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The publication of this issue of THE LIGHTER represents the culmination of a learning experience. It has been a rather hectic, frustrating, hit-and-miss sort of learning, not without its pains and pressures. Nonetheless, I now begin to feel somewhat seasoned and knowledgeable — I may have finally straightened out the process of putting a magazine together.

The basic philosophy behind this issue of THE LIGHTER was simply one of allowing the campus community to speak its mind. Figuring that there are not too many public places on this campus where one can state his/her views, it seemed that my responsibility was to collect the material and present it in a clear, attractive, and respectable manner. Well, it wasn't quite that easy, but the material did come in (around deadline time!)

So here it is. Inspite of what I sometimes felt, there is talent and ability "Out There," and not always where one expects to find some. They have even come looking after me, instead of my searching them out.

Finally, I can only express my gratitude to all those who contributed toward this issue — whether their works were published or — and state my admiration for those persons for whom the creative process continues both within and without the classroom.

John Plagens, Editor
Quetzalcoatl

Pillars — broken and scarred —
uphold the weightless burnings
of infinite suns and winds;
a cracked deity’s frozen sneer
ignores the outrage of weeds
and indifferent lizard feet;
what pitiful creatures guess,
vainly seeking distant awe,
where bygone bandits, unimpressed
by all but trivial gold, stood —
bewildered for a moment —
in the shadow of doomed empire.

A. Steiger
I did look a little like a monk. I mean, I probably never would have been mistaken for St. Francis of Assisi but that dark, baggy warm-up suit, the sweatshirt with the peaked hood pulled tightly around my head, was just enough to give the appearance of holiness. With my hands stuffed into the kangaroo pouch sewn on my abdomen, I must have presented quite a picture. The brooding figure, solitary and alone, walking the inner perimeter of the track. A man with a mission. God's chosen one today.

"Hey Dino, you better beat this guy."

It was Murph. Murph always threatened, never cajoled. That was all he said. I didn't look at him — he was looking at me — I looked instead at the stripes on my shoes. He trotted off; was wearing the same warm-up suit I wore, yet, somehow, he looked more like an athlete. Yes, I was going to beat that guy. Gripper, my coach, was blond and round bellied — he liked to smoke small cigars. Dean, he said to me at one of the early practices, I don't know a damn thing about the two mile.

People started to gather around the fringes of the track. Mostly they were girls — still in their uniform black and white, latin book and biology book and folders pressed against their breasts. They came to watch their sweethearts, or the guys they wished could be their sweethearts, I guess. I don't know. I didn't know about those things then. There were a few adults, too. Older minds that came to watch younger bodies run and jump and throw. Maybe I'll be one of those guys someday, I thought. But now to-
Today I was going to run.

Once the bus came things got more serious. Joggers jogged with more intensity, legs were stretched with greater enthusiasm. The two teams would eye each other from afar, feigning indifference yet secretly taking note of every detail. I couldn’t pick my adversary out of the bunch. I didn’t know what he looked like. As I slowly made my circles around the dusty track I regarded each of those figures clad in powder blue carefully, wondering to myself if this guy or that guy is the one. We never said anything if we passed each other — it was hard to be indifferent and friendly at the same time.

"First call for the 120 yard high hurdles", the voice boomed out across the grassy infield.

It was Gripper, clipboard in one hand, starting gun in the other, stop watch dangling from the long shoestring around his neck. The knot in my stomach knotted again. I shook my legs. They were tight. I shook my legs again. They felt a little looser. The crowd began to string itself out, shouldering one another to get close to the inside lanes, to get a clear look as flailing arms and legs flew by.

I grew more tense as each race was run. The sharp report of the gun, the screeching shouts and cheers rang in my ears. I would watch the races, aching to run, dreading to run, and Oh I wish it was over already. It was never over until it was, though. I could understand that, but this waiting. I have run this race a hundred times in my mind, I am tired. I am ready. I wish I could run. I wish this was all over.

"When do you run?"
"Second last event."
"Well good luck."
"Thanks."

Terse words. What can I say? It’s difficult to converse with a knot in your stomach. I have to go to the bathroom. I just went to the bathroom. Do I really have to go again? Why doesn’t this all just go away? The sun isn’t quite as warm now. I’m cold. I’m hot. I have to go to the bathroom. Shake my legs. That’s it. Shake the legs. It feels good. I wish I was home now.

There’s nothing to this running. You just run. Really, there’s a lot to it. You have to have a heart — and courage. Not courage on the surface but deep down courage. Courage you can reach inside of yourself, way inside, and grab a thick bunching handful and bring it up and use it and then reach back in again, deeper than before, and bring out a bigger handful and use it and reach in again, so far inside of yourself you’re surprised, and reach in and bring out yet another handful to throw in the face of your own relentless onslaught upon yourself.

"First call for the two mile."
"Good luck."
"Good luck."
"Thank you."
"Thank you."

The lime has become quite smeared with the cinders. The pure white powder which had so clearly demarcated the lines of battle is now hopelessly churned with those small black granules which were probably cooked in hell and carefully spread out on the track by some devil to torment some innocent person. Me. My legs are tight. Shake the legs. It feels good. Shake the legs. Me.

"Last call for the two mile."

What do they want anyway. Haven’t I proven myself? Must I prove myself again? I know I can do it. Can I do it? I have to go to the bathroom. As I remove my sweats I am suddenly aware of the perspiration on my body. I’m chilled by the slight breeze that is tickling the air. My legs

The Lighter
are tight. Shake them. Shake the legs. Prove myself again.

"Stay in your lanes until you are around the first turn, then you can cut in."

There are six of us. All sizes and shapes. One of these guys is good. I know. I know who it is. I can sense it more than see it. The tiny hairs on my body are standing up. I can feel it. Yes, there he is. An intensity in his eyes. One of these guys is good. I'm slightly hunched, leaning forward. The knots in my stomach have knotted again. Gripper raises his arm, points his arm toward the sky.

"On your mark."

"Get set."

BANG!

I'm surprised by the sound of the gunshot. This is the moment. I'm surprised by the motion of my own body. It is as if I am in the driver's seat of some gawky machine, powerful, spasmodic. I've let the clutch out too quickly, jerk forward, race toward the first curve. I'm free. I'm running free. Breathe deeply. Control yourself. I'm free. I come around the curve fast, knees pumping, elbows pumping, heart pumping. Deep breaths. He flashes by me. Yes, he is the one. One of these guys is good. He is taller, runs easily. Thin shoulders, thin waist, long white legs. I will follow him. Breathe deeply.

"Come on, Dino."

"Beat this guy."

"Come on."

I'm starting to relax. Deep breaths. Long strides. His stride — my stride. I will follow him. As we run past Gripper he calls out the time "Fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one...". We flash by. Rounding the first curve again I can hear faintly hear "...sixty-eight, sixty-nine..."

The sun has begun to go down. A lone tree, a few branches silhouetted against the small golden orb, stands in a cornfield. There is a rhythm, a cadence to our strides. A steady plop-plop as our feet sink into the mushy cinders. Breathe deep. Long breaths. Elbows pumping. Heart pumping. He has a small head. The soles of his spikes are dirty white.

"Stay close."

"Come on, Dino."

I'll stay close. The runners behind us are way back.


"Stay with that guy, Dino."

"Come on."


The crowd looks indifferent. Don't they know what is going on? They know what is going on. "Four nineteen, four twenty, four twenty-one, four twenty-two...".

"Keep it up."

"Hang in there, Dino."

The lines blur in front of me. The soles of his shoes are white. Dirty white. It hurts a little. Striding. Breathing

“Come on, Dino.”


“Come on, come on.”

“Let’s go, Dino.”


“Come on.”

“Come on.”

“Take him.”


“Come on, come on.”


For a moment, an eternity, screaming, my arms raised, the tape catches me. The long, thin line stretches, snaps. Won. I have won.

Slow down. Slow. Slow. Screaming. Pats on the back. I’m rasping, gulping for air. I fall down on the grass. The sky is spinning. Spinning. Gulping for air. The grass smells sweet, sweet and warm and wonderful. I can’t get up.

“Get him up, walk him around”, Gripper commands, smiling.

I can’t get up, knowing I can get up. I don’t want to get up. I’m cold. The grass, sweet. I’m hot. Wonderful. I can’t get up. I know I can get up. Won. I have won.
The rain penetrates my sleepy thoughts
And awakens my mind to its rhythmic message:

A world
Alive
To love,
To hate

Out there
Somewhere.
I hide
Inside

Where I
Can be
Kept safe,
Unharmed

From life
And strife.
Too weak
To keep

My head
Up high
Against
The storm,

I know
I show
A brief
Relief

From life’s
Chaos.
But I
Am tired

And come
To shun
The rain’s
Domain.

But my bed protects me so today
And dreams undreamt lie just within my reach.

L. Sanders

Fall 1976
Colder than a witch's tit. Ineloquent. My God vulgar even and you a Calvinist. Still, as handy as a jackhandle: no Love but in Nature. Or poetry in things? Cuddle weather it was then. Better. Blame it all on nature. Cold it was carried you beyond my better judgement and into my arms that night. Through my arms, between my lips, up my legs and into my heart. So life goes. On. And on and on and. More lips more legs less heart. So we cuddled walking in the snow later covered all traces of the sermon our steps deciphering bedroom from chancel. With of course appropriate homage to the man without whom this night would not have been possible: yea even come lord Jesus. I do believe it was Reverend the right reverend who takes his Mary face to face every other Wednesday night while Adeste Fidelis haunts from the Magnavox to keep his faith firm Symington's best yes his very best Christmas Eve. Ours too if my memory serves me perfidy.

The church was dark. Ignorants huddling safe in their numbers waiting in the cold dark for the old janitor to bring heat. You and I arrive later. Darkness darkness even darkness made manifest in the footshuffling coughing silence. Waiting. The masses waiting in darkness for a sign. A lone candle waiting a spark. A port opens. Light issues forth, the masses baptized in The Word: the right reverend: “A blue Impala NH27 has been parked inadvertently in my spot. Would the person” inadvertent hell. You nor I felt like walking just then. Especially to hear an old goat bark out Little Bethel. Nevertheless the Word made flesh order is restored. And it was his best his very best or don’t you agree my love or care?

You did then. You cared. We giggled: “The Second Coming.” And we, still apprentice, exhausted by the first. A hand squeeze and a wink promise better times ahead. Like the evergreen which is as the name implies, ever green, Christ has promised us he will come again. Not in a humble stall, not in a rude stable, not wrapped in swad-
dlecloth, not attended by pigs and cows (I hated so righteous demagoguery but you and a quick look to the Old Ones agog at the majesty beneath the tree told me booing was out) but in glory surrounded by angels! And archangels! And cherubims and seraphims! In 1520 Father Gregg of Axton calculated the company of heaven to number seven times seventy million! That's a lot of company my children. Will we have room in our inn? So let us rejoice and prepare ourselves for the second coming (a second squeeze; the rum and mistletoe perhaps? Or spiritual frenzy.) by singing stanzas four, two, and eight “O little town of” how many seraphims shall we invite to our wedding, love. Wedding. Voiced but unspoken yet tonight nature unmans me the rum mistletoe cold and perfect snowflake on your eyelash move me to mount up. So on the stoop huddled under a pregnant moon in the silent dark stars falling all over us all over everything making holiday travail difficult I can only compare the cold night with the withered dug of an old necromancer and animal I long for the warmth just inside Will you marry me. Of course still in asking I overstep the issue. Will we marry each other? Will merry Mary marry properly or stay Leda and submit to whitebeat wings forever? No dilemma for the Innocents for you allergic to feathers submit gladly to only arms. And legs. Love. We enter.

You've taken the couch again tonight. Squatters rights I suppose. You'll test it out and laugh when our son probably student beyond his years sensing a sale grins back it'll outlast Gibraltar and you laugh though ignorant of hyperbole. Yet. Hello. Are you still with us? You do look dead. Green under the gills. Ever green. You always had the gift for understatement you would tell me be a writer. Come Lord Jesus, forgive those who chastise the Innocent with stripes of Invinceability. You were no virgin. Neither was Mary we find out. Morning sips of silence bleed on our cozy solitude so lovingly constructed of things left unsaid mortised by true real happily for ever after love. After a time we do weep together. You shed your tears I my dreams like excess baggage for a trip never begun, anticipated, completed. You sympathise I thought (the harmony of the spheres and all the poetic honeymoon claptrap) with my plight. Flight. Night. Yes, you stroked yet you too seek the morning. Asleep yet the same squeeze that consummates the touch of whirling worlds twenty years in the colliding. Fucking poet. God how scared I was! How I was scared God! How was I scared? The same thing happened to my parents. And yours. And theirs and Hazen that sold us the rings. His too. No you couldn't have known that because I just saw it myself but I didn't. Life did it all for me. For time no capital T Time has a way of revealing even the most vulgar inconsistencies. Sins of kind. Bumps in the Road as you might say and if you stand far enough back you lose sight of the irregularities someone famous said that once. So maybe I did. I did love you. After a fashion. Very convenient. You were. Conventional. Convention. You smile at that. Do our dreams still correspond after all? How too convenient. You can not dream you are unconscious. I wash my hands.
You have drunk again too much the distillate of dreams and submit to the couch and do not dream. You enjoyed this party. I will tell you that again tomorrow to remind you. I will tell you tomorrow all of the guests came. I will tell you we came. Twice. Like dangles on a sterling choker. We both pass out. Always you at the end I right from the beginning of things. You embrace now your Arbuthnot, while I, observing, well-trained in observation, repose on my father's day gift my memory and stare over there asleep and await the morning that washes every girl's dirty face and presents me with another stiff neck. Stiff from sleeping erect or from my party precautions. I strike an imposing stance in a crowd don't I. In but not of I [righteously]. Although of course I do not see. The forest for the she's and you for the he's. Darling. So long as we keep our perspective: The only thing that endures is hypocrisy.

I scream oatmeal at the top of my genitals I am. Indeed. Could I leave, I suppose but I too revel in the endproduct of wine skins and couplings seven times seventy millions. So many? We bobble in unison we are in this together for better forbear. Not so the unfortunate innocents. Don't bother getting up you always say the pictures flash in a thought: best friends stay close to the surface. John and Kathy afloat forever on a sea of blue. Baby. Sky. Varicose veins love. Now theirs was a marriage made in heaven by God. Gibraltar. Each other's best man. Could it miss. Something so sure about locking brass rings. So sure. But gone now gone the way of all flesh. Which one kept the wedding poem? Shard of a broken youth it wasn't the best. Neither understood it. Probably Kathy. She sympathised occasionally. Perhaps... no my prone beloved we kiss our own stars. Or fallen snowflakes. No matter how perfect. They might have had it copied. John's sensibility. Reason m. Insight. To put it crassly. But even ever greens do wither. Such is life. Do not weep.

Yes, turn into the bosom of the dark. The first shall be last. Gibraltar cracks. My love. And the last forever first. Mom in her kerchief and I in my cap just waking up to a long winter's nap. The right Reverend would catch the allusion. The right reverend would smile. There will be a second coming: the right reverend would have everyone smile, "for as long as the hills are green hope remains within the heart." Again it is snowing. It is colder than hell. The sheep have all gone home and we may rest for we have earned all we deserve. Is it getting lighter there in the east or Time playing Tricks. I'm God tired love. But you, sleep on. Sleep the fulsome sleep of the too-late dead. On my couch. You are dead. Or do I repeat myself? I am not mistaken, you defy life. And you said I understate but you might have coaxed "wry wit." Or seen it all as an allegory. A replowing of the first furrows. But I don't complain. After all, I cast my lot with the cyclical historians. You knew that didn't you?

The yellow pixie lights from the tree throw a sallow reflection over your bulk. In your jaundiced attitude I remain to ply my trade: I observe. Merry Christmas, love.
Unbalanced Love

You were such a big investment.
I spent my life on you.
But now I'm flat broke.
My expenditures have outweighed my affection for you
and my interest ran too low.
Now I've incurred this outstanding debt
(Erased from my counterfeit heart, of course)
It has to do with trust. . . .

C. Jacobs
RUNNERS

(thoughts along the beach: summer, '76)

I
The thin margin of constant surf reveals lands unmarked by calendars;
The patient gestures of curlings sands record cuneiform-joggings of omniscient gulls — like mystic ink left in forgotten journals.

II
The denimed runners come:
Only here is thought turned primeval, lost to all recollections of hours; and runners, such as I, become absorbed into the office of a vast, uncertain soul.
As our passage falls onto the sand dreams are released from brickyard-sepulchers to run against lives unknown along this shore.
As sands await their baptism of tide
so I await the secret of your distance,
and realize the time we have for love is brief;
for age, which humbles us, cannot be shaked,
nor experience clarify but alone confuse.

Each day this thought goes further —
and time grows casual along the beach.

The shoreline's but a pattern to be paced,
and understanding gleaned thereon is short:
The gulls yet play in those canals of sand,
where thought goes farther than a promise;
the runners here can still be counted —
their footprints lost in separate worlds.

Arthur Steiger

Lisa Sanders
The young men were well aware of mornings. But mornings were not in the realm of comparison. It was not the same thing; mornings were distinct and held no concern for the "experience." Only the half-educated, the ignorant, the pompous, and the viscous would try to relate the two. But who cared? Who could explain? There was a missing point. It could not be explained, and, if it could; it would reduce the insight to the mundanous of weeknight television or the triteness of a discussion which dealt with "human feeling." These things took no part in glory or grandness. The realization had to be earned. The two men had tested it. They had tried to expand experience. But this was not something for the many, no, only these two had found themselves worthy. Compassion and feelings of guilt were no match for insight, glorious insight.

They knew that when they got there that it would glow and be yellow and shine in their glasses, but that they might have to wait an hour or so for this to happen. It didn't matter what happened before it glowed — that was only anticipating. Things only became like they were,
yellow and with little globes of bubbles, after you waited for a while. The two young men were there to observe, to be entertained, and to wait.

The room became a little less bright and clear — they would only have to wait a little while now. They asked the man to provide them with a little less of a wait; he consented — they had plenty of money. They had plenty of money because it was foolish to see a partial glow. No glow at all would be better.

Well it glowed. It was a brilliant yellow. There were hundreds of little globes all flashing in yellow. And they went straight up too, not just all over. People smiled, or rather the two young men smiled and so everyone must have smiled. The young men were witty. They became Wittier and Wittier. They became so witty that they were the only ones witty enough to appreciate each other's wit. They were mostly witty about the other people in the room, brown and shrinking. It became a very grand brown, shrinking room. The two men wished they could write down the brilliant discourse that was occurring in the brown shrinking theater.

Then something better happened. There developed a wonderful, glowing camaraderie not only between the two coruscating wits, but between the two geniuses and their prodigious allotment of admirers. They became quite informal and wonderfully outgoing toward their fascinating, though of course duller friends. There was an exchange of stories. The young men were very tolerant of the pedestrians and, in fact, learned a few scant articles of information. But, oh how blessed were those who listened to the young wits! The listeners missed the major portion of wit, but they could not be expected to pick it up.

Later the two wits did not care that they could not write down their discourses, but they always, always wished that they could.

This evening they knew that they had only been at this place a few minutes before in scattered evenings, just a very few minutes, wonderful minutes when meaningful flashes had occurred. No, not flashes, flashes insult; it had not been flashes. Ebullitions of natural insight, yes that is what it had been. Beautifully flowing occurrences (and, yes escapades) which gave these young men a unique hold on their own, and, in a special sense, on the world's idiosyncrasies and patterns.
Sometimes Philosophy would interrupt.

The yellow globes now paced upwards with a velocity that assured the young men that they did not care if they were unsure. No one could be. They were relatively sure, however, that they were prodigiously munificent, and grand in their laughter. It felt good to laugh, but, of course, it was not just that. That simple perception could not stand by itself. There were reasons for it. They also knew by intuition that they had a great hoard of knowledge. They took time to praise the knowledge of others (though they were never present). No, this business of life was certainly mysterious, that could be granted. But how good it was to have a grip on it; on its grandness. The tiny globes spontaneously and enthusiastically sounded their applause.

Great volumes of reflective smoke were now inhaled from the young wits' cigarettes. The little globes of yellow darted upward with fantastic speed. The conversations with the hoards of admirers grew less and more prodigious. Care had given way to the long striven for "faith."

The young wits retired from the small brown stage. It had been a hard night and much effort had been exerted. They both said: "I'm goin' t' bed."

The two young men will repeat their exercise in about three days or so. They have accounted for all. You see, it really is grand.
MADRIGAL OF THE REEDS

The leaves touch lightly, a tip to tip caress.
They bend and bow to Phoebus in eloquent intimacy;
he is their provider.
In saffron shade, all about a half light plays
in spectral shafts, a minstrel's limelight of the day.

To a flute song of sea fowl, the salt water marsh dances a muted minuet.
Yet the god of sun grows jealous of the arabesque, and scorches the troubadours in a bath of white heat.

Stalks turn chaff, grow dry, and ever silent,
as the madrigal of the reeds sweeps slowly to a halt.
TO CLEAR WATER LAKE

“The moon is no door. It drags the sea after it like a dark crime.” (Sylvia Plath)

Around your weeping willows, Green grief strikes the bank. Here, Shadows shall never touch. Yet, how tenderly you carry, All the lonely boats.

Your glassy mouth receives me, Lovingly. We meet for the first time In this steamy sanctuary of sun smoking air.

Within your womb An island moans with dreaming birds. I hear, But cannot reach them

About my feet are scattered gifts, Which ask nothing in return. Four shells you push to me in timid waves. I will take this store of watered servants, And treat them like stars.

Poor sea,

Muddy ropes bind you: Taut stasis bellows. I will remember our first meeting And long to give you an ocean’s echo, To silence, The awful gasping Of thirsty trees.

N. Marsala
How I Spent My Summer Vacation:

An Anonymous Piece

of Local Color

Yea! School's out! It's funny how school always ends about the time my money does, and this year again, there was no question as to how I would spend my summer: working. My job started early in spring with an application. Filling it out was work in itself. I was trying to get a job with the Indiana Department of Natural Resources—Division of State Parks, which of course means red tape. I had to have signatures from the precinct committee-person and vice committee-person, and the county Republican chairman and vice chairman. The last man that signed my application dumped the bad news on me — I had to join the two percent club. This meant I had to sign a statement to the effect that I was willing to contribute, voluntarily, two percent of my paycheck to the Republican Central Committee. "This is an outrage," I thought, but since I needed a job, I rationalized, "Why not?" The patronage problem worked out alright in the end, though. I never paid the two percent, and the state will never hire me again under a Republican administration; no big loss there.

(I shouldn't really complain, though. Most of the people I came in contact with were great to work with, and some of the customers were even normal.)
Then there was Louie. Louie was an old hot shot they hired to keep a lid on the campgrounds. He served in the Air Force during World War II, and, believe it or not, he still thought he was in it. From the start he had many things against him: his age, his personality, his face, the way he talked, the way he walked, the clothes he wore, etc. Other than these few things, Louie was an alright guy; just ask him!

One evening I had the unforgettable experience of working with Louie. He spent the first four hours rushing around the park in the pickup truck that the state provided us, and the rest of the night he impressed me with stories of how he won the war. (It was at this time that I first saw Louie in action.) As he was telling me how he single-handedly saved some downed fighter pilots from pirates in the South Pacific, we heard chopping in the woods. “Ah-ha!” says Louie, “someone is cutting down a tree!” (Illegal in a State Park.) “I’ll just go over and tell them to stop,” I said. “No, I’LL get them!” Louie said, and he put on his camouflage jacket, and stealthily made his way in darkness through the woods.

I had almost forgotten about him when he didn’t return in a half hour, but when he did, I couldn’t believe what he was saying. Apparently the old geezer had caught a child cutting firewood, and chewed him out for fifteen minutes. Louie then proceeded to go to the youngster’s parents — who had no idea of what was happening — and read them the riot act. During this time, Louie told them that the kid would be arrested and fined $100.00, the parents would have to replace the dead tree their child was cutting, and they would have to leave the park. Such news had the mother in tears, her son scared into shock, and the father so angry that he was ready to punch old Louie out. Louie finally did the smart thing and left them alone (he said he would let them off the hook since it was the boy’s first offense). The people left the campgrounds first thing the next morning, and gave the gate attendant a good dose of verbal abuse.

It’s a wonder that Louie didn’t drop dead of a heart attack the way he rushed around. He never really accomplished much, but he certainly spent a lot of energy doing it. One Sunday especially reminds me of his misdirected motions. He was out directing traffic and checking each and every car for their pass allowing them into the campground. Louie got sidetracked for a moment, and a car started leaving the campground, not knowing it was supposed to stop. Suddenly Louie turned around and shouted, “Stop!” The driver didn’t hear, and kept on going.
This was, in Louie's mind, a blatant disregard of authority, and he was so excited, he didn't know whether to crap or go blind — so he started waving his arms and shouting instead. The man kept going. Louie ran to the phone (no small feat for a sixty-five year old man) and called the main gate. “Hello — gate?” Not waiting for an answer, he ordered, “Stop that yellow car!”

The gateman said, “You mean that yellow car that just left the park?”

“You let them get away!” Louie screamed as his blood pressure hit an all time high for the day. He wasn't going to let them get away, though. He hopped in his car and tore out of the campground after them. I guess he didn't stop to think that people would try to sneak into the park, not out of it.

By this time, the fugitive was already three miles from the park, but “Dauntless-Dingle Louie” kept up the pursuit. He finally caught up to the culprit in the yellow car. “Why the hell didn't you stop when I yelled?” Louie shouted. The driver told him that he hadn't seen nor heard anything and what-the-hell-zit-to-ya.

Well, needless to say, Louie didn't last very long. The last monumentally stupid thing he did before he left, though, is worth mentioning. It seems that Louie left his lunch in his car one day, and forgot about it. At noon, he saw someone else's lunch, and thought it was his, so he ate it. Louie pulled out a sandwich and said, “Boy, my wife never fixes me this stuff. I wonder what's gotten into her.”

All this time, the owner of the lunch was looking at Louie in astonishment, wondering if he had gone senile. The old fool looked up from his feed and said, “Fred, aren't you going to eat lunch today?”

“No, I had a lunch, but I don't know what happened to it.”

“Well, I'd offer you some of mine, but it's almost gone.”

“That's O.K., Louie, it doesn't look very good anyway.”

That is how I spent my summer vacation — or should I say, bummer vacation: putting up with a geriatric jerk. Louie always used to say, “A job worth doing is a job well done.” When I think of Louie, I wonder if it was worth doing.