Scripta: A Collection of Papers written by Advanced Composition Students

L. Harris Chewning
Wofford College

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Scripta

A COLLECTION OF PAPERS
WRITTEN BY
Advanced Composition Students
WOFFORD COLLEGE
TERIM - JANUARY, 1968
To Dr. Harris Chewning
for his patience, courtesy,
and inspirational guidance.

This text was set in
Linotype Fairfield
by
Charles P. Smith, Jr., ’70

Printed in
Green, South Carolina,
by Charles P. Smith, Jr., ’70
1968
Foreword

by HARRIS CHEWING, Professor of English

During January, 1968, the first Interim period of Wofford College’s new 4-1-4 calendar, a number of unconventional, experimental activities were going on. Among these was Project No. 17—Advanced Composition—whose purpose was to give its participants extensive practice, under supervision, in various kinds of writing.

The seven students enrolled in this project used my office, Main 221, as their headquarters. There they met each morning, five days a week, for a writing laboratory. These sessions were quite informal, with a big work table to sit around, a pile of dictionaries for quick reference, and a small side table with equipment for making tea and coffee on cold winter days.

During the morning sessions I made assignments, and we discussed problems of style, organization, and development. The students decided on specific topics, worked out outlines and other plans, and started work on papers that usually were finished elsewhere and brought to class next day. Each student wrote twenty-two papers of various lengths and types, besides keeping a journal. All of these papers were read and criticized by me, but not graded. Though each was revised to correct errors of form and make other improvements, emphasis was mainly on content.

In making assignments I was guided by the traditional four forms of discourse—exposition, description, narration, and argumentation—and required the students to write several types of papers in each of the four general categories.

Project No. 17 was not intended to be a creative-writing course. But a number of the assignments offered opportunities for imaginative and artistic treatment, and the creativity with which the students often wrote demonstrated that there is no sharp line between well-done informative writing and creative writing.

About a week after the Interim began, one of the students, Charles Smith, whose father is owner and manager of the Charles P. Smith Printing Company in Greer, South Carolina, offered to print a collection of some of the best papers produced by the students in Project
The Oldtimer

(A Descriptive Sketch)

by Art Fowler, ’68

The rickety, slat-seat chair crept under the weight of the old man as he shifted his body, seeking a more comfortable position. The chair was tilted back on its hind legs, its back resting against an oak column.

The occupant of the chair turned his weather-beaten face in one direction. It was as wrinkled as the bark of a tree and partially hidden by a stubble of white beard. Stained around his mouth and down the sides of his chin by tobacco juice. His nose and cheeks were a bit redder than the rest of his round face. The eyes, unlike the rest of the old man, were still bright and bold. He seemed to glow as I passed him. As he turned his head back to the front, I could see that his grey-white hair was shabby and hanging over his ears.

The back of his right hand came up to his mouth to wipe away some tobacco juice. The hand was as wrinkled as his face. It seemed to emphasize his many years of hard labor. The tip of his index finger was shorter than normal, and it lacked a finger nail. Probably an accident.

The oldtimer’s clothes were of the kind commonly seen in this neck of the woods. He wore a woollen plaid shirt with the sleeves rolled up to his forearms, with his dirty-white long-handled shaving brush. His faded blue overalls covered his hourglass-shaped belly; they were unbuttoned along the sides, where again his dirty-white long-handled urging could be noticed.

Suddenly, a long brown stream of tobacco juice cut my vision as it leaped from his mouth and shot into the sober through the open ash door at the base of the wood stove upon which it had placed his feet. The old man’s hands were scuffed and scarred, and the sole was torn thin by many miles of following a smoke along a furrow. The overall were frayed from long use, and they followed the rest of his appearance.

For some reason this man’s shabby, unkempt appearance seemed to be of no concern to him; for as I was leaving I overheard him say, "I always like to get shod of my money as soon as I get it, 'cause then there ain’t nobody to bother me ‘bout it." He seemed very unconcerned about his physical well-being. Just give the oldtimer a chew of tobacco, and he will be happy.
Useless?

by RICK HEPFNER, '69

Hunting is a sport in which man purposely pits his own cunning against that of a wild animal. It sometimes requires his ability to control his environment, and often it requires him with the fraternization which his environment will offer him. I have gone hunting many times during which I didn't kill anything, but always I was taken by hunting gone. On the worst hunt I've ever been on, however, I did get something.

Off the coast of South Carolina near Beaufort, there is an island which abounds with goats. The man who owns the island doesn't know how they got there. He does know, however, that every year some of the goats on the island must be killed or eventually all of them would starve. One year he invited my father and some other men down to help him kill the goats. I went along.

It was late fall, as I remember, and the boat ride to the island was cold. We were all using boats and arrows to make the situation more sporting, although the goats were quite wild and would run from man.

The owner of the island said that there was an overabundance of male goats on the island and asked us to kill only rams.

We unloaded the boat at the bottom of a small bank, and in the time I had gotten to the top of the bank one man had already shot the first goat. My father and I walked down toward the end of the island, but by now the goats had gotten over their initial surprise, and it was difficult to get close enough for a good shot.

At the end of the island a small group of goats chased us easily, for there was no cover there. It was there that I saw the goat I wanted. He was short, but very muscular, and his horns did almost two complete turns. He must have been of a rare strain, for his hair hung down his sides, making him look more like a yak than a goat.

My father went along with the rest of the men then, but I followed the shaggy goat. He would stay just far enough ahead of me to make a very poor target. It was fascinating to watch the way he took command of his little entourage of female goats and shaggy kids—wherever I went, he went.

They worked their way down the southern side of the island, to the open, with me following their trail. They were feeding on the grass which grew between the woods on the right and the sand on the left. They had taken a particularly long run away from me when the moment I feared came. They plunged into the woods. By the time I got to the spot where they had entered, I couldn't be sure that I had the right area, and the goats were nowhere to be seen.

I decided that I would make a half-hearted attempt to find them again. So I started into the woods in the direction that I thought they would probably have taken. I wandered around in them for several hours. I took occasional pot shots at goats, always missing. I was more interested in just watching the goats move around and exploring the island.

Once I spotted myself between two trees, hoping that a herd would come by. Goats move about very slowly, however, and are more interested in eating than in moving around. Either that or they just sensed me and didn't come near.

Then I began wondering if the others were having the same luck that I was having. So I went back to where the boat was anchored. There were several dead female goats lying around. They had been shot to eat. Apparently the other hunters had done well. This made me more determined than ever to kill a goat. So back I went into the woods.

A few minutes later I burst into a clearing. One stood in the field filled with goats, and the area was empty. All that remained was a half-shaggy kid and I. The kid was about two feet high and he looked at me and bared several times. He was so small and so shaggy I believed I could have stepped on him, but I was after bigger game.

I found bigger game, too, for a few minutes later I saw the shaggy goat. This time I took no chances. I slowly moved closer and closer. Then I sensed and fired. Shaggy heard and took off, but my arrows were in him. It slowed him down so that I was able to keep up with him. Finally, he stopped in a clearing. He seemed to be resisting. I drew back the arrow and let fly. He ran down. I ran up and shot him several times more.

Then came the bad part. I pulled my arrows out of Shaggy and stood there wondering what to do next. You can't eat male goats. It was time to go back to the boat and I couldn't take the goat I had killed. Shaggy had died for nothing except the benefit of other goats. It had all been too easy. Suddenly, I stood there, a boy of fourteen, having just killed a goat, that other goats might live. Everything was undeniably real, frightening, and somehow unfair.
Traffic Court

By Ben Smith, 70

The framework of the United States legal system consists of several types of courts, differing in purpose and function. In the lower echelon of this legal system is that division known as the municipal traffic court. This court is bound to uphold the state and municipal vehicle laws for the area in which it has jurisdiction.

The purpose of a traffic court is to punish or otherwise correct those persons guilty of moving violations, in the interest of public safety. The court interprets the laws set up for the protection of the general public, and persons found guilty of a violation are fined or sentenced by a judge representing the will of the people.

When a person is given a ticket by a police officer, he is served notice of the date he must appear in court and of the particulars charged against him. Prior to the date of the trial, the solicitor makes the formal charges in writing and the person's name is placed on the dockets (list of cases to be tried).

The party appears in court at the time designated and remains until his case is called. Failure to appear, except in case of extreme circumstances, will result in arrest. When the case comes up, the defendant rises at his seat and states his plea. If he pleads "not guilty," he is directed to be seated and wait until all those waiting to plead "guilty" have been tried. In the event that he has reserved his plea, he is directed to stand before the judge and hear the charges and his previous record read in the court by the clerk. Any necessary evidence is given by the solicitor or the arresting officer, considered an expert witness. The decision is entirely in the hands of the judge, as juries are used only in the case of a violation considered a felony, such as manslaughter with an automobile. The judge bases his decision on the seriousness of the offense and the nature of the defendant's record. A fine or a sentence may be imposed.

If the defendant pleads guilty, he is allowed legal counsel or he can defend his own case. His sworn testimony and that of any witnesses he may have cannot be repeated. The arresting officer and witnesses for the prosecution relate information pertinent to the case for the

The solicitor prosecutes the case, and either he or the defendant or the defendant's attorney may ask questions of any witness.

The judge considers the testimony and decides either to uphold the charges as read or to dismiss the case. Any reasonable doubt in the mind of the judge as to the defendant's absolute guilt is cause for dismissal. If the defendant is found guilty, the judge directs him to pay a fine and the costs of court, or gives him a suspension of his driving privileges, or both.

The person then pays the fine and is released, or he begins his sentence in the event that one is imposed.

Snow Scenes of 1968

(A Description Sketch)

by George Brown, 70

Taking advantage of the first snowfall of the year, I went out with some friends and a dog to scout around the slopes around Spartanburg. The frozen rain under the snow made driving hazardous, but we got around fairly well with the aid of some snowshoes.

Soon we were able to find a suitable slope on a hilly street in Ferndale. We eagerly piled out of our Volkswagen, anticipating the fun-filled rides ahead. Little time was lost in getting our sleds united from the car and starting our trek up the summit of our slope. Walking up the snow with our sleds dragging behind us, we undoubtedly resembled Alpine mountain climbers preparing to conquer a great mountain. Our bright plaid scarfs added color to the scene as they flapped in the wind. Our high-topped boots gave us wonderful traction on the slippery slope as we made our climb. Looking about the group, one could see all colors and types of pants under the heavy overcoats and jackets. One girl had worn a pair of red wool stockings with a brown car
The Swift Descent
Into Love

by Thos. Mahanman, 21

He sat in the wicker chair, legs stretched, eyes half shut. The sun shone through the open screen at the side of his porch and cast shadows on the checkered linoleum. The summer had been fairly mild so far, but now the heat increased as the days passed and wore becoming intolerable. Slowly, he took the cool slipper which he had been sitting at his elbow and slipped the content. He replaced it on the table and gazed through the screen into the yard, wondering what would happen next.

Life had just dragged by, pushing him up and setting him flaring again whenever it fancied. College had left him cold—a bunch of smelly eggheads singing conventional beyond description. The men had been just the opposite—twelve machines who thought of nothing but.business and business. After the army, he had gone back home and tried to get a job. That was when he met Simon—when he were apartment-hunting and had to double-up with him. They hadn't gotten along at first, at least until they found out that they both wore read chess players. Simon got him a job at the tailor shop he ran; it was a good job, paid very well, and the hours weren't long. He had been lucky this time; he was happy.

But as he sat there, he wondered what would happen next. Time passes too quickly, he had noticed before, and he remembered the fact now. He let his eyes range over the expanse of trees at the base of the hill on his right and then over the grassy lawn in front of him. A planter of ivy hung from the ceiling, and comfortably cushioned lounge chairs awaited heart-burdened guests who never came. He had long-desired friends, those, to come in this house; acquired after he had earned and saved for two years at Simon's tailor shop, but only Simon ever came. It was all rather a waste, having only one visitor, and he was a few. After work he would wander through the house, wondering what they would be like filled with people; but a car passing on the street outside would distract him, and he would remember that he was hungry. He would look out his kitchen window and see the sun now the evening sky a burnt shade of orange. And even when the sun had gone down and the lamps were lighted, he could feel the burning dust under his collar and the sun burn under his clothing. He had never liked television or radio, so his evenings were occupied with polishing the novel he had barely started or reading the newspaper that the neighbor's dog had torn to shreds. He would bathe and then slip between ood sheets until morning brought the host again. He was lucky, though, he was alone and happy.

He finished his drink, wiped the ring off the table, and set the glass down again. "Orphans just never get the right training in household know-how and everything," Mother Superior had told Sister Ann one time, and he remembered them now: but who cared if glasses made rings on the table?—it was his table. He heard that the ivy needed watering, and the porch needed to be swept, but that could wait. Manana—tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow...

The phone rang somewhere, far-off, distantly. He awoke with a start, sleep again. He was getting lazy, and laziness was beginning to obliterate the distinct outline his once-hard muscles had created. And at only twenty-seven. The phone rang again insistently, it must be answered.

"Hello?"

"This is Simon. What are you going to be doing tomorrow afternoon after work?"
"I don't know, why?"

"Well, some of my friends are having a party at the beach. And they asked me to bring a guest. There'll be some girls. How about it?"

"I don't know, Simon."

"You're not doing anything, are you?"

"No, but I haven't seen anyone there."

"You don't need it. Come on, give me an answer."

"Well, all right, I guess. You say you're going?"

"Yeah. See you at work. He hugged up."

Why had he said yes? He really didn't want to go. He would have to get fixed up just to meet some people he would never see again. But it was something to do. Why not?

The day passed quietly and slowly enough. Simon was rather excited about the activities; he was a little apprehensive. Quoting time, and went home to change. Simon was waiting for him at five, a half-hour before the beach. But it happened so quickly, and he was there before he was aware of much. Swimming... the late afternoon sun... a blonde who had attached herself to him... They took the few lobsters and plunged them into the boiling water. "Oh, doesn't it hurt them?" she had cried out in pity. She looked up at him, searching his eyes desperately for an answer. He turned his head when he saw her wet eyes. She wouldn't eat, but stayed in his arm, looking into the water several feet away. He didn't eat either, and he didn't know why. It must be some kind of game, he thought, "I don't even know her.

The rest wandered off as dark shadows to make love. But she just sat and watched the fire die, and the water flow and made. It was enough, neither wanted or needed more.

The night resolved into day, into work, into time. He washed the toy and swept the porch in the morning before work. He had no time for breakfast. The shop had been quiet before, and today was not an exception. But she, the blonde, knocked on the door as he and Simon were closing up.

"How did you find me?"

"Simon told me you were his partner. So here I am."

He was surprised and pleased at her trouble to find him and to visit him like this. But why him? "Does it matter? Why, you always ask. Don't ask me why," she said. So they had dinner together, but neither ordered lobster. He invited her to his house; might as well give the neighbors something to talk about.

She exclaimed at how neat and clean everything appeared. Didn't look at all like her place on the east side of town, but then, even on the west side didn't look like the east side, she chuckled, then inward.

They sat on his porch until dark, drinking cool drinks. Afterwards they went inside. He read her the first chapters of his last novel. They were a long silence; they looked first at each other, and then each past the other. "Well, how did you like it? Did you understand it?"

"I didn't understand it, but I liked it," she said.

"Oh, hell! How can you like it if you don't understand it?" He threw the pages on the floor and watched the pages wrinkle.

"Well, I don't understand you, but that doesn't mean I don't like you."

He was quiet as he felt the heat leave the room, as he saw the houses through his window dissolve, as he heard the wind thrum on the porch tinkle away in the distance.

He drove through the rain after he had taken her home. He passed Simon's dark apartment building, he passed the tailor shop, and the orphanage, and the school house, and the church, and the grocery, and the houses and houses and houses...

He sat in the wicker chair, legs outstretched feet half-shut. The sun shone through the ornate screen at the side of the porch. The shadows were vanishing patterns of heat, less oppressive than before. The linoleum floor glistened black and white, the wind chimed tinkled in the lung, but wind. Try hanging to the floor and clavert desperately for a foot-hold on the tiles. Dogs barked, far away. A car passed by in the streetway. There was a rain drink at his elbow, it poured and made a white ring on the table, but he didn't think of Simon step on the water, up on his robes and his pants wet and wet. He didn't think of college on the rain, in fact, he didn't even think of the tails shop or Simon or the front chapter of his novel.

He put out his hand, put it on the shoulder of the figure sound on the floor beside him. Then he riffled the blonde hair. But he didn't turn away when her eyes looked at him and turned a little...
The New Pawnshop

by Charles Smith, '70

The small pawnshop on the corner of Ash and Maple Streets has a clean outer appearance from across the street. The bright red sign up front says, "TAYLOR'S PAWNSHOP--IF WE DON'T HAVE IT, YOU DON'T WANT IT."

Crossing the street I am able to see the individual items of merchandise in the showcase windows come into view. Portable radios...fine watches...shiny knives...old-named cameras...sparkling jewelry...loud-looking clothes—these are a few of the eye-catching items on display. At the front-door entrance is a black doorman with the word Welcome written in silver letters.

Inside the newly remodeled building I notice the neat appearance of the polished wooden tables and glass counters, covered with thousands of junky articles. As I take a few steps I feel one of my feet slip on the well-shined tile floor. Along the side and back walls are many old-fashioned shelves filled to their capacity. Above these shelves is a silver-colored wire running from one end of the wall to the other. Attached to this wire are scores of guitars varying in size, shape, color, and price. As I look from left to right, I notice that the smaller and lower-priced guitars are on the left, with the sizes and prices increasing as they move toward the right.

As I continue to gaze about I notice that a new ceiling with eight bright-flashing fluorescent lights has just been installed. These improvements seem to make the entire shop appear to be a friendly little place, indeed.

While half-heartedly browsing among some of the ridiculous items I notice a rough-looking man dressed in a gray suit and an awkward-colored tie approach and ask if he can be of any assistance. I reply, "No thank you, I am only looking." Suddenly, I start laughing to myself when I see a red bandanna worn by a silver-tie man on the left pocket. I comment to myself, asking, "Who in the world is going to buy that terrible-looking shirt? It looks as if it was made in 1920." Proceeding further to the rear of the store I notice many unusual objects on some of the glass counters. After a closer examination I am dunned of shining silver handcuffs, king-size blackjacks, cord, hocks, looking how knuckles, used head-band, shall whip, and numerous other dangerous weapons.

As I turn to walk back to the front, I notice the pawnbroker staring at me with a cold eye; this begins to frighten me. Finally, a thin, weather-beaten Negro man enters the shop and draws the pawnbroker's attention. After several minutes of conversation between the two, they both laugh and proceed toward the cash register. The pawnbroker shows a yellow card toward the old man and says for him to fill it out. Then, the Negro exchanges the card and a shiny gold watch for a twenty-dollar bill and leaves the shop.

Having seen enough of the place I decide that it is time to leave. As I open the door I hear a tugging of bells break the silence. I look back for one more glance into the shop and see the smiling pawnbroker give a wave and say, "Come back soon, sir."

Streaking

A Blood Culture

(Exposition of a Process)

by Elroy Smith, '70

In the field of hematology, the study of the blood, there is a biochemical test known as a blood culture, useful in determining the bacteria present in the blood. This information is helpful to the doctor in diagnosing the illness and prescribing the proper treatment.

Blood may be extracted from the patient in either of two ways. The first and more common is the venous puncture, in which blood is taken directly from the vein with a syringe and needle. A constricting band is used to enlarge the vein, and the area, the upper forearm near the elbow, is disinfected with iodine to prevent contamination of the blood with outside bacteria. All the equipment must be sterile and the technician must wear surgical gloves.

The less common finger-stick method is employed only when the blood pressure is too low or a hematoma (bruise) prevents a venous
And the Brave Carry On

by Art Fowler, '68

The helicopter's blades lowered up the stretcher, that the hag, swell soldiers loaded the body-filled, rubber-coated bags into its belly. The last body was shoved hurriedly into the chopper, and the side door was slammed shut. Then a little weary surgeon gave a thumb-up sign, signaling the pilot to take off. Slowly the giant bird lifted itself above the cloud of dust, which it had created. As the noise of the helicopter faded into the distance, the sea-torn troops struggled wearily back up the slope, crumpled slope of a hill somewhere near Khe Sanh.

"Too bad boss Johnny," spoke a young, inbred soldier, who could not get used to death, to a tall, thin buddy.

"Yes, he was such a great guy, too," answered his friend; and at the same time he turned his tired face toward the spot from which the helicopter had just left. His face was thin, worn, and covered with the black dust of the channeled land. A twist of hair pierced through the dust, exaggerating his protruding chin. His bloodshot eyes, partially hidden by the puffed-up skin around them, searched the area with feverish hope.

"Come on, Jim. He's gone," whispered his buddy.

The men continued up the hill to their foxholes, which had been hacked out of the dry clay as soon as the hill was secured. Dropping into his foxhole, Jim reached for his canteen, which was covered with dust in the bottom of the hole to keep the water cool. He unscrewed the cap and took a long swallow from it. "God, it tastes awful," he thought as he screwed the lid back on. His body stank; he needed a bath. "Sure, we're limited to two canteens of water a day, and I'm going to take a bath," he said sarcastically to no one in particular.

Reaching for his M-16 rifle, which lay beside the mouth of his foxhole, Jim leaned his fatigued body against the rear wall of the hole, while his eyes searched for the fallen, charred tree trunks and shell craters at his feet. As his eyes searched, his mind thought. He hated Vietnamese; he hated the war that he fought. All the friends he had been killed or severely wounded brought to him a new meaning for the word life. He remembered Johnny, before he had been killed, talking about life. Johnny had known what life was like; he understood..."
the hard work and the cruelty of life. Of course, Johnny had gone to college; he was educated. As he cuddled his M-16 in his arms, Jim thought about school. He recalled how his mother used to call him when he came home from school trying to speak English like his teachers. His father had always scorned school as taking up too much of his children's time. They had to do their chores before they were allowed to study. Jim had always been taught that school was useless, that he should quit as soon as possible. Fortunately, he had continued his education until he graduated from high school. Then he had joined the army in order to get away from home. Jim had always wanted to travel to see what other places like New York, Detroit, and Chicago had to offer. The army, however, had other plans for him. Jim had been trained as a medic and shipped to Vietnam. When he had first arrived in Nam, Jim could not understand why we were fighting here. Johnny had spent several hours explaining to him the need to defend this small, faraway country.

Vietnam was new and interesting to Jim, until he started fighting. Lord, how he hated the fighting! It was during the fighting that he met Johnny, who carried an automatic rifle in his squad. The two had become close friends, and Johnny had talked often of college. "That's where a man can get ahead," he had said. Jim became puzzled. Why was he thinking about this now? When Johnny had talked about college, Jim had listened, but he had not thought about him going to college. It just seemed strange, him going to college. Johnny had been planning to return to college when he got out of the service. "If Johnny was going back, then there must be something in it. Hell, I'll give it a try. I'll do it for you, Johnny," he thought.

"Chastain, James E., Pfc." Jim repeated as he stepped before a long table, which was cluttered with papers. The senior lieutenant took the folder Jim handed him, and he pulled out one of the discharge forms. Glancing over the form, the lieutenant scrawled his name at the bottom of the form. "Jim! Out! Fine though with that man's damn army," Jim thought. Grabbing the folder, he named and stamped the door. He had never realized that Fort Bragg or North Carolina looked so wonderful. As Jim climbed aboard the bus that was to carry him back to civilization, joy and relief flooded him.

"Now, I'll go to college and make something of myself. From now on I'll be Mr. James E. Chastain," he smiled to himself.

A few days later Jim entered the office of the Director of Admissions at his state university. As he sat in front of the director with a large, well-knit desk exposing them, Jim made a distinct effort to watch his English. He spoke slowly and haltingly as he made clear his desire for attending college. Jim told the director about his high-school education and his service in the army.

"Smiling, the Director of Admissions questioned the young man. Finally he used and, coming around the desk, shook hands with Jim.

"Go down to room 218 and see Mr. Anderson, m.s. I think we have a place for a young man like you here at the University. Mr. Anderson will be able to help you with your financial problems and any other problems you might have."

The tall, self-conscious boy graciously thanked the gentleman and running his hand through his short cut hair, Jim walked briskly from the director's office. He would carry on for those who had fallen.

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**My Roommate at Work**

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by GEORGE BROWN, '70

Today I had the pleasure of watching my roommate perform minor surgery on the adapter of his record player. This cylindrical device which enables the record player to play 45-r.p.m. records had totally captivated his attentions. He sat at his desk, holding the little adapter in one hand and a small screwdriver in the other. Leaning far over his desk, with his face almost parallel to the surface, he intently proceeded to remove screws from the base of the adapter. As he scrutinized his work, his tongue managed to protrude between his lips, and his rather pointed nose got closer and closer to his work. Once the adapter was disassembled, he ran his hand through his hair in such a way as to leave a little of it standing up on top. Sitting there in his undershirt and an old pair of pants, he gave the appearance of a regular little mechanic. A careful observer would not overlook, however, his relatively clean and uncalloused hands, which indicated along with his fair, light complexion, that he does not make a regular practice of performing hard manual tasks.
Harpsichords and Pianos

The harpsichord and piano, both keyboard instruments, are different in both performance and superficial construction.

For of all, the harpsichord usually has more than one manual and sometimes even a keyboard of pedals. The keys, except on most modern instruments, are black and white, with the white keys being the notes C, D, E, F, G, and A. The strings, which are plucked by feather quills, run at right angles to the manuals. The pedals, which of course are played with the feet, can strike many different combinations of notes, including different combinations of octaves.

The sound of a harpsichord is rather tinkle, breezy, or tonny, in different cases may be. The harpsichord is limited in its ability to allow the musician any freedom of expression there simply is none, though the bass notes are much louder than the treble.

The piano has one manual, that’s it. Its range is wider and extremely comprehensive. The keys are also black and white, with the black keys being C, D, E, F, G, and A. The strings, which are struck by small hammers, called tangents, run parallel and at 45 degrees to the manual. The piano has usually three pedals, though they are not used to play notes. They are used to vary the expression, that soften the tones, sustain bass notes, or sustain and amplify the notes on the entire keyboard. These things were impossible on the harpsichord. Also, on the piano the musician can make the notes either loud or soft by means of touch.

The outward appearances of the harpsichord and piano are different; besides the difference in numbers of manuals and a pedal keyboard, the harpsichord is almost limited to being shaped like a large bird’s wing. The piano can be large or small, upright or grand (like the harpsichord), a concert model or a spinet.

The piano is thus more versatile and conveniently used than a harpsichord; it is easier to move and tune, and, as one can tell from its description, it is easier to play. However, the harpsichord has a manner of expression and sound all its own, which the piano, no matter how expressive, cannot capture.

The Basketball Scene

At the one-cut time the Wolford Terriers and the Furman Paladins are warm-up for their big rival basketball game. The game is being played in Wolford’s Andrews Field House.

The basketball court is painted a bright yellow with a black line designating the boundary lines. In the center of the court there is painted a black Terrier’s head signifying Wolford’s mascot.

The Furman team is dressed in purple uniforms with white trim, and the Wolford team is wearing white uniforms with gold and black trim. The spectators, including me, are excited and can’t help but think that the Terriers will be able to defeat the Paladins. Most of the spectators are dressed in colorful sweaters with mixtures of other colored articles of clothing. The two boys on either side of me are wearing the same color of sweater that I am wearing—tacky blue, what a strange coincidence! Everyone is busily chatting to his neighbor about the game.

As the Furman team returns unto the court, the Furman supporters welcome them with a loud response. Now the Wolford team arrives from the locker room, and there is a thunder of clapping, shouting, and whistling from Wolford’s overflowing cheering section. The individual line starting players of each team are introduced. Then each team’s representatives run to the center of the court for the tipoff.

The Wolford center, Willie Peary, wins the jump, and the ball bounces into the hands of one of his fellow players. For the first three minutes the basketball exchanges hands between the teams, without a single score. Finally, a Furman player shoots a perfect twenty-five-foot jumper, and the ball goes through the net with a swish.

Throughout the first half the teams continually fight for shots and rebounds. There are also many fouls committed. A few times an elbow or a hand is thrown in the opposite team, and the referee’s whistle can be heard sharply over the shouts from the players and the spectators. Several times the fouls do not agree with the referee’s call, and they angrily yell at him. The half-time finally arrives, with Furman leading by only two points. As the teams bow to the gymnasium, both cheering sections stand to cheer their players.

During the half-time I notice many people standing up to stretch and hurrying to the refreshment stand. Suddenly, I see a girl from my home town. She is wearing a bright green sweater and a dark green...
Last Class Friday

by Ring Harrison, '08

During one's last class on Friday afternoon a number of feelings rose up within him. Almost always there is a sense of anticipation. Even if he has nothing planned, there is still a twinge not to look forward to. So, whatever the emotion, it is always tinged with regret.

If a person has a singularly obvious look among him in the last, the anticipation is dulled by a sense of impending disappointment. This reminds one of the well-known folk who jumped out of the frying pan and into the fire. In this type of situation there will be a fleeting moment of regret followed quickly by the crack of inevitable doom.

In the case that a person has no great amount of work to do on a given weekend, his Friday classes will blend imperceptibly with his free time. It will not be until later on, when he realizes that he doesn't have to get up early the next morning, that his weekend begins. A weekend can be thought of as a state of mind as well as a segment of time.

There have been times, while sitting in Friday classes, that I have seriously considered leaping from my desk in an uncontrollable fit of impatience, growing my problem, and fleeing from the room. It is not coincidental that these frenzied thoughts have come to mind only during Friday classes. Nor is it coincidental that on those particular Fridays my weekends have been pleasant in the minutest detail.

Often I am able to curb my numerous passions by concentrating on the smallest details of the classroom. As I gape spiritually for something real to cling to, the room and its contents assume a distorted appearance.

During these times the clock takes on greatly unreal proportions; it looms very large in view. Indeed, the clock is too large that it always takes a measurable longer time for the red second hand to sweep around the new circumference. In addition to the magnification of the wall clock, the sound of the individual wrist watches becomes unmistakably loud. It sounds as if a thousand natives are pounding on hollow mahogany tags with baseball bats. The jungle drum talk. They tell me that the open road calls. They entice me to answer.

Although the timepieces in the room become larger and louder, the room itself begins to grow smaller. I have observed this phenomenon closely and can assure the reader that the walls and ceiling actually do move inward, although I have not ascertained the same for the floor, for which it is more difficult to tell. As the walls move inward, the windows and doors begin to shrink also.

It would seem that the smallness of the room would be uncomfortable or even dangerous to a large class. The danger, however, is lessened by the shrinking of my classmates and the furniture in the room. The most marked decrease in size occurs in the professor, who becomes almost microscopic in dimensions.

My own books and writing instruments also begin to fade, although I retain my size. In fact, by the time class is dismissed, there is very little present in the small confines of the room (save a huge wall clock, and the unadorned sound of fifteen or twenty mahogany drums.

In order to avoid difficulty of this kind, I have determined the planning of my weekends.
The Long Night

by Ben Smith, '70

The small rubber boat glided silently through the murky darkness. Behind it, the sinister outline of the dark submarine grew smaller in the distance. The two men in the small boat were tense with anticipa- tion as they approached the island, discernible only by the crashing of the surf on the pebble beach.

The two young U. S. Navy lieutenants were chosen for this mission on the basis of their experience and particular skills. One could handle a machine gun with deadly accuracy, capable of cutting a man in half with one thundering burst. The other, somewhat calmer by nature, was an expert in the field of communications. It would be his responsibility to examine the sub when the mission was completed.

Only two hours before, Ben and Duncan were safe on the ship, being briefed. They were to locate an advance patrol of marine troopers and lead them to the beach where they would be evacuated by the waiting submarine. The mission received top priority from SUBPAC headquarters. The marines had valuable information pinpointing Japanese gun emplacements.

Ben sat in the bow of the rubber boat clutching his Thompson submachine-gun nervously. Duncan steered the craft from behind. The small electric motor hummed, making the only sound except for the surf. The warm tropical night hung heavily about the boat, and the moisture clung to everything, like the beads of sweat on the men's faces.

Their feet found the hard sea bottom as the men disembarked to pull the boat through the breakers. They lay on the warm sand, sombered by the security it offered, listening for even the slightest sound that could mean danger. Their black suits showed up sharply against the pure white sand. Satisfied that there was no apparent danger nearby, they secured the boat in some jungle foliage.

Reaching the security of the palm trees Duncan unfolded a waterproof map showing their destination. Ben held a small pen light and they studied the map silently. Satisfied, they checked the storm's reading and set off through the thick jungle foliage. They walked through the dense growth, seemingly for hours, further frustrated by the extreme remissness of the situation.

Suddenly, the security of the night was shattered by the illusion of a sniper's fire from a nearby tree. Duncan dived as a bullet...
whined past his head, and the two men searched frenziedly for cover. The silence was disquieting. Not even the insects dared make a sound.

"See where he was?" Ben asked in a low voice.

"Hell if I know, I hit the dirt as soon as the bastard fired."

The two men searched the trees silently, and suddenly a shot rose a branch loose above their heads.

"He's in that tall palm over there," Duncan whispered excitedly.

Ben rolled over, out of his cover, and fired a long burst through the fronds of the palm. They heard a stifled gasp as the sniper tried desperately to hide his pain and remain silent. He was overcome by nausea as blood pooled through his clenched teeth and he fell. The trial of the lifeless body striking the ground was sickening to the two men as they fought back waves of dizziness. The screech still had not taught them to take killing lightly.

Ben replaced the spent clip, and he and Duncan held their breath as they waited for several seconds to see if anyone else would move. There was a slight sound behind them, and Ben whirled, firing as he did. The tracer flares lit up the night, and a man screamed as a flare exploded, catching him full in the face and chest. He crumpled in the ground and moaned in his agony. A single shot from Ben's pistol ended his suffering.

The flare exploded in the trees, and flames began to spread through the dry undergrowth. Ben realized instantly that he had accidentally fired the wrong clip. The flares were to warn the sub of danger so that it would withdraw to a safe place. He picked the clip of flares accidentally. The two men plotted their escape hurriedly as the flames grew higher. Their only chance was to reach the beach, and they abandoned caution as they ran.

In the distance, the deck watch repeated the warning flares, and the sub glided out to the safety of the open sea. The thudding of the motors was a disquieting sound to the men seemingly trapped on the open beach.

The flames consumed the trees and undergrowth, spreading with surprising speed. The two men ran like hell, trying to avoid the falling, burning debris. When the sailors reached the beach they were challenged by a group of black-faced and somewhat provoked marines. They hastily identified themselves, and Duncan flashed an emergency signal to the sub. Two small craft from the sub picked up the worn-out men after receiving their message.

Aboard the submarine, the marines sipped hot coffee and told their story to the commander of the hunt. Everyone was relieved that the mission escaped disaster and worked out as well as it did.

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Hunting Duck

By Dick Hedden

Of the various types of hunting, the most demanding which I have encountered is duck hunting. Those hunters who make up the hard inner core of the duck hunting fraternity have reduced the sport to a fine art. The rest of us are not as fortunate, from the periphery of this society and acquire varying amounts of skill.

The real experts at duck hunting could tell you the best way to go about it. I am not one of the experts. I can only tell you what I do.

Duck season is controlled by the federal government, because of the cooperation of the United States with Canada in this matter. The United States is divided into areas of administration under the Migratory Game Bird Act. The area which includes South Carolina is called the Atlantic Flyway. The government attempts to set up the seasons in a way that will be restorative to the preservation of ducks. This means that hunting must not interfere with the breeding or nesting seasons. It also means that enough ducks will be killed so that there will be food enough for the remaining ones. All these factors going together make duck hunting to the three coldest, wettest, most miserable months of the year—November, December, and January.

In addition, ducks may not be shot before three minutes past sunrise. In fall, the best hunting is only in the early morning. Consequently, one must get up early, early in the morning to get to the hunting site in time for the best hunting.

Wild ducks like to go where people aren't. They also like to go where there's water. Lakes and marshy lowlands, generally inhospitable terrain, are the places to look.

In South Carolina the areas are your best bets. Ducks abound around the backlands, where the tide is felt thirty miles inland and the pigeons fly backways. The marshy backwater lakes of the Sumter County complexes are also good places. All have now seen a few ducks living near Camp Croft on their way south.

If you want to go duck hunting, a good rule is to take along everything that will increase your comfort. There are a few specialities; however.

The gun, shown for duck hunting should be one that gets the shot down into the air with sufficient range. There is nothing compre-
The Barfly
And the Musician

by Art Fowler, '68

The lighting in the El Cid was hidden by blue, green, and yellow shades; the music resounded from the juke-box through the entire room. Louts laughed and drank until the walls creaked with the sound of the juke-box as boys wore and glasses clinked together. A funny, mien-skinned, weather-beaten woman waltzed between the tables carrying a wooden tray and chatting with prospective customers. The bar was highly decorated and the walls were decorated with symbols of knighthood. There were swords, suits of armor, coats of arms, and shields. The only quality of knighthood that appeared to be missing was that of chivalry. The bearded, dazed men leaned on the juke-box and waltzed into the gloom of the bar...

The front door of the bar opened, and an old white-haired Negro shuffled slowly into the room. His shoulders slumped under the weight of a guitar case and sunglasses which he carried. Quaintly the old man struggled with his load into a far corner of the room, and he began to scrutinize the instruments for playing. He watched, he looked. The Negro was an ancient man. No one seemed to notice him, for he had no unusual features which attracted attention.

Silently and patiently the Negro sat in his corner, waiting for the juke-box to stop its music. When the prearranged music ceased, his black fingers began to pluck at the strings on his classical guitar. Ray Charles's "Georgia" came flooding from the shadow-darkened corner, and the attention of the entire room became focused in that direction. As the sound of the music diverted the customers' attention, the laughter and shouting fell to a murmur and smiles of enjoyment spread across the smiling faces. The apprehension displayed on the old man's face vanished, and his eyes began to sparkle, his white teeth became visible, outlined by the coal-black hair, and the music sprang vividly from his guitar.

After the first song people began to clap enthusiastically, and one man brought the Negro a vino of beer. The old man accepted the
Growing Up

by Charles Smith

Jimmy, take the baby for a walk... Watch your little brother while I go to the market... Sweep the floor and carry out the garbage... Hurry and clear up your room... Jimmy, wake up this lazy boy... Nine years old I demand from his parents. As he climbed out his window with his small suitcase, he mumbled, "Since today is my twelfth birthday, Mother and Daddy won't come in to wake me until late. What a surprise it will be when they find me gone, they'll wish they hadn't yelled at me and made me do all the work.

As Jimmy climbed over the backyard fence and ran across the vacant lot, he still heard those terrible-sounding words ringing in his head. He began to run faster down the unpaved sidewalk, hoping that the ringing would stop. Finally, his lungs gasped for breath, and he slowed to a normal walk with the suitcase clenched tight in his hand.

By walking across Mrs. Pope's backyard Jimmy took the long way so he could regain his breath before he arrived at the train station. While dragging his foot across Mrs. Pope's flower bed, he wondered what it would be like living in Montpelier with Cousin Wilbur. For the first time this morning Jimmy recalled how on Wilbur's visit he talked only about how much he enjoyed living in his new eleventh-floor apartment by himself and was free to do as he pleased.

"Wilbur did ask me to visit him when I grew a little older, and it has been a while since he came to see us, I think that I am old enough to travel by myself. If Wilbur doesn't approve, at least he won't throw me out the first night."

As Jimmy approached the weather-beaten train station, he noticed a big green sign with white letters spelling MORRISVILLE, Vt. He carefully walked up the ramp leading to the front door and entered the small building. To his left was a row of benches with only an old Negro man staring at though he were blinde. In the middle of the room was an old rusty-looking pot stove with a pile of wood stacked neatly beside it. To his right was a middle-aged man standing behind an iron rail window. As Jimmy walked up, the man looked up from his papers and asked, "Can I help you, sonny?"

"Yes sir," Jimmy replied, "I want one ticket to Montpelier."

"That will be eighty-five cents."

Giving the man eighty-five cents and receiving his ticket, Jimmy said, "Thank you, sir."

The smiling man ended the conversation by saying, "Thank you, son."

Jimmy then looked at his ticket and saw that his train would arrive in fifteen minutes. With nothing to do he walked over to one of the old men sitting on a bench and sat down while he waited.

"Good morning, sir."

"Good morning there," said the man. "What brings you out that early?"

"Don't tell anybody, sir, but I'm running away from home."

"I know exactly how you feel," he said, "I done the same thing when I was a little kid, but I tell you something, son... Take my advice and go back to your ma."

"But I'm going to my Cousin Wilbur's," interrupted Jimmy.

"Bo, when you leave your home and disappoint your folks that way, you're makin' a powerful big mistake. Your life will be nothin' but diggin' in the ditches and fightin' for every meal."

"But what are you gonna be doing when I walk in?"

"If you hurry, you can get back in less time than it takes a goat to blow."

"I believe you are right, sir. I don't want to dig ditches, and I really do love my family. Here, take my ticket and cash to me in and..."
Witch’s Sabbath

by Tony Morrison

The book peddler came by, humming to himself, as the boy lay on his trunk in the grass. The peddler hummed a tune to himself and the boy hummed another. There were clouds in the sky, but the sky was still warm; the book peddler had his coat flung over his shoulder, the boy lay on the grass in his shirt sleeves, letting the strong wind blow his hair all over his face.

"Hello," said the boy.

"Hello," said the peddler, as he stopped for a short rest.

"How many you sell?"

"None, why?"

"Just wonder. You can't stop at this house?"

"And why is that?"

"No one lives here, that's why.

"Well, I'll stop anyway." He marched up the steps and rang the—

Doorbell. No answer. Again he rang. No answer. He waited a good two minutes before he turned away.

"I told you," the boy mumbled unresponsively.

"I never trust kids, especially kids like you."

"Why?"

"Kids aren't worth bothering with. They're brats."

"If you say so." The boy went back to watching the bug skittering across his arm. His parents taught him not to trust book peddlers. He didn't know if he trusted them or not.

"What kinds books are you selling?"

"Bibles and things."

"They won't sell."

"Oh?"

"Yeah, relatives give their relatives Bibles when they're married or baptized or something."

"Guess you're right."

"No, hm. The boy went back to watching the bug; the salesman didn't leave, just stood there staring at him."

"Don't you have business to attend to?"

"The peddler didn't answer. He kept looking from the boy in the house and back again. The boy went back to his greetings. —Same people—"

Hesitantly, the peddler began to speak, "Are you saved?"

"Oh, come on. Don't start your holy-rollin' stuff on me. I'm only twelve."

"Have you seen the light?" The boy folded his eyes heavenward in a pleading way and asked, "Why?"

"Cause if you ain't seen the light, you ain't never gonna have St. Peter's gate."

"You belong in the Open Book Church?"

"Yeah."

"I thought so. Go away and leave me alone."

"But I gotta save you. That's my duty."

"Do your duty to someone else. I'm not ready yet."

The boy's eyes ranged over the peddler's figure. Dandy clothes—old shoes, older pants, stained white shirt and a wide, tatty parish cassock. He had red hair and freckles. The voice gave him away. He had a distinctly hillbilly voice, evidently he had come from West Virginia in the last couple of years, since the coal mines had shut down. The hillbillies had come seeking work. Instead, they found a bunch of heathen Lutherans, Methodists, and Catholics, with Jews...
The boy was silent for a long while, hoping the peddler would go away. But the peddler stood there, eyes closed, face turned skyward, lips moving. Slowly he came forward, stopped and put his hands on the boy’s head. A plan began humming in his head. Why not give this go a chance for his efforts. The time was just about right. One... two... three... 

Now! “Squawk!” the boy hunched as he squirmed on the ground. He cackled the way he’d been taught for the Halloween prank but you at school.

Scared, the peddler jerked his hands back as if he had been burned. He jumped to his feet as the boy rolled and screamed. He turned the street and down, over his shoulder and at the house. Faces were beginning to appear in windows.

Run the boy’s troubles did not stop. He jumped to his feet and pointed westward. Coincidentally the west wind blew stronger, whistling through the trees. Pointing at the sun, he mumbled a few more words, and it went behind a cloud. He lifted his nose above his head, cackled, and whistled; and some old bounds up the street began to bay, thinking their master was home. The peddler’s eyes grew in size, but he remained poised to the spot. Pointing to some oak trees, the boy mumbled some words, and dozens of screams fell to the ground. The black cat from next door came over to see what was happening. The boy picked it up and threw it at the peddler. The cat landed on the peddler’s chest and clung there with its claws, spitting and biting. Then he pointed to the peddler and said in an awesome voice, “Esse Thomas pasquales ne plauda, nunc dieis crinida, ad saepe timide, portusquae terribilis, cia cinia, chia!” He himed, cackled, and screamed, eyes flashing; the dogs barked, the wind whistled, the cat hissed, and barked.

The book peddler threw the cat away from himself, backed away with eyes wide, looked around, and ran down the street with the boy’s cackles following him.

The boy suddenly stopped his cackling and lay back down on the grass. He had heard that witches still existed for halloween.

All the faces in the windows disappeared when it began to rain. The little boy went into the empty house with the black cat and started to read the Bible to see if witches could go to heaven.