SGA BRIEFS

The new SGA sponsored Juke box is now installed in the Student Center. The selections are free of charge.

** **

The Student Aid Fund is reported to have $550 dollars on account. Applications for grants are available in the SGA office. Applications must be completed before April 5th. For further information, contact Roger Howard in the SGA office.

** **

The Student Council voted Tuesday to institute a campus-wide boycott of all the vending machines. The move immediately received support of the Veterans Association with aid indicated from all the school's divisions. The boycott is set for next Monday through Friday. The Council also moved to allocate funds for a free soft drink facility during the boycott.

** **

Letters of position and recommendations are to be sent to Dean Mansfield concerning the required Convocation and to Dean Yackel concerning the institute policy of class cuts for upperclassmen.

** **

The Student Council voted to form an Evaluation and Interportation Committee to act in part as a judiciary branch of the SGA. The Committee is to commence evaluation of the executive branch of government next week. The purpose of the Committee is to form a check and balance within the Student Council.
SPEAKING OUT

the president's corner

I'd like to apologize for the absence of the President's Corner from the recent issues of the INFORMER. There are, however, a couple of things I'd like to bring to your attention.

The first and most important at this time is the boycott of the machines around campus. This boycott is legal and means of expressing dissatisfaction with the quality, quantity and prices charged for the services we are getting. Outside of school, if one is not happy with a product or service a company sells, then one does not go back. If enough people don't come back, the company either improves itself, or goes out of business. Now, while boycotting the machines by not putting money in them is legal, acts of vandalism, theft and damage to these machines is not. Anyone caught will be subject to legal and academic prosecution. (i.e. expelled from school, fined and jailed). As mature young adults let us not do anything to hamper our position.

The SGA is interested in improving the food situation on campus. With cooperation coming from the Vet's Association, and the Inter-Fraternity Council, we believe something will be done. We ask your cooperation in this boycott next week from March 24 to March 28.

Next I'd like to say something about the new Juke Box in the Student Center. There are 200 selections and they are all FREE. It was put in with two external speakers for everyone's enjoyment. If you have a record you'd like to go into it, bring it to the SGA Office and we'll see what we can do with it. This was bought with your money, so take care of it.

Terry Miner

Suggestion Boxes

Dear INFORMER,

I wish for once, just once, Riddle's administration would take students into consideration and stop literally soaking us of our money.

A notice dated March 5 was distributed to the Nova Road for residents stating that a five dollar deposit will be charged to our accounts for loss or failure to return a dorm key. I pay two hundred and ten dollars a trimester for my room. When I first came to Riddle, I was given one key for three roommates and myself. We were told to have duplicates made so each of us could have a key for our own home.

Riddle receives eight hundred forty dollars a trimester for each apartment (4 man room). If they can not manage a dollar twenty for four keys, I feel sorry for their treasurer and accounting offices. Let's be practical-----Stop taking the students for fools----five dollars for a thirty cent key (my own key yet!)

Bill Rezmann

Dear Editor,

The Dean of students says, "traditionally, students have departed the campus on the completion of their exams....". This tradition is carried out at most Universities and Colleges across the U.S. Why must we at Riddle break this tradition? Why should we have to stay one, two, or even three days after final exams? What does the Dean suggest we do for three days (72 hours--4320 minutes)?

The rules and regs committee here at E-R reminds me of a group of five year olds playing a game. Each one makes up his own rule to the game as they play in a way that suits him best. In this game, the students are the losers.

Why not make this game fair for all the students by moving the graduation to the week before finals (common practice at several colleges)?

Sincerely,

Mike Baron

This week the response was as poor as last week. We received approximately 1% of the student enrolled which is not a very representative sampling. The results are as follows:

Bookstore
1. 85% felt that merchandise other than books were not priced fairly.
2. Some of the items students felt should be stocked were: party supplies, games, enemies, Embry-Riddle matches, magazines, small iron-on Embry-Riddle patches, supply of paperbacks, and Playboy.
3. 92% said they were receiving adequate assistance.

Registrar
1. 57% had difficulties in paper work.
2. 71% had grades

Continued on page 3
SUGGESTION BOX continued
printed incorrectly or
have not received them
in a minimal time.
3. 64% felt the office is
not running as effi-
ciently as possible.

Grading System
1. There was an equal op-
inion as to the fair-
ness of the grading
system.
2. 71% were not in favor
of a standardizing
method of grading.
3. 64% did not believe in
curving all tests.

PUT DASHES AROUND THIS TO

INFORMER:
1. Does the Informer ful-
fill the purpose of infor-
mating the students? yes no
2. Are there any addi-
tional articles that you would
like to see in the news-
paper?
3. Is the paper represent-
ing the students? yes no
4. Should the Informer
change its format? yes no
5. Do you have trouble
getting a copy each week?
yes no

APPRECIATION
Dear Cam,

On behalf of the Mid-Flor-
da Red Cross Blood Center
please accept our congrats-
ulations on the finest
blood drawing in Volusia
County.

It is very gratifying to
visit a campus where the
school spirit is as
healthy as it is at Embry-
Riddle, and it is our fav-
orate campus to visit.

My personal thanks to you
for all the many hours you
contribute so willingly to
make these blood drives so
successful.

We look forward to each
drive surpassing the pre-
vious ones and hopefully,
it won't be too long until
the residents of Volusia
County realize what a tre-
mendous contribution the
students of Embry-Riddle
are making to this Commu-
nity.

Marge Lowenaupt

"TO HELL IN A HANDBASKET"  
By Now

With the provocative
fire of a Southern reviv-
alist and the erudite ora-
tory of a Nobel prizewin-
er, Dr. McLean addressed
the Embry-Riddle accredi-
tation celebration. He
let them have it. He was
a hipshooter with a
thoughtful message.

He left no doubt that
higher education has be-
come the "apple pie and
Mom" of today. Dr. McLean
is convinced today's
schools are not going "to
hell in a handbasket". He
pictures the future of our
country, society and econo-
ymy in the hands of educa-
tional institutes such as
ours. He challenges stu-
dents and faculty "to
light the fire" of our fu-
ture with prompt re-evalu-
ation and stout commit-
ment to our educational
philosophy.

Our faculty, hopefully,
paid particular attention
to Dr. McLean's remarks.
He brought to light the
urgency with which our
faculty members must stay
up to date. To retain
competency our faculty
must stay on the move
(i.e. re-evaluating, grow-
ing and being productive).
While this world of ours
is changing rapidly, it is
a tragic paradox to wit-
ness a moss-covered in-
structor preparing stu-
dents for the future. Some intellectually fos-
silized relics are still
in our instructional
staff, and worse, they
have infiltrated our in-
stitute's administration
as well.

Just as sure as there is a
typographical error in
the INFORMER, these relics
of a past age will depart.
Let their departure hast-
ten, because this world of
ours is changing more rap-
idly each day. Dr. McLean
said with urgency, "You
ain't seen nothin' yet!"

ROGERS
SPEED SHOP'S

specializing in
racing & drag
equip

racing jackets
sew on patches
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409 Volusia Ave.
252-8433

GUY B. ODUM & CO., INC.
INSURANCE - BONDS
ESTABLISHED 1920

121 N. RIDGEWOOD AVE.
DAYTONA BEACH, FLA.
Telephone 252-3701

JAY ADAMS, EXEC. V.P.
GEN. MANAGER

Competitive premiums on aircraft,
automobile, cycles, life and personal
property coverages
Dear Mr. Campbell,

I refer to your letter of February 24, 1969 to the Honorable J. Owen Eubank, Mayor, concerning two young boys involved in an offense of robbery on the Boardwalk.

You are making a comparison of two violations, one of which is a personal type of crime wherein the victim is an individual who is assaulted and robbed, and makes his own decision whether he will prosecute or not. In the instance you refer to, we charged these boys with Disorderly Conduct for their actions in the presence of the officer when he arrived. The victim in the offense refused to prosecute the two boys on the robbery charge.

The boys indicated that the man was a homosexual and had made an indecent approach to the juvenile involved. Consequently he placed himself in jeopardy of a violation of the law. Therefore none of the parties in this offense wished to place any charges, and our hands were tied. We could not substantiate a charge where we were without complaining witnesses.

It might be of interest for you to know that both these youths were extradited back to North Carolina where they were charged with felonies of Breaking and Entering.

The second offense which you referred to of ticket scalping becomes a public issue as it is gouging the tourists who come to our area and in many instances depriving them of the pleasure of seeing one of the races. Those scalpers that were arrested are not simply selling one ticket at a profit, but had bought up blocks of tickets, and operated as a full scale business.

It is unfortunate that newspaper reports did not contain all of the facts in a case which develops later, but are usually based on the sensational headline type incidents which sell newspapers.

Further, it is nice to know that persons such as yourself are showing an interest in law enforcement by following cases of this type in your papers.

If you have any more questions involving incidents of this type, please feel free to call on my office and we will endeavor to enlighten you where the newspaper leaves off.

Very truly yours,

A.O. Folsom, Jr.
Chief of Police

Commander Aero Club
Cessna 150's
$9.00 Per Hour

Commander Aviation Inc.
Ormond Beach Airport 677 6650

Complete V. A. financing

FAA and VA Approved Flight School
In this week's article, I would like to present a short history of bowling which I believe may prove interesting:

* * *

Throwing, pitching or rolling objects at targets has for centuries been an innate urge in man, and the earliest records of such activities used as a game were discovered by an English Egyptologist, Sir Flinders Petrie. He discovered objects for playing a game very similar to our tenpins of today in an Egyptian child's grave. The burial date was established at 5200 BC.

Dr. Malcolm Rogers discovered an ancient bowling game played by the Polynesians. The game was called Ula Maika and consisted of rolling a 4 inch flat disc of stone a distance of 60 feet, a length comparable to that of our hardwood lanes today.

In Italy, as early as 50 BC the Helvetii played a game similar to modern Italian bowling.

The first indoor bowling is believed to have originated in England where the bad weather conditions made bowling on the open green rather difficult. In America, the early Dutch settlers brought the game of ninepins with them to Manhattan Island in 1626.

If you care to read a more complete history of bowling and are having some trouble with your bowling, I suggest you check out a book entitled "Bowling" by Joan L. Martin. It is one of the physical activities series and is very informative.

* * *

I must mention this week that Dick Francis rolled his first 200 during last week's competition. Keep up the good work, Dick. Also, plans are in the making for our bowling blast which should be held very soon. Keep your eyes peeled to this column for the date, time and place.
Rain forced postponement of this week's round of the intramural softball tournament. As a result, the entire schedule will be moved back one week. This Sunday will see Alpha Eta Kho meet Sigma Phi Delta, and Pi Sigma Phi play the Bombers. The two weekend games will be moved to the following week with the championship at stake.

It is unfortunate when this department is forced to take official notice of actions by some students, but last week's sportmanship and common courtesy hit an all-time low with the article entered by the Bombers. Slanderous personal attacks and deliberate cuttings remarks are totally alien to the purposes of sporting competition and the goals of this department. Furthermore, to rationalize this childishness by claiming "to rouse our competitors" is likewise ludicrous.

Perhaps the author of the article in question did not stop to think about how his juvenile egocentric babbling would reflect the image of the school and department when read by those not familiar with our true goals - or perhaps he just doesn't care. Rivalry and competition are meant to build character and it has long been established that these ends can be accomplished within the bounds of common courtesy.

It is not our purpose to suppress any information based on truth and good taste. However, let it be thoroughly understood that this department will not stand for its' reputation and goals being compromised. The majority of the good sportsmen in our program will not be swilled by a few. Further conduct of this type will be sufficient cause to dismiss the perpetrators from further participation.

Congratulations to the member of the Bombers softball team who got married this weekend; the bride's moustache was beautifully braided.
RAY KESSLER RAMBLER
presents the all new "HOT"

AMX
stop in
and test drive
one today

241 ridgewood holly hill
255-2441

HOLDING HIS TROPHY after
the race is the winner of
the ARCA Motorcycle Race
last week.

SPECTACULAR PHOTO: Sophomore Charles "Fingers" Fagan is
shown at the motorcycle show acquiring a new Triumph.

MEMBERS OF THE FACULTY, ADMINISTRATION -- SUPPORT THE SGA BOYCOTT THIS WEEK!
The past week was spent without any major decisions, celebrations or spectacular events occurring. There was a Stag Party at the fraternity house Friday evening. It began at 7:30 and lasted till around 11:30.

We were all up bright and early Sunday morning to play Sigma Phi Delta in the 1st game of the softball tournament, but due to adverse weather, the game was called off until next week. We didn't do too well in the regular season, but hope to redeem ourselves in the tournament.

The plans for "Hell Week" which started on March 16th have all been set up and we feel that the pledges will definitely get their fill of it. The entire week is divided into various nights devoted to specific events which are mainly related to aviation in some form. The last night which is Sunday, will be spent in the traditional initiation. This event is very colorful and is held in high esteem by all of the brothers. The pledges will also remember this evening for a long time.

The pledges were kept busy with car washing on Saturday and Sunday. Also they worked very hard cleaning the yard and I may add that they did do a fine job. The brothers who live in the house were able to get a good safe sleep on Saturday night because pledges Rausch and Coffman spent the entire night guarding the house against any intruders or possible hazards that might have befallen upon it.

At the end of this ceremony, the pledges will then officially be members of Alpha Eta Rho. The awards banquet will take place a couple of weeks after this. Due to many of the fellows who began pledging this trimester having very heavy work loads, personal problems, or other similar problems, less than half of the fellows who began pledging still remain with us. These fellows we feel are really great and the brothers are quite proud of them. The guys who didn't make it this trimester, however, are welcome to correct any problems or deficiencies they had and pledge again this summer or in the fall.

The pledge period is coming along well, and it is now held week. The activities for the pledges are somewhat varied, and I'm sure that you have probably heard or saw our pledges this past week.

As for this weekend we will be having a car wash Saturday. The time is from 10:00 AM to about 4:00 PM. The place will be the Shells station one block south of the Beachcomber off A1A. The price is only $1.00.

It looks as though we will be playing our baseball game this Sunday morning. It was cancelled last weekend because of rain. If you attended our last game against the Bombers, you will recall that we're leading them the first five innings. This time we hope to go on and take the game. If you get a chance come out Sunday morning and see the game. This game is one of the finals. I must apologize for the last article in which I said that we were going to play Alpha Eta Rho. There was a mistake and I got the schedule confused. It is definite. We will be playing the Bombers Sunday.

That about wraps it up for this week. Keep an eye out for our pledges, and I hope to see you at the car wash Saturday.
ERAI MEETS AlIE

Last weekend your roving reporters roved in the Cape Kennedy area, Cocoa Beach to be specific, to attend the fourth annual seminar of the Canaveral Chapter, American Institute of Industrial Engineers. The title and subject matter of the seminar was "A Look to the Future".

On Friday evening your reporters crashed a cocktail party for the conference and met several of the guest speakers and many of the less celebrated guests.

Bright and early Saturday morning the conference began although a few of the attendees, enduring the burden of too much proof, were neither bright nor early. The seminar lasted all day with a high powered succession of speakers presenting more information than we could possibly summarize in these few columns. The subjects ranged from the depths of space, through industrial applications of space-oriented research, to the depths of the sea. The most impressive address was the latter, presented by one of the world's foremost oceanographers, Dr. Jacques Piccard.

Dr. Piccard: "You're thinking of Cousteau."
S. Y. T.: "Oh, yes. Well, you know, you both work in the ocean and you're both French—"
Dr. P.: "I'm Swiss."

Dr. Jacques Piccard, a Swiss citizen, was educated primarily in Geneva but received his doctorate degree in science from the American International College in Springfield, Massachusetts. Among his professional accomplishments were his work, with his father, Auguste Pic-
part from off of Palm Beach, Florida, and expects to surface about 200 miles from Cape Cod, Mass.

The innovation that makes a drift mission possible is a design feature of the PX-15 making it the first undersea vessel capable of attaining neutral buoyancy at a given depth. All previous submarines would either sink or float, requiring movement through the water to maintain a specific depth. The PX-15 will hang motionless relative to the surrounding water thus enabling the crew to study the same plankton, in their natural surroundings, for days or weeks at a time.

Dr. Piccard's presentation was followed by a two hour panel discussion with all of the speakers entertaining questions from the audience.

All in all, the seminar was a rousing success and proof that education can, indeed, be painless.

---

**ERVA**

The Embry-Riddle Veterans Association met at Shakey's last Tuesday evening. There were several highlights during the course of the meeting which are outlined below:

1. New Student Aid Fund, which is a grant of up to $50.00 for book and supplies. To be eligible, a student must have completed one trimester and have a 2.0 average.

2. A complaint was registered in regard to what appears to be misrepresentation of charges and credit hours allowable during the new split-summer session. It was originally reported that there would be a considerable advantage financially, to taking the summer session, but according to latest reports, there will be no savings at all.

3. The membership unanimously decided to support Mr. Gus Xifos and his short lunch snack bar proposal.

4. In accordance with the ERVA Constitution, notice of election is made. Any eligible member of ERVA who is interested in the position of Secretary, to be decided by general election on April 8, 1969, may place his name in nomination.

5. An offer to submit a bid for the Sky-Cap franchise at Daytona Beach Municipal Airport was turned down by the Association. It was felt that this was too large a business proposition for the group to undertake. During discussion on promotion of the Association activities, several of the members felt it important that the groups' independence should be stressed.

---

**THE SIGMA PHI DELTA FRATERNITY**

PRESSENTS A SPECIAL SEMINAR ON
FUELS & LUBRICANTS IN THE AEROSPACE AGE
PRESENTED BY
CLIFFORD M. LARSON
CONSULTING ENGINEER-P.E.;M.E.
PETROLEUM ENGINEER
MECHANICAL ENGINEER

FRIDAY, MARCH 28, 1969 7:30 P.M.
ALL INTERESTED PERSONS ARE INVITED
LOCATION TO BE ANNOUNCED THIS WEEK

---

Bob Nawrocki... come home, all is forgiven.
MORTIMER & BESSIE DIG STUDENT

BY GARY ANDERSON

From time to time the newspaper staff has to turn down requests from local merchants to advertise in the INFORMER because we don't feel that the ads are quite right for a college newspaper. I thought it might be interesting to print some of them to see if they would get by the censor.

Here's one from the Eternal Rest Funeral Home and Roofing Company on Volusia Avenue: "When the final grade point average of life is tallied, where will you stand in that great class ranking in the sky? So when the time comes to take that final exam to which the results are never posted, think of Mortimer and Bessie Smith down here at the Eternal Rest Funeral Home and Roofing Company."

Mortimer and Bessie have been in the business for 25 years and are still going strong (which is more than they can say for their clientele). So remember: "Dying Is Our Business...Our Only Business."

We also have one from the Yaa-Haa Art Theatre on Main Street: "Now Showing: Mondo Whoopee and Gidget Goes to New Jersey."

SEE! The entire Lawrence Welk Orchestra chase Kate Smith through the streets of Trenton with rolled up newspapers.
SEE! Never before seen scenes that had to be cut out of Charley Stumps Weather Show.
SEE! 37 revenge crazed senior citizens turn over a "Sunny Florida Tour Bus" during a rainstorm.
No one under 21 admitted unless accompanied by a perverted adult."

Finally, we have a rather strange want ad that we've been holding back: Wanted: Commercial Pilot to fly passengers to Miami (or slightly beyond) Must be able to speak fluent Spanish and be fond of sugar.

A LOGIC RIDDLE

On a street in town are 5 houses in the following order: Red, blue, yellow, black and green.

In the houses live a Polak, German, Frenchman, Slavak, and Irishman.

Each smokes a different brand of cigarette: Tereyton, Lucky Strike, Camels, Old Gold, and Winston.

Each drinks a different drink: Water, Scotch, tea, Martini, Milk.

Each has a different pet: Cat, Horse, Monkey, Dog, and Cow.

The following information is given:
The German drinks Martinis.
The man in the green house has a monkey.
The Polak fights with the man in the green house.
The German's cat fights with the dog at the Red house.
The man in the yellow house drinks tea.
The Irishman sells Scotch to the man in the green house.
The Slav sells milk to the Polak.
The man who smokes Tereytons drinks tea.
The man with the Horse smokes Camels.
The Frenchman smokes Lucky Strikes.
The man in the black house smokes Old Gold.
The man in the blue house lives next door to the man who drinks water.
The Irish smokes Winstons. The man in the yellow house lives between the Martini drinker and Polak.

Now, What does the Slav drink? Who owns the house? The man who drinks water smokes.
The man in the black house drinks.
The Frenchman lives in the...house.

HONDA CITY

PARTS ACCESSORIES REPAIRS

SPECIAL DISCOUNT TO STUDENTS

BRIDGESTONE SUZUKI HONDA

825 Ballough Road Daytona Beach
OPEN 9 TILL 6

SPECIAL
50cc Specials $99.00
New 1969 90's $279.00

CALL 253-0661
"THE ONE ON THE WALL IS A TROUT.
I'M THE SHARK!"

OUR FRIEND....
DEAN SPEARS

DECLARE YOUR INDEPENDENCE!

DISCOVER THE
Swinging World
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YAMAHA OF DAYTONA
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New Yamaha Outboard Motors
Motorcycle Sales & Service Cheaper Than Walking

Baumy Packard
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International Corp. Ltd.
SPECIAL RATES FOR students who stay and eat at Holiday Inn West for their patronage and good conduct during these first weeks of operation.

PLEASE PICK UP YOUR TRAYS AFTER EATING

HOURS 6:30 to 8:30 - 11:00 to 2:00 - 5:00 to 8:00
The new MGC.
It's got 6 cylinders.

AND IT CAN SHIFT FOR ITSELF

- New 2912 c.c. 6-cylinder MG engine with dual carbs for 145 bhp at 7500 rpm. Top speed over 125.
- New 3-speed fully automatic transmission optional (4-speed fully synchronized stick shift standard).
- New self-adjusting disc brakes and heavy-duty suspension.
- Included: no extra cost: 72-coke wire wheels, leather bucket seats, sports car instrumentation (with tach, carpeted luggage space).
- Be among the first to see and drive the new 6-cylinder MGC/GT. Find out how grand grand touring can be.

SEABREEZE MOTORS, INC.
The SPORTS CAR CENTER
642 N. RIDGEWOOD AVE. PHONE 233-6161

HAPPINESS IS...1200 students eating in the SGA office.
HAPPINESS IS...not having an 8:00 a.m. class.
HAPPINESS IS...a Peruvian destroyer being captured by an American Tuna boat.


MISERY IS...eating in a Daytona restaurant and watching a cockroach wrestle your waitress to the floor.
The Parade - concluded

Like any other child, I soon forgot that day.

Thirty years later, on a trip to Dallas, on impulse I detoured through East Texas and drove for hours trying to find where we had lived when I was a little boy.

No one that I asked remembered Stink-Creek and Starne's Grocery had long since disappeared. Then quite by accident I saw a rotted, wooden bridge tumbled into a now dry ravine. I parked and walked by the ruins of a row of oil field shacks, then up a hill. And there at the top I found a dead oak tree. Killed by a long ago fire. A pile or rusted chain lay half-buried under the dead, drooping branches and silhouetted in the trunk was what looked like a man's shape.

The INFORMER is a weekly publication for Embry-Riddle students sponsored by the Student Government Association.

Articles may be submitted to the INFORMER for publication by the administration, the faculty, and the student body. The INFORMER deadline is every Monday afternoon at 5:00 PM. Please mark all items INFORMER and deposit in the mailbox, in the INFORMER basket in the trailer, or in one of the Suggestion Boxes.

Editor - Linda Larsen
We walked up the path in the walled-down road for weeks. But for some reason we set out for the store. Outside and she cars full and even though one else liked mama. She perhaps a quarter of a brogan like the others padlocked the door. Then I couldn't see anyone, son, they just didn't like stocking in stead of men's crosse d the creek and to.

A wide, grave l road. We a rickety food bridge that crossed the creek and to a wide, gravel road. We walked down the road for perhaps a quarter of a mile to the Kilgore-Gladwater Highway.

The W.P.A. was black-topping the road and when we got to the store, there were five or six tired, defeated looking old men. Everyone on W.P.A. looked old and defeated - sitting on the store porch eating sardines and crackers, their shovels and hoes and rakes leaning against the steps.

Mama dragged me along by my hand as I hung back and stared at the workmen. They stared back with unseeing eyes - like bling men.

Then I went in the store and watched mama shop. Although I loved it inside, I could never understand why my mother dawdled so long. She knew - and I knew - and the storekeeper knew exactly how much money she would spend and what she'd buy, but she bustled about like she was considering a purchase of the entire stock.

"Good morning, Mrs. Starnes," she chirped.

"Morning." The taciturn woman at the cash register answered - "I see your husband isn't working today," mother commented as she selected Irish potatoes.

"T'ook the day off," Mrs. Starnes said, impalpably with a glance. I stepped back from the pickle barrel and satisfied, she continued as she put little one pound bags of corn meal, flour and grits beside the potatoes. "They had a meetin' in town. Some a them trouble makers from up north been around here agitatin' people. Guess the Klan's gonna do somethin' about it. 'Course men folks are funny thinkin' we don't know what they're up to. Your husband goin' to tha meetin'?"

"No," my mother answered quietly. "He isn't a member."

"He holds with the Klan, don't he?" The storekeeper demanded.

"Mrs. Starnes, my husband works seven days a week -- fourteen hours a day by the time he walks to and from work. He doesn't have time for anything else."

"That's the trouble with our country today," the larger woman intoned. "We got a depression goin' on. Agitators an' niggers causing trouble and nobody's got time to do anythin' about it."

"Mrs. Starnes, I'm quite sure your husband, and the - uh - other gentlemen in the community are quite capable of righting all the wrongs without my husband's help."

"Why - thanks," the storekeeper answered, not understanding the sarcasm. "They do their best. And placated, she turned to me. "You'll all want a piece of hard candy, sonny?"

I looked pleadingly at mama and she nodded affirmatively.

"Yes, ma'am," I answered.

Mrs. Starnes plunged her large hand into the candy jar and plucked out an especially gooey, curly stripped piece and handed it over the counter.

"Thank you." "You're welcome, sonny." And turning to mama, "That sure is a polite youngun you got there."

"I try," mama said as I wandered out to the porch to look at the W.P.A.'ers, but they were gone, so I sat on the steps and gazed warmly at the dirt.
watched a crow picking a­
about in the field across
the road.

Finally my mother came
out and burdened by the
two grocery bags, she fol­
lowed me slowly as we
started home.

I skipped ahead of her,
walking on tiptoes and
getting the door open
and bus­
ted sobbing, rubbing my

mother slapped me and
frowned some more, then
she felt onto my cot and
sobbed as if her heart
would break.

Mama often cried those
days and I had grown ac­
customed to it. So I
pulled up one corner of
the cloth hanging over
the front window and watched
sorrowfully as the parade
went by.

A Model A passed drag­
ging something and the
people by the road cheered
and yelled, then fell in
behind the rear guard.
Those in back carried
burning crosses and I
could see now that they
wore hoods over their
heads.

I watched wistfully as
the crowd disappeared into
the scrub out at the bot­
ton of the hill that ob­
scred the creek and its
inhabitants from the town.

After a few minutes
there was a cheer and I
heard a boom that sounded
like the time one of the
boilers at a nearby oil
well caught fire. Then a
cloud of black smoke rose
from the trees and someone
wailed a long, drawn out
scream that was drowned by
cheers from the crowd.

After an hour they all
straggled by talking,
laughing. Everyone was
happy but me and I had the
meanest mother in the
world. I would run away,
reasoned, but I couldn't
reach the bolt on the
door.

Dad came home early
that afternoon and when
mama let him in, he looked
at her swollen, tear
stained face and then to
me. I was sitting on the
floor, by the stove, pout­
ing and scribbling aim­
lessly with a pencil and a
piece of paper.

"You know what happen­
ed?"

"Yes," she whispered.
"They came right by here,""the boy. He didn't see?"

"No."

"No!" I shouted. "There
was a parade and she
wouldn't let me go!"

"Hush, now," my dad
said. "There'll be other
parades, son. And someday
you'll understand about
this one."

I pouted some more and
tried to listen to my par­
rents but they were sit­
ing at the table talking
in such low tones that I
couldn't hear everything.
I crept a little closer and
caught an occasional phra­
se, but I didn't un­
derstand what they were
talking about.
"Damn fools -- union
organizer, but why did
they send a colored guy--"
"I can't stand it any­
more--"

"--saved enough money
to get home."

"At least he'll be away
from these horrible chil­
dren--"

We ate supper, then mom
packed our clothes in the
two battered suitcases.
Everything but our Sunday
best.

Dad put on his blue
serge, his Stetson and the
last thing he did before
picking up the suitcases
was stick "plow boy" in
his hip pocket.

"It'll be good to feel
that I don't have to carry
this thing any more," he
grinned.

And mama smiled - for
the first time in months
it seemed. She frowned
just before she turned off
the light.

"Should we lock the
door?"

"No. I don't ever in­
tend to come back here
and, anyway, these animals
would tear it off the
hinges if they realize we're gone."

We left the house
without a backward look
and walked through the
darkness to the crossroads
where we stood until a
truck stopped and gave us
a lift into Gladewater.

We sat for the rest of
the night on hard benches
in the bus station. I
awoke at daylight curled
up between mama and dad.

The Dallas to Texarkana
bus came in about nine and
we rode over to the city,
then caught a train to
Houston. That night
the oil fields of East
Texas, Stink Creek and the
parade were forgotten.
We were all once more
warm and safe in my grand­
father's big house.