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INK POT

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# THE INK POT

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## Foreword

The Editors have enjoyed the task of gathering, selecting, and arranging this collection of freshman writing. It was not easy, however; but rather than try to tell of difficulties and pleasures in the process, they have decided to dispense with further preliminaries and fanfare to let the work speak, as it should, for itself.

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## INITIAL POINT—

Douglas E. Ott

Start from  
    components too small  
to almost take up space.  
    yet too precious  
to be misused or  
    scorned or mocked.  
How frail during growth  
    develop frail,  
so easy to shut off  
    all in one breath  
the filament is broken  
    puff — life is so frail.  
Life would not hurt  
    but for frailness.  
Man breeds deceit  
    His texture too rutted,  
and thought too spurious.  
    Be like a plumb line.  
But the line is suspended  
    from a weak structure.  
Others, who live a death,  
    be brave and correct.  
Those of the new  
    Live . . . live full, plumb line true.



## THE SNOW-CAPPED MOUNTAINS

Roy Kavicky

The most beautiful scene a person can behold is the sight of snow-capped mountains, glistening in the distance, like stars on a clear cold night. Huge, with unlimited size and boundaries, they seem to sing a song, as gusts of wind swoop down upon their outer shell. These snow-capped mountains appear to be dressed in radiant attire, with velvet white top hats and cotton like gloves.



## STARS

Judy Turnier

Dusk is a wonderful time to go upon  
some rolling hill or plain and sit,  
Watching the twinkling lights above;  
And if you watch long enough you may  
be lucky enough to see a falling star.

## SMOKE

Shirley Clay

I always had a misty, dreamy feeling as we headed up the small rutted path to the meadow. The air was heavy with the spicy aroma of pine and cedar. The woods were beautiful. The greens and browns were mingled with the perfection known only to nature herself. The soft afternoon breezes were lazy and languid as they played through my hair. During my time of thought, Smoke would pick his way slowly up the path. He needed no guidance, as we came this way every day. I always left the reins slack and let him go at his own pace. He seemed to know that this was a time for quiet, and the only sounds he ever made were a few soft whinnies now and then, and the dull thud of his hoofs against the turf. This was a good time of day. A feeling of peace settled over us and was like a living thing.

Then we would enter the meadow, its smooth terrain spread out ahead of us. At this point our mood would change. Smoke's gait would quicken, and as I leaned over his sleek, dark neck, he would stretch out into his speedy gallop. I could feel the muscles ripple under his coat, feel the power unleashed in those legs that had moved so languidly just moments ago. When we reached the far end of the meadow, we would turn and race back. Upon entering the woods again, we would resume our former pace, feeling exhilarated and happy after our run. This was our daily routine. We were friends, friends in a way that only those who have loved a pet could know. Smoke loved our outings. There was a bond between us which such human failings as jealousy and selfishness could never break.

Smoke is gone now, but it is just as well, for my childhood is gone, too. I am caught in the world of adults where those who love the beauties of nature are strange and different. Smoke would not know me now. I am not the friend he left behind. If he were here now I could never recapture those old times, I could not feel the deep pain of loss at his death. These are the moments of youth and are not allowed into the set, scheduled world of the adult. These are the moments I yearn for.



## MAUI

Elizabeth C. Allen

The celestial blue of the sky meeting the aqua of the water, the foamy white caps rolling like tongues lapping up the bitter salt of the sea, the wind sighing through the majestic palms like a satisfied infant, the rays of the sun beaming on the glistening sand, all this is Maui.

Maui, with her pineapple fields giving the impression of royal soldiers lined up for battle, with her sugar cane waiting to be burned as the greatest of all sacrifices to God. The air is a storehouse for the fragrances of multicolored plumaria, spicy ginger, and delicate, touch-me-not orchids.

## BY THE SKIN OF MY BREATH

Sharon Wasem

"Now breathe slowly—come on, try again—in and out, in, out—relax." I could hear him through the misty shadow in my brain. I tried to concentrate and follow his commands but my mind couldn't interpret his words. "Relax," he said again, this time in a very emphatic tone. But I couldn't relax. I had to pull the air in and push it out. I was tired—if only I could sleep. But no, I had to breathe. I couldn't think of anything else—in, out, in, out. Suddenly the voice stopped. They were all in the other room—my doctor, the throat specialist, and my parents. I knew what they were discussing. I had to start breathing easier or I knew what would happen. Please, God, let me breathe. I made promise after promise that hour. I would do anything if He would let me survive without a trachea operation. Why had I gone to the football game. I had laryngitis so bad I couldn't make a sound. But it was the most important game of the year! How could I have known that the night air would be poison to me. Someone was coming. A needle—thank heavens—it was only a shot. Maybe it was to make me sleep. But I couldn't sleep. I had to concentrate on breathing—in, out, inhale, exhale—slowly—steadily. Very suddenly breathing became easier. No longer did I have to force the air in and out of my lungs. That must have been the medicine they had been trying to find. Then I heard the screeching of a siren—an ambulance—why? I was better. I had to tell the doctor.

"You'll be alright now," spoke the familiar voice. I believed him. His face no longer held the strained look of one puzzled and half helpless as it had a few minutes before. He now wore a look of relief and victory. Suddenly I couldn't look at him any more. I wanted to sleep, but no, I'd better not. I had to see what was going to . . .

I was awakened by the gentle hands of a nurse, piercing my skin with a not so gentle needle. I was in an oxygen tent. Now wasn't that silly. I could breathe perfectly now. In fact I felt wonderful. Here I was relaxing, feasting on glucose, and causing everyone to scurry about, watching every move I made. It was funny to watch the horrified expressions of their faces when I would try to talk. "Doctor's orders were not to let you talk," they repeatedly told me. I couldn't actually make a sound but I had to entertain myself some way didn't I? I discontinued my game after the nurse stiffly pointed her finger to the nearby table and informed me that on this table were the surgical instruments for an operation if needed and I decided that I wouldn't go out of my way to make it needed.

From then on I enjoyed myself completely. Get well cards, visitors, gifts, flowers, all helped make me feel quite important. "Were you scared?" whispered one of the voices from across the room. "Did your mind wander when they said you almost died?", wrote another friend on the back of a get well card. Yes, I was quite the talk of our small community. It was exciting until the novelty wore off and I woke up one day to realize that I had lost quite a lot of weight and my clothes no longer fit.





## Characteristics of American People as Presented in Modern American Short Stories

James Victor Foote

Americans are marked by materialistic traits and pursue an outlook of pessimism. As an American myself it is difficult to make such a pointed statement, and not direct it to myself. Yet it is not precisely my own evaluation of Americans. It is, instead, that of the authors included in my references. For that matter the Germans, French, Chinese, Indians, and moonmen are materialistic, and possess pessimistic attitudes. With my knowledge and understanding of Americans and their ways, including what little I have retained from studies of those foreign in birth and custom, it would be an unjust assumption marked by fallacy to simply dismiss it. However, I am not required to make any statement of my feelings on the subject. Bearing this in mind, it is necessary to disregard all previous knowledge and understanding, and take only the presentations in the book into consideration.

Conrad Aiken's *Silent Snow*, *Secret Snow*, Albert Maltz's *The Happiest Man on Earth*, and William Saroyan's *Going Home*, emphasize the depressing atmosphere encountered by American people. Monotony, hopelessness and defeat identify the most singular impetus for the writing of these stories. All of them utilize the theme, but three different results are proffered. Aiken focuses on the withdrawal of a child as embodying escape. Maltz relates the story of a man willing to accept a hazardous job, because of the intolerable living conditions of the depression, illustrating the resulting morbid and unnatural unconcern for personal dignity and welfare. William Saroyan presents a study in the repressive actions of a young man to his childhood.

Eudora Welty and John Steinbeck give us a view into materialism. Eudora Welty's *A Visit of Charity* is ironically titled, because the visit of a young child to a home for the aged contained no charitable motives. Steinbeck's *The Leader of the People* poignantly shows the effects of greed on the human spirit, while weaving throughout a small thread of salvation.

As is illustrated or at least assumed by the afore mentioned, Americans are viewed as depressive and materialistic. It is incorrect to assign these qualities as separate faults. One may be the result of the other. It is entirely possible to conceive that the depressive attitudes may be the result of some unfortunate circumstance, and that materialism is the result of pessimism. Materialism may in turn produce some noticeable effects. Cruelty, as presented by Ring Lardner and Sally Benson, and Prejudice, as presented by William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell are examples.

In Ring Lardner's, *Champion* the subject was needlessly brutal and sadistic (Cruelty for cruelty's sake). It is the endowment of this loathsome character with the title of "Champion" that illustrates the sad fact that we as Americans often pay reverence to these creatures. Perhaps it is a touch of sadism on the part of the public. Sally Benson is more relevant in her introduction of a theme dealing with the insecurity of materialism and a woman's rebellion to this realization.

Prejudice, though requiring cruelty to be effective, also entails a matter of ignorance and bigotry. It would not be at all surprising, if not probable, that William Faulkner and Erskine Caldwell aimed a double barrel shotgun at the American people with their particular writings. In *That Evening Sun Go Down*, many of the dominant characters display disinterest and unconcern for the pathetic Negro cook, Nancy. Erskine Caldwell offers a description of the extremely stupid actions which people exhibit under the influence of fear and ignorance.

It is Knute Axelbrod who serves as an inspiration for all seeking understanding. The story, *Young Man Axelbrod*, by Sinclair Lewis is based upon the quest of an old man for happiness. Placing him among so many petty men during his experience at Yale assures us that though Lewis believed that such men exist in American society they are few. The final departure of Knute Axelbrod from college after the attainment of joy in one simple experience not only points out the insecurity of materialism, but implies a re-examination of the motives for the establishment of the country would be of benefit to everyone.



## WOUNDED

Douglas E. Ott

See the wound  
     How would you know if wounded I was?  
 See that which picks at the tender heart.  
     Look  
     Is it fear?  
 It draws at the living palpitating tissue.  
     Name it.  
     What is its potency?  
     maelstrom . . .  
 Look  
     , LOOK  
 Come  
     help replenish mankind.  
 Understand the wounds  
 You that assail  
 Be . . .  
     a Samaritan  
 Human understanding is  
     stunted.  
 Flesh  
     laden with . . .  
     name it,  
         you that comprehend.  
 look for it,  
         avoid  
 Be  
     true.

## OUR CHANGING WORLD

Rebecca White

### Sentence Outline

**Main idea:** The exploration of space will open new realms to us, make heroes of some of our daring individuals, and bring us new cultural experiences that will change our outlook on life and give us new happiness.

**Introduction:** Space probes and the development of rockets have brought about much discussion and serious pondering about the conquest of space.

- A. People try to imagine what lies ahead for them in an age of space.
- B. They wonder how space exploration will affect their way of life.
- C. They want to know how it will change relations with our foreign countries.

I. The exploration of space will open new realms to us.

- A. We can discover what other planets are like.
- B. We will develop many new things in our effort to conquer the unknown.

II. Space exploration will make heroes of daring people.

- A. Individuals who desire adventure can find it in space.
- B. Men will risk their lives to become heroes.

III. Space exploration will bring us new cultural experiences.

- A. These experiences will broaden our scope of interest.
- B. They will relieve the dullness of our life.
- C. They will give us new activities and new things to discuss.

**Conclusion:** By opening new realms, creating heroes, and developing cultural experiences perhaps space exploration will give us a new outlook on life that will relieve some of our unhappiness.

Space probes and the development of rockets has brought about much discussion and serious pondering about the conquest of space. Each one of us has many unanswered questions concerning our future. We want to know what lies ahead of us in an age of space. How will space exploration influence our lives and ways of thinking? Will it change our relations with our rivals by bringing us into closer contact with one another? Most of our questions can be answered only when the mystery of space is solved. In the meantime we have to be content to make predictions.

That the exploration of space will open new realms to us is unquestionable. If we can reach other planets, we can discover what they are like and if there is any possibility of our surviving on them. In our efforts to conquer the unknown, many new discoveries will be made and scientific techniques developed. Our scientists will strive to create new ways to enhance our survival on planets quite different from earth. If they succeed, it will mean the end of many of our worries about population explosion.

It has been stated that our country lacks heroes. Our society has suppressed individualism by frowning upon those who have radical ideas. Space exploration



will provide an opportunity for daring individuals to seek adventure. In the attempt to conquer space, many men will risk their lives. Some will do so in vain; however, others will be successful in achieving space data. Those who are successful will make fame and become heroes, providing people for others to idolize.

Through the exploration of space we will enjoy new cultural experiences. We will find new ideas, activities, and achievements that will broaden our scope of interest and relieve the dullness and boredom that lack of change has given us. We will have a new sense of adventure and excitement.

By opening new realms, creating heroes, and developing cultural experiences perhaps space exploration will give us a new outlook on life that will relieve some of our unhappiness. We will have so many new concepts to think about that we won't have time to worry about many of the problems we consider serious now. New theories and activities could bring us new happiness.



## NO THEME WAS WRITTEN

Lois Krompascik

Thoughts . . . Unconnected thoughts, thoughts  
With no rhyme or reason, a mumble jumble of thoughts,  
A state of chaos in my mind.

From this hodgepodge of ideas, there suddenly  
Came a deafening roar of a mighty white-capped breaker  
Surging upon the cluttered sands of my being, only to  
Flow unaffectively back to its source.

This no sooner subsided, then I could feel the slow  
Drizzling rains of summer trickling down my brow cooling  
My face. This too abruptly made an exit.

From the deep canyons of my mind there galloped a  
Highly spirited stallion. I could feel his black satiny  
Coat as I leaned forward to get a grip onto the reins.  
With his muscles rippling, his mane flying, his breathing  
Laboring, we swept past my disorderly, chaotic mind  
Into the serene world of slumber.

And still no theme was written.



## A Comparison of the Structure of the *Odyssey* and *Huckleberry Finn*

Cheryl Adams

The *Odyssey* and *The Adventures of Huckleberry Finn* are very much alike in structure even though they were written thousands of years apart. The *Odyssey* tells the story of a king and his adventures in returning home after a long siege in the Trojan war. *Huckleberry Finn* tells of the adventures of a young boy running away from the bonds of society. The characters, as one can now see, differ greatly in age and background. The stories also take place in very different periods of history and were written by very dissimilar authors. Yet, the style of writing used in the stories and the adventures and personalities of their characters are so much alike that many people today consider them almost as "twin" books. They are also considered by many as the two greatest literary masterpieces of all time.

To begin with, both stories are based upon the adventures of each main character while he is on a long journey. In *Huckleberry Finn*, Huck takes a trip down the Mississippi River on a raft to get away from his mean father, and to escape the bonds of living in a civilized community. His adventures take place in campsites along the river and in towns and homes with people he meets. Odysseus, in *The Odyssey*, takes his long journey because he is disfavored by the gods. He started home after the Trojan War, but is led astray and into many difficult situations because he blinded the son of one of the more powerful gods. He also has many wonderful adventures in the different lands he visits along his way, and with the strange people he encounters.

A second similarity of the two stories is that both of the main characters have a loyal protecting friend. Huck's friend is Jim, the runaway slave whom he is helping to escape. Jim considers Huck his close friend and watches and protects him as he would one of his own children. In *The Odyssey*, Odysseus' close protector is Athene, Greek goddess of war and wisdom. Odysseus is a favorite of hers because he has the outstanding qualities of strength, courage, marksmanship, and wisdom. She appears to him in different forms throughout the story and is ready to help him in any situation.

In both stories also, there is a safe-guard for each main character. Whenever *Huckleberry Finn* or Odysseus became too involved in a troublesome situation there had to be a way out for both of them—hence, the use of the safe-guards. In *Huckleberry Finn*, the safeguard was his raft. Whenever he became involved in trouble on the riverbank, he could always escape it by taking to the river again on his raft. And always his raft was there, ready for him to escape. In *The Odyssey*, Athene and other less powerful gods and goddesses were Odysseus' safe-guards. The faithful goddess was always present in some form to keep from harm, whether it was on sea or land.

The personalities of Odysseus and *Huckleberry Finn* were very much alike. Both had vivid imaginations and could always come up with a plausible or wild tale when it was necessary.

The characters in both stories also were believers in signs and omens. In *Huckleberry Finn* the signs were considered sent from the supernatural world and

weren't always believed. But in *The Odyssey* the omens and signs were definitely believed as sent by the gods. In both stories, however, these signs were followed by the main characters. A large part of their adventures were directed by the way in which they interpreted them. Folk tales were also present in both stories, for example, in *The Odyssey* the weaving of Penelope's web or shroud; and in *Huckleberry Finn*, the story of the Grangerford's daughter who ran away to get married.

Another similarity in the stories is the presence of the villains. In *The Odyssey* were the suitors, who received their just reward after Odysseus' return home. In *Huckleberry Finn* the villains were the Duke and Dauphine who robbed people of their money and sold Jim through their trickery. They also were punished after Jim told the townspeople of their trickery.

Custom and hospitality also play an important part in comparing the two stories. Both societies lived according to custom for the most part. Unwritten rules of hospitality were followed in both stories too. The two travelers in both stories were always treated with kindness and generosity in most homes they visited, and a certain pattern was followed as to their treatment as visitors.

Human nature was shown also in both stories. The greed and selfishness of the suitors was somewhat like that of the Duke and Dauphine in *Huckleberry Finn*. The faithfulness and love for Odysseus was shown through his wife, Penelope, and the swineherd; and love and loyalty for Huck was shown through Jim. The unlikeable qualities of humans was shown through the meanness of many of the people each character encountered.

The stories end somewhat alike too. Each character came to the end of his journey but there is the promise left of another journey to come soon; Huck's to escape adoption and Odysseus' to find an unknown land and plant his oar.

These stories show just how similar two great men's minds can be. Both Homer and Mark Twain through the use of their same structure, vivid imaginations, and great narrative senses have created for us two of the greatest books that have ever been written.



3 B.A., M.A.  
1970

## CINQUAIN

Shirley Bell

517

Two words  
That could change worlds  
Are not spoken from mind  
But rise from sentiment of heart  
I love!

## TEMPTATION OF FIRE

Laura Jane Clayton

Stretching to the flames, my toes wriggle gleefully. How do they know I am happy?

Warm inside—as well as out—my heart glows as the red bricks.

The smell of pine and hot butter explodes with the small kernels and their salty taste is too teasing, for I have eaten too much; or perhaps the flaming scherzo is too bewitching; for my eyes are closing—but reluctantly.

Why must we pay for comfort by drowsing through the best part.



## DEO GRATIUS

Suzon Hart

The Day comes and goes;  
sometimes short, sometimes long,  
Traveling on wings of uneasy sadness;  
or for some, grateful happiness.  
And passing along this stream,  
Time will always come and soon be gone.  
As Aurora advances upon the hills,  
the warbler greets Day with a song;  
By noontide, boughs have reached for Apollo,  
and at nocturne, the silver-footed queen seems to say,  
"We live, Deo gratius."



## OEDIPUS: DUET

David William Phillips

- Oedipus I: I am Oedipus,  
I live in darkness.  
I exist in the shadows of fate.  
Because I could not bear the sight  
of the world,  
I pierced my eyes.
- Oedipus II: I too am Oedipus,  
And I too live in darkness.  
I exist in the shadows of skyscrapers,  
And in the blackness of reality.
- I: Come, sit with me under this willow  
tree, and tell me your story.  
I will tell you mine.
- II: Yes, the air is pure here.  
There is only this tree and the soft earth  
to hear us.  
And they already know what we have to say.
- I: I am Oedipus and this is my story:  
I wished to love,  
But fate played tricks on me.
- II: I too am Oedipus and this is my story:  
I wish to love.  
But not one will accept my love . . .

## TRUMPETER

David William Phillips

A chunk of brass,  
A piece of sound,  
A bit of man—  
And perspiration . . .  
A slave of art,  
A subject of work,  
A bit of hope—  
And aspiration . . .  
A shot of gin . . .  
un-understanding people . . .  
Let the concert begin.



## GREEK RELIGION IN THE ODYSSEY

Juanita Gayhart

A very prominent and interesting aspect of **The Odyssey** is its content of the details of the Greek religion. This religion no longer exists as such but rather has taken a permanent place in literature and art. The manner in which the religious beliefs of the Greeks are interwoven with the wanderings of Odysseus makes **The Odyssey** interesting as well as greatly informative.

The ancient Greeks had no trained knowledge of God. Therefore, because of man's desire for a being greater than himself, they invented strange stories which were a mixture of old beliefs, personification of the forces of nature and of good or bad qualities, and old fables about their ancestors. These stories together with the ideas of structure of the universe are the basis for the Greek religion of Homer's time.

The ancient Greeks had a systematic conception of the structure of the universe. They believed that the earth was flat and circular with Greece occupying the middle of it, the central point probably being Mount Olympus. The earth was divided into two equal parts by the Sea, or Mediterranean as it is known today, which stretched across it from west to east.

Around the earth flowed the River of Ocean whose course was from south to north on the western side and from north to south on the eastern side.

The Greeks like many other peoples believed that the soul made a descension to the underworld after death. This idea probably originated from the primitive custom of burial. It was a spacious realm that knew no boundaries, and seldom did anyone return once he had entered. It was organized like a kingdom, with Hades and Persephone as its king and queen; and it possessed several sets of judges. Hermes gathered the souls of the dead and Charon transported them to the main entrance which Kerberos guarded. It was divided into precincts determined by natural boundaries, and special places were prepared for the ordinary men on the one hand and the great sinners on the other.

There were several entrances to Hades including many caves and rivers.

The other domain for the souls of the dead was the Elysian Plain. Contrary to Hades, the Elysian Plain was a land of everlasting joy, peace, and contentment. The Greeks believed this land to lie to the west. It was the belief of some Greeks that only those mortals who had endured a threefold test in life and had remained faithful and brave could be transported to the Elysian Plain. However, the common belief was that the land was reserved for those in whom the blood of the gods flowed. This was the case of Menelaus whose favorable fate was proclaimed in **The Odyssey**.

The northern portion of the earth was supposedly populated by the Hyperboreans, a happy race dwelling in eternal bliss. The Ethiopians inhabited the south side of the earth. They were thought to have found such favor with the gods that the deities often left their homes on Mount Olympus to share their sacrifices and banquets with the Ethiopians.

The summit of Mount Olympus in Thessaly was the dwelling place of the

gods. A gate of clouds, attended to by the goddesses named the Seasons, opened to allow the Celestials to pass to earth and to receive them on their return. When summoned, all the gods assembled at the palace of Zeus. Each day they feasted on nectar and ambrosia in the great hall of the palace of Zeus. They used this period of the day to discuss the affairs of heaven and earth. It was probably at a time such as this that Zeus and Athene decided upon the fate of Odysseus. As the divine family dined, they were entertained by Apollo, the god who played on his lyre, to the accompaniment of the Muses. At sunset the gods retired to sleep in their own homes.

The divine family consisted of twelve greater gods and numerous lesser gods. In Homer's day the deities were already organized on the model of a human clan, with Zeus as the greatest god. It is interesting to think of each of the greater gods individually.

With the fall of Cronos, Zeus, Poseidon, and Hades divided his domain among themselves. Zeus was chief of all the gods and the father of gods and men. He was pictured in the mind of the Greeks as being a majestic figure in complete strength with thick hair and beard, and with lightnings in his hand and an eagle at his side. He was the god of the sky and weather. In *The Odyssey* he is primarily thought of as the "cloud gatherer" who sends the rain, lightning, and thunderbolts.

Hera represented two main aspects of life to the Greeks: she was the goddess who protected the institution of marriage. She was the white-armed, ox-eyed, stately lady who was the queen of heaven.

The goddess whom we learn most about in *The Odyssey* is Athene. She was the divine guide of Odysseus throughout his adventures. To the Greeks she was the goddess of wisdom. In Greek legend she was the offspring of Zeus, without a mother. She sprang forth from his head, completely armed.

Poseidon was the brother of Zeus and the god of the sea. Because Odysseus offended him by blinding his son, the Cyclops Polyphemus, he was condemned by Poseidon to wander for ten years after the siege of Troy before returning to his home and beloved wife Penelope. The *Odyssey* is truly a story of Poseidon's vengeance against Odysseus.

Hermes, although considered one of the twelve greater gods, was not considered great among the gods, but rather their witty servant. He was used by Zeus as an errand boy carrying his messages to mankind. He was also the god of the commonpeople. Another interesting characteristic of Hermes was that he was a thief. This characteristic is not mentioned in *The Odyssey*. In it he is a merciful god whose gracious deed was that of helping Odysseus escape Circe's enchantments.

Hephaestus was the god of fire and the smith of Olympus. According to Greek legend he displeased his mother so greatly by being born lame that she cast him out of heaven. He is mentioned only briefly and is of little significance in *The Odyssey*.





Artemis, Apollo, Aphrodite, Demeter, Hestia, and Ares are the other most important Greek deities. They are of little importance in *The Odyssey* and are only slightly connected with Odysseus on his journey to Ithaca.

The Greek gods seem less divine to us because they possessed characteristics much like those of man. The most evident of these were jealousy, conceit, and lack of sexual morality.

Even Zeus, the supreme Greek god, either betrayed Greek custom by having more than one wife or else had only one legitimate wife and was hopelessly unfaithful to her. Many scholars of the ancient Greek religion believe the latter to have been the case. Although the Greeks believed in having only one lawful wife, they were tolerant of irregularities and attached no disrespect to illegitimate children.

In Homeric Greece man was separated from his gods merely by class distinction, like that which separated the human chieftain from the common people. In a sense the gods were thought of only as powerful human beings—not really greater than man in the religious aspect but only in having greater power.

Although there is not a single worshipper among living men who is still loyal to the Olympian gods, the Greek religion of Homer's day will never pass into oblivion because of such masterpieces as *The Odyssey* in which it is so dominant.



## PURSUABLE PENELOPE

Nancy Beall

The most interesting item in "The Odyssey" is the method by which Penelope is courted. It seems very ridiculous to me for a gang like that to barge in uninvited even then. Today we would not stand for such brazenness and would call the police. I feel that Penelope could have remedied the situation somehow, unless she really was flattered by the attention of so many men. Certainly she gives them no reason to leave by putting them on with unique and distant promises. Telemachus is dumbfounded by this pack of vultures and his mother's "maiden in distress air". Naturally, he is outraged with the thought of one of these so called men taking his father's place. It would be hard for a girl of today to imagine the chaos that must have filled Odysseus' house. Even though the situation might be to her liking, I am sure there would be some very irate parents developing more and more ulcers. I believe that this mad situation was really of Penelope's own doing. If she had been faithful to the image of Odysseus, she would have resisted somehow. Her lackadaisical attitude is the predominating factor in this unbelievable "mess"!

## TENSE MOMENTS UNDER PRESSURE

Victor Zaidain

I would imagine that all of us, at one time or another, have had an exciting or electrifying situation befall us. Such situations can be amusing to others, but the same old story gets pretty boring to the person who writes it year after year. I also feel that all of us dream someday of being a hero or heroine. For this reason I wish to write a story in which I play the hero—a life-long ambition.

### TENSE MOMENTS UNDER PRESSURE

Imagine yourself, in Korea, cramped up in a foxhole on the side of a hill in the mist and fog on a summer night in 1952; seven North Koreans crunching in a single file along the trail about ten yards in front of you.

A G.I., named Jerry, and myself were in this foxhole watching these seven North Koreans, dressed in white cotton to look like peasants, crawl along this ridge.

We gripped the B.A.R.'s firmly, eased them back snug against our shoulders, flicked the lever on full automatic. We lined the muzzles up on the group and easily squeezed the trigger. Swinging our guns back and forth, we mowed the enemy down in a curtain of fire.

Five of the Koreans fell along the trail as the remaining two jumped back off the ridge from the unexpected fire. The remaining two called to others farther down the slope. The North Koreans got no mercy from us!

Somewhere on the other side of hell the enemy blew on a whistle. It sounded out of place on that dark hill of death. We hated always waiting for someone to kill us; we hated the smell of rotten bodies and burnt powder.

Just then my buddy said that he heard some moving around over there on the other side of the hill. "We better look sharp," I told him, "they may be planning another move."

Just then the sound of metal on metal was heard. This was the way the enemy activated their grenades, by rapping them on their rifle butts.

Jerry and I didn't have long to wait; for in a few seconds the red sparks of a grenade could be seen over the mountain. It landed about ten yards down from us. I then threw my last grenade at them and we could see the white flash of the grenade go off bright.

The Koreans blew the whistle once again and began storming the hillside with grenades. We were pinned, not being able to move backwards or forward. I laid my face in the dirt and pulled my steel helmet down over my ears. We were both paralyzed from fear. The worst part about it was that there wasn't anything to shoot and nothing to throw back. We thought the blasting would never stop. Then, all of a sudden, the blasting ceased.

I turned to my buddy and said, "Let's move up a few more feet."

Then I looked up at the hill just in time to see death coming our way. The grenade landed about five feet from my buddy and the blast was so terrific that



it felt like a bad ball hitting me. I don't believe that my buddy knew what hit him; he died instantly.

I was hurt too. With each breath I took, I felt like an old teakettle. I knew I was hit bad; one of my lungs was gone. I started to faint.

Just then someone laughed. One of the enemy on the other side of the hill really cut loose with a laugh. I got mad then. I knew I wasn't going to die alone; so I grabbed my B.A.R. and rolled down the slope, yelling for the medics. I stayed awake and did what had to be done. Each time a Korean started over the hill, he was met by 30-caliber slugs, until every last Korean on top of the ridge was dead.

It took the medics two hours to find me. Even then it seemed to be a miracle because the medics didn't know that the North Koreans were all around me.

Back at the First Aid station I was having blood pumped into me. I was all doped up. The medics took out two ribs and my right lung. The doctors told me that I had won my battle under pressure and that I was going back home to the United States.



## OEDIPUS

Elizabeth J. Dupuy

I, Oedipus, victim of fate, yet denying  
The sureness of fate, now relate my  
Suffering.  
Slayer of father, husband of mother,  
Father of children doomed from conception,  
Unrelenting, though daunted,  
I lived; respected of men,  
Hated by fate.  
Truth spoken by Oracles cannot be  
Reversed.  
My parent's rebellion, the shepherd's salvation—  
For what?  
My flight from words spoken—was  
My flight into fate.  
Most merciful gods in the heav'ns have  
Delivered, have granted me sleep,  
Death's own sweetest rest.  
My sons and my daughters now gathered  
Beside me, at last reunited.  
The curse of the fates is completely fulfilled—  
At rest.

## REBEL WITHOUT A PAST

Diana Anderson

**The Catcher in the Rye** by Salinger is a novel about a young sixteen year old boy, Holden Caulfield, who is revolting against society. Holden has been in several schools before he came to Pencey. There he encounters with two "phonies" Stradlater and that boy with pimples, bad breath, sinus trouble, and ugly fingernails. Holden doesn't succeed at Pencey, and he flunks out after passing only one course, English.

Holden is afraid to go home, so he spends a three-day week-end in New York. Here Holden becomes a phony, too, for he tries to pretend he is a debonair young gentleman. He meets three "dumb" blonds at a night club. They don't pay very much attention to him because they are too busy looking for movie stars. At the hotel Holden is staying in, he encounters an elevator boy and a prostitute—who is not very young—who roughs him up a little when he refuses to pay the other five dollars.

Eventually Holden has to go home because of a shortage of money. During the night, he slips in to see his little sister, Phoebe. Phoebe is not a phony because she is too young and innocent to be tainted by adult phoniness. Holden has to hide from the parents when they come in because he is afraid to face them. Later he slips out and goes to Mr. Antolini's apartment. Holden worships Mr. Antolini. When he gets there, he finds Mr. Antolini an unhappy man married to an older woman he doesn't love. Later that night, Holden is awakened by the patting of Mr. Antolini's hand on his head. Holden doesn't wait for any explanation; he leaves.

The next day Holden decides to leave and go west, but he wants to see Phoebe before he leaves. Well, Phoebe wants to go west with him, and she finally talks him out of it. The next thing the reader learns is that Holden is in a mental hospital in California wishing he had never told his story because when you start to talk about someone, you miss them, and he doesn't want to miss anyone.

Holden Caulfield is a person who doesn't want to go over that "crazy cliff" into adulthood. He never wants to grow up because that is too much responsibility, worry, phoniness. Holden likes few things in life. He likes Phoebe for she is sweet and innocent; he likes the ducks, and every winter he worries about where they have gone when the lake freezes. Holden likes the nuns and feels sorry for them because they will never enjoy an elaborate luncheon after they have collected for charity. One young boy stands out in Holden's mind for his honesty, and that was James Castle. James was a very quiet boy who never said anything to anyone, but one day he told this one boy that he was a phony, and that he couldn't push him around. When a group of boys try to make him change his mind, he jumps out of the window to his death. Holden always felt proud that he knew him and sorry that he had to die.

Holden couldn't make up his mind on any subject; he wavered in between ideals. He hated people who were phony, yet he was phony himself. He hated all the standards society makes in order for a man to get along in the world.

Holden had one ambition in life and that was to be the "catcher in the rye."

He wanted to catch children from going over that "crazy cliff" of adulthood and loss of innocence. Holden loved humanity, but he didn't know how to get along with them. He didn't know where to start; he was an outsider looking in on the world. He wants in, but he doesn't know how. Eventually he "breaks" under the strain and has to have psychiatric treatment; the young rebel with a cause against society.



## THE BEAR HUNT

Susan Sleet

Girls are bothersome creetures I b'lieve. They's always follerin' a feller 'round, pesterin'. Well, I come acrost a way to get Sally to leave me be. She's alla' time sayin' she's ever bit as brave as any boy. So I said to her, "Let's us go huntin' grisly bears." Ol' Sally she said she shore would. So I got Miss Watson's ol' nigger, Jim, to hep me and I brung about my plan like this.

Sally and me, we headed fer the woods about sun-up. Jim was hid out betwixt some pokeberry bushes with a real honest-to-John bear skin. Our plan was that ol' Jim was to wait till Sally got alongside his hidin' place and jump out wropped up in the bear skin a-stompin' and growlin' and flingin' hisself 'round like a bear and scare the wits outa' her, while I stands and faces the monster real brave like.

Whilst I was telling Jim what t' do, that ol' Sally, she was a-listenin' from behind the shed, unknownst to me and Jim.

So Sally and me, we come up to Jim's hidin' place and 'long comes the ol' boy a-clumpin' outa' the bushes just a-raisin' devilments. Me and Sal both stood our ground. Sal, she looks at me and says, "Ha, I know'd 'bout yer silly ol' plan all 'long." I felt kinder like a fool but then I happened to notice that bear don't look much like Jim. I started sweating it when the ol' bear opens his mouth and gives with a roar that nigh turned up my toes.

"That's not Jim," says I. "That's a real bear," I tells her. By the time that bear could wind up for another roar we was both runnin' it for the nearest tree. Up we clumb, as fur as we could and ol' ugly was right behind us. I'll say one thing fer Sal, she shore can climb trees.

Well, the ol' bear he's too fat and old and the trees too little so after us sweating it upstairs fer awhile the bear he leaves and it's safe to come down. Sally, she cried and carried on a heap and I guess I proved I was braver, 'cause I let her climb the tree fust.

When we got home we found Jim hid under his bed quiverin' and sayin', Huck, yo' ain' nebah gonna' git me to play bars wid yo' no mo'. I don' los' de' seat o' my pan's an' I ain' gonna tak' no' more chances! I tho't I was one daid niggah, Huck!"

Ol' Jim, he needn't worry none nohow!