. "But, how..." queried the photographer. "Just climb up on him," said the doctor. "It won't hurt him now." When the photographer was finished with pictures of the corpse, the doctor wanted just one more. Dutifully, the photog obliged. Like a flashback from still photos of the old Wild West, a final family portrait was made: the doctor, nurse, sheriff's deputy, and coroner, posing next to the prostrate form of Nick's lifeless body.

Nick's parents, too, were shocked but not necessarily surprised. They made arrangements for final disposal of the body. But they refused delivery of clothes and personal belongings, which were packed up and readied for shipping. "We don't want any more reminders," they said. "Keep the stuff or give it away."

That was a sign of the times at the ending of the 1960s. Although Nick's suicide happened at the dawn of the 1970s, it was a footnote — perhaps inconsequential in the "big picture," but very real and hauntingly disturbing to those of us who witnessed its aftermath — to a decade of sometimes wonderful and inspiring, sometimes troubled and turbulent times. Nick's death was a peripheral event in my life which marked a

milestone, a loss of innocence, if you will... a weighty realization of the fragility and ephemeral nature of life itself.

Excuse me, while I kiss the sky...

Statesboro during the 1960s was a sleepy college town awakening to the changes taking place on a national scale. Exploration. Integration. Camelot. Vietnam. Militarization. Conscription. Assassination. Investigation. Fascination. Articulation. Television. Humiliation. Riots. Downtown. Uptown. Mini-skirts. Psychedelic. Mind expansion. Meditation. Contemplation. Bell bottoms. Hair. Innovation. Exhilaration. Expectations. Law and order. Instigation. Resurrection. These were some of the "buzz" words of a decade.

For Statesboro, and the rest of the world, the '60s ended with a grand view of the world — of hope and inspiration about mankind's adventures, mankind's potential, mankind's promise... with footprints on the moon. Early in the decade, President Jack Kennedy challenged America to marshal its resources to place an American on the moon. Christmas Eve in 1968, while I was working as a night clerk at Bryant's Motel, distant television cameras — aimed from a small space craft making the first manned orbit around the moon — flashed to earth pictures of the barren, monochromatic realities of an alien world... the first moonscape. Those ethereal images captivated and excited the senses. Six months later, after the "Eagle" landed at Tranquility Base and human beings had taken their first lunar stroll, a young editor of the *George-Anne* wrote a story about their lunar footprints, and how this news affected students.

TVs in the Williams Center carried those otherworldly pictures late into the night... and, students paused to soak it all in. How small we all seemed. How insignificant we all were when compared to mankind's small steps through the door of the universe beyond.

It was too much, man!

Author's note: The people and events described in this narrative are based on the truthful recollections of the author; however, in some cases, the names of persons and some key incidents have been changed out of respect for their privacy. Credit for authorship of title and subheads is as follows: What a Long, Strange Trip It's Been, Jerry Garcia-Robert Hunter; I Wasn't Born to Follow, Carol King; Blowin' in the Wind, Bob Dylan; In My Life, John Lennon-Paul McCartney; Traveling Lady, Leonard Cohen; Abraham, Martin & John, Dion Dimucci; anyone lived in a pretty how town, e.e. cummings; Stories of the Street, Cohen; Revolution, Lennon-McCartney; So You Wanna Be a Rock 'n' Roll Star, Roger McGuinn; One of Us Can Not Be Wrong, Cohen; Purple Haze, Jimi Hendrix.



The Creation (1969)

An old man, his face
cracked, seemed, lined
dominated by a pair
of dark dimly lit eyes
sits lotus-like upon eternity
holding in his outstretched hand
a ball of gray blackness
in which uncertainly seen
colored lights pulse and throb and move
as if alive, and yet not alive, merely sleeping.
Slowly his hand rises
and flings the ball
upon the wall of nothingness
around him where it burst
and flows covering and penetrating
everything and nothing.
Into his consciousness creeps
a single word:
universe.
His eyes smile
he sits and mediates
upon this holy word universe
as the eons like leaves in the wind
rustle through all time
and then as if sensing
that his holy word was
not yet complete
he extends his hand
through the universe
and picks a certain yellow ball
within the rest
and yet another mantra word
steals into his beautiful mind:
sun
sun, sun, sun
this new catholic word
dances through his mind
playing tag with its predecessor universe

his eyes dance and laugh
but still he sense
there is something missing
a creation containing something
of himself, he extends his hand,
his long fingernails rake the universe
collecting elements of all to be found there
and from these scrapings he molds,
with loving consideration, a
small entity in the shape of his
own holy thought,
he breathes upon it,
his breath penetrates it.
it moves, \\\nand finally the last more perfect
mantra word creeps in
upon his mental essence:
man.
he places man on a smaller ball
circling the sun
surrounded by the universe,
a contented light comes to his eyes...
his hand moves to his lap...
the yantra is complete.

David Hicks

Miscellany

SUMMER, 1969

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COLOPHON

The copy for *Miscellany- A look back...1960's* was set in Times typeface at 10 points on 13 leading for poetry, and 9 points with 11 leading for longer pieces. The magazine was printed on newsprint. The edition was saddle stitched and trimmed on three sides in an 8x10.75 inch format. All artwork was scanned and generated from computer imaging software.

This edition was funded by the Student Activities Budget Committee of Georgia Southern College. The magazine was typeset by Ira Dove and Melissa Lukehart with assistance from Bill Neville on a Macintosh SE computer system using Macwrite 5.0 software. The layout was created by Dove and Lukehart and was assembled into publication form using Pagemaker 3.0 software through the services of Production And Graphics Editorial Services (PAGES) of Georgia Southern College. Printing was done by the *Statesboro Herald Press, Inc.*

Strong Points

By MICHAEL STRONG
Sports Editor

Yes, it's that time of year for hype so outrageous that it makes Christmas look like child's play. That's right it is Super Bowl hype week.

Will the 49er's win by 100 points, repeat as champions, and prove themselves to be one of the greatest teams ever? Will the Bronco's tie the Vikings to be the biggest choking team of all time by losing four Super Bowls, including three in the last four years? Will Joe Montana go to Disney Land again? Will I see one more "memorable" Super Bowl match up from before the time I was born on ESPN again? And finally, can I see any network that doesn't already have their entire sports staff in New Orleans reporting on stuff that isn't really related to the game and then report it from inside the Super Dome?

But, more importantly who will win Bud Bowl II?

Well, the 49er's will repeat as the Super Bowl champs, but it will not be the 12 point or more wipe out that most are predicting. The Bronco's should make it interesting. Any team that has John Elway, whether he feels suffocated or not, should be exciting for a least short periods of time. The Niners will win, but not by more than six points.

I love the Super Bowl. The pre-game excitement, the idea that the two best teams from their respective conferences vying for the title of champion, although the NFC has been the dominant division over the past few years, great teams, coaches, and plays, just sets my adrenaline flowing.

Unfortunately, all of this is almost offset by this disgusting media blitz that invades our lives for the final two weeks of every January! If I see George Wendt trying to coach a football team or Dwight Clark getting another object stuck to his hands, I will vomit. Every year it gets worse. I thought the ultimate insult to the intelligence to the Super Bowl viewer was the "Bud Bowl". I cannot believe that this was such overwhelming success that they are going to have "Bud Bowl II"! Does Anheuser-Busch think that this sells more of their products? Once you start drinking during a major sporting event of that magnitude, you will continue until you run out, then, if your lucky, your group will nominate someone to go get more without prompting from that company and especially not some ridiculous beer bottle football game!

As I said, it gets worse every year and every year more people complain about it. The media is doing stories on how long it is and people's opinions about the hype. I have a few ideas on how to eliminate some the "unnecessary" hype: First, I would shorten the time between the conference championship games and the Super Bowl from two weeks to one. The teams do not need the extra week for preparation, plus that week off may make them a bit rusty. Second, limit the number of commercials that use retired jocks to promo beer. This would eliminate some things such as the "Less Filling vs. Tastes Great" Game that we've all been seeing for about three and a half weeks now. Finally, do not allow news teams to use the stadium as studios until the day before the game. If I see one more steel girder in the background of a sportscast, I will demand that all sportscasters where hardhats.

I know I may be overdoing it, being a bit overzealous, getting things a little distorted and exaggerated, but hey, that's what the Super Bowl is all about, right? Oh yeah, they do actually, play a football game don't they!?!?

Hoops Promotions

GSC wire reports

Little Caesars Night
Thursday, Feb. 1, 7:30 p.m.

Eagles v. Samford Bulldogs
Little Caesars will provide all fans in attendance with a coupon worth \$5 off the purchase of a large pizza.

Taco Bell Night
Saturday, Feb. 3.

Lady Eagles v. Florida International, 5:15 p.m.

Eagles v. Arkansas-Little Rock, 7:30 p.m.

Taco Bell will be offering \$.39 tacos to all fans showing a ticket stub from either game.

Eagles look to cage lowly Panthers to end road travels

By MICHAEL STRONG
Sports Editor

The Eagles will end January as they have spent most of it: on the road. They will play the Georgia State Crimson Panthers in Atlanta tomorrow.

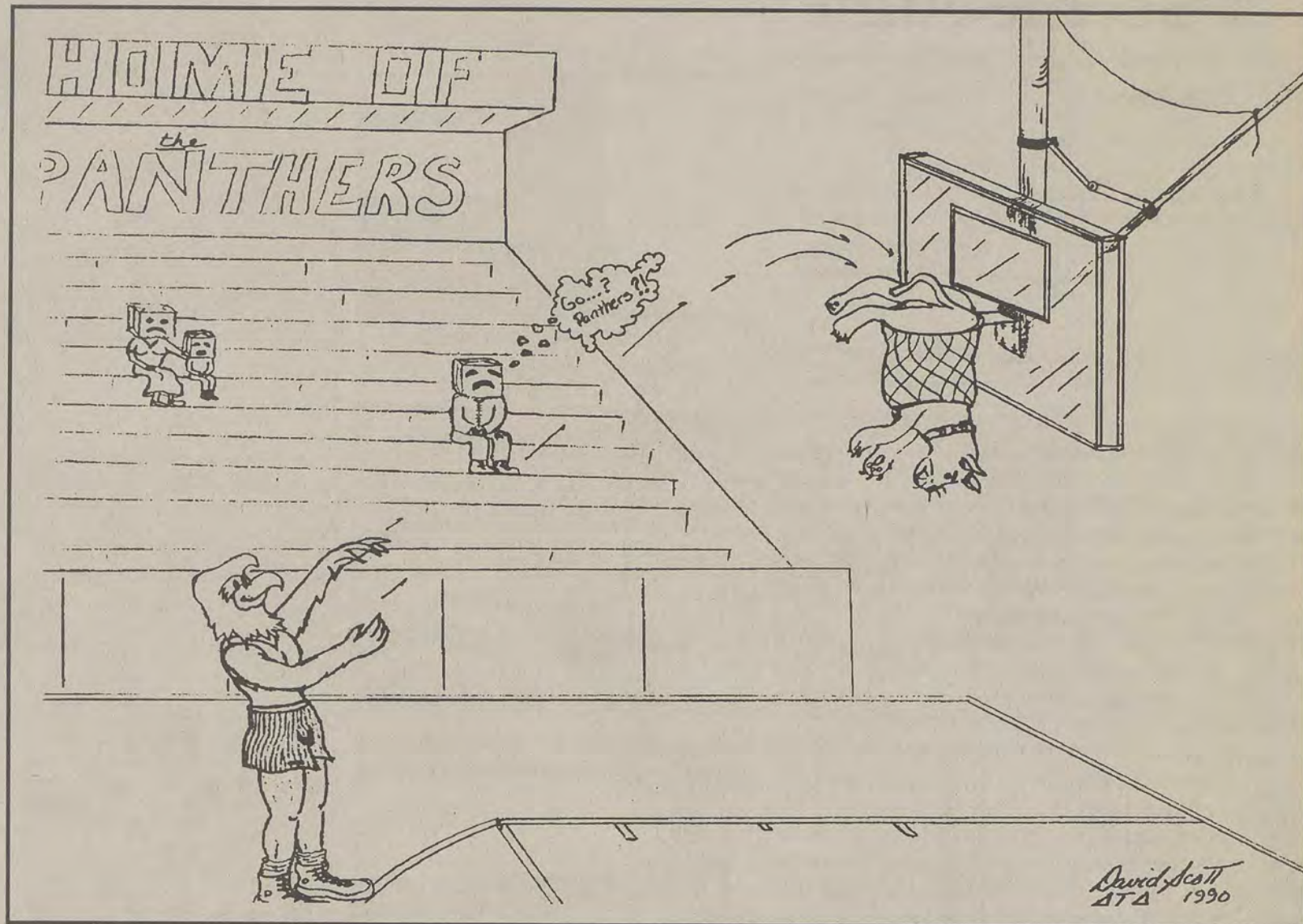
The Panthers will be looking for revenge, as the Eagles were victorious in both of last year's contests and decisively lead the overall series 31-7. The Eagles have totally dominated the Panthers, the last time GSU beat the Eagles was Feb. 5, 1987 at Hanner Fieldhouse.

Last year's Panther squad was 14-14 and 9-9 in the TAAC, tied for fourth place. This year's squad is led by juco transfer Chris Collier and redshirt freshman Matt O'Brien who average 16.6 and 16.4 points per game. But, the team is just 1-5 in TAAC play and 3-13 overall. The Panthers have lost three games in a row and 11 of their last 12.

The Eagles on the other hand are playing some of their best basketball all season of late. They have won four straight, prior to their Jan. 25 contest against the Mercer Bears, including a win over first place and formerly undefeated Centenary 109-86.

The team is led by senior guard Ben Pierce and senior forward Mike Curry, who average 16.7 and 15.6 points per game. Richard Sherrod, a 6-7 forward, is the rebounding leader averaging 7.8 boards a game. The Eagles bench is tall and deep and one of their strengths and features 7 foot center Emmett Smith and 6-10 center Cal Ferguson.

The Eagles enter the game averaging 80.8 points per game, fourth in the TAAC, they are also holding



opponents to an average 77.5 points per game, again fourth in the league. GSC has the highest shooting percentage in the TAAC at 50.4 percent, they are also the only team shooting above the 50 percent mark. The men are also holding

their opponents to a low 43.9 percent shooting, second in the TAAC.

GSU is shooting an appalling 41.4 percent which places them dead last and is allowing their opponents a modest 47.4 percent. Despite this, the Panthers are giving

up a TAAC leading 89.9 points a game and scoring only 75.2 points a game.

The game should be decided on which Eagle team shows up in Atlanta, the hot shooting, wise decision making team who clobbered

Centenary, or the bad idea, we couldn't hit water if we fell out of a boat team that played Lamar. Either way it should result in a victory for the Eagles, the question is by how much?

Lady Eagles lose game to FIU 73-70, record drops to 10-7

By PAUL FLOECKHER
Sports Writer

Inconsistent free throw shooting and the inability to maintain their usual balanced scoring attack kept the GSC Lady Eagles from retaining sole possession of first place in the New South Women's Athletic Conference as they fell to Florida International 73-70 in Miami Monday night.

The Lady Eagles hit just 58% (14-24) of their free throws, compared to 77% for the Golden Pan-



Beb Blackshear looks for a set-up play against Florida International Monday night. The lady Eagles fell to a last minute rally. (Special photo)

thers, and saw only two of their players score more than five points.

To make matters worse, GSC held a solid seven-point lead at 61-54 with 4:39 left, but scored just nine points down the stretch to give away the victory. FIU began the drama by outscoring GSC 15-9 to pull within one with 1:22 remaining.

The Lady Eagles then suffered through what certainly has been the longest minute of the season. With 57 seconds left, FIU's Sheila Reynolds nailed a 15-foot jumper to put GSC down by one, 71-70. Eighteen seconds later GSC's Tracy Wilson missed the front end of a one and one and FIU regained possession. With only 14 ticks on the clock, Panther Giovonne Combs also blew the front end of a one and one, but Reynolds grabbed the rebound. After a foul by Markisha Vereen, Reynolds sank a pair of free throws for the last two of her 21 points.

Wilson's missed free throw in the final minute was a tough ending to a great performance. The 6-1 junior scored 32 points and pulled down 13 rebounds, both game highs. Wilson also threw in an assist and three steals. Vereen added 23 points and seven rebounds as the second part of GSC's two-woman show.

GSC uncharacteristically ran into foul trouble against FIU. After having just one player foul out in the first 16 games, the Lady Eagles

had three starters — Vereen, Trina Simmons and Vet Cooper — take a seat with five fouls. The Golden Panthers showed their appreciation by hitting 12 of 13 free throws in the first half.

The two teams played an even first half, with neither squad holding a lead larger than six points. GSC twice led by five, at 30-25 and 32-27, but FIU trimmed the lead to two at halftime. The Lady Eagles appeared set to take a four-point

lead into the locker room after Wilson's lay up made the score 34-30 with 31 seconds left; however, FIU's Christel Knudson drained a 15-footer one second before the buzzer to keep her team within a bucket at the break.

The second half saw much of the same. In fact, the Lady Eagles trailed only once in the first 17:30 of the second half, but they also never led by more than seven. After FIU went ahead 42-40 on two Combs

free throws, GSC ran off a 19-10 spurt to go up 59-52. Vereen's jumper from five feet away closed out the run.

The Lady Eagles, now 10-7 overall and 3-1 in the NSWAC, will head to DeLand, Fla., for a Saturday night battle with Stetson in a rematch of last year's conference championship. A GSC win would keep Drema Greer's team in a tie for first in the NSWAC and would raise their season road record to 5-5.

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Winter Jam

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1-5ive Posse

Mon., Jan. 29th

Williams Dining Hall

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- *Albums
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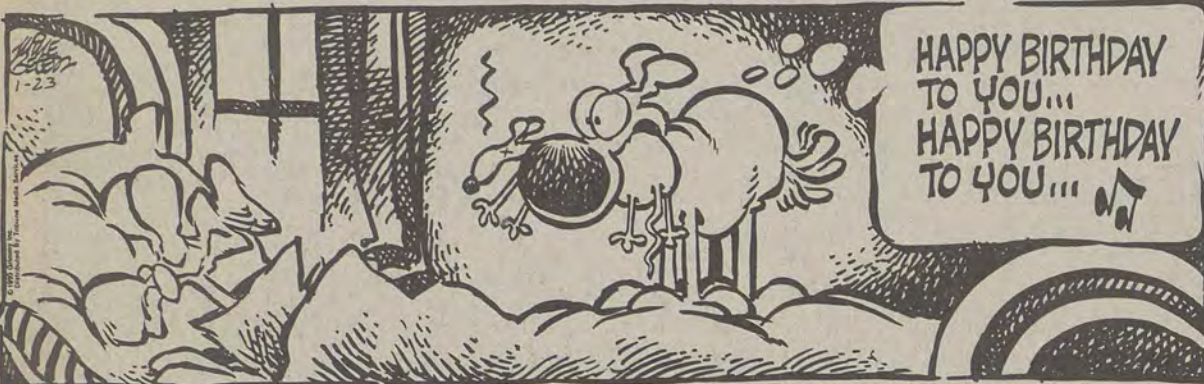


Mother Goose & Grimm

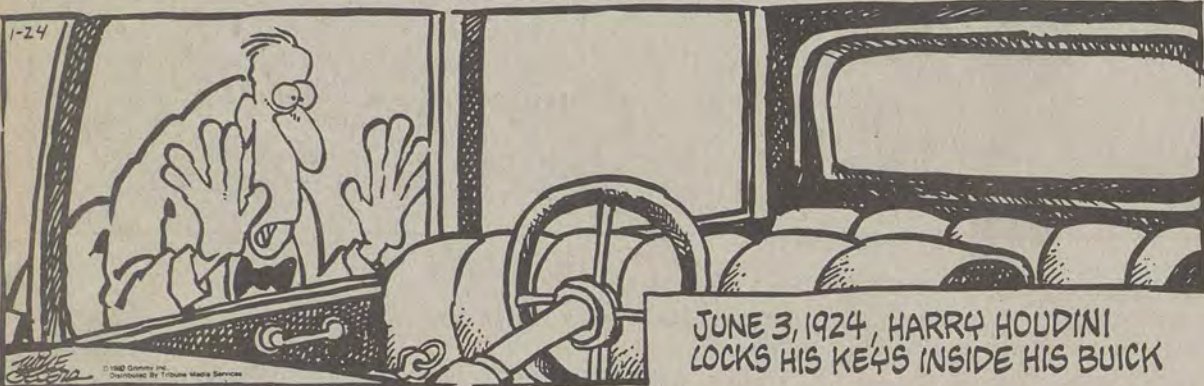
by Mike Peters



THE GOOD, THE BAD AND THE UGLY DUCKLING



HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...
HAPPY BIRTHDAY TO YOU...



JUNE 3, 1924, HARRY HOUDINI
LOCKS HIS KEYS INSIDE HIS BUICK

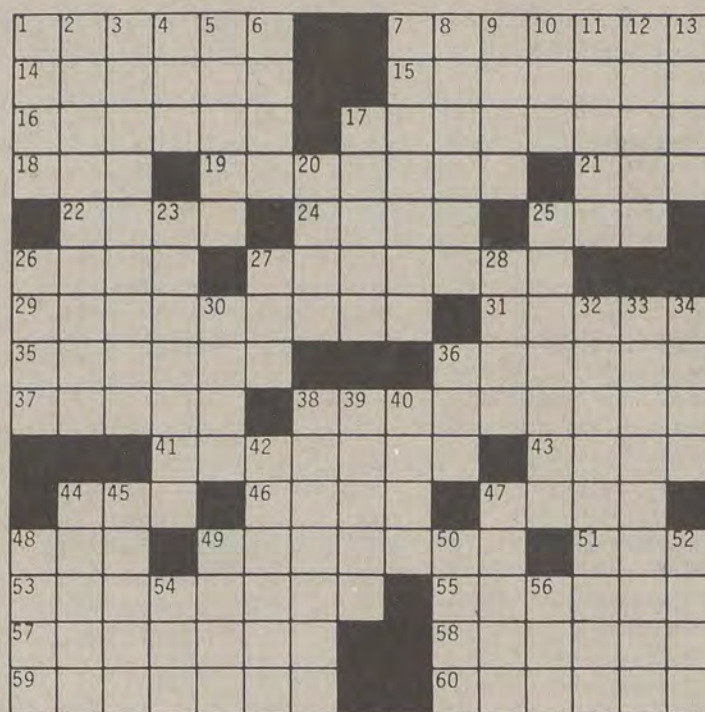


FLEA BARGAINING

ACROSS

- 1 Naval academy student
- 7 Argentine port
- 14 Cooking ingredient
- 15 Structural peculiarity in horses, etc.
- 16 Evaluate
- 17 Hot day
- 18 Surpass
- 19 Most weird
- 21 Pitcher's statistic
- 22 For fear that
- 24 Probability
- 25 Mornings
- 26 Shot of liquor
- 27 Sink the putt (2 wds.)
- 29 Boundless
- 31 Violent woman
- 35 Picturesque
- 36 Curtis
- 37 Financial defense mechanism
- 38 Miss Colbert
- 41 Form a hard coating
- 43 Groundkeeper's aid
- 44 Beat mercilessly
- 46 Leveret
- 47 Creme — creme
- 48 Part of BMOG
- 49 Surfeit
- 51 India —
- 53 Strengthened by heating
- 55 Peruvian mammal
- 57 Type of clam
- 58 New York island
- 59 Certain singing groups
- 60 Most sensible

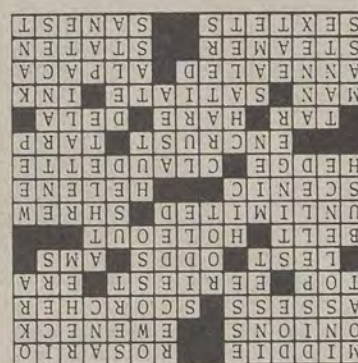
collegiate crossword



© Edward Julius Collegiate CWS4-17

DOWN

- 1 Defensive ditch
- 2 Rudeness
- 3 Got rid of
- 4 Lady deer
- 5 Small map within a larger one
- 6 To be: Lat.
- 7 Moved like a hairline
- 8 City in Michigan
- 9 Spanish painter
- 10 Quite old (abbr.)
- 11 Sew again
- 12 Cool drinks
- 13 Gumbo ingredient
- 17 Move sideways
- 20 Give support
- 23 Certain cocktail
- 25 Jock
- 26 — league
- 27 Sound of a drunkard
- 28 Like some cars
- 30 Way of conducting oneself
- 32 Repay an injury
- 33 Fascinates
- 34 Cry
- 36 Small dwelling
- 38 Lunar sights
- 39 Gruesome
- 40 Befuddled
- 42 Ski lodge
- 44 French relative
- 45 Building wing
- 47 Airline company
- 48 Part of Einstein's equation
- 49 Identical
- 50 Russian news agency
- 52 German philosopher
- 54 What trenchermen can do
- 56 Search for gold



The George-Anne CLASSIFIED

The George-Anne provides free classified listings to students, faculty and staff members of Georgia Southern College as a campus-community service. Free classified ads should be written in 25 words or less. The advertiser's name and Landrum Box must be included with the ads. Ads should be non-commercial in nature, should be in good taste and are subject to standard editing procedures. The editors reserve the right to refuse any free classified ad. Free classified listing should be mailed to The George-Anne, Landrum Box 8001, GSC. Deadline is noon Monday or Thursday prior to publication. Commercial listings are available at \$4.50 per column inch, with a one inch minimum. Contact the Advertising Department at 681-5418 for more information.

ROOMMATES

Desperately seeking female roommate to share room. Move in any time. Eagle's Nest. Rent \$110 per month plus 1/3 of utilities. Call Angie 681-7064.

ROOMMATE WANTED ONLY \$125/MONTH + UTILITIES. Must share bedroom. Access to washer and dryer. Apt. is furnished. Ga Villas #16 Call 681-3234.

FEMALE ROOMMATE NEEDED IMMEDIATELY FOR WINTER QUARTER AND ON. Your own room for \$135 a month and 1/3 utilities. Located near campus. Call 681-3372, and ask for Tami or Lisa.

MALE ROOMMATE wanted to share a large one bedroom apartments across the street from campus. Move in anytime! \$150/month plus 1/2 utilities. Call anytime 681-6991.

Female roommate needed for winter and spring quarter. \$160 a month plus utilities. Call Ann at 681-3712.

Roommate needed — choice of two rooms, \$175/month plus 1/2 utilities. Call Dav at 681-9013. If no answer, leave message on answering machine.

Female roommate needed to share 4 bedroom apartment at Hawthorne Court II. \$200/month plus 1/4 utilities. Please call Angie at 681-5428 or 681-3224.

TWO FEMALE ROOMMATES NEEDED at Hawthorne Court #18 immediately. Non-smoker preferred. Partly furnished. Come by if interested and ask for Kim.

FEMALE ROOMMATE NEEDED FOR SPRING QUARTER at Hawthorne 2. Call immediately. 681-7483.

TWO FEMALE ROOMMATES NEEDED at Collegeview Apts. for Spring quarter. For more information call 681-7306.

TWO FEMALE ROOMMATES NEEDED at Southern Villa beginning now and through Spring quarter. \$90/month plus 1/4 utilities. \$100 deposit that is refundable. Really nice and clean. For more information call 681-6610 and ask for Cindy or Lisa.

RENTALS

WANTED: Two roommates to share large three bedroom house in Portal. House includes kitchen privileges, large playroom with pool table, private bedroom. Worth the drive. \$250 per month includes utilities (except long distance calls). If interested, please call 681-5194 or 764-7096 (after 5 p.m.)

FOR RENT: 2BR, 1LR, K, 1BR, large yard, 2 miles from campus. Serious students. Very residential area. Call 489-8436.

Female college student — large room near college with bath. Kitchen privileges. 681-6437 (after 6 p.m.) 84202141 (Ask for Ann).

DUPLEX FOR RENT—across from Stadium Walk in Sherwood Forest—available immediately. \$400/month. For more information call Billy at 764-8181 after 5:30 p.m.

FOR SALE

RALEIGH RECORD for sale. fair cond. \$50 Call 681-7481.

FOR SALE—EARLY AMERICAN SOFA—Brown print fabric. \$150. Call 865-5212.

Sectional couch with hide-a-way bed. Neutral color. Excellent condition. \$100 or best offer. Call 489-1574.

One B.C. Rich guitar, warlock body, plum color, one chip \$150. One Kramer Aerostar guitar, red color, like new \$200. One B.C. Rich Amp (rare) \$100. Call 681-3316.

Car CD player with AM/FM tuner. Pull out all electronic controls, and less than one year old. Asking \$450. Call 681-3576.

FOR SALE: Sunkunk 100 watt amp. Like new — used only two weeks. Still in box with instructions. \$100. Call Stephen 681-1306.

GOVERNMENT HOMES Delinquent tax property. Repossessions. Call (1) 805-687-6000 Ext. Q-5385. (1/26)

FOR SALE: New men's 10-speed bicycle. great condition—only rode twice. With combination lock. \$70 or best offer. Call 681-6610 ask for Lisa.

GOLD FOR SALE: 18 inch 14k quintuple herringbone necklace. Over 1/4 inch wide, 20 grams in weight. Bought for \$850. Must sell, asking \$450. Call 681-3017 leave message.

FOR SALE—3bdrm and 2 bath mobile home. Located next to stadium. Phone 1-375-2116. Unfurnished but includes stove, refrigerator, dish washer and central air and heat.

MIELE, 12 speed racing bike, 3 months old. Shimano components, Vetta computer, immaculate. Must sell. Call David 681-1519.

FOR SALE—COUCH AND LOVESEAT—will sell separate. Must sell! Cheap but in good shape! Call Tim at 764-8812. BEST OFFER TAKES 'em HOME!!

FOR SALE—BLACK GIBSON "MEL-ODY MAKER" GUITAR. Excellent condition. \$300 or best offer. Call Tim at 764-8812.

FOR SALE—ONE FULL SIZE BED. Excellent condition. Frame included. \$175.

1 night stand with lamp attached. Call Deryl 681-6231.

FOR SALE—15" Rockford Fosgate Bass Box with Steel Grille. 8" Bazooka.

both new. Call Brian 681-7153.

WANTED TO BUY

Box spring mattress needed. Call Ana 681-3330.

LOST AND FOUND

LOST—A large computer box full of shoes. Last seen in the Johnson Parking lot. If found, please call 681-3648.

LOST—Brown Hazel datebook/phone book — must find — very important. Call Anna at 681-3330.

FOUND—Dog found near Taco Bell on Hwy 301, Thursday, Jan. 11. Call 681-1888 abd give description.

LOST—Grey eelskin keychain. Includes keys and student I.D. inside. Very important. If found please call Regina at 681-3107.

NOTICES

OOPS, We Goofed! The George-Anne's edition of November 14, 1989 (our homecoming edition) apparently was so popular that all of our file copies were given to students. We need a few for our files. The George-Anne will pay \$2 per copy for the first 10 copies of the November 14 paper (in good condition) which are brought by our advisor's office at Room 105-A, Williams Center, Ext. 0069.

Student from Savannah seeking someone to commute with. Classes 10-2, can negotiate hours. Please call Kathy 352-2415.

Best fundraisers on campus! Is your fraternity, sorority or club interested in earning \$1,000+ for a one-week, on-campus marketing project? You must be well organized and hard working. Call Lisa G. or Myra at (800) 592-2121.

Will type just about anything. Fees are reasonable. And will exactly as written, so I in no way will influence your grade. Call 681-2286.

I will type reports, term papers, etc. for you. Rates are reasonable. Call Eric at 681-6452.

Pregnant? If you need help, call The Crisis Pregnancy Center of Statesboro, 764-4303. Free pregnancy testing and counseling.

FORMING INDOOR COLORGUARD winter quarter for fun, fitness and possible exhibition. BYO equipment. For info, call 764-8376 and leave name and number.

WANTED: Good students interested in pursuing graduate work in economics. The department of economics at Clemson University offers coursework leading to the M.A. and Ph.D. degrees, with specialty areas that include Industrial Organization/Regulation, Public Choice, Financial Economics and Labor Economics. We have one of the top research and teaching facilities in the South and encourage close working relationships between faculty and graduate students. Financial aid in the form of research and teaching assistantships is available. For more information, contact Prof. David N. Laband, Department of Economics, Clemson University, 242 Sirring Hall, Clemson, SC 29634-1309 (803) 656-3969.

8:00-5:00 Professional employee seeking someone to commute with from Savannah. Please call Maria at 681-5555 (GSC) or 234-4863 (Savannah).

Personal Touch Catering. Specializing in Romantic dinners for two. Capable of serving up to 100 people. Gourmet food served. Call 681-4016 for more info.

Spring Break vacations to Cancun, Bahamas, etc. at guaranteed low prices! Call Carl at 681-6695.

WIN A HAWAIIAN VACATION OR BIG SCREEN TV PLUS RAISE UP TO \$1,400 IN JUST 10 DAYS!!! Objective: Fundraiser. Commitment: Minimal. Money: Raise \$1,400. Cost: Zero Investment. Campus organizations, clubs, frats, sororities call OCMC: 1(800)932-0528 / 1(800)950-8472, ext. 10. (3/2)

A FREE GIFT JUST FOR CALLING. PLUS RAISE UP TO \$1700 IN ONLY 10 DAYS. Student groups, frats and sororities needed for marketing project on campus. For details plus your FREE GIFT, Group officers call 1-800-765-8472 Ext 50.(2/2)

NASSAU/PARADISE ISLAND, CANCUN, MEXICO.—From \$299.00. R.t. air, R.t. transfers, 7 nights hotel, cruise beach parties, free lunch, free admissions, hotel taxes and more. Organize small group earn FREE TRIP. For more information call toll free (800) 344-8360 or in Ct. (800) 522-6286. (3/3)

SPECIAL PROGRAMS NEEDS YOUR ASSISTANCE—All student organizations are being reminded to notify the Office of Special Programs of any changes in the lists of officers or advisors for the organizations. Include, as well, any changes in addresses or phone numbers. For more information, contact Anthony Rice at the Office of Special Programs, 289 Rosenwald, at 681-5409.

ATTENTION- EARN MONEY READING BOOKS! \$32,000/year income potential. Details 1-602-838-8885 Ext. Bk5920.

ATTENTION- HIRING! Government jobs—your area. \$17,840-\$69,485. Call 1-602-838-8885. Ext. R5920.

ATTENTION- EASY WORK EXCELLENT PAY! Assemble products at home. Details. 1-602-838-8885 Ext. W5920.

ALL GAMMA BETA PHI MEMBERS interested in earning points. We highly encourage you to help sell candy bars. If interested see Sonya at next Thursday's meeting (Feb. 1) or call 681-6895 (rm.115) and leave a message.

ALL SOAR applications are due today January 26 by 4:30p.m. in the Special Programs Office, Rosenwald 289.

HELP WANTED

Market Discover Credit Cards on you campus. Flexible hours. Earn as much as \$10 per hour. Only ten positions available. (1/26)

Earn \$2,000 - \$4,000 Searching for employment that permits working own hours, but still challenging enough for your entrepreneurial skills? Manage programs for Fortune 500 Companies. Earn \$2,000 to \$4,000. Call 1-800-932-0528 ext 3006.

WANTED: Bass guitar and keyboard player for original music band. Call Tom at 681-3268 or Keith at 681-6586.

Miscellany, GSC's magazine of the arts, wants you if you're quick on your feet and interested in people and publishing. Must be able to think, and like to learn. Interested? Write or call Miscellany, LB 8023, ext. 0069.

CAMPUS Representative needed for Spring Break 90s programs to Mexico-Bahamas-Florida & S. Padre Island - Earn Free Vacation Plus \$\$\$\$. Call 800-448-2421.

ATTENTION: EXCELLENT INCOME FOR HOME ASSEMBLY WORK. call 1-504-646-1700 Dept. P6330.

EXCELLENT SUMMER & CAREER OPPORTUNITIES now available for college student & graduates with Resort Hotels, Cruise lines, Airlines, Amusement Parks and Camps. For more information and an application; write National Collegiate recreation Service; PO Box 8074; Hilton Head SC 29938.

STOCKBROKER — Attention seniors and recent grads. Entry level positions available for a sales career in one of today's highest paying industries. Send resume to F.N. Wolf & Company, Inc. 5775 Peachtree Dunwoody Rd., Suite 450, Building G, Atlanta, GA 30342. Attention Vince Reinstein.

ATTENTION — HIRING! Government jobs - your area. \$17,840 - \$69,485. Call 1-800-838-8885. Ext. R5920. (1/16)

Lifeguards: Summer jobs available at outdoor pools in Atlanta area. Openings for swimming and diving coaches and lifeguards. Certification classes available. Register now. Call SwimAtlanta Pool Management, 404/992-8818, for more information. (5/1)

Excellent Wages for spare time assembly. Easy work at home. No experience needed. Call 1-504-362-3432 ext. 5123. Open 24 hours, including Sunday. (1/25)

AUTOS FOR SALE

For sale — 1980 Ford Thunderbird. PS, PB, AC. High miles but in good shape. \$1800 firm. Call Rob at 681-1111.

Is it true you can buy Jeeps for \$44 through the U.S. Government? Get the facts today! Call 1-708-742-1142 Ext. 9600-A.

1983 Saab Turbo, red, loaded, excellent, stick shift, all service records available. \$5,200 or best offer. 681-5260.

For sale: Buick Regal Limited. Loaded, 4 door, jade. \$2,500 firm. Call 764-2804 or 489-8052 (after 4 p.m.)

1985 Nissan Pulsar, loaded. Excellent condition, red, alloy wheels, one owner, car cover and bra included. Call 489-1157.

For sale: 1983 red 280ZX, good condition, with bra and car cover. Call 237-9870 after 6 p.m.

WANTED— 1975-1982 Corvette; must be in fair condition; willing to pay reasonable price. Call Glen 681-3987.

1989 DODGE DAYTONA SHELBY, Power doors and windows, PS,PB,AM/FM Cass., Cruise, Auto Trans., Loaded, Red/Silver, Under High-Tech 7yr/70,000 Warranty. 9,000 miles, \$11,500, Home 489-2071 Work 681-5989.

1974 VW Superbeetle. Red, runs great, ready to sell. \$1000. Call 489-1157.

PERSONALS

CHUCK AND HELEN—4 hours of pumping up the jam. You read what. Luv ya—the gang!!