

for Eruch
from Bill Stephens (letter inside)

Baba's picture
on the last page



Creative Arts-Gaston College - 1975

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Ties of Unity



In the quiet of a Sunday afternoon
the lazy day reveals
a sturdy man
deep in thought
of how to continue
the growth and success
of a local community college.
Often in quiet corners
of his home or office
other times in gaiety and activity
he accepts praise with humility
but many times there is no praise
but he knows praise
praise of doing ones best
and knowing inwardly
that he is a better man
for his labor.

The literary staff acknowledges
the accomplishments of such a man.
A man who is deeply aware
of the needs
of students and faculty,
a man who likes to be called "Woody,"
an educator,
a creator,
a builder,
the community's friend.

It is with a great deal of pride that we dedicate the 1975
edition of the Gaston College literary magazine "Ties of Unity"
to Dr. Woodrow R. Sugg.



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I Need Answers

Maybe someday I'll find my way
I need answers and they're so hard to find
Oh God, I know I'll find the answers
But, I need so much time
There are so many decisions to make
Lord, please show me the right way
Where should I go from here
Should I leave or should I stay
When can I stop this game
A game of which I don't know the name
A game some people call living
A game that no one plays the same
People moving in circles, not knowing where to go
Life creating ups and downs
The earth moving in evolutions, but who's to know
Maybe someday I'll find my way
I need answers and they're so hard to find
Oh God, I know I'll find the answers
But, I need so much time
What will be my fate
Who really has a clue
Will my life be filled with ecstasy
Will my dreams ever come true
Looking at the people around me
I have visions of all the things I see
It seems I am facing an obstacle
one of grim reality
People playing the breaks
To achieve their goals and dreams
But the road is so narrow
And winning is out of reach, or so it seems
Maybe someday I'll find my way
I need answers and they're so hard to find
Oh God, I know I'll find the answers
But, I need so much time
I have goals I have to reach,
I feel as if I'm on an island
Lost on a deserted beach
I'm in a strange place now
So far away from my safe home
In a way I would like to go back
But in a way, I would just like to roam
I know I must take the time to think
Of what's in the future for me
Can I stop and rest now
Peace, is it something I'll ever see
Maybe someday I'll find my way
I need answers and they're so hard to find
Oh God, I know I'll find the answers
But, I need so much time...

Identity Crisis

I find myself no longer an entity,
But shattered fragments of a thousand realities,
Swept in a heap with dreams and fantasy.
And the variegated, sparkling hues of that pile,
Like splintered scraps of broken glass,
Distract and amuse, but
Represent no one real thing.

So here I am, an object
Twined about with cobwebs of the past
And colored threads of experience,
Red, black, blue, green.
(Very little white, I'm afraid.)
My pockets are filled with assorted oddities
That have little value now---
A pretty stone, a shiny
Piece of some kind of metal
That must have meant something
Once upon a time.
A few scraps of homey cloth,
A broken-bladed knife,
Several coins, less than worthless,
A dead twig with crumbling leaf.
(I wonder what happened to the flower?)
A nail, a screw, a bolt and nut
That will never hold anything together now.
A dead match --- no fire left there---
And here's a sticky piece of
Someone's left-over lollipop.

You see me standing here,
Grey from many dusty roads,
A little patched, here and there,
And frayed in several places.
From the blank look on your face
I can tell that you don't find me
Too terribly unseemly.
But why can't you see inside, where a dim voice
Cries out among the chaos of my soul.
I want to be myself, but who?

Carol Reinhardt

Unimportant

Modify the globe.
With circular emotions
the plugged in society
awaits the switch what to do
When will self be again
Only how there is a chance.
Balance you to the world
You cannot get off you
There is the answer
it changes the tides but
there is no bridge you
Fear walks alone we
Do not fear we are we
Time is the factor.
Time will prevail you
And sex.

Michael E. Bigger



Robin Haynes

Tragedy In The South

by

Wilhelm Quiver Javelin, as told to Don Oates

Beauregard Hamilton, Junior had returned to the family plantation, Nor-Elsi, for the funeral of his father, Beau Senior. He was accompanied by his faithful companion and advisor, Horace the Wise. Both were eager to return to their studies at old Pusan U.

But, upon arrival at the old homestead, Junior (hereafter to be called Hamilton or Ham) was aghast to discover that his lovely mother, Gertie, had married up with his lecherous Uncle Claude. Hamilton was obviously upset with this turn of events, since his fathers corpse was not quite cold. Further, there is an inkling that Hamiltons relationship with his mother was a little more than would appear to the casual observer, and his reaction could have well been kindled by the "green-eyed monster."

It might be well to dwell on the political situation in Dade County following the death of the elder Hamilton. While Claude has assumed the position vacated by old Hamiltons untimely demise, he was sort of county commissioner, Ford Brass, an aspiring (not to be confused with inspiring) young politician who has been previously defeated in a hotly contested run-off election by old Hamilton, is pushing for a special election so he can get another shot at the commissioners job and the accompanying graft. But Claude is a shrewd cookie, and knows that his marriage to Gertie will cement his claim to the lucrative post in the eyes of the voting public, especially when one considers that the voting public is easy to fool. (Look at the number of people who were conned into voting for the Nixon-Agnew Ticket).

Hamilton had not been home long when Horace told him that two of his night watchmen had spotted some kind of haint in the cotton field, and they were

sure it was the ghost of Hamilton's sainted daddy. They had even had Horace come by one night and try to talk with the spook, because Horace was a former member of Sanctified City and could speak in tongues, which comes in mighty handy when you are talking with spooks, or spirits, as you prefer.

It was decided that Hamilton would go out to the cotton field about midnight and see if he could get the spook to say a few words to him. At midnight, which is when all good spooks come out to do their thing, the spook appeared, and try as he might, Ham couldn't get too much out of him. He followed the spectre all over the cotton field and finally, in one of the far corners, the thing stopped floating around long enough to give Ham some cock-and-bull story about how Claude had spiked his mint Julep, and while he was comfortably passed out in the azalea garden, had poured some water in his ear. When the water mixed with his blood (which was 90 percent alcohol), it poisoned his system and he died of convulsions.

The spook saw that Ham was having a hard time swallowing such a wild story, so he told him another. He hinted that Ham's mother, his widow, had been fooling around with Claude before he died. It was obvious that this would titillate Ham and make him jealous, 'cause people are quick to believe that which will bring them pain, or cast dispersions on the character of someone close to them.

Meanwhile, back in the manse, Claude, Gertie, Poltergeist (the sharecropper supervisor) and his son Lawrence (Larry) are sipping on a big orange drink, eatin' Moon Pies and having a bull session. Claude is spouting inane remarks about Beau's untimely death and the trouble he may have holding the political machinery together. He sends two flunkies, Doltman and Cornpone, over to the county seat to try and do a little political conniving with young Ford Brasses father Norman. This done, he turns to Larry, who's been living high on the hog in Atlanta until he came back for the combination funeral and wedding, and says:

"What's happenin', Larry boy? You been poor mouthin' around here all day, worming and squirming like a dog with a tail full of fleas. You know I take kindly to you, like you was my own young'un. Whatch y'all want"?

To which Larry replied, "Oh Lordy, bossman, don't hit me with your flap-jack or nothin', but all I wanna do is sashay back down to Atlanta and continue having' fun."

Claude determines that Larry has been whining around the house until Poltergeist has agreed to the trip, so he adds his consent.

About that time Ham came tripping in and the stuff really hit the fan. Ham starts off chastising his Uncle Claude and winds up accusing his dear, sainted momma of false mourning, and just raises so much verbal hell with his witty comments that everyone split, leaving him alone.

Right here is where he starts talking to himself for the first time. It was bad enough--him sneaking around in the cotton field in the middle of the night conversing with haints and god-knows what all. But now you know he has done flipped out. The gist of his speech was:

"It's a crying shame I can't just dry up and blow away. Worser still, Herman Talmadge done put the quietus on any of his minions commitin' suicide. This ole world sure do stink, and everthings goin' to pot. An that horney momma of mine can't wait to press her hot little body to the putrescent manhood of my Uncle Claude. But dat's alright; I aint goin'a say nothin' now." And an evil, knowing glint appeared in his eye.

Hamiltons meditations are interrupted when his friend Horace enters, and they begin to morbidly discuss the dearly departed and sainted daddy. They end their conversation with Ham warning Horace not to go around spreading rumors about the haints they have seen.

The scene now shifts to Poltergeists home, where we find Larry giving advice to his sister, Pearlle Mae. Pearlle Mae seems a little off in the

kanoodle, and has a case of the hots for Ham, or at least gives one that impression. Larry is bad-mouthing Ham, trying, apparently, to convince Pearlle to keep it in the family. But Pearlle aint as dumb as Larry thinks, telling him, "Don't hand me no crap, Bubala. If this chastity junk is so hot, why don't you stay out of Atlanta, keep your pants buttoned and show me the way"?

Before Larry can think of a reply his pappy enters and begins to chastize him for dilly-dallying.

"What, Larry, are you still here? You better get with the program if you wanna make Atlanta any time soon. But first--a little advisment. Don't be running around in the big city shooting off your mouth, that you should save for your gun. Be friendly, but don't overdo it. You can listen to other peoples problems without puttin' in your two cents. Dress as fancy as you can afford but don't get carried away and look faggoty. Them people in Atlanta is pretty hot stuff and born with a silver spoon in their mouth. Don't get messed up with the big city loan sharks and whatever you do, be yourself and maintain your cool. And as sure as god made little greenapples, you might make something out of yourself after all."

After this tirade, Larry can't wait to hit the pike. So, with a reminder to Pearlle Mae that she should keep her legs crossed he cuts out. Pearly Mae and her papa continue in the same vein, talking about love and that stuff, so we now shift back to Ham and Horace, who are tiptoeing through the cotton bolls, looking for haints.

The ghost pops up in front of them and Horace squeaks:

"Oh sh**, Ham, here it comes!"

But Ham grooves on the wierd and says: "Hey, spook! What's happening"? You know, you sure do bear a remarkable resemblance to my daddy, and I'd like to have a word or two with you. But what are you doing running around in them bedsheets at this time of night? Don't you know you could catch your death of cold? Ooops! Sorry bout dat. It just slipped out. Sure nuff, now daddy, what

you doing coming back from the grave like this? You must have some kind of powerful message to have made you take the long climb back to earth? Why don't you light somewhere and tell me about it?

Before he could answer, the haint made Ham walk with him (actually Ham walked and the spook just sort of floated through the cotton rows) to another part of the field. This is where he really laid it on thick, trying to get Ham to revenge his death (or possibly it was avenge).

About this same time, Claude and Gertie were talking to Poltie concerning Ham's actions. Poltie was convinced that Ham was mad, like in crazy, not peed-off. To prove his point he was reading some of Ham's letters to Pearlle Mae, little gems like: "Violets are blue, Roses are red, I'd rather be with you, In a four-poster bed"., and "Pearlie my love, I'm sick of this verse, 'Cause each time I write, It seems to get worse." But Gertie don't think this is a sign of madness, recognizing that Ham is just evincing those qualities of randiness which have led her to her present position.

Over a period of some days Claude tries several tricks to rid himself of Hamilton and that constant picking at him about the death of old Beau. Besides, Claude has the disadvantage of going half-armed into a battle of wits with Ham. You might even go so far as to say he aint right swift.

One of his tricks will be to ship Ham off to Valdosta, accompanied by Rosewater and Goldenrod. Rosie is to have a letter to the sheriff of Valdosta instructing him to pick Ham up on a minor traffic violation, then shoot him for trying to escape. But when they stop at Howard Johnsons' for supper, Ham will manage to turn the tables on them, lifting the letter and substituting one of his own.

Just before this trip, Ham had been talking with Pearlle about their relationship. Actually, he was trying to weasel out of a more binding and permanent status in the affair. It's right here that the first seeds of insanity are sown in Pearlle's already feeble mind.

It should also be noted that Ham had gone to see his momma in her bedroom, and finding Poltie lurking behind the drapes, emboweled him with the little knife he used to castrate hogs. Gert was a little upset by this turn of events, but Ham was really beside himself, which lends credence to the growing rumors about his schizoid condition. Ham runs into Claude on his way out and when asked where Poltie might be, suggests that Claude go look for him.

While Ham is away, Pearlle Mae has a talk with Gertie, during which she allows her alligator mouth to overload her hummingbird mind. She talks so much about her affair with Ham and what might have been, that her already overloaded mind blows a fuse and short circuits her entire psyche. She distortedly remembers a song about washing a man right out of her mind and promptly goes skinny-dipping in the creek to try it. But keeping her head under trying to suck enough water through her ears to do the job proves fatal, and she expires.

The two families plan a big funeral to send her on her way to the life hereafter, 'cause she never in this life got what she was here after. Larry even returns from Atlanta for the big to do. Ham happens to return from Howard Johnsons about the same time, full of ice cream and infuriated at the rising prices and itching for a fight; and he and Larry have words over Pearlies untimely demise, also over her cold little bod.

Claude siezed upon this little dissention, 'cause he aint one to miss a good chance to get someone else to do his dirty work and get rid of Ham and his nitpicking ways, and Larry seems just the simpleton to do it. So him and Larry hatch a plan to trick Ham into an old fashioned duel, using castrating knives. But they are going to cheat a little and have Larrys knife blade well coated with D-Con or some other accredited rat poison. The plot devised, they decide to send someone to challenge Ham, someone who will so enrage Ham that he is sure to accept. O'Schidt, a former May Queen and general flunkie is chosen.

Ham and Horace are in the root cellar having a philosophical discussion when Claudes emissary arrives. As O'Schidt minces through the door, Ham turns to Horace and asks, "Do you know this fruitfly"? O'Schidt just stands there shuffling his patent leather pumps on the floor, with one hand fumbling with his lavender tie and the other deep in his cerise trousers. When the spasms of laughter die down he extends the challenge to Ham, who quickly accepts despite warnings from Horace the Wise.

At the duel Claude tries to hedge his bets by lacing a mint julep with an exotic poison, figuring to give Ham a sip when he gets heated during the duel. But his plan backfires. Ham has become a teetotaler since all his woes forced him to seek solace in Sanctified City. To compound Claudes problem, Gert gets heated up when Larry and Ham drop their knives after one particularly devastating encounter, and she takes a drink from the tainted julep. Larry scratches Ham with the poisoned blade and this aggravates Ham so much that he cheats a little himself, throwing his knife and pinning Larry to the old ragged cross which had been placed on the frontlawn to designate that portion of the plantation from which the proceeds of productivity would do to support the Home for Wayward Erskins. Larry is hanging there with the handle of the knife decorating his sternum and Gertie begins to gasp. She tells Ham, "Somebody done pizzoned me," and she expires. Ham may be crazy, but he aint stupid, so he knows it was Claude. He gently injects his castrater into Claudes belly button, then grabs the julep and forces him to drink about half of it, proving Claude aint the only one who can wear a belt and suspenders too.

Ham drinks the final dregs of the julep to end his own suffering and crawls into the arms of his old buddy Horace, where he too expires. His final act in life sort of makes you wonder about his relationship with Horace.

By and by the trees bloom and the birds sing and young Ford Brass comes to power. This whole story just goes to show that politics does indeed make for strange bedfellows, the key word being strange.

Black Emptiness Within

Tears Flow like Blood from Fountains of Darkness
Terror and Fear are Raging Fires From the Depths of the Soul
Hatred Freezes like Black Ice
Loneliness Drowns and Suffocates like the Storming Sea

At Will...

The Pure and Golden Morning Sun Breaks Through To

Light the Darkness
Stop the Blood
Quench the Fire
Melt the Ice
Calm the Sea

Tranquility Soars like a Gull
through Quiet Clouds of Contentment.

Beautiful Peace Within

Tina Blackburn

Sunshine

The sun rises way above the clouds,
And looks down upon the crowds.
It brings warmth and happiness,
Instead of grief and sadness.

The bright penetrating rays of light,
Plus beautiful moonlit nights,
Sends off cupid's magic sparks,
To those who are young at heart.

Bringing back hidden memories,
Reliving many cherished moments,
If only in our thoughts and minds,
Of treasured days and times.

Mattie Scoggins

I Am

I live
In dreams;
I slip away to a time by-gone - or one to be.
To places not yet charted by man nor mind;
A wilderness away--
In forms not only just to see.
But by my fantasy to be.

Perhaps the sea--
Where I am surf and
I am sand.
I move to the pulse,
To the timeless passion
Of the love affair
Between sea and land.

Or else I dream
Myself a wood;
And I am trees
And I am breeze--
I play the music of the leaves.

Then up the mountain steep I dream;
The crest is mine and I the crest.
Here I find a gentle rest.....
Until I feel I cannot stay
Affixed to earth another day----
Then I become a soaring bird,
And simply fly away.

Though in this time and place and form
I must abide;
Yet, In dreams
I AM.

Diane Lamb

If I Must

If I must live,
Let me live all of my life.
Let me live this day as though there were no tomorrow.
For each day is a life spent from birth to death,
Lived fulfilled or unfulfilled.
Let me not squander in idle foolishness a single instant;
Let me not a single candle extinguish
But what it has clearly alighted the way just one step further:
Leave me not a single task undone.
Nor with a single stranger standing naked at my door.

If I must love,
Let me love all of my love.
Let me love until my very soul aches deeply
Or I will not have loved enough.
Let me not think I can store it in a bin
And find it there tomorrow.
Let me be emptied of love, spent lavishly,
At dusk of every ending life,
And filled again, still fuller
At every new life's dawning.

If I must weep,
Let me weep all of my tears.
Until the sound of weeping is but a song,
Sung by the wind.
Give my weeping a purpose, a name, a face--
That I may know for whom my soul is drenched clean.
And through the prism of my tears make me a rainbow,
To wind itself about my heart
To keep it whole.

If I must die,
Let me die all of my death.
For death is but a glorious postlude to all that life has been.
Let me not be gone until I feel death's sting
Pierce me through,
So from that will well the beauty of painlessness.

Let my last sound be a song;
Let my last feeling be a kiss;
Let my last heart-beat be of love;
And make my last hope
Be for life.

Diane Lamb

Affair

What began as a brief interlude
Has become a ridiculous routine.
We have over-committed ourselves, darling,
And somehow lost the innocent spontaneity
Of chance meetings and soft touches.
Moments stolen from the world
For fleeting kisses and tender words
Have become scheduled rendezvous,
Part of the daily routine,
And therefore valueless.

Though I still find you attractive,
And enjoy your company,
I miss the fresh excitement
Of our original arrangement.
Somewhere inside disenchantment gestates.
I can see it in your eyes, too.

Our affair grows tedious.
Have we lost the initial Something?
Or was the mutual attraction merely basic---
Two people bored with the sameness
Of everyday living?

Let's conquer boredom,
End this tired affair,
And hope for something better
Next time.

Carol Reinhardt

Have you seen a friend of mine
He was here a while ago
Don't you remember us laughing,
 running in the snow
He was free and easy
I was scared and shy
He would say some crazy things
and I would start to cry

In his room late at night
 when friends would come around
I would light the candles
 and we'd smoke the hash he'd found
There we'd sit till the morning dawned,
 and he would still be smiling,
 after everyone had gone

Now time has changed these days we had
It's left us feeling broke
We had to go our chosen ways
I guess that's how life works
But I'll always have my memories
 to look back to now and then
To those sleepy days in Germany
When you and I were friends

Sammy Clark



Roger Stephens

My Father

I was a young girl picking butterbeans for dinner the next day. At the lower end of the garden where I was dillydallying at my chore, the light of day was growing uncomfortably dim. With superstitions and childish fears overcoming me, I couldn't help looking over my shoulder and glancing around occasionally. Suddenly, I thought that if some familiar person were near, the panicky feeling I had might go away. My eyes followed the row of butterbeans up the slight incline to where I hoped someone might be walking along the tractor road at the upper end of the garden.

Against a reddening sky my father's silhouette appeared, a most reassuring sight. My father was of English-Indian descent and it seemed that in his silhouette I could see more Indian than English. Although he was very humpbacked, he was still very tall. As he came slowly striding down the tractor road, hands clasped behind, elbows swinging with each step, he seemed completely at peace with the world and himself.

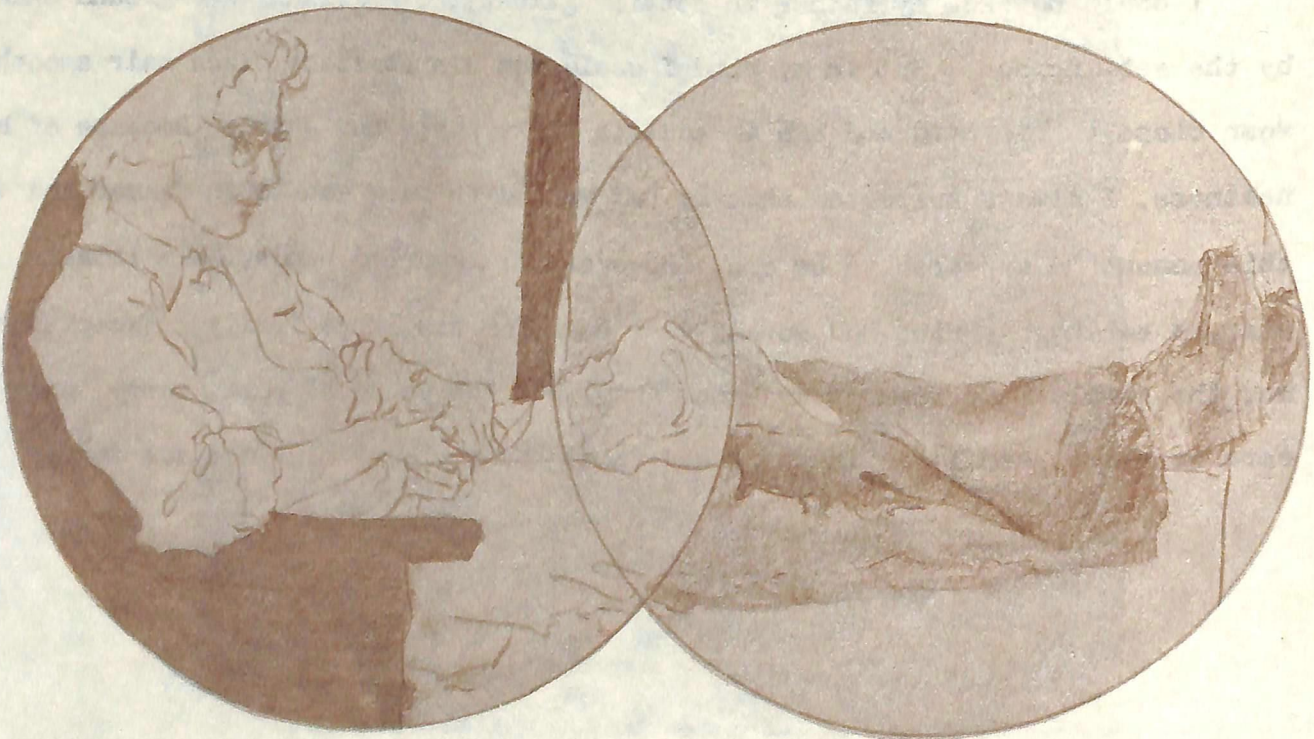
I could not see my father in detail against the brilliant background made by the setting sun. But in my mind I could see his straight black hair smoothed down close to his head and his immaculate khaki pants and shirt. Because of his neatness, I always suspected that he had wanted to be a gentleman farmer and at this moment he appeared to be one. However, his gnarled hands, held loosely clasped behind him now, had worked very hard for his large family. Except for me, the family had grown up and gone away, but the years of work, worry, and care had left deep lines in his proud face. Even though his face was deeply

carved, the reddish-brown skin, undiscernible now, still had a youthful glow, an inheritance from his Indian ancestors, no doubt.

My father, in the winter of his years, was really dying of cancer. It had eaten away most of his nose and he was, therefore, forced to wear a bandage over it. As he strode by the end of my butterbean row, in the eerie light, the bandage no longer looked like a bandage but resembled a noble nose. It was not the flat folds of white gauze that he really wore, but a proud, noble, Indian nose.

I stood enchanted for probably a full half minute before he noticed me. And when he stopped just past the end of my row and called softly and affectionately, "Need some help, 'Cooterbug'?" he was everything to me that a father could be.

Doretha Cochrane



Robin Haynes

Enshrinement

I am a child
full of wonder,
laughter
smiling at the sunshine
teasing with the clouds.

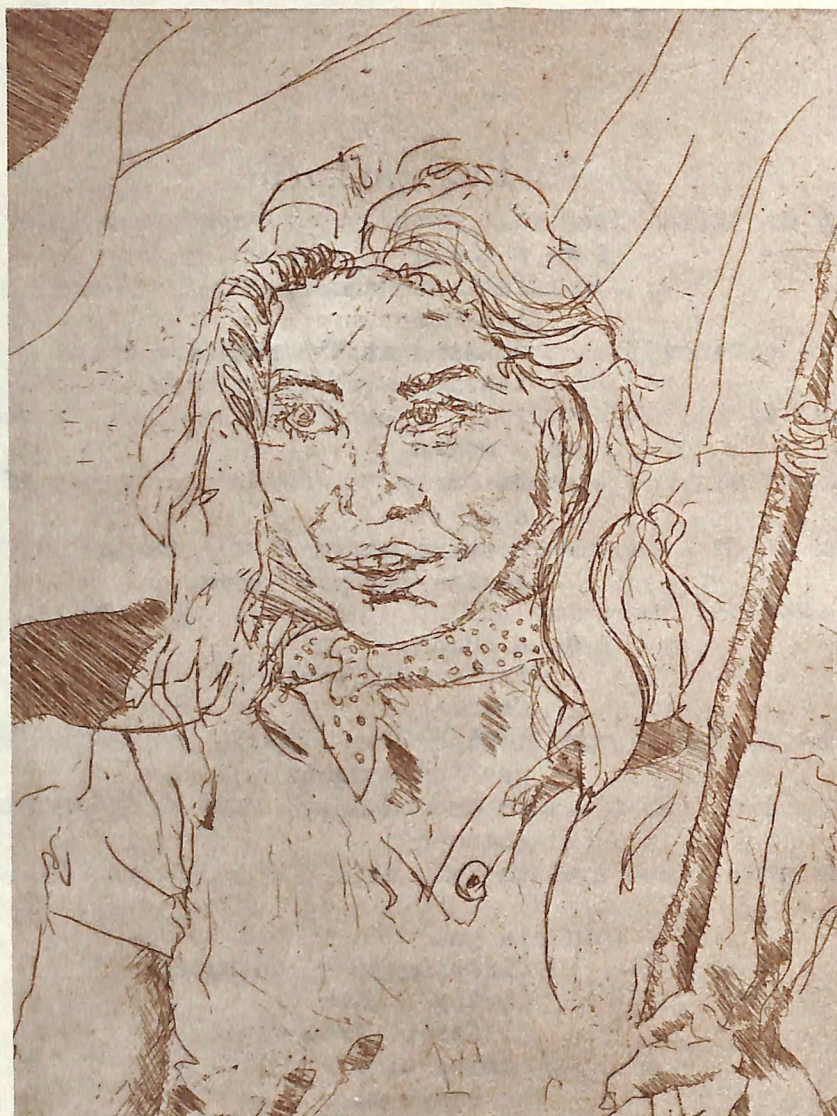
I am a woman
tender,
sensitive
looking at you
asking for your love.

I am a human
facing difficulty,
fearing
losing
needing someone
to depend on,
someone
to talk to.

You are you
fighting your own battles,
living a life
different from mine:
taking time
to reach me
to show me
that you are a man.

We are us
giving all
to each other,
sharing
life's greatest value
ourselves.

Trina Lail



Robin Haynes

Mon Bonheur

par

Ken Davis

Mes plaisirs? Il y en a beaucoup.
Je vais les raconter surtout pour vous.
D'abord, je cite la bonne santé,
Un don de Dieu--je l'ai remercié.
Une famille toujours chère et mignonne,
La joie de ma vie, une fille très jeune.
Un bon poste, de bons amis, je crie «Merveilleux».
La tristesse? a quoi bon? pour un homme si heureux.
J'aime les éléments de la belle nature,
Les fleurs, le arbres, et l'air si pur.
Un jour ensoleillé, les nuages en haut,
Les montagnes, la plage, et l'océan si beau,
Comme vous voyez, la richesse est chez moi.
Je veux que vous la trouviez quelque fois.

Cigarettes

O'slender weed of white and brown;
Give up thy soul to me.
Thy willowy wisp dos't fill me lungs:
My life grows short for thee.

And shorter still, my life it grows;
With each soft gentle puff--
But burn thee slow, maintain thy glow;
For soon my lungs grow tough.

My lungs grow tough, my finger too;
Is colored by thy stain.
My lip is limp; but ah' for sooth
To stop, too much a strain.

And all my food I cannot taste;
I cannot walk a mile.
So many things you take from me;
Vain pleasure for a while.

Thou art my crutch when I'm 'mong men;
Security between my fingers.
I need thee more each day to begin;
A life which now only lingers.

Ye are nothing more than a cancerous pack;
Of emphysemic stems.
I care not of this; I'd smoke a stack;
To me they're precious gems.

A symbol you were to a man called Freud;
The name he gave was phallic.
If that be true, dare we exclude;
The feeling you give--erotic.

Spring time fresh and girls so trim;
Seems ther's pleasure in a smoke.
Filters, king-size, longs, shorts and slims;
'Tis but a ad-man's joke.

But give no thought to ad-man's myth;
Light up your one hundred.
Do not Delay to inhale forthwith;
Too soon our bodies grow putrid.

I care not that life span is reduced;
That breath is of stench.
I tell the world; I've been seduced;
By cigarettes, inch by inch.

But how I love you, Golden Rod;
I'd fight the world for thee.
'Till on that day your coach of smoke;
Will come hellbound, bent, for me.

Don Killian

Sir, I Can't Believe You Asked That!

Yes, girls have egos, too.

They may be hidden under endless chatter,
Electric hair curlers
Bikini bathing suits or
Good behavior in school.
She usually keeps it hidden
For fear some young man or father
Might see it
Doesn't know how to treat it
And goes away leaving her
All alone
Without a date, a male friend
Or feeling unloved.
A girl's ego likes respect for thinking straight
Reading the Wall Street Journal
Doing advanced trig and
Cooking.
A female ego flourishes
When a girl is told
She's pretty
Nice to be with
Interesting to talk to and
Very courageous and strong
As well as a respected companion in sex
When the occasion calls for it.
They swell when treated with openness and honesty.

Sir, I'm glad you asked that!

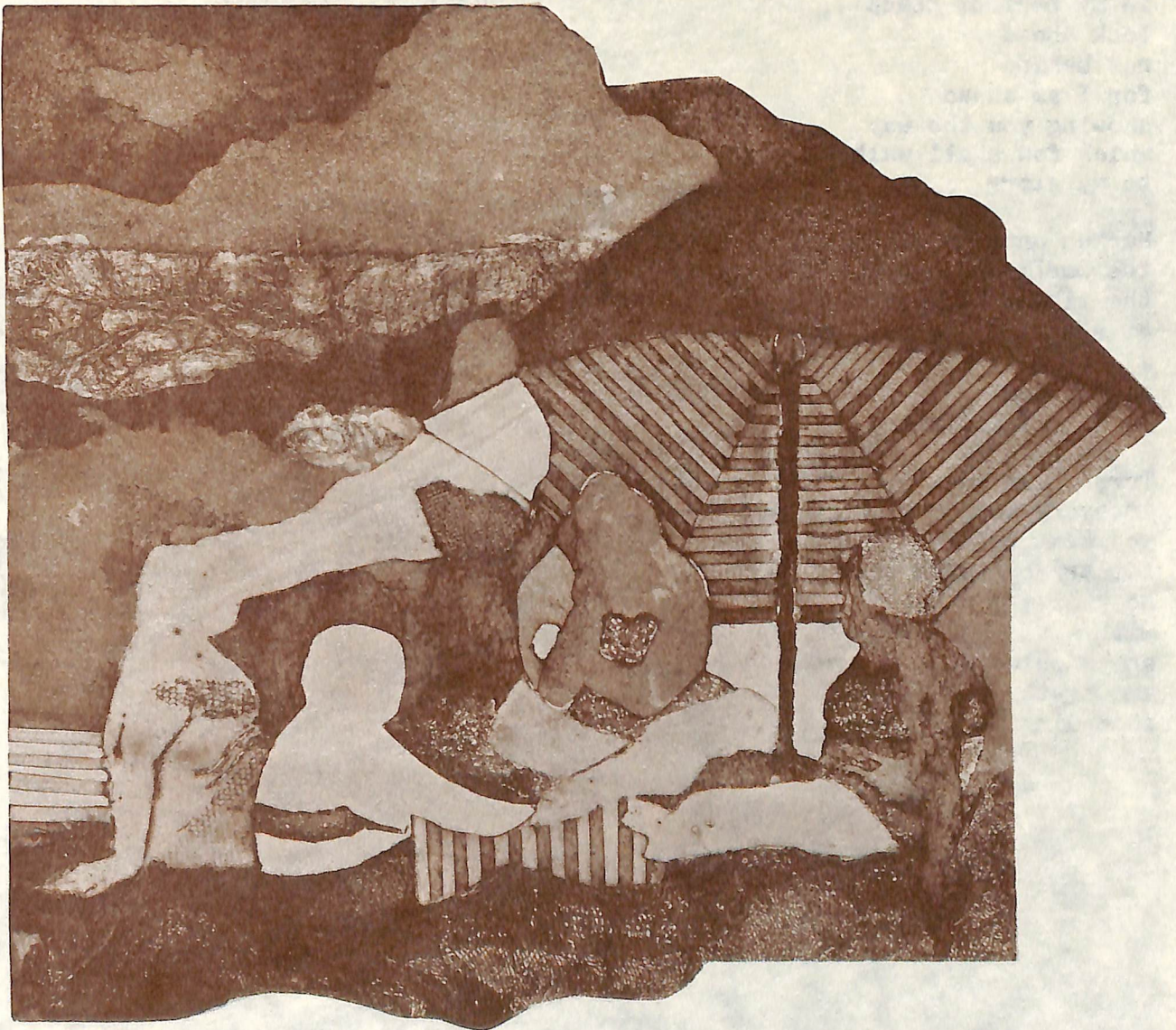
A direct question to a female person
I feel honored
Your interest will surely get
Your male ego boosted in a hurry
Now that you understand
That girls have egos, too.

Helen H. Bryant

The Rain Regiment

The Night's solitude
was intruded upon
by the muted and rhythmic sound
of soldiers
marching in the street.
Dressed in shiny suits
the masses poured onto the highway.
Then tumbling
around each other
they fell into the gully
and were washed away.

Lyne Tarte



Suzanne Wise

I am your God
whom you have loved
forsake all others
coming into my presence
as I command
look for no other
on earth to be your guide
for I am always with you
I am at your right hand
and at your left
I am your God
touch me only
for in so doing
will I be blessed.

I long to love you completely
as I can
When you permit me
to hold every door
and lead every road
for ahead of you
is my perfect peace
look ahead
not behind
for I am ahead
showing you the way
which few shall walk
to my glory

Harken unto my sayings
the world knoweth not
the wisdom therein
give me time to tell you
all that is therein
as you read
so will I explain

Turn to me
in every movement
you make
for as you touch them
so will I touch them
with wisdom
and knowledge
and truth
according to my plan.

My will is in you
My love pours from you--
Overflow!
My Spirit must flow everywhere
over every head
will my love pour through your mouth

Listen to me
I will speak to them
as you listen,
Harken only unto my voice
Clearly will I lead.

Pour out my love everywhere
on all my children--
therefore, know me
your God.

Judith Cole

"Twenty Questions"

Let's play "Twenty Questions"--

Take your turn first if you like.

I'll tell you anything you want to know about me.

I am open with anyone who's curious enough to look inside.

We must play fair though--

if I bare my soul to you,

should you ask me to,

I'll expect the same of you

when my turn comes.

I won't apologize if you squirm at some things I want to know--

you must not either if I cry.

Doretha Cochrane



Jeannie Goforth



Jeannie Goforth



Jeannie Goforth

Dedication

This short essay is the true story of my mother, Maggie Huffman, and her private war against cancer. Many of the most private details have been omitted, but all of the incidents recorded are true.

There are two purposes for writing this account: one is a hope that others in a similar state might gain some measure of help from reading it; two is that after fifty-nine years without recognition, so great a lady should be known to have existed.

So this I dedicate to

Maggie.

Maggie

"There is one chance in two-hundred that we could be wrong,"--the words were still ringing in my ears. The doctor had just said that my mother had cancer. I couldn't believe it--not my mother! I wanted to call him a quack and a lot of other less pleasant things, but somehow I already knew that he was right.

Following her doctor's advice, Mother was taken to the state cancer clinic. Five doctors examined her, making every possible test, but there was no mistake. It was cancer, in the worst way. Naturally the family's first reaction was to keep the truth from her; however, she wanted to know. When she asked the doctor, he told her the truth, with one exception; he told her that she could live for five years, but he had already told us that she could only live one year at best.

At first I wouldn't believe it, and then I became so embittered that I hated the world. I even hated to see the sun come out. In time, I accepted it as did the rest of the family.

Mother came home from the hospital in a couple of weeks, but she was never the same again. She smiled less, and sometimes a tear could be seen sliding silently down her cheek. On those occasions when we did laugh together, her eyes would light up as only a mother's can, full of life and love for her family. The good times began to get farther and farther apart. Sometimes the pain was so severe she could only sit sideways in a chair; any pressure on her lungs served to intensify the pain.

Already the disease had progressed so greatly that cobalt treatments were recommended. These treatments, it was hoped, would slow the disease down and decrease the pain. Treatments on her lungs were started almost at once, but

before they were completed, a tumor on the back of her brain was discovered. Treatments were then done on her head. All of the hair on the front of her head fell out, leaving her a mohawk effect on the back of her head. A type of purple dye was used to paint marks on her forehead and chest so that the treatments could be given in the same place each day. All of this Mother endured with more humility than anyone I have ever seen.

The final straw in making her the broken old woman I was to come to know came one morning when my sister and I had taken her to the hospital for the last treatment. By this time she was permanently blind in one eye and partially blind in the other. With almost all of the hair gone from around her face, the purple marks on her head could be seen vividly.

Somehow in the rush I had lost my sister, so I decided to take Mother into the canteen while I searched for her. As we started through the doors, an intern, who had been having a snack, jumped to his feet and inquired if we were looking for the emergency room. Mother never mentioned that incident or any of the others that had happened, but I believe that she must have realized at that time just how much her appearance had changed. She began closing herself off in her own private little world. We bought her a wig after her treatments were over, and there was always a family member ready to take her anywhere she wanted to go. It was only a short time before she refused to go anywhere. She would sit quietly in her favorite chair, seldom speaking to anyone. As the changing seasons brought colder nights, it became necessary to put her to bed. She wasn't even capable of realizing she needed to sleep under more bedclothes. As winter got underway, she seemed to have trouble sleeping; she refused to even go to bed. She would sit in her chair all night, smoking and drinking coffee.

Being blind in one eye, which she didn't even realize until a neurosurgeon told her, brought on many little accidents. It wasn't uncommon for her to fall when she tried to walk and eventually someone had to lead her through the house. Her thinking had begun to alternate between confusion and rationality.

Early one Sunday morning Mother got up while everyone was asleep. I awoke when I heard her fall. As long as I live those screams of agony will be permanently stored in my mind. By the time the ambulance had arrived, her mind was clear enough for her to realize what was happening. Once again silent tears rolled down her cheeks.

Only a few days before, she had almost begged me to have her put in a rest home if she became helpless, but her worst fear was of going insane. I never promised that I would; I simply tried to reassure her.

After surgery was performed on Mother's hip, she suffered a great deal. In ten days she was home but would never walk again. She was out of her head at least part of the time after going through the emotional trauma of the broken hip and surgery. On one occasion she looked at a picture hanging on the wall and said, "Hand me that frying pan; I want to fry some chicken."

Watching her suffer so much was destroying our family. When she was rational, she would cry so pitifully because she couldn't remember the things she had said and done. She had been home only a few weeks when we noticed that she couldn't use her left hand at all, and before the week was over, her left side was totally paralyzed. She had almost quit eating, and her weight seemed to have almost melted away. The doctor decided to hospitalize her, and we knew that she wouldn't be coming home, at least not alive. As the paralysis progressed, she lost her speech. I wanted to hear her voice just one more time,



Jan Craft

but it was not to be. I would stand beside her bed holding her hand and talking to her, and she would just look at me. Sometimes the tears would roll down her cheeks, but other times I don't think she knew me. Her tears had become her only expression of the private agony she was suffering. It was not so much an agony of pain but of human dignity. At times she would clutch my hand so tightly that I had to almost prise her fingers off before I could leave the room.

A few days after being admitted to the hospital she went into a coma, and her fever soared. Her breathing came in gasps, which got farther and farther apart. Five days after entering the hospital, she was dead. On March 10, 1975, she was buried, just eight months after discovering that she had cancer.

The first pain of parting was almost more than I could bear, but a few days after her death, I looked out of the kitchen window and noticed a forsythia bush which she had planted several years ago. The lovely yellow blossoms seemed to glow with the same radiance that had been Mother's. I remembered her standing there just thirteen months before her death, laughingly getting her picture made. I realized that while she was no longer with me in body, she would be everywhere I went, because she would always be alive in my heart. I will always remember that during her illness she never once asked, "why me?"

To many, she was Maggie, an enigma, to some she was Mama, but to me she was the warmest, most gentle, most courageous person I've ever known. A truly beautiful person--indeed, she was a free and gentle spirit.

Christine Huffman

Was lost to all who knew,
Found later by only a few.
Begun by those who were last,
Found by those who were first.

Lost in a world of emotional seas,
Found in the calm of the healing breeze.
Known only to the simple mind,
Made great by facsimiles of Einstein.

What was lost, and found, and seemed,
My friend, was only a dream.

Roger Lindsay



Jan Craft

When Children Join Hands

When children join hands, a friendship is born without prejudice-
A blind faith in each other based on equality, unity, love,
And happiness.

When children join hands, an emotion erupts from within-
An emotion less noticeable to the eye of an adult matured
Into bigotry and hypocrisy.

When children join hands to play-to play? What value is there in
Children playing? What is there to be learned in the romping-
Stomping-shouting of children?

"Look mommie!!" "Look daddy!!!"

"Watch me!"

"Watch me!"

"Watch me!"

"Watch me!"

When children join hands to form a circle, all eyes forward-
Toward the center-left they trot-right they swing-back they
Move a never-ending spiral - an ever beginning sphere of laughter
That always is, always was - but never will be - permanent,
What happened to the children? They have grown up into the vastness
of maturity. The darkness of adulthood - the eternity of responsibility.
Never again - joining hands.

When children join hands, a love is born to destruction. Children
Laughing is the first stage of human sorrow. Where are all the
Children - laughing? Where are all the children - joining hands?
Where are all the children ?

The children are there; we no longer see we can only forget that
We-too grew from the enchanted world of children from the
Wonderful, happy years ago

When children join hands.

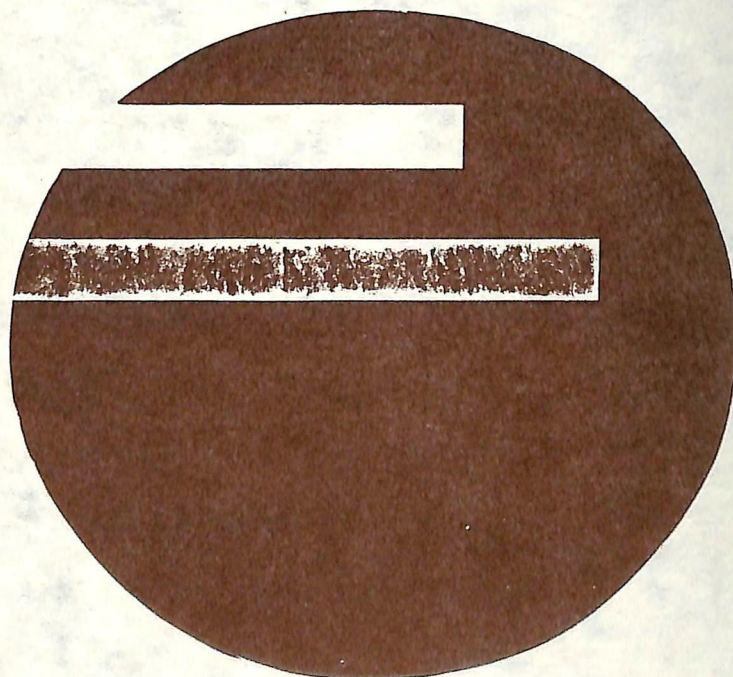
When children join hands.

When children join hands.

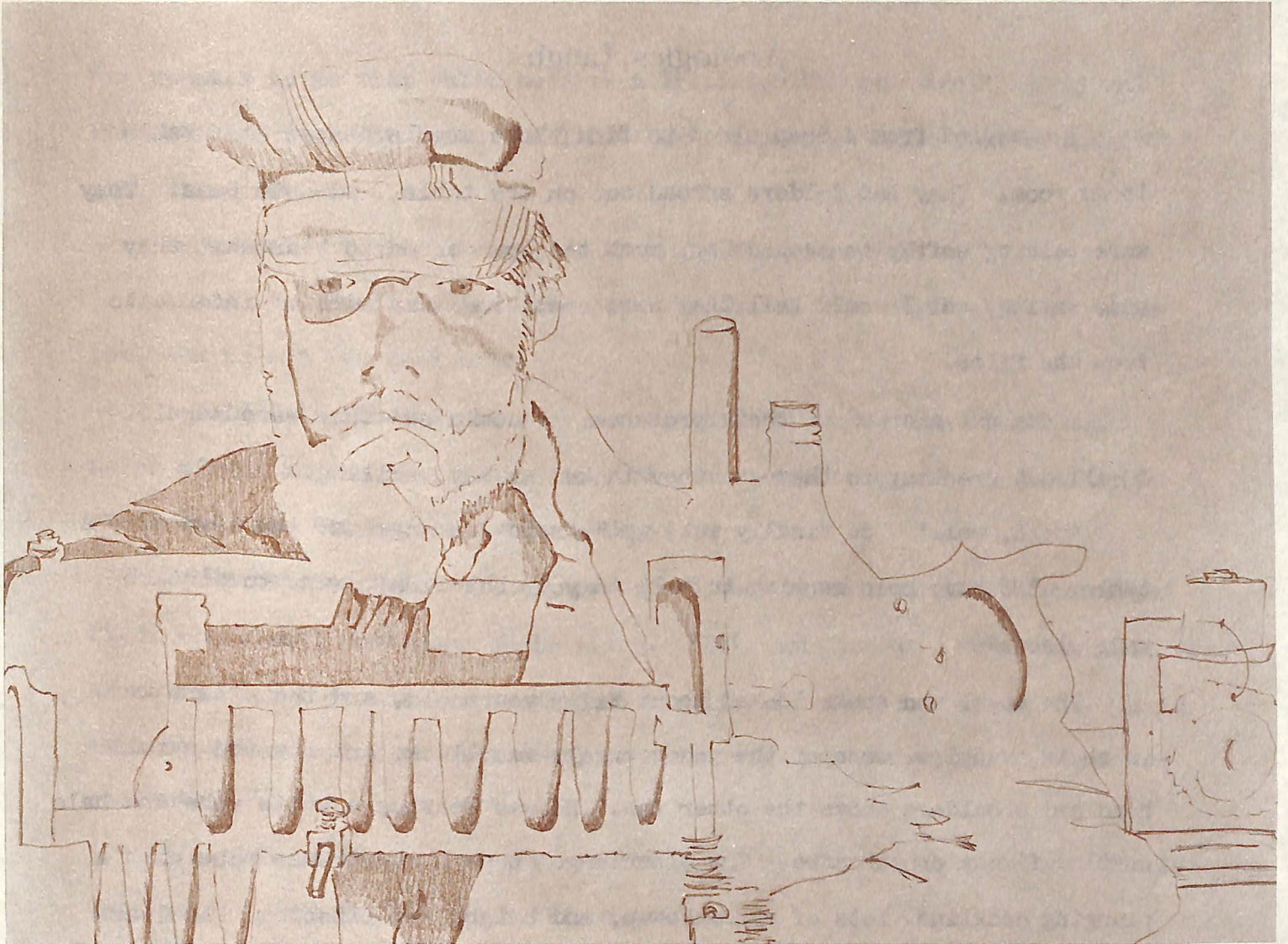
Together-

UNITED.

Steve Edward Revis



Robin Haynes



Jan Craft

Will I Ever Be Free

I was first introduced in my native land
For my transgressions I tilled the land
Later introduced to the lands abroad,
Then exchanged for ivory and gold.
The interest was great, and I became known.
To foreign countries called my new home.
Brought to America on boats and ships
Treated like animals, beaten with whips
I tilled the land on hands and knees
Removing all rocks and alien weeds.
I longed to be free as a bird in the sky
Looking for a place to live and to die.
My children I hoped, would have it better than I
Able to walk, talk, and never have to lie.
I still exist in the land across the sea
In some of my children who proclaim to be free.

Clinton Feemster

Apologies, Leigh

I awakened from a deep sleep to find three angels seated at a table in my room. They had folders spread out on the table, and note pads. They were talking softly to each other, much too low for me to hear what they were saying, but I could tell they were compiling some sort of information from the files.

I was not alarmed at their presence; I could see they were angels. I called a greeting to them and they looked my way, smiling.

"Well, well! You finally woke up!" said the angel at the head of the table. "We have been wanting to talk to you, but didn't want to disturb your sleep."

The angel who spoke looked about fifty years old, and the others were in their twenties. One of the young angels was black, and towered a full head and shoulders above the other two. He was wearing a white robe and halo nestled firmly on his afro. The other angel wore a chartreuse robe with a plunging neckline, lots of eye make-up, and bright red lipstick. As I approached the table, I noticed the fragrance of Wind Song.

When I sat down at the table I noticed a monogram, HAIC, on the older angel's robe. I asked him how he pronounced his name, and he said the letters indicated a title, not his name.

"My name is Elroy," he said, "and my assistants are Bubba," nodding toward the black angel, "and Julio," nodding toward the other. "We are a committee to examine colleges which may want to transfer credits to Heaven. Gaston is a young college and we have had no transfers yet, but we want to be ready when they start trinkling in."

Bubba explained that I was under hypnosis, that I could not lie to them, or even avoid a question for that matter. "Your thoughts will become spoken words," he told me.

I became keenly aware of their power over me when I heard myself say,

"it appears to me that Julio here is a little on the gay side." Elroy and Bubba howled with laughter, and I blushed profusely. Julio stomped his foot and turned his back.

Bubba said, "Julio, honey, do know what 'gay' means?"

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" Julio said angrily, "and I know what 'red neck' means too, and he's a red neck bitch!"

I told Julio that I was very sorry, that left to my own will I would never offend anyone, and that a person's private life should not be a matter of concern for Heaven or Gaston College.

Bubba related that as they approached they heard a burst of machine gun fire, and almost postponed their visit. "It's not that we feared for ourselves," he said, "but a decade ago we adopted a policy to avoid any school the little darlings were trying to burn down, or where the Army was trying to shoot the students."

I explained that it wasn't machine gun fire they heard, or even a gun for that matter, but Mr. Whippo having a good laugh.

By now Julio was calm. He opened a large grey book and motioned me over to look at it. In the book were the names of all the faculty. I noticed he had penciled in my remarks about Mr. Whippo, on a page with his name at the top.

"Since we started in the Science Building, we may as well continue here," he said. "What happened to Mr. Farrell? We have reports he is witty and well liked, and now he isn't here."

"We're hoping they put him on work release so he can come back," I said, "The Humane Society had him incarcerated for tying knots in the Biology Department's pet boa constrictor. He got mad when it swallowed his guitar."

"What about Joyce Fowler?" asked Elroy, "Why isn't she here?"

"She's still here," I said, "but not full time.....You see, Ms. Fowler steadily increased her track exercise so that she leaves Gastonia every Monday

morning and runs through Bessener City, Kings Mountain, Shelby, Forest City, Rutherfordton, Chesnee, Spartanburg, Greenville, Columbia, Rock Hill, York, Clover, and back up Highway 321 to the college just in time to teach one section of Health on Thursday night."

They wanted to know about Camelia Suddreth. "She's sharp," I said, "and dedicated to her work. She puts jeans on and goes into the woods to work on the nature trail."

"We have reports," said Elroy, "that when she wears a short dress and walks about the campus, even the concrete walks become nature trails."

They had information that Mr. Duarte had left Gaston and I told them this was inaccurate. "We expect him back pretty soon," I said. "His class was working in the lab the other day and a pretty girl in a very short dress came in a little late and sat down. We don't know what El Professor's mind was on, but his finger was on the 'start' button, and his moustache got caught in the tape player. We feel sure he will return when it grows out a little more."

Julio asked me if I knew why Mr. Killian spent so much time at the Sunset Drive-in Theater. "For God's sake!" I exclaimed, "the man is doing a sociology study on the ages of people who watch skin flicks, and you try to make something dirty out of it!" Julio said he didn't mean to imply anything like that at all, but it was interesting that Professor Killian had been working on the project a little over eight years now.

Bubba asked me if I was aware that Gaston is fortunate to have a concentration of wit and intellect in the History department. "Yes," I replied, "I respect Mr. Blanton and Dr. Stockstill very much."

"We are a little concerned, however," said Julio, "about reports that Dr. Stockstill is undernourished and Mr. Blanton uses nasty words in his lectures."

"There is no reason for concern," I said, "Dr. Stockstill isn't that way



Leslie Davis

from immoral living; he is just plain overworked. We've started force feeding him Hoover gravy between classes and his weight is now up to 87 pounds." I told them they shouldn't worry about Mr. Blanton's purple phrases either. "When he says something like 'haul-ass' he does so with charm and dignity so that is balances out."

Julio said, "It's a shame nobody here knows about the world record soon to be broken by one of the faculty."

"What record?" I asked.

"In 1969, Lyndon Johnson took the record from Saul of Tarsus for shaking the most hands," he said, "and in just 227 more handshakes, Dr. Joe Mills will surpass your late president."

When they opened the grey book to a section titled, ENGLISH DEPARTMENT, I knew it was useless to try to lie.

"Who is the chairperson of the English Department?" asked Bubba.

"Mr. Beam is the chairman," I said, "and we think he will return to that status soon."

"What makes you think so?" he asked.

"In the first place, I don't think a scholar like that can stay away from education very long, and in the second place I'm not sure the world is ready for another chain of chicken restaurants," I answered.

"What about Claude Davis?" asked Julio. "Will he be back?"

"Sure," I replied, "he is recuperating from a suicide attempt. His favorite speech student said 'druther' for 'rather' and Mr. Davis put a gun to his head and tried to blow his brains out with six shots from .357 magnum."

They wanted to know if Kay Roberson really wanted to do away with all punctuation marks. "Only exclamation marks," I said, "since people aren't surprised at anything anymore."

"How long has Mr. Williams been gone?" asked Bubba.

"About a year," I replied. "He wanted off long enough to write of his wife's fantastic beauty, and so far he has finished only her left arm."

"When will Sam Phillips be back?" asked Julio.

"We hope real soon," I answered, "he's up for parole."

"Is it such a bad crime," he asked, "making a fortune selling used report covers?"

"Only when it isn't reported to Internal Revenue," I answered.

"We understand Larry Gallant cleared himself with the authorities," said Elroy, "Why isn't he here?"

"He did," I replied, "and also with the fathers and the husbands and the boyfriends of all the young ladies involved. All he has to do now is clear himself with his lovely wife and he probably can return."

"Exactly what happened anyway?" Julio asked.

"Well," I said, "Mr. Gallant was doing his dissertation on female sexuality and concluded that sexual behavior could be determined by the shape of a woman's navel. He believed that girls with inverted navels, or 'imnies' as he called them, were aggressive and responsive, and girls with protruding navels, or 'outties' were shy and unresponsive. He wanted to back up his theory with statistics, but rejected the usual written survey. He insisted on a visual inspection, and made all the female students line up in the student center and expose their belly buttons. He almost finished before the police arrived."

I asked them if they were going to review all the faculty, and they replied that they were only interested in a cross section and it wouldn't be necessary to check them all.

"Speaking of a cross section," said Elroy, "you can't imagine how inspiring it is to look from Heaven, out across the Solar System."

I told him he would probably enjoy watching Fran Emory sharpen a pencil also.

Julio said they thought they saw Little Orphan Annie walking around the campus and I explained that it was Richard Drye.

Bubba said the only other instructor they wanted to discuss was Steve Bostian.

"Do you mean to say you aren't interested in our Math Department?" I asked. "We have some of the finest instructors in the world here. Dr. Hartung, Mr. Leong, Mr. Galanti and Mr. Reavis are even good at modern math."

"We did notice one thing about Dr. Hartung," he said, "in his lectures he keeps saying, 'I wonder what will happen if we do so-and-so,' when he knows damn well what will happen. To tell the truth though, there isn't a math department in Heaven."

Elroy asked me if I knew why the leaves on the trees in the People's Park blushed a little more than others. I replied that I was surprised Heaven would be interested in such things.

I asked them a question for a change. "Why are there no female angels on your committee?"

"Because there is no such thing as a female angel," Bubba replied. "If you don't believe it ask Dr. Allred, or read Milton's Paradise Lost, or Mark Twain's Letters from the Earth."

"We have no trouble with women's lib," said Elroy, "but some of the schools we visit sure do. One school in Southern California had to install stand-up urinals in all the ladies' restrooms, and sanitary napkin dispensers in all the mens' restrooms."

I related that we were forced to hire a female security officer. "She showed up for work the first day with a pair of thirty-eights hanging a little low," I said, "and she was also wearing a gun."

Julio said they were surprised to find separate restrooms here.

"Do you think men and women should use the same restrooms?" I asked.

"No! No! I'm not talking about that," he said, "I was speaking of the separate toilets for faculty and students. It seems to me the money for extra toilets could be well used for educational purposes."

"That's absurd!" I said, "who could expect a college professor to relieve himself in a student restroom, with all that foul fumes and vapor?"

Bubba said, "Tell me something, man, do people here at Gaston think black is beautiful?" "Lord yes!" I replied.

"The what about all this crap written on the walls in the crappers?" he said. "Why don't people sign what they write?"

"Beats me Bubba." I answered.

"Were you surprised to see a black angel?" he asked.

"Not at all," I answered . "We have one here at Gaston; a little short dude who stands mighty tall."

Julio said, "Let's get back to Steve Bostian. Was he fired?"

"Not fired," I said, "Suspended would be a more accurate term. We feel sure he will be allowed to return before long."

"Why don't you tell us what happened?" Elroy said.

"I'll do my best," I said, but I must start at the beginning....."

One of our VA students unknowingly attended classes two weeks after his eligibility for financial assistance ran out, and naturally he was mad. He decided to blow the classroom building up . He made a bomb and placed it in the faculty lounge, where it was promptly discovered.

The bomb appeared to be six cylinders, about the size of propane refills, taped together. They were wired to a Timex watch and some flashlight batteries.

News of the bomb flashed across the campus and thousands of students and faculty gathered on the parking lot behind the classroom building.

About this time Mr. Bostian drove up and parked his car behind the Library. He knew nothing about the bomb and started walking casually toward the classroom building. The crowd thought he knew about the bomb and was going in to bring it out.

"Oh! God!" someone yelled. "Ain't he wonderful!"

Mr. Bostian waved and smiled at them. The crowd went wild and started cheering and hollering and applauding.

"Hooray!" "Our hero!" "God bless you honey!"

He still didn't know what was going on, but he sure was enjoying it. He *stopped in front of the crowd and grinned real big*, so that his teeth looked like two rows of chiclets, then he did a couple of Elvis type bumps and grinds, which didn't go over too good.....Then he raised both hands as high as he could and made 'V' signs with his fingers, and Helen Marvin ran over and angrily kicked him on the shin.

"Get the bomb out Stevie!" someone yelled, "save our school!"

"Bomb?.....What Bomb?" Steve asked.

A man who later said his name was Bungardner walked up to Steve and said, "You've done it now, Simple.....There is a bomb in there and these people think you're gonna go in and get it."

Big tears formed in Steve's eyes and his lower lip trembled, but with halting steps he walked into the building. In a few seconds he came out of the building like greased lightning, with the bomb under his arm, and headed for the dumpster near the Library.

"Look at Stevie go!" someone yelled, "he sure is a hero alright!"

When he was just a few feet from the dumpster the strangest thing happened. Steve stopped short and looked at the bomb and started laughing.

Bungardner was standing nearby and said, "Throw the damn thing in stupid!"

Steve started laughing hysterically, and turned toward the Administration Building, running and stumbling. Bungardner fainted. When Steve got near the building he started yelling, "Dr. Sugg!.....Dr. Sugg!.....Woodie Baby!..... I got something I want to share with you honey!....."

Just as Mr. Bostian ran into Dr. Sugg's office, the guarantee ran out on the Timex and the bomb failed to explode. The Army sent a bomb disposal squad up from the recruiting office downtown to disarm the bomb. The cylinders contained compressed air from Mount Holly.

"We must leave soon," Elroy said, "we have been here long enough. Our work is complete and we thank you so much for your help."

As they prepared to leave, I noticed a large book lying on the table. It was covered with burnished silver.

"What is in this book?" I asked Julio.

"That is The Book of Silver." He said.

"What does it contain?" I asked again.

"The Book of Silver contains a list of schools we think could benefit by transferring credits to Heaven," he said.

"And is Gaston College listed in The Book of Silver?" I asked.

"No." Julio answered softly.

I was stunned. I felt a chill sweep over my body, and I closed my eyes to keep away tears. A lump was in my throat when I started to speak again. "Then will you please write somewhere that Gaston College is not so much concerned with a treasure hunt, as with developing human potential and the opportunity we have to share with others the knowledge God has allowed us to acquire." I turned to walk away, and Elroy called to me.

"Will you please come back a minute?"

I faced them again, unable now to hide the tears. Bubba put his hand on my shoulder.

"We have another book, baby, he said. "We call it The Book of Gold, and we love it very much. It's much smaller than The Book of Silver, and in it we list the names of schools we think will enrich Heaven."

Elroy spoke then. "And on this day, leading all others, we have written the name, GASTON COLLEGE.....

Finis

Bob Scoggins

Books are like people!!
Did you ever think that?
Some are skinny and some are fat!!

The father's name is author
and the mother is Pub.
Why I even knew one that belonged to a club.

Each has a birthday, a number, a name
and just as we are hard to understand
at times, they are the same!

Some go to work, to college or just drop out.
Some are intellectual or patriotic.
Others just shout!

There are some with brown skin or black
or white or red.
And did you know? There are some we
take to bed.

Books have a nationality, a desire or an intent.
Some live but short lives while others
grow old and become bent.

Books don't need people to be what they are.
But without books we are a much less
Person by far.

Charles Setzer

Today

I went out today and counted the flowers.
I heard the refrain of the wind in the trees.
I saw a gentle bird that wished to roar like a lion.
I saw a sky crying for sunshine.
I saw an eagle that wished to soar over
Mountain peaks no more.
I saw mice scramble in the fields.
I saw a dying man without a prayer
Who had not lived until yesterday.
And I grieved for him,
For mankind, and for myself.

Rita L. Pasour

"Thunder"

Words and music by
Richard A. Drye, Jr.



1) THUNDER WE CAME INTO THIS WORLD WITHOUT A SIGH
2) SUDDEN LIGHT SHIFTING IN THE WEIGHT OF OUR EYES



1) DOWN IN THE VALLEY WHERE THE PEOPLE NEVER CRY
2) HEAVY DROWN THE DAGGER AS IT PIERCES THE SKY



1) THEN WE SANG A SONG UPON A SHIP THAT NEVER SAILED
2) THUNDER WE MARCH A SINGLE FILE A SINGLE LINE



1) HOPING WE'D MAKE IT KNOWING THAT WE COULD NOT FAIL
2) GOING THERE TO SING OUR SONGS ONE MORE TIME



CHORUS: WE ARE FIRE, WE ARE PAIN, WE'RE THE THUNDER AND THE RAIN



BRIDGE: ALL AND ALL WE SANG OUR SONG, UNTIL THE DARKNESS CAME



KNOWING THAT IT CHANGED US, KNOWING WE'RE THE SAME



ALL AND ALL WE UNDERSTOOD IT'S HOW YOU PLAY THE GAME.

Re: Copyright File

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FROM THE ALBUM "Southpaw"



Roger Stephens

Red Letter Day

50,000 Americans died in Viet-Nam—

"Martha pass me the coffee please."

5,000 Tons of bone and flesh —

"Would you like more toast dear?"

155,000 pounds of brain matter —

"No, but I would like a sweetroll."

62,500 gallons of blood —

"I'm glad today is a holiday."

2,250,000 years that will never be lived —

"It felt good to sleep in for a change."

125,000 children that will never be born —

"Why don't we go to the beach today George?"

300,000 wounded or disabled —

"Maybe we could drive up to see Mother."

X number of legs, arms, faces and penises —

"Lets stay home Martha, you know how

rough this Memorial Day traffic is."

Ron McCarthy

Contributors

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Helen H. Bryant

Sammy Clark

Doretha Cochrane

Judith Cole

Jan Craft

Ken Davis

Leslie Davis

Richard Drye

Clinton Feemster

Jeannie Goforth

Robin Haynes

Christine Huffman

Trina Lail

Diane Lamb

Roger Lindsay

Kenny Long

Don Killian

Ron McCarthy

Don Oates

Rita Pasour

Carol Reinhardt

Steve Edward Revis

Bob Scoggins

Mattie Scoggins

Charles Setzer

Roger Stephens

Lyne Tarte

Suzanne Wise

