

COLLAGE



COLLAGE VOL. 6, NO. 2

NOV. 1972

authors . . .

The contents of this issue of COLLAGE show a great diversity of interest among the students and faculty of Middle Tennessee State University. Many of our contributors are new, while some are not.

MRS. MARILYN WELLS, who is an assistant professor in the MTSU Sociology Department, and recent recipient of an MTSU outstanding teacher award, writes of an experience that occurred during her recent research trip to Ghana. Mrs. Wells' interest vary from African cultures to active participation and leadership of MTSU's Socratics Organization and Murfreesboro's Crisis Call Line.

JANICE DOBBINS, COLLAGE Feature Editor, is a frequent contributor to the magazine. Her creative talents and writing abilities have not gone unnoticed, as she is a recipient of an honorable mention award from the Atlantic Monthly creative writing contest.

DON MERRITT, an archeologist, naturalist, and COLLAGE Assistant Feature Editor, states that his "Wild Foods" article is an attempt at informing the COLLAGE readership of different aspects and facets of the world in which we live. The author states, "The individual who tastes the most of his environment is that much richer for it. He is the one who truly lives and is whole from the experience."

WALLY SUDDUTH, currently Sidelines Sports Editor, has an avid interest in all facets of the sporting experience. Wally's article, an assignment for his Feature Writing class, is an analysis of the phenomenon of the current and fast rise in popularity of the sport of chess.

JIM LYNCH, the current Editor of Sidelines, is a frequent contributor to COLLAGE. When asked about the nature of his writings, Lynch responded, "It's fun to get totally blitzed and think of these ideas. There's no seriousness to them . . . none at all. If you're serious you get ulcers."

PAUL FISCHER, a columnist for the Sidelines, returned to the university after four years in the Navy. While in the Navy, Fischer stated that he did not feel a part of the "real" world. His article "Protest" is a reflection of his views on the world during those four years.

JOE DELLINGER worked seven years as an Air Force crash fire specialist and is the author of the short story "Incident Report T 4500-13". Dellinger says the story is a true account, but with minor changes in conversation due to the lapse of time between the incident and this writing. Dellinger is a 33 year old Aero Space Administration major at MTSU who also works for Delta Airlines at Metro Airport in Nashville.



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mtsu box 61

murfreesboro, tennessee 37130

student union building 300g (615) 898-2533



This month's cover is a photo by Johnny Nelson, a senior from Murfreesboro who is majoring in art. The photo was taken for his beginning photography class and was selected by Mr. Harold Baldwin to be a part of MTSU's permanent collection.

To our readers

COLLAGE continues to expand and grow and to reflect the creative talents and abilities of the MTSU community. COLLAGE has been swamped with so much high quality material that we have decided to print another issue in December. The December issue will again be printed on newsprint, as we have been forced to economize in order to return to our 8 1/2" X 11" format next semester.

Next semester will see some of the most creative COLLAGES to date. We are planning a special two-volume issue for January. This issue is to be centered around a theme which we have tentatively entitled "Revival". The issue will feature a series of articles on Tennessee folklore and crafts, as well as other feature articles with themes of nostalgia and the revival of certain aspects of Tennessee and southern culture. Two more issues of COLLAGE will follow during the spring, as well as a poetry and graphics special that will be distributed during the Fine Arts Festival in April.

COLLAGE invites all interested individuals - whether student, faculty, administrative or alumni - to contribute to the magazine. COLLAGE is a university community publication and seeks to serve the community as a whole.

We are continually striving to improve, and with the implementation of the COLLAGE Board of Consultants (composed of selected faculty) and with your continued support, COLLAGE will become even better.

Bill Bennett

COLLAGE Editor

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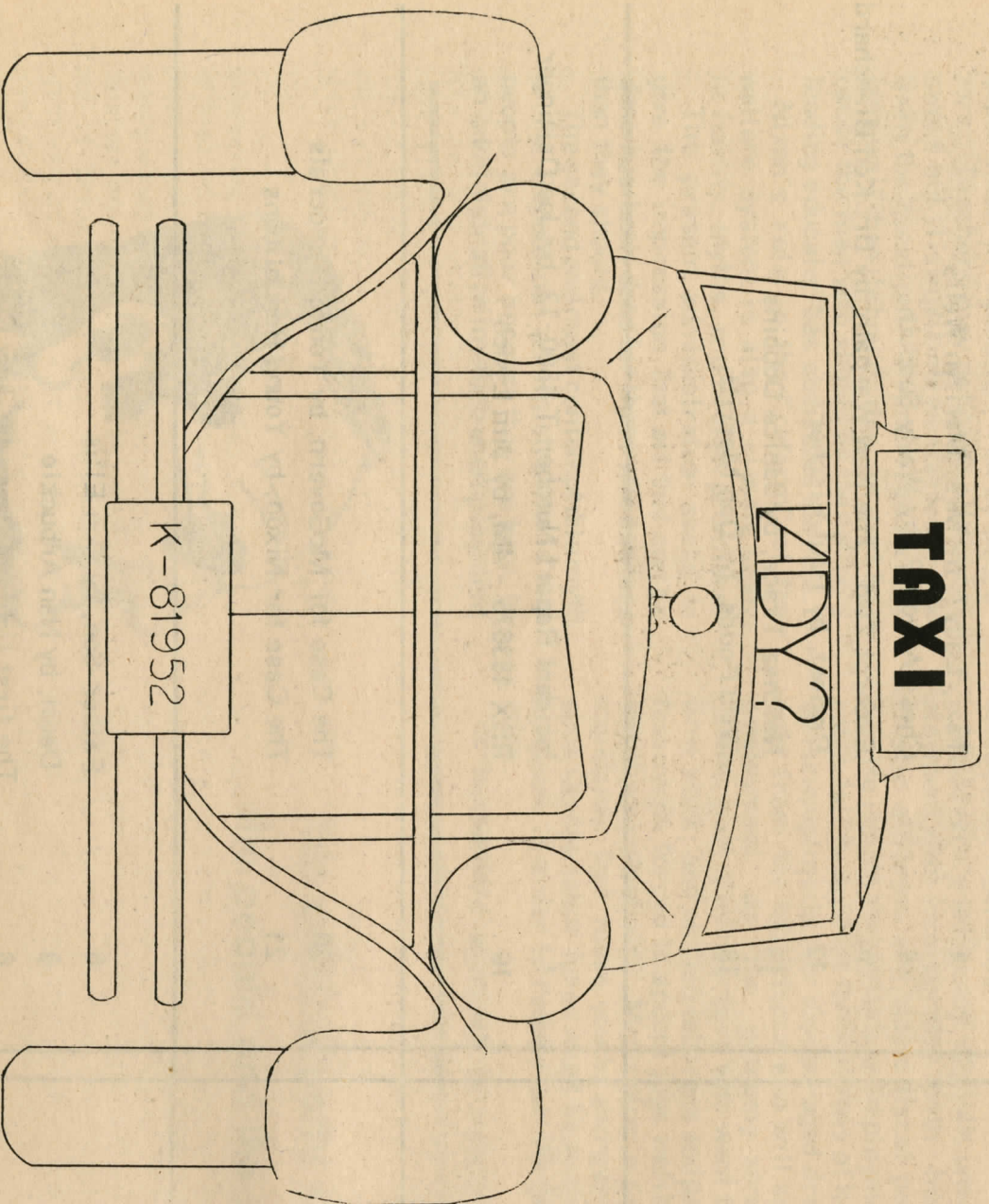
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During the summer of 1972 I did graduate study in Ghana West Africa. I was based at the University of Ghana, Legon which is located fifteen miles from the capital city of Accra. My research required a great deal of travel in the local cabs. Taxi transportation in the area is varied, sometimes irritating, often amusing, but always an informative experience. The Ghanians, who are a very outgoing people, expressed friendliness and curiosity about me which equalled that which I felt for them.

I recall a long Sunday cab ride with two Ghanaian men who were enroute to their home village for a festival which was to take place in the afternoon. The men were dressed in the traditional kente cloth which is constructed of brilliantly colored woven silk strips sewn together into a 6x8 feet piece. The cloth, which is draped in a Roman toga fashion, costs the equivalent of 300 American dollars and represents a life-time investment. It is only worn on special occasions. The men had started their celebration a bit early and insisted I share their drinks of the traditional palm wine. During the lively conversation, they wanted to know where I was from and what I was doing in the area. They were

puzzled about the circumstances which would permit a married woman with children to be traveling so far from home. After a time, their curiosity about my physical characteristics overcame their politeness, and they began to comment about my appearance. They were fascinated by the length and texture of my hair. They were slightly repelled by the paleness of my skin which was speckled with red mosquito bites. They were concerned about my size. Anyone that small must have been subjected to severe starvation or illness, and is therefore an object of pity. I told them my husband liked me this way and would want to send me away if I became fat. They answered, "Madam, you have a strange husband." Throughout the ride our driver passed reassuring looks to me which said "don't worry, I'll take care of you." I appreciated the support but never experienced a twinge of anxiety. Our journey ended with the men cordially inviting me to accompany them to their festival. I accepted.

The Accra taxis are small foreign-made cars, privately owned. They hold four passengers comfortably, five in a squeeze. Cardiac arrest is a pervasive danger in taxi riding. This is the result

of the speed and style with which the drivers maneuver their vehicles. It is best described as reckless abandon! One has a sense of being within a missile which is hurtling toward a point of impact. Tailgating and passing on blind curves is a way of life. I discovered that my best solution for this was to occupy the seat immediately behind the driver. I operated on the philosophy that what ever the point of impact, it would hit him first. In that seat the passenger was least likely to see the oncoming obstacles. This tack only failed when fellow passengers were moved to cries of extreme panic.

An experience with an African priest served to reinforce my taxi phobia. Part of my research included a study of ritual in the area. One of my informants was a cult priest under whom I apprenticed. The first spitting invoked in my training was Manyira, a protective spirit, who was asked, among other things, to accompany me on my journeys between Legon and the priest's village.

Adding to the hypertensive nature of the taxi rides was a cacophony which only abated when the driver wished to talk. Each cab is equipped with a radio which plays pop music at high decibel levels. Rather than being a source of entertainment, one had the feeling it was used much as our dentists use sound to reduce pain. It was difficult to concentrate on danger and block out noise at the same time. A similar situation occurred in parts of the market areas. The deafening roar of radios hampered transaction of business. The preferred music was 1965, rock, the Nashville sound, and high life - an African adoption of Caribbean rhythms.

One minor disappointment was to have traveled 6,000 miles to find myself in a nightclub dancing to a Johnny Cash version of "Green, Green Grass of Home".

West Africa is the home of the talking drum. This is based on biconal languages which impart meaning from phonemes and the relative pitch of sounds. The drums relay messages by beating set traditional phrases which are cryptic symbols of information. For example, if the leader of a dance ensemble decides the pace of the music is too slow, he transmits this by tapping on his drum, "the bell (the pace setter) was not born on Friday (should not be slow in appearing)".

The cab drivers adjusted their horns so that they emitted two tones and thus expanded the function of automobile horns from a signal to a symbol. All rides are accompanied by a tattooing of horns from one driver to another. They relayed information about potential passengers, a driver in need of assistance an eminent danger areas. I first realized what was going on at a time when the horns were unusually active. Suddenly the driver took a sharp turn down a goat path and headed on a circuitous route to our destination. He told me the oncoming taxis had signaled that there was a police road block ahead. His papers were not in order.

One is never certain he will reach his destination in an Accra taxi. It is not unusual for the cab to run out of gas or

● a feature by mrs. marilyn wells

experience some mechanical difficulty. The passengers react to this situation as being a moment for laughter and joking. It is a time when we emerge from the cab and chat while the driver takes a can from the trunk and walks to the nearest source of gasoline. If the difficulty is more serious than "petrol deficiency", the male passengers will push the cab to the nearest source of aid. Anyone who becomes impatient about the delay is considered to be an irritable, impolite person.

It was with the taxi drivers that I had my first lesson in bargaining Ghanaian style. One does not simply get into a cab and give a direction. The experienced passenger stands outside the cab and bargains with the driver for the price which will be paid for the ride. The standard fare for the fifteen mile trip from Legon to Accra is one cedi which is approximately seventy-eight cents American money. The approach is to ask, "How much to Accra?" The driver will then state an amount to which you respond, "too much!!" Bargaining begins. During daylight hours when there are many taxis around, the potential passenger has the advantage. At night time or some other situation in which another cab is not readily available the driver is "one up."

If the passenger shows any uncertainty as to what the correct price should be, he probably will have to go through a second bargaining session once he is in route. This consists of the driver discussing the high cost of living, the number of children and wives he has to feed and the probability that he will not be able to find a return fare. He concludes by saying, "so-you will pay me one and a half cedi." At that point the passenger has two options. He may agree to pay the raised price or he may refuse and tell the driver to let him out! This point of bargaining always occurs on an isolated stretch of road. It is a game of bluff. Perhaps this passenger had an unusual advantage in that being put out only meant another opportunity for a new experience. I never had a driver let me out although many did continue to grumble for the rest of the trip with veiled threats that I would be abandoned in an isolated area.

A third opportunity for bargaining might occur when one leaves the cab. If this location is one in which there are other people around, non-Ghanians particularly, the driver may create a scene in an effort to embarrass the passenger. In resounding tones, he will insist that the passenger is not paying the bargained price and is taking food from children's mouths. The first time this occurs the newcomer is often entrapped, but he soon learns to look on this as part of riding in an Accra taxi.

I went to the airport to book reservations shortly before leaving the Accra area. While there, an airport guard chatted with me about my visit and work in Ghana. The first cab driver I approached for a return to Legon insisted on double the normal fare; the second and third asked the same. At this point the guard came to inquire what the problem was. He insisted that I should not pay the extra fare and that he would get me a cab for the proper price. Indeed he did; but it took thirty minutes of strenuous argu-

ment. The discussion turned on the point that although I was in western dress and appeared to be a newcomer, the guard insisted that having talked with me he knew I had been in the area for some time and therefore should not be charged the double fare rate. It appeared that there was an unwritten rule that it was permissible to sock it to the tourist who is just arriving or is passing through the area. This is not considered cricket for people who have visited in Ghana for some time. I would not have experienced this difficulty had I been wearing my usual work clothes and not appeared to be in transit.

Bargaining is a way of life in Ghana. One bargains for most all goods and services. Some few exceptions are prices in Accra department stores, prices in foreign-owned restaurants, the municipal bus fare and petroleum products. Bargaining is viewed as a form of entertainment, a kind of game which the Ghanians enjoy daily. They are quite disappointed if a foreigner is unable to join in the fun.

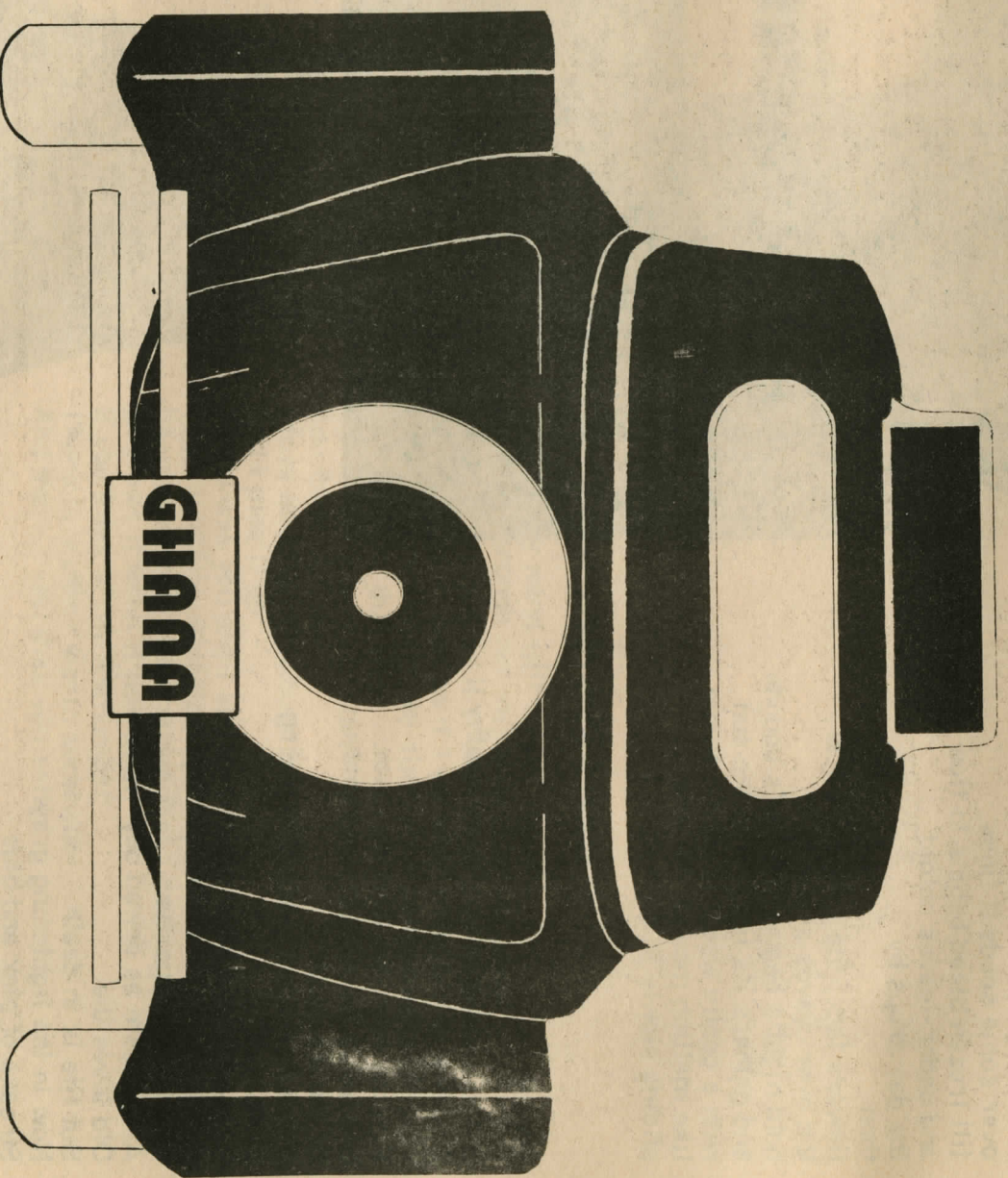
This can be observed by the behavior of peddlers in the Accra market area as they attempt to bargain with a tourist for some souvenir. The tourist often turned away when the peddler stated an outlandish price for an item. On several occasions I saw the peddler follow him, not in an attempt to sell the item, but to teach the visitor the technique of bargaining.

My Ghanaian friends taught me how to assess a fair price for an item. The rule

of thumb is that the fair price is 1/4 to 1/3 of the original asking price. A second point in the fine art of bargaining is to notice how quickly the peddler drops from his original price. Too rapid a drop is a buyer beware signal. Before bargaining begins the buyer should decide what he is willing to pay for the item. After the cat and mouse interplay the buyer states, "his last offer" at which point the peddler accepts or the discussion is ended.

Bargaining is a channel for social interaction. I recall a delightful morning in a village where I lived. My hostess and I walked a mile or so to a farm to bargain for a chicken which would be the base of our main meal that day. The discussion of the comparative quality of the chicks, the price of maize, the weight of the chickens and therefore the appropriate price of the chicken required two hours. During this time the two people bargaining reviewed happenings within the village, caught up on news of friends and relatives, told each other stories, sang a couple of songs and generally passed a pleasant morning. Impatience would have been inappropriate. The final bargain and the total interaction was sanctioned by a libation to the spirits which symbolized no ill feelings between the two.

Bargaining also became a way of life for me. I realized this as I emerged from Kennedy International Airport. A New York cab driver called, "Taxi, lady?" I responded, "how much?" "I





FATHER-SON

One upon one,
Smile upon smile,
Son is of dad,
Fashioned in style.
Uplifting arms,
Perilous fate,
Faith is, in love,
Hidden, from hate.
Father in son,
Sees his own life,
Parted from him,
Using no knife.
Take out a rib,
Making a wife,
Take out a cell,
Uniting for life.
One upon one,
Smile upon smile,
Father and son,
Together a while.

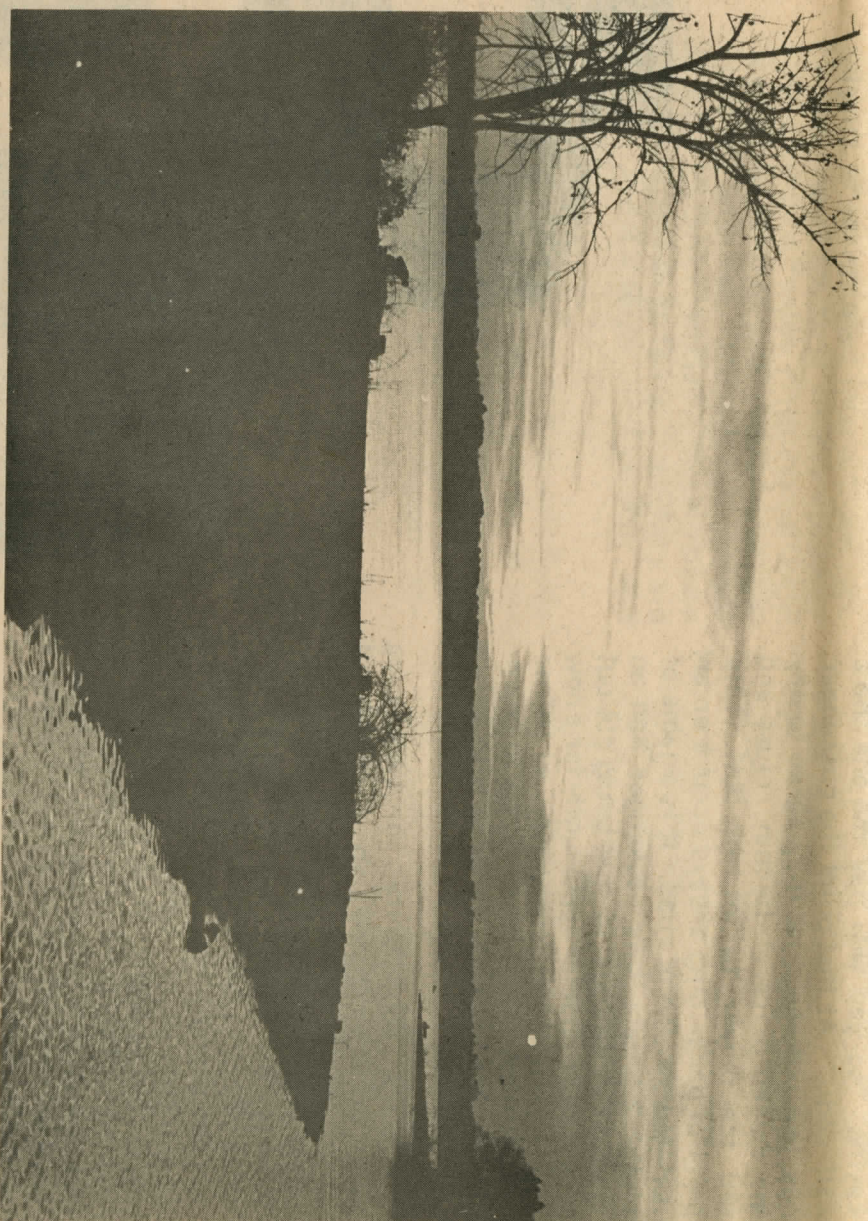
DON ELLIS

the first lights of dawn
do not meet the mountain
but lie horizontal high in the still
and rises the sun till it reaches them
earth is touched by day
and trembles
the air is stirred; the oceans warmed
the waters move as day begins
the mighty masses of waves and winds
but slow is the day
and softly splashes
over some seeds it finds
till frozen blood begins to flow
and under-leaves unfold
the day drops by
then
flowers fade; the wind falls low
the ever-waves are stilled
cold night's begun; the day's undone
and gathers its lights into the sun
with a gentle weep, it seems to me
like melting mounds of sand
sliding slowly to the sea.

JUDY CECIL

DAWN
Old loves end in final gray apathy.
Shadows of old pains fade
Like the cloud of night
Flaring from the blazing dawn.
Old loves die with the certainty
Of buried dead.
Die but lessons learned in giving
Live.
Live and grow,
Feeding new love that opens
With dar's departure
As delicate as dewed day-lillies.
Old loves die
But life is in death.
Now in the lightening gray
Streaks of pink and blue
Smile over the tearful night sky.

NAN ARBUCKLE



incident report

number 45000-13

I was working crash fire rescue as crew chief on July 7, 1962. All firefighting crews had been on standby in full bunker gear since noon. It was now nearly 4:00. My men were getting irritable because they had been wearing heavy insulated asbestos clothing in 98 degree weather.

My driver muttered, "Sarge when are we gonna get out of this gear; I'm dying."
"Soon," I replied. "We have only one flight still out on firing mission."

At four o'clock, according to my log book, we received a call that "35 Charlie", one of the remaining F-101's out on mission, was inbound with a fire warning light flashing for his afterburner. I radioed the other crew chiefs to take their crash positions for runway 23 left, and notified the Medics and the Air Police of a possible emergency.

I first saw him about ten miles out and falling fast. He was trailing fire and had no thrust. A fighter, due to its great weight and short wings, will not glide far.

My driver asked, "You think he'll make the field?"
"I doubt it. . . Come on baby, stay up there!"

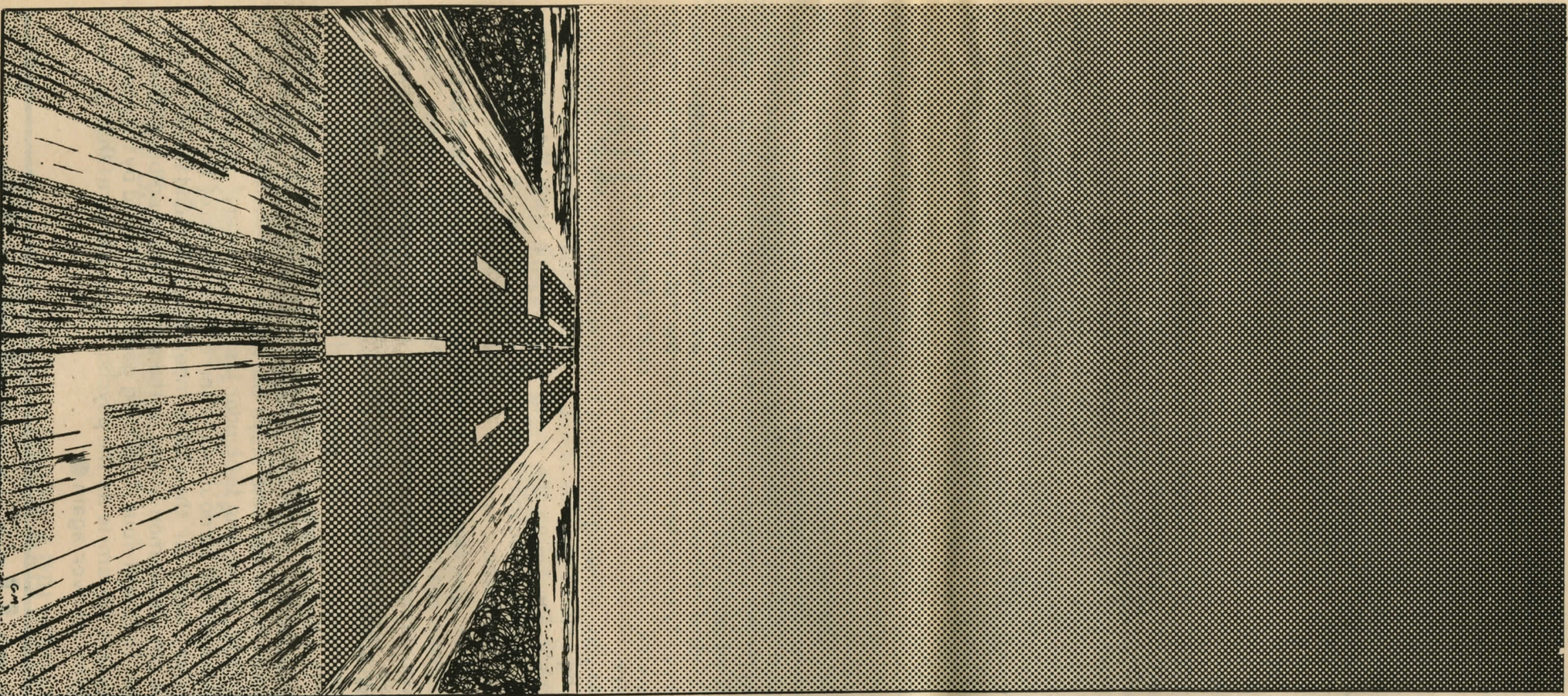
He made it to within one mile of the runway and was still about six-hundred feet when there was flash of light, followed by a high-pitched whining explosion. Part of the tail disintegrated.

"Son-of-a-bitch! And he was about home," I muttered. I'll never understand how that pilot managed to keep his ship fairly straight and level for that last mile. He cleared the approach lights and hit the end of the runway, flat and hard - like slapping your hand on a table. No bounce. No skid. The impact ruptured all the fuel tanks - instant fire - all around the aircraft, but not inside.

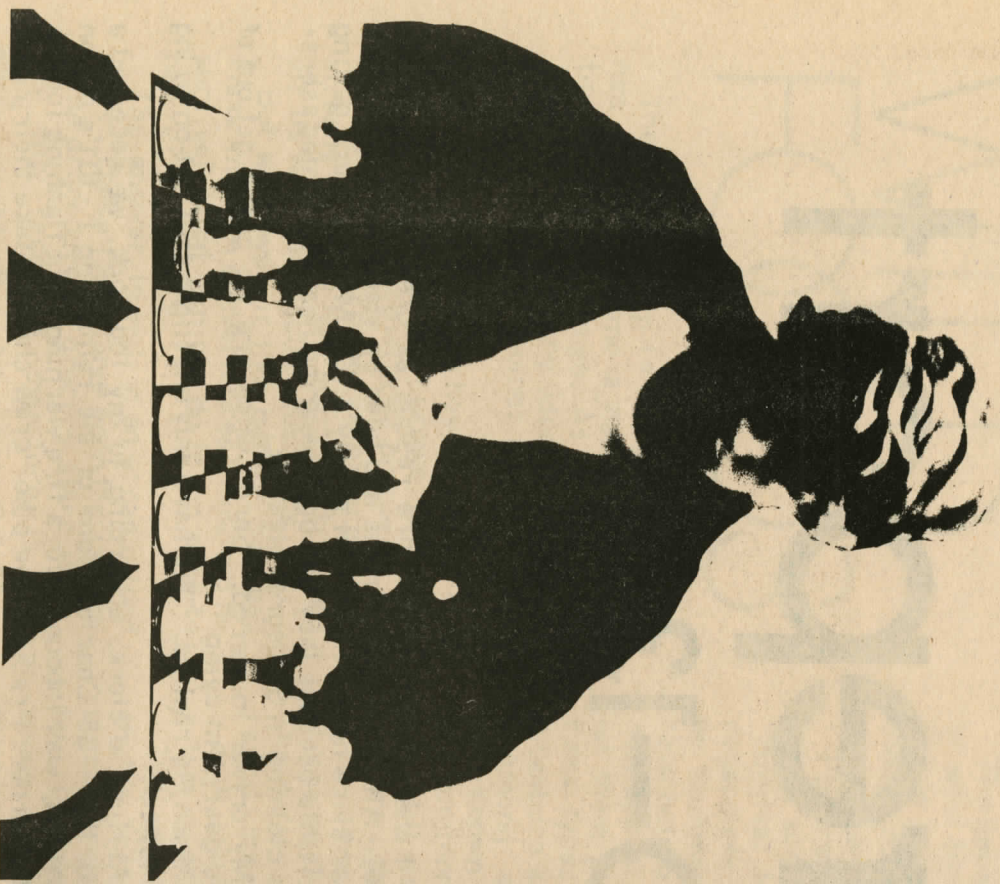
My driver slid our rescue truck to a halt just outside the edge of fire, and we hit the ground running. Two fire trucks were trying to drown us with foam, but it didn't help. Within seconds, our bunker clothes, that are supposed to withstand 2,000 degrees were on fire, and we had to retreat. The fire trucks kept trying to foam a path through that inferno to the cockpit. Although the pilot was not being touched by the flames, he was being roasted alive. He kept screaming, "I can't move! Oh God, it hurts, somebody kill me!"

One of the military policemen who had arrived, listened for a few seconds, and with tears running down his face, drew his 45, steadied both hands and aimed for the screaming man. As he squeezed the trigger, a Medic Captain slapped his arms down. The shot went into the ground. Then he swore, "You try that again and I'll have you court-martialed for murder."
We had to stand there and hear the pilot scream and plead, "I can't stand it - please, please shoot me!" - until he could scream no more.

Eventually we got the fire down to the point where we could go after the pilot - he was dead. We pulled the canopy off and I climbed on top of the fuselage behind his seat, cut the parachute straps and the line to the seat ejector charge. I was supposed to lift the body underneath the arms and lay it over the side of the cockpit, so my driver could lower it to the ground. As I got in position to lift, I could see his face and hands were a bright cherry red, the color of boiled lobster. When I pulled, all the meat from his arms where I had gripped came off in my hands - like pulling apart stewed chicken. Getting him out of the cockpit was like moving a department store manikin, section-by-section. ●



● a short short by joe dellinger



Campus enthusiast and MTSU chess club member, Eddie Newkirk, appears to speak for the majority of student aficionados when he says that Fischer is definitely the world's best. "Chess rumor has it that Fischer knows every variation of every opening game move in chess," said Newkirk without a trace of a put-on anywhere to be seen on his youthful 18 year-old face.

Chess set sales jumped as much as 125% during the two-month-long championship series, and interest is reported by manufacturers still to be running high.

An example is readily evident on the MTSU campus, where chess has enjoyed a rapid upward surge in interest, which approximates that on the national level.

A chess club was formed, with constitution and sponsor, in the spring of 1972 and had around 20 members by the end of the semester. This fall the club has almost doubled that number with the total rising at each of their bi-weekly meetings.

The MTSU club is affiliated with the United States Chess Federation. The USCF publishes a slick magazine every three months, which lists the ratings of every player in the United States who participates in USCF-sanctioned tournaments. Seven MTSU students have taken part in the 16 tournaments required to attain provisional ratings before actual Federation ratings are bestowed. This group, spearheaded by Joe Roberdeau, Charles Ryan and Newkirk, is the prime factor in the progress of the campus club so far.

Plans are in the works to begin playing other colleges and universities in the area, but the major emphasis is still on the internal affairs of the campus organization itself. The club has its own rating system for members, with a certain number of points awarded for a win and a certain number subtracted for a loss.

"The rating system is somewhat like a hitter's average in baseball--it fluctuates," said Newkirk, who is secretary-treasurer of the MTSU club.

Newkirk seemed as anxious to talk about and promote chess as his contemporaries seemed intent on playing it in a recent interview just before a seven-o'clock Monday night meeting.

With USCF membership up over 50% since the Fischer-Spassky matches, Newkirk and the other members feel that the boom is on in the United States. They are now busy organizing local tournaments for national ratings.

It was pointed out by the diminutive Newkirk, a Nashville freshman, that Vanderbilt and the University of Tennessee both have sanctioned events. Tennessee has one about every two weeks.

An interest raiser is in the wings. The intramural chess tournament will select two players to participate in the Associated College Unions International Region V Tournament to be held on the campus of UT in early February. Regional winners will advance to a national tourney.

Several club members took part in the Tennessee State Open Chess Tournament earlier in the fall including Roberdeau, Newkirk, Jim Price and the club's faculty sponsor, Dr. Roy Clark.

Anyone viewing the room filled with pairs of individuals pushing small figurines about on multi-squared boards, then anxiously annotating the move and the time from the ever-present clocks, is bound to feel the beginner's desire to know more about the game.

There are two basic versions of the game: the customary 50 moves against a 2 1/2 hour time limit and the newer "speed" chess where every player has five minutes to complete his move.

With the myriad openings involved, the game is divided into opening-game, middle-game, and end-game strategy.

"The best strategy is to stay alert; there are a lot of traps," explained the personable, shaggy-haired Newkirk. "Usually the winner is the one who stays the most alert." "Another way to say that, is the one to blunder last is the loser," smiled Eddie.

An average turnout in the third floor room of the University Center, used for the club's meetings, is around 20-30 people.

A not uncommon sound in the area is the mumbled "Queen's pawn to Queen-four," opening gambit, followed by the opposing player's sly smile as the psychological warfare that is chess begins all over again. ●

chess anyone? campus and country agog over age-old game

A young black perched on a bridge aboutfacing a white youth with shoulder length hair. The object of their scrutiny was a chessboard.

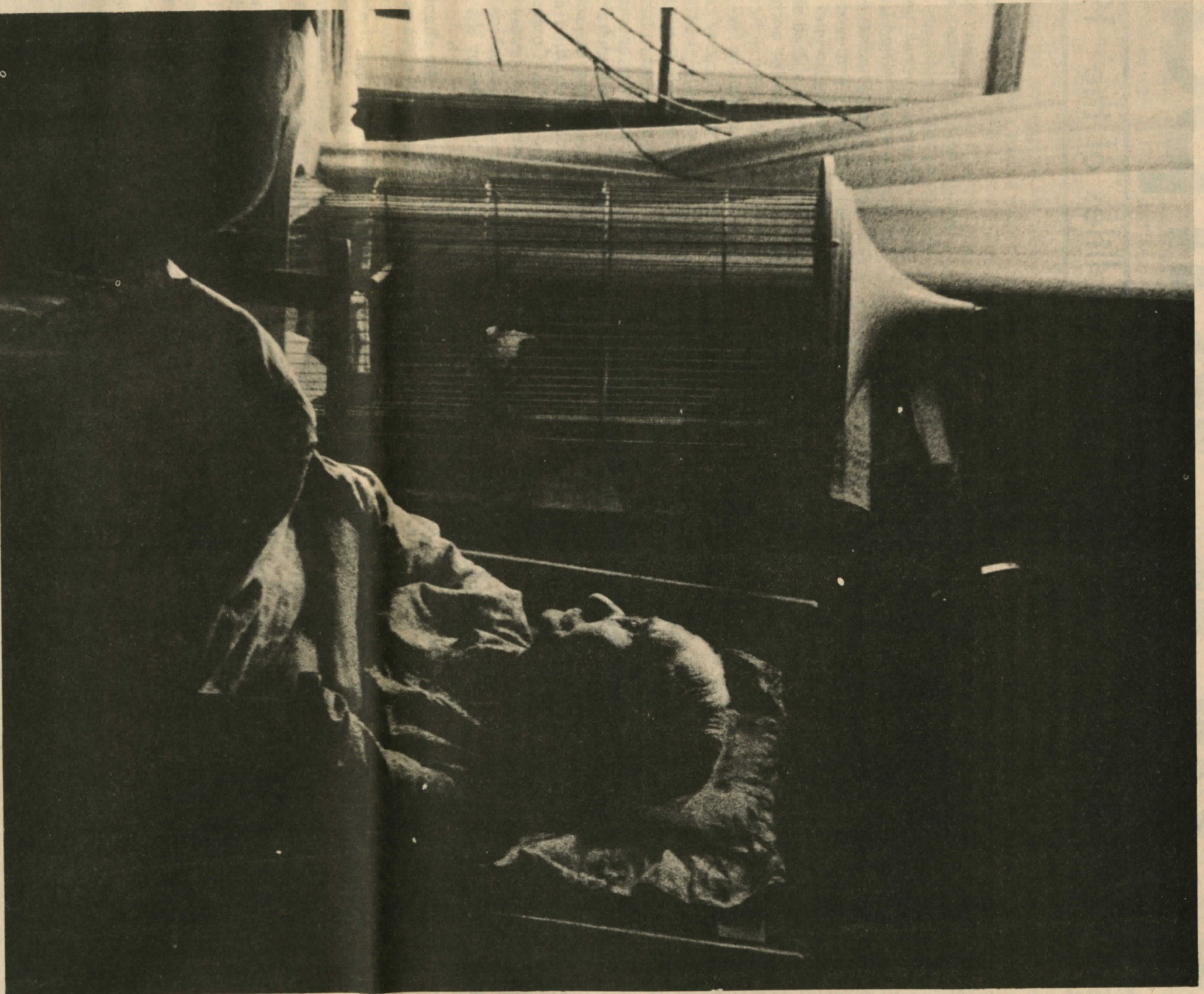
What makes this unusual, after the sudden upsurge of interest in the age-old sport following the Bobby Fischer-Boris Spassky matches?

The scene described took place in the provincial hamlet of Woodbury, Tennessee, which is more notorious for the illegal moonshine manufactured and sold in the area than for intellectual pursuits, especially those with liberal overtones.

"I couldn't believe my eyes," said Avery Smith, an MTSU student familiar with the life-style of Woodbury. "I backed up my car for a second look and there they were--a black and a longhair--playing chess in broad daylight," quipped Smith.

This scene merely illustrates the cultural acceptance of chess both in the country and on the campus since the recent championship series. There Fischer, an American, (of all nationalities) was unveiled to the world in general and to the anti-hero lovers of America in particular--all in the pale cerebral glow of eccentricity surrounding all chess masters.

● a feature by wally sudduth



Moving through the stillness of sand
I feel only the rhythm of your caressing gaze.
Sensing the forms of myriad wanderers
I touch only the soft outline of your face.
You are the world I know about me.
Time never was.

G. W. BILBRA

the new warpath

"The 'new anthropology' must adjust to the realities of the 1970's."

Field work, the primary research tool of cultural anthropology is becoming increasingly difficult among North American Indian groups. The open resistance of certain elements of the Red community coupled with the growing sensitivity of anthropologists is forcing the science to consider the possibility of novel data-collecting methods. The new warpath is cluttered ominously with the remains of the obsolete techniques of an "old anthropology" that may be forced to yield to radically new alternatives.

From the earliest years of American anthropology's emergence at the onset of the twentieth century, the discipline has been married to a policy of obligatory field work. This has meant that in order for a student to legitimate his claim to professional status (i.e., to be an anthropologist) he must spend a minimum of one year's time living and working with a non-Western group in their natural habitat. This mandatory "rite of passage" has usually involved doing participant observation, talking to and recording conversations with native informants, doing social censures, learning the languages and collecting kinship terminologies.

During the "Golden Age" of American anthropology, especially in the 1920's the tendency was for writers to minimize their difficulties in doing participant observation among small non-Western groups in the world. Whether it was a result of actual native receptivity or scholarly naivete, Mr. Primitivo, the object of the ethnographic endeavor, came across as a very passive, noble savage, who enthusiastically opened his arms and bared his soul to the inquisitive anthropologist.

In recent years, however, anthropologists have tended to be much more frank in discussing their reaction to and reception by target people. The classic statement at this point is Napoleon Chagnon's (1968:5) reaction to his involvement with the Yanomamo of South America. As he is approaching for the first time the village where he is to work and live for the next year and a half he is greeted by a contingent of "social facts:"

I looked up and gasped when I saw a dozen burly, naked, filthy men staring at us down the shafts of their drawn arrows! Immense wads of green tobacco were stuck between their lower teeth and lips making them look even more hideous, and strands of dark-green slime dripped or hung from their noses. were a dozen or so vicious, underfed dogs snapping at my legs, circling me as if I were going to be their next meal.

... Then the stench of decaying vegetation and filth struck me and I almost got sick. I was horrified. What sort of welcome was this for the person who came here to live with you and learn your way of life, to become friends with you?

Within the past decade, the normal discomforts of doing field work and the usual difficulties of establishing working relationships with members of the native communities have been complicated by critical events taking place within the North American Indian community. Whereas once he was seemingly eager to entertain the anthropologist and fill

about the author

Dr. Kendall Blanchard took his M.A. and Ph.D. from Southern Methodist University in 1971. In the area of Cultural Anthropology, his speciality is North American Indians and Culture Change. This is Dr. Blanchard's second year as an assistant professor at Middle Tennessee State University. In the summer of 1972, he was Vanderbilt University's Field School Director, ethnology and archeology division, in Ramah, New Mexico. His field experience includes work with the Navajos, Taos and Picuris Indians of New Mexico.

his notebook with valuable cultural data, the Red man is now more skeptical, more silent, and at times even hostile toward the anthropologist. Vine Deloria (1969: 83) a Sioux writer and activist had manifested this hostility:

Into each life, it is said, some rain must fall. Some people have had horoscopes, others take tips on the stock market. McNamar created the TF and Edsel. Churches possess the real world. But Indians have been cursed above all other people in history. Indians have anthropologists.

This attitude, originally limited to the radical fringes of Indian activism, is now spreading to include even the most passive of the traditionalists. It is legitimated by the contention that anthropology, much like mission work, is a deliberate invasion of privacy and violation of cultural integrity. Its effects have been felt by many so-called "Indian specialists" in the field, regardless of intentions or past contributions.

One of the first indications of this opposition to anthropological investigation was evidenced several years ago when the chairman of the Red Lake Chippewa tribe of Minnesota had several anthropologists forcefully removed from the reservation. The feeling here was simply that the residents should not continue to be a "private zoo for anthropologists," subjected to the impractical scrutiny of an academic discipline far removed from the realities of everyday life.

This past summer, in conjunction with the Vanderbilt Field School in Anthropology which I directed in New Mexico, similar resistance was encountered among the Navajos in the Ramah area. Learning of the summer program several months before its initiation, the Ramah Chapter of the Navajo Tribal Council, under pressure from the white leadership of the local high school, took action to prevent the invasion of the area by the anthropology trainees.

In a meeting of the chapter membership in March of this year someone deliberately misled the Navajos present into believing that a group of anthropologists were to be in the area during the summer with the expressed intent of "digging up the bones of their ancestors." Under this obviously false impression, the chapter membership voted unanimously to oppose the program, and the local leadership immediately contacted the Vanderbilt administration to express their concern (Personal Communication, March, 1972):

The feeling of our Indian community is that too many anthropologists have entered the community without the consent of the community and have done much research without any benefits returning to the Indian tribal members or the community in general. We appreciate the interest of the students in anthropology, but there may be other locations where they could conduct their summer field training.

Legally, the Navajo community had no grounds upon which to oppose the presence of the field school in the Ramah area. Students were to be housed on privately owned property, and the roads to be used by program personnel were under either county or state jurisdiction.

Again, the accusations made in the chapter resolution were unduly critical of anthropology, at times totally overlooking the realities of the mutually beneficial relationship between the science and the

● excerpt two : by dr. ken blanchard

"The angry opposition of the militant red man to traditional field techniques is forcing anthropology to reconsider the effectiveness and ethics of its basic methodological procedures."

Navajos. For example, it was contended that:

The Ramah Navajos recall the recent anthropology studies of Dr. Clyde Kluckhohn and his associates which primarily benefited a few non-Indians toward their degrees and left nothing behind to benefit the Ramah Navajo people and their community in general...

Kluckhohn worked among the Ramah Navajos intermittently from 1926 to 1960, and contrary to the chapter reaction, made many contributions to Indian life in the area. Not only did he make donations of land and money, but also spent many hours of his own time helping the Navajo cause by researching land claims and bringing their plight to the attention of the American public. It is only too sad that memories of "the good men" do die so quickly.

Despite the lack of a legitimate case, the directors of the field school were anxious to avoid any unnecessary conflict and made a special trip to New Mexico during the month of April to see if difficulties could be resolved. After several unsuccessful attempts to contact chapter president, the secretary was located in Window Rock, Arizona. During a brief discussion he suggested that the Navajo community would be much more open toward the summer program if Vanderbilt were to pay the chapter \$15,000 in compensation. When it became obvious that no reasonable agreement was going to be achieved, a portion of the ethnology program was simply adjusted so as to remove the Navajo emphasis, and I reaffirmed our intentions of going ahead with the field school despite the opposition, convinced that the protest did not represent the majority of the Navajo population in the area.

With the advent of the summer program it soon became evident that our troubles were not over. One female student was working with the personnel at the local Navajo high school and after two weeks was barred from the premises because of her connection with the field school. The Navajo radio station was soon broadcasting derogatory reports concerning the Vanderbilt enterprise, informing its listeners that the presence of the visitors in the area was responsible for the continuing bad weather and admonishing Navajos in Ramah to avoid any interaction with the inquisitive anthropologists. Fortunately for those working with Navajo-oriented research problems, most of the instructions went unheeded, although several previously good informants suddenly became strangely silent and uncooperative.

Despite the lack of previous warning, similar difficulties were encountered by students working in nearby Zuni. Recent pilferings of sacred sites on the reservation had raised the level of paranoia among Zuni officials so that when members of the Vanderbilt ethnology program were seen moving around the Pueblo announced they immediately became sus-

picious. One of the field school participants was soon apprehended by the Zuni police, and I was forced to go before the Zuni council to explain our purpose for being in the area. After I convinced the elders that ours was essentially an educational endeavor, they agreed to permit our people to do research in the area as long as they registered with the council, visited only certain designated people and areas, and refrained from asking controversial questions about religion and politics.

Indian resistance to anthropology has not been restricted to ethnology. Many tribes are unhappy with the alleged lack of consideration typical of archaeological excavations in which everything from bu-

"...there are radical elements in some tribal groups so opposed to anthropology, that they will admit to no possible renewal of creative dialogue."

rials to sacred material objects are unceremoniously taken out of the ground and shipped off for analysis and eventual deposition on a laboratory shelf or in a museum. The Cherokees have manifested this concern in a recent protest against the University of Tennessee salvage archeology project in the Tellico Dam area in the eastern part of the state where, according to Indian claims, "artifact-hunting archaeologists" have been plundering ancestral graves (Nashville Tennessean, Oct. 3, 1972:1).

The angry opposition of the militant Red man to traditional field techniques in the science is forcing anthropology to reconsider the effectiveness and ethics of its basic methodological procedures. Even though in most cases of native resistance to anthropological intrusion, the legalities of the situation favor the latter, truly effective ethnological data-collecting is possible only in an environment of open communication and trust. Therefore, it is of great importance that anthropology begin to redefine its role within the North American Indian community at large.

In such an undertaking the anthropologist should attempt to find out what the Indian would consider a mutually satisfying relationship. Traditionally, anthropology has been justified on the basis that it contributed to the totality of human

knowledge, and provided a novel perspective for self-analysis and promoted intercultural understanding. Such assertions are increasingly seen as culturally-bound value statements with perhaps no meaning in a non-Western context.

Ignoring the discipline's customary rationale, the Red man is making a much more practical demand on the science. For example, Deloria (1969:99) has suggested that a policy

...be adopted by Indian tribes which would soon clarify the respective roles of anthropologists and tribes. Each anthropologist (sic) desiring to study a tribe should be made to apply to the tribal council for permission to do his study. He would be given such permission only if he raised as a contribution to the tribal budget an amount of money equal to the amount he proposed to spend in his study. Anthropologists would thus become productive members of Indian society instead of ideological vultures.

On the other hand, there are radical elements in some tribal groups so opposed to anthropology, that they will admit to no possible renewal of creative dialogue. I talked to a young Zuni law student this past summer who classified anthropology in the same category as the missionary effort, viewing both as imperialist weapons of an Anglo-American "ethnocide" conspiracy, he strongly advocated their immediate eradication without right of appeal or adjustment.

The anthropologist thus encounters the obvious ethical dilemma of choosing to either ignore Indian demands and legitimate his activities on the basis of the old rationale or attempt to cooperate with the often irrational requests of Red America, which in many cases would mean the death of traditional anthropology field techniques. With the growing sensitivity of the discipline to the proprieties of interethnic relationships the tendency will be for the science to move increasingly toward the latter alternative.

If this is the case, the next problem is alternative to old style methods. If participant observation, informant work, and social census taking is to be abandoned, to what resources do we turn for fundamental data? Some have suggested that enough basic information has been collected in the previous century to justify a retreat to the library for a more thorough analysis of existing materials. On the other hand, with proper funding it is possible to conceive of tribal coordinating offices, similar to that suggested by Deloria, to which anthropologists are assigned and through which they approach significant field problems.

Whatever the possible alternatives, it is evident that if anthropology is to keep it must reconsider its legitimating rationale and revolutionize traditional data-collecting techniques. The "new anthropology" must adjust to the realities of the 1970's. ●



An oppressed people are authorized
whenever they can to rise and break
their bonds.

— Henry Clay
Kentucky Statesman
1818

The protest, or at least the form it took in the 1900's may have faded into oblivion.

Emerging from the 1950's, internal America was forced to accustom itself to a then new phenomenon--the sit-in. Martin Luther King, black leader and eventual winner of the 1964 Nobel Peace Prize, took the initiative and led his people to the lunch counters of the South. There the blacks, who simply wanted to be served (and thereby establish the precedent of equal rights for all regarding consumer services), proceeded to make enemies of the type of Southerner that is often identified with Lester Maddox of Georgia--but the enmity was anticipated.

The civil rights demonstrations took on new faces with the ascension of violence to the seat of power. Enter Watts, Oxford, Birmingham, Cleveland, Detroit, Nashville and a host of others--all contrary to King's philosophy of non-violent demonstrations, all reminiscent of the intensity that had heralded the movement at its birth in Little Rock, some eight years earlier.

The entire period that black violence was leaving its mark on the visage of America, a kind of turmoil was inherent within the body of the black leadership. On the one hand were King, Abernathy, Evers and others who advocated peaceful cated peaceful protest--from freedom rides to sit-ins. On the other, a new generation of blacks including Stokely Carmichael, H. Rap Brown, Bobby Seals and Eldridge Cleaver wished for the same goal of equality, but felt that the "paddies" wouldn't surrender the power without a show of force. History will prove one of the two major factions to be right in their assessment of means. The main idea is that protest came through the power struggle with new-found resources.

In 1966, Viet Nam became the reason for protesting by again, a peaceful few. Again the quiet of peace turned into the muffled oaths and, finally, blatant shouting of violent objections by the many instead of a few. What had begun as small conclaves of silent marchers who kept ritualistic vigils around public buildings in New York and Washington evolved into the 200,000-plus demonstrations in major cities across the nation. Simultaneously, smaller groups were turning to semi-violent and violent tactics to express their dissatisfaction. Administration buildings and ROTC buildings were forcefully occupied all around the country at public and private colleges and universities. Public structures, too, were being attacked or bombed across the nation--one explosive device was found in the lower floors of the Capitol. Few Americans can forget the events that transpired at Kent State.

The protesters' ranks were more recently filled by the members of the women's liberation groups. The initial efforts at voicing their discontent are well known (bra-burning, hexing by WITCH, picketing). The feminists have gone the whole route--up to the threshold of violence. However, they have tapered off their efforts. Very few mass protests have been staged by them; there is little evidence to indicate that there will be an upsurge in either the amount or the intensity of their efforts at portraying their discontent.

So, for all practical purposes, at this juncture the protest movements appear to be heading for the same destination as the button-hook, spats, corsets and union suits--all of which could come back with little warning.

However, if the protest does return, Americans can rest assured that it, unlike the others, will not be reappearing out of nostalgia. ●

natchez trace

historical view from horsetrail to highway

This year marks the 100th anniversary of the National Park System of the United States. In 1872, President Ulysses Grant authorized an act creating Yellowstone National Park--the first national park in the world. Through the years, other areas across the nation have been set aside to preserve their natural and historical value. One unique such scenic preserve is located in southwestern Middle Tennessee. Not a park in the traditional sense, the Natchez Trace Parkway is a "ribbon of park-like development," which commemorates the Natchez Trace, "the first national highway of the Southwest."

Just as the Chisholm and Santa Fe Trails have been immortalized in the songs and legends of the West, so the Natchez Trace is remembered in the South. "Historically, there were two, possibly three, Natchez Traces, each having a different origin and purpose," according to historian Dawson A. Phelps in the Tennessee Historical Quarterly.

The first evolved from buffalo and Indian trails, following natural watershed divides. This trail, or series of trails, led southwesterly from what is presently Nashville to Natchez, Mississippi. Early explorers and traders used this route and announced the fact that overland travel in this area was possible.

"Whites then developed a trail out of the Indian trail in the 1780's as a route northward," noted Dr. Fred Rolater, MTSU associate professor of history. The traders went downriver on rafts and walked back along the Trace, he said. The Boatman's Trail, then, became the second Natchez Trace. During most of this period Natchez was under Spanish control, so few people other than the north-bound boatman used the route. Rolater emphasized that the term "trace" implied "a marked horse trail and not a wagon route." The passage was quite woody and remained a "trace" most of its useful history, he said.

After the withdrawal of Spain, the Mississippi Territory was created in 1798, with Natchez as its capital. Traffic along the Boatman's Trail then increased as did the demand for the construction of a better road. Politically and militarily, effective communication between the territorial capital and the national capital was essential. In 1801 President Jefferson ordered the U.S. Army to clear a road from Nashville to Natchez. Eventually cleared and opened up, the Natchez trace extended from the Davidson County line just south of Nashville to within fifty miles north of Natchez. Coupled with the Walton Road from Nashville to Knoxville, the Trace made travel possible from Natchez to the nation's capital.

It was along this third route that several historical personages passed, thus immortalizing the Natchez Trace in the annals of history.

A portion of Andrew Jackson's army passed along the Trace during their campaign against the Creek Indians, according to historical markers near the present parkway. During the War of 1812, Jackson led the Tennessee Militia to Natchez, where he was ordered to disband them. Refusing to abandon his men, he led them home in 1813, sharing the hardships of the trip over the Trace with them. His grateful soldiers affectionately dubbed him "Old Hickory" as a result. Two years later, after victory at New Orleans, Jackson's troops again followed the Natchez Trace northward. Because of his "victory march," Jackson's name has been most closely associated with the Trace. But before Jackson made the trail famous, Meriwether Lewis, of the Lewis and Clark expedition, died mysteriously on the Trace in 1809, while en route to the capital from St. Louis.



● a feature by janice dobkins

Apparently a suicide, he was found dead at Brinder's Inn in present-day Lewis County. He was buried near the trail in a plot marked only by a fence post until 1848, when the State of Tennessee erected a broken limestone shaft to symbolize his untimely death. Now the Meriwether Lewis National Monument includes the memorial as well as the site of the inn. The unsolved mystery surrounding Lewis' death has, of course, further romanticized the Natchez Trace.

"Abraham Lincoln is one figure most people do not usually associate with the Natchez Trace," commented Rolater. But, he came northward on the passage in the early 1820's, returning from a trip to New Orleans with a load of lumber and produce. "The poorer people like Lincoln couldn't afford the steamboat back up river," the history instructor explained.

The infamous and the notorious, as well as the prominent, are connected with the Trace. After leaving the vice-presidency in 1805, Aaron Burr went West. One of his questionable deals involved General James Wilkinson, who was at one time in the service of both the Spanish and American governments. Burr visited Wilkinson at his headquarters in Natchez and then came back up the Trace early in 1806, stopping at the Hermitage to confer with Jackson and other prominent Tennesseans in attempts to start a secessionist movement, Rolater commented.

The notorious John A. Murrell, robber and bandit chief, operated along the Trace in the early 1800's. "Southwest of the trail at Natural Bridge in present-day Wayne County, was a natural hiding place in the rocks," said Rolater. "It was originally used by the Indians, but white criminals made it their headquarters and operated rather extensively in the area during the 1810's and 1820's," he added. The Natchez Trace was a valuable base for such operations since most of the travelers, returning home from selling their goods in the southern ports, were carrying money.

Thus, during its heyday, the Trace was a busy and often dangerous thoroughfare. Strangely enough, it was not widely known as the Natchez Trace until after land surveys of the 1820's. During the period of its greatest use, it was known as "Natchez Road," "Nashville Road", "Mail Road," or "Cumberland Road," according to historian Phelps. No longer needed for frontier defense and supplanted by the advent of the steamboat and newer roads, the Trace was not widely used after 1820. Parts were abandoned while some stretches were incorporated into county road systems. But the colorful legends of the old Natchez Trace lived on.

Just after the turn of the century, interest in the old wilderness passage was rekindled. In 1909, the Mississippi Daughters of the American Revolution placed a monument at the southern terminus of the trail; and in succeeding years, the route was marked in Tennessee and Alabama, as well as in Mississippi. History buffs wrote of the history of the old Trace, recounting the fact and folklore associated with it.

The idea of paving the old route is rooted in the mass employment schemes of the New Deal. A journalist suggested the project to Congressman Jeff Busby of Mississippi, who sponsored the appropriate legislation. A survey was made and in 1938, the U.S. Congress created the Natchez Trace Parkway as a part of the National Park System.

Of the 100 miles of the Trace located in Tennessee, a little more than half is completed, according to Parkway officials. Extending from the Alabama state line northward to its junction with Highway 99 east of Hohenwald, Tennessee, the Parkway provides a beautiful scenic route for unhurried excursions. Historical markers are strategically placed, marking the sites of early Tennessee industries such as phosphate mines and iron works. At places along the Parkway, one can view the original trace--then, as now, a deep rut cleared through the dense woods. The Meriwether Lewis National Monument near Hohenwald, part of the National Park System since 1925, has now been incorporated into the Parkway.

"The Parkway itself is surprisingly close to the original trace in most places," remarked Park Ranger W. L. Mayer. "A lot of the Trace remained in use as part of state and county roads," he added.

The remaining 44 miles of the Parkway from Highway 99 to Nashville will be completed as soon as funds are available. Basically, what has slowed down the building is acquiring land for the right-of-way," said Jake Hamilton, Subdistrict Ranger of the Parkway. "When we had money for road construction, the land was not available; now we have much of the land but no construction money," he elaborated.

Eventually, the rest of the Tennessee stretch will be constructed as will the unfinished gaps in Alabama and Mississippi. Once completed, the Natchez Trace Parkway will be a 450-mile scenic route from Nashville to Natchez, commemorating the early inhabitants of this region--both Indian and white.

But what is perhaps the most significant aspect of the Parkway is that here history has not given way to progress. The right-of-way averages 100 acres for each mile of construction. There is, therefore, sufficient land to leave the natural wooded area on either side of the two-lane highway. In addition, advertisements and commercial vehicles are prohibited on the Parkway. Careful planning has preserved the wilderness effect along most of the route.

At some points, parkway-owned land is leased to farmers to raise crops. "Farming was, of course, part of the pioneer scene, and this adds to the overall effect," noted Ranger Mayer.

In an age of high-speed interstate travel, the Natchez Trace Parkway is a surprising route. It proves that progress and conservation can be effectively combined as it bridges the widening gap between past and future. And thus, in Tennessee, the Natchez Trace continues as a part of the dream that began at Yellowstone. ●



Otis Harper had absolutely no intention of ever dying. He exercised every day for two hours and, at the age of seventy-two, was a pretty spry figure around Milledgeville. Along with running Harper's Emporium, he was the Mayor, chairman of the local March of Dimes drive, past president of the Chamber of Commerce, and a three-time-a-week golfer with a twelve handicap.

All in all, Otis Harper was having the time of his life, and any thoughts of death were absurd. Needless to say, it came as very much of an unwelcome surprise when Gabriel appeared to Otis one Tuesday night and told him it was time to go. "Go where?" mumbled a sleepy Otis.

"Mr. Harper, you must go and meet your maker," said the Angel of the Lord, shining in all his glory.

Otis was fully awake when he told the Angel of the Lord to go to hell.

"Mr. Harper, I don't believe you realize who I am and who I represent," said Gabriel.

"I know damn good and well who you are and what you're up to," blasted Otis, "but you're nuts if you think I'm putting up with it! You just go back and tell 'The Maker' that Otis Harper will decide when and where Otis Harper is going and no one else! Now get out of here so I can get some sleep."

A very ruffled Angel left and made full report of the incident to God the next morning.

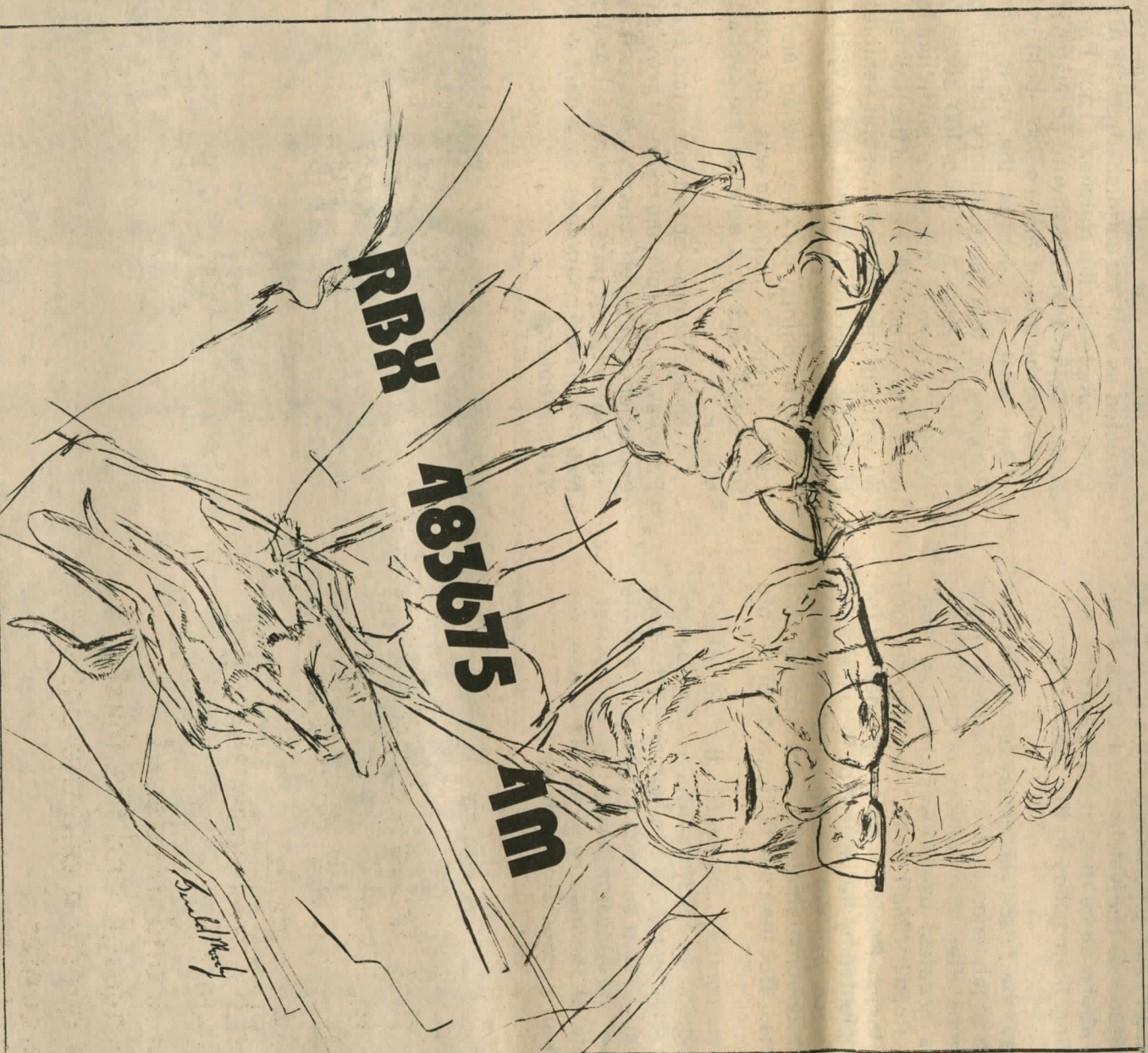
"We've had cases similar to this one before Gabe, you know how to handle it," said God.

So in view of Otis' age, it was decided that an SL-45 would do the trick and Gabriel ordered one from central supply and dispatched it to one Otis George Harper, serial number 483675-4M, Milledgeville, Illinois, United States of America, Earth.

The heart attack struck Otis at the country club and he was rushed to Methodist Hospital in Springfield. Three hours and forty minutes later, Otis was resting comfortably, though still in serious condition, having received two shock treatments, one shot of daminol, three external heart massages, and a routine open heart massage.

Lying there in his private hospital room, Otis Harper was, indeed, very much alive. The next day, Otis felt a hundred percent better and was taken off the serious list and placed on the fair list. The Mayor, however, felt far better than just fair, and appeared at times to be almost gleeful.

One nurse had overheard him snickering to himself and another had heard him shout several obscenities out the window. Otis Harper was not acting like a man who had suffered a massive cardiac arrest only twenty-four hours earlier.



Gabriel dropped in again that night. "Listen, Mr. Harper, we don't want to get pushed into getting rough about this, you understand," said the messenger. "You got lucky yesterday, but don't push it. We've got other, let's say, more thorough ways of handling uncooperatives. Do I make myself clear?"

Otis laughed at the Angel of the Lord and he once again told him to go to hell.

Otis awoke the following morning with a very painful SL-62, known on Earth as a cancerous liver. He was whisked off once again to the operating room where, through the mysteries and marvels of modern medical technology, Otis Harper's diseased organ was replaced by a perfectly good one that used to belong to Mr. Clay Kominski. Mr. Kominski didn't need it any more, having just become Illinois' three-hundred-third traffic fatality of the year.

When Otis awoke later, he shocked his doctors by laughing out loud, almost to a frenzy. It took three tranquilizers to quiet him down for fear of breaking his stitches.

Another meeting was held in the heavens to discuss the Otis Harper situation. Gabriel indicated that the Milledgeville civic leader was an extremely healthy individual for his age and that a more forceful approach was necessary. God agreed with the proposal. Otis Harper would get a CT-16D.

Nothing happened around the hospital for two weeks, and Otis made an excellent recovery from his illnesses, and was told he could go home. A happier man never walked out of

Methodist Hospital than Otis Harper. Reveling in his victories, Otis didn't notice the CT-16D which unceremoniously squashed him into the pavement of MacIntosh Pike. The driver of the Wilt-hauer Cement Company truck was released from all blame.

Standing before Saint Peter at the gate, Otis Harper was read a memorandum from God which had been stapled to the Otis Harper-RBX 483675-4M ledger card. It said: "Mr. Harper:

I find it both gratifying and perplexing that you should attempt to alter my will as you have done -gratifying in the sense that you and those like you have utilized the resources provided to devise the means necessary to correct many physical disorders, thus reducing pain and suffering, and sustaining life, often against my wishes-and perplexing in the sense that same race of human beings who

have created such concepts and methods of humanitarianism and have implemented them in a lifestyle, are still unable to control the machinery and mechanisms of that lifestyle. Your case is a prime example. You fought off a highly com-

a short story by Jim Lynch

plex method of death twice, only to succumb to a very basic instrument indeed, a cement truck. I find the situation rather ironic, but I find that irony prevails very much within your social structure. Its a source of constant amusement."

"Is that all the note says?" asked Otis.

"No," replied the Guardian of the Gate. "There's one more line at the bottom that says, 'In reviewing your ledger card, I am reminded of one of your favorite phrases if I may quote: Mr. Harper, go to hell!'"

And he did. ●



ALL

I am the first and last degree of infinity.
I am the blue veil
That covers me the musty earth.
I am the wind tunes
Strummed by my fingers the trees.
I murder myself
I, murderer and murdered.
I am the mirage and the thirst.
I am the question and the answer.
I am the center,
The Soul of Existence,
I am . . .

NAN ARBUCKLE

WILD FOODS

The weekly trip to the grocery store has almost become a national institution in modern times. As a result, few Americans have any idea of what food really is, where it comes from, and how we get it.

By the time it reaches the store, our food has already been grown, gathered, processed and sometimes prepared. The biologists and processing experts have already done the necessary work to supply us with safe, nutritious foods.

But what was it like before man had these modern conveniences? How did he survive? What can we do to get back to nature?

The answer is not in an organic food store. These foods have been through the same procedure as grocery store stock. The only recourse, therefore, is wild food.

James Powers, naturalist for the National Park Service, recently led an all-day wild food excursion in the Stones River National Battle in Murfreesboro. He emphasized the vital point of "Knowledge and experience in dealing with wild food." Never eat anything unless you are very sure it is safe; it could be poisonous he advised. "Some plants are very similar morphologically, but one is poisonous while the other is not. This is why the beginner should always consult professional, experienced people," explained Powers. "In a life or death situation, however, the general rule is to avoid plants with milky saps, as they are usually poisonous," he continued.

The naturalist pointed out that the type of wild food available depends upon the locale and the season of the year. Although many kinds of these foods exist, not all are available at the same time.

Powers indicated two varieties of foods: survival foods and appetizing ones. "Survival foods are edible and nutritious regardless of taste and cultural norms," he commented. Appetizing foods, too, have nutritive value, but, in addition, they may appeal to one's tastes. The naturalist then provided examples of foods of these types which are found in the Murfreesboro area in the fall.

Among survival foods, cattails are well-known for their versatility. They are common and are found locally in shallow, still water. The entire plant is edible--even the fuzzy cattail itself, although it is rather uncomfortable to chew. The choice part, however, is the inner root. The outer, springy part is removed to reveal the spongy root inside. Having a high starch content, it is an excellent potato substitute.

The fruit, or tuna, of the prickly pear cactus is edible with tiny spines that must be removed, usually by burning. The hull is then dried in the sun after the seeds are removed. Once processed, it may be eaten immediately or saved like dried fruit.

Common and edible, hackberries are a good source of Vitamin C. The berries of the Eastern Red Cedar (or Juniper) are also edible and quite common to this region. Purple and coated with a dusty white, these berries contain vitamin C and are used in flavoring gin.

Wild rose hips are quite desirable as wild food. The hips are the fruit under the rose flower. After the flower falls in the fall, this fruit turns red and resembles a berry. It is not tasty but dry and pulpy. Since three of these rose hips contain more vitamin C than an orange, they were used extensively as a vitamin supplement by the Red Cross during

World War II.

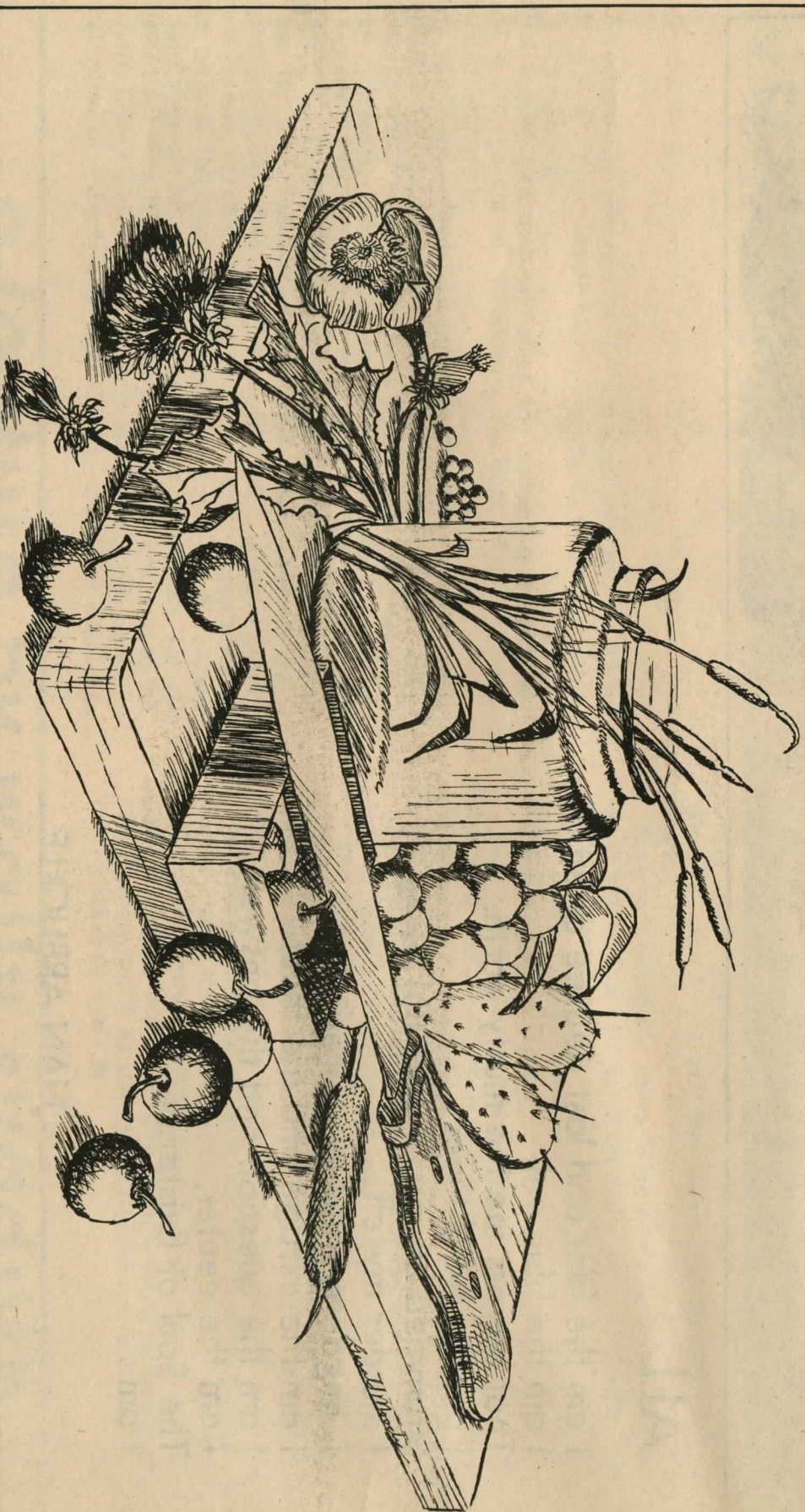
Turning to the more appetizing wild foods, one finds a variety of edible fruits. Wild grapes are both choice and enjoyable. They may be eaten raw, dried, juiced, or made into wine. Summer and opposum grapes are common during the summer, while in fall and winter muscadines are popular. Because of its unique sweet taste, the ripe persimmon is a most sought-after fruit. Wild cherries are tasty, but their seeds are poisonous. Thus, care must be taken to eat only the fleshy, maroon part.

The dandelion is an excellent and versatile survival food. The entire plant is edible. Wine can be made from the flowers. The roots, when dried and roasted until brown, can be ground to make an excellent caffeine-free coffee substitute. The leaves, too, are edible as greens when they are parboiled and flavored with bits of wild onion.

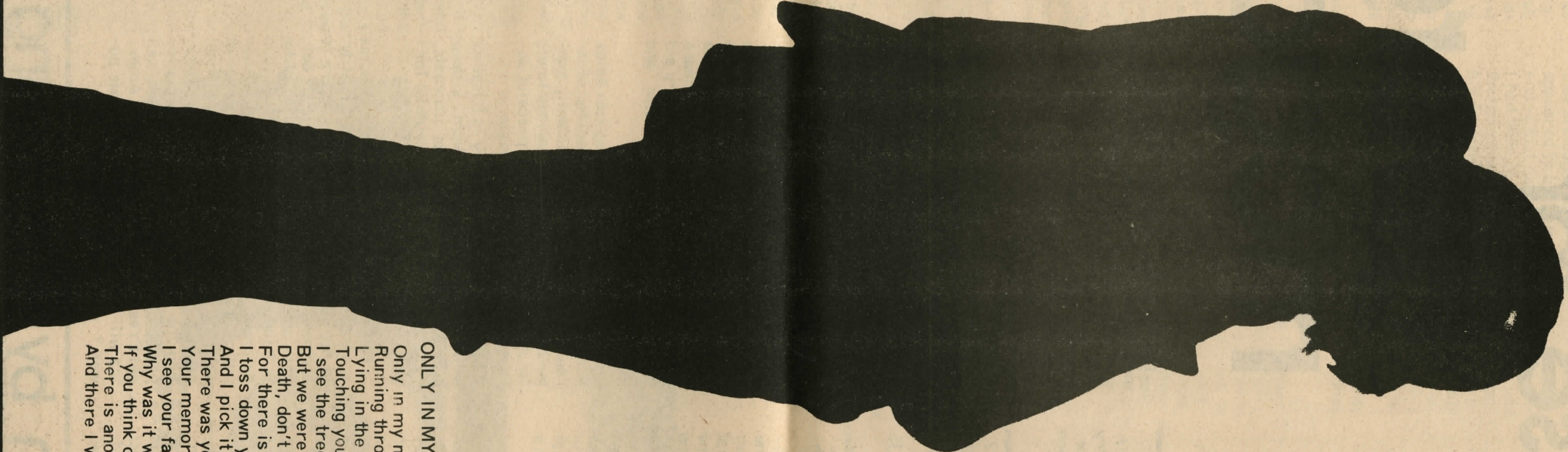
Other greens include young Basswood leaves, which taste similar to lettuce. Poke salad is quite well-known, but it is poisonous if improperly prepared. Only the young leaves are edible, and they must be parboiled. Naturalist Powers warns: "Do not eat any poke salad unless it is picked and prepared by one who knowing the plant." Growing in clean, slow-moving water, watercress can be used in salads or cooked and served like turnip greens. It should be picked before flowering and never from dirty, stagnant water. Sour grass is common and edible, when flavored with a bit of salt.

Sassafras is a popular root, which is boiled in water to make a pungent, medicinal tea. It is a natural laxative and is reputed to thin the blood. Winter is the best time to gather the root, since the sap is then down.

Thus, after a period of technological advancement, people are finally going back to the earth. For them, wild foods provide a return to the simple and natural. Dandelion anyone? ●



● a feature by don merritt



PAPER LOVER
Pitiful seduction this poem,
Work of a cowardly man
Who dare not brave what both desire,
But sends a paperman in his place:
A pitiful, poetic John Alden
Lusting surrogate for Priscilla.
Pathetic the poetic little man.
But could he deliver himself
Fleshly and be taken in?

GEORGE KERRICK

ONLY IN MY MIND WILL I EVER SEE YOU

Only in my mind will I ever see you
Running through our enchanted garden again
Lying in the sun as if it were yours to control
Touching your face as if I were nonexistent
I see the tree where we climbed, you were afraid
But we were that way.
Death, don't be so proud of your image,
For there is love
I toss down your picture for the wind,
And I pick it up
There was you and I and now I am alone
Your memory entangled by the cobwebs of my mind
I see your face in the spoon that I am borrowing
Why was it when it was not?
If you think of me Remember
There is another world somewhere
And there I will kiss you softly.

RICK KAYLOR

the case for

george s. mcgovern

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article was written under the joint authorship of Larry Harrington, Sidelines State Reporter, Don O'Guinn, Bob Hayes and Ramon Sanchez-Vines.

Born in Avon, South Dakota, in 1922, the son of a Methodist minister, George McGovern served as a bomber pilot in World War II. Holder of the Distinguished Flying Cross for Bravery, McGovern was shot down twice during 35 B-24 missions over Europe.

A graduate of Dakota Wesleyan University, the Senator taught there after receiving a Ph.D. in history from Northwestern University in Chicago.

Elected to the House of Representatives in 1957 and 1959, McGovern was the first Democrat sent to Washington from South Dakota since the 1930's. As special advisor to President John Kennedy, he served as the first director of the Food for Peace Program.

McGovern returned to South Dakota in 1962 to run for the U.S. Senate. Fighting an uphill battle in that traditionally Republican state, he won that election by an eyelash, but in 1968 the people of South Dakota returned him to the Senate with a landslide vote.

In Congress McGovern was an early opponent of U.S. involvement in Vietnam and voiced reasonable objections to unnecessary military spending. As chairman of the select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, Senator McGovern has battled hunger and malnutrition in America.

This is obviously not the background of a radical. George McGovern is not a radical--misrepresentation of his proposals by Republican propaganda has implanted this idea in many people's minds. During his campaign he has called on America to "come home" to the basic moral values on which the nation was founded 200 years ago. He has pointed to the betrayal of these values by the present administration and the privileged few.

McGovern's foreign policy can best be made clear in a quote from a recent speech of his dealing with the Vietnam War: "I submit that we can have a far greater impact for peace and freedom in Asia and elsewhere if we depend less on armaments and more on the economic, political and moral sources of our strength."

Contrary to the Republican charges that he is an isolationist, George McGovern is an internationalist of long standing. Since he has been in Congress, McGovern has consistently supported the United Nations and international agreements such as the 1963 Nuclear Test Ban Treaty, the Non-proliferation Treaty, the Seabed Treaty and the ABM Treaty. Senator McGovern has a strong record in support of enlightened internationalism. He was one of the first senators to advocate giving the People's Republic of China a voice in the U.N. and establishing trade relations with her. The attempt is made to label McGovern an isolationist because of his opposition to Nixon's military aid to the dictatorships of Pakistan and Greece.

Current Republican propaganda holds that McGovern is a non-supporter of Israel, however, he has consistently supported all military appropriations to aid Israel, while working for a peaceful solution to the Middle East Crisis.

McGovern's foreign policy is based on sane, thinking internationalism, a deep concern for America's best interests, and strong desire for open, truthful foreign policy.

McGovern's national defense policies are based on common sense and reality. In his proposed military budget there is a strong commitment to continental defense and nuclear deterrents. Although he is a longtime internationalist, McGovern believes that "we need a national defense policy that will protect America against external threats" but one which will not promote internal disintegration by "wasting the resources of our land and people." He has pledged that "So long as I am President of the United States, America will never become a second rate power."

To improve America's defenses, the Senator has voiced opposition to the Nixon Administration policies of buying and maintaining weapons designed to fight the last war better, regardless of today's needs, underwriting the "appalling waste of money and manpower" in the military with our limited resources and maintaining unnecessary military forces. He objects to Nixon's "poker game" theory of arms control, and his reaction to "a world of discredited myths, made up of blocs, puppets and dominoes, instead of confronting the real world of today and the future with its multiple ideologies and interests."

McGovern offers original and refreshing changes to the less than successful Nixon domestic policies. Nixon has yet to offer anything but extensions of his 1968 domestic proposals, most of which were never realized or amazingly vetoed by Nixon himself.

The first area in which Nixon has proved an abysmal failure is education, where federal aid to all public schools has declined 12% while defense spending increased 13%. The saddest part of the story is that this federal aid would have declined farther had not the Congress halved Nixon's recital of campaign promises.

"When we talk about cutting the expense of government--either federal, state or local--the one area we cannot short-change is education." Yet the President vetoed one education appropriations bill and would have killed a second had not the Congress overridden his veto.

In a nation where the national government asks each citizen a \$400 contribution for the military, and a \$12 contribution for elementary and secondary education, and where the government spends \$21,600 to kill a Vietcong soldier and spends \$44 per year to educate each of her primary school children, the need for a reassessment of values is self-evident.

McGovern, realizing the shortcomings of federal aid to education has already proposed: "As president, I would immediately take the \$4 billion we are spending this year to finance the increased bomb-

● forum by the young democrats

the case for richard m. nixon

EDITOR'S NOTE: This article was written under the joint authorship of Phil Cash, President of the College Young Republicans, and Nancy Youree.

House as the President of our great country.

Agnew

Spiro T. Agnew was born in Maryland in November, 1918, and is an attorney by profession. Agnew attended Johns Hopkins University for three years, and then he attended the University of Baltimore where he received a B.L. in 1947. Agnew served in the army for four years (1942-1946), was awarded the Bronze Star, and was discharged a Second Lieutenant.

Agnew has been a supporter of the Republican Party since 1946. It wasn't until 1960 that Agnew made his first bid for public office. He ran for judge of Baltimore County Circuit Court. In 1966, Agnew waged a very bold and aggressive campaign for the Republican gubernatorial nomination, stressing his experience with urban and suburban problems. Agnew easily defeated four nominal primary opponents with an 80,651 vote plurality. (83.5 percent)

In March of 1968 Agnew supported Rockefeller for the Republican nomination. Later in the year, he turned his support to Richard Nixon whom he has backed and worked earnestly with to this day.

THE VIETNAM WAR

The year before President Nixon took office, the federal government was spending 45% on human needs and 32% on defense needs. In Vietnam, President Nixon is bringing American fighting men home in the only way possible if we expect to give the Vietnamese people a chance to choose their own government. As of December 1, 95% of our troops have been withdrawn from Vietnam. Presi-

dent Nixon's means of ending the war includes a comprehensive and fair settlement offer: an internationally supervised ceasefire, return of the American prisoners of war from North Vietnam, and free elections in South Vietnam.

In June, 1972, the President announced that no more draftees would be sent to Vietnam. In August 1972, Nixon said, "the experience of the past three years . . . seems to show that sufficient number of volunteers can be attracted to the armed forces to meet peacetime manpower needs, and that ending all dependence on the draft will be consistent with maintaining the force-level and degree of readiness necessary to meet our vital long-term national security needs." The President also said that by July, 1973 there will be no need for conscription to fill manpower requirements.

THE DRAFT

In October, 1968, Richard Nixon said, "I say it's time we took a new look at the draft--at the question of permanent conscription in a free society. If we find we can reasonably meet our peacetime manpower needs by other means--then we should prepare for the day when the draft can be phased out of American life."

In March, 1969, the Gates Commission was set up. The commission's purpose was to develop a comprehensive plan for eliminating conscription and moving toward an all-volunteer force. Also in 1969 the President signed into law a bill which reduced the period of draft vulnerability from seven years to one year--the latter being the calendar year following a young man's nineteenth birthday. In April, 1970, the President issued an executive order phasing out occupational and paternity deferments thereby further reducing the inequities of the draft system.

BACKGROUNDS

This election year, the Presidential campaign means more to young and older Americans than any other campaign in our time. Now more than ever should Americans go to the polls and cast their vote for Richard M. Nixon and Spiro T. Agnew. However, this vote is not asked for blindly. There are reasons young voters should cast their vote for the President. Take a look at the backgrounds of Richard Nixon and Spiro Agnew.

Richard M. Nixon was born January 9, 1913, in Yorba Linda, California. He received his A.B. degree from Whittier college in California and his L.L.B. degree from Duke University Law School. Nixon served in the Navy from 1942-1946, and was discharged as a Lieutenant Commander.

Nixon practiced law for several years before running for Congress in 1946. He ran on the Republican ticket and won by 16,000 votes. In the House he was named to the Education and Labor Committee, the Un-American Activities Committee and subsequently to a select Committee on Foreign Aid. In 1950 Nixon was elected to the Senate over Republican Helen Douglas by a margin of nearly 700,000 votes. In 1952 Nixon was chosen by Eisenhower to be the Vice-Presidential nominee and was chosen again in 1956. In 1960 Richard Nixon became the Republican nominee for President and was defeated by the smallest popular vote in history by John F. Kennedy. Then in 1968 the people put Nixon in the White

● forum by the young republicans

ardment of Indochina, and use it to more than double the current federal assistance to elementary and secondary education. "As President I will ask Congress for authority to create a separate cabinet-level department of education, run by educators. Teachers may not have all the answers but it is high time we started to ask them the questions! If America educates less well than it should, it is in part because the man who should be the nation's leading educator has abdicated the role."

Nixon's role in the "reform" of the welfare system is also a classic study in futility, myths, and broken promises.

The present administration seeks to give the impression that all that can be done has been done for those who can less than they should.

The second and most contemptible myth of the Republican administration is that people are poor because they are lazy. In an administration in which unemployment

tary might have weakened our society's cultural and moral structure. He maintains that business will do better in the long run under a fair tax structure instead of one that relies on loop-holes for investment incentives.

McGovern's advocacy of a 4% unemployment rate incorporates both humanistic attitudes and sound fiscal policy. He insists that today's unemployment rates fail to account for millions of hidden unemployed, the discouraged drop-outs from the labor force who will seek employment as the economy strengthens; part-time workers who want full time work; and skilled laborers and professionals forced to accept jobs well below their potentials. McGovern also maintains that more youths and women entering the labor force must be accommodated in order to reduce our Welfare rolls.

A humanistic approach is evident in

It will simply insure that they will not dump their tax load onto the backs of already hard-pressed middle income taxpayers. Such a minimum income tax will bring additional revenues of approximately six billion dollars during the fiscal year 1973."

All McGovern economic programs will be paid for by new revenue and by military budget cuts. No American whose income comes from wages and salary will pay one penny more than he does now. Who would pay more? Corporations and individuals who are today exempted from paying their fair share by unjustified tax loopholes.

McGovern believes we must raise federal funds in a fair and equitable way. And we must cut the weight from the federal budget in a prudent and efficient way. We must exercise the fiscal responsibility of explaining how we will finance every single program we propose.



"No political party can serve two masters -- the people and the privileged. I choose the people."

Senator George McGovern

has doubled and the President's welfare reform bill creates 400,000 job training slots but only offers 200,000 jobs for welfare recipients, it is any wonder that welfare roles swell, job opportunities fade and unemployment continues to rise? Finally Nixon wishes the voters to believe that the poor prefer a welfare check to a paycheck. Like the first two welfare myths, this one also has no factual grounding.

McGovern has promised, "We can assure in the future that the man who works will always have more money than the man who does not. And the government is going to guarantee employment at decent wages. There is enough important work to do in this country. Everyone should have the chance to work. I'll give it to them."

This political year could well be the year of economic priorities. The war is now a minor issue, wheat deals don't phase us, and wiretappings seem to be in style. From an obscure recognition as an unknown South Dakota Senator, McGovern has emerged as a candidate dedicated to the realigning of national budgeting priorities.

His position holds that employment levels should be at 4% instead of the prevailing notion that full employment is at the 5% unemployment level. McGovern also holds that our obsession with mili-

that McGovern advocates the creation of useful public service jobs for heads of households who would otherwise not earn enough to stay off welfare. This opposes the present view that 5% unemployment is satisfactory, and that any lower rate would set off a round of excess-demand inflation.

On the question of tax reform McGovern has been expertly played up as an opponent of business interests. Why? Is it wrong to advocate fairness and equality in the tax system? In 1969 some 21,317 people earning more than \$20,000 annually paid no federal taxes at all. That includes 56 people with incomes in a single year of one million dollars or more.

In a recent speech, McGovern said, "I propose a minimum income tax, so that the rich can not avoid their share of the tax burden no matter what loopholes they use. In January, I suggested that for persons with total incomes in excess of \$50,000 per annum, taxes should be levied at a rate of 75% of the current nominal rate that they would have if there were no loopholes. All income regardless of source will be included. This basic tax reform will not simply insure that they will not dump their tax load onto the backs of already pressed middle-income taxpayers. This basic tax reform will not penalize the wealthy just because they are well off.

So what he offers is not a set of vague promises, but a specific plan for a balanced full-employment economy.

By cutting military waste and securing an equitable tax system and by phasing in an effective, not a fictional, maximum tax rate of 48% on both earned and unearned income during the next three years, we can both supply badly needed property tax relief and produce approximately \$15 billion for quality education.

"Meanwhile, an additional seventeen billion dollars can be raised during the same period by returning the corporation income tax to the 1960 level by the elimination of the special loopholes that have been opened since then, over two-thirds created during the Nixon administration. The rejection of prudent tax justice now means radical tax changes forced upon us later."

Moreover, as President, McGovern would inaugurate a system of national income insurance to replace the present welfare mess in which this country finds itself.

McGovern has said, it is time to recall that the promise of America was not a pledge to the privileged, but a covenant with all the people of this country. Let us keep that covenant now. ●

The most direct evidence of progress toward ending reliance on the draft is, of course, the sharp decline in draft calls which has occurred during the years calls which has occurred during the years of this administration. Draft calls have been recuded from 299,000 in 1968, to 50,000 in 1972--1/6 of the previous level.

THE ECONOMY

It is now a little more than a year since President Nixon inaugurated his activist economic policy. Prosperity without the

a salary increase means an increase in spending power--a real gain in the standard of living.

The record employment gains in the last year are also an important economic achievement of this Administration. The number of civilian-employed persons has increased dramatically in the last year to an all-time high of 82 million seasonally adjusted--or 2.5 million more than a year ago. This is a significant figure, for it is 200,000 more than the 2.3 million increase in the labor force. Thus the economy is expanding fast enough to take care of not only those temporarily unemployed, but also of those who are entering the labor force in record numbers--especially young people, women and Vietnam veterans. The

"The destiny of this nation is not divided between yours and ours. It is one destiny. We share it together. We are responsible for it together. And in the way we respond, history will judge us together."

Richard M. Nixon

University of Nebraska

January 1971



stimulus of wartime spending or erosion of inflation were the goals.

As early as the first of this year, economists predicted the beginning of a boom, and the statistics now bear them out.

The most pervasive problem with the economy--which was affecting everyone when the President took office--was inflation. At the beginning of his term in 1969, inflation was running at a rate of 6.1% and still rising due to the previous eight years of Democratic government spending. Since August last year, that rate has been cut in half.

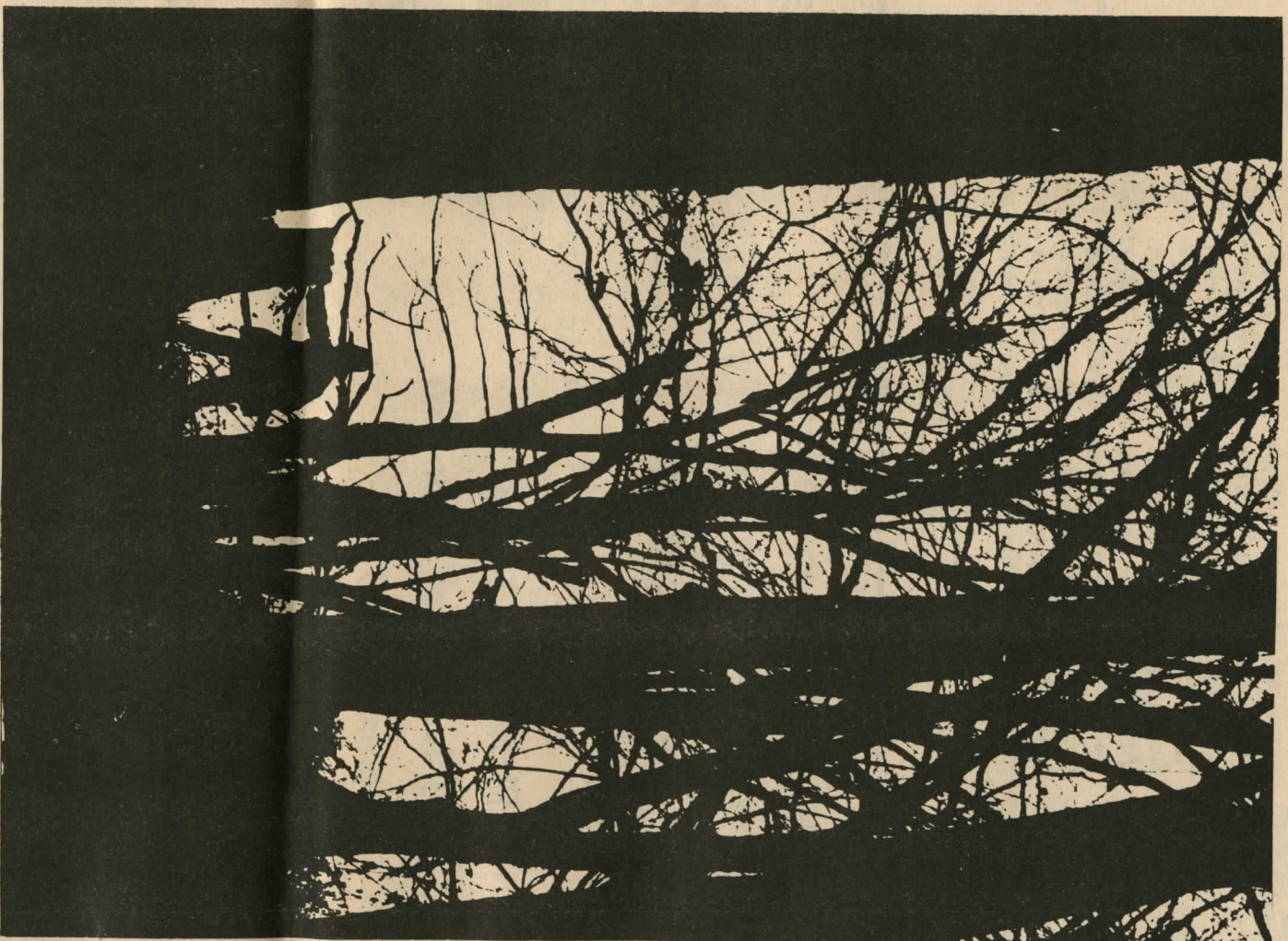
On another front: During those eight Democratic years, the increase in "real" income--after inflation and taxes are taken into account--rose only 1% annually, and remained unchanged--stagnant--between 1966 and 1970. In contrast, since the President's new economic policy began in August 1971 the annual rate of increase of real income has been 3.8%.

That means that for nearly five years any raise in a worker's salary was eaten up by inflation. Today, as a result of new leadership in an expanding economy,

unemployment statistics reflect this strength in the economy. From the 6% rate that persisted during last the rate of unemployment has dropped to 5.6% (in August) and promises to continue its decline.

Under President Nixon the war-based economy of the '60s is being transformed into peacetime prosperity for all Americans. Continued prudent management of the nation's economic affairs promises to solidify the gains made in the first Nixon Administration.

Our country needs a man who uses every means possible to make America stronger and bring its people together. This is what Nixon has and is trying his best to do. Consider the facts and the issues--and see if Nixon isn't the man for 72! ●



Part of a Poem from Part of a Person

... and all my pretty quilts
won't keep me warm tonight ...

for even the trees, in winter
have the earth for a lover -
(and shells are safe inside the rolling ocean)

LORIEN SWIFT