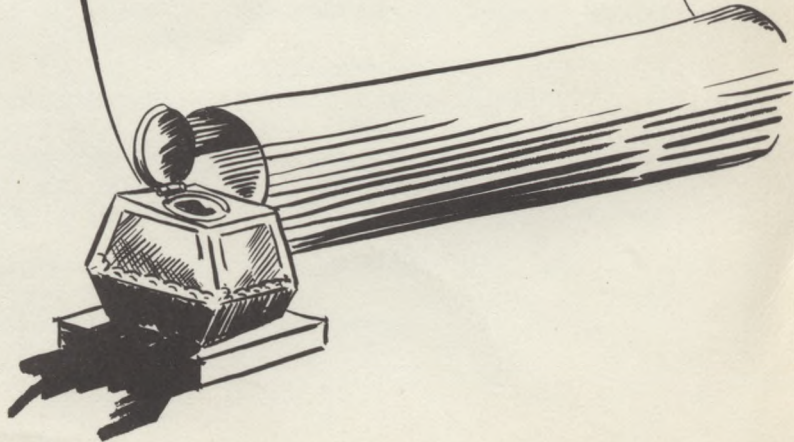


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RARE
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SAUNDER'S PROJECT

by Dick Donley

It's not very often that somebody hates a person the way Jack Saunders hated Professor Kultz. I grant you, nobody liked Kultz, but only Saunders worked actively at hating him. Why? Well, Saunders' dad was Dr. Saunders. Top notch pathologist. World renowned. And Jack was a pre-med student, a sophomore. He was taking zoology, which Kultz taught, and he was flunking. And Kultz was riding his tail!

We suggested that Saunders junk pre-med, and go into bus-ad or something.

Can't do it," he moaned. "Old man'd flip his lid. He'd say my distaste is just the normal feeling of someone working to master the fundamentals of a difficult subject. No lie, that sounds just like him. That's always a tedious job, he'd say. But stick with it, Jackie boy. Make your old Dad proud. That's the old man talking. But he doesn't know Kultz!"

To make matters worse, we were dissecting in Zoology lab. Foetal pigs. It wasn't that Saunders was squeamish or got sick or anything as one of the girls in the class did, frequently and messily. But the knack of cutting—the small, neat strokes necessary to separate delicate tissues seemed to baffle him completely. And the prof jumped him about it at every opportunity.

One day it got particularly sticky for Jack in lab. You see, Kultz was sort of sneaky. Liked to soft-shoe up behind somebody, then blare out with a question. Real unnerving when you've got a scalpel in your hand, concentrating on a cut.

"And how is our little project coming today, Saunders?" he asked, in that sarcastic tone that only he could use.

Saunders, startled and trying desperately to come up with the one remark that would immunize him from Kultz's wrath on this particular day, did not answer.

Kultz wasn't to be denied. "I asked you, Saunders, how your dissection was coming. I'd appreciate an answer!"

Jack looked miserable. "I'm sorry, sir. I -- I didn't hear you come up."

"Ah, that's what we like to see in our lab, Saunders. So engrossed in your work, you completely shut out surrounding distractions. Good! Very commendable . . . Saunders!"

"Sir?"

"Good grief, Saunders! On your drawing here . . . This is the liver? You call this the liver? When the insulin secreting duties become the job of the liver, that will indeed be the day!"

"Sorry, sir. I -- I drew my arrow to the wrong organ."

Saunders had stepped blindly into the trap. Kultz pounced.

"Did you now? Well—that's not so serious an error then, is it Saunders? Go on with your work, my boy. After you make the correction, of course. Wait, though. One moment. Let's just call the class over here, and have you point out the bile producer for us . . . in the pig! The liver, Saunders, the liver!"

That really tore it for Saunders. Not only couldn't he cut well with a scalpel, he didn't know what he'd uncovered after he'd made a cut. "Guts are guts!" he'd said disgustedly on several occasions.

SECOND PLACE—DAVIDSON MEMORIAL CONTEST

THE DECISION

by Steve Shelsta

The clear-throated song of the meadowlark awoke the land. As the sun was raised above the horizon, it dropped its oranges and tans onto the already colorful prairie below. The cool breeze touched the land everywhere and it was cleansed.

He would have liked to remain in this land for the remainder of his years, to witness the birth of each new day and lead his people in the hunts the old men spoke of. These men and their hunts were of a bygone age now, an age when the buffalo roamed in such numbers as were the grasses of the plains and the plains themselves were unscarred. He had heard these old men speak of those days, the days before the white man had come.

As a child he remembered seeing the white man in his village and saw him speaking with his hands to the braves and old men. These visits were few and the young Indian had watched the apprehension these men with white skin, and hair on their faces. They would leave with many skins of beaver and not return until the snow had left the land. Then an evil God was born to the white man. He had seen the faces and eyes of those who followed this God. He had seen the large numbers of white men who streamed into the land of his fathers to follow this God. And he had heard the name of this fearful God—Gold. He had seen men kill, steal and break treaties which bore their word, all to appease this God. Now the land of the red-man was pocked and marked from the wheels of the white man's wagons and his forts dotted their hunting trails. The blood of many of his brothers was also in the land.

He thought of these things as he stood and looked out on the land from the open flap of his teepee. Now the white man was paying for his invasion and treachery. From the moment he had been made chief of his tribe he had fought and killed to rid his lands of the white invaders. And he was known to the white soldiers. Looking down at his feet he saw a colony of ants trying to remove a white pebble, only to have it topple back and cover them.

The pounding of a horse's hooves interrupted his thoughts and he turned to see one of his warriors rapidly approaching. The warrior jumped from his horse and ran to the tall chief.

"From behind," panted the scout, "many lines of white eyes come, with wagons and the big gun."

The chief knew the soldiers were following him, but with the big gun he dared not attack in the open land. His mind was a map. He thought for a moment, then realized that a short distance away was the place where he must meet the white soldiers. The trail became narrow at the mouth of the canyon, then widened out to form a huge stage as one entered; a stage fitting for the drama which would soon unfold upon it. The walls of the canyon were gentle at the base, then rose steeply to a majestic height. The lower area was covered with boulders, sagebrush and mesquite and a dry stream bed had wormed a path along the base of the rocky wall.

Rapidly the warriors were forming and preparing to move. The chief picked a group of braves and began to give them orders. They were to ride straight till they came to the place where the ridges grew to each side of

the trail and there to trample the ground with their horses and then ride swiftly on through the canyon. They mounted and rode off into the prairie.

The remaining warriors waited with the chief for five or six hours, then they too rode off, but in a direction to circle the canyon and come upon it from behind. This they did and their chief distributed them along the walls of the canyon. their skin and trappings taking the protective coloration of the ground, forming the perfect ambush.

In the distance a weaving line of blue appeared and became larger and nearer. As the head of the column approached the mouth of the canyon, the order was given to halt. The commander went forward to the scout, who was on the ground examining the tracks, and shakily said,

"I don't like the looks of this place, those damn red-skins could be just waiting for us in there."

"Trail five or six hours old," replied the scout. "The way they're movin' they ain't about to be stoppin' at a place like this."

The column once more moved forward.

The red men were well disciplined in the ways of war. They crouched, not a muscle moving, waited for the signal from their chief. The chief's experienced eyes surveyed the whole situation. They instantly noticed rocks and bushes vacant of warriors. He remembered when, at the beginning of his campaign, his number of warriors would have allowed every rock and every bush in the canyon to hide at least one red man. Now only a small number were needed. He remembered every time a new camp was made, there were fewer teepees. And the wails of the women left alone after a battle tormented him.

The long blue column was now approaching the position directly in front of the motionless red men. The warriors watched and waited.

Looking at the motionless form close to him, the chief saw a used man. He was bent and scarred from many battles and many cruel winters. Glancing from face to face he realized his people were weakened and tired. They looked to him for guidance and survival. How many more battles could his people survive?

Every time his warriors rode into battle, fewer would ride back to their camp. Yet no matter how many of the white soldiers were killed or lost, many more came in pursuit. And what were his people to eat, the bones of the buffalo lying in the sun?

The warriors watched and waited. The blue column was now moving past the position of the Indians, yet no signal was given.

His arm quivered, yearning to be raised and then quickly lowered for the awaited signal; for he was a proud man. Yet no signal was given. Confused and anxious faces looked up at the solid figure of the chief. His had was clenched to his rifle but remained stationary at his side.

The soldiers were now past their place of ambush, progressing further and further down the canyon. Now they became smaller and smaller until the line was a weaving blue worm in the distance.

With looks of amazement the red men gathered around their chief. Mumbings of disbelief and resentment could be distinguished, for they were a proud people. The chief stood with his eyes fixed on the small cloud of dust which hung in the distance. He then turned to his questioning warriors and there was silence. His mind pictured again the ants and the pebble. In a slow, determined voice he declared his decision; they would

With a loud, "If I were you, I'd go kind of slow with the cats today. Kuy seems to be restless about something," Joe reminded Victor that he was still there.

Stunned somewhat by finding out that this worker was still in his trailer, Vic retorted, "Well, you're not me! So quit wasting my time and get the hell out of here! There is nothing wrong with that cat that a little working over in the ring won't take out of him!"

"Nevertheless, I think you should have had the Doc look him over last night," Joe slowly remarked.

Vic was getting very upset with this man's persistence and slowly turning around, he glared at the man and said, "Are you leaving or am I going to have to throw you out? And close that damn door behind you. You want my flowers to wilt?"

"Sure, pretty boy! I'm leaving. Sorta smells around here anyway!"

As Joe turned and walked out of the trailer neglecting to shut the door behind him, the words he heard muttered weren't the nicest in the English language, but they brought a smirk to Joe's face. He had ruffled the rooster's feathers and it made him feel real good inside.

"Damn moron," Vic muttered to himself as he strolled towards the back of the main tent. "Always sticking his nose in where it doesn't belong."

The day seemed to be getting hotter, so Victor speeded up his pace and entered the tent. Once inside, he proceeded directly to the lion's cages. The lion rose immediately when he saw the man advancing towards him. Pausing a little way in front of the cage, Vic spoke angrily at the animal inside, "You had better act decent in front of that crowd today or I'll kill you! I'll have no animal that takes any of my glory away from me in the ring!"

Aroused by the loud words of this man, Kuy growled and slashed out with a claw-bearing paw. Vic was about to start to reach down for the stick on the ground to jab the lion with, when he heard his act being announced by the ringleader. "And now ladies and gentlemen. I ask you to direct your attention to the center iron-caged arena. We have for your pleasure, one of the greatest lion-tamers in the world. His fearlessness with the king of beasts will amaze you. Ladies and gentlemen, I give you Victor the GREAT."

The crowd hushed with the waiting and then emitted a loud "Oh" as the lions were turned loose inside of the big arena cage.

A loud "Bravo" filled the tent as Victor the Great proudly strutted into the spotlight. His flowing purple cape was lifted from his shoulders by a scantily-clad maiden. Then the magnificent Victor stepped bravely into the arena with the ferocious lions.

The act was going well, and the crowd was truly on the edges of their seats.

"Ha, it's a bigger crowd than I anticipated!" Victor said to himself. "I'll give them something they will never forget."

Silence fell over the tent as the lion tamer was seen placing his chair on the ground and his whip on top of the chair. Their silence was stimulating and a smile crossed Victor's face as he slowly walked over to the nearest lion, Kuy. Stopping right in front of him, Victor placed his hand atop Kuy's head. The crowd sat in dead silence, not knowing what to do.

Victor looked down at Kuy's face and concluding that the lion was too stunned by this gesture to do anything, Vic turned and faced the crowd with a broad smile and a triumphantly-raised hand. The crowd responded with a thunderous "Bravo." Shakened by this sudden noise, Kuy slashed out with his paw and caught Victor on the side of his leg. The force behind the swing brought Victor down and Kuy took this opportunity to proceed to maul the man who had always inflicted pain upon him and his companions. The shrill screams of the crowd brought the workers running, and driving the lions back into a corner, they pulled Victor out of the arena.

In Vic's trailer house, the doctor worked over the scratches on Victor's arms, legs, and back.

"You're lucky, son," the doctor assured him. "That beast didn't have time to do you any real damage. These cuts will heal shortly and you'll be back in the arena again, soon."

"Damn that lion! Ruined my act in front of all those people. I'll kill him for that, I swear I'll kill him!"

"Easy now, son, They will take care of Kuy for you. They have him in the big arena away from the other lions now, and your boss said he'd be in tomorrow to get your opinion on what to do with him. They'll take care of him. Don't you worry yourself about it. I'll leave you these pills for tonight. They will ease your pain and help you to relax. I'll drop in and see you in the morning," Doc said as he left.

Victor lay in his bed for awhile muttering to himself, "Damn lions. There's always one of them that tries to steal the show from me!"

It hurt Vic to lay on his back or side so he got up and started pacing up and down the floor. Sharp pains darted in and out of his legs as he walked, so he grabbed the bottle of pills that the doctor had left and went into the kitchen for a cup of coffee. He gulped down two pills and a mouthful of coffee and then sat down at the table. He held the cup of warm coffee in his hands and stared at the wall. On the wall he thought he saw the image of Kuy standing victorious over his limp body. He heard the crowd in the bleachers yelling "Bravo" but it was for Kuy, not for Victor the Great. Vic shook his head and closed his eyes. When he opened them, the image was gone so he lowered his eyes and looked at the cup in his hands. It was shaking, and no matter how hard he tried to hold it still he could not stop its movement.

Vic jumped up from the table and throwing the cup of coffee against the wall, he exclaimed, "I'm not scared of that damn lion or any lion! I'll show him who the greatest lion tamer in the world is!"

Vic crossed over to his dressing table, and opening the bottom drawer, he took out a .45 pistol and one bullet. Placing the bullet in the chamber, he put his shirt on and walked out the door.

The night was warm but a cool breeze was blowing and the fresh air felt good to Vic. The carnival was still going and the night was alive with the sounds of people laughing and screaming. The circus performers were in their trailers, and the workers had all left to go and join in the carnival games and rides. Vic placed the gun inside his belt and slipped into the back of the big tent. Inside he walked slowly and quietly towards the arena.

"Who's there?" shouted a voice from the side. "Oh, it's just you, Vic. How are you feeling?"

"I feel better, Sam," Vic said to the watchman. "I just thought I would look in on the cats before I retired for the night."

"Ok, you take it easy and get well. I'll see you tomorrow after breakfast."

"Ok, Sam," Vic said as he watched the old man leave through the back of tent. When he was alone, Vic turned and walked swiftly to the cage in the center arena. Inside lay Kuy, alone and asleep. Vic took out the pistol and opened the door. He stepped inside and when he closed the door behind him, Kuy woke up and crouched growling in the dim light which filtered in through a hole in the canvas roof above.

"Thought you were pretty smart in the arena today, didn't you? Thought you'd get all the fame too, didn't you? Well I've got news for you. You're not going to take any of my glory away from me again. I have a little present for you and it's right here," Vic said and he raised the gun in his still shaky hand and pulled the trigger. Just as the gun went off, Kuy sprang. The bullet creased his shoulder but did not stop his lunge at Victor's throat. The two forms hit the ground at the same time that three workers came running into the tent.

The men shook their heads as they dragged Victor out of the arena, this time. Vic's face was white and the blood coming from his slashed throat glistened red in the flickering light of their lantern. The words he spoke had a strange gurgling sound to them, "I showed him who the greatest was, didn't I? I showed him . . ."

His eyes looked glassy and they were fixed on the canvas roof above. The young worker who held the lifeless form closed the staring eyes and then looked up at the other men. They all had their heads turned towards the cage, and he turned to look, too. An eerie purring sound filled the silent tent. Inside the cage, Kuy lay in the middle of a pool of Victor's warm blood. He was carefully licking his wounded shoulder, and the look in his eyes was one of triumph.

blow your cowsweet breath into my ear
 and see how terrible my eyes can be,
 and see how fast an ear can swear,
 and see how far an eye can bite—
 then deny the trouble was all cowsweet!
 such a darling i am playing adamant,
 (you'll say)
 playing with love only beautifully—
 but with my eartight lovesong singing
 sisterly, sisterly forever,
 you'll deny eternity includes yesterday as
 well as tomorrow, my darling.
 so blow your cowsweet breath into my ear,
 you queer animal, woman;
 watch how gone my body looks, and how
 utterly loveless!
 now you know thyself
 and thy enemy! —D. H. Highfill

THE PAINTER

Unable to hold him, she released him
 among her aspens and acorns of amber
 She stood by watching as he painted
 from his heart each leaf, ledge and lake.
 From his pallet he drew the colors
 which were her favorites, too:
 gold, gre-e-y, and gray.
 Clutched in his hand, a brush of gold
 touched the tops of each cottonwood.
 Because his green was running low,
 he touched only a few firs and ferns.

He brushed among the trees of deciduous birth;
 their leaves redded and fell to the earth:
 Fall's falling—they fell.
 He formed a collection about her feet:
 a mass of grapes: wild, winter wine.
 He danced through the ripened fields of grain
 painting each stock buff, beige or brown.
 He touched the leaves which had slipped away
 from bustling, blowing branches.

She watched him, now at ease she heard
 the sound of breeze-teased leaves:
 whirling, whisking, whispering.
 Glancing over every mountain, valley and plain
 he motioned at last, faint signal.
 He found warmth within her arms;
 she breathed a breath of winter's balm
 and covered him close with her soft blanket:
 He slumbered silently, safely.

—H. M. Aragon

FIRST PLACE—DAVIDSON MEMORIAL CONTEST

FLOWER BY THE BROKEN GLASS

The flower sprang beside a broken glass
it twined, it climbed, it greened.
It struggled and worked and pushed the dirt
and toward the jagged glass leaned.

The wind sprang up one lovely day,
the grass lay down and moaned.
The flower weaved a ritual dance
for the wind and glass alone.

The sun was bright that windy month,
the flower tried hard to grow,
The light sparkled on the edge of the glass
with a deadly, glittery glow.

Pushed and pressed, the flower swung, crazed,
protesting painful cost.
The sun caught glints and the flower cried,
for living drops it lost.

Then, at last, the flower dropped,
and we meditate today:
would the flower be alive now—
had the wind blown the other way?

—Carol McGraw.

THIRD PLACE—DAVIDSON MEMORIAL CONTEST

ADVICE TO THE WORKING GIRL

I decided to write a poem,
I decided I'm sick and tired,
I decided I'd try to show you,
Just how it was I was fired.

My boss was very emaciated
And short as he could be,
But he'd chase me round and
round his desk
And make me sit on his knee.

Let me tell you this, my friends,
It might have been kind of
swell'a
But alas and alack, he was 65
And had a bony patella.

It didn't take long, till his wife
came along
And started looking me up,
down, and over.
Her face was so flabby, her ears
were so long,
No wonder they called her Rover.

Then one day the chips did fall,
And all on little me.
I was on his knee when she walked in,
And here I am you see.

If you work for a man over 65,
I advise you to use your heads,
When you go to a shoe store,
Say to the man, "I'll take some
U. S. Keds."

—Marilyn Schirk.

FACULTY SECTION

IT ALL STARTED WITH POSEIDON

The man on the
Winged Horse was told
to toss a lasso
at the moon.

Would you believe that
such an optimist
could catch a galaxy
with his loop?

—William S. Curry.

I DIDN'T KNOW

I don't know where you came from,
I don't know how you got here,
Why you refuse to leave,
I don't know why you chose me to murder
Or why you refuse to die,
Or at least stay buried.
I go to church, I ask, "Please stay buried,
Please stay dead!" You say, "Where did that
Blood come from spread across your vest?"
I wipe the sticky ooze but the stain remains tattooed.
I laugh, just for the hell of laughing at you—
You who are dead, who has no breath, no pulse,
No lips—you are cold, stiff, dumb,
You smile, and the blood trickles out my wound.

—Ed Pennington.

CELEBRATION ON THE DEATH OF A DRUNKARD

Between the grey-lipped chair
And the drunken moon
Is a broken somewhere
That curved the bent spoon.
No man is an elf
To fly the down-low.
So lower the shelf!
So be the vein slow!
Drink from the feather
Of happy and true;
Vomit the weather,
For we shall miss you
When a broken somewhere
Walks through the saloon
In an empty old chair
That grey eyes the moon.

More likely than so
We shall forget you
When the vermouth glow
Is older than new.
Worms won't drink of hope
Nor wish they won't die.
The rains drain the slope
Of always and why;
And your footprints rust,
And your hair-nail dries.
Beneath a grave thrust,
The sap-sucking flies
Make holy communion
With return to dust:
This the reunion
Of whiter than trust,

—Otto Pfeiff.

ARTIST AT BESSEMER BEND

Caught in coppery light of afternoon
The red hills hump in ponds of sky,
Old ridges fanned like static fins of fish
Possessed by dreams of motion.
This rock and dust once knew an ocean.

The North Platte bends in green-bronze wash,
Stirring the shadow stripes of grass
As though drowned tigers moved in death.
The willows lean to wandering tongues
Of water wound in lover's knot
Around their roots. Over the pools
The wind unravels sun from amber spools.

Man waits as red hills wait,
A fin of longing thrust in sky,
Begging caldrons of light to warm the dream.
And when the wind gets to him,
He stirs as some great trout
Rising from dark and sleep, breaking a lake.
Shattered images of earth and sky fall back,
Repatterned in his wake.

—Peggy Simson Curry.

CITY TREE

Not frost it is,
But heat, that causes
Lamps on streets
To shed these leaves—

The velvet moths,
Whose strange desire
Leads them to court
Synthetic fire.

—Margaret Demorest.

A NIGHT-BIRD'S CALL

Across a chasm of silence,
The chastened wanderer,
Fleeing from waste and confusion
Had stumbled back to her.

Gripping his hand in the twilight
Of the raven-eaten years,
She listened in silence and mentioned not
The ghost of her own dark fears.

Better the song of a wounded thing,
Better a night-bird's call,
Than hollow halls of an empty heart
And nothing to sing at all.

—Grace Curl Cochran.

ORDER

It might be as leaves violent in the wind,
Seen through a window pane
Or in a silent motion picture.
Nothing but experience apprehends
A rhythm or a reason as they strain,
Sometimes with the vehemence of rupture.
No sound or sense explains the twisting stems—
Except occasionally the dripping tick of rain
Affirms an insane palpitation within nature.

—Richard Reitz.