

Silhouette

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The Shawnee Silhouette

Fall 1985



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What IS poetry? That is a question that has been asked over and over again. Major poets of the past and present have given their definitions, and we have given ours. Poetry IS all of those things and more too. It is like asking the question, "What is love?" The answers are infinite, and each one is right in some part.

Poetry is all around us. It is everywhere we look. However, to fashion it into tangibility is the job of the poet. It is like taking all the mixed-up pieces of a jigsaw puzzle and fitting them together to make a recognizable picture to be enjoyed by all.

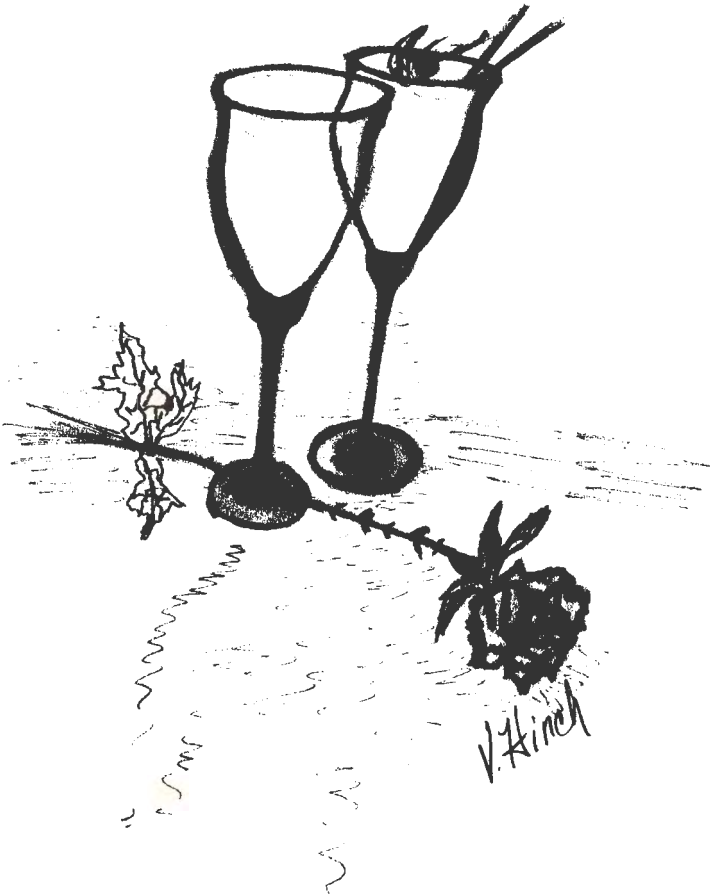
Then we may ask, "What is a poet?" I feel that every person is a poet in his own rights. Though he may not be aware of it, each individual is writing visual poetry in whatever task he performs. The difficult part is for us to recognize it as such. The farmer turning a furrow around a hill is creating poetry. The wife singing in the kitchen while she cooks is demonstrating poetry. Poetry is with us and has been since God's creation of the universe. We cannot escape it. It is as much a part of our culture as history, science, and all the arts. In fact, it IS in all these things so intricately woven it is hard to pull apart.

Poetry plays a great part in my life as well as it does in the lives of millions of people. Having once sipped the nectar of words from the poetry glass, we can never again set down the glass with satisfaction.

As Francis P. Church told Virginia O' Halon in the SUN TIMES, in 1897, "Yes, Virginia, there is a Santa Claus. How dreary would be the world

if there were no Santa Claus!" I feel the same answer may be applied to poetry and poets. How dreary indeed would be our world if there was no poetry! How dreary it would be if there were no poets.

Paul Salyers



And Some Are Angels

Some are monsters
deformed by the malice of chance
into gaping chested beauties
admired for the curve of their buttocks
or the color of skin.
Chained to the post of perfection
they gaily parade before the gaping eyes
of animal men and vegetable boys
hot on the smell of the monster
and trembling in obscene fear
at her silent approach.
Make the monster dance and sing
and stand naked before jeering crowds
of admiring frightened boys
who throw stones and smile with soft voices
and gently prod the beast that does not bite.

Some are goddesses
taking life by the balls
and squeezing monstrosly til the world acquiesces
and sways in the face of her incredible will.
Child-men press their pale and frightened faces
into the dust to avoid her haughty stare and
sneer of cold command.
To her hilltop castle come scores of trembling suitors
with gold to win an inch of her smile
and tales of their herculean adventures
to gain an ounce of her respect.
She plays their souls and sends them home,
abused and defeated
broken on the cold stone of her love.
Calm calculations reduce the world to gravel.
The stars dim in her presence.
All the men kneel.

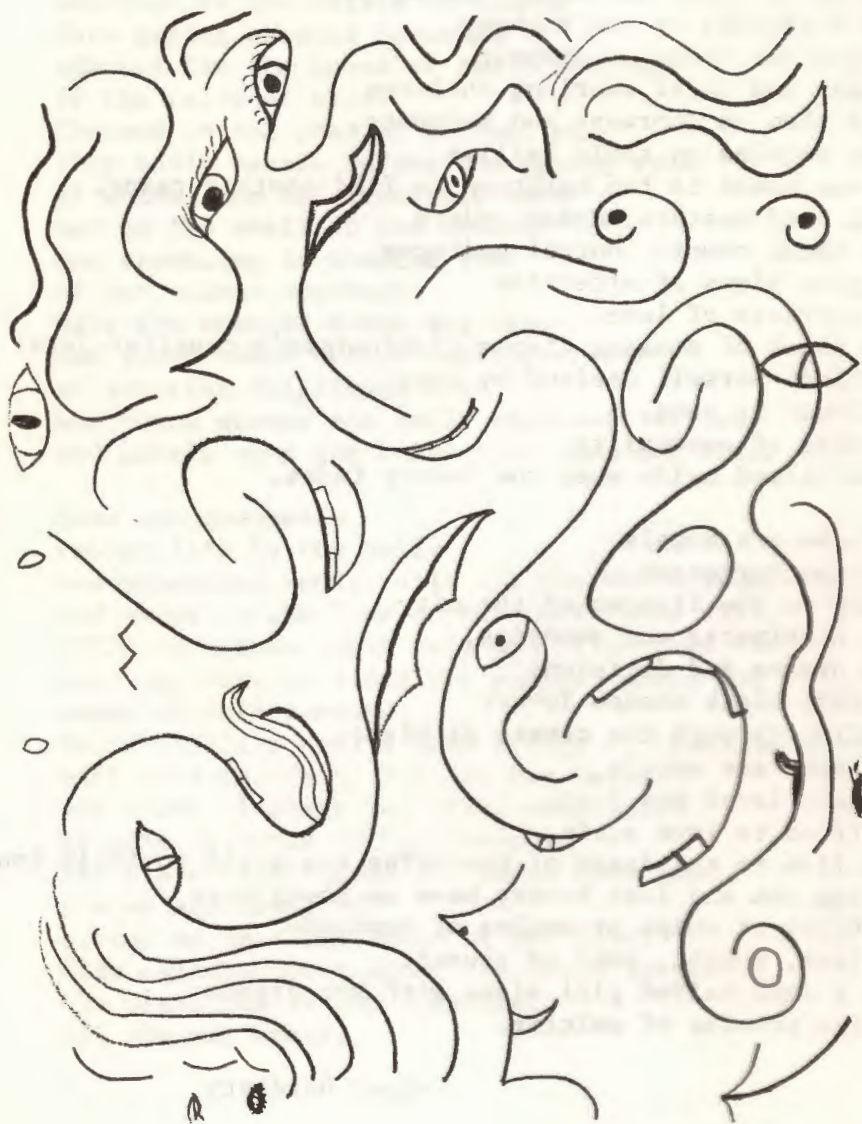
Some are losers
born to be loved furiously for an hour
then discarded by the highway
in crumpled heaps of despair.
Dog men and their snarling children
chain them to doorways and bedposts,
break bottles on their bellies
and run naked to the bathroom to find another razor.
Cruel hard masters scream orders
from their remote control bedrooms
and give blows of affection
and torrents of love.
In a flash of amazing disposition(nature's cruelist joke)
she finds herself desired by many
and loved by none,
a drudge of sensuality
to be tossed aside when the beauty fades.

And some are angels
lost and forgotten
living on the fringes of the city
with nightmares and memories,
with dreams and decisions
and cool black shadow lovers
rippling through the covers at night.
Yes, some are angels
who have loved and lost
and tried to love again,
held firm to the dream of reworking the world to their image.
The dog men and lust hungry have no power here,
no chains of whips or smiles or commands,
no flesh, bought, sold or abused.
Only a dark-haired girl alone with her dreams
and the promise of waiting.

-Ryan Hardesty

Published in Inscape

Faces



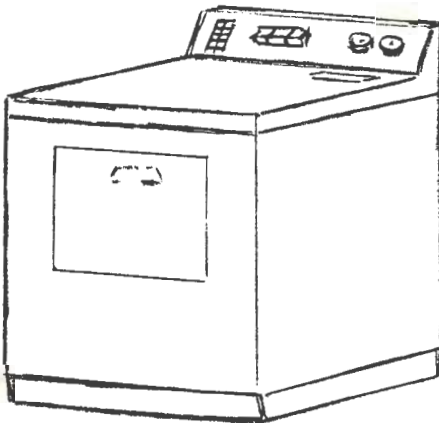
Peggy Wilburn

The Laundromat

(eta Silhouette Fall 1985)

As I listen to the hum
Of the clothes dryer,
My mind goes back to
Last spring
When we would fill our
Basket
Including our one sheet and
Walk to the laundramat.
We always sat on the folding table
And drank Mountain Dew
While we talked
About how great it was
To be alive
And together--
We would walk home and put
Our one sheet back
On the bed.
It always looked so clean
And tempting,
We would skip supper
And jump in
To hold each other.

-Janet Nesler



Autumn Flames

Already, I begin to pare away
at remnants of the summer,
listening to crickets cut new teeth
on morning crispness.

I search September fencerows
for replacement trees
and pitch drought-dead dogwood
to burn atop the moon fires.

I groom the yard for April
to invite a burst of wings
against tender petalled green.

-Harding Stedler



Struggle

et al. Silhouette (Fall 1985)

Man against man.
Woman against woman.
I have become the pawn.

Nothing sacred.
Weapons are drawn.
I have become the target.

Innocence is taken advantage,
Sincerity is stomped into the ground.
Thoughtfulness becomes a weakness.

-Vickie Stacy

Hasty Heart

I have in my possession
a hasty heart
and tonight I will begin
a salvage harvest
while listening to the rhythm
of the crying rain
and the heartbeat
of a stranger

-Rodney B. Cooper



Shall We Thrust and Parry

Then shall we thrust and parry
Over inanities and bitter truths?
Call up the armies!
I will squash you with disdain;
One well placed "stupid"
And you'll grovel on the floor.

Victory's not cheap.
Its price, two cruel jabs at self-respect,
A salvo of curses.
No retreat, you coward!
Well, that's done.

Sweep out the corpses carefully;
Love dies a thousand times,
Then rises like a traitor.
Love dies.
And I go weeping on, behind closed eyes.

-Helen Reynolds

Standing Tall



How To Become Interesting

Silhouette, Vol. 1985, Iss. 2 [1985], Art. 1

Webster's Dictionary describes interesting as engaging the attention, or arousing interest. I, however, find that very descriptive phrasing, especially when referring to people. Being the nondescript third girl in a large family. I have always known the meaning of the words usual, ordinary, nice, mediocre. But, interesting-- now that is a word! Interesting is the short, fat, Italian lady whose cart I accidentally crashed at the supermarket last week. Her dark eyes were spitting fire as she flailed wildly with both hands. Bright ruby lips chased around her chubby brown cheeks, as bullet sped Italian phrases filled the air. Interesting is the old-fashioned, red-faced, hell-fire and brimstone, soul-saving preacher. Standing in the pulpit with popped eyes, and neck veins bulging like force-fed nightcrawlers, he enumerates the wages of sin. Interesting is what I decided to become at any cost.

After much research I decided that interesting people are dedicated people. They fight injustice and oppression wherever they find it. They stand for equality and freedom at every opportunity. With a little investigation around my home town, I soon found my cause. There it was in my own back yard, prejudice and injustice. My very own neighborhood had a jogging club that catered only to men. I vowed to break into their segregated midst, and stamp out their blight on humanity. So it came to pass, after numerous phone calls and many strategically placed pickets, I was allowed to join the club. Right prevailed. I could jog with the men. Every morning at five I jog twenty blocks with seven pot-bellied, grouchy, bleary-eyed men. Every morning at five, rain or shine, in sickness and in health, I jog that damnable twenty blocks. My little shelves of fat smack together every time my heels strike pavement. My lungs wheeze and whistle like worn out bellows. But, I must carry

on. No price is too high for that much sought-after title, interesting.

Interesting people strive to broaden their horizons, and to cultivate new and unusual friendships. Never mind the P.T.A. or fellow workers, I mean really new and unusual friendships. I began frequenting street corners in the scummy section of town. Numerous strangers stopped to talk to me. I checked out park benches in the early morning hours, to see if there were any overnight sleepers. I explored strange bars and even stranger people. For the price of a pint, one old wino was more than happy to tell me what had put him down-that-wrong-road-again. He kept telling me over, and over, and over. (Being interesting is hard work.) Once, I found my name among flowery obscenities on a phone booth wall. I wasn't overly concerned, there are probably two or three other Elouise Skickenbergers in the world. The phone began to ring at all hours of the night. Sometimes the callers came up with strange and unnatural suggestions. I decided to ignore my phone because I don't have time for the trivial irritations of wrong numbers when I am working on interesting.

There are several other factors of behavior that lead to interesting; however, I won't have to deal with them. Yesterday afternoon I arrived. I was described as interesting. I had finished my shower, and the phone rang. With a towel held in front of me, I started for the phone. The doorbell rang. I peeked through the curtains, and saw my little old wino. Since I wasn't dressed for company, I decided to hide. Maybe the ringing phone would convince him no one was home. Easing the lock on the stairway door open, I

"Ahem, ahem," a throat cleared behind me.

Whirling around, I saw the meter reader standing at the foot of the stairs looking up at me.

"Interesting," he grinned. "Very interesting."

-Louise Holsinger



knowing you would come
i settled in bleeding tears
against the tree
where in the heat of the sun
i listened for your heart
to beat the grass to straw
i stole earths patience
where moss grew
knowing you would come
the night fell
without breaking
and dreams of you and i
lie
to rains of thunderous morn
waiting till my spine groaned
my legs bore roots
and God's cool breath
sighed winter
to season's change
knowing you would come
by the moons passing
i mark time beyond my tips
for dawn and all your passing
would mean to me
knowing you would come

-Dexter Wolfe

Old Trucks

intrigue

me.

Rust

rattles

moaning gears

crying out

to me

beckoning.

Torn bodies

dangling wires.

Why?

Still working

used

abused

yet

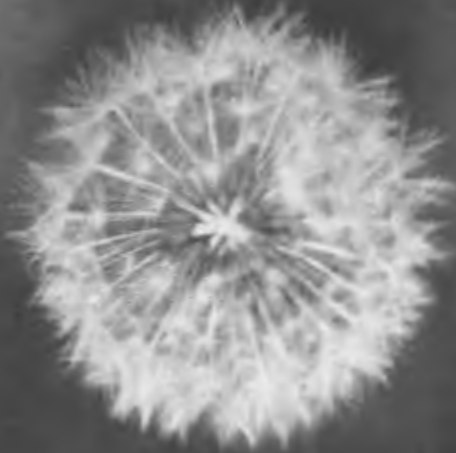
willing

still.



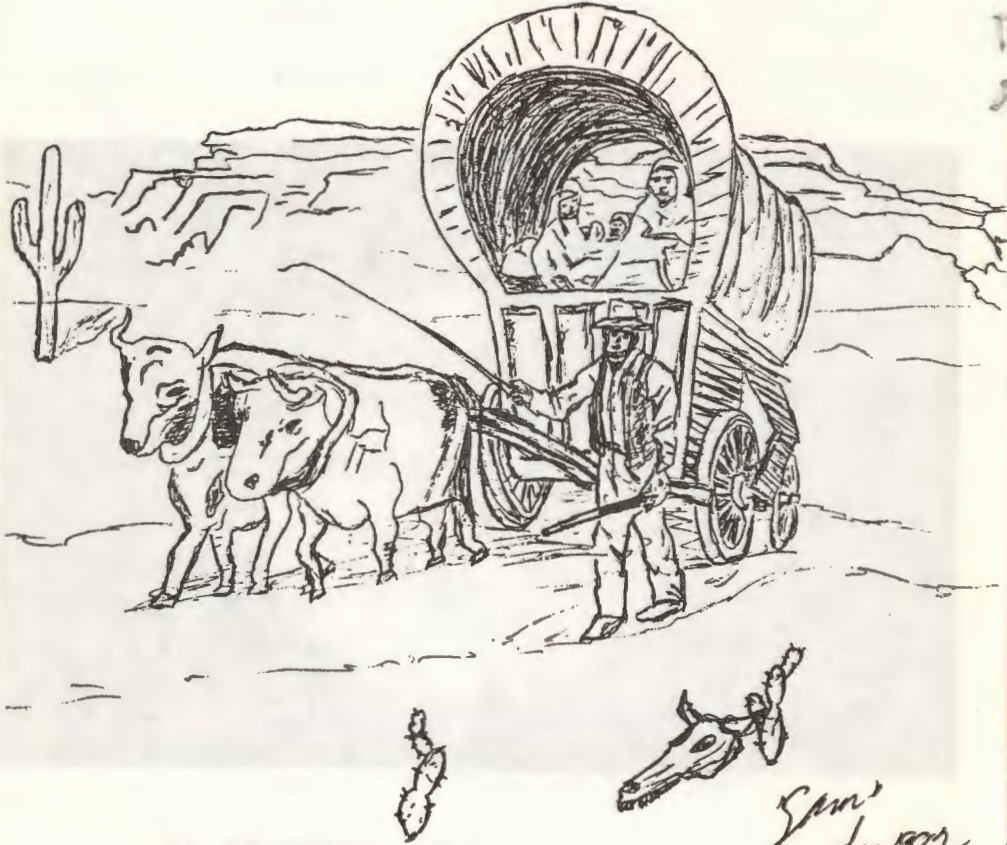
et al.: Silhouette (Fall 1985)

Dandelion



Lori O' Dell

Statehood Ho



*Spencer
August 14, 1982
1:00 P.M.*

Floyd Ward

Spring Cleaning

Burnt fragments
Scatter jagged edges
Shattering
Mirrored truths,
Folding ebony corners
With scorched
Hearts.

Subtle memories
Crumble
Like stale bread,
And only I am left
To
Sweep
Up
o
n
e
l
y
Crumbs.

-Vicci Hinch



I felt the brisk evening breeze blowing through my hair as I was leaving the Henning Tennessee Mortuary. I had just seen the cadaver of a female beaten to death, and I know who had killed her. Driving on Highway 51, I suddenly recognized his car. I followed him into the nightfall until he tired. He pulled into a motel parking lot and entered the motel. I could not recognize the town, but I did remember passing through Memphis. Being tired, I decided to wait for him in my car until morning.

I woke to the loud clap of thunder. I scanned the parking lot, but I didn't see his car. Suddenly, I heard screams coming from the motel. I knew he had found another victim. Then, I saw him running to his car parked across the street. Pulling back onto the highway, I knew he was headed for Jackson, because I had just crossed the Mississippi state line. Arriving in Jackson, he entered the train station. I purchased a ticket as he did, bound for Tangipahoa, Louisiana.

I felt the surge of the train pulling from the station as I sat down beside him. The train went through McComb with silence. Then, the ice broke; he spoke softly, asking where we were. I replied, "Entering Kentwood." Once again, silence filled the air as the train moved onward toward Tangipahoa.

When the train came to a stop, he quickly removed himself, and I followed. I called his name, and he turned to face me. In the mean time, I reached for my gun and kept my pace. He extended his hand to shake mine, and I confronted him with what he had done. Beginning to sob, he sank to his knees. I slowly pulled the gun from my coat. With blood stricken eyes, he said, "Go ahead, kill me, daddy". I laid the barrel of the gun between his eyes and sent him to his eternal destination, straight to Hell.

-Chuck Veach

et al.: Silhouette (Fall 1985)

Night Life



Sharon Blackburn

A Garden Spot for Molly

Silhouette, Vol. 1985, Iss. 2 [1985] Art. 1

"And they say she's nothing but a bitch." My
mama wove the word through warm velvet lips
one night when she thought I was sleeping sound.
"That cat house is the reason most of the
valley men can face lean years and lovers
turned into nagging wives," my paw whispered.

Now, I didn't know what a cat house was, but
Mollie lived there, and she was as pretty
as the china doll my mama bought me.
I told her so once; I said it right out:
"I'd like to be just like you, Molly, all smiles
and soft strong."--"This ain't no life Lou," she said
as she cold-creamed the smile from her face,
"You got to find a man who'll give you a garden spot,
one who'll make you wake up singing."

I was tending garden one new day,
when Ida Maybell Right dropped her thin lips by.
"Well that old whore's dead." She whispered the word.
"Didn't want no funeral, and a good thing;
nobody'll miss her. She just wanted to be buried
in that old cemetery, the one up on Quiet Green."
I asked her would she like some of my sweet corn;
I had plenty--more than I could use.

Before autumn burned the last rose away,
I climbed the Quiet Green with white and red.
The old path was free of weeds and briars,
and a loving wind kissed my shoulders.

I smiled when I saw her resting place
nestled among the pines.
It was garlanded with crimson roses
interlaced with tansy and with thyme.

Shady Grove, my little love...Shady Grove.

-Louise Logan

Morning Mirror

et al.: Silhouette (Fall 1985)

Whose pale face is this?
Lines of pain being planted
permanently -

Empty eyes
That once threw sparks
of life -

Have revelations and bleeding
of the soul

Made time your enemy?

-Abbra Gray



In Loggin Camp

To my childhood eyes
Vince seemed like a giant,
stood over seven feet
and broad as a cord of wood.
Other loggers called him Paul Bunyan
said he did not need Babe,
beat everyone when it came to loggin.
They said on Saturday nights
when they went to town
to raise a little hell
Vince drank milk.
They wanted him along though;
no one ever called them lumber jacks
or started fights
when Vince was around.

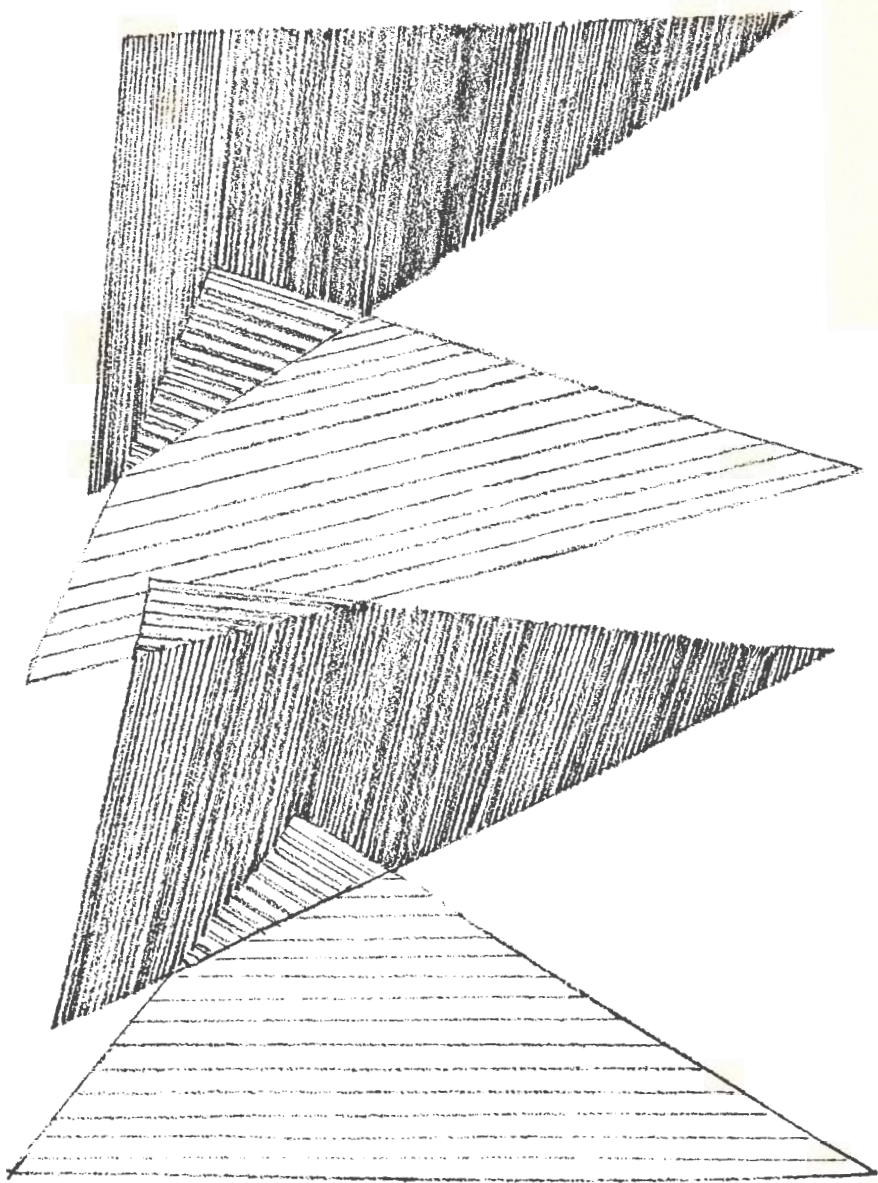
Each of the boys had an eye out
for my new school teacher.
Each pestered me about speaking
a good word for him.
Not Vince, just a twinkle in his eye
when Miss Eulie was around.

Eat! My how Vince could eat!
Mother was their cook
and baked an extra pie
just for him. I helped
serve dessert sometimes,
and I loved it.

The night of the big blizzard
snow drifted, covered the bunk house.
Vince opened the door,
came tunneling through that drift
like a giant snow plow,
other loggers following
Indian-fashioned snowmen.
Huge plates of pancakes
did not have time to get cold.

One day Vince left camp,
going to California,
wanted to tackle
those giant redwoods,
and took Miss Eulie with him.

-Lena Nevison



Winnie May Jett

Sometimes I Wear Plaid Socks

et al.: Silhouette (Fall 1985)

I wore my new socks to the office yesterday, and nobody noticed. I didn't go across the hall to the clerks and typists today. I usually visit them at break time, but today I just stayed at my darn desk. I'm supposed to be a professional-- have to have a college degree to do the paper work I do, but some of it doesn't seem very high level.

I suppose my socks don't shock anyone anymore. Like death and famine and other things that people get accustomed to, the novelty has worn off. My new socks have orange space ships on them. Far out! I don't even know exactly why I wear crazy socks. I wear pants to work; I can hardly remember when I wore a dress--maybe the first week after we had been advised that we should dress professionally.

The pants hide most of the socks, but people do mention them sometimes and they do consider me an office character. Of course, my socks and funny sayings don't equal those of John Phillips, the new guy in the office. He wore pointed-toe shoes one day--I mean, not just pointed horizontally--the toes of his shoes point straight up. He is really a show-off. I've decided the loud voice he uses and some of the things he says point to insecurity.

I don't really know why I'm writing all this. I'm not the type to spill out my soul.

My mother called me at the office today. I missed her call, but I've been thinking about what I said when the receptionist told me she called: "My mother's a great lady, even if she did have a daughter like me." I don't know why I said that. Stolid, placid, unaware--that's how she seemed to me once upon a time. Maybe she is, but I feel differently about her now somehow. Maybe I'm

getting tired of living by myself. being free to stack dirty dishes up everywhere.

As I said, I don't usually sit around asking myself, "Who am I?" but something unusual happened to me last week at the office. I was hit in the head with an egg. At break time one of the girls was decorating hollow egg shells and filling them with confetti, scraps from the hole-punching gadgets. She was going to use them at a party. But somebody got the idea to try one of them on me. Maybe they chose me for the target because I wear crazy socks.

It was an odd feeling to have someone break an egg on my head. I was sitting looking at the daily paper, sitting with some of the typists. They were drinking coffee, talking about their husbands, the usual thing. I was scanning the news and occasionally making one of my witty remarks. Suddenly I noticed everyone was quiet and looking at me, and then--smash--there are egg shell and confetti falling all over. The girl who did it got red in the face, and they all giggled, and somebody swept the floor.

I think those girls like me. But I'm the one they chose to smash the egg on, and I don't know why I feel the way I do.

The socks I have on today aren't comfortable. I wonder who wears these things besides me? I saw some on display yesterday in one of the fancy dress shops. I was there with a girl who bought a dress to wear to a wedding. I think if I ever get married, I'll probably wear purple socks. My mother would be sad. I think I would mind the most if my dad was embarrassed. He still blushes, as old as he is.

Enough of this, but I must put down on paper what's going to happen in a few minutes. I'm going

out with a tall, handsome, shy fellow I met at the bowling alley. His team and my team bowl at the same time, but we had never talked. But the funny thing is he backed into me at the grocery store-- I mean, backed into me! I was bending over looking for a special kind of cat food, and he pulled his cart back to get out of a fat lady's way, and really bumped into me. And he blushed and stammered, just the way my dad does sometimes.

We're going to a movie, and he'll be here soon and I think I'll change my socks. I don't want him to be embarrassed. Now, that's silly! I bowl in crazy socks every week! But maybe he hasn't noticed. I probably should try to keep my individuality, but the darn socks are too tight anyway. I don't want to have poor circulation. I'd better hurry. Maybe I'll write more later.

-Shirley Young Campbell

Tranquility Mill

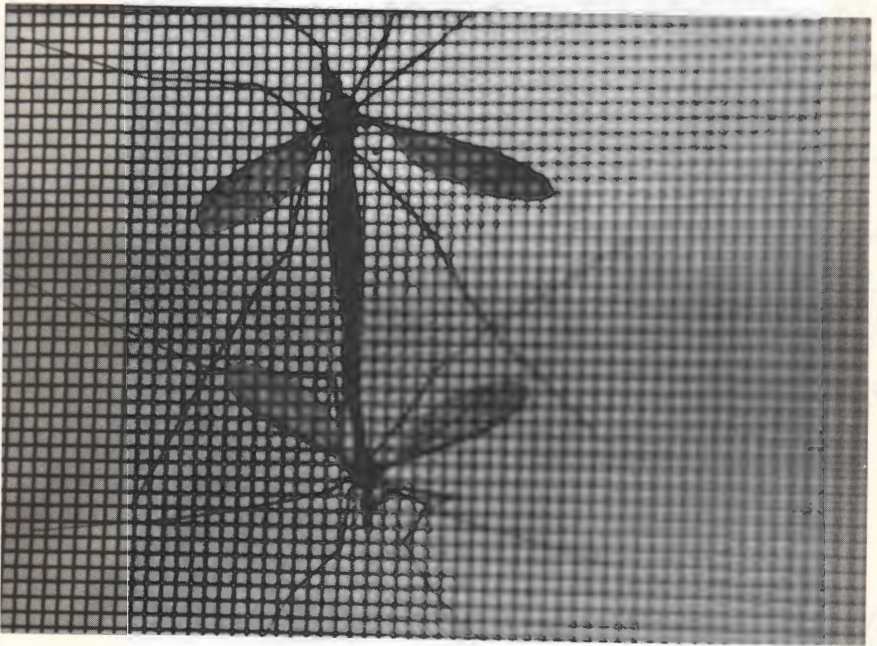


Trenda Boyd

As mainstream flows and ruts its muddy madness
into everyone's innocence, I pause
and think of a thousand places I'd rather be.
Locked into a hollow world where the preacher rages
and the sinner sins away and nobody remembers
why they came in the first place.
The poet's mind, abstractly dreaming, wants to find a way
to say we shouldn't give a damn;
to bend before the bitter wind
that already knows the other side of the world
but sweeps in unbroken for us to try our tricks.
The futility is obscene as politicians ride the wind
and preachers hide beneath its dusty cloud
to herd the scared and lonely.
The teacher teaches that all is not well and never was
and sends them home talking to themselves
but wanting to know more.
Winter comes, and then the summer
and fresh graves sink into the ground
until they must be refilled.
Screaming faces replace the tranquil aging
and flowers grow wherever the water is clean,
but the earth itself is showing signs of apathy.
Some sit in shady places and discuss the mortality
nobody wants--and try to persuade each other
for one last slice to remember them by.
Some admit that man's a slave to his own passion
and go away drained and smiley; others never can.

-Taylor Pierce

Siamese



Lori O'Dell

For Breakfast

etal:Silhouette (Fall 1985)

sometimes i feel like a pancake
you butter me up
pour on
 those
 syrup-sweet
 lines
taste
then decide you don't want anything
 that heavy
 so early
leaving me cold
 sopped
 with a bite taken out
wishing i'd never been
 cooked

-Mike Jones

Comatose

is it kissing
or mouth to mouth
merely pecking
sterile rhythms E.K.G.
some inescapable line
where kissing
 becomes mechanical
i love you
 intravenous
more tragic
than death
clinical existence
together

-Adrian Wells

Mixed Emotions

It was back to school season and all the salesclerks were busy. I stood by the counter waiting to pay for my purchases. Soon the clerk took my money, handed me my change, stapled my package and turned to the next customer. I hadn't heard her say thank-you to anyone during all the transactions. I became a little disturbed to think no one appreciated anything anymore. I thought courtesy isn't in demand anymore.

I turned and walked toward the door, happy to be able to leave the throng of pushing customers, and to be alone again in my car. I sat for a moment thinking how people had changed in the past few years.

I got comfortable under the wheel; with the motor humming. A crowd of people crossing in front of me caused me to wait. A lady with two small children hurried by. I wondered how she could manage the boys and do any shopping.

Just at that moment the smaller child stumbled and fell over the rise in the parking lot, and began to scream. I jumped from my car and ran to help. We checked the small boy over and found he had cut his hand on a sharp gravel. It wasn't a bad cut, and we seen had him quiet and the blood stopped.

"Could I help you into the store," I offered.

"Oh, yes, thank you. I have my hands full with these two. My daughter works here at the store, and I have to come and pick her up each evening," she explained. "My husband works nights, and there's no one to leave them with, and I'm afraid to leave them in the car by themselves."

"I'll be glad to help. The store is awfully crowded; you'll have a hard time getting through. What department does your daughter work in?" I asked.

"She works in school supplies and paper products," the grandmother answered. Then she added, "This has been a hard year on all of us. My daughter has just gone through a divorce. I try to help as much as I can."

We soon were at the school supply section, and the small boy pulled loose from his grandmother's hand and ran up to the same clerk that had just checked me out and said, "Look, Mommie, I fell and cut my hand."

I looked into the face of the tired and worried salesclerk. I felt displeased with myself for silently complaining a few minutes before. Now that I understood her feelings, I felt sorry for her. She probably felt as if she were carrying the weight of the world on her thin, work-tired shoulders.

I said good-bye to the boys and turned to leave. The grandmother said, "I really appreciate your help. I've been coming here for almost a year, and you are the first person to ever offer any help, even to holding a door open. Thank you so much."

I left the store for the second time that evening, but now with mixed emotions. I was angry with myself for thinking the young clerk wasn't courteous, and happy with myself that I had offered my help with the boys. I hadn't figured out which of the two emotions out-weighed the other.

When I got back to my car I saw a very young lad standing by my car door. He smiled and said, "Lady, you left your car running and unlocked. I stayed here until you came back. I was afraid someone would steal your car or your packages."

My heart went out to the lad. "Oh, thank you, son. I helped a lady with two small children, and I forgot about my car."

I reached into my purse and handed him a five dollar bill. "Here, go buy yourself something. I appreciate what you did."

"That's alright, Lady," he said. I don't want anything. I like to help people."

On my way home I realized I was like the young lad. I too enjoyed helping others, and didn't expect any pay for it. And I also made a resolution. I would no longer be a judge of my fellow man. God is our judge, and I shouldn't be trying to take over his job.

As I pulled into my driveway, I thought, the day hasn't been too bad after all.

-Wilma Horsley

et al.: Silhouette (Fall 1985)
Day And Night

They meet briefly
at sunrise
and sunset,
Embrace
with shadow
caresses,
then part,
with lingering
kisses
of stars--
sun--
dew--

-Peggy Ann Wilburn



A Name Lost

The bridge makes a strange song.
The dark water, high from snow melt,
Swirls by concrete pilings.
The wind sings through the steel.

The drift to a day-old blind is short.
Black water and sky, both in semi-flood,
Make any trip in an old canoe
Something you never tell a wife about.

Thoughts that could only come from
A people at a time never known
Flash through a mind made rational by books,
Logical by discipline, dumb by education.

To flush ducks on the way is a
Sign of luck, a good hunt.
To flush geese is to anger an
Indian spirit with a name almost recalled.

-R. Riverbuck

Recognition

etal: Silhouette (Fall 1985)

Hinch, Vicci - has a book of poetry available. The book entitled Yesterday's Silent Screams sells for \$4.00 per copy. She also received notification from Cosmopolitan Magazine informing her of acceptance of her poem, "Purity's Mistress".

Logan, Louise - recently won first prize from the Appalachian Writers Association for her essay entitled "Silent War of Appalachia: The Land and It's People.

Lodwick, Teresa - has a new book of poetry available entitled Empty Eyes. The book sells for \$3.00 per copy. She was also chosen by The World of Poetry, Sacramento, CA, to be a recipient of The Golden Poet Award for 1985.

Rowe, Carol - recently had one full page of her poetry accepted for an anthology at New Earth Review, in Murfeesburro, N.C. One copy will be donated to the SSCC library.

Teeters, Juanita - has a poetry poster available comemorating the Alex Haley visit to SSCC. The poster entitled "Little Boy Eyes" sells for \$3.50 per copy. Her book, Dog Dreams by the Fire will be available mid-September for \$3.00 per copy.

Whitt, Charles - has a book of prose and poetry available. The book entitled The Free-est Man sells for \$3.50 per copy.

Rankin Barnes - Automotive Instructor at SSCC

Trenda Boyd - Art major at SSCC

Shirley Young Campbell - Editor of Hill and Valley, a West Virginia literary journal.

Winnie May Fetty - Native of Kentucky - artist.

Abbra Gray - Ky. native. Tax Consultant

Ryan Hardesty - Student at Moorehead State University in KY.

Vicci Hinch - SSCC student, author of Yesterday's Silent Screams.

Louise Holsinger - Nursing student at SSCC.

Wilma Horsley - Ky. native. Tax Consultant.

Mike Jones - Former SSC student employed by Robert Shaw Inc. in Columbus.

Louise Logan - SSCC student working toward an Elementary Education Degree.

Janet Nesler - SSCC student, Poet, Photographer. Author of A Glimpse of a Soul and The Show Must Go On.

Lena Nevison - Ky. native, Author of Along the Way.

Lori O'Dell - Former SSCC student. Photographer.

Helen Reynolds - Student at SSCC majoring in education.

Edward Rowe - Ohio native and artist.

Vicci Stacy - Financial Aid Clerk at SSCC.

Harding Stedler - Professor of English at SSCC.

Chuck Veach - SSCC student majoring in social sciences.

Floyd Ward - 1985 graduate of SSCC.

Adrian Wells - Columbus poet.

Charles Whitt - Ky. poet.

Peggy Wilburn - Student at Moorehead State Univ.

Dexter Wolfe - Former SSCC student. Employed by Sherex Chemical in Columbus, OH.

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