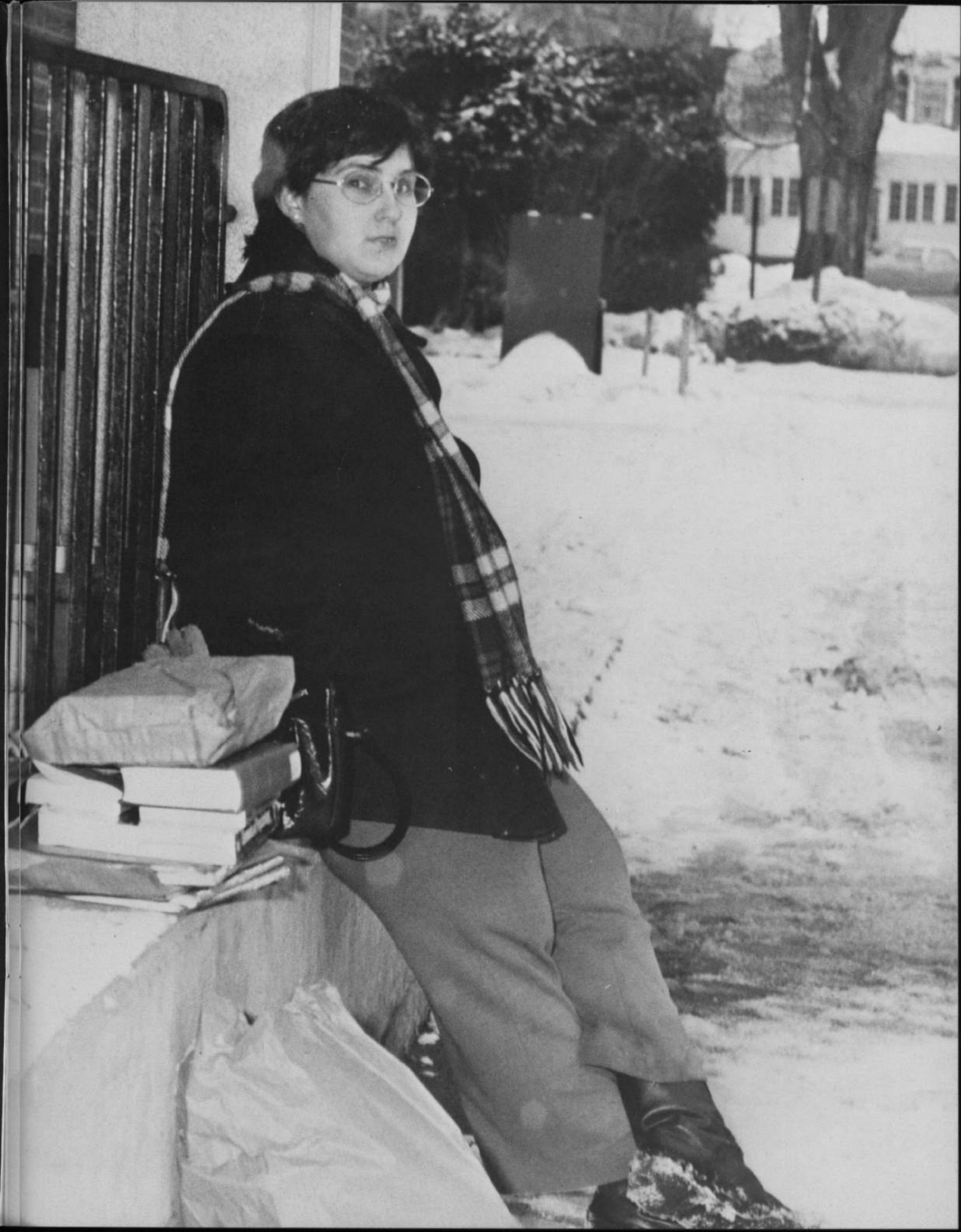




Chronicle
of the
Students
of the
State
College,
1972
The annual publication
of the
State
College,
1972
The annual publication
of the
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College,
1972

"Oh what a beautiful baby!"
"That's nothing," replied the mother, "you should see his photograph."







There is no greater invitation to love
than loving first.

St. Augustine

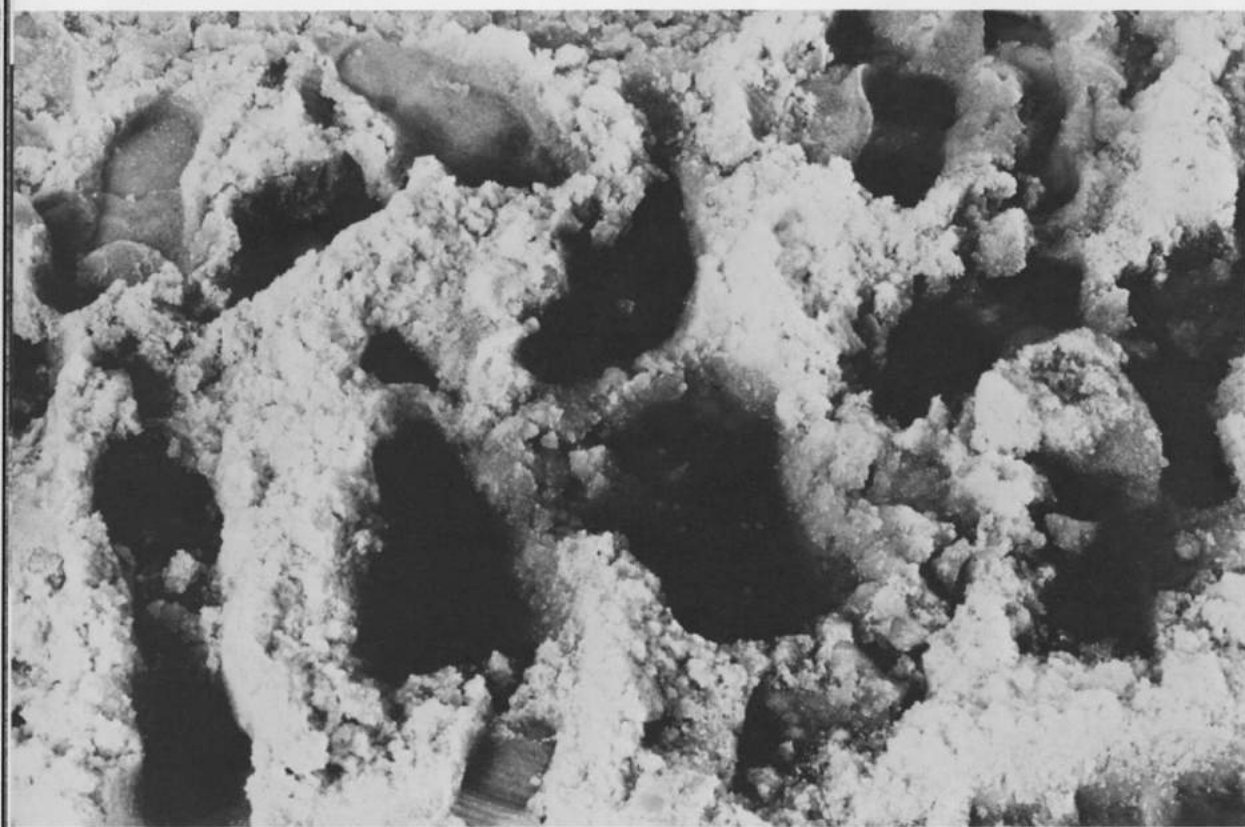


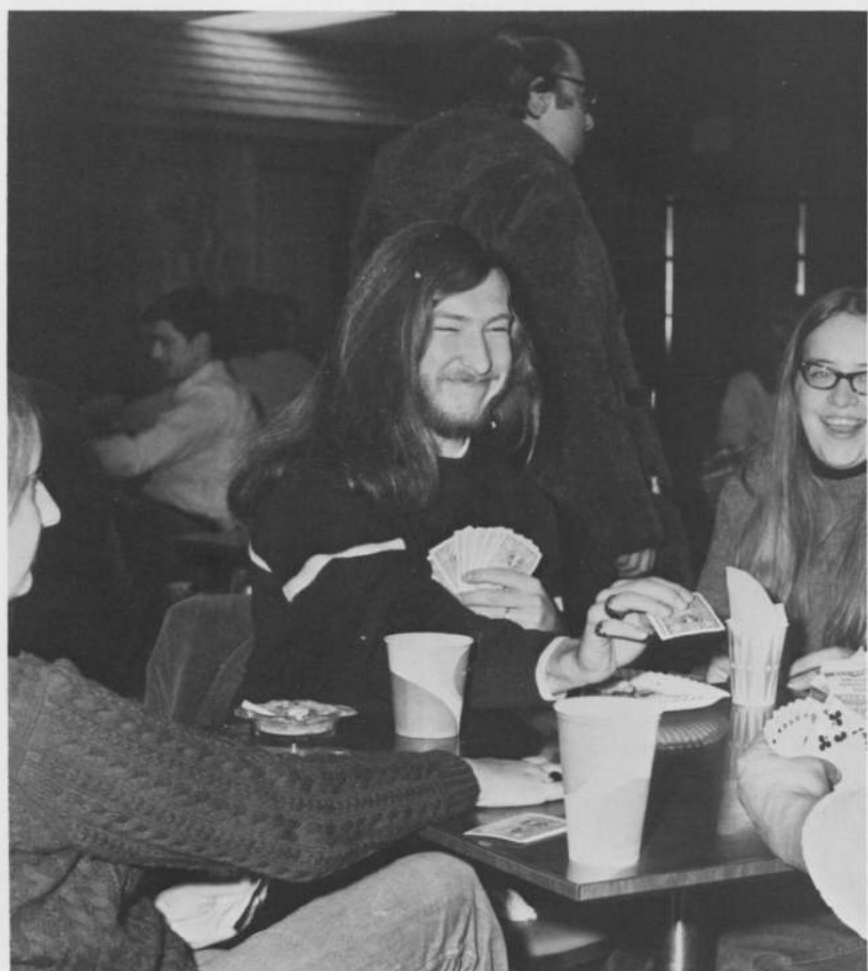


Happiness must not be thought of as a distant goal. Unless we can learn to be happy this very minute we will probably never be happy.







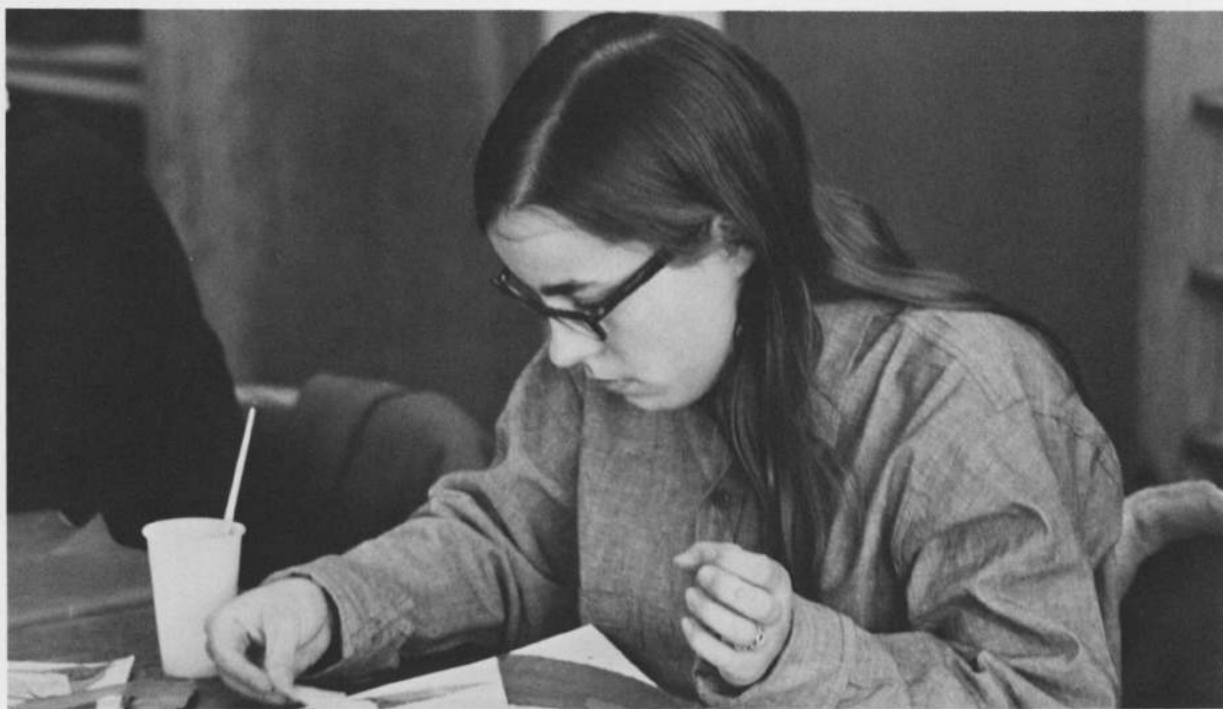
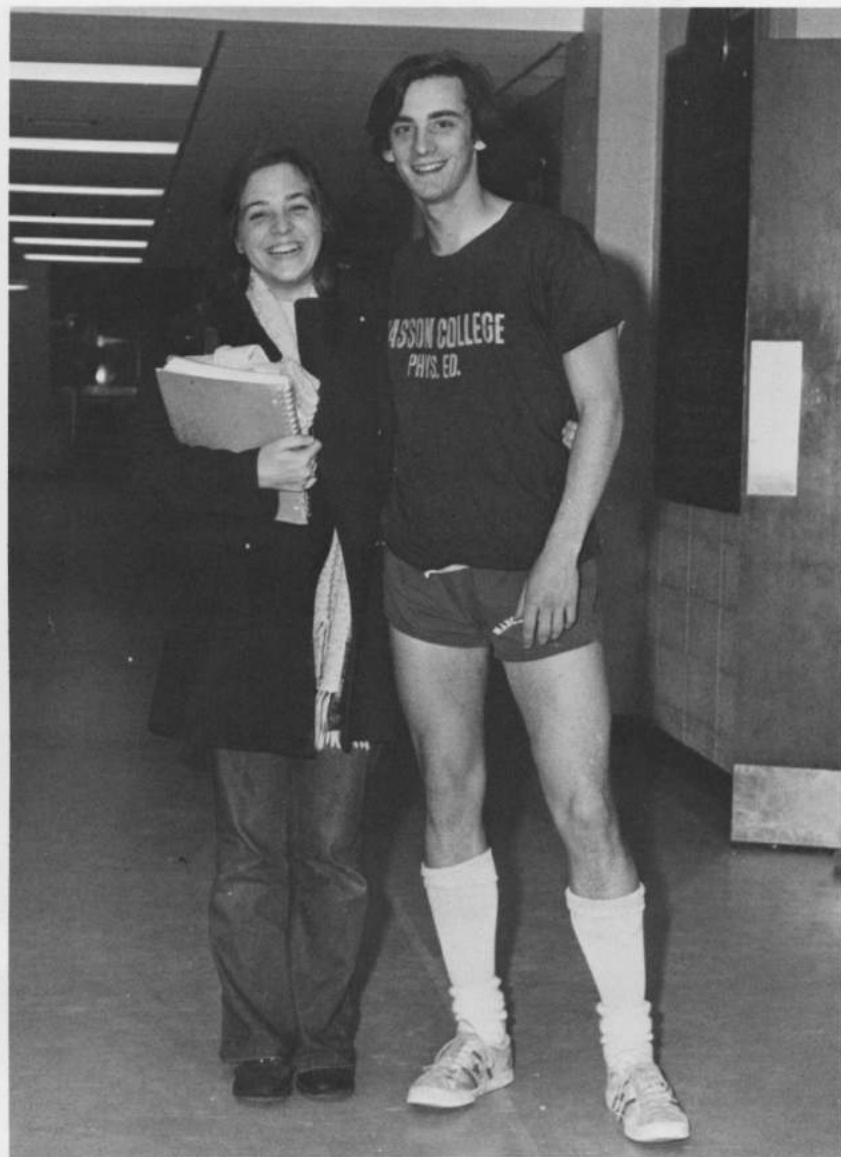




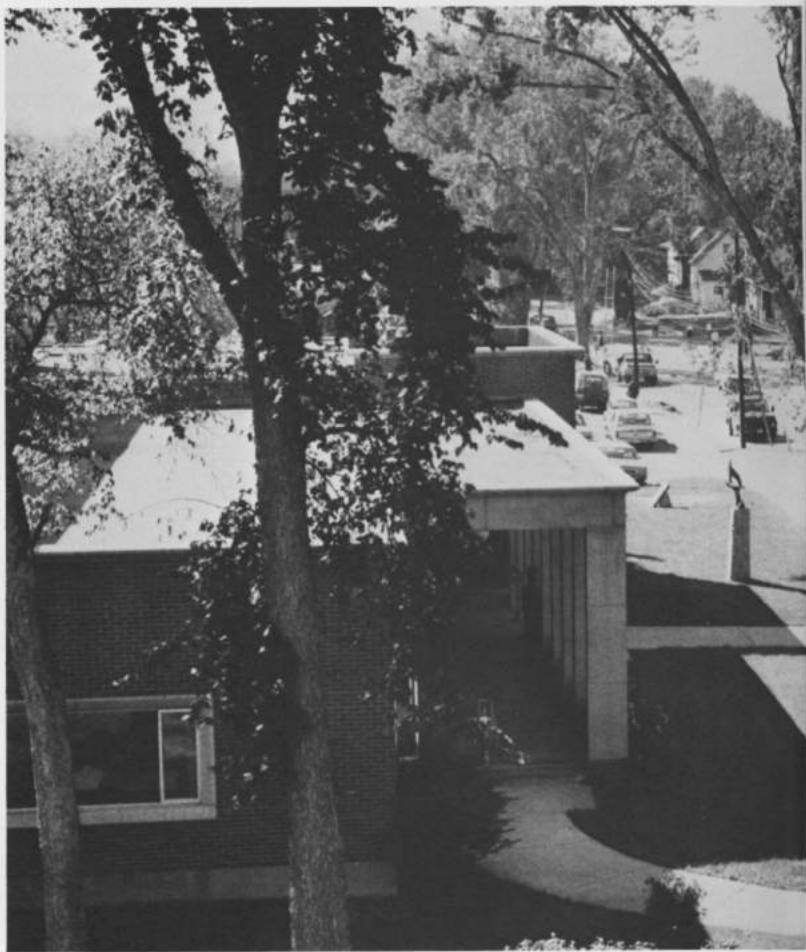
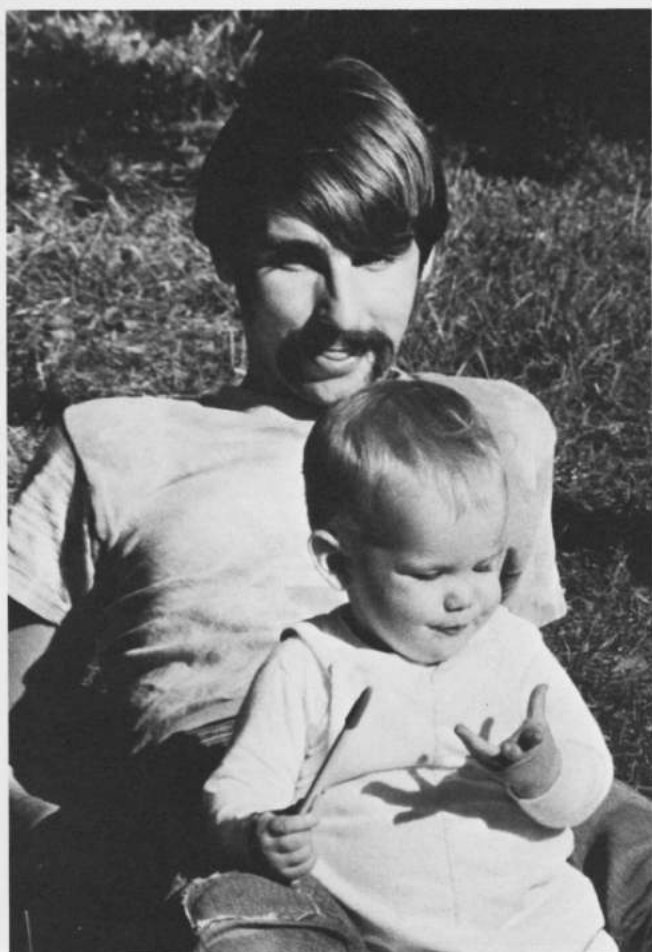
I place a great deal of emphasis on people really listening to each other, to what the person has to say, because you very seldom encounter a person who is capable of taking either you or himself seriously.

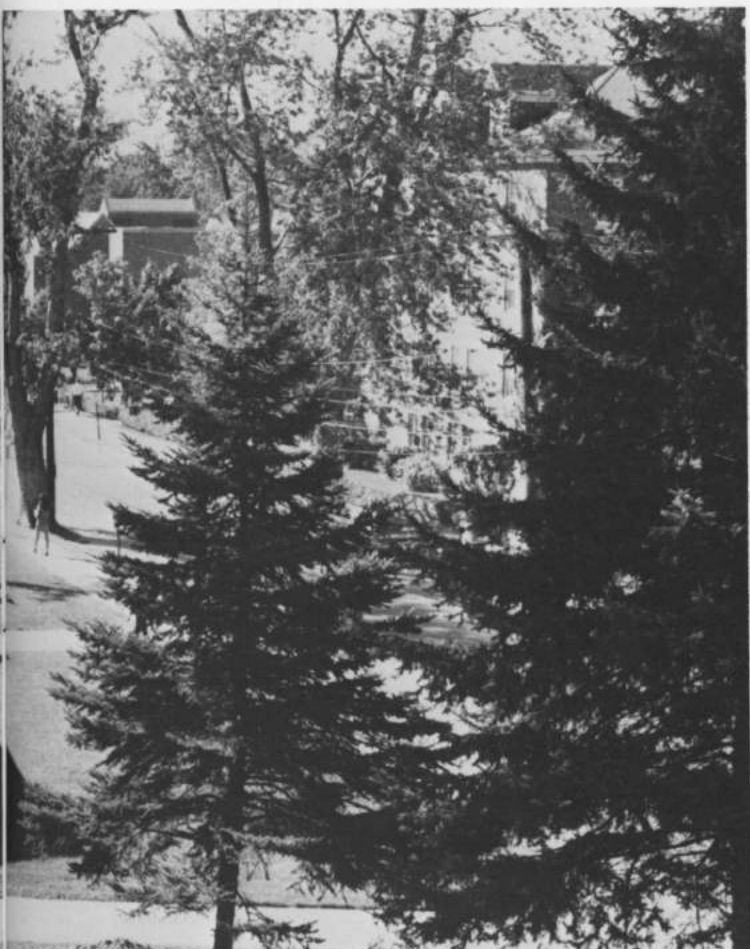
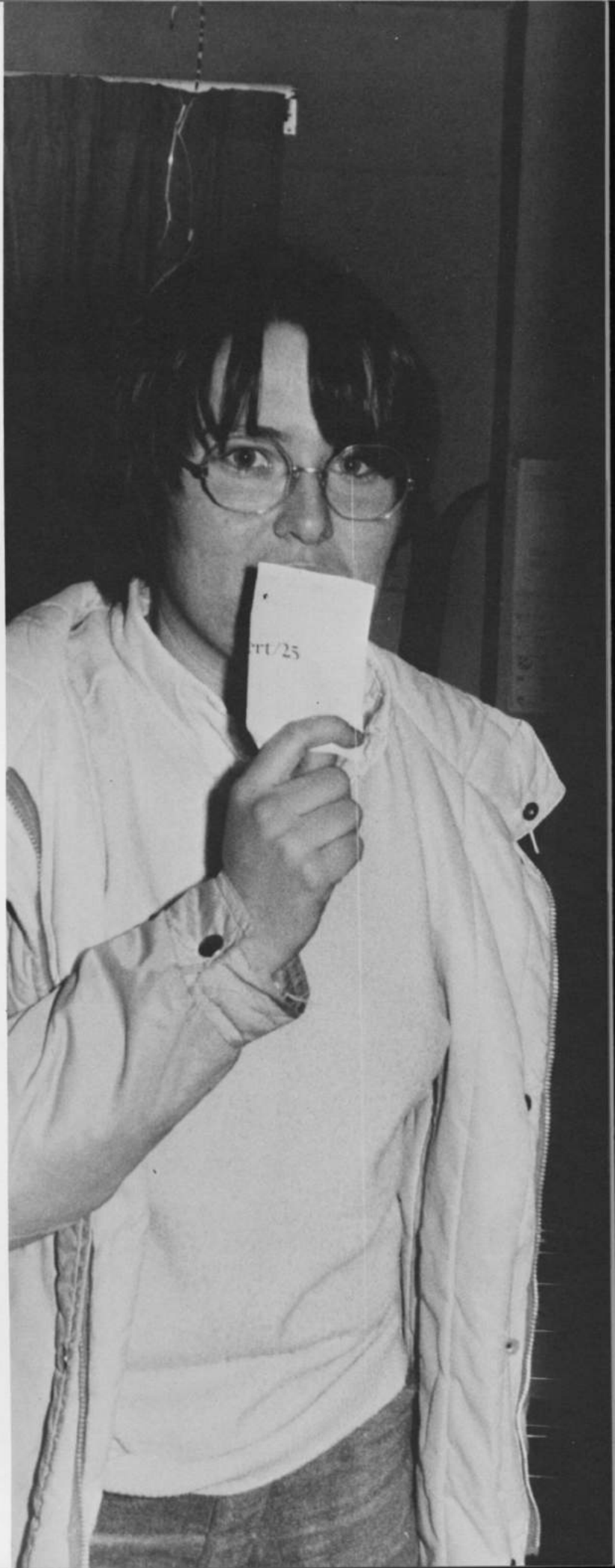
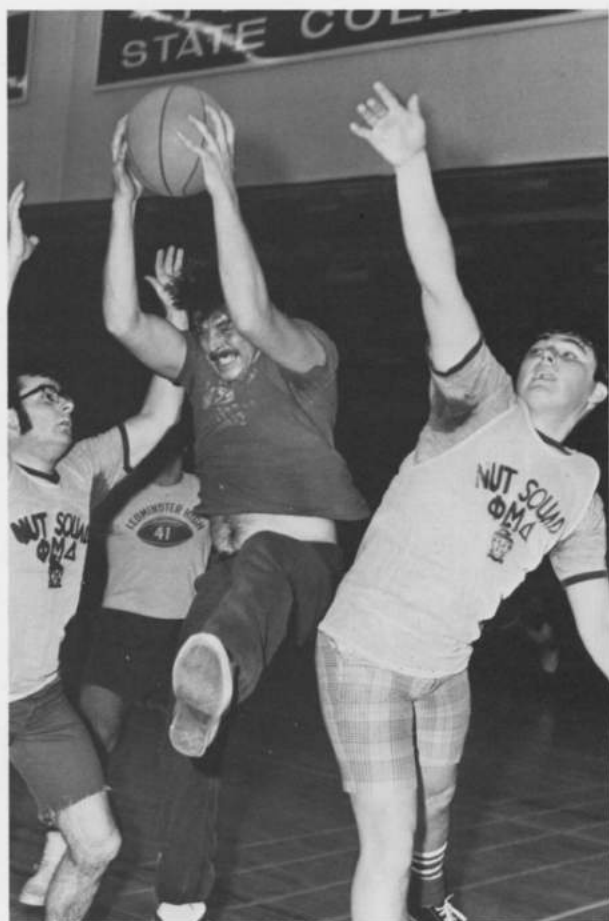
Eldridge Cleaver

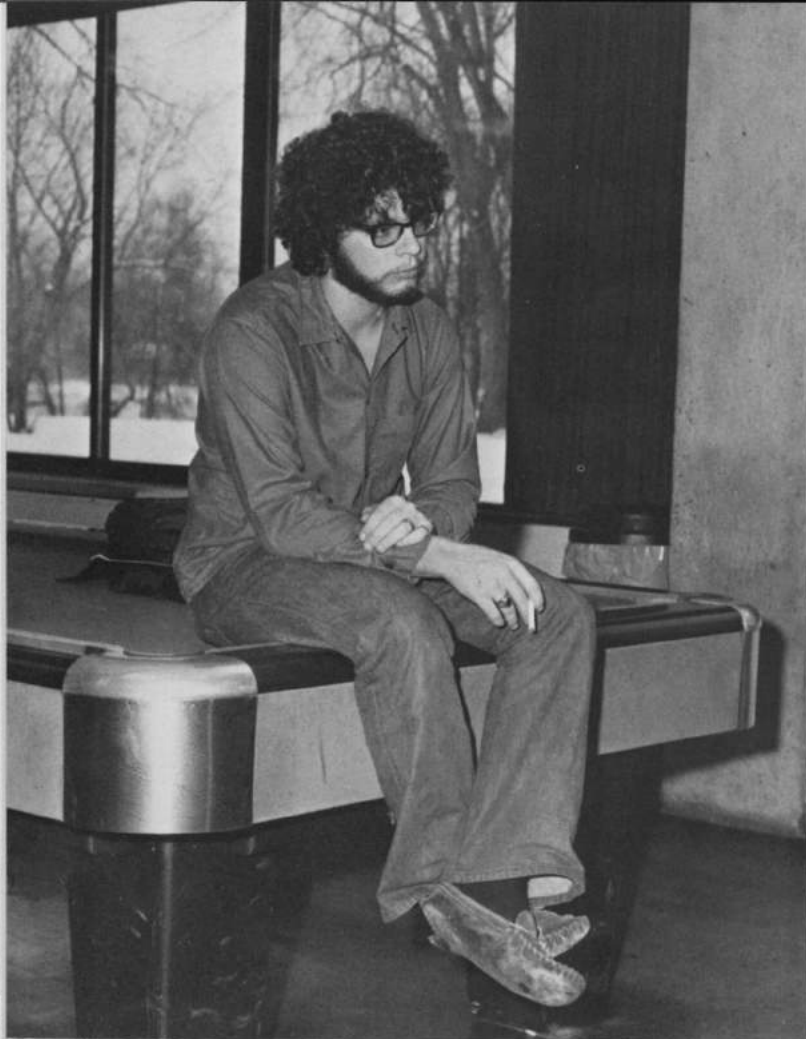




If the fool would persist in his folly he would become wise.
You never know what is enough unless you know what is more than enough.
The road of excess leads to the palace of wisdom
William Blake







Peace, war, religion,
 Revolution, will not help.
 This horror seeds in the agile
 Thumb and greedy little brain
 That learned to catch bananas
 With a stick

The millions of us worthless
 To each other or the world
 Or selves, the sufferers of the real
 Or of the mind—this world
 Is but a dream? Or human life
 A nightmare grafted on solidity
 Of planet—mental, mental,
 Shudder of the sun—praise
 Evil submind freedom with de Sade
 Or highest Dantean radiance of the God
 Or endless Light or Life or Love
 Or simple tinsel angel in the



Candy heaven of the poor—
 Mental divinity or beauty, all,
 Plato, Aquinas, Buddha,
 Dionysius of the Cross, all
 Pains or pleasures hells or
 What in sense of flesh
 Logic, eye, music, or
 Concoction of all faculties
 & thought tend—tend—to this:

This gaudy apartment of the rich.
 The comfort of the U.S. for its own.
 The shivering pair of girls
 Who dyked each other for a show
 A thousand yen before us men
 —In an icy room—to buy their relatives
 A meal. This scramble spawn of
 Wire dirt rails tin boards blocks
 Babies, students, crookt old men.

We live
 On the meeting place of sun and earth.
 We live—we live—and all our lives
 Have led to this, this city,
 Which is soon the world, this
 Hopelessness where love of man
 Or hate of man could matter
 None, love if you will or
 Contemplate or write or teach
 But know in your human marrow you
 Who read, that all you tread
 Is earthquake rot and matter mental
 Trembling, freedom is a void,
 Peace war religion revolution
 Will not help.

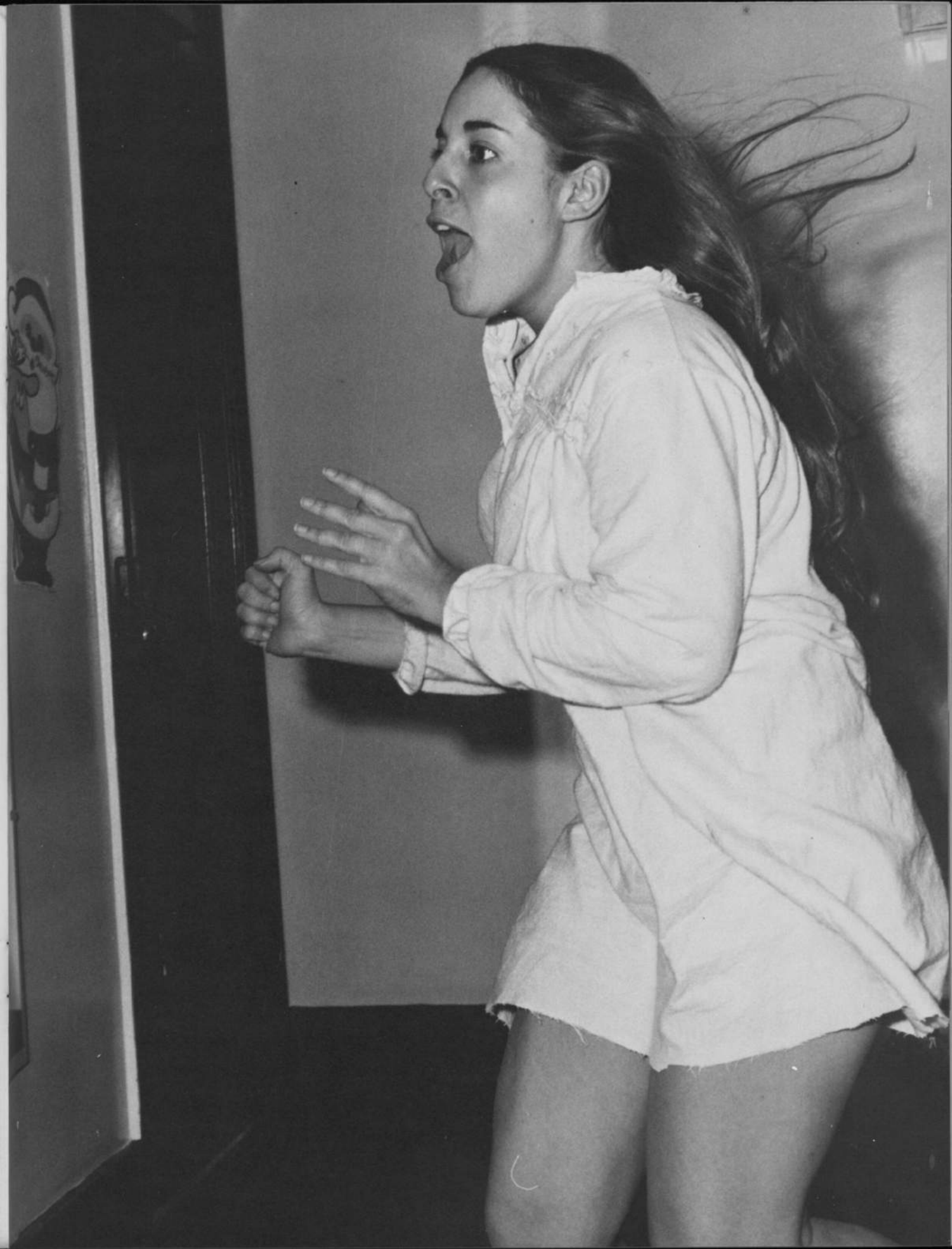
Gary Snyder





Exuberance is beauty
William Blake





HOW DO YOU FEEL

THE SNOW JEWEL

by Grant Tinker

RIGHT NOW?

THE SNOW JEWEL

by Ernest Hebert

Rickee Icensong took his usual short cut to the village. The snow was deep, though his feet glided over the hard cutting crust. At the top of Ceasar Hill, Rickee stopped. He did not want to hear his feet sounding on the snow. He wanted to hear the snow itself. It was still early in the morning and the wind hadn't come up yet. Summer wind was wind soft among leaves, but winter wind hard pressing between the bones of trees. Rickee preferred the winter wind. He heard a bird in the distance. He heard a tree leaning into itself. He heard the annoying, always annoying, faint moaning wounds of the village rising in early morning. He broke off a chunk of the snow crust and touched it to his tongue. His saliva froze and coated the snow crystals with ice. The thing glittered in the sun; it was Rickee's jewel. He placed the chunk of snow on the slope of the hill and gave it a push. It tinkled musically, picking up other crystals for accompaniment as it gained momentum. Rickee stared out into the trees so that he did not see the trees. He felt the music of the snow jewel shiver along the bumps of his spine. The tinkling sounds became richer as they became more distant. Rickee waited for the ending, when there would be a moment of hard, pure silence then the snow jewel came to rest. At this moment time and space and self were one, and Rickee would be glad he was himself. But Rickee's moment did not come today. It was interrupted by the distant but identifiable whine of a snow machine.

Rickee entered Mr. Coaleyes' coffee shop and sat at the counter. There were snow machines sitting at one of the booths. There were four snow machines, two big ones and two little ones. One of the big ones, the biggest one as a matter of fact, had a donut on his plate. He cut the donut in half along the perimeter as you would an english muffin. Then he quartered each of these halves. He was obviously enjoying his experience very much. He crossed his hands as if in prayer and hesitated a second, looking gravely, intently, at his donut. Then he covered each of the parts of the donut with a pad of butter, until there were eight portions of the donut and each was duplicate of the other seven. He mashed each butter pad into its donut eighth. He crossed his hands again and inspected his handiwork. Satisfied, he scooped up one of the donut parts and placed it gently in his mouth. He did not chew. The thing just rested there in his mouth mixing with the saliva until it was part of the saliva and the taste of the saliva trickled into the throat, until there was nothing left in the mouth but a dry cotton-like waste. Only then did the snow machine swallow it. This experience was immediately followed by one exactly like it, until all

eight parts the donut were consumed. After that the snow machine crossed with his hands as if in thankfulness and repeated the entire process, with six additional donuts. Rickee Icensong saw none of this. He sat drinking his coffee, carefully refraining from looking at the snow machines. Rather it was his sense of hearing which evaluated the snow machine masticating his food. His sensitive ears heard the saliva doing its ancient work, heard the fork softly breaking the donut, heard the mashing of the butter eight times, heard the entry of each morsel into the mouth, heard the saliva doing its ancient work, heard the sudden jerk as the cotton remnant of what was the donut was being swallowed for disposal, heard even the pauses between, when hands would be folded, the mind in repose.

Later Rickee went to the village ice pond where he knew the Evergreens would be roasting an Elsasser. Originally a breed of dwarf deer, the animal had been trained by the police to sniff out local grown marijuana patches. The animal had done this all too successfully, much to the regret of both the police and the Evergreens, for The Elsasser acquired a taste for the spirited weed and thereafter became impossible to handle by its trainers. The Elsasser now roamed the forests and fields devouring all the wild weed it could find. The Evergreens held an ambivalent attitude toward the mischievous beast, for while The Elsasser had depleted the local marijuana supply, its meat was itself an exquisite hallucinatory delicacy. In addition, since it was obvious that The Elsasser was in a constant state of psychic awareness, it served as sort of religious totem. It was under these conditions that once a week the Evergreens killed an Elsasser (when they could catch one) and roasted it on a spit for the enjoyment of the gathered.

Marijuana did nothing for Rickee, except gave him a headache and made him feel like Arthur Godfrey and so he did not partake of the sizzling Elsasser. He listened to the fire crackling here, and the wind crackling there, and to the cheery, silly, pretentious voices of the Evergreens speaking, singing among themselves. He enjoyed these sounds, particularly the string music after the Elsasser had been consumed. It was not till later, however, that he attempted to converse with Boola Rita Maria Magoo, a sort of Evergreen Empress who claimed to have had coitus with an Elsasser.

"Troubles, Icensong?" she said.

"The things I have to listen to in order to be in winter here are not here. The sound things begin and then the snow machines somewhere begin and my sound things

are gone."

"If a person is taking a shower and he soaps his body well, and then the water stops, he is in an uncomfortable soapy predicament. That is your predicament as I understand it," said Boola Magoo.

"Think of the sudden silence of the water not falling after the water has fallen steadily," said Rickee.

"I think we are speaking of the same water," said Boola Magoo. "But we are different people. Everything for me is what penetrates the surface of the skin. For you it is listening to the sounds of yourself, as if you were a record and the world a turntable, and now you hear a scratch in your self which you call the snowmachines."

"This is like my snow jewel," said Rickee. He handed Boola Rita Maria Magoo a chunk of frozen snow. Boola Magoo compressed the chunk in her hand until water squirted from between her fingers. Then she released the snow chunk, except that it was no longer a snow chunk but a piece of ice, glistening in the blue lights of evening.

"Heat did that," said Boola Magoo.

Rickee next visited the general store. It was owned by Mr. Bellows Falls, and it was the only store in the village. Mr. Falls was Mr. Coaleyes' rival in community affairs. Mrs. Falls was originally from Fort Dix Park, New Jersey where he was a union rep. Mr. Falls was a mighty worker. He worked eighty hours a week in his store, and at night he worked for the community as a spokesman and a chairman. In his spare time he worked to make his family Happy. A few years ago after Mr. Falls had his second heart attack his wife persuaded him into taking a vacation to Bermuda. The Bellow Falls' came home early, however, after Mr. Falls had washed all the windows in his hotel suite, shined all twenty pairs of his wife's shoes, and even planted a small herb garden on hotel property, unbeknownst to the management. Mr. Falls neither smoked nor drank, but he ate for two men, and as a consequence was as big as two men.

"There are different things you do if you don't like the snow machines," said Mr. Falls to Rickee. "You may launch complaints. You may cry for restrictions. Best of all, you may adapt your own self to them. You see, everything today is a machine; all doing is machine doing; all motion is machine motion. You must become like the machine because the machine cannot become like you."

"If I am a machine thinking, I am not as I know myself," said Rickee. "I am only partly myself, if I cannot listen to what I think I have a right listen. I am the flesh, the picture, the meal of the thing I listen to."

Mr. Falls shrugged. "Why don't you take the bus to the city and go to the movies like the rest of the high school kids?"

"If no one pays to see the movie playing, is the movie playing?" said Rickee.

"Everyone must pay," said Mr. Falls.

Mr. Falls then did Rickee a favor. He played the meat grinder. Rickee liked that. Hamburg grinding was mirth and he giggled all the while Mr. Falls ground twelve pounds of meat.

"It's not so bad for a machine, eh?" said Mr. Falls.

It took a while for Rickee to recover from his mirth.

"The meat grinding does as much as a grinder can do to make me silly and forgetful of necessities," he said.

"How was that?" said Mr. Falls, cleaning his grinder.

"It is like the sounds of the city—not quite enough to save,"

"It is like the sounds of the city—not quite enough to save," said Rickee.

Mr. Falls now opened a 69 cents bag of Frosty potatoe ships. He offered some to Rickee who refused.

Rickee listened carefully. Crash! Crash! Everyone has to have a strategy," said Mr. Falls. Crash! "I knew a fellow—his name was G. Pity Morse—he owned a couple of acres on top of St. Stephens Mountain." Crash! "He couldn't afford to put up a house on his land. As a matter of fact, he lived in the city in a furnished room." Crash! "Summers he'd come up and pitch a tent. He cleared his acre or tow, seeded it with good quality blue grass." Crash! "He built an outdoor fire place, and he pulled weeds, and he drank martinis out of a pitcher. For years he mowed that lawn and cared for it and when died, quite penniless, he had the nicest lawn in the village." Crash! "You see, Rickee, that was his strategy?"

"Sometimes," said Rickee, "if you're standing on the pond and the wind is not blowing, you can hear the hurt rippling along the ice where the cracks open, the winter hurt of bad news."

"What do rabbit tracks look like in new snow?" said Mr. Falls. Crash!

"Like a long crack in the ice, except where the lines of the crack make angles, the tracks make curves," said Rickee.

"If a man walks a circle in the woods, he is lost," said Mr. Falls. "Something in him is trying to repeat what he was. If he walks a straight line he is lost, because a straight line is nothing but a big circle. Best he should tarry here and there where it pleases him—like an animal sniffing in his woods." Crash!

Potatoe chips sounds crashing in his head, Rickee left. He disappeared into the trees along a snow machine trail. A little moon was in and out of the trees. The night winter silence was a hard silence into which the trees leaned; each tree breaking the silence was like a crack in dry leather. Then the silence became light and feathery and he was in a small field where the wind skittered along the hard crust. Then he was back in the woods, the trail climbing toward the little moon. He welcomed the small fearful sounds of the hunting birds and the wind rolling down from the top of the hill and the night sound of his own brain thinking.

None of these sounds was particularly distinct, because they were muted by the whine of snow machines, whose lights passed through the trees in gaudy imitation of the moon. To a snow machine, day time was AM and night time was PM; and they stayed out long into the night—loud. Now two snow machines came screaming from over the hill on Rickee's trail. He stepped into the snow off the trail and was still, by a tree. The snow machines travelled about fifty feet beyond him and came to an abrupt stop. The lead machine turned off the main

trail and slowly turned a big circle back toward Rickee. Finally, the machines stopped almost right beside him except that their lights were aimed away from him. They shut down their engines. The transformation into total silence was eerie even to Rickee. The snow machines were teen-agers. They called each other by their last names. Rickee enjoyed the sound of their voices immensely. They were providing him with a small, exquisite fear.

"Fowler, what you cut off the main trail for?"

"I seen something, Bear."

"You seen your ass blowing in the wind."

"Blowing in the wind," Rickee whispered just audibly.

"What did you say, Fowler?"

"I didn't say nothing."

"What w-was th-that? W-was th-that you?" said Bear.

"Th-that you?"

The two young snow machines ran like hell for their machines and disappeared into the darkness, while Rickee remained a tree.

A day passed, then another, and Rickee was getting desperate, so much so that he decided to visit the traveling minister from California. There were three posters in the office. First, Smoke Cigars in place of the weed. Second, Drink Coca Cola, the real thing. Third, Tonaka Hildago Boo-Boo Obrian, Exorcizer, Nutritionist, and Servent of the Prince of Peace.

"Kin Ah hep yeh?" Obrian was an African, raised by Baptist missionaries. He as a forthright man who aimed to please.

Rickee told him about the snow jewel.

"You painted the picha; you decide where you wants to hang it," said Obrian.

"I'm all ears," said Rickee.

"The lawd makes the sound of the logs rollin'" said Obrian.

Nothing seemed to work. Rickee called the minister, Mr. Tonka Boo-Boo. The minister tried to persuade Rickee into letting himself be baptised. Rickee shrugged—each had tried his amenities and failed. Finally, Obrian, getting desperate, reached into his frock and produced a celery stalk. He took a big bit of it, making a loud crunch. "Nice," said Rickee. Obrian offered Rickee a bite. Rickee accepted. That did it—they were brothers after a fashion.

"If the tree fall down in the forest, and they ain't nobody to listen to it, did the tree make a noise when it fell down?" Obrian posed the question.

Rickee saw in the ole question a joke and he laughed and laughed until the minister joined him.

Then the minister raised his celery stalk like a sceptre. "You was listenin'; I was tastin'. Different people, doin' different things. Have a coke, one of the divine gifts."

"That's something," said Rickee. "But it isn't much."

"They ain't much ah kin do for you," said Obrian. "Jivin' celery is about it. If you had that snow crystal gismo stuck in your belly so's it was pressin' on yo heart, ah could—with the hep of the lawd—git yo to cough it up, and you'd tell all yo friends what a great exorcizer and nutritionist I am, which ah indeed am, but yo don't. Yo see, the problem heah is everything is made by humans but not fo humans. They got wheels for feet; they got

wheels for thinkin. Heah, the hammer is not an arm for the arm, the arm is an arm for the hammer . . ."

But Rickee was gone. He was grateful enough, but he'd heard this one before.

Rickee sought a dark place to contemplate his advisors and his relationship to them. There was Mr. Coaleyes, whose only function was to make coffee. Mr. Coaleyes was not even a face; he was a brown hand pouring brown liquid. The Evergreens, on the hand, were a hundred faces, a hundred brothers and sisters. Everything about their lives pointless, and this thought brought tears to Rickee's eyes. Boola Rita Maria Magoo was hardly an empress, yet she was called Empress. Heat Did That, Rickee remembered her words. Life himself, the Empress was constantly shamed by the knowledge that her words mediated between her thoughts and deeds.

Mr. Bellows Falls was a fool with words and he had only enough thoughts to know that his life was an endless series of petty deeds. Mr. B. Falls looked forward to his death as the last, diligent enterprise. Saddest and smallest of all and therefore dearest was Tonaka Hildago Boo Boo Obrian, the minister. This man was a traveler, particles of thoughts collected like lint from every grundgy corner of the cosmos, searching for a center, clean and blank and without motion. Somewhere amidst the words of these friends Rickee sought a clue which would help him free himself from the domination of the snow machines.

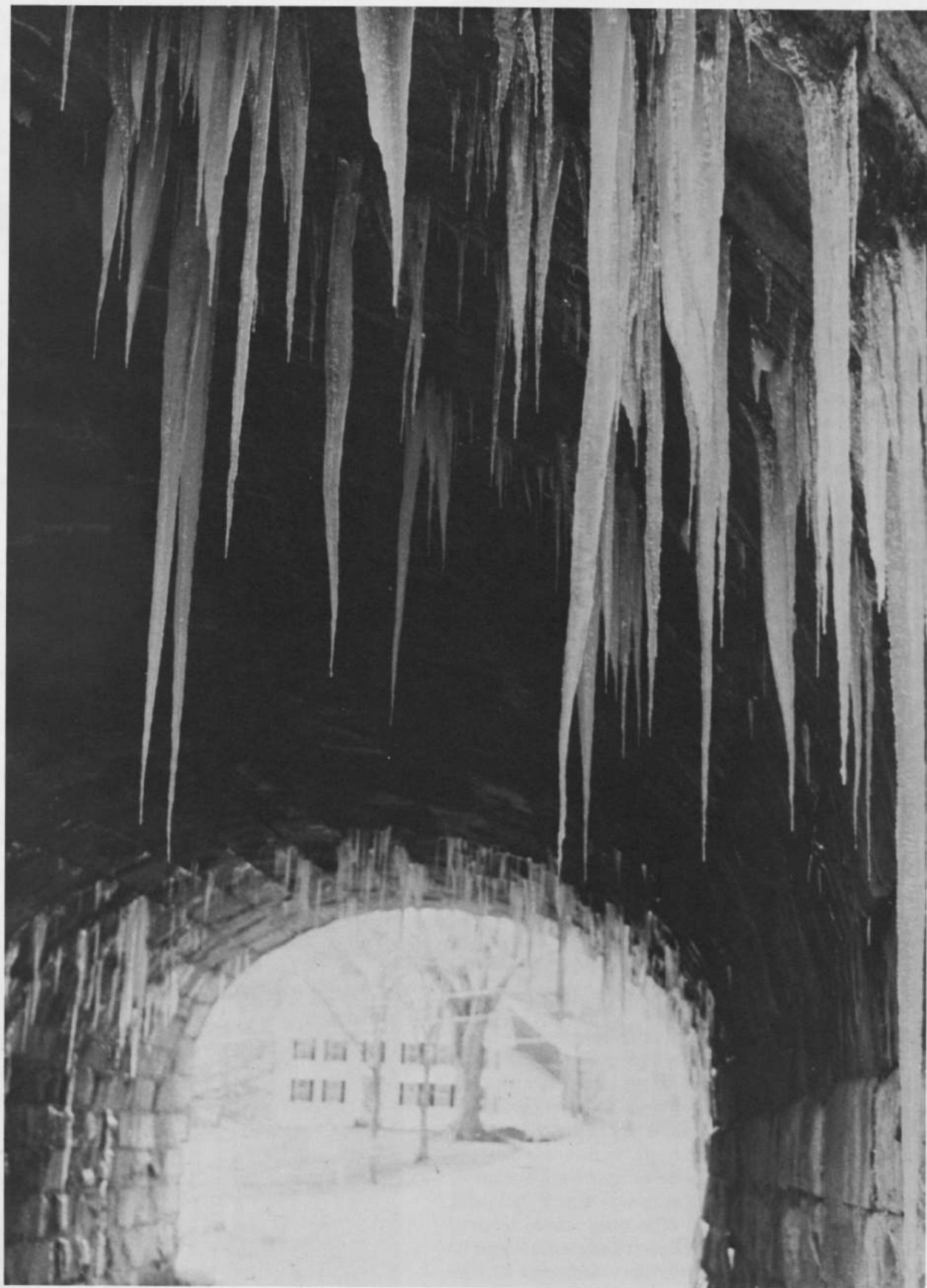
Every Sunday at nine a.m. the snow machines met for Roundup, which was a kind of winter picnic of snow machines and their families. They met at the saddle of Oleo Hill and Caesar Hill where they played treasure hunt, hide and seek, and bump the brown man, later eating lunches of hamburgers cooked on coleman stoves. Some of the bigger snow machines carried pistols strapped to their hips. All wore insulated one-piece suits which looked like flying suits. These were of varying colors and carried patches identifying the snow machines as members of a club. There were the Purple Panthers, the Village Raiders, Babe and the Blur Oxes, etc. Rickee Iconsong was among them today. Since he was not wearing a flying suit but his father's old Navy pea coat, he was obviously not one of the snow machines. But he kept moving around, and no one bothered him. He would stop at one of the snow machines and say, "Whopee-do, a Panther!" He even managed to bum a grilled ham and cheese from a female snow machine. Then around noon when the edge was off the cold he broke off some branches from a nearby pine and placed them in a big clearing not far from the main site of the Roundup. He repeated this until his pile was getting pretty big. In a while some young snow machines came over to see what he was doing. "For the bon fire," Rickee explained. Soone all the young ones and some of the females were piling up dry sticks on the growing pile. "Ain't supposed to have open burning," complained one. "Got permission" retorted Rickee. Got permission, the word went around. When the big males returned from their game of snow machine bowling, they immediately caught the spirit and pitched in. Got permission, the word went around. One male produced a chain saw which he carried strap-

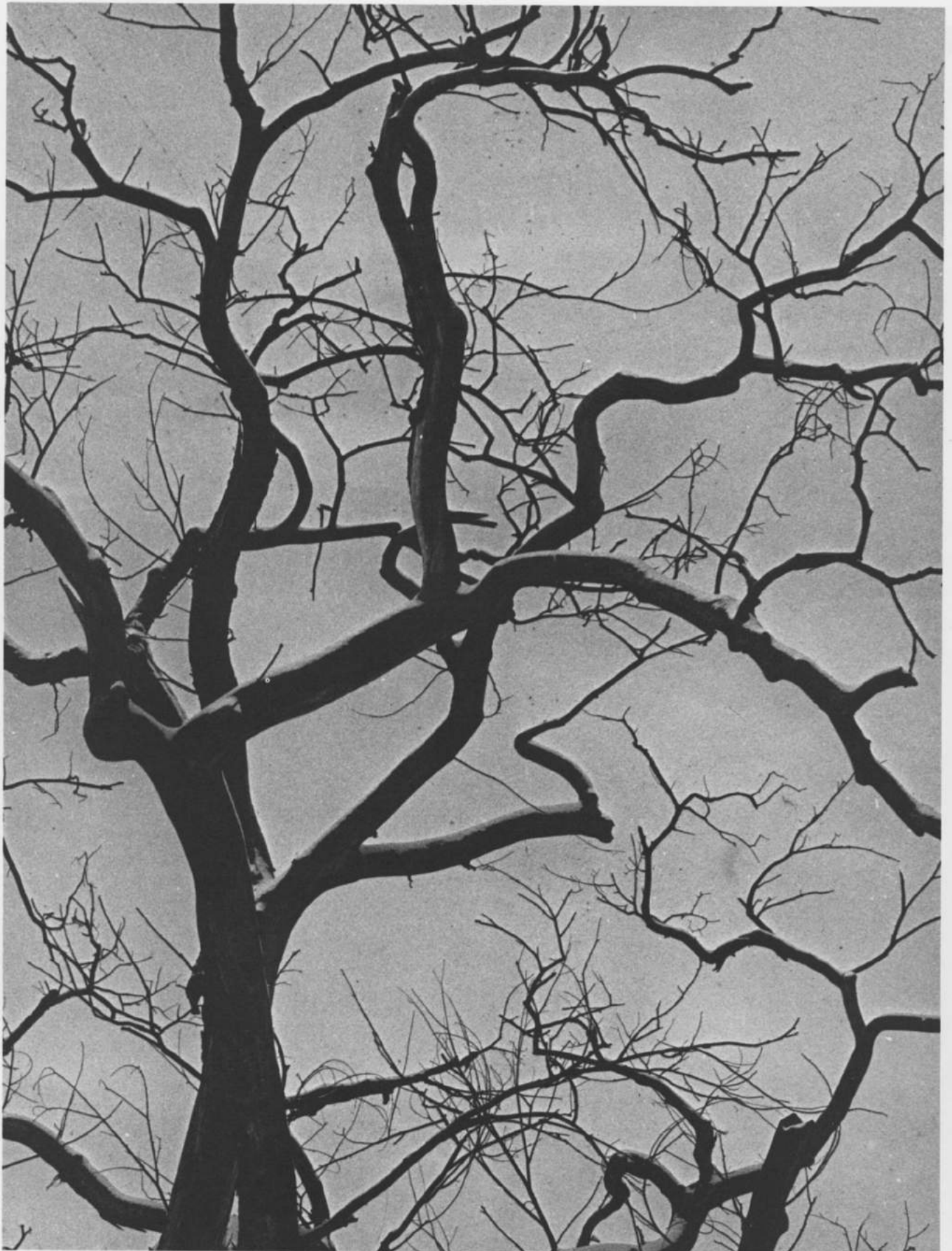
ped to the back of his machine. The males took turns running the chain saw, others hauling the cut logs to the bon fire site. The work became organized, some taking charge and giving orders and accepting responsibility, others working hard and long, others working but more as a matter of form rather than interest or duty. Some even complained as they worked that the idea of a bon fire was itself silly and wasteful, but they were few and nobody listened to them, and they worked in spite of their own protests. Some young ones found a fallen tree half buried in the snow. With the help of chains and ropes, twenty snow machines hauled the tree to the bon fire site. Some machines left and returned with more chain saws. By three p.m. the wood pile was as big as a house; by four it was bigger than a Freshman bon fire. Rickee was standing by a tree watching. A man came by and told him to get off his ass and get to work. Then the man cut the tree down. At four-thirty Rickee went home and ate a quick supper. At five-thirty he was back at the site. The wood pile was immense. It stood fifty feet high and was shaped like a pyramid. At the very top a small agile snow machine had climbed. In the darkness, he was illuminated by the lights of dozens of snow machines. He was fitting a forked stick at the very top of the pile of wood. Everyone laughed and cheered—including Rickee. Big male snow machines doused the pile with gasoline. Others pushed back the crowd, which had grown to over a hundred people since word of the bon fire had gotten around.

The village fire department was represented by several volunteers wearing flying suits and fire hats, and by a spotted dog named Ranger. Rickee Icesong had been looking away from all this, protecting his eyes from the glare of the snow machines light. When these went out he turned his eyes up to the sky where millions of tiny white lights seemed to hang over him like the notes of a piece of music on a page. Then the lights were less white and the darkness less blue; Rickee lowered his eyes to the pile of wood. A tiny yellow flame flickering up showing the outline of what looked like a pile of huge bones. "What cha put in there, Harry, water?" Laughter. "When that catches you know it won't be water," spoke Harry. Just as Harry finished his words, as if to vindicate him, there was a whooshing sound and then a bright sky followed by heat on the faces of the crowd. In a moment the pile of wood was not a pile of wood but a fierce crackling bon fire. The heat created an internal wind which made the red flannel man flap on his stick as in great fear or great good humour—it was hard to tell. In minutes the sky was aglow for hundreds of feet with yellow smoke and golden sparks. The glow from the bon fire could be seen ten miles away in the city. In twenty minutes the crowd had to back away from the intense heat. Bottles of beer were passed around. There was much talk and delight over the fire. A group of women started to sing, Good Day Senor Wences. The red flannel man began to burn; his fiery arms flapped the hot wind until he was consumed. At this point the fire was its brightest, so bright faces were discernable a hundred feet away. It crackled uproariously; the crowd sang.

A mile away on the other side of the hill, none of this could be heard or seen. No wind blew; the silence was dense, almost oppressive. The silence was something and then it was nothing, because it was replaced by the gentle, ever so gentle tinkling of a snow crystal tumbling down a frozen hill until its sound faded from the something of sound to the something of memory and the nothing of the silence was something rich and loud.

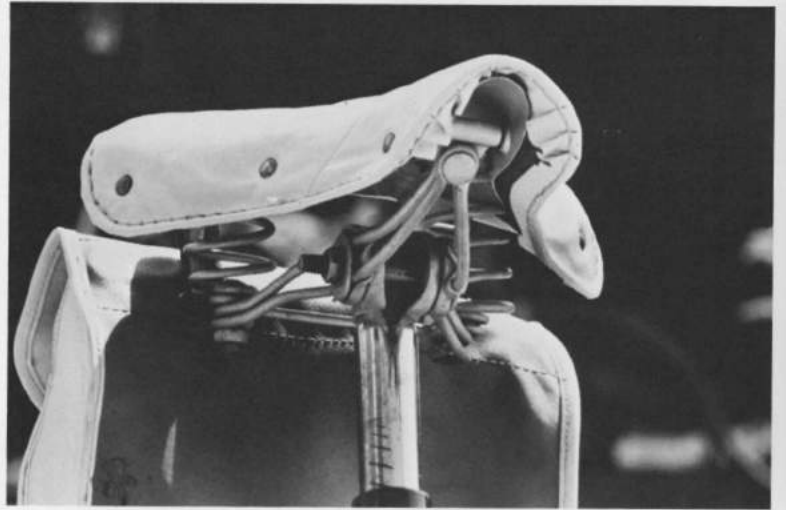


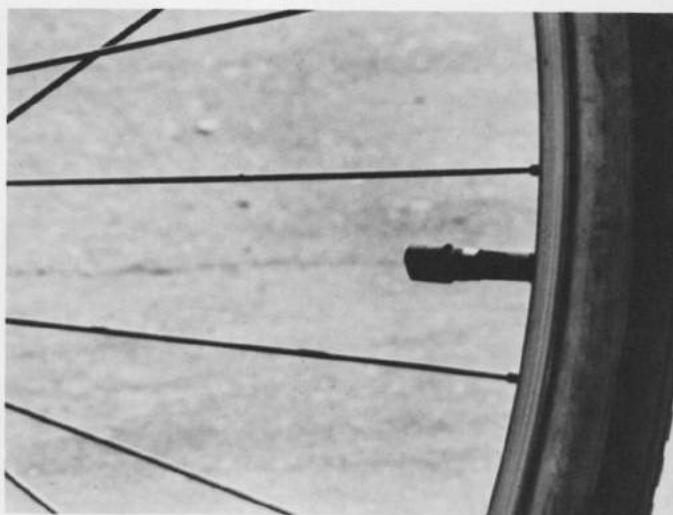
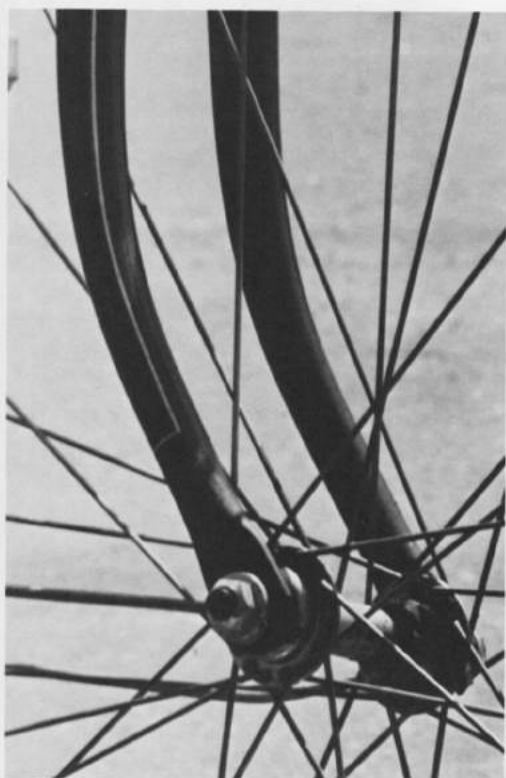










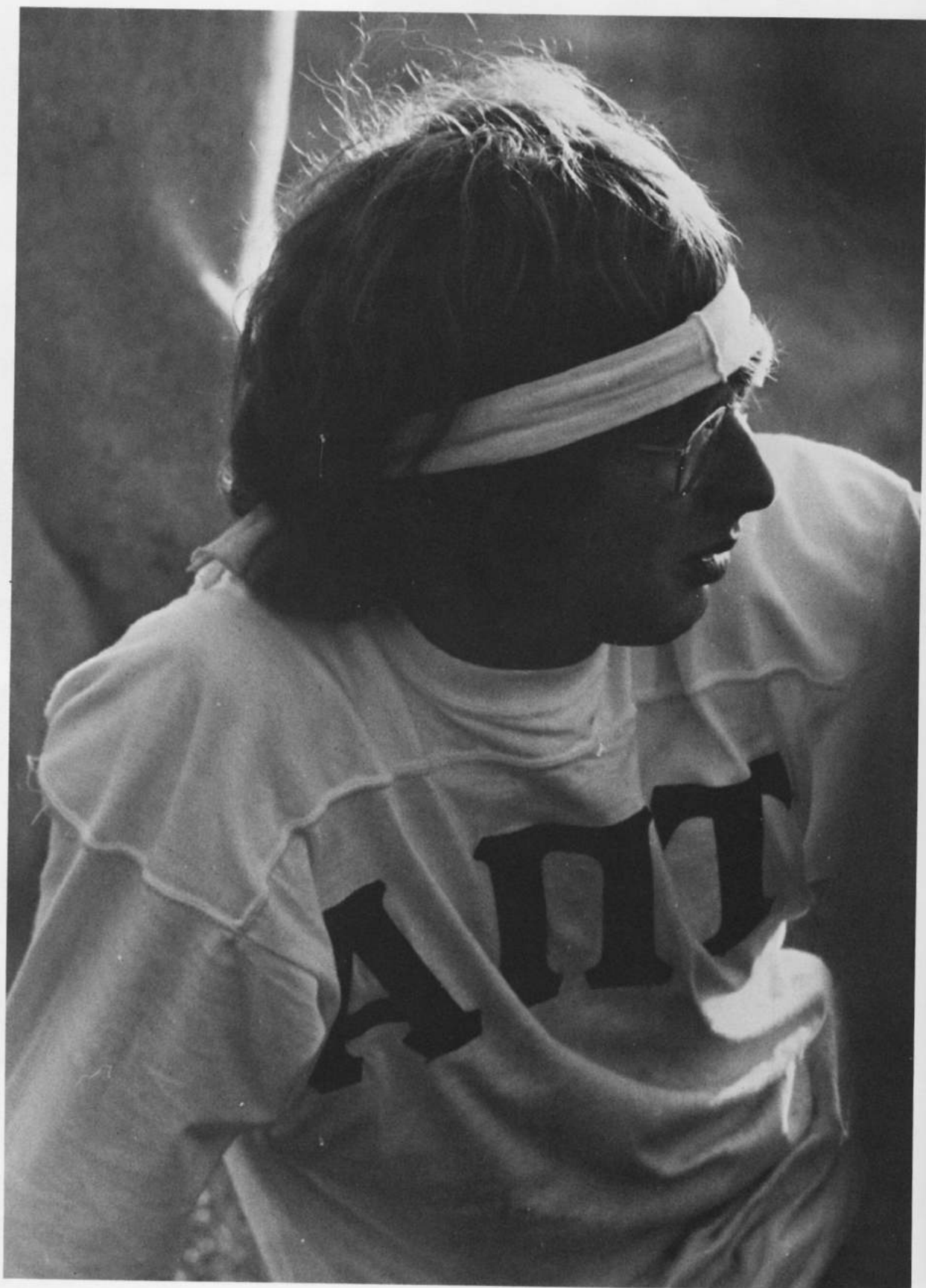


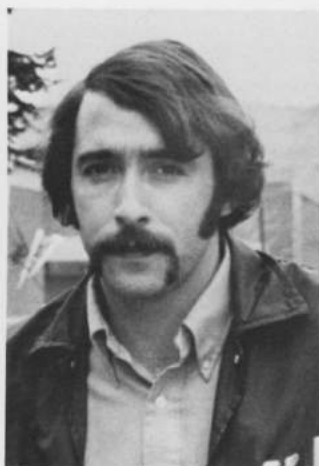


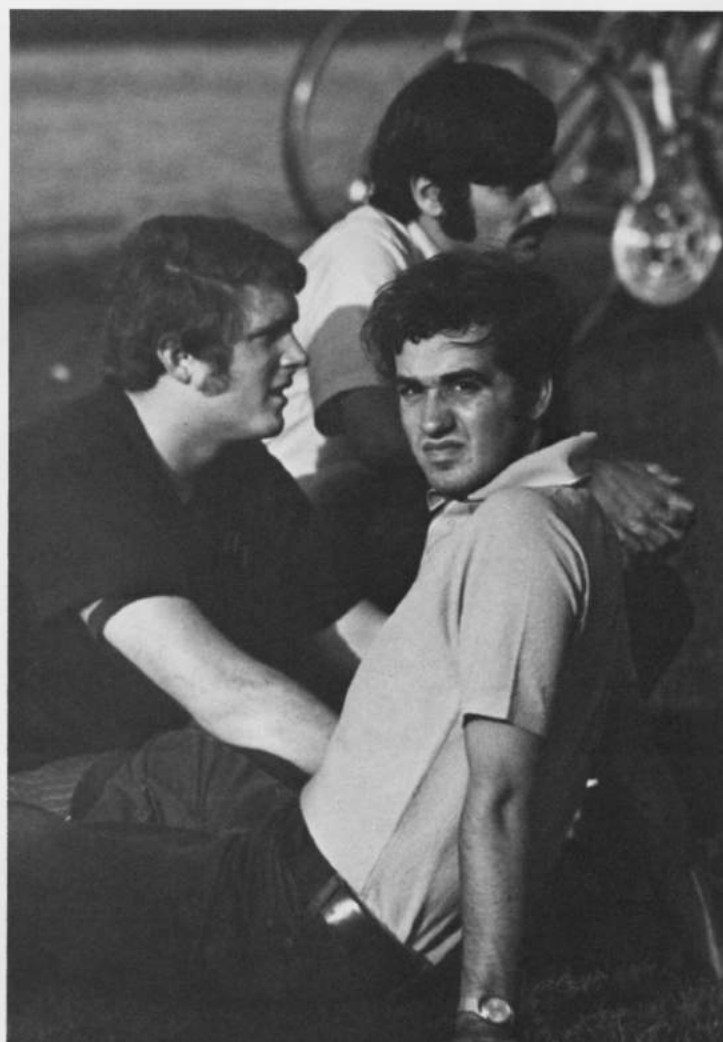


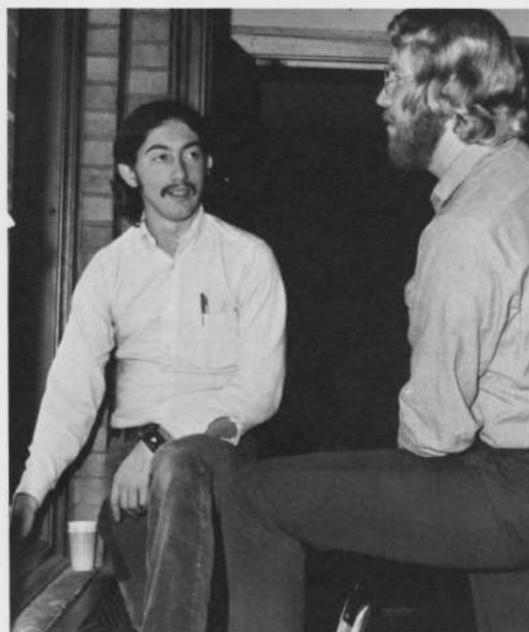












IMMOVABLE PARTS

by Mary MacNamara

The tiny lad had not realized that his request would create such a major undertaking. He had been excited by the fluffy appearance of the outside world and made a simple entreaty to be allowed to venture into it. Suddenly mysterious compartments had emerged, spilling forth yards of fabric and other armor to ward off the cold out of doors.

Time and energy were now the main elements to deal with. He saw before him the endless task of preparation for his expedition. The youngster set to work trying to recollect which things among this vast assortment were his and where they were to be deposited on his meager structure. Luckily Mom was within vocal range and could help with the major decisions.

The youth thought he would never really understand why even though one had the right amount of mittens, on the right part of one's body, they still had to match in color or everything was wrong. How three pair of pants were equal to two pair plus long underwear was another matter that baffled him. This latter problem was finally resolved with the boy wearing one pair of pants covered with a ski suit. There just never seemed to be an end to the combinations and confusion.

Gradually his active little self was stifled in traps of wraps. Every moment a new layer was added to his person. The feeling of creeping suffocation was really upsetting to him. The perpetuity of the sneaking stiffness was almost scary.

At last Mom was satisfied with her little man's appearance. He was now the typical ear-muffled, scarf-strangled, phenomenon titled, "Child Ready For Playing In The Snow". She opened the door and gently guided him down the steps and into the yard.

At last he was standing in the fresh air. He could hardly believe that all that preparation was needed in order to become a "pillar in the community". Trying to move was as hard as eating lumpy oatmeal without sugar. His easiest function was breathing and even that had to penetrate the scarf mask.

The child was not sure whether he was numb from cold or just inactive due to bulky joints from Mom's "germ warfare" logic. The lad contemplated from his stance that the reward of hot chocolate would be nothing compared to the freedom of wiggling bare toes.

Mary McNamara



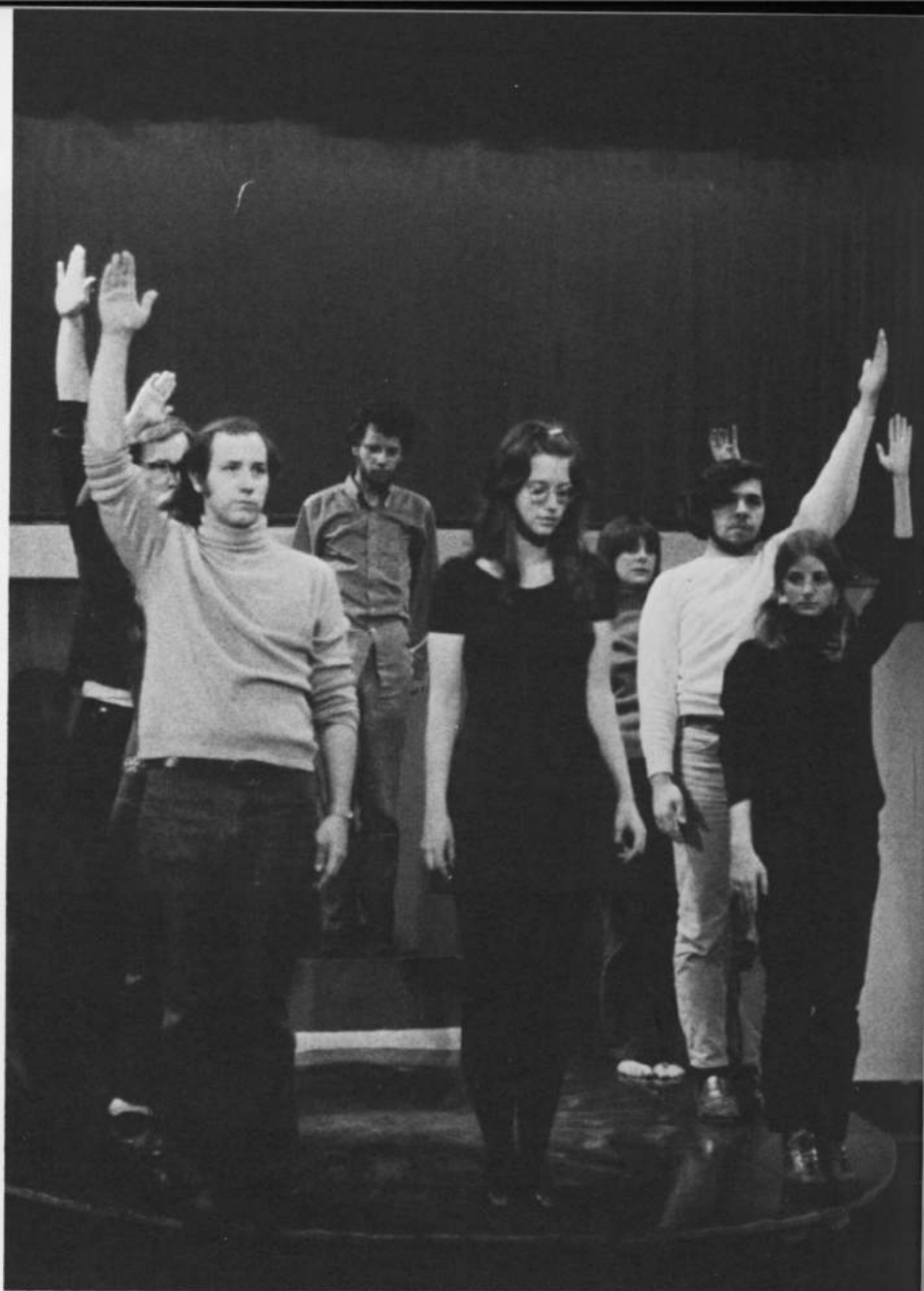
Kids • A Portfolio by Robert Ransom

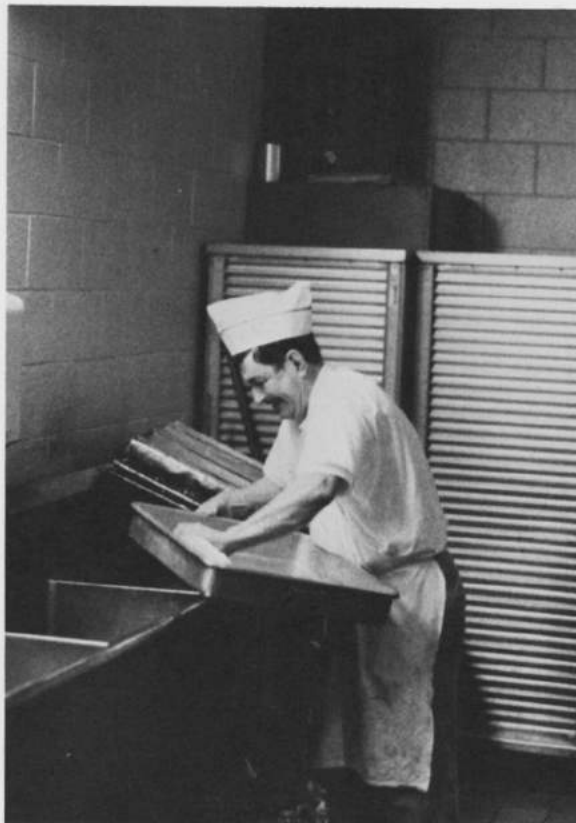


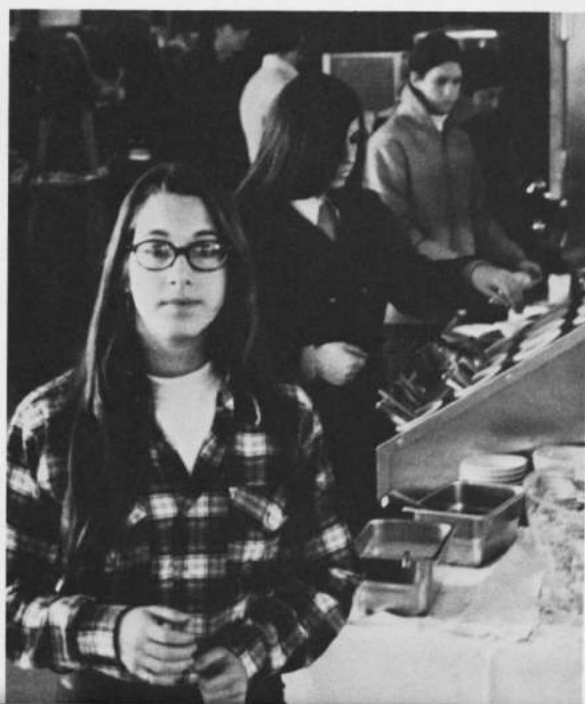
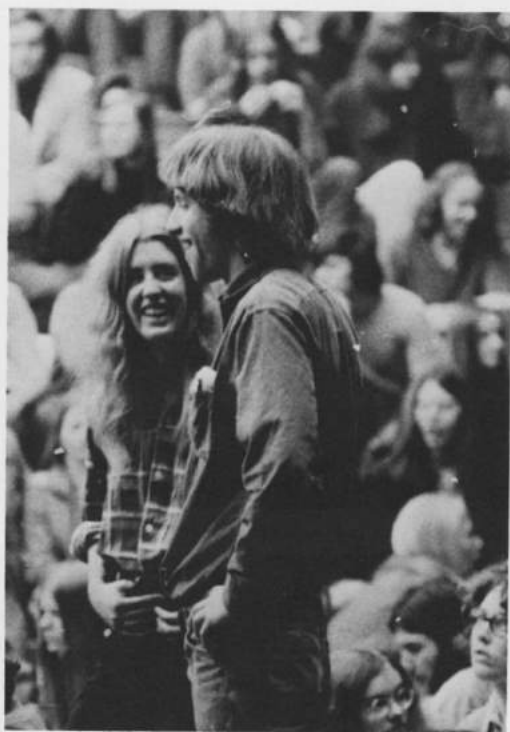




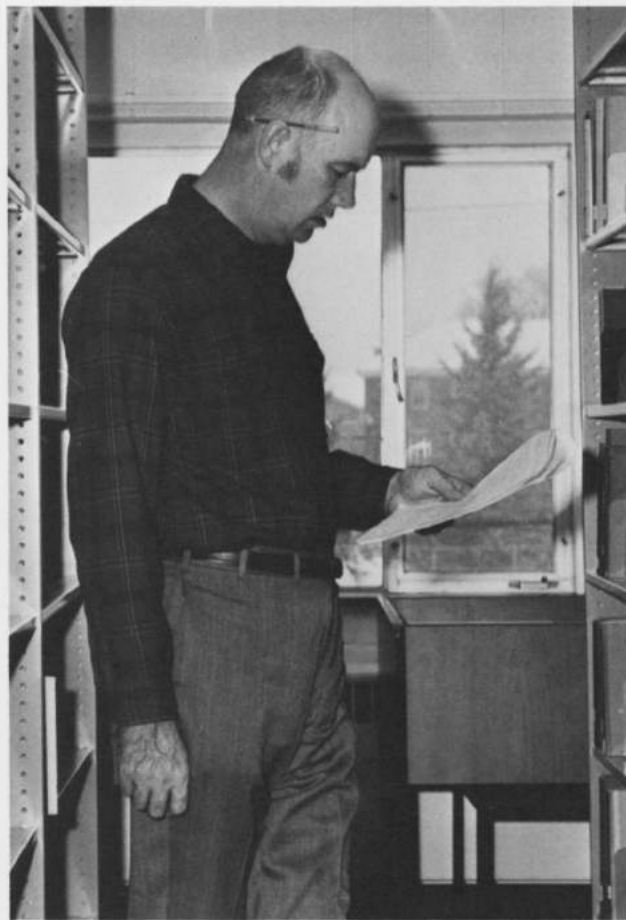


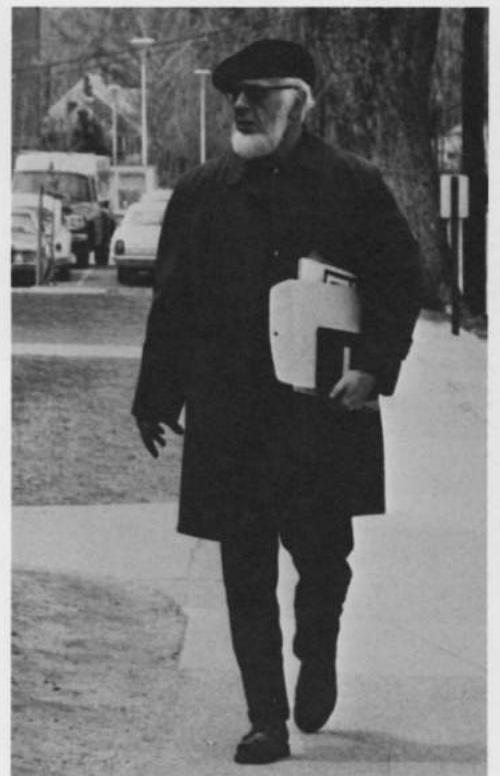
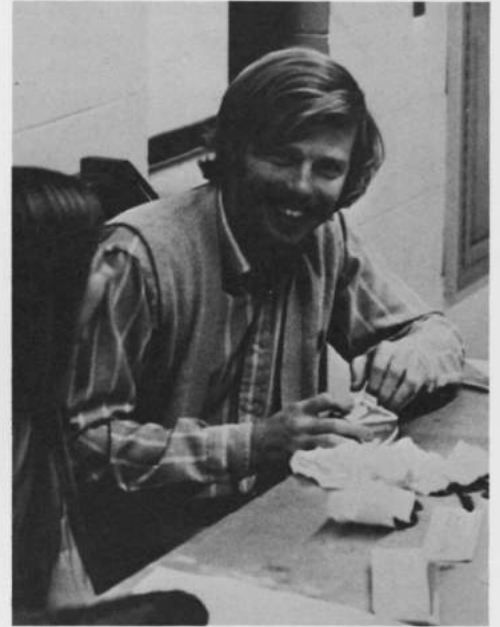


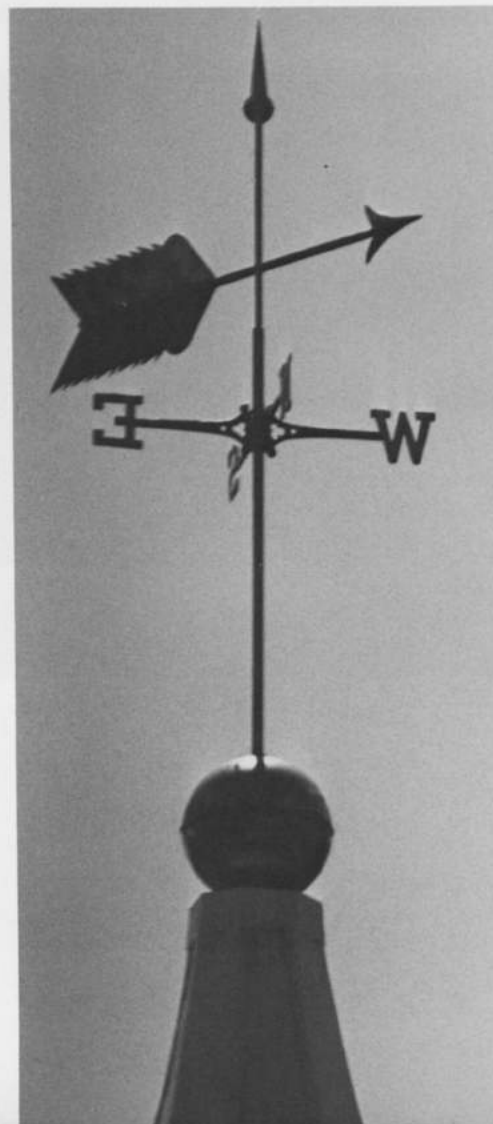


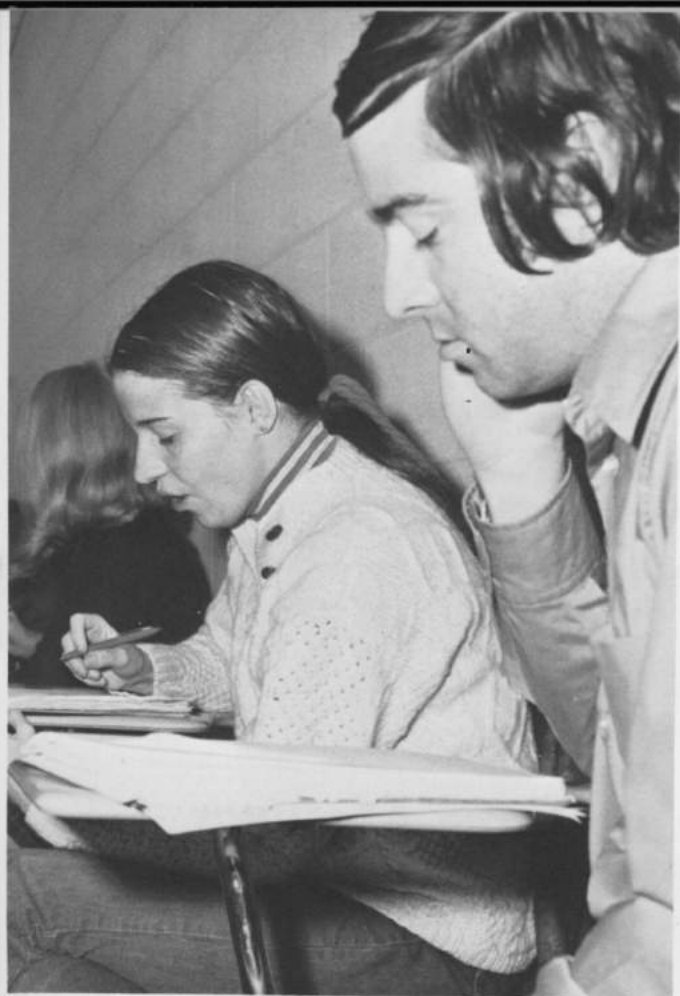












MOLLY BLOOMER

Or Arrival And Departure In Three Meetings

by Robert Ransom

"It's a love-ly road. Great for the figure you know. It goes way up to the top then opens in a clearing. A stick of a cigarette bounced between her lips as she spoke. You're living here? There's a wonderful little meadow across the road. Have you seen it? Juno loves to explore in the grasses. And, there's an enormous rock."

An Irishwoman about forty. She piles her long rust hair on her head and pins it up with a gold and brown plastic clip thus making her six inches higher than her usual five foot three. Molly dresses in mismatched pieces of coarse wool and fine silk with the chic of a New York penthouse legend. Her wide forehead and delicate features carry a gold cast that hints at an outdoor life but barely covers the pale, fine skin beneath.

"Are you in a hurry? Come on in and have a drink. Coffee? Tea? Or maybe you'd like a mixed drink. I have some Scotch. Here, you can put in as much water as you want. You're sighing. Are you nervous? Don't be nervous. I used to sigh in New York but never knew it. They said, 'Why are you sighing?', so I stopped. You shouldn't sigh. You're so young; you've no reason to sigh. What's your name . . . Peter. My brother's name was Peter and my father's too. We called him Pete. Do you mind if I call you Peter? I couldn't call you Pete; that's my father's name. He's dead.

She moved back and forth in front of the fireplace as

she talked. Two black logs nestled together half submerged in a bed of red coals. The room was cold. A half inch ash fell from the cigarette in the corner of her mouth into the fireplace. She propped the cigarette over the rim of an enameled ashtray (which had the commercial printing of a well known scotch distiller on it) next to another equally as long plus about twenty butt ends that stood up on their filters among the ashes. Molly grabbed a fresh log with one hand and laid it on the two that had gone out.

"Yes. There are seven cats in all. They love to roam through the woods and up the hill. Juno, I'm afraid, is going to die pretty soon. He had leukemia. He's the father to Sparrow and Princess, and their mate. Sparrow is a ferocious hunter. I feel sorry for the little chipmunks he catches. They're so cute you know. He doesn't mean to hurt them, but he does."

"I looked in the *New Yorker*, but I didn't see your name."

"I only write the 'Briefly Noted' in the back, so they don't sign them unless its one of my short stories. Well. I know you have a lot of reading. How are you doing for food? Do you like cream in your tea? And, here's some liver. Do you like liver? Here's sardines and some Kasha—you boil it for about thirty minutes, then serve it in a butter sauce with onions and peppers. Here's some

peppers. Good-bye Peter. Do you like cats?

"I was a cat. C.A.T. Company of Anonymous Trainers."

"On. Good-bye."

Molly was a writer. She rented a six room farmhouse that was once the Bolmen homestead. The grazing land that surrounded it had grown up with young white birches. The Bolmen children still came around and played in the barn out back. Sometimes after heavy snowstorms the farmhouse would be cut off for days before the snowplows came. There was a telephone but no television, only books—mainly murder mysteries sent for Molly to review with little cards in them that read, "For your consideration . . . Please send two copies of any notice or review. Not to appear before the enclosed date of publication." Molly was now going away to finish writing a short story. Evidently, the children and white birches were not

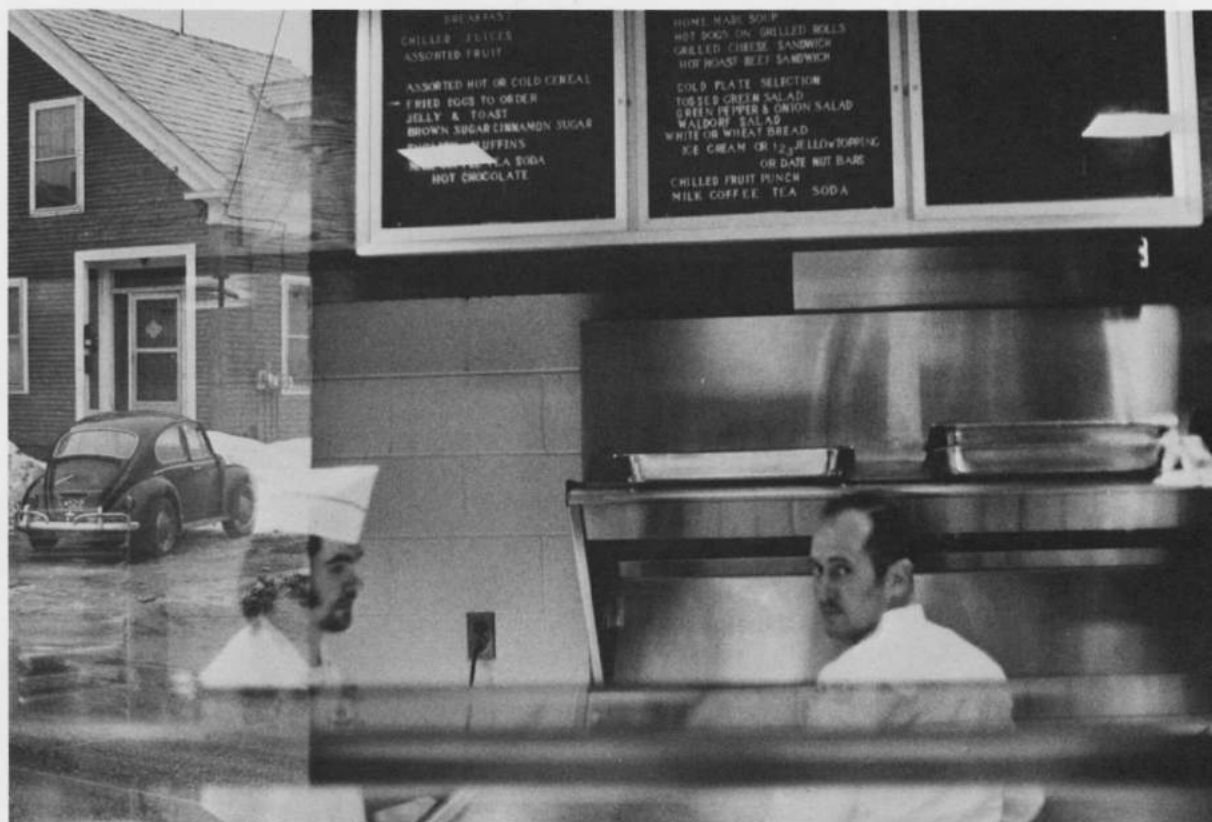
peaceful enough.

"Hello. I'm afraid I haven't managed this very well. The cats' food is in the cupboard. There's milk in the refrigerator, and liver for you. Do give them some when you have it though. There's a bathroom upstairs and over there. I'm afraid I haven't managed this affair very well. And do leave the window open so the cats can come and go as they please. I want you to think of this as your house; eat anything you find; there are sardines in the cupboard. You'll like this place for reading. I'm afraid I haven't managed this very well. Don't build roaring fires or the chimney will catch on fire and the whole place will burn down. I'm leaving finally."

She tied a kerchief over her red hair.

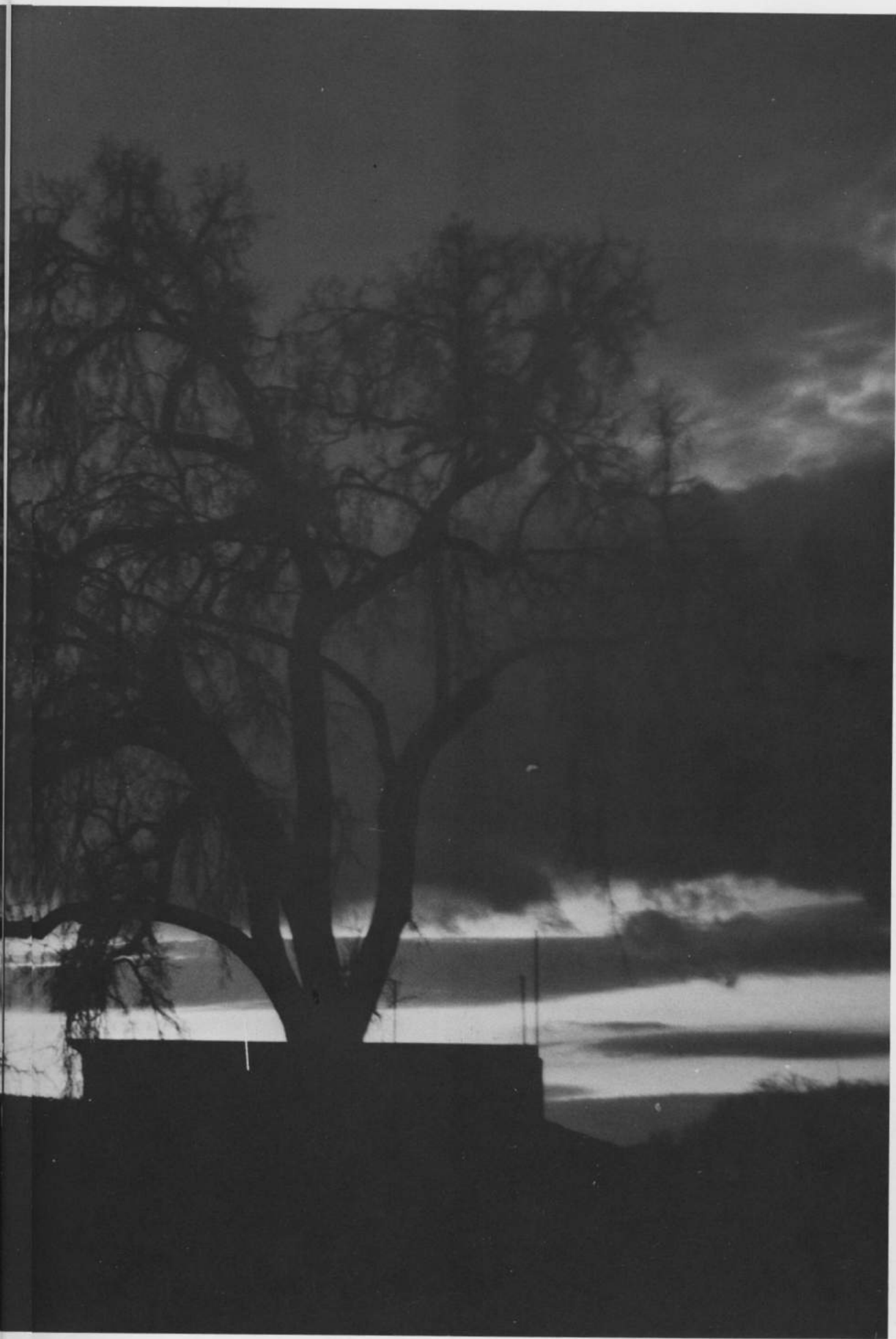
"Good-bye Peter. I'm afraid I haven't managed this at all well."

"Good-bye Molly."

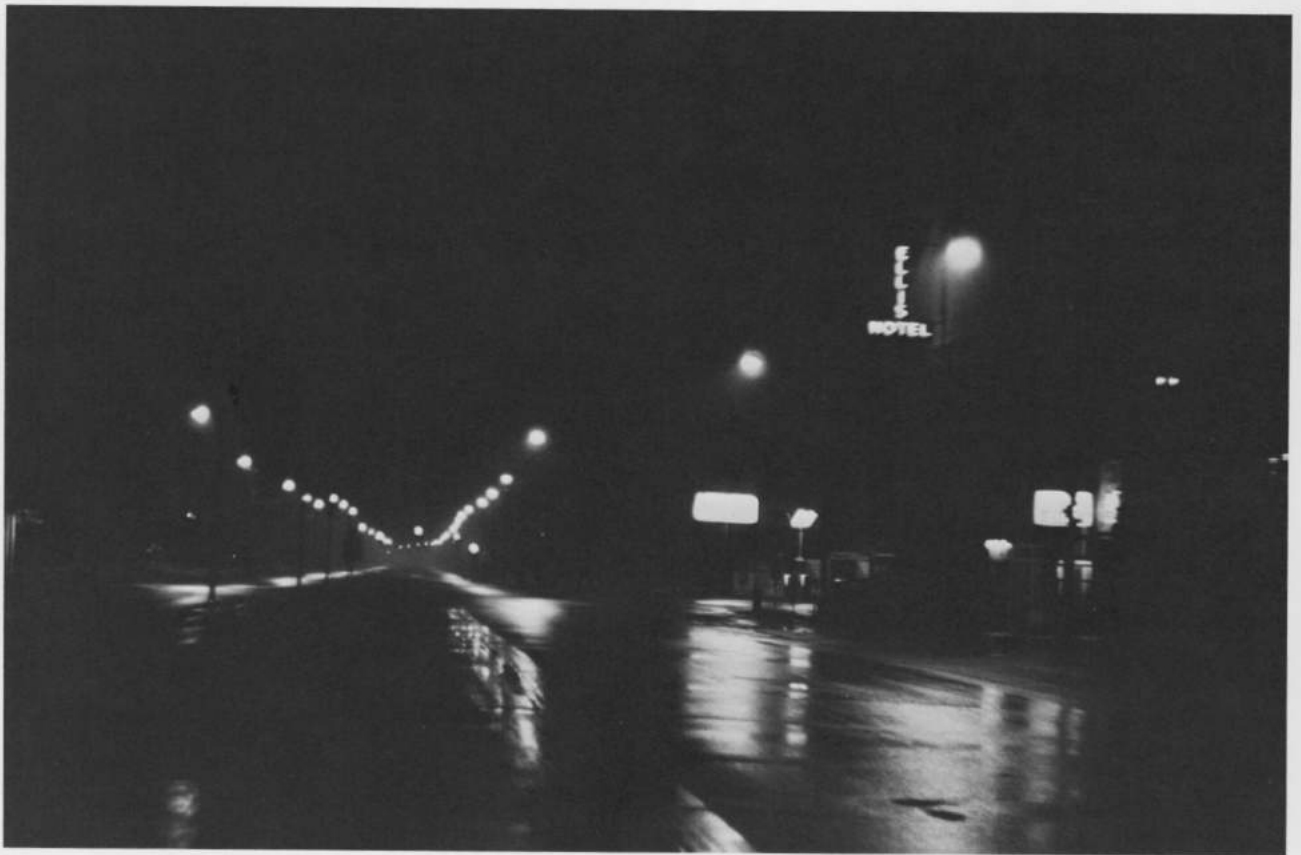


Day And Night • A Portfolio by Judy Preston

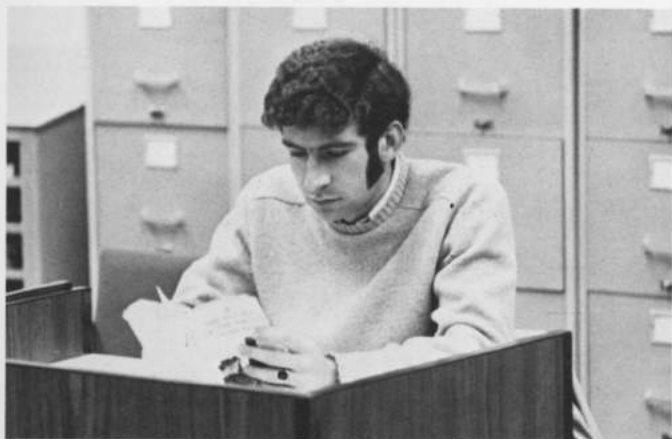






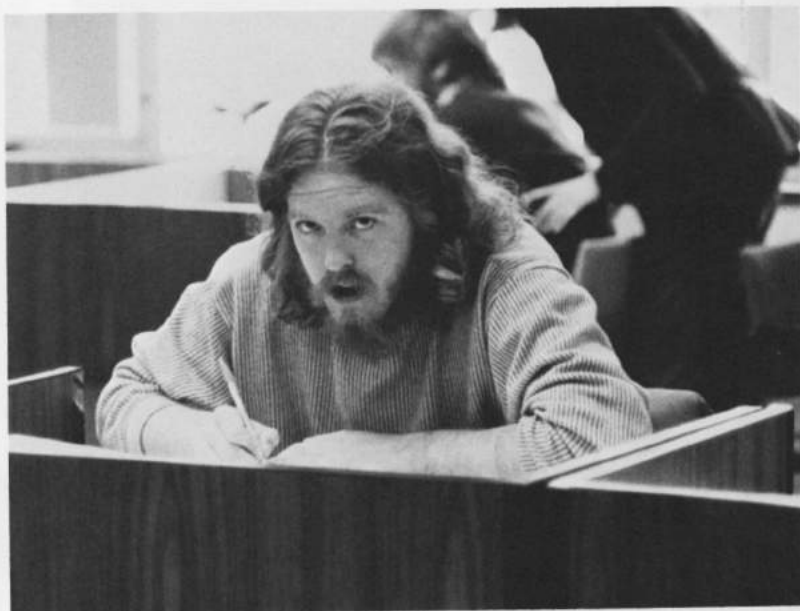








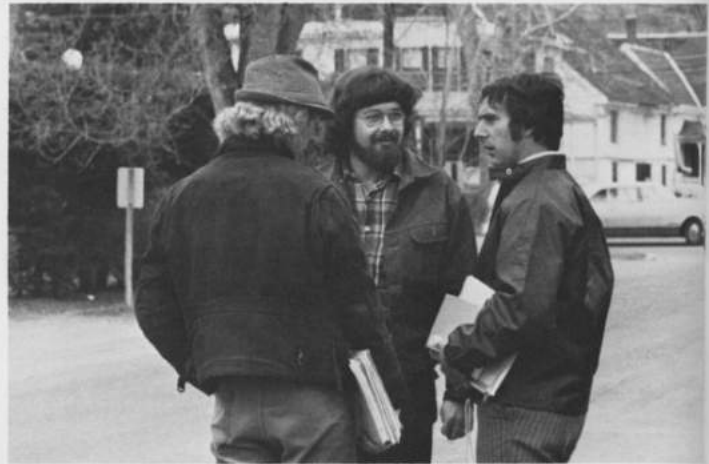
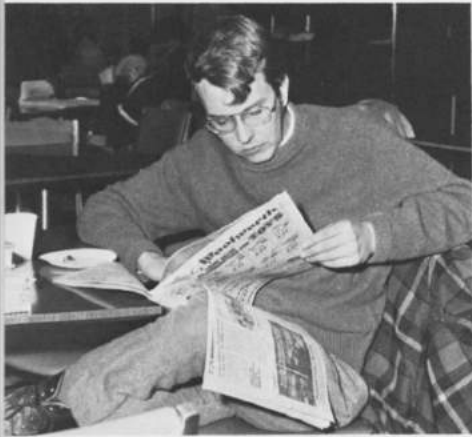






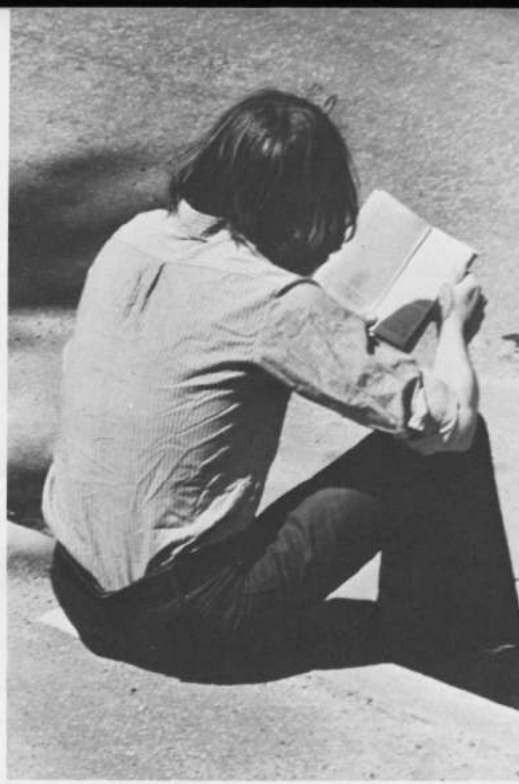












ONE AFTERNOON

by Larry Colby

She smiled but no one saw her. If someone did they acknowledged it by forgetting their exhaustion for a minute. But that's all. So they filed by her and she returned to her dirt and rags and nothingness.

The soldiers were used to smiling children but not to the exhaustion that was common yet new every time.

Churl, third in line could let part of his mind be his own. The portion of self allowed by the situation increased as relation to the point diminished. Televas, at point, *was* his job. He'd been pointman for almost five months. Hardly anyone, least of all Televas, noticed his ever increasing laughter during standdowns.

Churl was platoon leader of the twenty or so men. They'd been moving for about an hour and a half and had covered about two lkics, 2000 meters. The sun was at its 3 o'clock hottest. Backs were long wet, the perspiration an accepted misery. The routineness of misery voided the word of meaning. Vietnam baptises its reluctant visitors with sweat.

The mission was routine, the operation average. Delta 1-6 was to sweep from a road to a blue, a small river than ran by Nhue Cla, the base camp of Delta and Charlie companies for that month of August.

Churl had been platoon leader for three weeks. He was still unsure enough of himself to insist on walking third. The men had accepted him, accepted him as much as

men do when told that another is their leader. Churl still did not know what a leader was, still thought it must involve this walking close to point and not feeling the fear all of the men felt.

The colonel had told him to sweep through this particular area and Churl was doing it. The colonel awed him but not enough to overcome the basic knowledge of even three week "veterans" that sweeping—extending people on line—increased chances of injuries. The men searched the area with practicality.

They were getting close to the woodline running parallel with the river. The nipapalm, the lush, thick growth that is companion to all moving water in the delta, waited. Churls turned his head and motioned for the radio handset that was always a meter away. He broke squelch by pushing the button on the phones side. He could hear himself breathing in the second before he spoke.

"1-5 oscar, 1-5 oscar this is 1-6." The hushed tone of voice that he knew was his surprised him again. Like the first time he heard himself in the morning, the voice was distant and not distinctly his own.

"1-6, this is 1-5 oscar, over, said the slightly metallic voice of Jons, the T.T.O.

"Roger, let 1-5 know we'll be stopping now for about ten before we go into the woods. When my squad stops

have your squad pull up on that dike to our left, over."

"Roger, sir will do."

He handed the handset back to Heard, his R.T.O.

"Give chief a call and tell him we're almost to the blue. Also find out if we can prep here.", he added.

"Roger, sir".

Preping consisted of firing weapons into the woodline before entering. It was an important psychological defense for men ordered into the nipa in reluctant search for "gooks".

"Smitty, till Televas to hold up", the lieutenant stage whispered to the man to his front. "We're going to take ten."

Churls never minded hollaring or repeating messages; everyone stayed well separated. And more immune to gunfire or booby-traps. In training the reasons given for staying spread out were to lessen casualties in case of contact. But each man knew the V.C. were less apt to shoot at a single target. The men wanted to eliminate chances or contact not lessen its effectiveness. They stayed well spread out.

Televas was down on the dike, taking off his pack and helmet. All the way down the line men were doing the same. Packs off and stretching the arms and backs and legs that belonged to them again, at least for a few minutes. Canteens were relieved of some water, cigarettes were lit up, and penises were hung out, pissing urine into the paddy water probably dirtier than the liquid splashing into it.

"Ukno, 1-6", Heard said. "We haven't had any shit around here in two maybe three months. Last time was May or June."

Heard hollared up to Smitty, "When was it that Bush was fucked up?"

"Ah, last part of June, I think", Smitty answered.

"Yeah", Heard said, back now to Churls, "It was right before the old 1-6 was killed."

Heard dragged again on his cigarette and mumbled something about the radio. Churls hated when they talked of events past, events he hadn't been a part of. They indicated how terribly long he had to still be in Nam and all the dangers and fears he expected to face.

"Yeah", said the lieutenant, with a casualness he did not feel, "Been pretty quiet. Delta 6 was in here last week with second platoon and they didn't find a thing."

Heard nodded his head but was involved with some ants he had decided to burn.

Churls looked around at his platoon sergeant, who was coming up on his left, done now setting his own men on the other dike. He walked over to where Churls was sitting.

"We gonna go in in two files", he asked, looking around, not seeing Churls nod. "Sounds good", the platoon sergeant said, with his eyes back on the lieutenant. "Ought to be back to the road by five."

Churls was nodding as 1-5 turned and walked back to the far dike. Plumhee's a good platoon sergeant, thought Churls. All he need is a mirror on my shoulders so he can answer his own questions. He laughed to himself. He had

admired and resented Plumhee from the first operation but now only the admiration and some appreciation remained. Half of a good platoon was its good platoon sergeant.

Churls turned to tell Smitty to saddle up but before he could speak, saw the white rags flash in the edge of the nipa forty meters away.

"Smitty, get down," he whispered harshly. "There is a gook in the woodline."

Smitty, as well as Televas, Heard and soon the rest of the platoon were down and looking, fingers anxious to pull triggers and release the fear that had grabbed them.

"Heard," he turned and said. "Get the gun up here"! But Heard pointed. Plumbee had his squad machine gunner setting up in good position all ready.

To the sweaty bodies of the men was added a film of cold perspiration, as the AK opened up.

He's shooting, he's shooting, thought Churls. But almost before the thought screamed its way through his body the sixty had opened up. And then everyone. Hearing the erratic sound of bullets ripping into the woodline freed Churls to throw his own weapon off safe and fire. The sound of many guns going off puts a deep sick feeling into the gut until you join the loudness with your own chattering weapon.

Seconds later he waved his arm to shut off the shooting. It stopped almost as quickly as it had started. The men stared into the nipa. Churl's eyes burned as he tried to see into the growth. He was amazed to hear still the sucking sound of the small tadpole-like animals in the water rippling by his hips. All the men were lying with heads, shoulders and arms on the dike with the rest of their bodies deep in the muck and water. There would be bitching afterward but now no one noticed.

"Sir, it's 1-5."

Churls grabbed the phone.

"Sammy, have your gun stay where it is", Churls said. "And take the rest of your people straight into the nipa. For Christ's sake", he almost pleaded, "keep the dike between you and the gook."

"Roger, sir", 1-5 answered.

Churls still stared into the trees as he noticed Plumhee get up and slosh into the woods to the left and behind where the V.C. was spotted. The pointman was new; Plumhee got up front to lead his men into the nipa.

"Heard", the lieutenant hollared, "advance '6' as to what's going on."

Heard's 'roger' was cut off as men started hollaring. Looking quickly back to the nipa, Churls saw that the gook had come out with his hands raised yelling 'chieu hoi!' 'chieu hoi!'. It meant he had given up and Plumhee was approaching him.

"Goddamn it, Plumhee, be careful." the lieutenant yelled as he started over. "Don't kill the mother-fucker if you can help it", he added as the colonel's words came back to him: 'Lieutenant, we want to grease gooks here but always take a chieu hoi if you can. Brigade likes it.'

Fuck brigade, thought Churls as he reached Plumhee.

A couple of the men had the gook and Plumhee was tying his hands.

"Don't forget the rest of the nipa line," he hollared. But he saw that two or three men were searching the area the gook had come out of.

"What have you got, Sammy?" he asked, now smiling. He didn't wait for an answer.

"You guys see if you can find a weapon," he hollared toward the woodline. "We know he had one."

He turned back to look at the gook.

"Heard", he yelled.

"Right, sir I already told him," the R.T.O. answered. "He wants a sit-rep from you when you get a chance."

Churls motioned for the phone as he watched the V.C. He was young, maybe nineteen and was wearing a pair of tattered blue shorts, that were having trouble meeting even that modest description. The boy was looking at the ground.

"Delta 6, this is 1-6."

"This is 6," came the first reply.

"Roger, chief, I guess we have a gook. No weapon yet, but were looking. He did open up on us but no one was hurt. I'll bring him back to the road if the old man doesn't want to pick him up here by chopper". He said all this fast but precisely, being calm, cool lieutenant he wanted us to think him.

"O.K., John, the captain said. "Hold onto him. Let me know if any documents or the weapon shows up."

"Roger, sir. 1-6 out".

Heard relieved him of the handset.

"Sammy", he said, "just check this immediate area, then we'll head back to the road." Then he added, without any real need, "There are probably booby traps".

He took a hold of the kid, the V.C., and brought him along back to where his equipment still lay. Churls couldn't stop looking at this boy who had fired at him and emptied him so completely of strength. He was small and brown and very thin. He was covered with scratches and his skull had a small patch of oozing blood. His eyes were level with Churl's chest but they gazed down at the lieutenant's feet as if trying to will them to stay on the ground and not come crashing into his midsection.

The idea never touched Churl's head. The need for revenge to counter-act the fear the AK had produced was balanced by the stunned feeling he had as he gazed at the boy. The fear had ebbed but the amazement lingered on.

"Lieutenant".

The voice broke Churl's mind and eyes away from the prisoner. It was Plumhee.

"We can't find the gun", he said. "The prick must have thrown it into the water. Do you want us to start checking?"

"No, no", said the lieutenant, knowing how useless it was. "We'll just start heading back. Did you find any papers?"

"Yeah, there's some in his pack with the rice and shit. They look like letters to me. He's probably N.V.A.", the sergeant added.

"Yeah", Churls said non-committly, thinking of the letters he had in his own pack, letters from his wife in Denver. "We'll saddle-up now and head back".

"Make sure everyone knows", the lieutenant added, "that were not back yet."

"Right" answered Plumhee, as he sloshed back through the paddy to retrieve his gear. Plumhee knew only too well the feeling that invariably took hold of men after contact. The fear and tension would be replaced by relief almost to the point of giddiness. Some lightness was needed in that world of water and blood but that lightness could not be allowed to become an attitude.

"Sir", said the R.T.O. quietly, "Everyone's ready to move out".

"O.K.", said Churls as he turned to motion Televas to move out. "Tell everyone to keep spread out".

The file started to move slowly, quiet now, back along the same dike used to move into the area. Men lifted mud-covered boots, one after the other, automatically including long sideward looks into the woodline into the rhythm of their steps.

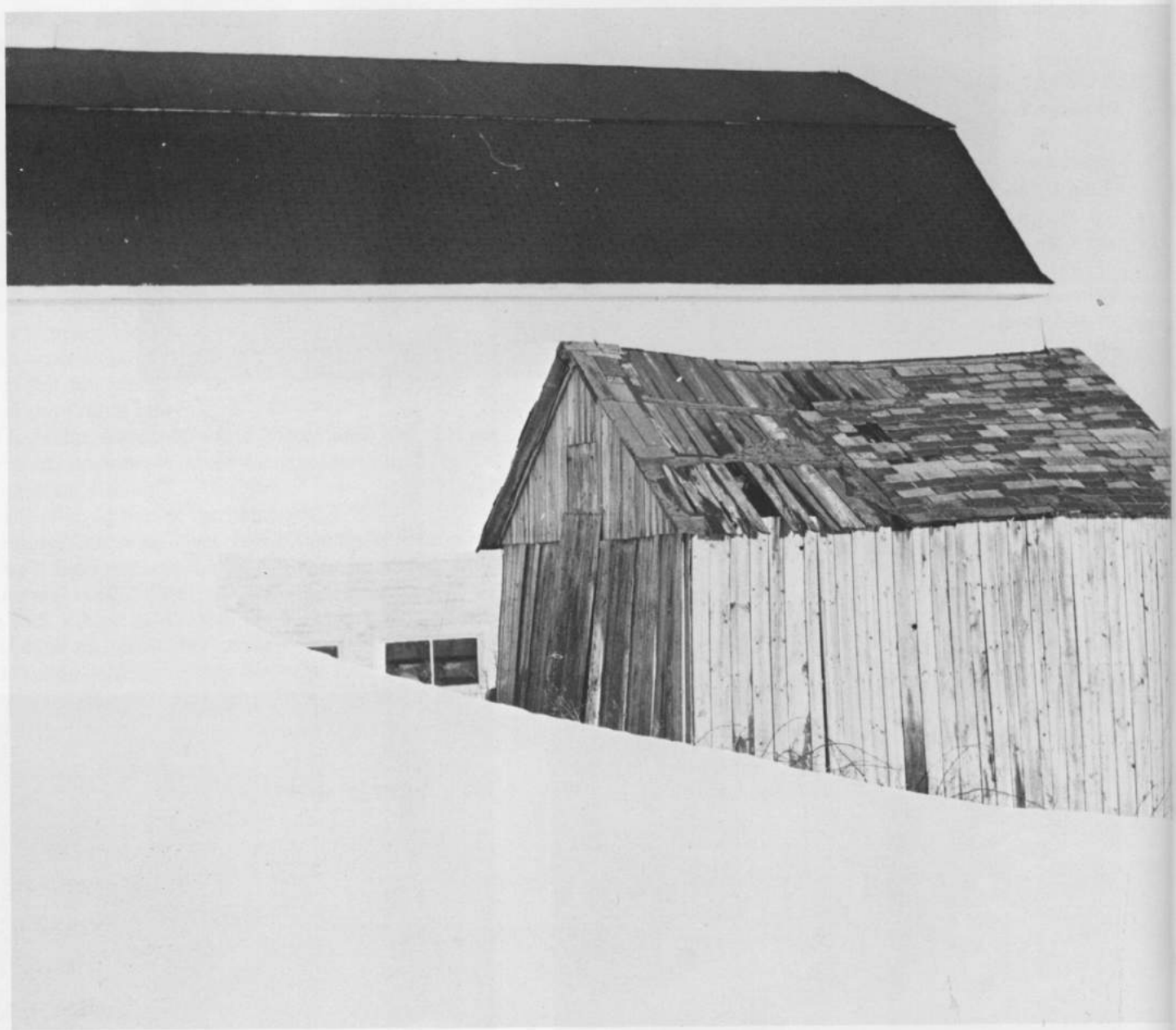
Churls had placed the prisoner third in line, keeping himself behind, ready to kill the little brown man if he so much as stumbled. But there would be no stumbling, no killing. The war was over for Churl's prisoner. He would be questioned, perhaps brutally, by people somewhere in the rear. He would eventually end up in some detention center. Impending death was now replaced by impending life; he would not stumble.

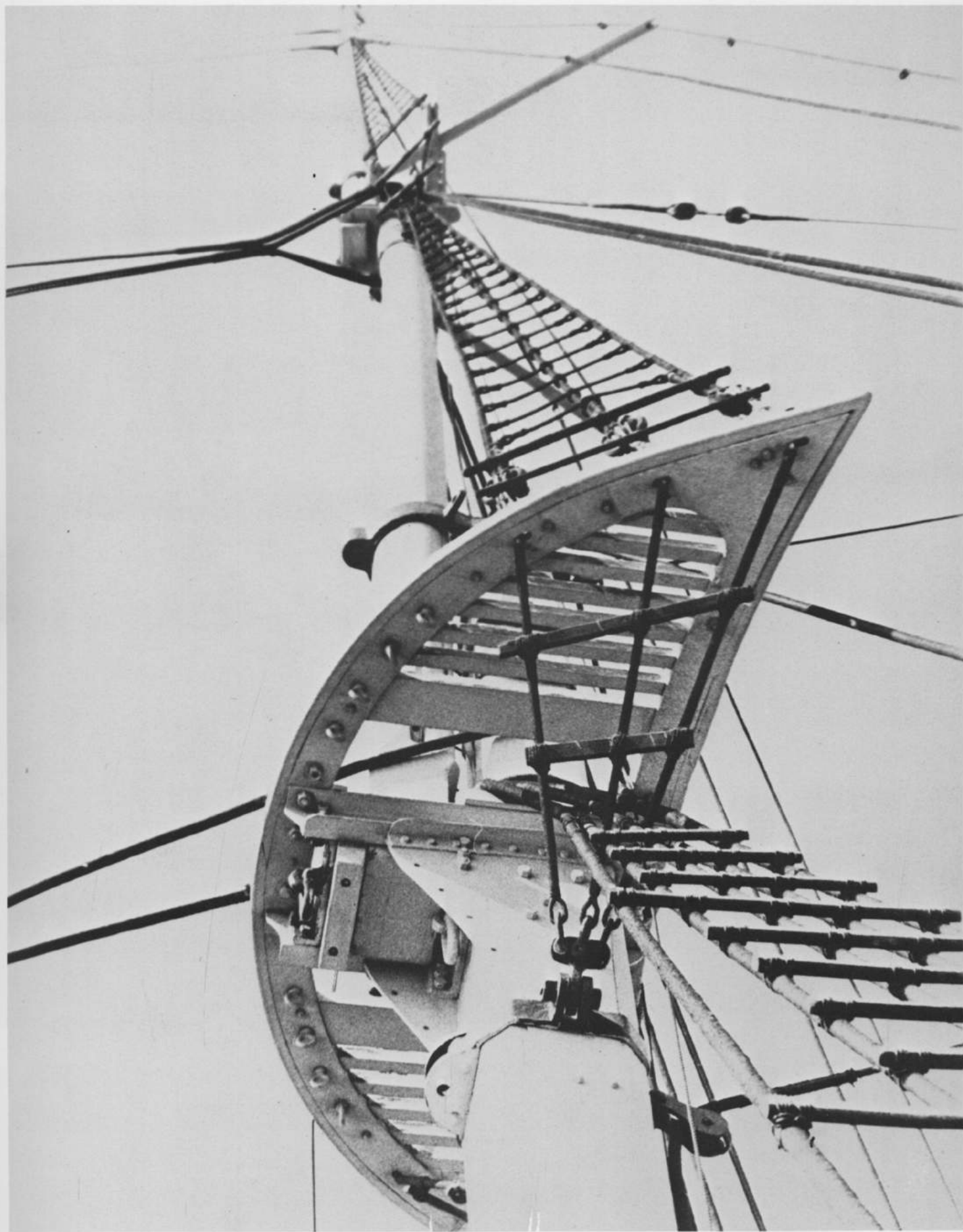
The column was moving fairly quickly now. The old joke about being on their own time kept the men's pace up. The base camp meant some hot food, a cold shower and maybe some mail, hopefully warm.

Most of the men were in good spirits, smiling now, thinking private thoughts. They passed the same small girl, standing much nearer her house than before. There was no smile on her face now; her large brown eyes followed the man to Churls' front. He didn't see her at all.

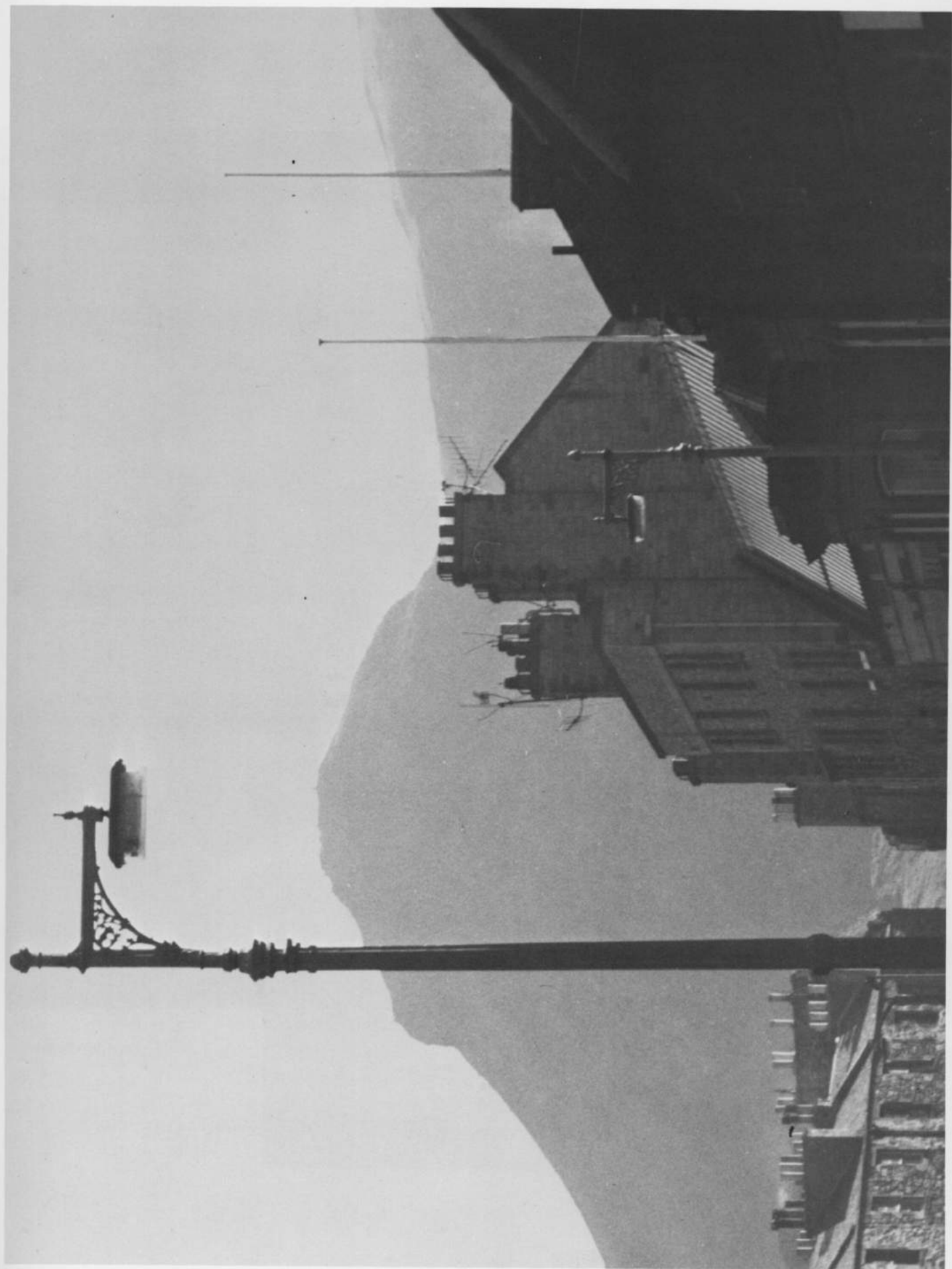
The sun was near gone when they reached the road. The trucks were waiting. With them was the colonel's jeep, where the prisoner was deposited. The colonel asked Churls if he wished to ride back with him but the lieutenant diplomatically refused and climbed into the front of one of the trucks for the bumpy ride back to camp. At some time during the short trip, the sun went down.













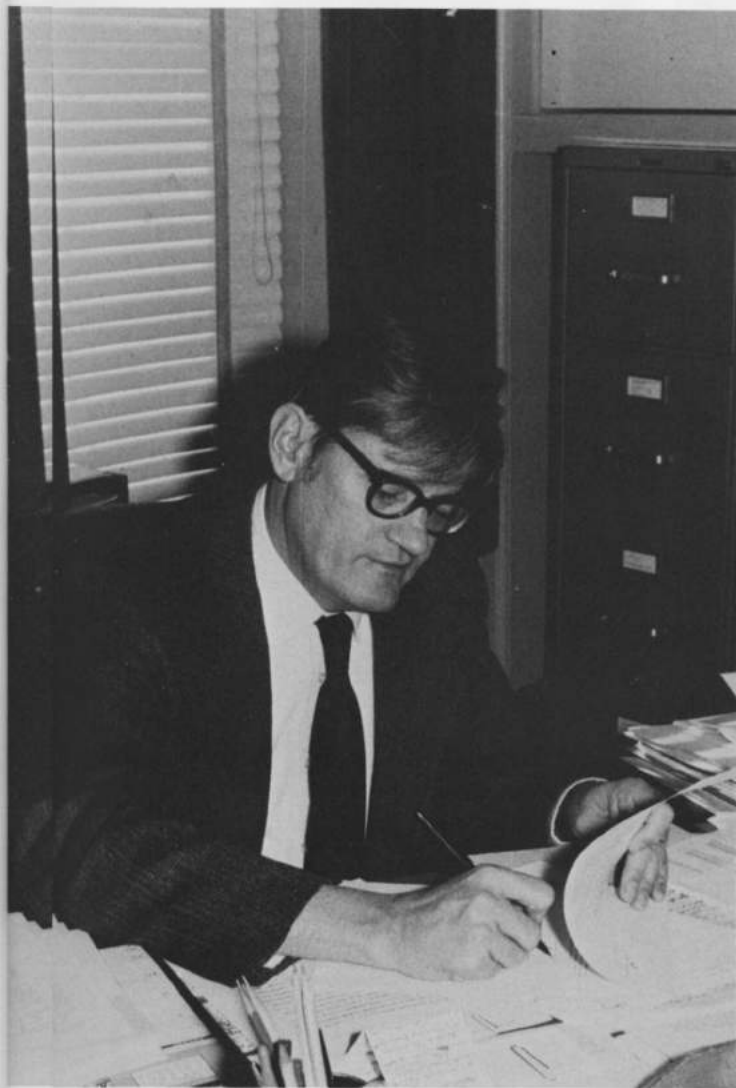
Dr. Leo F. Redfern
President



"Nobody is nobody . . . Everybody is somebody"



Dr. Albert B. Sabine





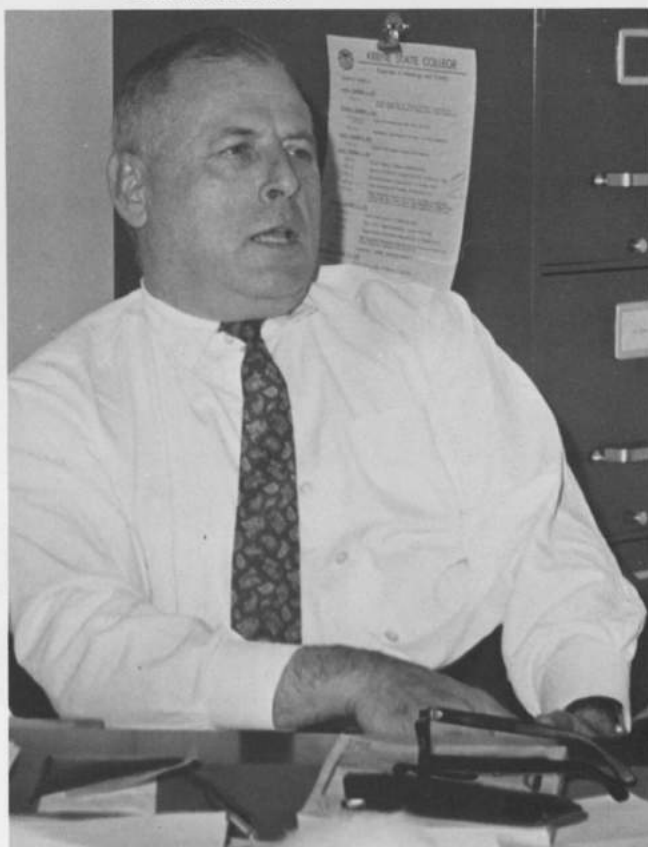
Ernest O. Gendron, Dean of Men, Reverend Fay L. Gemmell, Campus Minister, Ruth W. Keddy, Dean of Women



John J. Cunningham
Director of Admissions



Thomas D. Aceto
Dean of Students



Fred L. Barry
Alumni Director



Edward F. Pierce
Dean of Administration



Douglas F. Mayer
Director of Student Activities

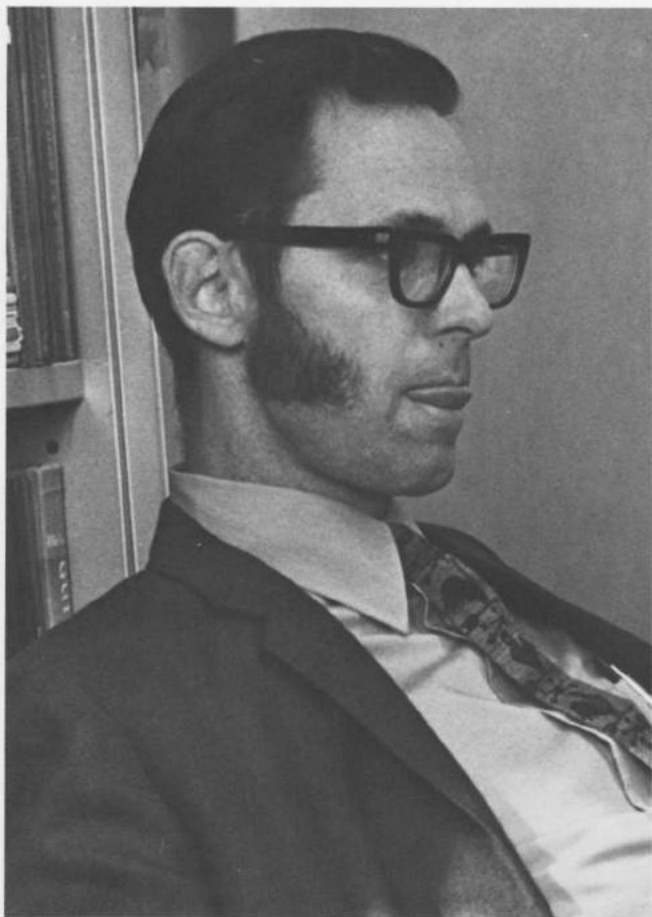
Reverend John F. Barrett



Catholic Chaplain

"To live is to change, and to be perfect is to have changed often."

John Henry Newman



Robert L. Taft
Director of Financial Aid



Clara Giovannangeli
Bursar



Clarence G. Davis
Dean of the College



Christopher R. Barnes
College Librarian



Eleanor W. Betz
Registrar



May Abbud
Ass't. Prof. of Mathematics



Leonard B. Aldrich
Assoc. Prof. of Industrial Ed.



Thomas M. Antrim
Instr. in English



Samuel Azzaro
Instr. in Art



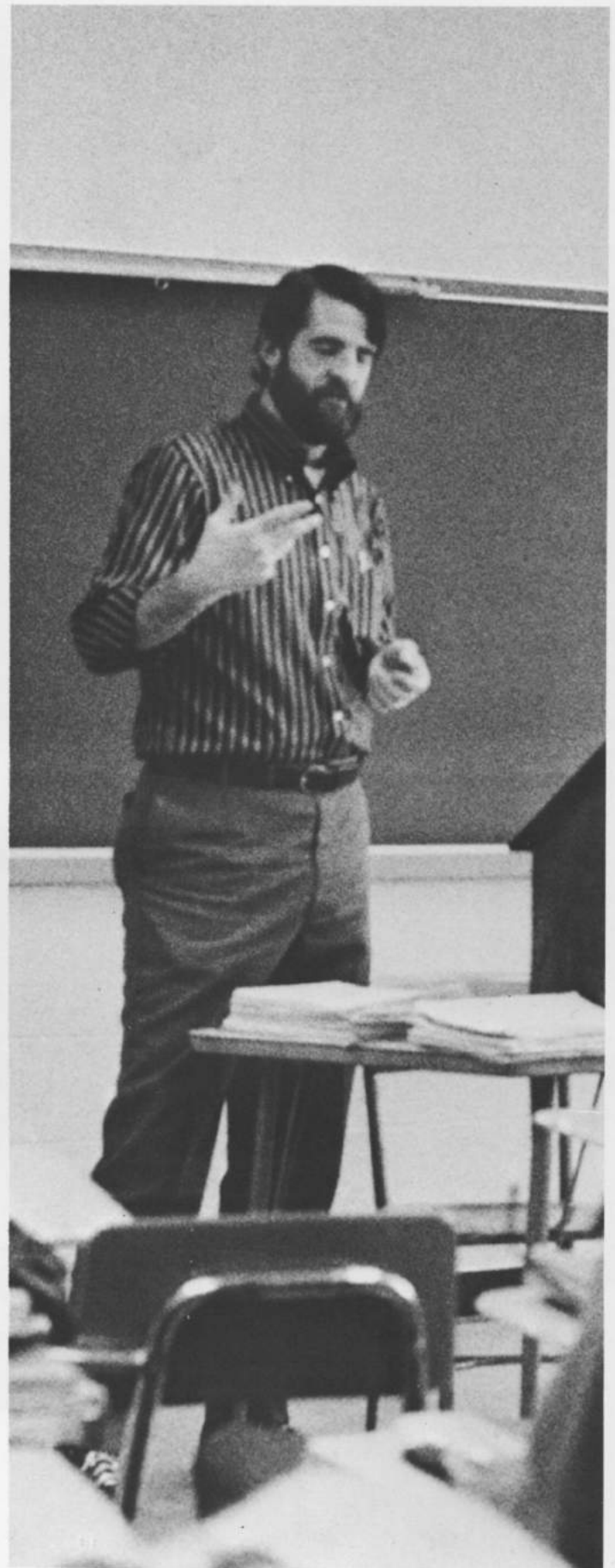
Dr. David H. Battenfeld
Prof. of English



Dr. Lawrence M. Benaquist
Ass't. Prof. of English

"Thank God there are no free schools or printing; ... for learning has brought disobedience and heresy into the world, and printing has divulged them ... God keep us from both."

Sir William Berkeley
Governor of Virginia d. 1677



Dr. David B. Andrews
Instr. in Psychology



"Du musst, weil do sollst"

Peter Batchelder

Peter H. Batchelder
Ass't. Prof. of German



Hubert C. Bird
Ass't. Prof. of Music



Wilfred J. Bisson
Instr. in History



Dr. Paul G. Blacketer
Prof. of Education



Karen S. Booth
Ass't. Prof. of Physical Ed.



Guy Burrill
Lecturer in Psychology



Dr. H. Peter Ch'en
Prof. of History



Margaret N. Chickering
Ass't. Prof. of Home Ec.



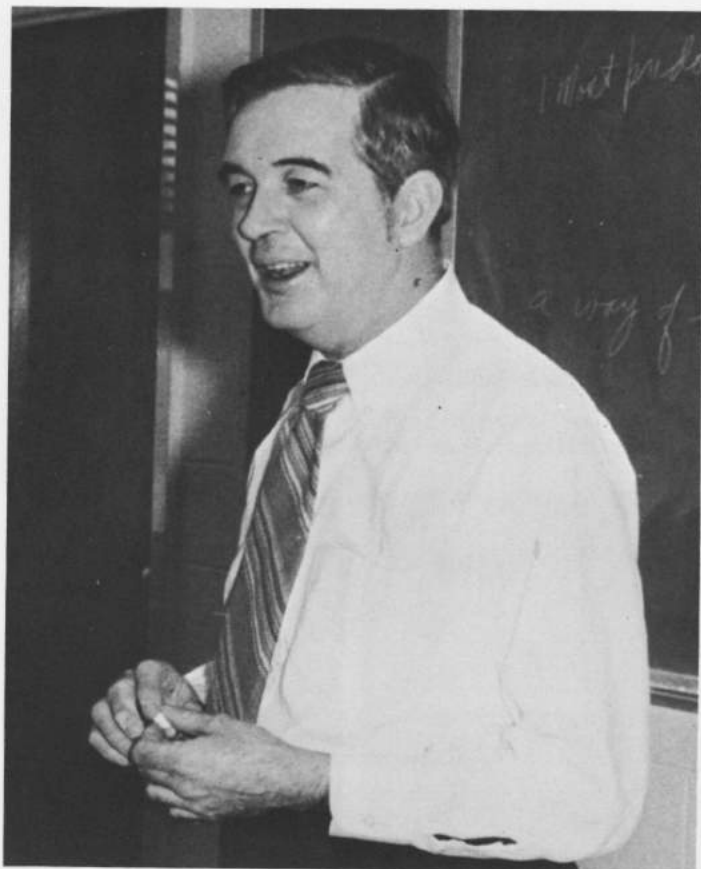
Pauline Croteau
Lecturer in English



Dr. Richard E. Cunningham
Prof. of English



Dr. Joan B. Davis
Ass't. Prof. of Pol. Sci.



Richard H. Congdon
Prof. of Education

"It is impossible to overestimate the unimportance of practically everything."

Source unknown



Richard F. Doble
Ass't. Prof. of Industrial Ed.



Jeanne M. Eaves
Ass't. Prof. of Home Ec.



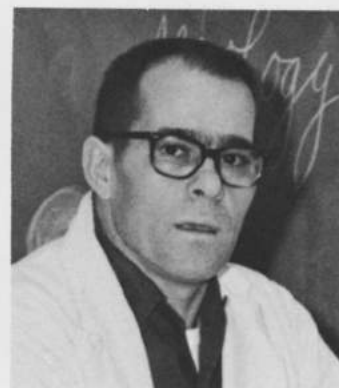
Dr. William S. Felton Jr.
Prof. of Sociology



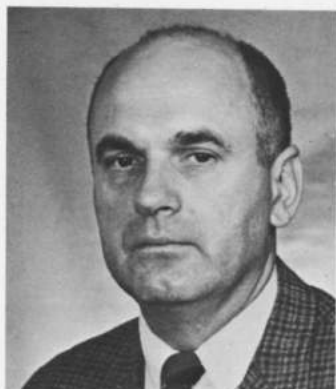
Frederick J. Foshier
Ass't. Prof. of English



Henry A. Freedman
Ass't. Prof. of Art



Dr. Edmund A. Gianferrai
Ass't. Prof. of Biology



Dr. Harold A. Goder
Prof. of Biology



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Dr. Janet M. Grayson
Assoc. Prof. of English



William B. Greer
Ass't. Prof. of Industrial Ed.



Dr. David P. Gregory
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Francis L. Haley
Assoc. Prof. of Geog. & Geol.



David E. Harvey
Ass't. Prof. of History



Robert B. Hawes
Ass't. Prof. of Industrial Ed.



Dr. Lloyd F. Hayn
Prof. of Economics



Daisy Herndon
Instr. in Physical Ed.



Dr. Charles A. Hilderbrandt
Assoc. Prof. of Sociology



Dr. Charles E. Hornbeck
Instr. in Philosophy



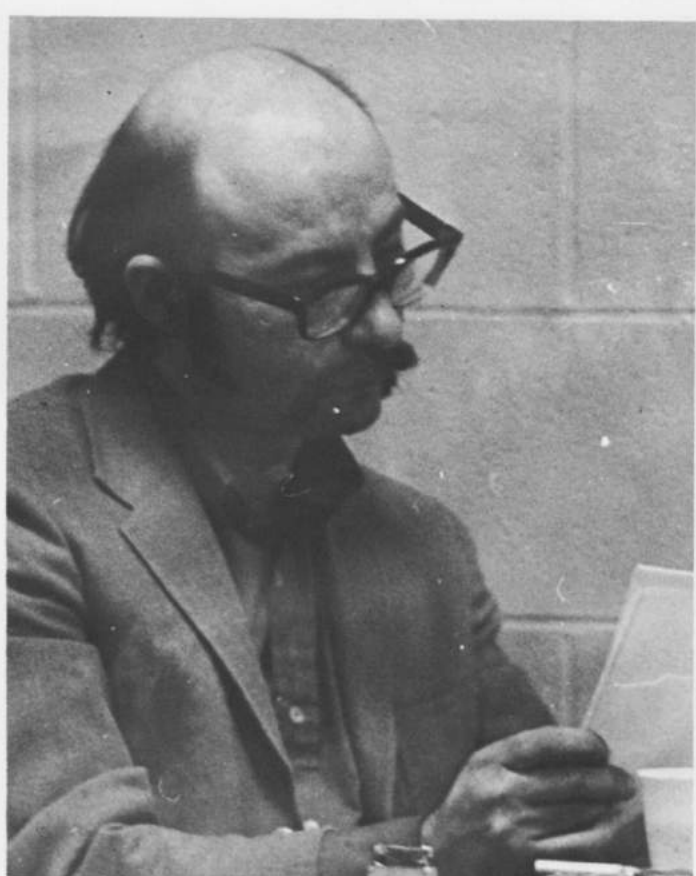
Frangcon L. Jones
Prof. of English



Harry E. Kenney
Prof. of Science

"Go said the Bird for the leaves were full of
children hidden excitedly, containing laughter.
Go, go, go said the bird. human kind cannot
bear very much reality!"

T.S. Eliot
Burnt Norton
The Four Quartets



Ettore T. Guidotti
Ass't. Prof. of Theater



Ted W. Kehr
Ass't. Prof. of Physical Ed.



Nora F. Kerr
Ass't. Prof. of Spanish



Don R. Land
Ass't. Prof. of Computer Sci.



Dr. Margaret S. Langford
Ass't. Prof. of French



Dr. Thomas L. Havill
Assoc. Prof. of Geography

"The more the island of knowledge expands in the sea of ignorance,
the larger its boundary to the unknown."

L. S. Rodberg and V. F. Weisskopf

"Fall of Parity"
Science CXXV 1957



Elizabeth Lourie
Lecturer in Physical Ed.



Herbert S. Lourie
Assoc. Prof. of Art



Cornelius R. Lyle II
Prof. of Eng. & Journalism



David MacAllister
Lecturer in Art



Dr. Dorothy L. MacMillan
Prof. of Physical Ed.



Etta M. Merrill
Ass't. Prof. of Art



Dr. Donald W. Morris
Assoc. Prof. of Music



J. Albert Mosely
Prof. of Mathematics



Dr. Thomas Neil
Ass't. Prof. of Chemistry



Delmar R. Ogg
Ass't. Prof. of Industrial Ed.



Dr. James Quirk
Ass't. Prof. of Physics



George A. Regopoulos
Assoc. Prof. of Mathematics



Emma A. Rieth
Instr. in English



Dr. Joseph F. Rousseau
Ass't. Prof. of Education



Dr. Clyde W. Shepherd Jr.
Assoc. Prof. of Education



Dr. Stephen J. Stepenuck
Ass't. Prof. of Chemistry



Dr. Malcolm H. Keddy
Prof. of English

"Education is like a garden: weed a little wherever you are."
Robert Frost



Dr. William J. Sullivan
Ass't. Prof. of English



Dr. Christine M. Sweeney
Assoc. Prof. of Education



George H. Taylor
Assoc. Prof. of Industrial Ed.



Glenn H. Theulen
Ass't. Prof. of Physical Ed.



Howard E. Wheelock
Assoc. Prof. of History



Dr. Paul Thompson
Assoc. Prof. of Psychology



Keith V. King
Assoc. Prof. of Physical Ed.



Dr. Michael G. LeParte
Instr. in Sociology



Ronald A. Tourgee
Ass't. Prof. of Mathematics

"I shall never live my life for the sake of another man, nor ask another man to live for the sake of mine."

Ayn Rand
Atlas Shrugged



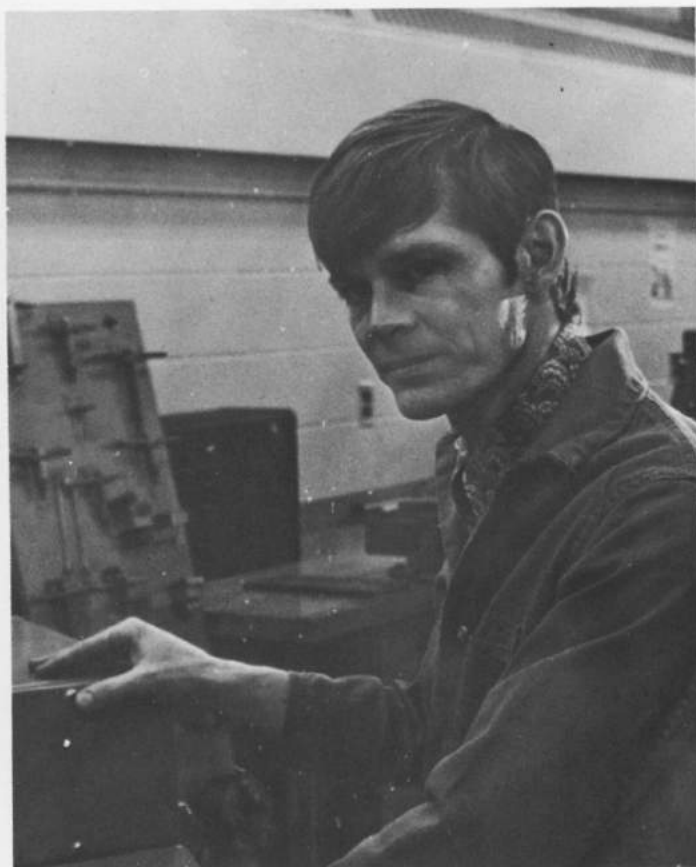
Dr. Michael D. Keller
Ass't. Prof. of History



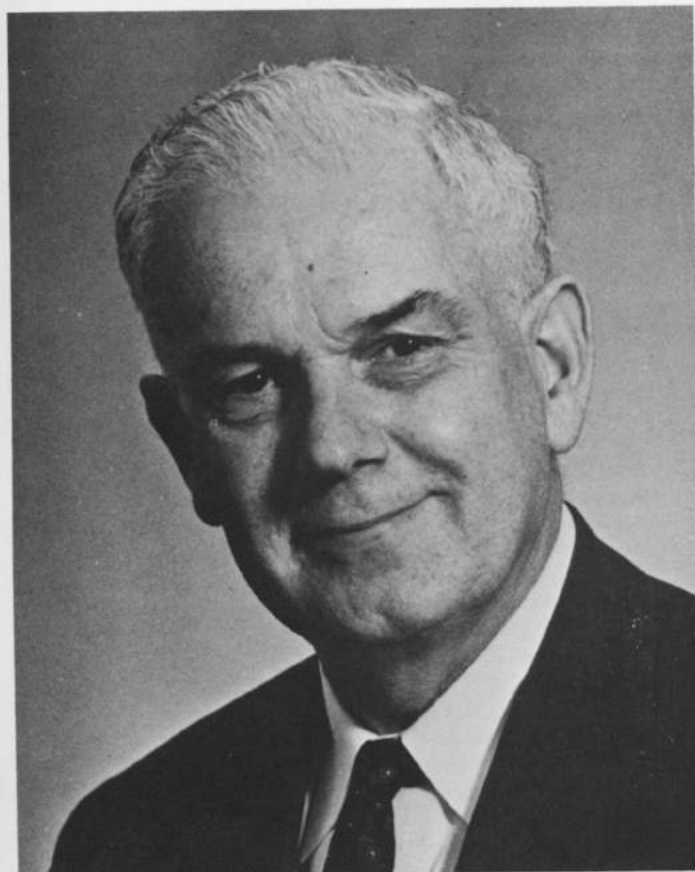
Dr. Quentin H. White
Ass't. Prof. of History

"If you treat an individual as he is, he will stay as he is; but if you treat him as if he were what he ought to be or could be; he will become what he ought to be or could be."

Goethe



Norman L. Tilton
Assoc. Prof. of Industrial Ed.



Frank E. Tisdale
Prof. of Industrial Ed.

"There must be
Moments when we see right through
Although we say we can't. I knew
A fisher who could lean and look
Blind into dazzle on the sea
And strike into that fire his hook,
Far under, and lean back and laugh
And let the line run out, and reel
What rod could weigh nor line could feel—
The heavy silver of his wish,
And when the reel-spool faltered, kneel
And with fumbling hand that shook
Boat, all bloody from the gaff,
A shivering fish.

Archibald MacKeish



Dr. A. J. Giovannangeli
Professor of Science

When asked to write a few words for the *Kronicle* in commemoration of K.S.C.'s 57th Anniversary, I was told to select a subject of my choice.

Approximately 25 years have passed since my days at Keene State College. In attempting to recapitulate pleasantries, trials, tribulations, errors, and anxieties of those four years in College, I find myself hoping to contribute a small measure of counsel and wisdom to students in light of my thinking as a former student at K.S.C., a College Professor, and a father.

In other words, some "truths", important to K.S.C. students of today, were important to K.S.C. students of 21 years ago, and will no doubt be important to K.S.C. students 21 years hence.

For me there are several things I believe, deeply, for they have evolved slowly out of my experiences, and in some cases, without my being aware of it. A person's belief, if of any real value, must be based on solid foundations, reference points for making important decisions consistent with our way of life in our democracy. The following factors, ideas, or reference points for making these decisions consciously and/or subconsciously have guided and influenced me in my thinking in what little wisdom and truths I have attained at this time.

The history of man reveals a continuous struggle to understand his nature through a study of knowledge. In trying to describe the nature of man, there are no sharp differentiating lines or characteristics because they overlap, but sometimes one usually thinks of these general distinguishable characteristics of man which concern him and are vital to him as: (1) spiritual; (2) physical-mental-emotional; and (3) social.

The spiritual character of man, let it be sufficient to say, is a person's religious beliefs, the most important part of a human being's life on

earth. There is no logical realistic meaning to human dignity without a concept of the Almighty Creator.

Of earthly values, there is nothing so important to man's well being as his health. For what has man with position and wealth without *physical and mental-emotional health*? Without health man is not able to enjoy either position or wealth and therefore has "nothing".

The social character of man must, of necessity, be considered in the light of his local, state and national government, his environment—in this immediate case, our democracy.

Inasmuch as man is a gregarious creature by nature, he must learn to live with his fellow man, under God, in the society of his choice. He must not only know the meaning of the "Golden Rule" but make it contagious by his practice in everyday living. The "Golden Rule" must not be misconstrued to the point of being inconsistent with the basic characteristics of our democracy; (1) compromise; (2) free enterprise; (3) competition; and (4) respect for the majority opinion. These are individual and group characteristics.

Life is a series of *compromises*. The best living example of compromise in our way of life is exemplified in the development, growth and continuance of the Constitution of these United States.

Free enterprise is the right of every man to select within the framework of our Constitution the vocation of his choice, to follow his political, religious and educational desires, and to make life's major choices in his everyday living.

Competition is that characteristic of personal, economic, and social development basic to our democracy, which has helped make this country great, the highest standard of living in the world. The right to compete for health, vocation, position and honor is within every man's domain.

Last but not least is: *respect for majority opinion*. A true American has confidence in the basic assumption of our democracy; "An accurately informed and well-informed people will make decisions which are good, as a rule, for themselves and for the greatest good of the greatest number." When an individual loses faith in the above concepts, chaos develops and dictatorship prevails.

The above mentioned fundamentals were just as important to me 25 years ago (although I didn't realize this), as they are to me today, and as they are to you today. As the old Owl said, "A word to the wise is sufficient".

In closing, the following sayings have been a guide to many of my actions and behavior in everyday life. I present them with the ardent hope that perhaps a few of these may be of help to some of you.

First, Thomas Huxley said, "I will stop at no point as long as clear reasoning will carry men further"; keep an open mind.

Second, as Henry Ford said, "The school of experience is a good school, but the trouble is by the time you graduate you are too old to go to work." Education is an attempt to live a better life without learning the hard way. Take advantage of this.

Third, in pursuit of objectives in life, whether to win a contest or to accomplish a task, I often recall the anonymous saying: "If you think you are beaten you are. If you think you dare not, you don't. If you'd like to win but think you can't, it's almost a cinch you won't. If you think you are outclassed, you are. You've got to think high to rise. You've got to be sure of yourself before you'll ever win a prize. Life's battles aren't all won by the stronger and faster man, but sooner or later the man who wins is the man who thinks he can."

Fourth, few days go by without reminding myself of the wisdom in the saying used by A.A. groups: "Lord, give me the serenity to accept the things I cannot change, the courage to change the things I can, and the wisdom to know the difference."

Fifth, and last but not least, each night and with all humility I make the following effort of thanks in appreciation for daily guidance and assistance: "Thank you, God, for my blessings. Please help me to keep physically fit, mentally awake and morally straight."

That the above concepts will mean more to you now than they did to men then is my fervent hope. Say your prayers, wash behind your ears and save your pennies.



David R. Leinster
Assist. Prof. of History

"What is truly the most exciting thing about public higher education is the fact that it has allowed thousands of individuals to perceive, with greater sensitivity, the nuances of life, and to articulate these perceptions. That this has enlivened our civilization and in so many ways deepened our awareness, there is no doubt. That it has failed, to lead to a renaissance of the spirit is lamentable.

It does seem to me that our failure, at this point in time, resides in the equating of vocation with education, of equating physical growth with intellectual awareness and of continually impressing on a student the belief that competition is the end of life. In this context we note that all too often public education . . . the modern university . . . merely reacts to almost every service demand of society, in the name of essential need; demands which are so often transient and ill thought out, but which are, nonetheless, disguised by being cloaked with traditional academic dignity. To seek a vocation is not unnatural, but to equate quality with quantity, physical growth with progress and craft or training skills with education, is a sad deception.

Despite our stated hopes Keene State College is not really a community of spirit but rather a reflection of the disparities of our society which we raise to the level of a value called pluralism . . . of offering something for everyone.

In truth there is no commonality of purpose or philosophy but instead a continual casting about and grafting on of new services.

Our world is at the threshold of something that will spell a quite different day for mankind. At Keene State College, which each of us loves for our own reasons, we are now confronted with the problem of choice. In this I am reminded of the words of a New Hampshire farmer: 'But I have promises to keep, and miles to go before I sleep.' Our promise, it seems to me, centers on the real task of life, to know ourselves. Ultimately it is only through the humanities . . . the literature, philosophy and the history of our civilization and its aesthetic sensitivities that we will realize who we are and what we want."

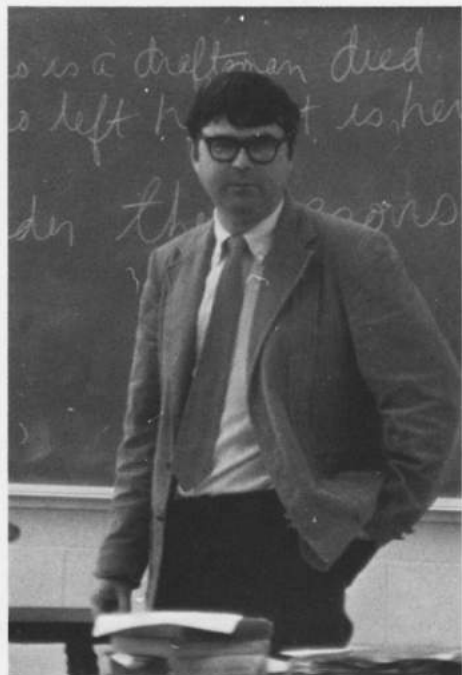
David R. Leinster

Paul A. Nickas
Assoc. Prof. of Science



"The 'heshe' who knowingly ignores the faults of their past must be prepared to again repeat and withstand all its errors and omissions and be coffinized."

Paul Nickas



Harold E. Nugent
Assist. Prof of English

"Communication is a funny business. There isn't as much of it going on as most people think. Many people feel that it consists in saying things in the presence of others. NO so. It consists not in saying things but in having things heard."

Culkin

"Teachers, especially English teachers, are like missionaries—too busy doing good works to learn the language of the natives."

H. Nugent

Ann C. Peters
Professor of Mathematics



"It would seem that teaching, irrespective of level or subject, calls for a zeal not so much for perfection as for steady all around improvement. It appears unreasonable to demand excellence from every pupil or student; yet integrity is a reasonable demand from each. As for the teacher, to be effective, we should allow some leeway for his bias, for the main force in teaching is confidence and enthusiasm. Students, on the other hand, can well afford to be the Doubting Thomases—Life's periodic and temporary intellectual luxury."

Ann C. Peters



Dr. James G. Smart
Assoc. Prof. of History

"The journey of a thousand miles begins with the first step."

Lao Tze

WELL DONE AND GOOD LUCK!



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