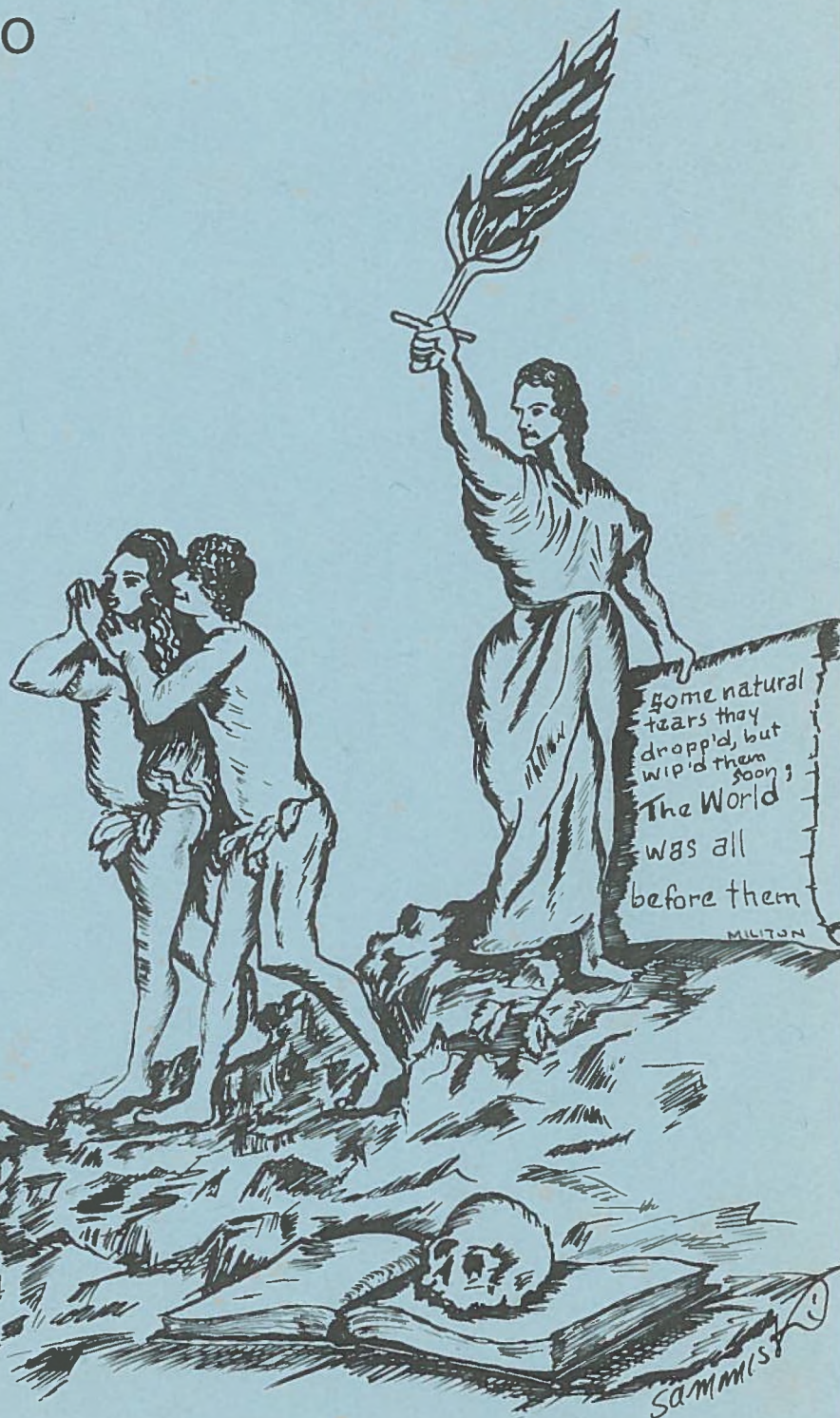


# The MAGAZINE

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West Oahu College

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## THE MAGAZINE STAFF

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#### Editor

Elizabeth Fortney

#### Editorial Assistants

Cathy Verbeckmoes

Ed Laprath

Jeannette Steiber

### Production Staff

#### Production Editor

Karen Kido

#### Art Director

Frank Sammis

### Faculty Advisor

Dr. Henry B. Chapin



# THE MAGAZINE

May 1987 • Number One

West Oahu College  
University of Hawaii  
96-043 Ala Ike  
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Telephone: (808) 456-5921

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Karen Kido

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## INTRODUCTION

The idea for this magazine surfaced while listening to a lecture given in Analysis to Literature last semester. Our advisor, Hank Chapin, was discussing little magazines. As shown on the back cover, a magazine is a compartment in which articles are stored. The idea of a literary magazine is to provide a niche in which aspiring writers are allowed to display their raw talent. Little magazines have asserted a vigorous tradition of freedom of expression and creativity. They play an important role in most universities. This semester, the initiative has been taken by our students to become one of those universities.

West Oahu College is coming into a new era. As has been often said, our time has come. Enthusiasm is high, and a fierce loyalty for our college has developed. Students are concerned about the future of WOC, which has resulted in the forming of a student government, and now a magazine. These efforts prove that we are as unified as any four-year university, and are willing to work just as hard for what we want and deserve.

This magazine is a direct result of the students' vital participation. It is apparent that our students, when given an opportunity to participate, do so with enthusiasm and hard work.

I would like to express my sincere appreciation to all those who helped develop this mere idea into a reality. I would also like to thank the students of West Oahu College, as this magazine would not be possible without their literary contributions. Even though we were not able to print all submissions, the editorial staff was impressed. Many thanks to those of the faculty who gave monetary contributions and submissions and to Dr. Kormondy who, from the beginning, has been truly supportive and encouraging of our efforts. Most importantly, I'd like to thank Dr. Hank Chapin for his undying faith in us.

Elizabeth Fortney  
Editor-in-Chief



*The Magazine* is committed to people. We have included works from the entire college community: students, faculty, administrators, and alumni. We hope our readership extends beyond West Oahu College to those in the larger community and that, in the future, *The Magazine's* readers, wherever they are, will submit short stories, poems, art work, and essays for publication. *The Magazine* is for everyone.

This publication was intended to unearth some of West Oahu's hidden talent. I think we have succeeded. We were pleased with both the volume and the quality of the manuscripts we received. They indicate that there is an interest in a college magazine and that creativity exists at West Oahu College.

One of the themes of this issue is "people are valuable." Some have called West Oahu College a "paper college" because we lack a campus. But West Oahu is not a "paper college," it is a "people college." Students know one another, enjoy small classes, and receive personal attention. Our professors know our names. They care about their students. Poet John Ciardi once said: "A university is what a college becomes when the faculty loses interest in students." After eleven years, West Oahu is still a college.

**Karen Kido**



### **Immanuel Kant's Categorical Imperative**

So act as to treat humanity, whether in your own person or in that of any other, in every case as an end and never as a means only.

## HEART BURIAL

Sharon Stidfole Sorlie

Since leaving, nine months had passed  
when Amy their fates had cast  
now she returned at last  
to mourn no more.

She wanted to make him see  
that as mother she'd likely be  
unable to totally free  
herself from their lost child.

Yet, she would try, she said  
and regretted that she had fled  
leaving him alone in dread --  
He would not hear!

He sat stoically staring into space  
as she passionately paced  
their modest place  
then she cried:

"Some women wail and wile  
wanting diamonds, gold, and jade  
but I desire proof  
not made  
or paid  
to someone else.

I ask, I beg, I plead  
that you show me in a deed  
you retain some simple need  
for me.

You could take me in your arms  
let your heartbeat cast a charm  
chasing all alarm  
from me.

You could look me in the eyes  
drop the drape of your disguise  
see our walls have been unwise  
for both of us."

Yet, still not the slightest grace  
was worked to change his face  
for his mind could not erase  
his pain.



But, he spoke to make it plain  
for her frenzy caused a drain  
upon his bitter brain  
and he said:

"I cannot take you to my breast  
for I know, of all, the best  
you respond not like the rest  
of wives.

Your pleading now is bold  
still I recall when I did hold  
you were nothing less than cold.  
I cannot try again."

# HINODE, SUNRISE

Elaine Tazuko Okimoto

In the *furoba* everyone revealed slips, panties, nightgowns, all made of the same material. It was so common that no one really noticed it. *Babasan* spoke only Japanese so she called them *kome bukuro*; her daughter-in-law had learned a few words of English so to her they were *laisu*

*baiki*; for her grandchildren who were being educated properly in the public schools, they were rice bags. But, whatever the name, everyone used the fabric in the plantation camps. There was nowhere in the frame home where rice bags were not in use.

A hundred pounds of rice came in doubled unbleached muslin sacks, an inner loosely woven one, and a heavier outer one which was coarser but sturdier. Housewives laundered the inner sacks with the daily wash and stashed them away in the chest of drawers until someone needed them. The first of the rice bags were still protecting husbands' one set of black woolen suits and wives' funerary *montsuki*. The silk kimono which the picture brides had worn to this dark land was also there in that rice bag-lined drawer of valuables.

The wives sewed together, hemmed, starched and ironed the thinner squares. These were then thumbtacked to windows and closets. They joined the pieces into a strip about six yards long to harness babies to their backs. The others, they merely hemmed and neatly folded into food safe drawers for use as dishtowel, cover for food, guava-juice strainer, bandanna, a wrapper, a

quick apron. The extra-carefully-laundered and extra-well-bleached rice bags went into the hope chests of brides. These diaper squares were allowed to fray so that the soft edges would not irritate the sensitive skin of their future babies.

Adolescent girls and women kept a supply for

their periods in case old sheets and rags ran out. The soiled napkins, washed clean in cold water, hung discreetly in a dark corner of the wash house to dry.

The more desirable bag was the outer one except that six-inch high letters emblazoned the front--HINODE RICE. It was the most nagging chore for plantation wives to boil, to clorox, to soap, and to spread the muslin out in the sun for weeks until the words were somewhat bleached out. It was Maui who had lassoed the sun to benefit the Islanders, but he was not entirely cooperative. The women grumbled,

"When you want the dye to stay in it washes off, when you want it to wash away it will never disappear."

They fashioned from the recycled fabrics with the persistent letters still showing, aprons, BVD's bloomers, nightgowns and even dresses, but the most visible were the slipcovers. Parlors looked as though families were going on trips but knowing the level of existence, the



farthest they could have gone would have been to Wailuku, twelve miles away. The women selected fabrics for the cushions and quilts with as much care to color and design as for a kimono. Therefore, the children could never understand the necessity for covering all that beauty in rice bags. Mothers tried to explain, in Japanese. "These things must last but more than that it is disrespectful to have guests use anything which isn't freshly laundered and is *asekusai*." The smell of perspiration was distasteful and lacking in dignity.

However poor, very few admitted such base poverty as to have to sew a dress out of rice bags. They made night shirts and gowns because these could be worn in the privacy of the homes. They also provided diversions. Kobayashi-no-babasan sat in front of her Buddhist shrine every evening for half an hour to repeat her *namuamidabutsu*. Her three grandchildren sat behind her reading the almost-bleached words on her back in unison

with the chanting, "*Babasan* is U. S. No.1 Extra Fancy Hinode Rice. She was grown in California, packed for Paia Store on Maui, in Hawaii, and coated with glucose and talc. Be sure to wash before using her. Her net weight is 100 pounds. Use no hooks. *Namuamidabutsu*."

*Babasan* did not mind being the butt of jokes. "Oh, *kashikoi*." She may have been implying that the kids were smart alecks but she was proud of them. She had not realized that the rice bags gave all that information. "It is such a pity that I am so stupid. I have been in Hawaii for thirty-three years and I still can't speak English. But these children are so young and they can already read. Because of them the sun will surely rise for us one of these days. Toshiko, we must send these rascals to the university. They can already read everything on my back. Yes, your children are very intelligent."

---

## AFRO WOMAN

Walter Delce

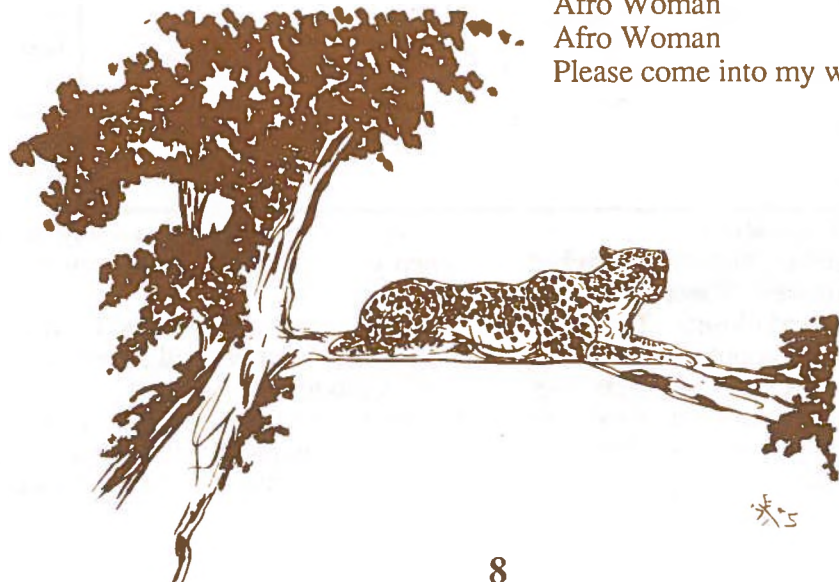
Afro Woman  
 Afro Woman  
 Her hair so unique  
 Her color so black  
 Yet her love so sweet and tender.

Power to take a boy, leave him a man  
 Still her body so black, so sleek  
 Ah, still she holds a precious love  
 To make you want and wonder.

Afro Woman  
 Afro Woman  
 Stand among all the gold.  
 Afro Queen you are the loveliest  
 You are the most valuable jewel.

She is but the goddess of a queen  
 Her smile let the sun shines  
 Her touch is so refreshing.

Afro Woman  
 Afro Woman  
 Please come into my world.



# A MODEL OF CIVILITY

Ned Shultz

If you have read beyond the title of this short essay, you probably either have plenty of time or are a naturally curious person. The title at best seems to warn of a dry piece of prose. Why would anyone study or write about such a topic, and moreover what significance does 12th century East Asia have for our lives? Such challenges are frequently posed to the study of and relevance of history to our lives. I am not here to defend history, for obviously I feel that it is a crucial discipline in the study of ourselves and our culture. An examination of the relations between Korea and China in the 12th century will also reveal a great deal about our past and world cultures in general.

Among the nations of the world, Korea and China have enjoyed the longest history of mutual good will and peaceful diplomacy. They have treated each other with respect ever since the end of the 8th century. The importance of this relationship, and the potential tensions arising from it, come vividly to light in the early 12th century. By the year 1100, China had been under the control of the sophisticated Sung dynasty for over 150 years. Korea, known as Koryo, at the same time had been governed by the Wang household for about 200 years. Both societies were at cultural peaks, producing quality literary texts, unsurpassed artistic and ceramic masterpieces, and generally enjoyed probably the highest standards of living in the world. Sung and Koryo were the richest nations on the earth.

Behind this age of achievement were very serious military problems. Both Koryo and Sung had been beleaguered by powerful northern tribes pushing out of Manchuria. The Khitans had attacked both and even occupied some Sung territory. By 1100 there was another new tribal group, the Jurchen, that was mobilizing in Manchuria to attack them. Confronted with a common enemy, Sung and Koryo renewed their ancient friendship with increased vigor.

Throughout much of the 11th century, Koryo and Sung had random contacts as official embassies infrequently visited each capital. But by the start of the 12th century, hardly a year passed without official envoys traveling between these two countries. Besides formal contacts, both countries relied on unofficial exchanges primarily arranged by merchants and other traders. Both societies grew close to the other

through this constant exchange of their peoples.

That Koryo and Sung enjoyed a similar prosperity and common cultural values can be seen through an examination of their official missions. On one Chinese embassy in 1116, the Sung emperor sent the Koryo king 428 musical instruments. On another occasion, special medicine unique to China was presented to the Korean court. Books and other historical works were also prized gifts in both capitals. In addition many Sung people worked in the Koryo government and acted as adviser to the Korean kings and officials. Koreans in turn found important positions in Sung. Koreans and Chinese would discuss current philosophical issues and together studied Neo-Confucian, Taoist and Buddhist ideas.

Early 12th-century East Asia provides a model in diplomacy to which all civilized societies should aspire. China and Korea approached each other with civility and decorum. By looking at their ties, a clear picture of the cultural sophistication of both Koryo and Sung emerges as well. The fact that they share common problems and ideological attitudes contributed to an even closer relationship. Sung and Koryo decried the use of force when dealing with each other, demonstrating that a healthy international atmosphere is best guaranteed when nations have common values and cultural forms through which to communicate. By sharing people, music, and philosophical values, Koryo and Sung were able to maintain close ties, even when confronting a devastating enemy to the north. Although neither was willing to jeopardize its own national interest to protect the neighbor, each sought to foster goodwill and by this action assured that Koryo and Sung would be remembered for their cultural brilliance.



# THE GIFT

Pat Duro

It's turning out to be a lovely funeral, the flowers, the sun is shining . . . at least it isn't raining. God, I hate rainy funerals. You feel bad enough without having bad weather, too. At least today is nice and sunny. Harriet hates sunny funerals, says they're a mockery. But then, she seems to think most things are mockeries. I don't agree. I much prefer the sun to dreary, rainy days. Makes me feel better.

Oh look, they're starting to arrive. There's Penny. She does look a little like me in my younger days. That hair . . . I wonder how she gets it to behave, mine never would. At least it looks OK today. She was a wonderful granddaughter, so good to me this past year. She was the only one who took my side at that dreadful birthday party. Everyone else sided with Papa. And it was my birthday.

There's Tom. He fixed himself up. I feel honored. He looks so nice in a suit. All you ever see him in is work clothes. He works so hard. If it wasn't for him, the farm would have gone years ago. Now, I'm not saying Papa is lazy or anything like that; he just gets so involved in his little projects that he forgets everything else. He could have skipped the project he made for my birthday. Oh, he thought it was nice. It just made me feel terrible.

Tom does projects too, but he doesn't let the other work slide in the process. He does tend to neglect Mary though. Just like his father. Feels he doesn't need to give her any time outside of meals and sleeping in the same bed. If he doesn't watch it, she'll leave.

I did that once. I left and was gone for two weeks. When I called, Papa acted as if he hadn't noticed I was gone. I went back, of course. It just wasn't done in those days. Besides, I had nowhere else to go. Don't get me wrong, it wasn't a bad marriage. I just needed more and he couldn't give it. Oh, he loved me . . . couldn't show it though. I think he was a little frightened of me. He had been married before, (she died). He had spent all of his life on the ranch, and I had been a school teacher, came from a big city in the East. He thought he

showed his love, but we never had any time together. He tried. . . .

Mama told me I shouldn't marry a country boy. She said, "You come from the city. What would you do on a farm?" I told her how many times that it was a ranch, one of the biggest in the county. She never did like him. I think it was the kids from his first wife, and I didn't have any.

When he first started courting me, it was so romantic. He was so shy. I just couldn't resist. And he loved it when I read poetry to him. We would pack a picnic lunch and take it up in the hills, and he would watch the cows and the clouds, and I would read Browning and all the rest. He never would read any, but he loved it when I read. Those long, hot days were so wonderful and we were so much in love.

We had thirty years together, some good, some bad, but we somehow managed to stay together. If only he hadn't gotten it into his head. He looks so devastated, sitting over there with his head hanging so. I wish I could go over and comfort him one more time but. . . .

Well, look who just dropped in. May Ellen. I didn't think she'd have the nerve to show up here. She always tried to let on that we were such good friends. Ha! She was trying to get her hands on Papa all those years. She has been carrying a torch for forty years. He didn't want her before. I don't know what makes her think he might want her now. The nerve of that woman. Just look at the way she is trying to sit down with him, and in the family rows. I'll just bet that she would cool off in a hurry if he gave her a birthday present like the one he gave me.

He still doesn't understand why I didn't like it. After all, he said he was just trying to reassure me that I would have a decent funeral.

Here comes the minister. He's the new one. Never did talk to me for more than ten minutes all told. I hope someone clued him in on "the deceased." At Mama's funeral, the minister didn't know her and the whole thing was totally inappropriate for her. The music was so somber, and she was so peppy and spunky. . . .



Well, so far he seems to be doing all right. Personal history seems to be almost all there, some a bit off, but the only ones who know about that are me and Papa, and I'm not telling. The music isn't too bad. They remembered after all. . . .

I really am sorry about the way things turned out, but it couldn't be helped. After that last birthday, things just seemed to go down hill. One thing after another started going wrong. First there were the allergies, then the heart palpitations, finally. . . . I tried to tell myself that I was just getting old, but sixty-five isn't all that old. After all, Grandma was ninety-two when she passed on. I think I just couldn't handle that damned present.

He gave me a casket for my birthday. Oh, I'll grant you that it was beautiful. You can see for yourself. It is all handmade, with an inlaid cross in the lid, made of redwood, supposed to last a lifetime. Ha, ha.

He couldn't spend time with me for four months because he was out in that damned shop making me a coffin. I would have been happy

with a picnic and a book of poetry like it used to be. He said it was for my peace of mind . . . because he loved me so much he wanted me to see how he would say good-bye. I felt like he was trying to get rid of me.

No woman past a certain age likes to be reminded of how old she is or that she will pass on after her time is up. It shouldn't be thrown in her face. Everyone but Penny thought it was a sweet and wonderful gift. After all, he had the lumber and was starting on a matching one for himself. Terrific, his-and-her coffins. Who's going to be looking?

I know he meant well, and look at the way he is suffering . . . he is so miserable. I know he feels guilty, even if it is just a little. I wish I could comfort him and tell him that I'll be waiting over here. . . . It is outside of time here, so it won't seem like too long. I need to resolve this in my mind, though. I hope he resolves it in his. I'd hate the thought of spending eternity with a man I thought was trying to get rid of me. . . .

## **THE MAGAZINE TALKS WITH THE NEW CHANCELLOR, EDWARD KORMONDY**

*Jack Schumacher of THE MAGAZINE staff recently caught up with WOC's chancellor and chatted with him about his new job.*

**The Magazine :** Where are you from?

**Kormondy :** Originally, New York State, In Beacon, a small industrial town on the Hudson River, about sixty miles north of New York City. Its industry consisted of dye mills, knitting mills and a brick yard. It has changed over the years. At one time it was big on hats--both men's and women's hats. That has all changed now. Beacon still exists but has lost about 2000 people.

**The Magazine:** Where did you go to school?

**Kormondy:** Elementary and high school in Beacon. College in northeastern Tennessee and graduate work at the University of Michigan. I had postdoctorate experience in radiation ecology at the University of Georgia and the Oak Ridge National Laboratory in Tennessee. I did another post-doctorate, many years later, at Georgetown University's Center for Bioethics, in Washington, D.C.

**The Magazine:** What was your last position before you accepted the post of Chancellor of West Oahu College and the University of Hawaii-Hilo?

**Kormondy:** Vice President for Academic Affairs at California State University, Los Angeles, California.

**The Magazine:** Where do you live and how do you like living there?

**Kormondy:** I live in Hilo and like it very much.

**The Magazine:** What is our problem with the budget for West Oahu College?

**Kormondy:** The budget for next year, carries only an inflationary increase for 1987-1988, because no increase was sought for West Oahu College. With a new chancellor coming in, rather than ask for funds that the new administration might or might not want, the decision was made not to request any adjustment in funds. I am not sure I would have taken exactly



decision was made not to request any adjustment in funds. I am not sure I would have taken exactly the same position because we do have some faculty positions that are still temporary. I think they are long overdue for conversion to full time.

**The Magazine:** What would happen if enrollment increases to 600 students in the Fall of 1987?

**Kormondy:** Larger classes. No funds are available for additional faculty. We are already carrying a very, very excessively heavy load. Five hundred students with only ten full-time faculty is a ratio of 50:1. That is the poorest ratio, if you want to think of it that way, or the richest ratio, if you want to think of it the other way, in the whole system.

**The Magazine:** Do you see the budget increasing in the future in order to accomodate a larger enrollment?

**Kormondy:** If the *status quo* remains, I would argue for at least two additional permanent positions, if not three, to make the teaching load more reasonable and respectable, and also to convert some long-term temporary positions to full time. This doesn't mean the same people in the temporary positions would be full time, for we have to go out and compete fairly.

**The Magazine:** What is the possibility of changing WOC to a four-year liberal arts college?

**Kormondy:** The weight of history is against maintaining WOC as an upper-division-only institution. In a survey done by Dr. Mayer, WOC's dean, he found there are currently only two colleges of this type in the United States, WOC and Athens State, in Georgia. All others have converted to upper division and graduate or to lower and upper division with or without graduate work. Educational history suggests our present structure is not a viable, long-term kind of educational system.

**The Magazine:** If we change campuses, would we stay on this side of the island?

**Kormondy:** Not necessarily on this particular site. But our mission is serving the western part of Oahu. Also, the projected growth of

Oahu is on this side in resort, industrial and residential development. How and when that all matures only time will tell.

**The Magazine:** Most people do not want to see their college closed. What does the future hold?

**Kormondy:** One of the interesting statistics Dr. Mayer pulled together was that if you take comparable programs offered by WOC and UH-Hilo, there is not a significant difference in the enrollments of the two institutions. Now if you add the visual arts, the performing arts, the natural sciences, computer science, language instruction, and Hawaiian studies, then the enrollment in the upper division at Hilo is larger. But if you take all those out and just compare apples with apples, the numbers are not terribly different. It does not prove anything, but it suggests that if WOC expands its offerings, with appropriate recruitment and marketing activities, there is probably a larger audience than we are serving now.

**The Magazine:** I know of students who must go to UH-Manoa to take computer-science courses. They do not like to travel there and would rather take the courses here if they were available.

**Kormondy:** Or because of the parking.

**The Magazine:** The parking is not the point. Our excellent academic record is the point.

**Kormondy:** That stands on its own.

**The Magazine:** How do you like it here so far?

**Kormondy:** Love it. The great environment. There are unlimited opportunities and challenges, but with not quite the time to respond to them all.



# NEVER DO TODAY WHAT YOU CAN PUT OFF UNTIL TOMORROW

Jeannette Steiber

The other day I was sitting around as if I didn't have a thing in the world to do. There seemed to be nothing that had a claim on my time. But I was worried. I was worried about the possibility that in this era of self-starting, self-improvement, goal-orientation and super-achievement, the hard-core procrastinator could become a thing of the past.

Could it actually happen? Could we procrastinators become an endangered species--a relic of another age--a dinosaur?

I certainly hope this never happens because procrastination has become, for me, more than a topical application to be used on dirty clothes, diets and dishes. When elevated to its highest form, procrastination is an art, a philosophy, a way of life.

But let's pause for a moment and look at the word. Derived from the word procrastinate (which the italic letters in my dictionary tell me comes from the Latin *pro*, meaning forward, and *crastinus*, belonging to the morrow), it seems to me our definition is almost poetic. But somewhere through the ages, a negative connotation has crept in to poison the poem and to cause us to be on guard against this so-called insidious disease.

Procrastination as an art form takes diligence and daily practice. Not everyone can say, "I'll do it tomorrow" and not really mean it. The tendency to procrastinate may be inherited, but the ability of the artist becomes evident through years of creative application performed on myriad tasks.

The philosopher knows that procrastination has an almost spiritual appeal as well as universal implications and applications. There is even a set

of tenets that must be followed:

1. Never do today what you can put off until tomorrow.
2. Never do tomorrow what you can get by with not doing at all.
3. Remember, regardless of what people say, the road to hell is not paved with good intentions.

That brings us to where I live, and to date, it's not yet become a lonely neighborhood: procrastination as a way of life. It seems to me that there is something very American about this approach, for procrastination can be used by anyone to deal with anything equally and unprejudicially. It appeals to the very best in each of us. It is a very American attitude, this postponement of the particularly unpleasant. Look at our government. When will our law-makers ever get around to making taxation fair and equitable for us all? Or, how about an arm's control treaty with the Soviets--next year?

Applied with perseverance to all those things in life that clamor for attention, procrastination can become a method for dealing with dilemmas.

It even has its own vocabulary to help out: Someday, Monday, soon, sometime, maybe, when I . . . , tomorrow. All perfectly good words which, when used properly, will aid you in formulating a response as to when you intend to resolve a particular problem or complete a certain task.

We must all do our part to ensure that procrastinators will not vanish from the face of the earth. We must all help to make certain that procrastination as we know it will remain an integral and important part of American life. Hold fast. Use the word. Never look back.

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## NATURE KNOWS

Randall C. Anderson

Perhaps the wisest plant around  
lives on the ocean sand, not ground.  
Rocked by breezes during its sleep  
on a crystal-white pebble sheet.

Each time the wind will beat its song  
the bowing plant just sways along.  
Sighing, knowing, come what may,  
a palm tree leans toward the sea another day.

# SKELETON GANG MUSCLES IN ON FITNESS CLUBS

Rose Myers

Fitness clubs across the country are being terrorized by an organization of criminals called the Skeleton Gang. The big bones in the organization are Godmother Carrie Cranium, the top CEO, supported by her Executive Administrator, Pam Parietal. Ophelia Orbit oversees the heartland, and the south is split laterally between Maxine Maxilla and Mandy Mandible. The operation is sophisticated and high-tech. It's rumored that the Godmother's granddaughter, Oliva Occipital, a Harvard MBA and a systems analyst, has developed an operations manual that aligns the flexible local franchises that form the organization. Consisting of seven cervical policies, twelve thoracic procedures and five lumbar practices, with two appendixes, the sacrum and coccyx, the manual serves as a backbone for the combined organization. The MO of the group is as follows. Teams are armed with chests containing clavicals and sternums. The teams enter the clubs, capturing club personnel by applying pressure to the humerus, which renders them immobile, and then binding them at the ulna and radius, making it impossible for them to use the carpals, metacarpals and phalanges in order to escape. The xiphoid process is invoked pressing gasses into the workout areas in the club. These acromion gasses have no effect until the victims start to work out and at that time the ilium, pubis and ischium become so painful that the victims are rendered inoperative. Even low impact is impossible. After there has been time for the effects to be experienced, the bandits contact the yuppie club members, extorting money, with the promise of supplying them with an antidote that will remove the effect of the gasses. Most of the victims are so addicted to exercise, they will pay any price in order to be able to work out. The antidote is only temporary, and for an additional femur will be supplied; therefore payments are almost continuous. One victim we interviewed is so in debt that she had her patella fibula to cover for her at the bank. Tibia victim of the Skeleton Gang can strap you financially right down to your tarsals and metatarsals.

Doctors Serno, Cleido and Mastoid, Italian researchers, working at Rhomboideus, are attempting to trap those substances which will provide permanent antidotes. Their lab has



shouldered the Deltoid Project, and in lots of experiments they continue to peck away at the major problems, which include examining the oblique relationships between the gluteus, both the medius and the maximus, and the quadriceps. Hamstringing their efforts are the tightness of the gastrocnemius and the tibialis anterior. Health clubs are hoping for an early solution because the negative effects of the Skeleton Gang on fitness centers has become the Achilles' heel of the business.

## GAME'S END

H. T. Arpalde

"It's still your move, baby. Do you want to play the game or don't you?" I said with as much courage as I could command. Like a hunk of marble she sat--motionless and mute. Then she leveled her bullet-bronze eyes in a way that made me feel like I was melting from the inside. It was too much. I looked away. Then, feeling bold, I returned her gaze and said, "Look, the ball's in your court. Are you gonna show me what for, or not? It's time you put your money where your mouth is, doll." I egged her on. I was gaining strength from her silence. I began to feel certain that after all was said and done, she wouldn't, she couldn't finally go through with it. Her only response was to aim her deadly fantastic eyes at me. They seemed to sap my strength. I felt my guts begin to slip. "Well, why don't you make your move?" With these words my energy and fortitude were exhausted. My lips quivered mechanically. I fell back into a slumped lump in my chair. I felt the cold slime of my entrails sliding over my shoes to the floor. I was about to become dead. I prayed that it would be painless. After a few seconds, and with as little effort as possible, I lit up a fag and blew the

smoke into her cold, stone face--my last act of defiance. The only signs of life were the tears that came to her eyes. "Well, go ahead, get it over with. I won't hold it against you. You can't win 'em all." I glanced down at her hand. I hadn't noticed until then how tightly she clutched the device of my demise. Her bloodless fingers wrapped around the crown with a glib anticipation of the life it was about to take. One move and it was all over but the mess. But when would she move? When would she do it?

Suddenly her arm started forward and my body responded involuntarily with a bold and obvious twitch as though it were about to launch its escape (which would've been futile even if I'd had the energy). Steadily her arm moved as if some silent and benevolent force spoke to her of ending my agony. She gingerly replaced my rook with her queen--then, like a bottle of champagne that can no longer withstand the pressure, she exploded in my face, and from bubbling lips she cried, "Checkmate, sucker!"

I sighed heavily. Then with one hand I reached for a cold one and with the other . . . the checkers.

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## HAIKU

Ben Forsland

Grass beneath my feet  
Young robins listen for worms  
Blue skies hide the moon

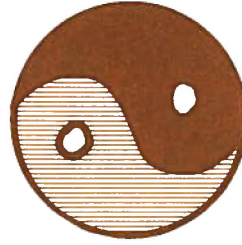
As the fresh soft bloom  
So the day brings forth the new  
See the glow fade fast

Morning rain in May  
No umbrella do I have  
Frogs will sing today



## AMBROSIO RAMIL

Cathy Verbeckmoes



### DEDICATION AND KINDNESS

Kalani Recreation Center on Fort Shafter has seen many paid employees come and go. But the slightly bent, frail man has endured many years of volunteer service as gardener and grounds keeper of the center.

Ambrosio Ramil, who everyone simply calls Ramil, is a retired veteran of the Army. Ramil gives a special meaning to the word "patriotism." Of Filipino ancestry, he became a United States citizen, and gave over twenty years of faithful and unblemished service. He has many stories and experiences to speak of, and his shaky voice vibrates with excitement when he talks of the many places and people he has encountered.

Every day, rain or shine, Ramil can be found at the recreation center. He is either helping the employees set up for some sort of function, or he can be found outside giving tender loving care to his myriads of plants, fruit trees and the vegetable garden he has set up behind the building. Ramil is generous and helpful, and it is not uncommon for people to come looking for him for gardening tips, or for the wonderful fruit and plants he loves to give away.

Ramil appears to be in his late seventies, but I can't be sure. Some years ago he suffered a stroke, the effects of which he still carries today. His hearing is poor, and it is almost impossible for him to hear anything lower than a shout. His slightly hunched posture and slow pace do not deter him, for every day he can be found slowly teetering to or from the center with his well-worn wooden cane taped at the top for a better grip.

With his brightly colored, generally unmatched clothes, blue and white baseball cap and determined appearance, Ramil can be easily spotted. Oftentimes he is seen walking to or from the center by one of his many friends, who always stop to give him a lift.

### THE RECREATION CENTER PACK RAT

Underneath the stilted recreation center is a large storage area, which is always cluttered and constantly a concern of the fire inspectors. I have told Ramil time and time again to clean this area out.

The perfect description of Ambrosio Ramil is that of a pack rat. Everyday he can be found sorting through the large trash dumpster behind the building, collecting items we have just thrown away. Things I consider to be worthless trash, such as empty boxes, empty cans, used poster board, broken recreation equipment and old pieces of wood are all of great value to Ramil. He is always gathering and cleaning this junk, then storing it in his cubbyhole beneath the building. I confess there have been a few times when I have secretly taken trash to another dumpster to keep him from collecting it.

Ramil comes to the recreation center every day and helps out. He assists in setting up for center activities, as well as taking care of the grounds outside. Setting up tables and chairs for events can be done quickly and easily unless Ramil helps out. His clumsiness and slow shuffle make a once-easy job time-consuming and difficult. Ramil tries to help, but often times he can be more of a nuisance than an aid.

Ramil suffered a stroke many years ago, and it left him crooked and bent, hard of hearing, and slow at moving and speaking. It is necessary to yell at Ramil in order for him to hear you. And you can bet that when Ramil has something to tell you, it is right when you are in a hurry and on your way out the door.

With his loud clothing, unmatched prints and colors and grubby appearance, Ramil has a hobo look about him. Besides a pack rat, Ramil also reminds me of the old bag ladies who spend their day collecting junk from other people's garbage cans.

# MR. MASSA

Ann Thelen



He reminds me of a buzzard. His head is set forward from his body. His chest cavity seems hollow. He hunches his broad shoulders and flaps his arms. But he does so from the elbow, rather than the shoulder joint, so there's no real fear he'll leave the ground. His hands spread and clinch and point and pound as he stalks around us, circling his prey. The pupils of his birdy eyes grow tiny, but I like them. Intermittently, his droning stops. He perches against the blackboard and crosses his long skinny talons. His chest and rib cage slump into his belly, then he swivels his right elbow to slap his hand across his crooked left elbow. His free hand grips his pointed chin. His index finger crosses his pursed lips and supports his beak. It fails to conceal a twinge at the corners of his mouth. Behind his thick glasses, his eyes muse on us. He's not as scary as a mousey freshman might think.

Imagine the Mr. Massa I knew before I noticed his musing. He was scary. I trembled like everyone else as Mr. Massa ranted about truth and facts and not editorializing in "Journalism 110." But one day, being late to class, I had to sit at the back. I always daydreamed there. Mr. Massa's thunder dissipated while I imagined him as a leggy buzzard. I was enjoying a progressively vivid picture when suddenly he stopped beating his wings and perched, looking straight at me. He caught me grinning stupidly and anticipating his next gesticulation. The old bird almost tittered. A gasp in a high "C" escaped from his open grin. His glasses reflected the rosy tint of his face.

He regained composure as quickly as his next breath--though he fought smiling for the rest of the period. Also, his flight pattern was smaller. And he began glancing at the class sideways while grasping his fists behind his back and flexing his elbows toward his ribs.

Soon thereafter, Mr. Massa began addressing us by title and last name: Miss Haughwout, Mr. Holmes, Miss Kelley. By the time I was a senior he would accidentally call me Ann. But Mr. Massa's formal attire never relaxed. He always came to class in a suit and tie. His shoes were usually hard leather, but I do recall a pair of crepe-soled hushpuppies. They made him less strident. He seemed comic and child-like in them. His peppy mood accompanied those shoes. Students acted giddy when he wore them, half fearful and



half cracked-up by the uncomfortable change.

Mr. Massa had two stories that I haven't forgotten. Mr. Massa wrote movie reviews for his college paper. He told us he once got caught reviewing a play that he'd never seen. I was amazed that he told us.

Also, the day before Thanksgiving break my freshman year, Mr. Massa told about his visit to the Soviet Union. He sneaked away from his tour and stumbled onto an underground group that favored a freer state. And he'd met an eight-year-old Russian boy who spoke three languages. He met secretly in a park, with the Russian boy's neighbors. They brought him gifts on his last day in the Soviet Union. When he returned home to the United States, the FBI questioned him over a six-month period about all he saw.

Mr. Massa is still an instructor at Missouri Southern and the head of the Communications Department. He is also the adviser to "The Chart," the School paper known for stealing the Missouri College Journalism Award from the University of Missouri.

Mr. Massa had it written into his faculty contract that he never has to get a doctorate to stay with the college. He has two masters. He is famous for speaking about the virtue of mediocrity and small town life. For me, and many of his students, he was anything but mediocre.

3X55\*

## THE BOND

The bond that bends as weeping willows must  
To last the frozen nights of winter long  
Will find - when spring releases cold concern  
From trunk and branches - shoots of tender new  
Direction pointing up and out and on.

## A FROST

A frost has formed on dusk and caught  
Faint rays of pink in fine  
Fragile crystals forever sought  
To cool life's constant whine.  
  
As dark descends March stars decree  
All liquid must be still  
And make a moon moor of the sea  
The seekers soul to thrill.

## WALL OF DOUBT

Roger LeJeune

There's that look in your eye. I know you're thinking.  
You paint it all black,  
But it's all right.  
You can run if you want to, but I see you come to  
Another wall of doubt.

Hear a voice deep inside, I know you're longing.  
It's beyond argument,  
But it's all right.  
You can hide if you want to, but I see you push to  
Another wall of doubt.

You can let it all go, I know you're growing  
You feel it inside,  
But it's all right.  
You can cry if you want to, but I see you break thru  
Another wall of doubt.

POST  
NO  
BILLS



\* Sharon Stidfole Sorlie

## A LEAF IS LIFTED

A leaf is lifted by currents of air  
Then lightly moved through space  
Aloft, alone, brittle and bare--  
A drifter seeking its place.

A life is best lifted by trust  
The waning wind of a long  
Left soul soaring solo in a gust  
Of need--a voice for a song.

## VISION

Larry Kadody

A face in a window  
a disembodied arm  
these of nightmares exist  
those in daylight alarm

The threat of nuclear winter  
the scorch of the same wrought summer  
hopeless, lifeless masses  
make you seek a darkened corner

Then the end brings a big blank wall  
that's devoid of cause and meaning  
we're living on a space-locked, ice-stricken bulb  
that's been sent through space careening

All you have is what you are  
it's within where lies the sense  
but the final answer only comes  
from the sum of your experience

The pursuit of answers is disappointing  
finding one makes you hunger for more  
but the path to ultimate knowledge  
leads to a tragic and forbidden door

Finally, your quest must be limited  
for the end comes not while you're mortal  
but for all of your earthly existence you remain  
on the outside looking into God's portal.

# MOLI BEAN, or SOMETHING TO BE GOOD AT

Sherri McCall

I was stunned. I could feel someone grabbing my hair from behind, then viciously yanking it from its roots. I turned around angrily, to see something that looked like half boy and half monkey. He laughed hysterically at me for a minute, then started making a strange growling noise as he held the strands of my hair up to his eyes. He examined my hair closely as if he thought it were gold, then twirled it around in his fingers and put a strand of it in his mouth and pulled it through his teeth. I sat back down in my seat on the bus, not knowing what else to do. He grabbed my hair again and yanked out another small handful. I watched him cautiously, keeping my hair away from him. He was so unusual looking. His head was shaped like a monkey's, thick bushy eyebrows went straight across his forehead. His head seemed almost too large for his body. Round ears stuck out through his curly brown hair. Brownish-yellow eyes were framed by long eyelashes. I decided that he looked like a Munchichi doll.

It was my first day of volunteer work for a recreation program for the handicapped. The bus we were on was borrowed from the army. I picked up the children and took us to an old church, the center for the program. When we arrived at the center, I took the little boy's hand to help him off the bus. He held my hand, laughed, and jumped around excitedly. He tugged at my hand, pulling me off the bus towards the building. The other volunteers stood back and watched us go in; they seemed to be snickering and whispering to each other as we went by.

I soon found out why. The second the little boy was in the room he dashed around laughing, clapping his hands and making a strange animal-like noise as he dumped out a large box of blocks, then a box of Legos, next a box full of hundreds of little toys. He flung them around, leaving the room looking as if a tornado had struck it. I tried to stop him, but he was wild, obviously having the time of his life. He knocked over tables and chairs, even the garbage cans, all the while laughing hysterically.

I was mad. Why didn't they warn me about him? Was this some sort of newcomer's initiation? My anger turned into determination. I desperately needed to be good at something. I had just graduated from high school. I had no interests and no goals for the future. I was

hoping I would have a knack for working with the handicapped children. This little boy was the challenge that I needed in my life. I decided that I could handle his behavior. I took him by the loops on the back of his pants and placed one of my hands over his and started to make him pick up everything he had dumped. He fought me the whole way. It took hours. I refused any help from the other volunteers. I figured that they usually let the boy get away with this behavior by picking everything up for him. When every toy, table, chair and rubbish can were back in place, I was tired. But I had made my point. The boy was too tired to dump anything else out, at least that day.

In the weeks to come I found out a lot about Moli Bean. He grew up in a state institution. He was born severely retarded and never spoke, but he seemed to communicate by growling and laughing. I worked with him every Saturday for almost a year. We went to carnivals, beaches, concerts, bowling. The beach was his favorite outing of all. He loved to sit in the sand where the waves broke against the shore. The waves would crash into him and spin him around. He'd laugh and so would I. People on the beach would stop and watch the strange little boy as he played. It seemed to make them happy to see him having so much fun. If I weren't watching carefully he'd pull off his swim trunks and fling them into the waves. The people watching would really get a kick out of that little trick.

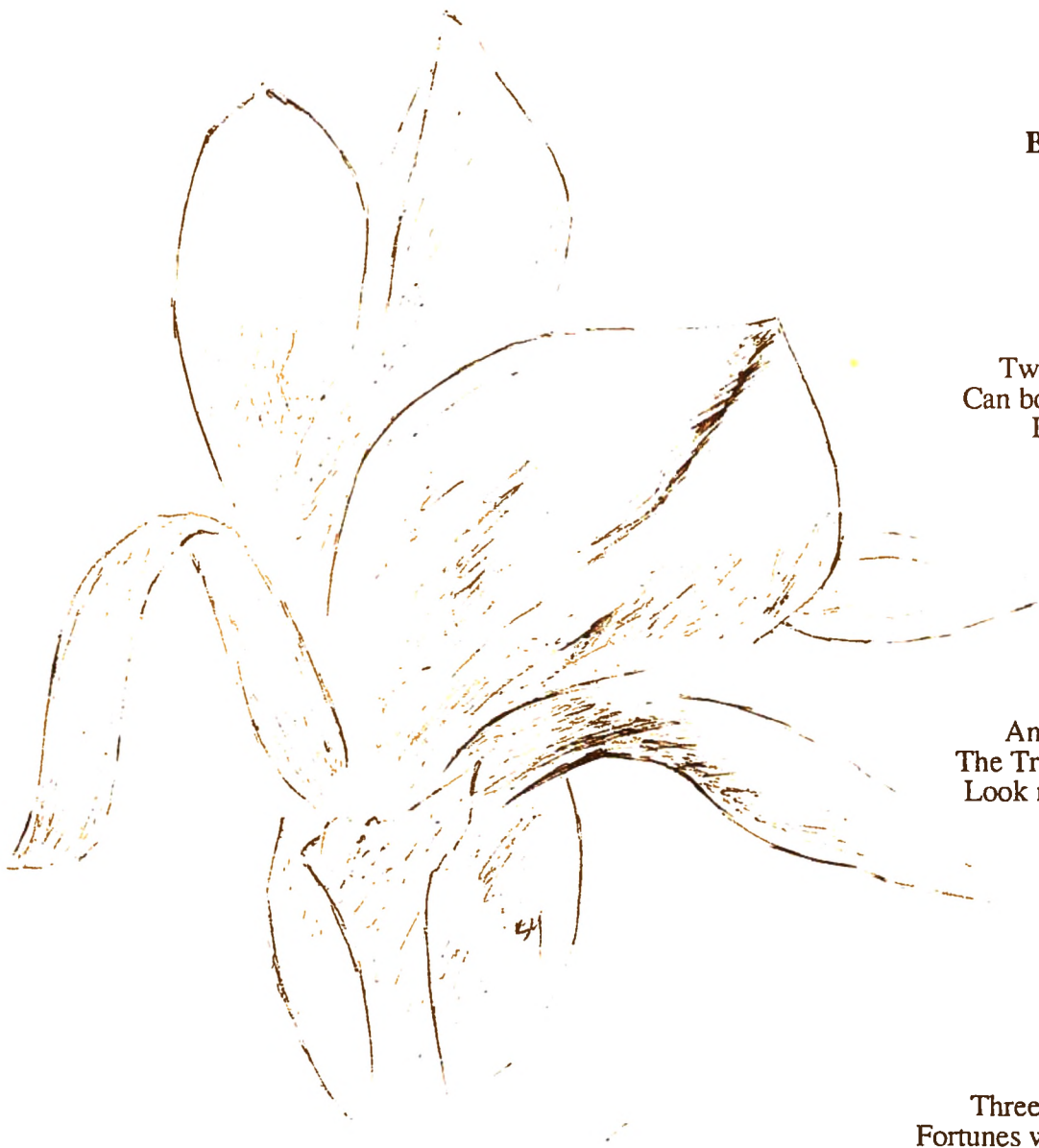
Our Saturdays together were fun and challenging. It wasn't long before Moli realized that I was his person. At the end of a long day, on the bus ride home, he would sit on my lap and suck his thumb. On many occasions he would reach up and gently hold onto my ear while he stared into my eyes, as if he was trying to tell me something. Maybe he was thanking me. It doesn't matter, I was thankful to him for filling my life with unusual experiences, and bringing me laughter. But most of all, for giving me something to be good at.



## THE ANSWER

Sharon Stidfole Sorlie

Questions  
circling  
like children  
holding hands  
twirling  
faster and faster  
until they're dizzy  
and I am  
dizzy  
watching  
waiting  
sometimes a clue  
but no ring  
the equation  
has too many  
factors  
too many  
sets  
the rules too  
ordered  
the formula  
forgotten  
I whirl about  
hoping to land  
in the  
right spot  
where it all comes  
together  
some  
fantasy.



## HAIKU

Ben Forsland

Two brothers one heart  
Can bonds of love be broken?  
Life alone is death

Ancient scriptures plead  
The Truth is not found in scrolls  
Look now! The child laughs

Three men sit waiting  
Fortunes won and fortunes lost  
Time waits for no man

In the room unseen  
The shadows cast grow longer  
When will light dispel?

Now sunshine now rain  
Gathering place for rainbows  
Now only moonlight

# GRANDPA

Melmanette Worthington



Grandpa was a cantankerous old cuss. "Old grouch" was what we called him. His lined face and spiky, white hair added to his crusty appearance. Grandpa loved to play cards, especially a German game called Euchre. He was good at this card game, but grandma was better.

Braying like the animal that he most resembled, my grandpa clutched his cards tightly as he hoarded his tricks. Glowering across the kitchen table at grandma, he hated to admit defeat. My grandfather's stubbornness was matched by another bullheaded soul--grandma gleefully trumped his king with her ace.

Grandpa was a farmer. He and grandma had a small produce farm near Lake Erie in western New York. Before the snow left the ground, he was out in his garden, turning over the soil. His favorite vegetable was spring peas. Summer was the time when he hoed and kept the bugs from eating his lettuce patch. In the fall, his tomatoes sold for \$1.00 a bushel and he always gave a free baker's dozen of corn to his customers.

Throughout the seasons and the years, he and grandma had their nightly ritual of Euchre at the kitchen table. After dishes were done, and the old grandfather clock bonged six times, they would shuffle the cards and place their nickel bets.

I still remember him smoking his old pipe and wearing that old red-checkered flannel shirt. I loved to watch them together, they made my life feel so secure. Grandma would sit in her rocking chair and hook her rugs with old pieces of woolen cloth. Grandpa would play his harmonica for me, especially when I requested "Turkey In The Straw." I loved to watch them together. They made my life feel so secure.

They have both been dead for twenty-five years and my memories of them are so strong. Although he wore the appearance of "grouch," I realize now that it was only an outer covering. Beneath that tough exterior was a loving and gentle man . . . except when grandma beat him at Euchre.

## RESTLESS SOUL

Dione Lau

Cease running

Restless soul,

For running blinds

And I need to see,

And the hurried present

Soon becomes the forgotten past.

Cease running

Restless soul,

That I may hear silence

And know its beauty,

For much of life

Is lost

In noise.

Cease running

Restless soul,

But

If you must run,

Run a little slower.

# SOMEWHERE

Ben Forsland

Outer space inner space  
These are the frontiers of the human race  
Looking in & going out  
In search of answers to what we're about

With giant eyes we probe the starry worlds  
To seek our home in the cosmic swirl  
What do we discover within the mirror's gaze  
Self disclosure or just a passing phase

Between the tides of birth & death  
Life is measured by the heartbeat & breath  
Youth & age the fool & the sage  
Where is the wisdom when we question our grave

Our dreaming spirit will not be contained  
Despite the heartaches, injustice, & pain  
The further we venture the more there is to know  
What is a human but a being meant to grow

The corridors we travel to reach an unseen space  
Lead us thru dimensions that in time we will embrace  
The outer & the inner are like bookends on the shelf  
Each end expanding the journey of the self



# LIONS IN LAS VEGAS

Janet Coleman

The desert night was still and black. "They'll start talking in a minute," said Betty. We pulled our jackets closer against the chill and waited. Then, from very near, I heard a sound that seemed to reverberate in my body--the cavernous roar of an African lion. I tried not to be afraid. Another different roar echoed around us. The first one came again, then the second, then the first, until the night was full of the "talk" of the big cats. Another voice joined in. "That's Mama," said Betty, "the female tiger." In the darkness it was easy to picture the huge beasts out hunting for the night, easy to imagine them just one leap away.

But this was the outskirts of Las Vegas, Nevada. Anthony, Cleopatra and Mama were bedded down in their cages, well-fed, content. So were the other exotics, as Betty called them--chinchillas, Northern Timber Wolves, howler monkeys, mountain lions, the Japanese Grizzly and other bears, the python--as well as dozens of ordinary creatures-- dogs, cats, chickens, goats, horses, pigs--who live at Betty Honn's Animal Adoptions, Inc.

Betty had started out simply. In 1966 she took in a few stray cats and dogs people had dumped in the desert or left in town to starve. Word quickly got out: this woman would care for unwanted pets and try to find homes for them. Soon she had so many animals her neighbors complained. "The noise," they said, "The smell."

The city of Las Vegas came down hard on Betty. Shut up those animals, get rid of those animals, move those animals out or pay a big fat fine. Betty paid a number of times. She even went to jail, but not for long. The animals were too noisy and unruly for anyone else to handle. She had to get a bigger, more isolated place.

By this time Betty had quit her job tending bar to care for the animals full time. With no real income, moving seemed impossible. Betty says she's not quite sure how it happened, but with all her savings, donations and the hard

work of friends, she bought five acres of desert just south of the Strip. Here she and friends and a crew of "street people" somehow built cages and a cook shack, installed electricity and plumbing, and dug a well.

But her troubles didn't end when she moved. Now she is in the county's jurisdiction, and endless inspectors have threatened to take her animals away because her installation isn't "up to code." Leaders of the local Humane Society have continually tried to shut her down.

Her crew is always giving her headaches. Some are illegal aliens who don't speak English. Some are old or sick, others have new babies or will have soon. There are alcoholics, vagrants and social misfits who need a few days work. Betty finds them at Las Vegas soup kitchens, hauls them out to her place, and lets them stay as long as they work and don't cause trouble. But they eat and rest only after the animals are clean and fed. She yells at them, swears at them, and pushes them around. Some yell back. Others steal from her. Others just quit. Not many stay around to work as hard as she wants them to.

Betty is fifty-ish by now. She has bad teeth, scraggly hair, a pot belly from drinking too much, and smokes incessantly. She has little education and disdains tact and diplomacy. Yet she draws people to her like a magnet. Men often fall in love with her. Some become jealous of the animals, which always come first. When a couple of lions cubs were born on her bed, Betty let them stay. Her current lover told her she'd have to choose: him or the cubs. Betty just laughed her throaty laugh. He was gone the next day.

Her children are almost as unusual as Betty herself. Scott rides with a motorcycle gang--black leather jackets, chains, knives and all. And the last I knew, Teresa was living with a tattoo artist, a man covered in blue and red and green ink from neck to ankle. None of Betty's four husbands have been around for some time.

Many people have tried to help Betty, but she insists on running things her way. Her determination not only gets her into trouble with the local government, it loses her badly-needed money. On one occasion, a well-known philanthropist offered her a million dollars if she'd run the place on his terms. She turned him down flat.

The most remarkable thing about Betty is the rapport she has with the animals. They seem to trust her immediately. She is never afraid of them, yet she respects them. She never pushes them to the point of confrontation. I've seen her wrestle Mama, the tigress, who would kill anyone else who got near. I've seen her nurse

wolf cubs and finicky chinchillas and abused and broken-spirited dogs and cats. I've seen her wrap a python around her neck. Vicious Dobermans attack and bite everyone but Betty. Wild burros nip and kick the crew, but not Betty. I've watched her stare a big male wolf into submission, quiet restless bear cubs by the tone in her voice, and calm hysterical monkeys with a touch.

I have learned some of my most important lessons of my life from Betty Honn. I wonder how she is. She doesn't write. I hope she's still taking in stray animals and people and giving them a home.

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## MEDITATION: A Prose Poem

Mike Chun

To search for truth is endless. Amid the drudgery of daily life, there are flashes of enlightenment. Mental stimulation leaps across the pages of textbooks, and in the lectures of instructors. Fulfillment is the reward of intellectual pursuits. The issues of every academic discipline generates heat and light, searing and illuminating.

There is so much to know. So much to understand. Knowledge is boundless, infinite, and enduring. The thirst is insatiable. Information is power. "Why" and "how" become central questions in the knowledge equation. We are intrigued by the mysteries of the universe, social behavior, and organizational decision-making. Notions and concepts of the great thinkers are integrated into our own thoughtful, reasoning process. We are encompassed by it. We are fulfilled by it. We embrace it. Truth.

# THE MANLY DEED

Ed LaPrath

I believe that a man's handshake is indicative of his career. This is in contrast to my father's belief that the way a man shakes hands is indicative of his character. Though I'm a firm believer in the former, I cannot completely push aside the latter; my father instilled that belief in me as a young man. Still, as much as I tell myself that it's a bunch of hooey, I'm forced to admit that I still find myself forming first impressions of a man's character by the feel of his hand in mine.

As a young man, I would watch my father shake hands. His big, beefy fists seemed to almost swallow most men's. I would watch for the tendons on his hand to raise, and then that of his victim, if I could see his hand. Then I looked at my father's face immediately afterwards. If he was still smiling, I knew the man had made the grade. If he turned around, stuck out his tongue, and held his wrist limply, I knew that the man had failed to pass this hurdle to my father's respect. If the man failed, then he simply wouldn't be seen around anymore. It was that cut and dry.

As I grew older and shook more hands myself, I began to notice an inconsistency in my father's logic. Some men who do indeed have rather limp handshakes nevertheless turned out to be good friends. I began forming conclusions of my own concerning the "manly deed."

I took note of the careers of my limp-fisted friends versus those with stronger grips. The men with little or no grip were almost always involved in the "softer" professions, while the real grabbers tended to be in the more manual trades. By "softer" profession, I mean, of

course, accountants, English professors, office workers and the like. When introduced to a man of one of these honorable occupations, I have almost always been presented with a dishrag to grip in disgust. I say almost always because my observations aren't 100% foolproof. There have been a few crossovers which consist almost exclusively of strong grippers in the "softer" arena. Rarely have I encountered "fish-grips" working as mechanics or laborers.

I haven't quite reasoned why this is. I suspect, however, that it has something to do with being conscious of your hands. Where laborers who work with their hands all day long would be so inclined, the men who work more with their minds are less so inclined, less conscious, if you will. That seems a bit paradoxical, yet makes sense if you've shaken a lot of hands of both types of men.

This brings me to a point of consternation. Which category do I fall into? I've always reckoned myself to have a good, firm grip. Now that I'm pursuing a degree in English, according to my own system of classification, should I be considered a crossover? Or will this transformation from laborer to erudite scholar be so complete as to vanquish all traces of my working-man's past and lend to my hands, dare I say, the qualities of a cold, clammy, dead fish?

In deference to my educators, I tender the following: teach me, liberate me from the bonds of ignorance, cultivate, refine, and improve my mind, but I plead of thee, preserve in me the honor and righteousness of a good, strong, and firm handshake.

## GRANDMOTHER'S SPAGHETTI TREE

Angelique Hutchinson

As far back as I can remember, my grandmother has taken facts and distorted them. One of my favorite stories is about her automobile accident. According to her, all of her auburn hair fell out and grew back jet black--amazing how genes can change so quickly.

In my opinion, grandmother has been dotty since the age of seventeen, or maybe earlier. All of her grandchildren have been taught that what grandma says is to go in one ear and out the other. And no matter how ridiculous or preposterous she sounds, agree with her.

When she told me that no Baptists are allowed in Florida, I bit my tongue and remembered the admonition. I refrained from asking if they were stopped at the border. I did, however, ask about the Baptist church that I had seen when visiting her. She said that since the Baptists cannot come into Florida, all of the churches they left behind are now used for Wednesday-night Bingo.

Only once did I dare challenge my grandmother's wisdom. She was 56, and I only 16--obviously I didn't know anything about life. Somehow, we had gotten on the subject of religion. That was my first mistake. She claimed that Jews believe that Christ was the son of God. Knowing that I couldn't be wrong, I protested that this belief would make them Christians. This was my second mistake. Grandma went on to indignantly inform me that I knew nothing on the subject of religion. Grandma insisted that there was a Jewish sect who believed in Christ's divinity. I was disowned for the rest of the day.

By my junior year in college, I had learned my lesson. I decided to get my degree in deaf education. Grandma had apparently been



studying the subject since learning of my career choice. I did not argue with her when she told me what my future would be. In her opinion, I would only be able to teach these children for three months out of the year. The rest of the year, I would have to teach in a "regular" classroom. This would prevent me from having a nervous breakdown. It was her way of telling me that she approved, but that I would have to be careful. She didn't want a looney in her family.

Not many people know that spaghetti grows on trees. I didn't. When my grandmother informed my husband of this, he expressed some doubt. Spaghetti trees are apparently quite prolific in Florida. People go out to their backyards, pick the spaghetti and cook the noodles the same evening. My husband tried to explain that it had to first be processed. A joke--nay, blasphemy! He had obviously not realized that Florida spaghetti trees process the noodles themselves. Since my husband was new to the family, he was forgiven.

In closing, let me give you the advice my grandmother gave me when I last saw her. Don't eat too much fresh fruit or too much canned fruit. It's bad for you. Get a good balance between the two.

## WONDERMENT IN THE WORKPLACE

Muriel Sharp

I have a friend, one with whom I work--

Nomi is her name.

We laugh, we share, we sing together;

I see her reflection as a birch can make

Shimmering in the placid water

Of a crystal clear lake.

I race to work, I've been up since four--

Life seems the same.

I rush, I push, even rainy weather

I just don't know what it is that drives me so

Carrying forth the duties assigned--

I know that I must go.

Within myself, pain, distrust reflects--

I feel ashamed.

I love, I hate, my soul's like leather;

I loathe to see you. Nomi, don't you understand?

Responding in your own sure, quiet, gentle way--

Come on! Expand!

I envy you, your inner feelings--

Is this a game?

I'll push, I'll force, I'm not a feather;

Can't you see, myself I drive, all else in lieu,

Resenting that I cannot be

As calm a person as you?

Hate drives me on, it's you I'm after--

I'll give you pain.

I'll lie, and worse, I'll send you hither!

I'll tell the Doc I want you gone,

Acclaiming to all I am the one

Who works from early dawn.

What have I done! My life seems shallow--

Am I insane?

I cried, I sobbed, I'm going to her.

I dare not see myself--an image of me!

Reflecting from a mirror

As one I do not want to see.

Oh, God, help me! I cried in sorrow--

I feel the shame.

Forgive, forgive, I'm in a dither;

With genuine love I'll tell her I'm sorry.

Emptying self, to her I will go

To relieve her worry.

Never again. I'll never allow

My love to wane

For you, my friend. Forgive me, Nomi.

Let's laugh, let's share, let's sing together.

She placed her arms on me, "I'll forgive," Nomi

said,

Affirming again, "Oh, yes, we're friends."

Now there's nothing to dread.



## WAITING FOR PAP

Karen Kido

Me and Pap, we come to Missouri when I warn't but the size of a newborn hog. And we lived in a wood cabin since. I reckon it warn't the most comfortable cabin to live in but it was tolerable all the same. Whenever Pap warn't around a old woman would come acalling to care for me. By-and-by it got to be so as Pap warn't around more frequent.

A while back, Pap, being away so much and all, he left me to live with the woman. Pap set me down and gave me a brand new 1909 Indian head penny on account of it being good luck and said he would be back by-and-by. Three months run along since and I miss him miserable. I dasn't tell nobody about me missing Pap. I reckon they would laugh. It ain't no matter to me being laughed at and all but I dasn't tell so as not to be fussed over, mainly.

The woman she sent me to the Scouts once, where they learned a body to be healthy, wealthy, and wise. They were fixing on a hike. First off, they recited a promise to follow the Ten Commandments whilst pointing Heavenwise with three fingers standing for the Holy Trinity. I reckon I could learn me as much in Sunday School without putting on them funny uniforms, so I clumb out the window. They were just fixing to set down to victuals of lady-fingers and cherry soda water before commencing to brave the wild.

I couldn't reason why in nations a body need the Scouts to learn itself outdoor skills but I didn't have me a long think about it seeing how it was better'n having to take scholastic attitude

test in school to learn on being sivilized.

I set betwixt Wendell and Tom in school. Wendell is agoing to be the president of the govment, says he. I said I was agoing to be president, too and it raised a howl in the classroom. I reckon I warn't no wust than Wendell 'cepting I warn't near as strong, but everyone knowed that I ain't fit to put on gentmen coats and commence atalking about law and orderly. It still made me madder'n hell. Tom caughted me, private, and confided his 'pinion that I could beat Wendell at govment officiating but I dasn't have me no bone with Wendell the same. It ain't his fault.

Tom is my kin on Pap's side twice removed. We knowed each other since Pap and me come to Missouri. Tom and me, we used to play in the old cemetry whenever the ghosts weren't sneaking about. Tom was braver'n an Injun and clumb up a willow tree who-whooping passersby 'til their hair staid up on ends. Then they'd run away faster'n a Missouri mule.

I habituate the cemetry regular when I'm lonesome, which is more'n I like to s'pose. I visit Grandpap's grave on the notion that it would bring Pap about and I set and talk to Grandpap, like I done when he was live. Grandpap has him a might plain tombstone, pure and simple:

HUCKLEBERRY FINN  
1833 - 1907

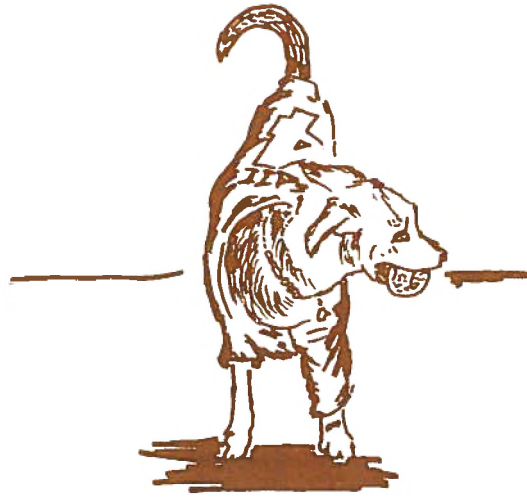
But I reckon he warn't one to fuss over frivolry. Pap said to me if I warn't a pretty little girl, my name would be Huckleberry, too. I reckon I wouldn't pay no mind to being named Huck. I wouldn't be ashamed of it at all.

Grandpap he wouldn't harm a fly if it landed in his soup. He plain warn't one to hit Pap or me neither on account of his own pap tanned him so much, he knowed it warn't no pleasure. Grandpap he was the gentlest grandpap west of the Mississippi River. And he learned Pap to be the same.

The moon is uncommon friendly tonight. The stars are starting to shine and I just caughted me a sight of a shooting star. I most missed it, but I dasn't. Before it disappear and was done with, I had me a wish 'pon the star that Pap came back. Yonder, I hear a nightingail caroling ever so cheerful. It is an awful good sign.

## THE HUNT

Jack Schumacher



The day's dawn has arrived.  
Streaks of orange-yellow sunlight explode across the sky.  
There is a feeling of anticipated excitement surrounding all concerned.  
A slight dew blankets the ground and exposed leaves.  
A bird bursts from the cover of his nest with a worried flapping of his wings.  
There is a faint sound of rustling in the bushes.  
Turning our heads slightly we see a squirrel scurry about looking for breakfast.

The dogs are hopping around straining at their leashes impatiently.  
Finally the word is given and the dogs are released.  
They dart in different directions trying to gain their bearings.  
Suddenly, the dogs gather together and immediately place their noses to the ground.  
With tails wagging and a low pitched bark,  
The dogs trot in the direction of the concrete lake.  
BJ is in the lead.  
He hesitates slightly, lifts his head and erupts with a powerful burst of energy.

The other dogs are trailing slightly behind.  
BJ attacks. Pounces and shows off his prize.  
A tennis ball for all to see.

---

"The difference between the  
right word and the almost-  
right word is the difference  
between lightning and  
lightning bug."

Mark Twain



## MY DAD

Bette Blankenship

The squeal from the call box in the hall awoke me. I heard my dad shouting and my mom trying to help. Below my bedroom, the garage door opened and the '57 Ford roared away. The house was quiet again. An hour later, my mom came into my room. "It's awful," she said. "Look out your window." The wind was blowing that early December morning. The sky was black and clear. From our house on the hill, I could see the fire. Vivid flames of red and orange, sparks of white and yellow rose into the air from the roof of the three-story brick building. We stood there in the darkness watching the blaze. We knew my dad was there.

He took a hose inside the burning building. Moments later the wall fell, covering him. When they found him, only the top of his head was visible in the pile of debris. The day before, he had laughed and danced at my brother's wedding. Now he lay near death in a hospital bed. And I remembered.

He had never been one to show open affection. My friends got hugs and kisses from their dads. I got a raspberry on the cheek and his funny laugh. I was born ten years after my parents' marriage, and eight years after my brother. Dad named me "Bette with an E" and on Sunday, December 7, while his friends talked of the bombs dropped at Pearl Harbor, he partied and passed out cigars.

He was a determined man. I learned at an early age not to argue with him. He was unwavering in his decisions. Be home at eight o'clock meant just that. Yet, he was fair. He believed everyone deserved a chance. My dad was quick to smile, and to praise if it was deserved.

He was the youngest of six children and inherited the family business, a dairy. He picked up the raw milk in ten-gallon cans from the local farmers and took it to the plant. Here it was pasteurized and put into glass bottles.

Milk was delivered seven days a week to a customer's door step. My dad worked long hours. He was gone before I was up, home for a family breakfast, then gone again until late in the day. He always had a boat and was a skilled sailor. He knew the waters of Puget Sound, its tide and currents. He enjoyed fishing and seldom came home without a salmon.

Fishing with him was a lot of boat riding and time to talk. He'd tell me about Port Townsend. It was his birthplace as well as mine. He could remember when the now 5-and-10-cent store had been an ice cream parlor where you could get a cone for two cents. He'd talk about the Victorian architecture. The pioneer families of the town had built grand houses and office buildings using lumber from the sawmills in nearby Port Hadlock and brick from Irondale. These early settlers had thought Fort Townsend would become the key city in the Northwest. He'd tell me stories about the tunnels under the town where men had been shanghaied to crew the sailing ships going to China.

My dad was captain of the volunteer firemen. Each Monday evening, the men would practice. They learned to use their equipment quickly and correctly. Their efficiency saved many homes. For years, a tolling bell in the tower called men in this small town to fight the fires. Later, a telephone operator would call with the information. In 1958, a call box was installed. This was a direct line from the fire hall to each volunteer's home. Activated, a squeal proceeded the address where the fire was. It was this box, my father's determined ways, and his love for Port Townsend that sent him to the hospital that morning.

Ted Baker survived the accident, but our lives were never the same.

## POEMS

by Ben Forsland

Cryptic Soul  
Which lives in a hole  
Dug deep  
By an ancestral troll  
What fathoms you've reached  
What depth you have touched  
What became  
Of the distant star's call

Cryptic Soul  
Which lives in a hole  
A human  
Disguised as a mole  
What vision of light  
Can penetrate night  
Where the Soul  
In the hole has to crawl

Walkin' down  
The road of life  
With the sun  
Burnin' on my back  
I turn to face  
Where I came from  
And found livin'  
Is a one-way track

There's nuthin' wrong  
With trippin' up  
And fallin'  
On your ass  
Just take your time  
When you're standin'  
And walk barefoot  
Thru the grass

I'm nobody's dream  
But I'm more  
Than I seem  
You may think I'm foolish  
You may think I'm lovely  
And yet no matter  
What goes on  
I'm still nobody's dream

Welcome to  
The mosquito coast  
We offer swamps  
And opportunity  
Take a look 'round  
And don't be afraid  
It's only snakes and bats  
And sounds in the night

Welcome to  
The mosquito coast  
See the vultures  
And the look in their eyes  
Walk through the jungle  
And don't give a damn  
It's only snakes and bats  
And creatures that bite

Welcome to  
The mosquito coast  
Where you can lose  
And you can boast

# BOTH ENDS OF THE LOG

Hank Chapin

No magazine, no theater, no basketball team, no Freshmen, no Sophomores, no public support, no traditions, no science, no music, no art, no faculty forum, no guest speakers, no poetry readings, no place for students and faculty to meet, no buildings, no extracurricular activities, no foreign travel, no language. . . . It sounds like Henry James's famous litany of the things America lacked in the time of Nathaniel Hawthorne, which made it hard for Hawthorne to write. "No sovereign, no court, no personal loyalty . . . nor thatched cottages, nor ivied ruins," said James, along with much, much more.

The cultural soil was indeed shallow in Nineteenth-century America, as it most certainly is at West Oahu College. All we have here is a thin layer of red dust and sugar-cane ashes on top of a hot, black parking lot. Essentially, we have no cultural soil whatsoever here.

But the situation is not entirely dismal. After all, Hawthorne is a very great writer indeed, one of the greats of the American Renaissance. James was not putting him down so much as he was pointing out the difficulties Hawthorne had to overcome.

Let's face facts. We have to overcome difficulties at this college starting right now. The ripeness is all: we have a new chancellor who does not thrill to the mantra of "no, no, no, a thousand times no" to which we had become accustomed. Student interest created student government. When I spoke to students about a magazine, I met mainly enthusiasm and willingness to work and raise money. Nascent ideas suddenly took form where once they had been unknown because unexpressed.

As we see in Melville's novel, *Moby Dick*, the great white whale changes its meaning according to the person who is perceiving it. Similarly, West Oahu College strikes me in two contradictory ways, both of which I have thought about a lot, both of which strike me as being true.

I have given the bad news, now let me end with the good news. Williams College once had a famous teacher named Mark Hopkins. It was said about him that a good college could consist of a student on one end of a log with Hopkins on the other. We at WOC have been reduced to this stark essence which is our only strength: teachers and students. When Dr. Kormondy arrived in

the Fall, I prepared for him a folder of written work by my students. I did this because our students are the best in the University of Hawaii system, and I wanted him to see some evidence of my belief. I believe they are more able and mature than any college students in Hawaii. Can you believe that? The best in the state and we're marooned on a parking lot? I am quite certain of my conclusion which I have not arrived at lightly. Why haven't we gotten this word out? Why have we been so bashful about our public relations? Why, when the Honolulu *Advertiser* recently attacked us with ten-year-old, stale arguments, was there no institutional response?

Hawthorne had to battle the same cultural shallowness we face at WOC. It must have been discouraging. But he faced up to his predicament and wrote two of our greatest novels along with numerous immortal short stories. We at West Oahu College have the same existential opportunity. We'll soon find out what we're made of. I believe the energy will come from our students.

This energy is real. You can feel it this year. The idea of starting this magazine began to take on a momentum of its own. Nothing can stop an idea whose time has come. Now the first phrase of my essay is false: we *do* have a magazine. Now we need a college worthy of our students.

---

## TO ANELALANI

Diane B. Gay

Little lamb follow your dreams,  
Free yourself of all worries.  
Life is not as cruel as it seems,  
Beautiful, bright days await you.

Little lamb leave the darkness behind,  
Reach out towards the light.  
You may feel yourself all alone,  
But, others join in your plight.

Little lamb, birds sing merrily,  
The dark gloom of night has passed.  
A brand-new day now beckons you,  
This day won't be your last.



## THE FORBIDDING NIGHT

Susan Brimo-Cox

Eerie goings on  
with a full moon all alone in the dark sky.  
Veiled by clouds,  
swirling, black and ominous,  
the night birds,  
huddled in the pines,  
are calling, calling,  
to whom?

And the pines,  
with their needle-thin fingers,  
are beckoning in the wind.  
For whom?

The dark darks; greens and blues  
are hazing with the night mist,  
to make greys and blacks.  
Still waters,  
slightly rippled in the wind,  
are cold, dark and  
forbidding.

## THE EVE OF REPRODUCTION: A Parody

Randall C. Anderson

The world population, it's really growing,  
Cities and towns are overflowing.  
Kids are sproutin' up from every direction,  
You don't think people ever heard of contraception.

But you tell me over and over and  
Over again, my friend,  
You don't believe we're on the eve of reproduction.

Can't you understand what I'm trying to say?  
Have you thrown your ethics and your morals away?  
In the back seat of a car,  
You've got to earn your pay.  
One little slip, and a kid's on the way.  
Go to the drive-in in March,  
And she'll be pregnant by May.

We're spreading out over this mighty nation.  
Soon there won't be room enough for our population.  
We'll have to cut down on all the sex relations,  
Or else we'll end up using sterilization,  
And it may come down to massive elimination.

Think of all the killing and all the hate,  
Think of all the looting and all the rape.  
You can riot and scream till you're lying there dead,  
But your biggest mistakes are made in bed.  
We do it the same whether English or red,  
And it doesn't matter if you're engaged or wed,  
One little slip, and there's another mouth to be fed.

But you tell me over and over and  
Over again my friend,  
You don't believe we're on the eve of reproduction.

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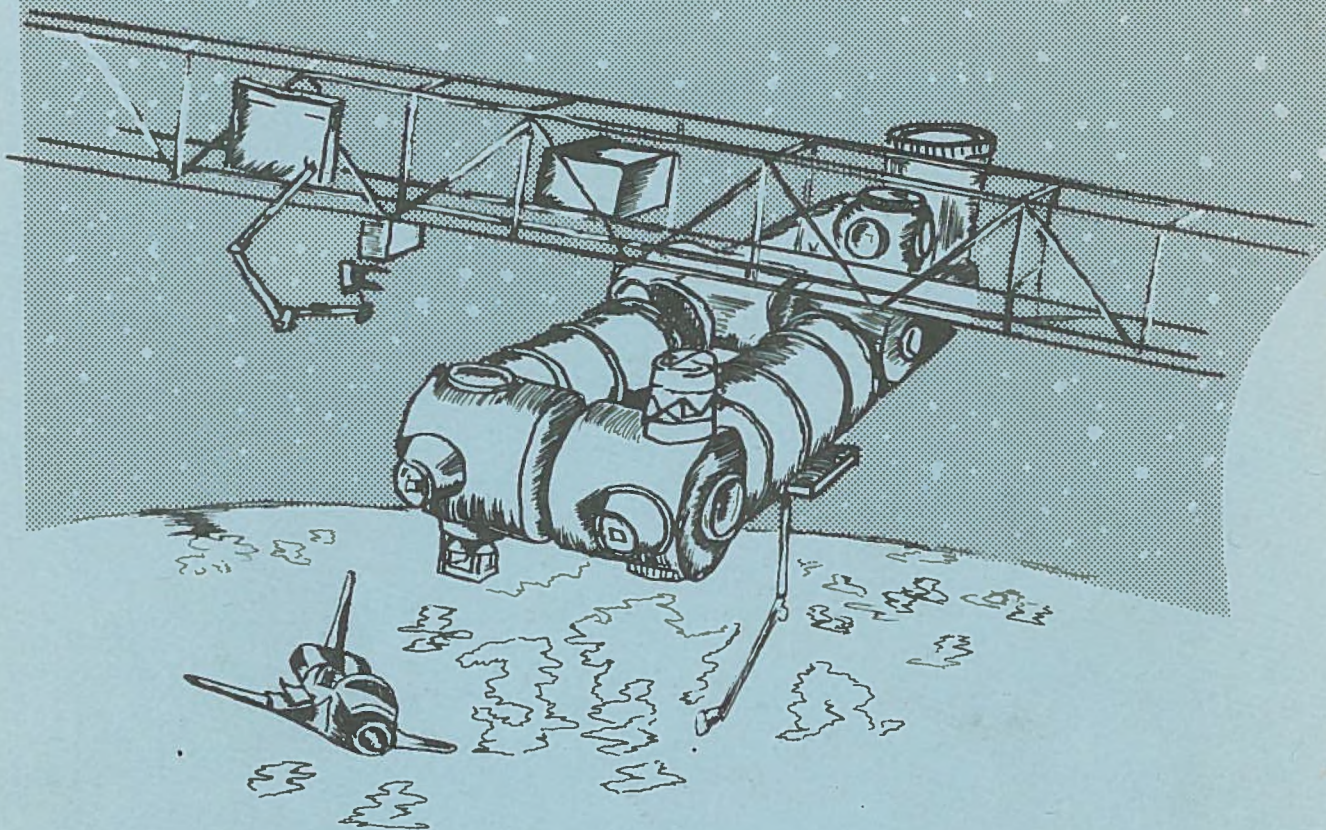
**mag·a·zine** (măg'ə-zēn', mǎg'ə-zēn')

*n . Abbr .*

**mag.** 1. a. A place where goods are stored; especially, a building (as in a fort) or storeroom (as on a warship) where ammunition is stored. b. The contents of a storehouse; a stock of ammunition. 2. A periodical containing a collection of articles, stories, pictures, or other features. 3. a. A compartment in some types of firearms, often a small, detachable box, in which cartridges are held to be fed into the firing chamber. b. A compartment in a camera in which rolls or cartridges of film are held for feeding through the exposure mechanism. c. Any of various other compartments attached to machines, for storing or supplying necessary material. [Old French *magazin* , storehouse, from Italian *magazino* , from Arabic *makhazin* , plural of *makhzan* , storehouse, from *khazana* , to store up.]



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Man is not made for defeat.  
Man can be destroyed but not defeated.

Ernest Hemingway

1899-1961

