



# THE SCRIBLERIAN

Fall 2006 Edition

Sponsored by the English Department and the Braithwaite Writing Center, the *Scriblerian* is a publication for students by students. Revived during Fall Semester 2004 after a two-year hiatus, this on-line journal is the result of an essay competition organized by Writing Center tutors for ENGL 1010 and 2010 students. The Fall 2006 contest was planned and supervised by Chair Whitnee Sorenson with the help of Andria Amodt, Gregory Burbank, Amber Fullwood, and Chelsea Oaks.

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## Argumentative- English 1010

1st Place Winner: Anthony Carter, "Ideas, Ideals, and Isolation"

For Dr. Kurt Harris

Morals, ethics, standards, rules of conduct, and integrity-- these are the pillars that human society is built upon. Society entirely depends on these concepts in order to maintain order. While there are a few who violate these established and sometimes unspoken expectations, it is the striving of the whole that keeps ultimate chaos at a safe distance. Is this relationship between morality and society symbiotic? Can ethics survive without society? If a person is completely isolated from human contact and influence, would he still develop the same codes of behavior that someone immersed in society would? No. Morals are dictated entirely by a society's culture and the social standards they develop. An individual man, if entirely cut off from this society, would be completely absent from such ideas or ideals as honesty, virtue, duty, and even guilt.

If society is the source and origin of all forms of ethics, then what is society? As defined in the Dictionary of Sociology, "[Society is] the social totality of all the relationships in a given space" (Lawson 232). This introduces the key factor in society responsible for moral establishment: relationships. In fact, Elyse Warren, author of "Moral Development," explains the effect that man's actions have on the rights, duties, and welfare of others that constitutes a man's morality (848). For example, the established "virtue" of honesty is not for the sake of oneself, but the disillusion and danger that it can have on others. If honesty did not exist, then there would be no trust in society, and it would fall apart. People as a whole need to be able to trust in order to live, and so the concept of honesty is given weight. Sometimes it is not even the *existence* of honesty, but merely the expectation of it that maintains order. Even though mankind in its nature has a rampant tendency to lie, whether for personal gain or protection, the overall hope of the common man for its existence maintains order.

Now, strip a man of all of these expectations. If he were alienated from human contact, there would no longer exist any object or driving reason for dishonesty. What is there to be accomplished by lying when there is no one to deceive? In fact, the desire or instinct to lie at all would not exist. This would create what society would esteem an ideally "virtuous" man, one who has no concept of or desire for dishonesty. But even though this isolated man has achieved something highly esteemed by society, is he in fact virtuous?

Aristotle spoke volumes when he said, "The greatest virtues are those which are most useful to other persons" (Moncur). In truth, virtue's entire existence depends on two things: its polar opposite and a society to esteem it. Since, in an isolated environment, there is nothing to oppose virtue then there is no virtue either. So, even though this theoretical man never lies, this does not mean he is honest. Neither can he be said to have virtue, for virtue is entirely determined from the ideals established by society. According to Michael Shwalbe, philosopher and author of "Self and Self-Concept," behavior is aimed at pleasing the audiences that most powerfully affect a man's self-conception (685). This explains what it is about society and culture that directly affects morality: its affect on man's concept of self. Schwalbe goes on to explain Charles Horton Cooley's concept of the "looking glass self" as coming from self-conceptions that derive from imagining how others judge (685). Indeed, it is the concept of self and the value given to the opinion of others that gives virtue its weight; thus, there is irony in Diogenes Laertius'

advice that, "One ought to seek out virtue for its own sake, without being influenced by fear or hope, or by any external influence" (Moncur). When virtue's entire existence depends on "external influence" it is futile to seek it out for "its own sake." Thus the theoretical isolated man, even though he may possess many qualities attributed to virtue, without a culture to place value on these qualities, he is entirely without it.

One of the most obvious esteemed standards of man that disappears in complete isolation is duty. Duty entirely depends on others in order to exist. To whom would this theoretical man hold a duty to? Any kind of duty relates to an obligation to others. Duty to country, paternal duty, and duty to family or friends are all prime examples of the direct relation of duty and society. Without the "moral strains" of society, duty cannot exist (Schwalbe 685).

Even with all of these established virtues, morals, ethics, and social standards, every member of society at one point will inevitably violate them. Considering this staggering fact, what is left to maintain order within society? Guilt. When a person violates the standards they have been taught, then they feel a sense of regret. This feeling is also entirely dependent upon the culture a person lives in. Guilt is the ultimate fear of loss of the approval of others due to prior action. George Sewell shares this opinion: "Fear is the tax that conscience pays to guilt" (Moncur). This fear is generated from the society in which one lives. Guilt is the fear of exile, shame, and disapproval of one's people. So, would a man who has no people ever experience guilt? If he were to kill the very last animal of a certain species would he feel regret? No. Without others to look down on him, or to tell him of the "gravity" of his action, the isolated man would not feel a thing. Like each of the ideals previously discussed, guilt depends on the "moral strains" put upon man by those around him (Schwalbe 685).

Which is the ideal life? Living in a world bound by rules, rewards, expectations, punishment, and responsibility, or a life free of such boundaries with the end goal of simply *being*? Living in society, we are inevitably pulled in hundreds of directions because "a man has as many social selves as there are individuals who recognize him and carry an image of him in their mind" (James 294). What an experience it would be to free oneself from the ties of honesty, virtue, duty, and guilt--to live, as William James points out, as a single person (294). Yet it is impossible for mankind to achieve this state. Each person is eternally bound by morals, judged by standards, and expected to follow ethics. However, after examining the *true* origin of morality, how much weight can one *truly* give it?

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2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner: Crystal K. Call, "Ebonics"  
For Professor Toa Tawa

"Ah 'on know what homey be doin'."

"Can't nobody tink de way he do."

"Do ya dig' how ta speak Ebonics?"

Does this look like a different language to you? Could you read it aloud without struggling with the words? Does it sound like a sophisticated, organized language in your opinion?

On December 18, 1996, a bill was passed by the Oakland Unified School District's Board of Education that officially declared Ebonics a language. The circumstances that surround this decision had to do with the language children were speaking in school and how the African-American students were struggling more because they could not understand the English taught in classrooms. Despite opposition, the Oakland, California school board was justified in its decision to declare Ebonics a language because of the benefits that came from it.

The resolution was met with uproar as the public misunderstood the conditions involved. Hermene Hartman, the African-American editor-in-chief and publisher of *N'DIGO*, a black-owned Chicago publication, wrote:

Ebonics is clearly a step backwards. . . Want to hear the doctor tell you in Ebonics what the cure is for those pains in your chest? Why not also resurrect the images of Amos & Andy, Stepin Fetchit, Mammy, Little Black Sambo, The Minstrel, rolling dark eyes dancing the instant jig, and the cotton fields where we were 100 percent employed, well-fed and happy. (Muwakkil)

The biggest misunderstanding on the issue was that the Oakland school board was going to be teaching the students Ebonics as a substitute for standard English. When indeed, the school's intentions were to teach the administrators the different patterns in Ebonics so that they could better communicate with the students in their teaching of understandable English.

Educators, journalists, politicians and even civil rights leaders, however, have questioned the resolution, time and time again. Ward Connerly, an African-American businessman and University of California regent said on the matter, "I think it's tragic. These are kids [who] have gotten themselves into this trap of speaking this language-this slang, really-that people can't understand. Now we're going to legitimize it." Civil rights leader, Reverend Jesse Jackson, called the action "an unacceptable surrender bordering disgrace" and claimed that, by teaching Ebonics, they would be teaching down to the black children, and that should never happen. Even the Clinton Administration announced that no federal money would be available to fund classroom instruction for Ebonics. "Elevating Black English to the status of a language is not the way to raise standards of achievement in our schools," said Secretary of Education Richard Riley.

The real question is why Ebonics should be declared a language in the first place. When looking at the statistics of failing African-American students in the Oakland area, it is not surprising that they needed to do something:

African-Americans, who comprise 53 percent of the district's student population, make up 71 percent of the special-education students, 67 percent of the truants and 80 percent of those suspended. African-American students have an average grade-point average of 1.8 on a 4-point scale--the lowest of all students in the district" (Muwakkil).

Stanford linguistics professor, John Rickford, said that, despite what people think personally of Oakland's decision, it is obvious that the existing, traditional methods are not working and that students in Oakland are getting progressively worse in the language arts areas.

So why is language such a big deal in the world anyway? Are we really judged immediately by what comes out of our mouths? Dr. Orlando Taylor, a published linguist and speech-language specialist, wrote:

Language is a reflection of a people. For example, French culture is perceived as high quality. Its cuisine is considered to be great. Its fashions are considered to be avant-garde, so if a person speaks with a French accent, it's perceived to be very positive because the people are perceived positively. But if a group is considered to be ignorant, primitive, backward, ill-informed, then their language is given similar attributes. The problem is that African-American people and Black people around the world are perceived by dominant societies to be inferior, and so their language is perceived in a similar way.

Linguist Dennis Baron maintains that "Aside from a person's physical appearance, the first thing someone will be judged by is how he or she talks."

It is often hard to understand the way people talk and not just in the case of Ebonics. Across the continent people have begun to adopt different accents and styles of speaking. In the film, "American Tongues," a reporter travels around the United States, interviewing as he goes. He goes from state to state just talking to people and learning how they talk. The Pennsylvania Dutch are a great example of people who speak a little differently. Their accents sound Scandinavian, although they were born and raised in the United States. Another example is a group of four people, all from similar parts of New York, who have such different accents that it is hard to understand what they are saying.

I believe that it is very important to be understood in this world. It's hard enough to repeat yourself because you mispronounced one word, but to do that with an entire conversation would be even more difficult. Southern Utah University English professor, Toa Tawa, who is originally from New Zealand, had an experience with a woman from Parowan, Utah. During their conversation, the woman mentioned that she needed to move her "harses to the croul." Tawa was confused at what this woman was talking about, and it took him several long moments of thought to realize the woman was talking about taking her "horses to the corral." It's amazing the influence language has on each and every one of us.

I believe that Oakland was justified in its decision to declare Ebonics a language, because of the new opportunities African-American students will have because of it. Although there was a lot of opposition to the resolution, many have remained firm that it was a good decision. I also believe that we each have our little accents and language quirks, and that we have no right to judge another culture's language. "A founding principle of our science is that we describe how people talk; we don't judge how language should or should not be used," Professor Rickford explained. I agree with Rickford's explanation and

hope that in the future we see further suggestions to improve communication and language around the world.

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## Expressive- English 1010

1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner: Carrie Colton, "My Sunshine"

For Dr. Kurt Harris

This was it, round three, the last round of the night. Everything I had worked for was coming down to this last judge, this last performance, this last round: round number three. Never had a drama competition been as insane or as scary as this. It was my junior year in high school and my second time at the Drama Competition.

Drama Competition happens once every year. High school students from all over the state come to Taylorsville High School to compete against each other with monologues (one person speaking), scenes (two people speaking), and pantomimes (no one speaking).

The competition consists of three rounds with three different judges. Each judge assigns a rank and a score. The highest score one can get is a "Superior." It then follows down to an "Excellent," a "Good," and a "Fair," being the lowest. The judge also ranks who is best in the group. For example, the best performance would get a 1, the next best would get a 2, etc. In order to medal at state, one must get three Superiors.

My scores at state my sophomore year were as follows: Round 1 – 2 Superior, Round 2 – 3 Superior, and Round 3 – 3 Excellent. Because of that last Excellent, my friend and I, who had performed a scene together, were one Superior short of medaling.

My junior year would be different. I decided to do a monologue because then I would have no one to blame but myself if I didn't medal. The monologue was from *Henry VI*. I played the part of Joan of Arc as she rallied the people of France. Unfortunately, this monologue required a great deal of yelling and consequently had a negative impact on the state of my voice. Still, the monologue was powerful and showed a good range of my acting ability. So, regardless of the strain that the monologue put my voice under, I still decided to take it to state.

This was it, round three, the last round of the night. Everything I had worked for was coming down to this last judge, this last performance, this last round: round number three. I stepped up to the front of the room and began my introduction.

"Hi, my name is Carrie Colton, and I will be doing a monologue from the play *Henry VI, Part One*. I will be playing the part of Joan of Arc."

I dropped my head to signal that I was going into character and then began my monologue.

*Ok Care, build some tension, you can do it. Make them believe you. Good. Now jump on the block.*

"Assigned am I to be the English Scourge! Join with me France, join with me!"

*Hah! They jumped back, even the judge and ugh! Oh no, my voice is wearing out, and I still have another minute or so to keep yelling. No, not now, not round number three.*

"We must strike those that hurt, and hurt not those that help!" I yelled with everything I had left. "One drop of blood should grieve thee more than streams of foreign GOREeeeeeeeeeeeh!"



*I squeaked! I squeaked! I can't believe I actually squeaked. I can't push my voice anymore. It has nothing left.*

I bowed my head to signal that I was exiting character and then took my seat in the audience.

My scores at Drama Competition were as follows: Round 1 – 1 Superior, Round 2 – 1 Superior, and Round 3 – 4 Excellent. Once again, I was one Superior short of winning a medal.

When judges give a score, they usually give commentary on the back of the score sheet illustrating their reasons for why they gave a certain score and ranking. My first judge informed me that I was brilliant and possessed everything that I needed for this character. My second judge concurred with the first, saying that he would pay big bucks to see me on a live stage. As for my third judge, all he said was that my voice was far too scratchy for the part.

*What? Too scratchy. He said nothing about my acting ability, nothing about my costume, only about my voice. But that's something I can't change, or can I?*

The following day after Drama Competition I asked my drama coach and my choral teacher if they knew why my voice was abnormally scratchy. I was thus directed to an Ear, Nose and Throat Doctor, Dr. Palmer, who specialized in vocal cords. He examined my cords through a series of X-rays, scopes, and eventually surgery. The day he came to a conclusion is a day that I will never forget.

"I am very sorry, but after evaluating your throat, I have come to the conclusion that there is nothing to be done. You have a very rare but significant vocal disorder called vocal paralysis due to some scarring on your left cord. The scar on your cord restricts it from any movement."

"Wait, I have a cord though. Can't you fix it?" I asked earnestly.

"No," he replied sadly. "No one can. This is permanent,"

"But when did it happen?"

"Well, other than this, you are perfectly healthy," he said. "According to your medical records you always have been. I'm afraid you must have been born with it. I'm so sorry, but there is nothing that I can do."

"But I'm an actress," I told him. "I'm a singer; I need to have a healthy voice."

"I'm surprised you have even made it this far being a performer," he retorted. "The scarring prevents you from singing anything high, and it also adds a breathy rasp to your voice. My advice would be for you to give it up entirely. You will not be able to handle the rejection from directors. You need to face the facts; your voice is simply too scratchy for the theater."

Dr. Palmer stood up, shook my hand, and wished me the best of luck. He then left the room. I, however, did not move for some time. I stayed where I was and cried. I cried for myself and for the death of my passion and dreams. I cursed the doctor, my injured vocal cord, and God. I kept thinking, why me? Why would God, if there is a God, give this passion and this talent, just to have it ripped away from me by my own weak body! Why me? Was my theater career really over? Was I really kicked out, not because of my acting ability, but because of my voice? I kept asking, why me?

My mother and father were just as devastated as I was. In response, they enrolled me in vocal therapy lessons at the University of Utah Hospital in Salt Lake City, Utah, with Dr. Kara. I told Dr. Kara that I was an actress and didn't want to give it up. I told her that I would be open to anything that she taught me and would follow all of her orders.

"Vocal therapy cannot fix your voice, Carrie," she replied. "All it will do is help your one vocal cord to talk as if there are two. I cannot promise that you will be satisfied with your new voice, but I can promise that if you do everything that I tell you to, and I mean everything, then there is no reason why you shouldn't be able to be on stage."

Naturally, I complied. For three months, I went through what Kara called "Vocal Boot Camp." Every day I was required to do a series of warm-ups, exercises, and vocal techniques. I was also required to be mute at least two hours before I went to bed at night and completely mute on Sundays. I was also given speeches from Kara to work on my acting technique and projection without damaging my voice. She always told me that I might not be able to fix my cords, but I can always fix my acting.

The three months were brutal. I can't even count the number of times I couldn't play with friends, sing in choir, or speak at church. The frustration mounted to the point that I thought I would just scream. Still, the memory of how much I wanted to be an actress prevented me from doing what I was instructed not to, and eventually my voice and my acting improved.

My next year in school I was elected as drama club president, got the lead in the school play, and even got the lead in the school musical. Even then, what I really wanted more than anything was to medal at Drama Competition, and soon enough, the time came.

It was now my senior year. I had one last chance to medal and that was it. I decided to do another monologue; I couldn't take any chances. Still, finding the right monologue became a grueling process. I read plays, surfed the web, and consulted fellow actors, but I just could not find the perfect monologue. The monologue I was looking for had to be powerful enough to shake my audience and force them to look past my injured voice and see a story. The story had to be more important; it had to be brilliant. Well, it took me a long time, but I found it. It came to me in the most unlikely place of all.

While at home, reading through some of my ancestral genealogy, I came across a story about my great-great-grandmother Alice Colton. She was the wife of a very wicked man who abused her both mentally and physically. I learned that Alice had cursed fate, her upbringing, and especially God for giving her such an awful man to live with. Her husband ended up dying from alcohol abuse, but before he did, Alice found out she was pregnant, and after he was gone, she gave birth to a beautiful baby girl named Emily. Alice went on to write that Emily's favorite song was "You are my sunshine," and that every night she would sing to her to express her appreciation for this piece of sunshine that came into her gray life. Unfortunately, Emily was born with cancer and died soon after she was born. Alice went on to say that she didn't understand why God had given her something so amazing and so wonderful, just to have it taken away.

I related to Grandma Alice more than anything or anyone I had before. I wrote a monologue about the day that Alice lost Emily. It started with a phone call from the cancer doctor and ended with me singing "You are my Sunshine" to a dead baby girl. I wept over a fake doll, but it felt so real. I pored out all of my personal frustration upon that doll. The personal connection I had with this story brought my acting

to a completely new level. I honestly felt like I became this mother when I performed that monologue. My vocal disorder had utterly transformed me into another person. I was now ready for Drama Competition, and this time nothing was going to stand in my way.

This was it, round three, the last round of the night. Everything I had worked for was coming down to this last judge, this last performance, this last round: round number three. Never had a drama competition been as important and as meaningful as this. It was my senior year in high school and my final time at the Drama Competition.

“Hi, my name is Carrie Colton, and I will be doing a monologue from the book *The Drunkard*. I will be playing the part of Alice Colton.”

Once again I bowed my head to signal that I was going into character. I raised my head, a new person, and began.

*Ok, answer the phone.*

“What do you mean something is wrong with Emily?”

*Look distressed. Show them; show the audience your pain. Remember the day when Doctor Palmer told you your bad news. Good, show them that pain.*

“You mean my little girl’s got cancer, but that can’t be. . .”

*Excellent. Now hang up the phone. Pick up Emily. Rock her. Hold her. You know that this will be the last time you hold your baby, your dream. Uh oh, realize that something is wrong.*

“Emily. Emily, are you okay sweetie? Emily wake up! Emily wake up! God, no, don’t take her from me!”

*She’s dead! Scream! Curse God!*

“Why me? Why me?”

*Project, don’t yell. Don’t hurt your voice, and don’t squeak. Use your exercises. You know how to do this. Very good. That didn’t hurt at all. Now sing to her. Let it out how much you love her and how you would give anything to have her back, anything.*

“You’ll never know dear, how much I *loved* you. Oh please don’t take my sunshine away. Oh please don’t take my little girl away.”

*Cry! Cry like the day you lost your dream. She’s gone and she’s not coming back. Good, now end it.*

I lowered my head to exit character and raised it to a room full of tears and silence. It was broken by the judge who stood up out of his seat to give me a standing ovation.

My scores for the day were as follows: Round 1 – 1 Superior, Round 2 – 1 Superior, and Round 3 – 1 Superior! I had received a perfect score. Not only did I medal, but I was chosen by the judges to perform in front of all the performers at Drama Competition that day. After my performance, my third-round judge approached me to congratulate me on my flawless performance. He also wanted to know what happened to Alice at the end of the book. I told him that she got remarried, forgave God, and at the age of forty-two gave birth to another girl whom she named Emily.

I cannot say that I would not give the world to have a healthy voice, because I would. I still rest my voice over twenty-six hours a week, take over six medications, and do one hour of vocal warm-ups every morning. I have also made my high school's Madrigal Choir, received the Drama Hall of Fame "Best Actress" award, and became a state finalist at the Sterling Scholar Drama/Speech Competition. *Why me?* I may never know. All I know is that "impossible" is a word that is not in my dictionary. God, if there is a God, would never give me a passion and talent just to have it taken away by my own weak body. But he might have built for me an especially thick brick wall, which, because I have broken through, has made me the person, the singer, and the actress I am today.

And who knows? Science is always making new discoveries. Maybe someday they will be able to break through their brick wall, and I'll have a healthy voice at last.

2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner: Kate Ashcroft, "Vacancy"  
Withheld by student's request

## Argumentative- English 2010

1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner: Kim DeRyke, "A Nice Afternoon for a Friendly Visit"  
For Professor Charles Cuthbertson

When reading from Billy Collins' Sailing Alone Around the Room, one may easily imagine this poet visiting a good friend and comfortably talking of recent happenings, past memories, and even planning future activities with this friend. Collins has a way of writing as though he is amiably revealing his thoughts and ideas to a well-known reader. Perhaps as readers, we can indulge upon that imaginative idea.

Billy Collins calmly climbs out of his car and walks to the front porch. Lightly he knocks on an oak front door, which opens momentarily to reveal his friend's surprised face. They are quickly caught up in a warm embrace and speak of recent events that have happened to one another. Collins acknowledges that he had traveled to Italy that summer. He laughs while admitting "How agreeable it is not to be touring Italy this summer, / wandering her cities and ascending her torrid hill towns" ("Consolation": lines 1-2). Continuing, he sighs, "How much better to command the simple precinct of home / than be dwarfed by pillar, arch, and basilica" (11-12). Nodding in agreement with Collins, his friend invites him into the house to talk more comfortably.

The friend offers Collins a seat while he goes into the kitchen to retrieve a cup of tea for the poet and himself. He returns with the steaming cups in his hands as he jokingly reminds Collins of that evening when they were in the pub. Collins reminisces about that night:

No one wants anything to do with a dog  
that is wet from being out in the rain  
or retrieving a stick from a lake.  
Look how she wanders around the crowded pub tonight  
going from one person to another  
hoping for a pat on the head, a rub behind the ears. . ."  
("To a Stranger Born": lines 2-7)

Collins picks up the cup of tea and says over the rim, "I bet nobody there likes a wet dog either. / I bet everybody in your pub, / even the children, pushes her away" (24-26). The two friends snort into their cups while they share the fond inside joke that they had over the years.

Shadows grow long while the two men talk of stories of shoveling snow with Buddha and how he has "thrown himself into shoveling snow / as if it were the purpose of existence, / as if the sign of a perfect life were a clear driveway" ("Shoveling Snow": lines 27-29). The friends chat about the pleasures of splitting wood: "the stroke of the ax like lightning, / the bisection so perfect / the halves fall away from each other" ("Splitting Wood: lines 25-27). They nod in solemn agreement that "Once every man wore a hat. / . . . / But today we go bareheaded" ("Death of a Hat": lines 1, 32). Quickly the day fades, and the men stand to end the evening with a hearty handshake, and the friend ushers Collins toward the door.

Collins walks out onto the front porch, but before long the friend calls to him and asks him if he knows a place for a late afternoon walk. Collins turns and, smiling, says:

You know the brick path in back of the house,  
 the one you see from the kitchen window,  
 the one that bends around the far end of the garden  
 where all the yellow primroses are? ("Directions": lines 1-4)

Continuing his instructions, Collins tells his friend where the best place to sit is, where "the sun strobes through / the columns of trees" (23-24). His friend affirms that he understands, and Collins finishes by inviting him to:

. . .let me know before you set out.  
 Come knock on my door  
 and I will walk with you as far as the garden  
 with one hand on your shoulder.  
 I will even watch after you and not turn back  
 to the house until you disappear  
 into the crowd of maple and ash,  
 heading up toward the hill,  
 piercing the ground with your stick. (47-55)

And with a wave of his hand, Collins steps into his car and drives away.

Billy Collins presents the images, similes, and metaphors on paper as though having a friendly banter with a close friend, an in-depth conversation with a cherished reader of his poetry, or even conversing with a respected loved one. He pulls each reader in as though each one is a devoted friend. and he speaks of recent ideas that have come to him, past memories that he has experienced, and future dreams that he imagines. Let each of us delve into Collins' poetry as a trusted acquaintance and learn and grow from his words.

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## 2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner: Benjamin Hamilton, "How Will Teasdale Cope?"

For Dr. Kurt Harris

How long can the human body go without water? One, two, maybe even three days-- but what happens after that time period has been breached? When a person does not drink water for even a day there are noticeable side effects such as delirium, irritability, and weakness. If continued, a person's health will spiral downward leading to unconsciousness, coma, and death. Similarly, without water, a community will fall apart. So when a community is established, its first task is to find and develop water. As a community grows, so does its need for water. Growth comes to a sudden halt when water can no longer be provided for potential residents, as is the case in Teasdale, Utah. This complication presented itself a year ago because of a nearby, thriving community.

Approximately four miles to the northeast of Teasdale stands Torrey, Utah. Every Fourth of July, Torrey runs out of culinary water due to the influx of people, and, until a year ago, they did not know they were violating the law. Members from the Utah State Water Board came in and made the decision that Torrey needed to provide ample water for every residing citizen on any given day. So Torrey took out a loan for one million dollars to access a second water source. They were successful but have since declared a moratorium. When a city or town declares a moratorium, they can no longer construct houses due to lack of water. Teasdale's close proximity has enticed those wanting to build in Torrey but can not because of the moratorium. Teasdale has plenty of open land and room to grow with only insufficient water resources as an obstacle to overcome.

Teasdale's water comes from the Cole Creek Spring, which, in the winter, produces ninety-six GPM (gallons per minute) and drops as low as seventy to seventy-five GPM in the summer. Twenty years ago the equipment providing water to Teasdale needed to be replaced for greater efficiency. Since then a 200,000 gallon water tank has been installed, and now water is more readily available to the community. Approximately one year ago, Teasdale had 127 water connections remaining for houses to be built, which is a large number considering the overall population of 175. However, the rapid increase of potential residents is a concern for the Teasdale Water Board and their ability to provide each new household with a water connection. Teasdale can not provide for the high increase of homes being built, and a sufficient water supply must be developed.

Obtaining a reliable and sufficient water source is difficult. At one time this was relatively easy, but as populations increase, so does the difficulty of developing a water source large enough to provide for it. The Teasdale Water Board has recognized this problem and has been discussing possible solutions. There are two springs in the nearby area that can be developed. The solution may also lie in drilling a well in the Navajo sandstone formations surrounding the town, and there are also several reservoirs on the Boulder Mountain which could be used. Another previously used alternative is purchasing water from nearby towns by connecting to their existing pipelines. All the water board has to do is decide which option is the most beneficial and decide on a plan of action.

Developing water is harder now than it has ever been. Melissa Robins said that every drop of water in the state of Utah is filed on, meaning that whatever water source Teasdale chooses, it will need to be paid for. This may be a little confusing, but it is relatively easy to understand. When a town pays for water, it does not pay for each gallon it uses but for the initial share of the source. For example, a 100



GPM water source is what they have developed, and they pay for this share of water. After the share has been paid for, the water source can be used until it runs dry. No matter what, Teasdale is going to pay twice for the water it develops and uses, once for cost of development and again in the form of a share. To every water source available there is a drawback, so the board will make a decision depending on what possibility is the most cost efficient and which source yields the most water.

Dennis Hiskey, president of the Teasdale Water Board, said that the board is currently looking at two springs to develop: one located above town on Forest Service property and one located below town on private property. A spring can be very beneficial to a community because the water comes from the ground and requires no treatment. The spring below town is not the Teasdale Water Board's main agenda right now; the one above town is, because of its location. This spring is approximately one quarter of a mile from the existing pipeline, which would allow for easy access. The town would simply have to develop the spring and run a pipeline to the existing water line. Developing the spring would not be a difficult task either. They would dig down around the spring with a back hoe, set some wire screens in the ground, and then pack gravel around the screens to absorb as much water as possible. Robin Hamilton, specialist in charge of permits on Forest Service property, said, "Many towns in this area use springs as a main or secondary water source; they provide substantial water for a long period of time, longer than most people live." The board members are enthusiastic about this possibility, but the irrigation company does not share their enthusiasm.

The spring above town belongs to the irrigation company, and if the irrigation company sold this spring for culinary water, this would mean less water for them. Farmers are just as concerned about the water shortage as the community because, if they sell a spring, it will be even harder for them to water their crops. The majority of southern Utah residents rely on farms and crop production to feed their livestock and make a living. It is understandable why the irrigation company does not want to sell the spring.

Another debatable option is to drill a well. I have drilled wells for Treasure Valley Drilling, and so I am able to relate both the good and bad aspects of this source of obtaining water. I have recently drilled a well which produced 600 GPM artesian, meaning no water pump had been installed yet, and 600 GPM was flowing from the well. This well took approximately three weeks to complete and proved very beneficial to the city of Star, Idaho, as a secondary water source. Teasdale also has great geological positioning for drilling a well because the Navajo sandstone formation has proved to yield water, and the town is built on this rock formation. If they end up drilling a well, they are hoping for one hundred gallons a minute, which is a minuscule amount compared to the well in Star but will more than provide for Teasdale's needs.

First, the drilling company will have to drill a test hole to determine which area of the town will yield the most water. After the test hole has been completed, then they can drill the primary well. The conditions they find with the test hole will determine the depth of the well, the diameter of the well, and the depth to set the screens. Setting the screens at the correct depth is crucial in obtaining as much water as possible. Well drilling is very effective if the steps mentioned are followed with exactness.

However, well drilling can be a gamble because there are so many things that can go wrong. Whether or not a well drilling company hits water, payment is still owed upon completion of the well. The upside is that some well drilling companies will only charge half price if the well proves unsuccessful. Water can often be reached at depths of fifty to one hundred feet depending on the level of the aquifer, but I have drilled a well to a depth of one thousand feet reaching no water at all. Wells are time-consuming

depending on what material is being drilled through, which makes estimating a completion date difficult.

The most difficult decision when drilling a well is finances. The well for the city of Star cost \$250,000, which is relatively cheap for a city well. Teasdale is looking at \$500,000 to \$750,000 upon completion for a well in their small city. Most of this cost will go to travel because there are no well drilling companies within a hundred miles. In the end, drilling a well could be worth it, but is the Teasdale Water Board willing to take the gamble?

Besides developing a spring or drilling a well, another possibility is piping some of the water from the existing reservoirs. This has been done before and proved to be a reliable source of water. To successfully obtain water from a reservoir in the mountain, Teasdale would have to build a pump and treatment station. The pump station would be used to pump water to the existing pipeline and then to the city. Since the water is ground water, a treatment plant would have to be erected in order to chemically treat the water for sanitary purposes. This water source would be favorable because each springtime a reservoir will accumulate water until it is overflowing and provide water for the year.

Although reservoirs have been used in the past for a primary water source, they are not always the best alternative for a city. Even if a reservoir is full and overflowing, this doesn't mean water will be provided year round. Occasionally a reservoir will go dry half way through the year, and then what will the city do for the remaining time with no water? On top of that, treatment plants can be very expensive, and these need maintenance along with repair on a frequent basis. Besides these drawbacks, this is another possibility for the town to consider.

In the past, water could be accessed from a neighboring city, allowing the two to share water. A connection could be made between Torrey and Teasdale. Teasdale could consider this a possibility if Torrey had not declared a moratorium. The only other town nearby is Bicknell, about ten miles away. So for all practical purposes, Teasdale is not going to pipe water from a neighboring city because of distance and lack of water.

With all of the possibilities in mind, a solution needs to be reached for growth to continue in Teasdale. Greg Coleman, vice president of the Teasdale Water Board, said, "I would like to see a solution where the buck goes the farthest." Greg Coleman is a beneficial leader to the community because he is working towards the most cost efficient water source. Through research and weighing the most plausible possibility, developing the spring above town would be the best water source available to the entire community. The irrigation company is not going to readily sell the spring, but for them to make a profit each year there has to be growth in Teasdale. If there are no more water connections remaining, then growth will halt, and farmers will see no increase. The irrigation company is not currently using water from this spring, and the spring does not flow naturally to the area where it could be used. It is hard to see a spring go to culinary water, where it could have been used for irrigation water. However, farmers will see an increase in profit when the spring is developed and people begin to build again in Teasdale. The spring is the most cost-efficient, which is why it will prove to be a great water source for years to come.

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## Expressive- English 2010

1<sup>st</sup> Place Winner: Amanda Utzman, "Learning to Dance"

For Dr. James Aton

Two sets of canines flash. Two hisses slither over two tongues, sounding like raucous music, swelling and falling and more, following no bass beat or clever guitar chord. There is a primal melody in the low noise, broken by jagged chirping and screeching as each blow is landed. Two sets of nails rake over two sets of hair and pale skin. Bodies hunker over, sides heaving and backs arched, trying to look larger than normal. Two heads dip to the ground, eye-to-eye, nose-to-nose. For a moment both are still, and then a muscle's tensing is all it takes to begin the dance again. Three four-footed leaps to the left, two sliding steps backward, forward, a roll, a pounce. Hair is flying, irises are flashing. Lips curl over bared teeth. And then an opening—two forms lunge for the throat, and one comes clear the victor.

I let her fur slide free of my loose pinch, and I laugh. For a moment, it startles me that she does not join in my chuckles, and then I remember that she cannot. Like a cornered cat, the ferret rolls out from under my furless fingers, glossy black guard hairs bristling. She weaves back and forth, sinuous weasel body stretching and shrinking with each bounding leap and skid. I pick my tired body up off the floor, slithering on elbows and knees closer to the crevice beneath the bookshelf where she is crouching in wait, eager for the moment where I will take a step too close and bring myself in range of her attack. I know exactly what she intends, and I know I could just as easily turn around, rise to my feet and walk away. I can see a hundred possibilities that she cannot—but I still take that one step too far and dart back from her snapping jaws. The ferret wiggles, black eyes wide, and I want to believe that it is joy glittering in the white circle shines. I know there is joy in my eyes: it is not everyday one learns to dance.

*Mustela putorius furo*, twelve inches long, one and a half pounds of solid muscle, teeth meant for cracking bone, claws built for ripping open rabbit warrens: the American Ferret is an eccentric pet choice at best. Essentially, a ferret is a polecat, a weasel, a wild animal whose closest cousins include badgers and wolverines. The store clerk told me, "You can't treat a ferret like a cat or a dog. They aren't the kind of pets that will cuddle up and do everything you order them to." I had nodded then, rolling my eyes behind the clerk's back. Inside their cage at the store, they looked like lazy lumps of fur, content to live their lives asleep. *Boundless energy?* Sure. I picked my dozingfuzzball from the bunch and carted her off to our house, dreaming of training her to leap through hoops and dance for treats. Sweet dreams have a habit of ending.

After all we have been through, I can honestly say I have failed to domesticate Elly—but she has managed to undomesticate me. The "War Dancing" was only the beginning, and one by one, Elly battered me with bizarre behaviors that could not be ignored. Like an impatient teacher, she repeated the motions through and through, chirping and hissing when I failed to meet her standards. She stalked me, shadowing my movements and darting between my feet, biting playfully at wiggling sock-clad toes that must have looked like well-plumped worms. She deftly followed every move I made, over piles of discarded clothing, onto chairs and under tables, into cluttered closets and up the bed. And all the while, she watched with her glittering, weak black eyes. I did not know what she was doing, but I changed myself to suit. I developed a shuffle, toes curled under pads, smaller steps, twisting ankles sinuously to evade the small furry body below. Ungainly as I felt, I could not help but wonder if this was how ferret

mothers felt, constantly chased by their learning kits, shuffling across the floor, keeping close watch over their long-clawed toes that could easily cut through thin, young flesh. And Elly *was* learning from me, I was amazed to discover. Her dim eyes managed to catch the way my fingers slipped behind the catch for the bathroom cabinets. Completely struck with disbelief, I watched her mimic my motions, open the heavy, latched door and pull the reward of her cleverness free. She snatched the last roll of toilet paper and unrolled the entire thing, filling my hallway with shreds of cottony pulp and chirping a lilting song of unadulterated excitement. With uncountable amounts of amusement and horror, I let it happen.

Then, the day Elly punched a neat pair of holes through my left ear, I was ready to stick her right back in the cardboard box and dump her at the pet store. Clutching my bleeding ear and wiping tears of pain from my eyes, I desperately consulted the multitude of ferret books I'd collected (almost obsessively), searching for any mention of aggressive ear biting. I found an answer I was not expecting. Ferret kits are prone to nipping their litter mates' and mothers' ears to stimulate the senses. Something of a ferret "wake up call," Elly's ear-gnawing was a gesture of companionship that I had simply been forced to accept. I came to mimic the motion, pinching her ear gently in my fingernails, and she would roll over every time, ready for a practice battle or a run.

Biting and shadowing were not the only traits she imposed on me, or that she imposed on others. In her ferret eyes, our small basement apartment became an overgrown den, with table legs instead of imposing tree roots, chairs instead of boulders. Weasels are decidedly territorial, ferociously guarding their hovels from all intruders—animal and human alike. The first night I ordered pizza, the delivery boy and I both received a nasty surprise. A black streak came flying around the door's corner, every hair standing on end, pink mouth gaping and fangs glinting. The pizza man jerked backward, but not in time, and Elly latched onto his thin canvas shoe with vehemence. The pizza carrying bag went flying; the delivery boy tripped and fell in his haste to retreat, and Elly began to claw her way up his pant leg. Dragging her out by her skinny black tail, I apologized profusely, and offered him a generous tip, even while she fought in my hands, intent on going back and protecting our home from the "intruder."

She is not my pet. Our relationship is not that of master and animal. Because I could not make a human of Elly, Elly made a ferret of me. Duly educated, I have become a ferret mother, and she learns from me like any growing kit: four-footed shuffling, spasmodic dancing, hissing, hunting, rolling, biting. To an outsider, how strange must we look, lunging at each other and wiggling on the carpet? But Elly and I have a language, a way of communicating with each other that is secret and belongs only to us. It is simpler than English, simpler than any spoken language that has ever existed. It is simpler than even the convoluted body language that plagues human relationships. It is dependency, loyalty, and education all in one.

A pursuit between us is not entertainment, is not a trick like "fetch" or "roll over." It is a hunt, a battle, training for wilder days, days that will never come, when we will chase rabbits and be chased by foxes, when we will sink our teeth into warm prey, when we will feel the thrill of a real hunt, instead of squabbling over leather shoes. It is easy to forget that I do not have fur, that we are not *both* free creatures who can live by instinct and need alone. It is easy to forget that later I will put her away in her cage and sleep on my fluffy mattress, easy to forget that I will rise tomorrow and go to the university to learn. Hasn't Elly taught me everything I need to know?

Protect your home. Protect each other. Do not trust strangers. Play hard. Play voraciously, in case you do not wake tomorrow. Observe elders—they know what you can't even imagine. Do the things that

make you happy, and do them with abandon. Live, run, dance, sing. While she learned from me, I learned from Elly. It is a primal sort of knowledge, one that, if I chose to step outside myself, would seem disconcerting. Life could be so much simpler.

Being a ferret has made me wonder if sometimes a discouraging bite might not be a clearer message than bumbling English words. Being a ferret has made me wonder if we “civilized” human beings haven’t made a terrible mistake. Ferrets do not worry, do not develop anxiety disorder, and do not need pills to regulate their mental states. Ferrets do not start wars over religion, over culture, or over race. Ferrets do not tangle themselves in moral battles, do not waste their lives deliberating over difficult decisions or relationships. How free she seems, pretending my socks are a family of slaughtered voles. I scruff her gently with my fingernails, pinching at her ears. This is all it takes to say “I love you unconditionally” in the language of animals.

Maybe tonight I will not crawl onto my plush mattress. Maybe tonight I will not lock her away in her metal and plastic cage. It would be easier tonight if I were not a human being, if I could forget calculus, chemistry, computers, cars, televisions, terrorism, intolerance. . . if I could fill my mind, like she does, with nothing but curiosity, fierce loyalty to my kin, with nothing but a love for chirping songs and lilting dances. Wouldn’t I be so much happier? Maybe tonight my kit and I will curl, crescent-like, in our den, and sleep and dream of nothing but sleeping and dreaming again.

2<sup>nd</sup> Place Winner: Andrew Warnick, "Untitled"

For Dr. James Aton

In the heart of the Montana Rockies the river turned and slipped between the sheer faces of opposing cliffs. My kayak was dwarfed in comparison to these granite pinnacles that framed the riverbank. Even craning my neck I could not see their tops as I gently floated by. I was moving with the current, the opposite direction that Lewis and Clark had traveled when they first negotiated this section of the Missouri River. As I floated past I turned around to see the massive rock formation the way Lewis and Clark had first set eyes on it. How had they seen it? If they had looked at it with metaphorical eyes they might have seen it as I did: a gateway to the new and different world that is the West.

The 1804-1806 expedition of Meriwether Lewis and William Clark was the genesis of the mythos of the American West. When they embarked on their voyage of exploration, the Louisiana Purchase, which became our western frontier, had been in American hands for only one year. When they returned nearly two years later, it was to a completely different country. Their work investigating, cataloging, and charting the West laid the framework for the country's move westward. For Americans, the land acquired through the Louisiana Purchase offered cheap and expansive property, opportunity, and a great unknown. The human need to comprehend the unknown drove the American settlers west, just as it drove Magellan around the globe and Hudson in search of the Northwest Passage.

As I sat in my kayak on the Missouri River, nearly two hundred years after Lewis and Clark, I felt that same exploratory desire. Each bend in the river was a new experience, full of wonder in its newness. As the rock gateway receded behind me, more turns brought new sights: interesting rock formations, wildlife, and gurgling shallows. For the most part the landscape looked much as it had when Lewis and Clark had first passed it. Only the occasional bovine interloper or grievously conspicuous campsite gave any clues that two hundred years had passed between their journey and mine.

A guidebook I brought with me made that gap in time seem even smaller. It named the grassy knoll to my left as an 1805 campsite of the Lewis and Clark expedition. I could almost see them standing there on the bank in their classic pose, captured in bronze in statues throughout the western states. Clark would have stood, draped in tasseled leather, with a rifle slung over his shoulder. Lewis would have been there too, decked in his tri-corned hat, clutching a map in his hands. I imagine they would have faced west, with their exploratory determination written in their faces. I think of Lewis' map. He charted it as they traveled up the river, so its termination point was their position. The map told them all about where they had been, but everything to the front of them was one large unknown. Each step they took to the west was a step into the unfamiliar.

I took a step like that myself once when I was four years old. I remember standing next to the road on the first day of school, my parents beside me with camera in hand. When the school bus pulled up, the doors opened wide. I can still vividly recall the apprehension I felt as I stared into the bowels of that open door, afraid of all the uncertainty of the future that it represented. But somehow something inside of me allowed me to take that step, the first of my academic career. Though that step and many after it was taken in trepidation, school became my west. I discovered a world full of things to learn, like Lewis found new wonders to catalog and add to science.

Since that point, my life has been a journey of exploration and learning. It unfolds day by day just like the river runs its course.

After the campsite, the river continued to wind its way along its course. Hard rocks and boulders began to give way to rolling meadows and copses of trees along the riverbank. By my map I could tell that I was approaching "Dead Man's Rapids," named on the Lewis and Clark expedition. Those explorers left their mark all over the river with place names, myriad campsites, and a legendary aura that seemed to hang in the air. For miles around signs bearing their faces and names heralded the fact that they had traversed these parts. It felt like "their" river, and for me, it took away from the sense of exploration floating the river gave me, because they had been there first.

It had been disappointing to me when I first contemplated the paucity of unexplored wilderness on our planet today. Ours is a day of satellites and air-travel; one wherein we have conquered even the moon. In my intermediary years I began to feel wane the vitalizing drive to discover, because I felt that there were no more uncharted frontiers to push back. Even on a remote stretch of the rugged Missouri River previous explorers had left their marks.

The river flowed undeterred, the current swift. I took my paddle out of the water, leaned back and watched the shore glide by, so silently. The drifting sensation was very strong. My thoughts gave in and drifted at pace with the current, back to my childhood, back to a time before my intellectual "maturity" had stifled the innocent vitality in my outlook on life.

When I was young, I wanted to explore. As a child the whole world seemed so new and pristine, full of infinite possibility. When we moved onto a fourteen-acre piece of property, it seemed to me at the time to stretch back forever, and my imagination ran rampant at the thought of what might be out there, hidden in the woods. I would gather my plastic binoculars and load my bag with a peanut butter sandwich and cheese crackers, my idea of expedition food. Then I would set off in search of adventure. At the time it didn't matter that many people before me had explored, mapped, and lived on that land. All that mattered was that my eyes hadn't beheld the wonders out there in the unknown of our forest, and I needed to go out there and find them. I had to discover them for myself.

I stretched and leaned forward in the kayak. Another turn in the river loomed ahead, and I gazed at it with re-vitalized eyes. I dipped my paddle in the water and pulled with all my strength. What was around that bend was just as much a mystery to me as it had been to Lewis and Clark in their day. On a personal level, I was a modern-day Lewis or Clark, encountering the unknown for myself. On the river of life, no matter who has gone before us, we each need to wend our own way.