

SPRING

1955



the ECHO

about the cover

THIS BEING the spring issue of the *Echo* we have chosen for our cover design one which we believe is in a very real sense suggestive of this season of the year on the college campus. More than any other time in the year springtime is the time for music, and it is just this that our cover design attempts to suggest.

MANY THINGS suggest spring. There is the new-blown jonquil, the new-born calf, and the freshly plowed earth of the fields—all traditional nature-symbols of springtime. Then there is the old tradition about "a young man's fancy."

BUT PERHAPS nothing reflects the fresh, rejuvenating exuberance of spring quite so well as the music of our time. Hence the "cool jazz players" on the cover of the spring *Echo*. Furman students are no exception to the rest of the nation's youth as far as music appreciation goes. Whether from the bandstand of a hotel ballroom, from the juke box in the canteen, or through the grill of a car radio the same music reaches out to stir the souls of our youth.

the echo

literary publication of furman university

spring, 1955

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an editorial

Perhaps our readers have been more perceptive than have we the editors, but it is only with this last issue that we ourselves are able to clearly discern and understand all the trends and facets of our editorial policy. Only in closing do we really understand what we have been seeking—and are still seeking in this issue—to do. With the realization of this we admittedly entertained the fond though futile wish of every retiring editor—that his editorial lifespan might somehow be extended for just a few more issues. But alas, that is not to be and we must now content ourselves with the hope that some of our editorial policy will prove worthy of becoming a part of the permanent policy of the *Echo*.

Embedded in our fall editorial lay the key word of our editorial policy — social consciousness. At that time we expressed our disappointment that there appeared so little “social consciousness”, together with a wish that considerably more would appear in future issues. In this issue that wish has been realized.

But what is social consciousness? It is the awareness of the vital and prevailing trends and movements here on the campus, in the government, in the Nation, and in the World at large. The socially conscious writer must be in active and close contact with the everyday life of his campus, region and nation if his writings are to reflect life there accurately and realistically. The best examples of socially conscious writing in this issue are, of course, the lead story, the book review, the essay on integration, the satire on television and others.

What we have been attempting to get away from in the *Echo* this year has been the extremes of romantic-escapist literature that are today so prevalent. All too much contemporary poetry conveys to the reader either gloom-and-doom futility or love-and-lilacs sentimentality. We have tried to seek out realistic and down-to-earth poetry as far as possible; however, the vast quantity of the above mentioned extremes that was submitted to us demanded the inclusion of a representative portion of that type.

We fully realize that by calling for writers who are “socially conscious” we run the risk of being labelled propagandists or moralists. By urging more social consciousness we may appear to be in direct opposition to the art for art’s sake school of literature, but that is not at all the case. We do not discourage this school altogether, but merely encourage the addition of socially conscious writing to the literary sum-total. Domination by either school of literature would be unthinkable.

At the first of the year it was certainly not a rigid and deliberate policy of the staff to illustrate entirely with art drawings, but that is what has resulted in actual practice. We now feel such a policy entirely justified in view of the many favorable comments received from the student body. The most obvious case for art drawings as opposed to photographic illustrations rests on the fact that art drawings in the *Echo* provide greater student participation and self expression. However, the main case for art illustration in the *Echo* rests in the degree of unity among the arts that it affords. We believe that there is a definite need for closer integration of literature and art in the *Echo*, and this need is best served by the exclusive use of art illustrations.

At the recent South Carolina Collegiate Press Association meeting at the state capital we were rather relieved to discover how closely our problems and criticism concur with those of other editorial staffs around the state. Contemporary literature as expressed at Furman is neither better nor worse than that at other schools. Everywhere there is all too little creative writing and everywhere there is too much conformity and romanticism. However, there is one problem that we here at Furman fortunately know very little of, and that is a rigid system of administration censorship. Throughout the year we of the *Echo* staff have enjoyed the greatest freedom of expression, and we trust that this liberty will expand and increase through the coming years.

THE EDITORS



the ice cream christ

evelyn cleveland

Glenda walked up the rickety steps to the house slowly, carefully avoiding the rusty nail in the second step. She sat down on the porch chair after removing the grimy pillow and looked down at her blouse, two sizes too big and faded to a sickly yellowish color. In her mind she could see the crisp, starched, well-fitting dresses of the girls back at the Bible School.

She only half-heard her mother's whining voice from somewhere inside, calling her.

"She's drunk again," Glenda thought dully, remembering the scene earlier that morning as she and Sue and Donald and the others sat under the trees outside the Nutrition Clinic presumably listening to a Bible Story.

The sound of cursing and yelling had interrupted the story, but that sort of thing was common in this neighborhood; it was only when the police car had bumped by on the dirt road and stopped around the bend that she had jumped from her chair.

She had run down the road, stopped and stared at her mother. One of the sores on her leg had been broken open, and dried blood had already caked on it. Mrs. Norsworthy was accusing little Gary Clayton of throwing a rock at her, and Gary's mother was not to be outdone.

Glenda's brother, John Dee, was right in the middle of it all. Gary said John Dee had thrown rocks at him first, and that he had meant to hit John Dee, not Mrs. Norsworthy.

Glenda's mother was wailing and moaning—trying to cry a little for the benefit of the policemen who were doing their best to quiet the two screaming women and write down a report.

"Jis' sen' for the Bible School lady—she seen him throw it, I tell ya," Mrs. Norsworthy shrieked. "Look what he done to my leg, and me had enough off without havin' to go git medicin' for this. Shut up, Gary, you little son-of-a-gun, you ought to be thrown in jail for this. Maybe if you rot in jail awhile, you'll lam to mind your betters." And Glenda's mother had slapped Gary across the arm, in return for which Mrs. Clayton jerked her child away and slapped Mrs. Norsworthy.

Now the policemen had to separate the two women. By this time the "Bible School Lady" had come around the bend, and she told the officers that she had seen none of it. The policemen had taken the names of all those involved, had promised to refer the matter to the juvenile authorities, and had sent the women home.

The rest of the day at Bible School the girls had told them to be kind to each other and to "love your neighbor." The boys and girls had squirmed and wiggled until 12:00 and time to go.

"A lot those stinking girls know about it," Glenda had thought. "I wonder if all this is worth the cup of half-melted ice cream they dish out to us."

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do you care?

*Do you care
that deep inside me there is
a love for you that will not
let me love someone else?*

*Do you care
that even though we may never
meet again, I'll see you in
every smiling face and every
dewy rose?*

*Do you really care
that I love you with a love
that keeps on loving even
though it is repaid with silence?*

—BOB COLEY

because

*Because I love you
There is pain,
But there is understanding
And understanding gives consolation.*

*Understanding does not kill pain,
It only defuses the blow
And causes it to engulf the brain
As well as the heart.*

*Because I love you,
I will let you go.
I have no other choice.*

—MITCHELL CARNELL

from "intus" by sully prudhomme

*Deux voix s'elevent tour a tour
Des profondeurs troubles de l'ame:
La raison blaspheme, et l'amour
Reve un dieu juste et le proclame.*

*Two voices — reason, love —
By turns arise above
The troubled psychic deep;
Love dreams of God in sleep,
A god completely just,
Whom he proclaims august.*

—FRANCES THOMPSON

a dewey butterfly

*You had promised to come
I fell asleep in the garden
 waiting
I was awakened by a silken touch
I knew you had come.
I smiled
But only the sun
Returned my warmth.
A dewey butterfly flew from my ear
 into my hand.*

loneliness walked with me

*Loneliness walked with me
We walked in silence
Never looking at each other.
We walked through the graveyard
Pausing at each cross.
He nodded and we passed on
We stood under your window
Until the sun came up.*

patricia williams

naissance

*It is for you that I stand here
Holding life in my hand
Not hearing your bold little voice
Nor seeing the youth in your light hair
Nor the stress in your blinking eyes.
I do not detect the fear in your breathing
I feel only your pulse beat
The pulse of life.
I clinch you
Hold you close
So close
For only an instant
And hurl you into the night.
I hear your call
And your scream
and run.*

invitation to a dream

*Come dream a dream with me
Just we two together
Dreaming all night long
A dream of love
O come dream with me.*

*When, oh when, is dreamtime
Springtime, where oh when?
A couch on the earth's crusty surface
And a pillow of shapeless stone
Come dream with me.*

*Springtime is the time for dreaming
The beautiful springtime
All fresh and free
In the balmy air of night
O come dream with me.*

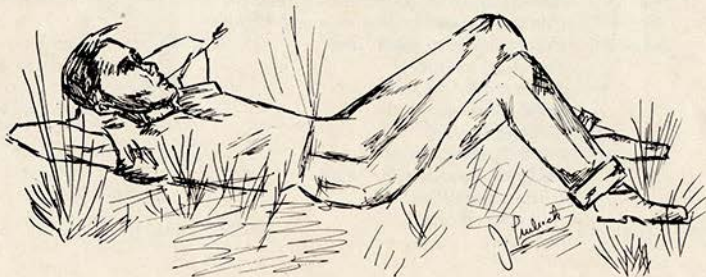
conviviality

*I'm free
I'm happy as can be
There's nothing 'bout the world
That bothers me
Nothing, except the world and me.*

*Why should I fret
Why should I care
I have but an hour, maybe
To linger here
An hour or two, maybe.*

*Then let the world go singing along
I'll sing, too, my little song
An hour or two, maybe
With nothing to bother me
Nothing, except the world and me.*

clyde jones



no way back

joan lipscomb

Two years ago, college debaters all over America were studying the question: "Resolved that the National Congress of the United States should pass a program of FEPC." This interest on the part of students in the racial problem is a reminder of the dominance to which the question of race relations in the south has risen.

Needless to say, the National Congress did not pass any F.E.P.C. legislation. The reason as in the case of any proposed anti-discriminatory legislation is the filibustering southerners. It remained for the judicial branch of the National Government to set forth a plan of action to resolve this dilemma which has been with the south since the day the first slave ship docked in Jamestown.

The decision of the U. S. Supreme Court handed down last fall, stating that segregation in the public schools is unconstitutional, was the culmination of more than a century of legal attack on segregation in the public schools of the United States. The first contender was a negro girl in Boston, who brought suit because she had been barred from a white school under a local ordinance providing for separate education of the races. Chief Justice Shaw, of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, held that segregation of the races did not in itself constitute discrimination, but schools for both races must be equal.

This viewpoint was also held by the U. S. Supreme Court, and so the situation rocked along for a century. Under the old separate but equal doctrine, this was the legal status of segregation in the public schools:

Segregation required in 17 states and D. C.
Segregation permitted in varying degrees — 4 states.

Segregation prohibited — 16 states.

No specific legislation on segregation — 11 states.

With this portentous decision upon them, many leaders in the southern states, whether from personal conviction, or for political reasons, issued statements to the effect that they were "shocked" at the action taken by the Supreme Court and that integration, if feasible at all, must be brought about by a gradual process. Herman Talmadge

of Georgia said that he would not be responsible for what happened in Georgia if such action were enforced.

Perhaps the most drastic reaction was that of the South Carolina General Assembly, which struck from the code of law in South Carolina any reference to compulsory attendance in the state public schools. If the attitude displayed by these prominent southerners is truly representative of the attitude of their constituents, Talmadge may have been correct in his prediction of disaster in the event that compulsory integration of public schools in Georgia were enforced.

A more careful study of the situation, however, shows that this is not the case. Actually many well-known educators and sociologists believe that integration of public schools will be a step forward in both education and race relations. Lillian Smith, in the *New York Times Book Review* of February 5, 1950 (before the Supreme Court decision) said:

"Since the Supreme Court ruled in 1950 that the University of Texas must admit negro applicants to its Law School and that the University of Oklahoma may not require its negro students to be separated from white students in the classrooms, more than 2,000 negro students have been enrolled in what once were all-white Southern colleges and universities. The next wall to be cracked is that of segregation in the elementary and secondary schools. Cases have already been carried to the Supreme Court, from South Carolina, for example, as the Supreme Court rules on the succession of cases that will be submitted to it during the next few years, the people of the South, white and negro, will have their attitudes and their loyalties to freedom and democracy tested as never before. The correction of such inequities as exist in Delaware, Maryland, and other northern states, will help the South to meet this test."

Another indication that racial integration of public schools may be successful, is the fact that already, many southern colleges and graduate schools number negroes among their students.

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Sarah Patton Boyle, a faculty wife at the University of Virginia, in her article "Southerners Will Like Integration," which appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post*, February 19, 1955, tells of the admission of George Swanson, a negro law student, to the university law school. Swanson was not the first negro to apply, but he was the first to bring suit against the state for admission.

She tells of her experience as she circulated a questionnaire among the people of Charlottesville, in an effort to learn their true feelings concerning the acceptance of negro students into the University of Virginia. She concludes that most people, when they see the situation in its true light, favor integration. She states further, that each white person questioned, feels that he is an isolated star of democracy and tolerance in the midst of a sea of prejudice.

Mrs. Boyle points out that none of the dire predictions of chaos came true, and that the "floods" of letters of protest which were rumored to have descended upon the administration, were in actuality, only one or two. She believes integration in the University of Virginia graduate school to be successful, and believes that southerners will like integration, once they understand its true significance.

Another favorable aspect to the question of whether or not integration in the schools will be accepted in the South is the fact that many students themselves favor integration. In a recent collegiate press association survey, the majority of college students polled said that they "would not mind going to school with negroes."

Many inter-collegiate groups and associations invited delegates from negro schools to convene with them, thus recognizing the basic equality of the negro students. Negro delegates were present at the 1955 state Baptist Student Union Convention in South Carolina, and took an active part in the convention. Their presence was accepted with a most democratic attitude. Negro colleges were represented in the regional convention of the National Student Association, which included student government officials from the Carolinas and Virginia. One of the Furman delegates has this statement to make concerning the situation:

"The spirit of the group was wonderful, democracy prevailed, and negro students were elected to top positions in the regional group."

Sociologists point out that children are born without prejudice, and that prejudice, if acquired,

is learned from parents and other associates. From the cases and incidents, such as the ones pointed out above, it appears that when adolescents become mature enough to make their own decisions about racial conflicts, they take an un-biased attitude.

Does it not follow that the intermediate group, the adolescent students in the secondary schools, which will be most affected by the Supreme Court ruling, will be willing to accept integration, if the proper attitude of democracy is fostered in the home, in social groups, in the Church, and in the classroom? The solution to the situation, then must of necessity be one of building unprejudiced attitudes in both adolescents and their parents.

That the action has been taken is a fact which all the emotionalism of southern politicians cannot alter with all their oratorical eloquence. It is up to the leaders of the day to lead the way, not backward, by adding to already existing prejudice, but forward by promoting a program of adjustment to the situation as it stands. There is simply no way back to the way things once were.

sounds from the ivory lab

*Emulsion, titration,
And neutralization.
Colloidal dispersion,
Electrode immersion.
The drug tyrothricin
And aureomycin
Boron, palladium,
Ruthenium, radium,
Cerium, cesium,
Xenon, magnesium,
Iron, iridium,
Radon, rubidium,
Acetylene, methyl,
And lead tetraethyl.*

—FRANCES THOMPSON

great walls

Once it mattered so very much, we thought.
Oh, we talked and believed and even fought!
Yet came nothing but fat faces and high walls
to climb.

We could not reach the other side to see green
trees and cities sublime,
Or quiet or security or truth.
We tried, truly we did, yet never escaped the
prison of youth.

Once it mattered so very much.
I wonder when.
Oh, long ago.
For now there are no walls to climb,
No battles to win.
When we looked back — for only a moment—
The walls collapsed.
We never learned where they went.

Here is no quiet, no green trees,
Only darkness and wind that make us shiver,
And no more walls,
Only before us, a wide black river.

frances thomas

empty room

The flowers are stripes,
The lights are shadows,
The heat is cold,
The music, words
That ache in the ear—
Tonight I feel as old
As stars in a daylight sky,
Present but unseen, unloved.

voices from "a fable"

The rumble of silent sobs from a weary mob;
Staccato shouts and toneless words from military
men;
Numb and prayerful pleas from hopeless women;
Mocking, laughing cries from cripples and the
blind;
Infants safe in their silence;
Accents, drawled or clipped or glided from all
races;
These the voices of man cry to a Prince promising
My Peace I bring unto you.

variables

*The ape curses man with a split tongue
Dripping blood into a clay bowl. Man
Is his own motive. And mutilated martyrs
Sleep under many inches of silent mold
While the minds of men decay with one
Long screaming spasm of sound.*

death

*One afternoon I sat upon the beach and watched an example of
Symmetrical perfection with long auburn locks step from a sand
Sprinkled blanket and look at me as if to say, "why are you here?"
"Why are we all here?" The wind was hot and smelling of putrifying
Flesh when they pulled her up to the beach the next day. Her skin
Was a dull powder blue, and crab claw gashes on her puffed hands
Hindered the removal of a slender yellow band containing a dull
Translucent stone. I heard a man in the gathering crowd scream,
But then the sun resumed its heated beams and I rolled over to
Get a tan. The water lapped hungrily at the shore.*

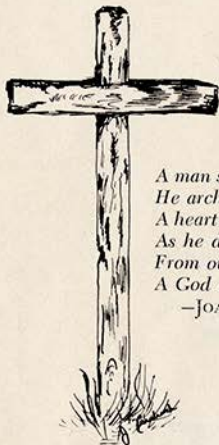
religion

*I have looked at rainbows that reflect from dirty oil on rain
Pelted pavement, and wet brown streaks on white painted fences;
Listened to the flutter of pigeons circling to land in a gutter,
But all I could do was mutter that I had better hurry home. I
Was late again. "Scream," they said. I screamed. "Shake all
Over," they said. I shook. But I was only a rover of the streets;
Had never slept between clean sheets, so I became a sinner, and
Though I was just a beginner I did quite well.*

j. frazer lyons

life

*Looking down on the surface of a moonlit lake I can see each tiny
Ripple hunch its back as if attempting to escape the chilliness
Of the wind. Along the shore, brown-white sands shrink away from
The lapping water line, and far away a lonely meadowlark chirps
To its young as if to say, "All is well. All is well." The
Night is filled with pine wood smells and memories that trace
Their patterns afresh across my mind. The moon raises its old
White head still higher in the sky. Oh, how could I begin to tell
The world about my needs; the raging passions of my inner mind.
Must I stand in shattered doorways with a pious look upon my face;
Sit stiff and unseeing at dinnertables, and indulge in salty
Conversations with the second estate, or should I cry out and force
The world to whirl and look at me, and lift me to the peak of
Progressiveness on a worn-out trouser knee. Perhaps I should keep
My seat and never move my grey-grim features. The meadow lark is
Fast asleep and only the trees and I are still awake to stare at
The chalk-white moon. Intermittently I hear leaves overhead
Whispering softly to each other and I wonder if I am the subject
Of their conversations. And the sand, the brown-white sand, it
Sleeps so peacefully, but I know that tomorrow I must go into
The town and watch my children fighting for orange peels that lay
In filthy mud filled gutters.*



ave

*A man stood on a hill.
He arched his hands.
A heart of flame burst
As he dived into the tarn.
From out the other side,
A God arose.*

—JOAN LIPSCOMB

twenty-four hours

*Twenty four hours—
One thousand four hundred and forty minutes
And all of them squandered
As funeral flowers.
A word here, a wink there
And Night is here again.
I must greet her empty handed
With an idle mind
Even more decayed than the night before.*

—MITCHELL CARNELL

homo sapiens

*Supposedly a noun
Most often a pronoun,
But inevitably a conjunction.
Sometimes a verb
Rarely an interjection
of a sentence
of a paragraph
of a chapter
of a book.*

K.A.S.

thesis 96

*Am I a rhapsodist to watch the sky,
Smell odors of pine needles and
Damp earth? But the forest is only
A product of my mind. Infinity
Is near.*

*A tree is not just a tree; faith not faith
Alone. One man may conceive
Differently than his neighbor. Fear
Not, one day we shall know—
The truth.*

—MALCOLM SLIFKIN

perversion of the baptist heritage

(book review and personal commentary)

charles king

Charles Prince was not a good preacher. He had developed a theatrical manner, of course, and could therefore demonstrate great ability in using an illustration and even greater skill in giving an invitation. But he was not a good preacher.

His friends knew that in spite of his large library his only reading consisted of denominational literature and sermon books. Each Saturday night he hurriedly jotted down a few notes from the sermon books to aid in faking his morning and evening sermons the next day. Just once, when he accepted an invitation to write a year's Sunday-school lessons for the Board, did Charles present his shallow intellect for all the world to see. Needless to say, he never again put anything in print.

Yet Charles Prince, Ph.D., was pastor of the largest church in Mammonville, a city of more than 300,000 population. At forty-two he died unexpectedly, one of the most respected men in his denomination. A friend from seminary days began to wonder, while reading the eulogistic tributes in all the denominational papers, what exactly was the secret of Charles' amazing success. How was he able to completely captivate all who knew him and get to the top so quickly?

The answer came unexpectedly when the friend received from Charles' widow the young minister's large library—a gift which her husband had requested. Among the many untouched and unread volumes the new owner found a well-worn letter file containing twenty-six letters. They were written to Charles from Professor Astute, a former instructor in dead languages at the seminary. Astute had learned from experience how to be a successful minister, for he had known three failures in three different pastorates before finding haven at the seminary. The professor looked upon Charles as his "boy, a Paul and Timothy relation," and through his letters the old man shrewdly planned and carefully directed Charles' personal, social and parish activities.

Dear Charles is the volume published recently by Macmillan, which contains these remarkable letters from Professor Astute. The actual author of the letters, which the book-jacket calls "frankly fictional," is Wesley Shrader, a minister himself.

Astute's advice to Charles may perhaps sound, as the old man himself admitted, "silly, insignificant and trivial." But according to Astute these "are the very points that the seminary training overlooks, and they are the ones you will find most helpful." The professor sees the seminary routine as completely useless; homiletics, public speaking and church efficiency are "impractical—if a man took such nonsense seriously he would wind up preaching for life in a little place in the backwoods."

The suggestions which followed were brief, convincing and practical: Choose ties not too loud and not too reserved; memorize every name on your church roll; though profanity and slang are not components of "a good minister's vocabulary," certain members like to hear the pastor use "damn" and "hell" in the pulpit from time to time, just to know he's "human." In "our region" Negro stories go well in most groups; "be careful of this with college students, however." Wear tailor-made clothes. "Everybody ought to take a bath once a day, including preachers." Let it be known that you are writing a book "just to create an impression." A doctor's degree will open countless doors, particularly among school people, who are "degree-conscious to a pitiable state." Your secretary should not be under fifty, preferably as unattractive as possible. Determine the feeling of the community toward a minister's playing golf or bridge—it is always unwise to smoke.

"With delinquency rising every year," declares Astute, "dancing among the young people must be condemned more forcefully than ever. Frequently you will find a youngster who will want to argue with you about dancing. He may say that there can't be much harm in it because he enjoys dancing with his mother or even his sister . . . but you and I know what an eighteen-year-old boy is thinking about when he has in his arms a semi-clothed voluptuous creature of his own age . . . when the two warm bodies are brought together in a rhythmic embrace."

Selling insurance and selling religion work in the same way, according to the professor. "What

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works with one will work with the other." Both have a product to be marketed and customers to be sold. For this reason there is no such thing as "worship and evangelism;" it is "worship or evangelism." The denomination's future and your success depend upon evangelism, so remember: when the "worship bug" bites you "your evangelistic ministry is ended." Astute's seven steps toward killing evangelism are: (1) a heavy carpet on the floor — quietness does not induce evangelism; (2) having musical interludes in the order of service; (3) wrong choice of hymns — never "Where Cross the Crowded Ways" or "A Loftier Race There'll Be," but such atmospheric hymns as "Stepping in the Light"; "Beulah Land," and "Throw Out the Life-Line"; (4) the introduction of responsive readings; (5) a robed choir; (6) calling the auditorium "sanctuary" and putting the pulpit stand on the side of the chancel rather than in the center; the preacher must be the center of the service; (7) under the pulpit gown.

"It is only east of the Mississippi where more than 150 additions are considered phenomenal," states Astute. "West of the Mississippi, as is your case, anything less than 250 additions is considered mediocre."

Don't mix politics and religion—it's as dangerous as mixing alcohol and driving a car. Avoid "screwball preachers who try to solve the race problem — a thousand years from now things may be slightly better."

But then Astute comes to the real message of his letters: propagation of the denomination. "Charles, you and I are a part of a great denomination. It is bigger and more important than either of us . . . the denomination is always right . . . it is first, above and beyond anything in the entire universe . . . we have a growing number of younger men whom I call 'ecumeniacs' . . . who attempt to make differences appear identical, and this cannot be done . . . There is only one Truth, with a capital T — our denomination has that Truth. For example, take Presbyterians who baptize babies, and Methodists, who not only sprinkle infants but violate the Scriptures at every turn, especially in the manner in which they place their pastors. Both these (and all other denominations) are wrong. Can there possibly be any compromise with error."

To Astute the Federal Council of Churches is "the literal incarnation of Satan. We are out not only to conquer the South and the Nation but the whole world . . . in the name of the denomination. How can we achieve our sole objective if we get mixed up in any entangling alliances?"

The professor also admonishes Charles not to draw back from the enlistment of members from other denominations. "If you don't get their people, they will get yours. It's a matter of who gets there first with the most pressure. And, of course, we have the Truth; they do not."

It seems quite obvious from the comments of Professor Astute that *Dear Charles* is a satire on the Southern Baptist denomination. Author Shrader himself is a Southern Baptist minister in Lynchburg, Va. But what is Shrader trying to do in his rather shocking work? Several weeks ago a review of *Dear Charles* in a local paper included the opinions of two Baptist ministers concerning the work. One recommended it highly as great fun; the other said, "It is the most ridiculous book I have ever read — it made me mad the first time I read it and still madder the second time."

But *Dear Charles* is neither "great fun, nor is it "ridiculous"; it is tragic because so much of it, though exaggerated, is in principle only too true. Wesley Shrader is a brave man, but like so many brave men, he wraps his courage in cynicism and satire, causing it to lose its powerful message. A moral of sorts comes out occasionally, but it is clouded with vague allusion. For example, Charles' widow is made to say, "You men of the ministry are becoming so adept at evasion and pretense that you find it difficult to distinguish reality from fantasy, truth from error. This is not to say that you are bad men, in the sense that Sinclair Lewis' Reverend Elmer Gantry was a bad man. Your salvation would be easier if that were the case. Your weakness has been in permitting a materialistic and success-hungry world to mold the ministry in its own image. Thus the voice of the prophet has been sacrificed and in its place the voice of a secular-minded people has been reproduced and given religious sanction."

In the epilogue Shrader himself says, "Astute . . . joined Charles in that realm beyond, where together they would face the searching judgment of God, who as yet has never allowed Himself or His people to be used as means to worldly ends."

From these statements one gathers that the faults and weaknesses brought out in *Dear Charles* are those of individuals alone. Closer inspection, however, leads a careful reader to see that many of the greater errors come about not through the action of a single individual, but result from the contrivings of a large group of individuals working together—namely, The Denomination. Southern

Continued on page 19

the intruder

On a mountain high above the city a gigantic steel monster raises his arms to the sky and far below a city kneels in submissive reverence.

Nothing is quite the same since this new intruder invaded the countryside. The churches were the first to complain and then strangely enough the movie houses chimed in, until they were forced to submit to a special closed circuit. The children threw away their cowboy outfits for special space suits. They likewise gave up cap pistols for ray guns. They drank from odd looking glasses and were no longer punished by threats of the boogie man, oh no—Howdy Doody would get them.

No place is free from the ravages of the new god. Every bar room has a statue of him. Even the privacy of the corner pool room has given way to him. The sanctuary of the college fraternity house bows to him. He has found his way to the educational department of the church. He has set up altars in the schools and in the hospitals.

Every house has one of his special good luck charms on top in order to receive some of the blessing poured out round the clock by the monster on the mountain. Everyone is walking a mile to spend a million just to stop the clock and see if people are really funny.

On a mountain high above the city a gigantic steel monster raises his arms to the sky and far below a city kneels in submissive reverence.

—MITCHELL CARNELL

the ice cream christ...

Continued from page 3

The hot August sun was beating down on her back as she rocked back and forth on the porch, and she reached down to pick off an ant that was climbing up her foot.

"Those girls havin' the Bible School really think they're helping us," Glenda smiled inwardly. "I'd like to wipe the silly grin off their faces—all of 'em. Comin' with their pious expressions, and yet actin' as if they're afraid to eb'n git near us. They don't have to live where we do — muddy roads and leaky roofs and dirt everywhere and the bugs. Oh yeah, the bugs. The roaches, the bed-bugs, the ants. And now in the summertime the flies and mosquitoes that swarm up from down there by the river. They wouldn't look so happy if they didn't get to eat supper sometimes and had to wear skirts they got at the rummage sale behind the mill on Saturday afternoons."

Up by the Clinic the girls were clearing off the books and pictures they had used that day. Glenda caught glimpses of them from her chair as they carried tables back inside the building.

"I wonder if their mothers drink and stay out all night, no tellin' where. I guess their fathers work all the time too, and maybe do somethin' b'sides yell and cuss at 'em. I'll bet they got farther than the fourth grade by the time they were fourteen, too. That short dark haired one I

heard say was goin' to be in her sister's weddin' this Sunday. I reckon she wouldn't be so proud if she had a sister that walked the streets and "sold her love," like Marginell says *she* does. I'm bettin' they wouldn't talk so pretty 'bout love and kindness and such as that. Goin' back to their fine homes and hot dinners and such.

The girls at the Clinic were piling into the station wagon now. Laughing and calling to each other, they backed out of the yard and started down the road. They gaily waved to Glenda and called to her as they passed:

"See you tomorrow morning. 'Bye!"

Glenda watched bitterly as the car shifted into second and started up the hill amid a cloud of dust.

education

"Yes, sir"

"No, sir"

"This, sir?"

"That!"

"All of it?"

"All of it."

"Now?"

"Now."

"Yes, sir."

—MITCHELL CARNELL

periwinkles

carolyn gragg

It is May. An early morning ebb tide has left a wide plain of beach wet and exposed sandbars to the half-risen sun on the water's horizon. The sun is cool and cherry red. The sky is strung with clouds that reflect the rosiness; sandbars and beach are golden in the light. Colors are rainwashed, pale hints of more vigorous hues. Ebb tide waves crumple reservedly on the shore where busy sandpipers spin along intermittently pausing to peck at invisible breakfasts.

Two girls sleep in a tiny room under the eaves of a beach cottage. The room has two small beds, a window at the head of each, a door that leads to the porch roof, and another that leads down to a larger room.

The blonde head moves on the pillow as blue eyes open tentatively. She turns over and lifts her head. Chin on pillow, she looks through the window and across the roof in startled wonder . . . soft white dunes, still cattails, beach, sun and sky . . . all part of the morning's display. Scarlet changes to rose, white blends into sand and gold, light blue graduates into navy where night yet clings.

The sun smooths its way up through the clouds, and the fine glow fades from the water and sand. She sleeps again.

II

"Get up now, Beverly. Let's do. Look, I can touch the ceiling with my feet. I'm so glad it's Saturday!" She examines her short round legs stretched up to the low ceiling, then lets them fall in an arc over the side of the cot. Sitting on the edge, she looks at Beverly, still sleepily curled in bed. "What's for today?"

"Most anything. Grandmother's gone to town. She left lunch, but we'll fix breakfast."

She goes downstairs to dress in cut-off dungarees and white shirt. When she climbs the steps after finishing, Beverly is dressed and combing the straight deep brown hair; one clip goes in and it is done.

Breakfast is fixed quickly. Toast from the sandwich grill, juice, and fried eggs disappear without comment. Dishes are stacked and left. Outside the sun is warm, and the day has May freshness before the heavy heat of mid-summer.

The steps of the porch end in fine dry sand that gently rises into dunes topped with long sea grass and cattails. Bare feet slog in the deep sand that makes every lift an effort. Through the dunes to the top of the last ridge—abruptly the sand drops away down the slope to the wet hard-packed beach left broad by the ebbing tide of the morning.

They cannot hold back, but break away unmindful of each other to skim down the dune's slope. It is a rushing exhilaration with all the body flung against the holding wind and faster as it leaves the dunes behind. The rush burns out in splashing salt water. It is a spring ocean; one that is cool from winter, one that brings jellyfish and shells from the sea.

"Too cool for swimming now — maybe later in the day." Beverly walks in ankle-deep water.

Together and without discussion they splash along the water's edge. The beach juts into the shallow waves just ahead, and around this point they go still quiet. Now the big slough is seen, narrowed in the low tide.

"Let's go over to the sandbars." Beverly wades into the slough, but the other hesitates.

"You won't make it. It's too deep. I don't like to go where I can't see the bottom."

As the edges of her shorts dampen in the water, Beverly wades away. Gradually the slough shallows and she is dry on the other side. "Come on now."

A little while, and both are on the sandbar walking out to sea. The bars cross and spread away from each other like smooth fingers almost a mile into the water. Bare feet cool in a shallow slough where receding breakers have left their hard diminished rivulets in the sand.

"Come quick, Beverly, and look at this." It is a small deflated sea parachute, pink and anchored by an unseen tentacle in the shallows. The wavelets roll it from side to side. Beverly touches it with her toe, and it puffs up into a ball. "Goodness! Wonder what it is?"

"I don't know."

A little unwillingly they slip away, one looking back to see if it deflates again. Perhaps an

hour passes. On the rim of the bars they stand to look over the curving sea . . . only shrimp boats between their bar and Africa.

"The tide's coming in. We'd better get back before the slough gets too deep." The way back is shorter because no investigating excursions are made to stray fingers of the bars. The two feel an urgency to cross the slough to the beach before the tide comes in.

Puffy clouds far on the western horizon promise a late afternoon shower. Although mid-day nears, the dry sand up in the dunes is not hot. Bare feet scratch on the porch steps; the screen door opens and closes. Upstairs, bathing suits are pulled on and towels found. "The waves look like fun. Let's go down the hard way."

Through the door and onto the porch roof they move. One, then the other, throws her towel to the steps, swings both legs over the railing, and drops to the sand below. Full of their adventure, they pull through the dunes to race to the water, running till its weight and depth make running impossible. A wave gathers its volume and curls its crest to advance on them. As it folds over, the girls dive through, escaping the force of the falling water. Swimming now, they move beyond the breakers, then turn over to float. The sky they see is paler than the intense blue July brings. Now and then a cloud cuts off the sun and throws its great gray shadow on the ocean; the girls shiver in it. Floating, they are carried up to the ridge of a gathering wave, pass over the top, and slip down the other side as it hurries to crash on the beach.

"I'm going to ride one in." Beverly drifts back to the line where the breakers begin and waits for a special wave. She sees it forming and waits bent to throw herself away in it. The crest goes by; the instant after it passes and just as it curls and grows top heavy to fall into the base of the wave, she flings herself levelly forward with it. With arms straight above her head for protection, her stretched body rushes toward the beach. The force and strength of the wave vanishes, and Beverly rests in its backwash. She rises to her knees and then sits back on her heels. A breaker broadly slaps her back and she bends with it as it tugs her hands and arms forward. The receding water eddies around her folded legs scooping away the sand and leaving her in a shallow hole. The next wave brings her friend; they sit watching and feeling the ways of the waves.

"You ever been doughknack hunting?"

"Heavens, no. What is it?"

"Come on and I'll show you." They stand

and walk along the shallows. Beverly concentrates on the thin backwash of a wave; she stoops quickly and straightens with a handful of watery sand that runs through her fingers, leaving a tiny delicate violet shell shining in her palm. Here's a doughknack. His shell is double like an oyster's. They always come in the backwash like this, and burrow into the sand before you see them. The little bubbles show where to scoop them up before they go too far down. You can make soup with them.

"It must take a mighty lot of them, but let's try it." One picks up a can from the beach, and they amble down along the edges of the waves repeatedly bending to catch the small creatures. Gathered, the shells rainbow in violet, peach, pink, blue, yellow—cherub's playthings in the rusty can.

"You know, Beverly, that soup idea might not be such a good one after all."

"It just tastes a little fishy. Let's throw them back."

"Suits me."

"I'm just full of sand. Want to wash off and go eat?"

"Yes."

After a short swim they return to the cottage to shower and dress. Grilled cheese sandwiches, cokes over ice, and salad make up lunch. By noon the tide has turned and is over an hour on its way out. Drowsy from the morning's walk and swim, the girls drift off to sleep.

Meanwhile, clouds throng and darken above the beach and cottage. The rain begins without prelude and progresses to a hard shower. Its drops dig tiny cups in the beach sand; its splashes on the salt water raise answering splashes from the sea. The afternoon is washed away.

III

Towards sunset the two wake with the subdued benevolent glow that follows relaxed sleep.

"I hear Grandmother downstairs."

"We'd better get down there and clean up that mess we left."

In the kitchen they find Grandmother Bruce working over the stove.

"Did you have a nice day?"

"Yes. There was quite a bit of shopping to be done, then I had lunch with Dora. Was your lunch all right?"

"Oh, yes."

"I've started your supper. You all run along till I call you. I'm going to a little dinner at Kitty's tonight. Can you find something to do with yourselves if I leave you the car?"

Continued on page 18

sleepy-head

*Have you ever lived in a land afar
Where fairies, elves and pixies dwell?
Their dainty feet go whirling round
Their laughter rings throughout the dell.*

*They run hither and yon, play hide-and-go-seek
One trips the other and shouts in glee!
Come hi, come ho, come play with us
They sing as they dance in circles three.*

*Round, and round, and round they go
Never tiring, never stopping —
They swing from rose to daffodil
A cobweb from a spider taking.*

*This land is filled with all things nice
To make each moment always right
And you can go there with me too
You sleepy head, this very night!*

—LEAH THOMPSON



periwinkles...

Continued from page 17

“Sure. There’s a movie on at the Casino we might go see.”

Never tired of the changing shore, they go down again, this time to one high dune below the cottage. Its slope rises gradually on the landward side. The dune is flattened on top. Hurricane tides of the past have snapped away sections facing the beach, leaving a sheer drop of a dozen feet. The base of the dune is buried in soft dry sand. The girls have a favorite game to play on the dune. They dig their toes into the sand of the flattened top, lean forward, and race over the edge. Legs push into the sand below, but there is no thud, no jar, only a winnowing dip into this down of the shore.

The girls stop their game only to watch the sun go softly down behind the charcoal palms that

spear the glowing sky with pointed fronds. Powder puff clouds blush pink in the twilight. They turn, and the beach lies east before them. In the day’s last light they see the breakers of the incoming tide scallop the shore with foam. Each swell forms and breaks, then diminishes into a thin silver shimmer that swirls in pushing its edging of white, white foam before it.

*Inward and outward to northward and southward
the beach lines linger and curl
As a silver-wrought garment that clings to and
follows the firm sweet limbs of a girl.
Vanishing, swerving, evermore curving again into
sight,
Softly the sand-beach wavers away into a dim
gray looping of light.*

—SIDNEY LANIER

nocturne

*A misty veil gently glides
across the mountains
lowered by the nymphs from above
to shroud the hills
with a grey, damp net.*

*Behind the grey veil
the mountains rejoice
for the privilege of refreshing
for the coming hour
when the nymphs bend down
to lift the curtain
on the new, freshly-dressed hills.*

—BOB COLEY

a cloud

*A fluffy bit of angel hair
drifting across fields of blue;
pauses, resting gently
in latticed forms of mapled boughs,
then slips off the lacy pillow
and moves silently on.*

—BOB COLEY

perversion of the baptist heritage...

Continued from page 14

Baptists have become obsessed with numbers; *i.e.* "A Million More in '54." In even the more liberal churches great emphasis is placed upon the number in attendance at Sunday School, Training Union, Prayer Service, etc., etc. All seem to have forgotten that "where one or two are gathered together in the Lord's name, there will He be"; they insult Him with the vain repetition and flaunting of numbers. They have fallen perilously close to the yawning trap of quantity without quality.

This obsession, evil in itself, has led to other unfortunate perversions of the Baptist heritage. First, there is the race question. Although the largest denomination in the South, Southern Baptists have continually ignored the problem lying at their back door. As Astute says, "In a thousand years things may be slightly better." Missionaries

are dispatched with fervent frequency to assist the "lost savages" of Nigeria, who are infinitely blacker than any Southern Negro. The savage's principal attraction, however, appears to be the vast Atlantic Ocean which separates him from the mission-minded Southern Baptist.

The Church has chosen to ignore the social obligation which its Founder left it in the tenth chapter of Luke ("Love thy neighbor as thyself and in the social meaning of the commandment set forth in the parable of the "Good Samaritan." To quote from Astute once more, "I see no point whatsoever in making the application from the pulpit that the Jew-Samaritan relation in Jesus' day was almost identical with the white-Negro relation today . . . Why bring up anything controversial?" Numbers might be lost as a result of such a socially conscious ministry; it is therefore ridiculous to consider so rash a policy.

Another dangerous trend arising from the numbers obsession is the movement toward phariseism in the Southern Baptist attitude toward other denominations, which extends even to American (Northern) Baptists. "Ours is the Truth," many say, "and those who follow another path will not have as great a reward in heaven." Employing this premise, it then becomes necessary for Southern Baptists to carry their Truth to all parts of the "lost nation," even those areas where Northern Baptists have had active work for half a century.

These disturbing elements in Southern Baptist thought are not characteristic of Baptist tradition. They violate the heritage of such pioneers of the faith as Peter Waldo and Roger Williams. This writer has spent his life in the Southern Baptist denomination. For a number of years he was thrown in direct association with many leaders of the convention. The Baptist faith has a secure place in his heart, but he is compelled to put the principles of Christianity above a single denomination. He grieves that the two are at variance.

It is gratifying to find Southern Baptist ministers like Shradar who will speak out for their Christian faith; such courage is a rare commodity in this world of silent conformity. That he often dwelt in *Dear Charles* on the trivial and shallow, sacrificing the greater issues at stake, is true; but that he approached the subject at all is like a breath of fresh air in a smoke-filled room. If more Wesley Shradars would appear on the scene, perhaps the final chapter could at last be written to the secular philosophy of Astutes and Princes which is eating at the heart of the Baptist heritage.

ambition

Over the mountains
Not far away
Into the land of sunshine
Ride, ride, ride.
Why wait,
Linger here for a care?—
The fleeting hours
Will not remain
To prolong a moment's bliss.
Then ride, ride,
The daylight will provide
A treasure there.

On, on, on.
It is in sight
This land of sunshine,
Glide, glide, glide.
Linger not,
For others, too, seek that goal
That may be yours
In this land not far away.
Then glide, glide,
And lie down beside
Thy treasure there.

—CLYDE JONES

rain on a city street

The rain was beating down on gray cement,
Which mirrored colored lights and neon signs
In shades of yellow, green, and grayish blue,
And men in somber coats were splashing past,
Their huddled forms, like phantoms, were devoid
Of shadows cast upon the gloomy street.
The water flowed in little streams until
It reached the gleaming curb, then plunged below
Into the street and rushed along the gutter.
A paper cup, a wooden spoon, a piece
Of cellophane were floating past and form—
ing ever-changing patterns, like a collage
that refuses and fixed design.

—FRANCES THOMPSON

the snow storm

The gaunt trees
Stretch their long arms
Toward the colorless, wintry sky;
About them snowflakes
Whirl and fret
As they go dancing by.
At last they fall
To take a rest
On the mucky ground;
But lo! they turn
Everything they touch
To scparkling diamonds,
All around.

—CLYDE JONES

injustice

"Dust thou art, to dust returneth,"
Drums the beat of fate.
Good men strive, and live, and love . . .
Others turn to hate.

Evil whispers surround the Just,
Clouds of black unfold.
Men of truth, so called by some,
Condone injustice bold.

Clouds let loose with thunder loud
Sunshine creeps away
Every crevice seems to quake
Darkness fades the day.

Minds in turmoil try to think,
Drums beat louder still.
Words thrown to the innocent
Do their work of ill.

Body, soul, and spirit alike
Quiver in despair
But they cannot conquer it - -
The devil is its heir!

The hands of time move fast . . . then slow
THIS fate strides along . . . so
Is it fair to say that truth
Triumphs over wrong?

LEAH THOMPSON



ursache no. 13

*Three old witches sat on a log
Discussing the fate of a spoiled child;
It's getting late, said one,
And I have baskets to weave.
Ah Hag, was the reply,
You're losing your wits.*

*Swords clashed
As war clouds enclosed
A battle front where
Thousands of men lay dying.*

Lightning flashed . . .

*Armies moved to capture
That strategic hill from which
The hurling of a cannon ball
Was heard around the world.*

Thunder roared . . .

*A pin was removed
With cautious hands, and
The little projectile was released —
An island vanished beneath the sea.*

The rains came.

*Three old witches sat on a log
Discussing the fate of a spoiled child;
It's getting late, said one,
And my feet do ache.
Ah Hag, was the reply,
You're growing old . . .*

—CLYDE JONES

