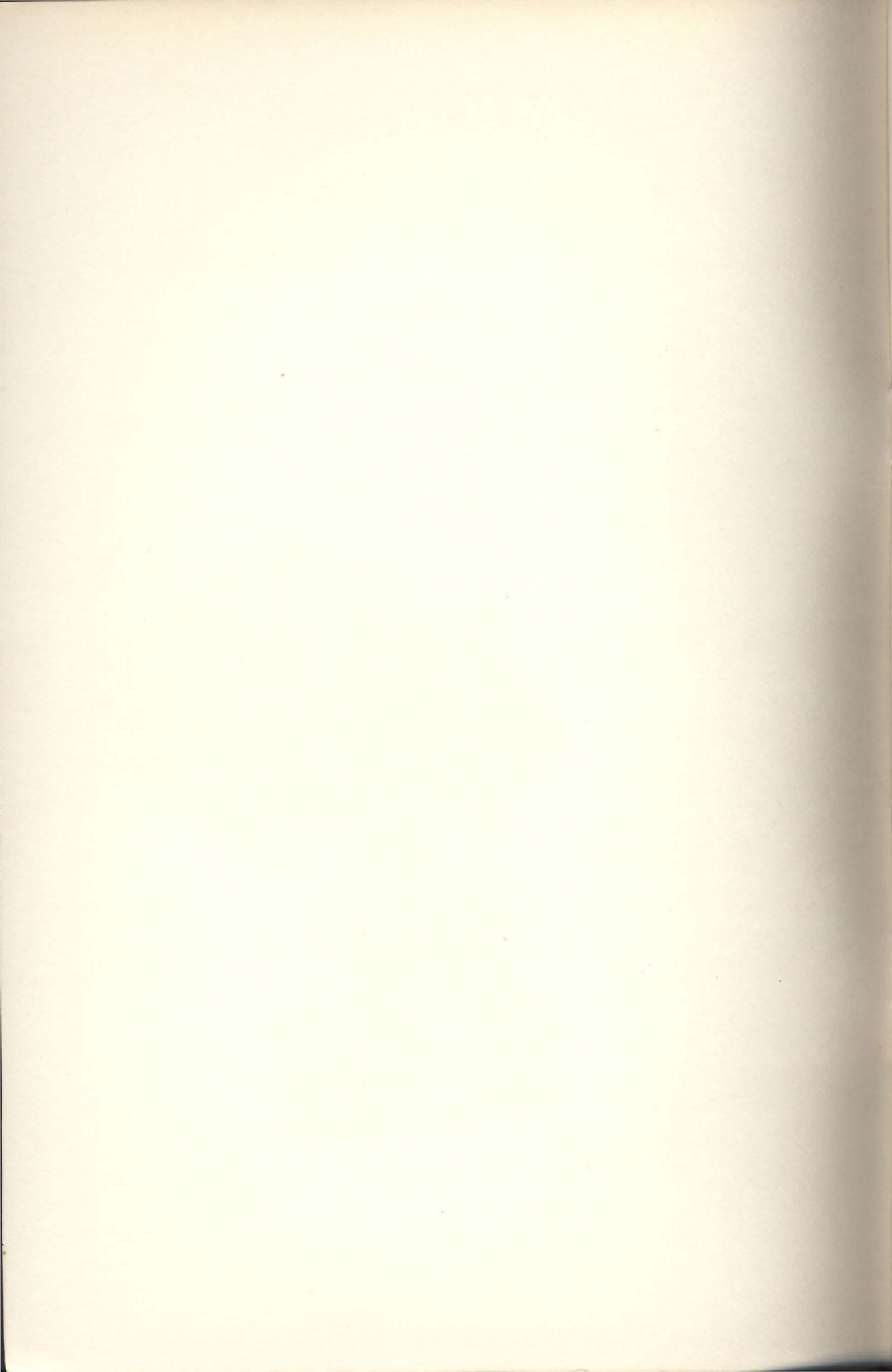


*The Reflector*



*Autumn 1964*



# THE REFLECTOR

## *Literary Magazine*

Shippensburg State College

Shippensburg, Pennsylvania

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Autumn, 1964

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THE REFLECTOR  
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Volume 1963

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to

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Shippensburg State College

March 15, 1963

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Out through the fields and the woods  
And over the walls I have wended;  
I have climbed the hills of view  
And looked at the world, and descended;  
I have come by the highway home,  
And lo, it is ended.

The leaves are all dead on the ground,  
Save those that the oak is keeping  
To ravel them one by one  
And let them go scraping and creeping  
Out over the crusted snow,  
When others are sleeping.

And the dead leaves lie huddled and still,  
No longer blown hither and thither;  
The last lone aster is gone;  
The flowers of the witch-hazel wither;  
The heart is still aching to seek,  
But the feet question "Whither?"

Ah, when to the heart of man  
Was it ever less than a treason  
To go with the drift of things,  
To yield with a grace to reason,  
And bow and accept the end  
Of a love or a season?

"Reluctance"  
by Robert Frost

## *Time Has a Habit*

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

Precisely one year has passed  
since the last time we honestly spoke,  
confided.

Enough time for each of us to  
become indifferent

And, possibly, far remote.

Enough time to prove what I always believed—  
that we were not friends,  
that we never were,  
that we could not be.

Yet time works in both directions:

Our year of polite silence has  
only served to strengthen our  
quiet, meaningful bond.

My cynicism has been confided away

And its loss has gone  
unsaddened.

Time has a habit of surprising  
Just as we have a habit  
of drifting—

yet never apart

## *Birthday*

. . . JANE WAITE

If I could weave  
into the hurt world of winter  
all the sounds of a summer day—  
    sand on bare feet,  
    the warm night ocean breaking angrily,  
    the soft laugh of lovers on the beach,  
    tucked cozily away from mosquitoes—  
I would weave them for your birthday.

If I could create  
all the sounds of sadmaking  
into one lovely symphony  
and play them on uninvented instruments,  
today would be a day for my creating.

If I could procure for you all the yet unheard  
Sounds of beauty—  
    a moon flower . . . opening its sleepy petals to bloom,  
    a rainbow bird . . . calling his mate one evening in Spring,  
    the sound stars make as they whisper to each other—  
I would find them today.

If I could devise  
a way to keep pure  
all our sounds of love,  
perhaps locked in a gold and velvet chest,  
today I would give you the key.



## *Polka Dots*

. . . JANE MEIGHAN

Although the sky above was a cold, steel gray, it couldn't match the bleakness in Warren's heart; nor could the smooth surface of the lake emulate his blank expression and glassy stare. How long he had been there, he didn't know—long enough for the chill of the air to penetrate the chill of his heart.

Warren could remember when race hadn't mattered at all. He and Myra had been co-editors of the high school newspaper and had developed a close friendship. With the shared responsibility of publishing a newspaper, they had been able to work closely and to overcome their racial barrier.

After graduation, he had gone to the same college as she. During the hectic days of leaving old friends, of seeing new faces, and of conditioning themselves to a new environment, their friendship had become a bulwark against all the strangeness, all the loneliness of campus life. The moments they shared together had been spent in reminiscence and talk of aspirations. Nothing serious, just on an old-friends basis.

Warren's new friends at college didn't understand. Seldom did a day pass that they missed an opportunity to heckle him about Myra.

"What're you doing with trash like her?"

"Yeah, War, you color-blind or somethin'?"

"You wanna start trouble?"

Warren swallowed the protests which rose in his throat and tried to avoid Myra as the protests grew more frequent and more bitter. "No use causing a lot of hurt feelings," he rationalized.

Their parting had been painful, he reflected. She hadn't understood his reasoning, maybe because he didn't understand the reasons himself. Her "I understand" had been a paradox; but he knew that the incidents of late had become too bitter to risk their continuance.

The time that Warren's best friend Joe had come up to them had been more than either he or she could bear.

"Hey, you two wanna hear a joke?"

Glad of some cheerful diversion, Myra and Warren assented with animated interest.

"Whatta you get when you mix black and white?" Tumbling the answer of "polka dots" out of his mouth before Myra and Warren realized its significance, Joe strode quickly away, snickering in the company of his friends.

As Warren now sat by the lake, he still couldn't understand their cruelty. Myra was rather shabby and poor, true, and of a different race, but she was a decent girl, a personable girl. Their prejudice rankled his nerves—or was it because of his personal lack of conviction? The guys would be happy to know that he and Myra had terminated their friendship.

As he peered into the depths of the lake, he tried to distort the picture of Myra which his mind reproduced there by hurling a stone into the midst of the image. "Just because she's **White**," he reflected as the ripples marred the false tranquility of the water.

Polly Davis

JANE MCGHAIN

# Butterfly

POLLY W. DAVIS

My dream tonight for your love  
 Was like a summer's child  
 Waiting a cocoon's opening,

And, being impatient for beauty,  
 Crushed the filmy crust between his fingers—  
 Only to find that beauty had flown.

## *A Child's Prayer*

. . . CAROL SCHUMACHER

I sauntered down a lane today  
And came upon a little boy  
Whose newly shattered world held little joy.  
While on his knees I overheard him pray:

"Oh why, dear Lord, are They that way  
Who think They must employ  
Such brutal measures to destroy  
The one with whom I long to play?"

It seemed our game had just begun  
When off to sleep he had to go.  
A moment passed e're I said goodbye;  
Forever had They called him from our fun."

I turned aside, my view obscured by tears,  
And left the kneeling child alone to cry.

## *Theorem*

. . . GAIL TURNBACH

The world seems lately dark and overrun  
 With pedants standing firm on every post  
 Exhorting loud the excellence of "balance,"  
 Of "keeping always on an even keel,"  
 Of "never moving too far from the middle,"  
 Then claiming this to be the key to life.  
 It's possible this doctrine holds some truth,  
 If mere survival is the only goal,  
 For I agree, the easiest existence  
 Moves straight ahead, avoiding detours, rocks,  
 And thinking, if one thinks at all,  
 Of only Self, and what is best for Self.  
 Survival, yes, but Life?  
 Oh, let's not bastardize the term.

To Live is to move out in all directions,  
 To tear complacent cataracts from eyes  
 And view the misery that confounds so many.  
 And if this scene upsets the well-kept balance  
 Between despair and bliss,  
 If you become caught up in horror,  
 And tears the only language you can speak—  
 Well be it. Know that life is not  
 A static equipoise, but runs forever  
 Far up mountains, into pits.

If (to speak of plethora's other side,  
 Which, too, they say is just as great a crime  
 And adds a factor to one's maladjustment),  
 The smell of sweetly honeysuckled Spring,  
 The tingling slap of salt spray in your face,  
 Or knowledge that a well-loved voice  
 Will soon be heard, imbues you with elation,  
 Indulge! Then's not the time to clamp  
 The venerated chains of moderation  
 On nerves that almost cut the skin  
 In their attempt to stretch out and to feel.

## The Last Word

JOHN DITMAN

Oh, do not bind your feet with crippling laws  
 That keep you hobbled close to just one path,  
 But tumble, head then heels, down earth's hills,  
 Explore with ears and eyes and heart  
 Each nook and crevice that comprise man's world.  
 Don't curse the stones that cause a sudden fall,  
 But while you're on your knees, then See  
 The mortal anguish that makes up this stone,  
 And wet the ground with empathetic tears.  
 (Though true, the act may not be empathy,  
 It may be tears for anguish in oneself:  
 The price they pay, who dare imbalanced lives.)

The next step in this Moderation Theorem  
 Will be to hold our dreams themselves in check,  
 That we might never suffer much distress  
 In reaching for what seems to be too large.  
 But man's well able, if he but outlasts  
 Some temporary setbacks in his path,  
 To reach beyond himself in love and faith,  
 Achieving height and breadth made only sure  
 By love and faith that break the balanced mold.

Oh, lovers of the soft and middle road,  
 Who would distill from life all things  
 That prick or pain or give man real joy,  
 If you must sing your simple, stifling creed,  
 Then build a platform on some graveyard plot;  
 Therein you'll find your proper audience,  
 The valid symbols of your shallow song.

## *The Last Word*

. . . JoANN DITTMAN

"She saw clearly her brother, whose childhood face she had forgotten, standing again in the blazing sunshine, again twelve years old, a pleased sober smile in his eyes . . ."

The familiar feeling of resentment slowed her hand as she reached for the telephone. "A telegram is all he deserves," she told the empty room. "Why should I have to listen to his lies and excuses again, and especially today?"

Wearily, after a few moments reverie, she dialed the operator and placed the long-distance call. When her brother answered she told him in a tight little voice, "Al, Mother died this morning. The funeral will be Thursday at 2 o'clock. When will you be coming down?" In the momentary silence which followed her announcement her thoughts screamed at him silently. See how you've let me down again! You didn't help, you weren't here. If you loved Mother . . .

Al's voice broke in, "I'll be there as soon as I can get away. Can you make the arrangements?"

Of course, she thought, I've always made all the arrangements. Aloud she told him in a controlled tone, "Tom and I will take care of everything. We will expect to see you."

"I'll be there, Josephine. Thanks for calling."

He's just as bad as ever, she thought as she left the phone. Or maybe even worse. Not even an excuse this time for not coming to see Mother while she was sick. And Mother went to her grave loving him just the same as if he'd come every day. It's not fair, she thought, the tears coming to her eyes. I've taken such good care of Mother, and he hasn't done a thing for her for twenty years.

Even when we were kids, she thought, even then he never did his share. She moved to a window and stared blankly through the glass at scenes of her childhood. She saw the ten year old girl on her knees scrubbing the kitchen floor (oh, how hard she had worked for her sick mother). When she went to the porch to empty her bucket, suddenly she saw clearly her brother (whose childhood face she had forgotten), standing again in the blazing sunshine, again twelve years old, a pleased sober smile in his eyes.

"Alfred is going to do my errands in town," said her mother from the kitchen door. "You've worked so hard in the house, Josephine, that I won't ask you to do any more today."

Josephine bowed her head against the coolness of the window pane to soothe the pain of the memory. It still hurt so much to remember how Alfred got all the rewards because he looked like an angel and went around hugging and kissing Mother all the time. I wanted to go to town that day, she remembered. That's why I worked so hard. I wanted to get fixed up in my good dress, and carry Mother's pocketbook all the way to the store. You loved him best, Mother, she scolded silently, but you should have seen that sober little face when your back was turned. What an awful tease he had been. But she never told . . .

The strident buzz of the doorbell pulled her thoughts to the present. Well, these will be my last duties for my mother, she thought. And as usual, Alfred will not be helping. She moved toward the door. "I shall manage nicely without him," she murmured. "And things will be done properly. That's the important thing."

When Alfred arrived on the morning of the funeral his sister announced in suitably subdued tones that everything had been attended to; she was sure that he would be satisfied.

"Josephine, I can't remember a time when you couldn't manage things properly—and people, too." His tone was dry.

When they entered the funeral home for the services Josephine was pleased to see quite a few people assembled. It was a fitting tribute to her mother to have such a nice attendance. Even Alfred was here. It would be a proper farewell.

Josephine moved slowly toward the chairs reserved for the immediate family. When Alfred moved to the casket, she turned to watch him. She stood horrified as he fell to his knees and broke into sobs. Oh, God, she prayed, don't let Al take over the nice funeral that I arranged for Mother. But as his sobs continued, she knew God was not going to answer her prayer. Al would have the last word with Mother, just as always.

# The Last Word

JOHN UPDEGROVE

of a man, a woman, a man and a woman begets love and life; between a woman and a woman, co-existence and competition; between a man and a man, pride and power.

When they entered the local home for the services, the people were pleased to see a few people assembled. It was a thing to be proud of. Even before the war, the home had been a place of interest for the people of the town. It was a place where the people of the town could find a place to go to when they were in need of help. It was a place where the people of the town could find a place to go to when they were in need of help.

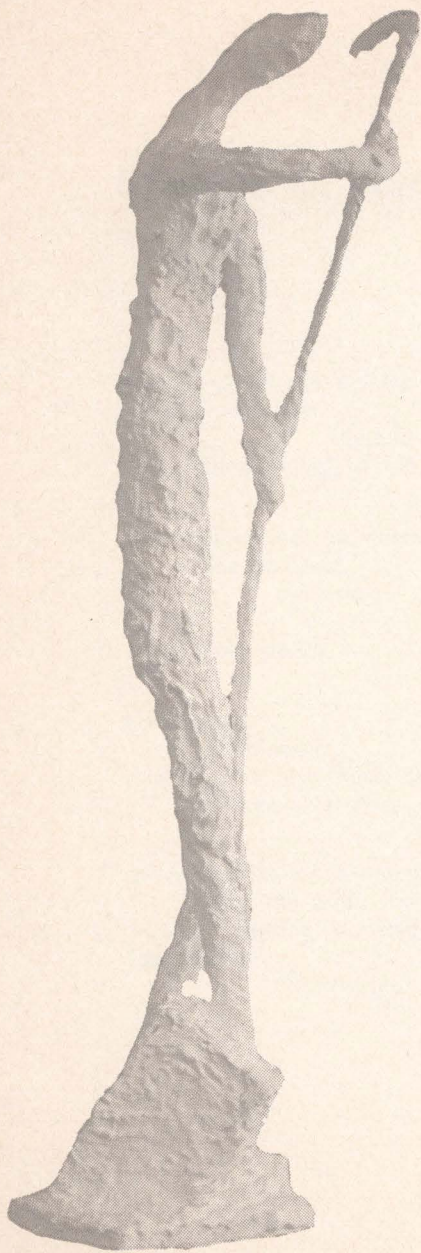
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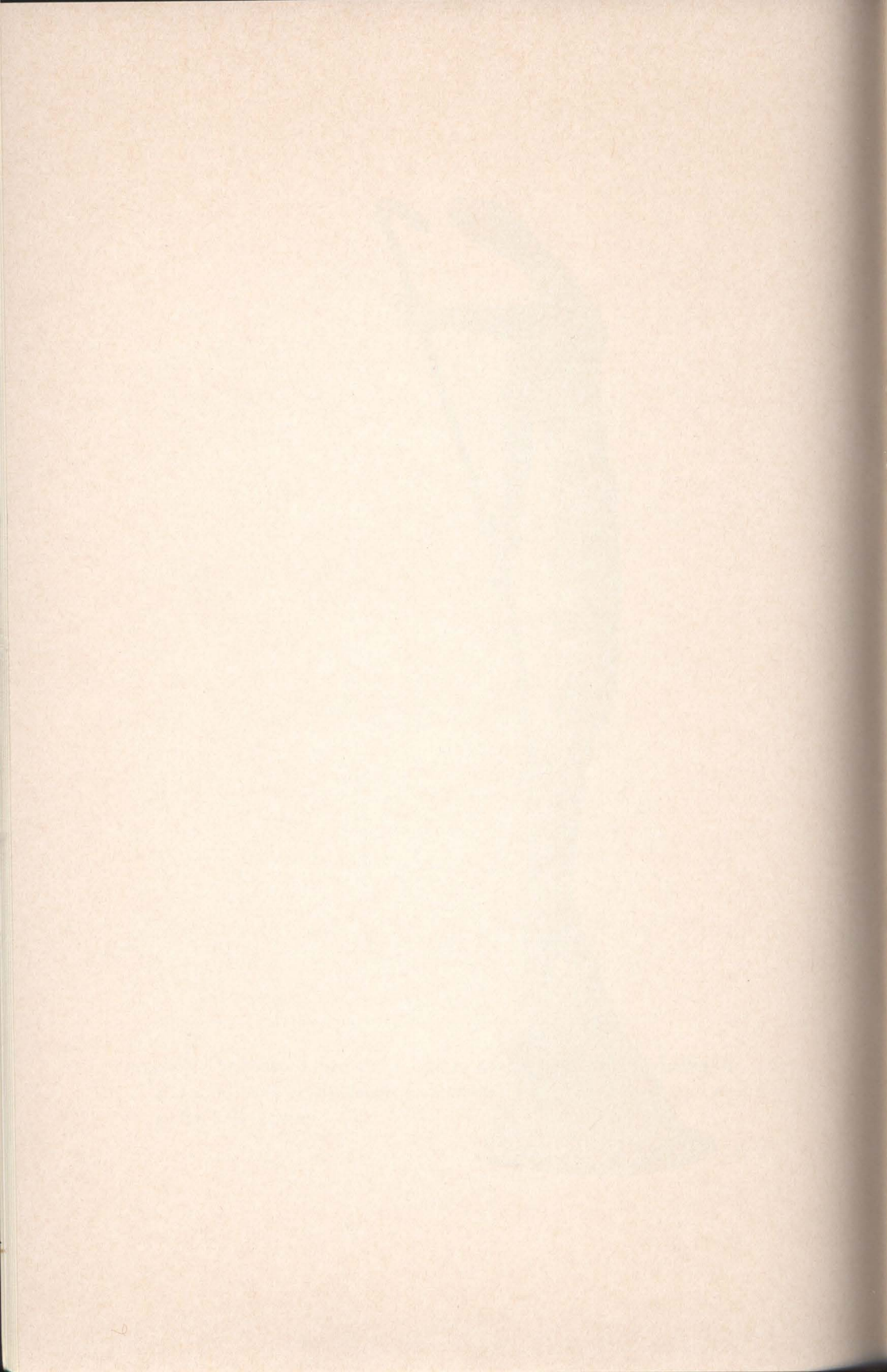
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Association between a man and a woman begets love and life; between a woman and a woman, co-existence and competition; between a man and a man, pride and power.

BERKLEY LAITE









## Saturday Night

. . . WAYNE BEAVER

Terry took a long drag on his cigarette and slowly blew the smoke out in one big puff across the table. He turned to Bill who was sitting directly across from him and asked, "Want something from the snack bar?" Bill said he didn't care for anything. "How about you?" he said to Joe who was sitting there at the table also.

"Get me a coke," Joe said, handing him a dime. Joe had been tapping a plastic spoon on the table to a tune on the jukebox. The song ended, and while Terry went up to the bar, he got up to play another song.

"Play B 18," Bill said.

"What's that?"

"Goodnight My Love."

Joe walked over to the jukebox and stood there scratching his chin. After a while he dropped the coin into the slot and pushed the selector buttons. He turned and walked back to the table.

Terry came back with Joe's coke. He sat down and fumbled in his pocket for another cigarette. Joe and Bill also lit up. They sat there for almost ten minutes before another word was said. Finally, Bill broke the silence. "Where's Jack?" he asked.

"He'll be here any minute," Terry said.

"He needn't hurry. We've got all night," Joe said bitterly.

"Just the same, I wish the hell he'd get here," Bill persisted.

Just then, Jack walked into the snack bar. He spotted their table and glanced at them dejectedly. He slowly walked over to the table.

"Well?" Terry said. "Did you get the car?"

"What do you think," Jack said.

"Quit playing games, man. Did we get the car or didn't we get the car?"

"No."

"Why the hell not?"

"The joker has a lousy date."

"I thought he promised it to you last week," Terry continued.

"He did, but he said he couldn't pass up the chance of taking some girl out."

"The rotten louse! You should have told him where to go!"

"Sorry, didn't think of it."

"So now what do we do" asked Joe.

"What we do every stinkin' weekend up here, I guess," Bill said.

Terry sat and stared at the wall intently. "Do you realize that it's been over a month since I've had a six pack of beer? And now some creep blows our chances because of some daffy broad. I wish I had the punk by the neck—I'd break it so fast . . ."

"Take it easy, Terry," Jack said.

"Take it easy! Yeh, take it easy. It's easy for you to say that. What do you care? At least you get to go home every other week. The rest of us are stuck up here in this miserable hole. Every weekend it's the same damn thing over and over again. Sittin' around and doing nothing. I'm sick of it, sick up to here!" Terry pointed at his neck.

Bill turned to Joe and said, "Come on, let's go down to the pool hall."

"Okay."

Bill and Joe left the snack bar, leaving Terry and Jack by themselves. Terry continued his attack, "And these lousy profs we have around here. If you don't kiss their feet, they dock your grade. That phony we have for history gave me a deficiency. I have a poor attitude, she says. I went down to see her about it, and, believe me, I told her what I thought of her. She may flunk me, but at least I told her what I thought of her lousy course."

"I'm glad," Jack said. "Guess I'll go down to the dorm and do some reading." He got up and pushed his way through the double doors. He turned to go out past the book store, but stopped to talk. Then they both walked out into the night.

Terry butted his cigarette in the ashtray and went up to the snack bar to order another coke. He spotted a girl sitting at one of the end tables. He approached her and sat down. "A real swingin' night on campus, huh?" he said to her.

"Isn't Saturday night always swinging," she said, indifferently. She was a small girl, about five feet, three inches tall. She had black hair, and Terry thought her face was quite pretty.

"I've never seen you around. Are you new here?" Terry asked.

"I transferred from the university last term," she said.

"How do you like this college?"

"It will do, I suppose."

"I think it's miserable."

She kept staring into the ashtray in the center of the table. Terry thought she was really quite attractive. "Could I get you something?" Terry asked.

"No, thank you."

"There's a dance in Stu Hall. Care to walk over there?"

"If you like."

They got up from the table and walked out of the room, through the hall, and into the cool air of the Spring night. They entered the old building and walked out onto the floor. They stood and watched the other people dancing. Terry noticed that the crowd was unusually small and thought to himself how he wished he were home and at the drive-in having himself a good time. The jukebox blared out a fast number. Terry watched a young girl put some money in and waited to hear what she had played. A slow number came on. He turned to the girl he had picked up and said, "Care to dance?"

"Sure," she said, somewhat more at ease.

## Saturday Night

They danced until the record was over. Another slow tune came on and they danced again. The girl drew herself closer to Terry. He noticed this and steered her into a dark corner. They were dancing very close. The record stopped and a fast number came on again. Terry held her hand and looked into her eyes. "What's your name?" he asked, softly.

"Jane," she said.

"Jane what?"

"It doesn't matter what my last name is."

Terry knew what she meant. "Yes, you're right. It doesn't matter." He slipped his arm around her and drew her close to him. She lifted her face and closed her eyes. Terry bent down and softly kissed her.

The dance floor was filling up with more couples. Terry took her hand and led her out of the building. They passed the library, the new classroom building, and stopped out on the golf course.

Terry looked up into the sky. "Beautiful night," he said.

"Yes, it is."

She sat down on the cool grass and stared out into the darkness. Terry sat down beside her and stretched his big frame out on the grass. He laid his head back on his arms and continued to watch the stars in the sky. She suddenly turned to him and kissed his cool, damp cheek. She placed her arms around him and kissed him passionately, almost hungrily. Terry made no effort to get up.

Terry reached out of bed and shut the alarm off. "The hell with church, I'm going back to bed," he said out loud. He laid down and tried to go to sleep again. "Damned alarm," he muttered to himself.

At eleven Joe knocked on his door. Terry stumbled out of bed and opened it. "What the hell do you want?" he grumbled.

"Time to go eat," Joe said.

Terry pulled on his pants, grabbed the soap and a towel, and staggered down the hall to the bathroom. Ten minutes later he came back and put on his shirt. Bill had entered his room while he was washing up. "How was the old pool game last night?" Terry asked, not caring in the least whether they had a good night or not.

"Fair," Bill said. "Joe and I broke even."

"How was your night?" Joe asked.

"Oh, I picked up some girl and went to the dance."

"How was she?"

"She was okay, I guess."

They walked over to the dining hall, met Jack, ate, and walked back to the snack bar. They ordered cokes and sat down at a table in the rear of the room. Jack lit up a cigarette. "Did you hear about what happened last night?" he asked.

"No, what happened?"

"Some girl slit her wrists."

"Who?"

"Dunno. Some girl who just transferred here. Somebody said her name was Jane."

Terry turned pale. "What did you say her name was?"

"Jane," Jack said. "Why, did you know her?"

"Huh? No. No, I didn't know her." He got up from the table and walked out the door. He went up to his room, closed the door and locked it. He sat down on the bed with his head in his hands. Tears came to his eyes. He turned to the window and looked up into the sky. "Oh God, no . . ."

## *Alone*

. . . MARY-BETH MORRIS

I am alone—

Alone with the beating of my heart  
The even beating  
Out of time with the pulse reverbrating my temples,

Alone with the thunder of my soul  
The thunder rumbling  
Through every atom of my lonely heart,

Alone with the thrashing of my eyelids  
The silent thrashing  
Of too perceptive eyes,

Alone with the murmurs of my brain  
The incessant murmurs  
In chaos thriving,

Alone with the growing of my love  
An eternal love  
In salvation of my solitude.



## *Pensee*

. . . SUE GOODMAN

There's Life and there's death  
                   but what's in between—  
 a cry, a smile, a moan of relief  
 a remembrance of what has been  
 a foreboding of what is to come.

A thought of the past  
                   an opaline future—I tremble  
 the happy child  
 the joyful youth  
 the pensive scholar  
 the bitter virgin.

Will there be sunshine  
                   or will there be darkness  
 Will there be gladness  
                   or will there be gnawing  
 There's life and there's death  
                   but what's in between—  
 I kneel and I pray and I smile.

## *Portrait of a Loser*

. . . NICHOLAS IMPERIOLI

"Typical Saturday weather," mused Manny Webb as he slammed the door of his weather-vulnerable Ford and swiftly advanced upon the wet pavement while the torrential rain slashed his small featured face with brutal fury. Someone was shouting from behind. "Hey Manny! Hey, Manny, what happened last night? You goin' to the pool hall, Manny?"

"Noth—yeah, I'm goin' . . ."

**(Sounds like Harry. Smart. A wiseguy . . . broads . . . so she didn't care to dance . . . wasn't good enough for her . . . a guy has to swing . . . Manny's got strength of purpose, character sensitivity, feeling . . . why didn't you accept the invitation for one lousy dance last night, Tina . . . humiliation, . . . ego-shattering humiliation, Tina . . . that's what . . . drub you Harry . . . you and the other guys.)**

As the rain increased its tempo, Manny secured the flimsy jacket more snugly around his thin neck and scurried into the impressive block building which served as a coliseum where he was the gladiator. He enjoyed the word. Manny was enthralled by the power he felt and exhibited with the smooth, shiny, handsome stick that he deftly maneuvered between his pitifully inept fingers. A coliseum, he the gladiator worshipping, delighting, adoring the cigar smoke, blaring jukebox, cursing, joking, card-shuffling, smoothly executed bank shot, the complete overpowering of an opponent—no humiliation, no defeat. He was the impregnable Caesar. His challengers were fearful subjects—idolators.

Manny peered around the crowded coliseum as if daring the cynical punks—who munched pickled bologna, guzzled soda, smoked, and emitted guttural laughter at any semblance of failure that he might exhibit—to dethrone the gladiator.

**(Drub you, Harry, and Sam, and Dave, and Tony . . . Who needs that dance, Tina? Your failure of another world—a divorced sensation with no position in Manny's coliseum where he is the conqueror, you the loser—the peon among slaves.)**

"Hey, Manny! When you stop staring out that window, I've got time for a game of straight."

Manny nodded his head, "Sure, Barney, sure." For several moments he observed the likeable, soft-voiced individual adjusting his spectacles upon his weathered, aging, wrinkled face. Barney's small, bony fingers carefully applied powder to the portion of his stick that would slide to the gleaming white cue ball for delicate shots.

Manny slowly ambled to the rack and gripped his personal seventeen ounce cue, feeling the security and power imbedded within the tapered stem of wood. "Rack 'em, Mitch." The overhead light illuminated the table covered with bright green cloth; the balls were rolled into position. Barney offered to break first. Manny assented while nonchalantly chalking his cue.

(Sure, Barney, break. You're a great likeable old man . . . Old Master . . . don't miss . . . can't afford to lose . . . a little runt who loses only to you, Tina . . . gladiator here. Their tears are for the desire for victory—to be first, to be Caesar . . . a gladiator . . . hate you, Barney . . . hate you . . .)

"Bank the corner ball in the corner, Manny."

(Great shot to make, Barney . . . your eyes are poor, Barney . . . one dance, Tina . . . hit the rail, six ball . . . smooth shot . . . lucky . . . damn lucky . . . plenty of laughs last night wasn't it, Harry . . . wish you'd shoot pool . . . five bucks . . . ten bucks . . . lousy creep . . .)

"Four in the side, Manny."

(Yeah, yeah . . . gravy, Barney . . . gravy train . . . "I don't want to dance just now, Manny" . . . "Hey, Manny, what happened last night?" . . . watch the corner, Barney . . . watch the . . . always were a terror on those side shots . . . don't miss . . . it could mean the rack . . .)

"I'm pretty well sewed up. I'll try a double bank on the five ball in the side."

Manny merely nodded his head while spectators sat tensed in their chairs awaiting what presumably could be the initial exceptional shot. The ball caromed off both sides of the table and wobbled into the middle pocket. In the process the remaining balls had been scattered somewhat, thereby allowing for a possible run.

"Great shot, Barney, yelled many of the spectators who remained anonymous in Manny's mind. It wasn't a game anymore. To him it was the grasping of the only thread of personal recognition still within his grip and it demanded an attitude of cold, ruthless efficiency.

(So what . . . great shot . . . he should've made it . . . chalk . . . where's the lousy chalk . . . grin . . . Manny never recognizes the word lose here in his coliseum . . . never . . . never . . . sure, Barney, shoot the nine . . . it's straight in . . . so are the three, eleven, and twelve . . . so what, Barney, so what . . . chalk . . . need more chalk . . . sick of your laughing, Tina . . . cigarette . . . could use one . . . makes me concentrate better . . .)

"Barney's tough today, Manny," remarked a voice from the rear of the room. "You may not get a shot this rack." Manny fiercely puffed on his cigarette, chalked his cue, wiped the tears from his eyes . . . tears caused by smoke . . . tears caused by worried pride.

"Combination, thirteen on the fifteen, Manny."

(Easy, Barney, easy . . . what's seven in a row . . . twenty-five's the game . . . laugh punks . . . the gladiator's great in the clutch . . . hear, Tina . . . laugh, Harry . . . somewhere you're laughing . . . easy fifteen . . . easy . . . corner . . . corner . . . corner . . . hit that damn corner . . . please . . .)

Loud groans were heard from the many observers who witnessed the first miss from the Old Master after a seven ball run. They glanced at Manny who hastily butted his cigarette, chalked the cue, wiped the cold, clammy sweat off his hands, and grimly sighted a six inch rail shot.

"Now we go, huh Manny," someone heckled. "The wordless wonder. That's you, isn't it Manny?" There was a sprinkling of laughter and mumbling while Manny scanned the table for his ensuing shot. Position was the key to the game. Good favorable position for each shot spelled success.

(Watch, Barney . . . watch me roll . . . Caesar will conquer . . . easy Manny . . . roll, one . . . roll . . . that breaks the ice . . . everyone watch . . . enjoy . . . Manny's performing in his coliseum . . . )

"Bank the deuce, Barney." Efficiently and smoothly the thin-faced, wide-eyed youth executed one brilliant shot after another. "Fifteen in the corner, Barney. Ten ball in the corner . . . thirteen in the side . . . skin the fourteen . . ." Each ball rolled with uncanny accuracy. Now there were two balls remaining. "Combination, eight off the seven, Barney."

(No more laughs, huh punks? Like a machine, huh? . . . no reaction . . . no talk . . . just cold efficiency . . . a machine among men . . . Pop always said automation is superior . . . go eight . . . roll eight . . . one dance, Tina . . . humiliation, Harry . . . automatic huh, Pop . . . )

The eight ball found the center of the side pocket, and the match was deadlocked at seven apiece at the end of the first rack. Manny lit another cigarette, grinning inside as he surveyed the many bystanders while the balls were positioned for the second round.

(Now for the kill . . . get 'em down tramp on 'em . . . humiliate him . . . them . . . the gladiator is a gambler . . . goes for the slaughter . . . seven off the pile into the corner . . . good break-ball . . . run 'em all . . . ha — Manny laughs now . . . )

"It's gotta be a perfect shot, Manny," the voice from the background chimed. "Gonna clobber the Old Master, huh Manny? Better be careful. Rough shot . . . rough . . ."

(Take your time . . . one good shot . . . not tough for Manny . . . grin punks . . . hope punks . . . hope in vain . . . good solid, devastating shot . . . Caesar overcomes . . . )

The cue ball slammed the seven off the corner of the rack spreading the balls to every spot on the table in position for the desired run, but the intended shot tapped the corner . . . and buckled in the pocket. The balls were spread; the disastrous miss . . . the failure . . . the losing shot lay on the table while Barney methodically began the run. Manny lit another cigarette.

"Six in the corner, Manny."

(Not done yet . . . shot too hard . . . )

"Eight in the side."

(Why . . . why . . . could've played safe . . . Barney . . . easy, eight . . . corner . . . corner . . . )

"Nine in the side."

(Don't laugh punks . . . not over yet . . . he'll miss . . . one chance . . . one more chance . . . one more chance, Tina . . . one more . . . )

Barney was impassive. The Old Master's normally shaking hands were steady as he methodically removed each ball. The score mounted — the balls were diminishing. Manny dragged heavily on his cigarette.

"It's all over but the shoutin, Manny," heckled the voice. Some of the observers began leaving to apply their efforts in the poker game in the back room, to increase their monetary gains at the pin ball machine, or to describe the slaughter of the gladiator. Barney completed the run, then capped the overwhelming performance in the third rack with the final four balls that totaled twenty-five and victory for the Old Master — defeat . . . defeat . . . despair for Manny.

Quietly he ambled to the rack and laid the stick against the wall. Manny casually glanced at the punks and the men who congratulated Barney. But no one recognized his presence. He shrugged his shoulders, zippered up his shabby jacket and strolled from the coliseum that lay in ruin to him. He paused momentarily to pull the coat more snugly around him for protection from the rain which descended with even greater velocity. He moved swiftly, peering at the nothingness before him.

There was a voice yelling at him, "Hey Manny! Hey, Manny, take some more fish at the pool hall? Don't be sore, Manny."

**(Not sore . . . Harry . . . not sore . . . just another loss . . . just another loss . . .**

## *Time Before*

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

that faraway  
     trumpet  
 again—  
 bringing back hours and moments  
 I had forgotten—  
     so I tell myself—  
         of a time  
         when I was young  
         and  
         when gardens were magic  
         trees were human  
 when I was not aware of me.  
         In those times  
         my problems had solutions;  
         so simple  
 Now so serious as to be sad.  
         We must all learn  
         to watch over  
         the children  
 and help them decide . . .  
 and to be kind.  
         But who is to help us  
 if we were never  
     ready  
     to guide the others . . .  
 who is to show us the way?

## Night Calling

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

Night sounds  
Distances calling  
to you—from  
There.

Places  
not so very  
far away  
yet far to you—  
chained

Here  
is discomfort—  
summer heat  
no refreshing coolness  
With the sound comes  
a slight breeze,  
clearing your head  
cooling you  
reminding you of there.  
If you leave,  
go quickly—  
If you stay,  
you'll die

## *In Time of Need*

. . . BERKLEY LAITE

She went forward to meet him. Her face became strained, her movements eager.

It had been a long time since she last saw him, perhaps too long. He had been in his prime and she . . . Well, she had been a silly, young woman, but she wasn't to blame for what had happened.

Many times it is that simple half-truths betray the believer in times of need. It had been that way twenty years ago on that seemingly innocent day. He had come to her house just like many before him to inquire about the vacant room she was advertising.

"Hello. May I help you?"

"Ah . . . yes. My name is Kord Gruel. I was told that it might be possible to rent a room here."

"Yes, yes of course. Come in. I'm Julie Davis. The room is this way. I'm sure you'll like it. It has a nice view, three windows, plenty of closet . . ."

"All I'm really interested in is if it has a comfortable bed."

"Oh my yes! It's a big double bed and I just bought a new mattress for it. Here we are."

"This is very nice."

"Thank you. Would you be planning to stay long?"

"Probably until next winter. How much is the rent?"

"Forty dollars a month. You may use the kitchen and, if you like, you may eat supper with me."

"Sounds reasonable. Why haven't you rented it before this?"

"Most of the others were salesmen or migrants. I don't want anyone that's going to be here only for a week or two."

"I see. Well, if you're willing, I'll take it."

"Fine. Now, what was your name again?"

"Kord Gruel."

"That's a very different name. Are you from around here?"

"No. I've only been in this country for a month."

"Oh."

Kord Gruel liked his room very much. The house was very convenient since it was so close to his work, which turned out to be in the Capital; and the neighborhood was always quiet and peaceful. His habits were irregular—some evenings he would stay in and eat supper; other times he wouldn't return until two or three in the morning, but always it seemed, he carried a briefcase with him. One day, perhaps because it was getting to be spring, he did something very different—he bought a bouquet of roses for the kitchen table.



"Kord! You're wonderful! Those roses are so beautiful. Oh thank you, thank you, thank you!"

"That's all right. When I saw them, I don't know why, but I thought of you and thought you might like them."

"You're so considerate, Kord. I just love them." From that point on, their relationship began to change. No longer were Kord and Julie tenant and landlady; they were close friends, but as time passed it became even more than that. Julie was always talking about her tenant from across the seas who was always bringing her little gifts. Everyone in the neighborhood knew of everything he did. One day Julie realized something that her friends had known all along—she was in love—and so was Kord.

"Then you will marry me, Julie?"

"Oh yes, yes, yes. Tomorrow, tonight, right now! I love you, Kord, and whatever you say is right."

"We'll have to move away from here."

"Why? This is where your work is, isn't it?"

"Yes, but I'm going to quit, and I can't stay here."

"All right."

Naturally, Julie had wanted to help Kord all she could. Even though he was quitting his job, she thought it would be still better if they could remain where they were. She told people about Kord's qualifications, asked for any available jobs, and wrote to just about every agency about him. One day when she came back home there were two strange men in her living room.

Now it was twenty years later and Julie was wondering if Kord would even speak to her. She couldn't help it as far as she was concerned, for how could she have known he was a spy? And she hadn't wanted to visit him, because those bars would have been such a bother!



## City

. . . CAROL SCHUMACHER

Trains and subways, people.  
Taxis and buses, people.  
Sidewalks and streets, crowds

All going their separate ways  
Concerned only about themselves,  
Looking neither back nor to the side,  
Continually elbowing, rushing ahead,  
Each man caring for his own welfare,  
Too busy to interest himself in the affairs  
of others.

Noticing, but passing by and quickly forgetting  
The diamond bedecked blonde,  
Her dark companion,  
The blind accordion player and gospel singer,  
The drunken comments of a swaggering sailor,  
And the lovers in the darkened hallways.

Looking up and catching, perhaps, a fleeting glance  
At shadows cast on the apartment walls,  
Then hastily continuing on,  
Leaving the shadows in their world.

Each absorbed in his own thoughts  
Automatically following the pavement,  
Stopping when those ahead of him stop,  
Going when they go;  
Hardly noticing visitors conspicuously  
Trying to inconspicuously live in the picture  
They have so often dreamed themselves in.

The young and old, all races and creeds,  
A full gamut of emotions  
Peacefully passing each other,  
Offering only occasional smiles or sneers—  
Individuals cherishing their individuality,  
Individuals unafraid of being individualistic,  
Totally unlike.

Trains and subways, people.  
Taxis and buses, people.  
Sidewalks and streets, crowds.  
People and crowds, the city.

City

Anonymity

## *If You Want It, Take It*

. . . JoANN DITTMAN

Jack Gray was a self-made man who wore an invincible armor of pride in this accomplishment. He had struggled to obtain a college education against a fate that seemed to decree otherwise, and when he succeeded, Jack told his wife, "Honey, you've got to take what you want from this life. All you need is the know-how. Just watch me go."

Jack had rather surprised himself when he married, because marriage wasn't really in his plans. At first he enjoyed walking over the competition and getting a date with Betty whenever he asked. He would call at supper time and say, "Hey, Betty, you want to go to the game tonight?" knowing all the time that she must have another date. After all, the kid wasn't bad-looking; hadn't she been Miss Potomac two years ago?

And Betty was so crazy about him that she'd jump at the chance. "Just give me a half hour, Jack. I have to make a phone call."

The evening that Betty begged him to marry her, Jack was touched. "Baby, you're learning. Go after what you want. We'll tackle the world together."

With that matter settled Jack turned to more important matters in his life. Sports was his absorbing interest and coaching college basketball was his ambition. He took a temporary job at a small high school and immediately set out to win friends and influence people.

His campaign was interrupted by the arrival of their first baby. It was a boy of course. When Betty suggested some names, Jack looked startled and then said patiently, "Why, honey, you can name the baby either Yogi or Mickey. I don't care which one you choose."

So Betty chose Mickey.

On Mickey's third birthday Jack came home late and hit the house like a tornado. He swung Mickey over his head and shouted to Betty, "I've got my college job! Let's buy a house tomorrow!" They bought the first one they looked at because Jack liked it. When they ran out of money to buy furniture Jack turned to being a sports official for extra income.

Here he came as close to finding real happiness as he had ever come. In his striped shirt on the football field Jack wielded his knowledge and authority with a firm hand. It was a glorious feeling to be a public symbol of final authority; Jack felt that now the world concurred with his opinion of himself.

He called a technical foul on the football field one day and as he stepped off fifteen yards the offending boy called, "Hey, Ref, you stink!"

Jack turned, signaled the sidelines, and stepped off fifteen yards more. From that point he called to the boy. "How do I smell from here?"

Indeed life could be managed. A clever man could wrest from it everything he needed.

As the years marched along Jack called the cadence for the Gray's steps. He raised his kid to look after himself and to take what he needed. When Betty came to him in tears and complained that the neighbors wouldn't let their children play with Mickey because he was too rough, Jack snorted.

"Let them raise weaklings. My kid knows what he's doing."

With time on his hands one summer Jack consented to teach a folk dancing class at the "Y." He might make some useful contacts. Besides, it would give Betty something to do and stop her infernal fussing about her empty life. Damn it, he didn't want another baby.

The class was fun. The Grays danced well together, and someone had to take a firm hold on the class to make it successful. Jack made many contacts. One night he told Betty, "Call the McCans to come for dinner this week."

Roger McCan sold cars and Jack smelled a deal cooking. He needed a new station wagon.

Betty and Jean McCan became good friends and when Betty's fussing stopped, Jack congratulated himself on another masterly solution.

He was only faintly disturbed when, on a week-end the four spent in Washington at a folk dance festival, there seemed to be something going on that he didn't know about. Betty and Jean were awfully polite to each other; Roger seemed distracted. Jack shrugged his shoulders and decided that the three of them must be tired; none of them kept in the prime physical shape that he did.

So the letter was a surprise. When Jack arrived home on the day after their Washington trip and found the letter on his bed, he hadn't even a premonitory pang. It startled him so much that he had to sit down to read it the second time.

"I want a divorce," he read. "Roger and I are deeply in love. You have never loved me and my love for you died a long time ago. Good-bye."

Jack spent several days getting over the shock. It really upset him to think of the big mistake he had made. Then he did what he could to set it right. He called his lawyer.

"Give her a divorce if I can have Mickey. I'll raise the boy to be a fine man."

## Vigil

PAULA PALMER

The kitchen was small and full of firelight; red coals piled glowing up the chimney mouth. All the life of the room seemed in the white warm hearth and the steel fender reflecting the red fire. The cloth was laid for tea; cups glistened in the shadows. Agatha moved about in the kitchen of the small cottage making her preparations. She had a way of doing things that made every minute task seem like a production of skill. I guess you get that way when you become older; then, even the small things take on an importance you didn't have time to bother with before. She chattered as she cut the raisin bread, and unwrapped the cakes, but she seemed to be talking more to herself than to me.

"Hope you like this loaf I baked. Made it yesterday, but wrapped it up good to seal in the freshness. Horace used to like raisin loaf before he got that trouble with his teeth, that's why I put out the cakes." Agatha nodded her head as she spoke.

I sat there in that uncomfortable wooden chair watching her attend to the tea now. When Grandmother had mentioned in her letters about the collection of model ships her friend Agatha had, I was very interested in visiting her, but I didn't think Grandmother would send me alone to see this woman. She had told Agatha I was coming to Nanticoke for a bit to stay with her when we had a holiday at school.

"When did you say Sara is coming over?" Agatha asked nodding in her particular way. "The wind's blowin' up again. Hope it doesn't chill her none."

"Grandmother will be over as soon as her soup boils. She started to make it early this morning for our dinner. It smelled so good when I left, but she wanted it to come to a boil before she came to tea." Agatha was nodding all through my answer, but she wasn't listening to what I said. I could tell.

"Horace will be in soon for his tea. He always wants it hot when he comes in from the cold wind. 'Warms the gullet,' he always says." Agatha talked on to the both of us while I eyed the ships on the mantelpiece. They were excellent models from where I was told to sit, but I wanted to look more closely at the work on them.

"Horace will take them ships down for you to see," Agatha continued. "He's mighty proud of them; made them all himself. All except one that was give him by his father before him."

I told her how much I had wanted to see the collection after Grandmother told me about it. I thought if I talked about them enough, Agatha would let me go look at them, but she was definite about it.

"Horace likes to show off his ships. I never dare touch them, nor no one else does. He's the only one who knows how to handle them without breaking the little pieces. After tea, he'll take them down for you."

I assured her I was anxious for that and noted the old maps hung on the wall over the heavy wooden desk in the corner. The seaman's jacket on the peg next to the black shawl, the spyglass on the litter of papers on the desk, and the model ships all gave evidence of the owner's occupation. Grandmother had not mentioned the husband, but it was obvious he was a seaman of some kind.

Agatha's business with the tea preparations and her head nodding did not make it uncomfortable when we didn't speak. I tried to picture the size of her husband from the jacket that was hanging up. It's funny how much you can tell about a person just by looking at the things he keeps in his home.

The kettle had just begun to whistle when Grandmother came in the side door. I helped her with her shawl while Agatha nodded a welcome.

"Just in time as usual, Sara. Horace will come in shortly for his tea. He always likes it hot."

"Winds blowin' up real bad," Grandmother said. "It's nice to feel the warmth of that fire. Getting cold soon this year. Have you seen the ships yet, Jamie?"

"Horace will show them after tea, Sara. You know he always waits 'til he's had his hot tea."

This time my grandmother nodded.

"Does your husband have a real ship like one of those?" I asked.

"That's where he is now," Agatha nodded; "he's checking her for the next trip out. He's planning a long one this time. Might be going to the Islands, even."

"The Islands! Grandmother, why didn't you tell me? He must sail all over the world!"

Grandmother wasn't very excited, but then, she had known about the trips before. She lowered her head and voice and said, "Horace isn't going to the Islands; he's not coming in for his tea, either."

"But, she just said . . .," I blurted.

"I know, I know. She has always said that. Horace was killed seventeen years ago. He went out before tea one day and slipped off the jetty. It was so rough his body wasn't washed up for three days."

"But the tea, this, the jacket." I showed my disbelief as Agatha nodded on over the teapot.

"She sets the tea table everyday for him. Thinks he's coming in, just keeps talking about him, poor thing."

"He'll like these cakes," Agatha said, carrying the plate to the table. "Hasn't liked the raisin loaf since that trouble with his teeth."

## Mute

. . . . JUDITH KIMMES

The heart,  
pale shell,  
becomes  
more vivid  
beneath  
an ocean wave.

Thy shell,  
spring heart,  
becomes  
more tender  
beneath  
an evening rain.

My love,  
I have  
no waves  
to liven  
thy heart;  
nor rains  
to touch  
thy shell.

My love,  
I only ask  
if tears  
will do  
as well?



## *In Doubt*

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

In one of your crueller moments  
you might easily say  
that the source of my rapt fascination for  
you  
was the open invitation you offered  
to your style of life.

This could be true, I won't say—  
But your offer was given so rapidly  
that it offered me no challenge, no  
real gift for friendship—

And, finally, it was all you seemed to possess.  
For after I had accepted, and had joined,  
we seemed to lose our mutual sharing—  
to each other we were no longer special.  
Someday, maybe

I'd like to renew what we had  
Someplace, maybe  
I'll be able to rejoin you and  
what you offered me

Somehow, maybe  
I will be able to decide.

# In Doubt

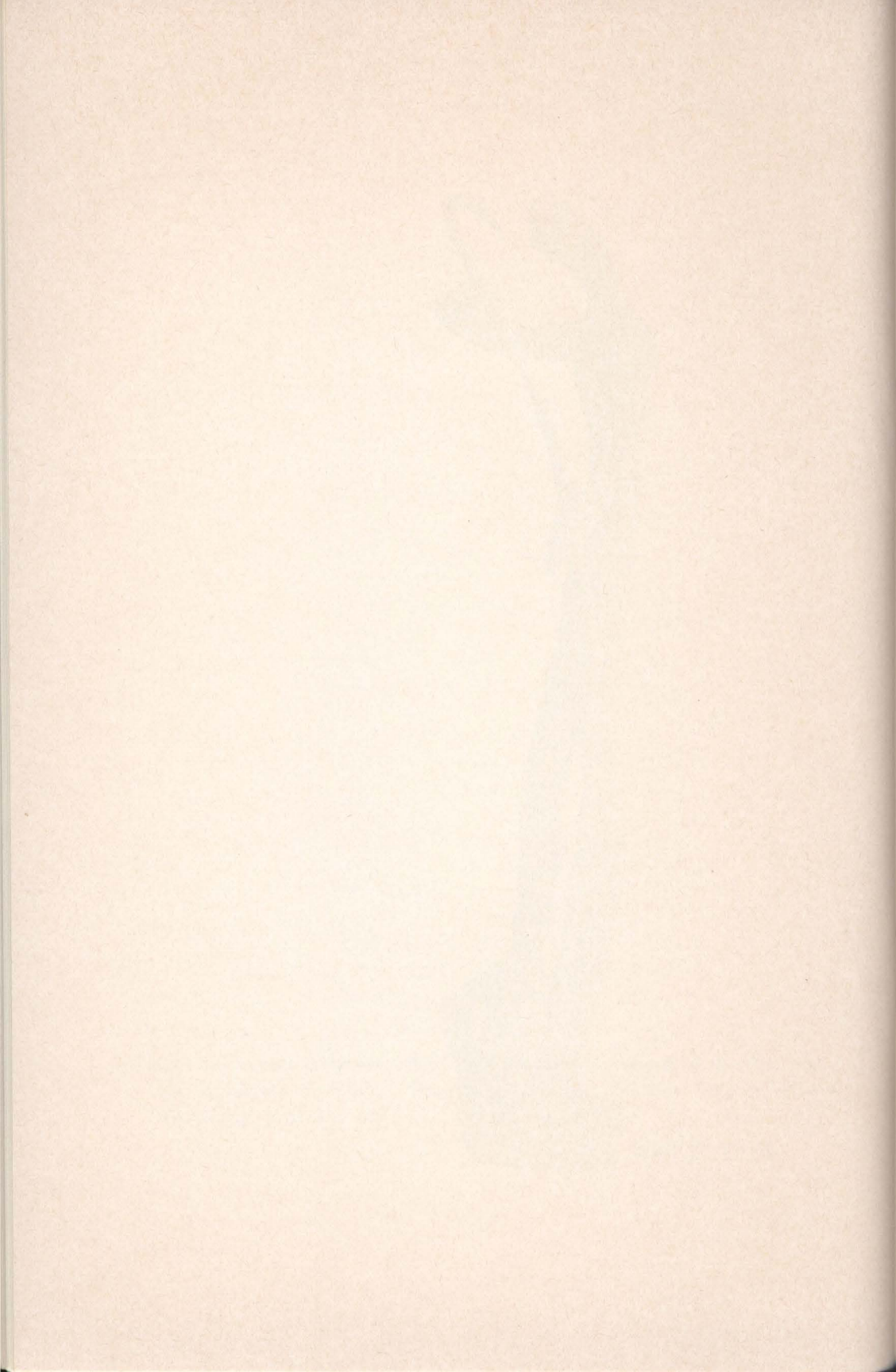
NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

in one of your cruelest moments  
 you might easily say  
 that the voice of my right intention for  
 you  
 was the open invitation you offered  
 to your style of life.  
 This could be true, I won't say—  
 but your offer was given so rapidly  
 that it offered me no challenge, no  
 real gift for friendship.  
 And, finally, it was all you seemed to possess  
 for after I had accepted, and had found  
 we seemed to lose our mutual leaning—  
 to each other we were no longer equal.  
 Someday, maybe  
 I'd like to renew what we had  
 Someday, maybe  
 I'll be able to regain you and  
 what you offered me.  
 Someday, maybe  
 I will be able to decide.

Emotions are merely landmarks which give one an idea where he is—they are not legitimate signposts. Decide nothing by emotions; intellectualize everything; think and act.

. . . BERKLEY LAITE





*Impression In Sense*

***A Morning Prayer***

BARBARA DAVEY

The green cathedral  
Bends arms to the wind  
Each leaf a separate perfection  
Fluttering  
The soft moist floor  
Remnants of life  
Cushioning  
The delicate purple blossoms  
Defenseless in their beauty  
Growing  
The slants of golden sunlight  
Uncompromising shafts  
Exalting  
The prayer sent from joyous lips  
Humility enclosed in verdure  
Awakening

## *Mote and Isle*

. . . CAROL SCHUMACHER

Sauntering along in solitude,  
 A mote in the middle of vastness.  
 Only sand and sea for company.  
     Sand and sea and solitude

Stepping ahead in silence,  
 An island surrounded by loneliness,  
 Dwarfed by the sun and sky.  
     Sunrise and sky and silence

Walking on separately,  
 Parts of this tranquil emptiness,  
 Pygmies in an eternity.  
     Vast and silent and empty

Running, now together,  
 Giants in the billowing coolness,  
 Each keeping the other company.  
     Mote and isle  
         together  
           eternity

## *Impression In Sense*

. . . GAIL VERSTEEG

The sky is grey grey. Not dull grey. Not steel grey. Not soft grey. Not hard grey. Nor angry grey. Just—grey grey. There is a lighthouse. It too is grey with black windows reflecting the black nothingness of the not so black yet not quite grey ocean which forces itself upon the non-living rocks that the natives call a beach. The water undulates toward the shore, leaving its pus-like foam to besmear the sandless shore. ENGLAND. Land of grey castles, brown houses, and washed out purple fields. Land of dead animals hanging by bloody necks in shops of dead looking people in very dead villages. Land of greyness. Land of dullness. Land of loneliness. And I stand in the middle of the sick-looking foam upon slimy rocks in my red coat. And I defy you. I spit on you. And I laugh at you. And my heart cries because I am lonely. I stand in my red coat and I know I am wise. I am wiser and wisest because I know loneliness. It is not emptiness. It is sickness and hurt and rebellion. I stand in my red coat and my hand strangles the white letter. And I wish it were a chicken so I could make it bleed red blood. But why a chicken? Why not her or him or why not both. He who would wait and she who would what? They are there in the land of color and sea drenched sand. They are together there and I am alone. And I am alone. I have nothing and none, while she has everything—for she has Him. And the black nothingness and the grey nothingness and the yellow stuff that comes from the black nothingness show me this is so. What good is a red coat with so much unredness?

I look down the shore and see a single grey something. As the something comes closer I see it is a man. He sees that I see him and he smiles. And from my loneliness comes such a need for SOMETHING that I become a monkey unto him—and he hesitates. I look at his eyes and find me looking into them. He tells me that he lives in the brown house on the cliff—next to the REST HOME which is my home, my grey castle. Then we walk along the beach and though the rocks hurt my feet I don't care. And the water is like the smiling black eyes of an Indian baby who knows of happy things to come.

## Someday

. . . PHYLLIS FUNGHI

I to the kingdom of sea and mist  
 In a boat with silken sails  
 A star as my guide  
 Not a man by my side  
 Only faith to weather the gales.  
 I'll sleep to the music  
 Of whispering winds  
 And sing to the song of the sea  
 I'll call to the gulls of willow wings  
 And they will call to me.  
 The sea mist will wash my weary form  
 And the fruit of the foam sustain me  
 I'll bury the body in which I dwell  
 Then only God can claim me.

The rolling green hills  
 dressed with the Spring morning  
 tower over the senses  
 like a throbbing symphony  
 Descending like the  
 Big Clean Hand  
 of God.

The Beauty  
 of Purity  
 in the silver meandering stream  
 rolling down the round hill  
 in rapid repetition  
 between the rocks  
 washing away their earthy past.

Water and leaf  
 Echo the joy of the symphony  
 possession of this day  
 Utter the sadness of passage  
 loss in time  
 Promise the consolation  
 return to life  
 Wait for the glory  
 Eternity



## The Poachers

. . . WAYNE RICE

The dark outline of a car eased slowly down the gentle incline of the dusty country road. The headlights off, it appeared as a large dark shape whose presence was betrayed only by the crunching of stones and gravel beneath the tires. A shaft of white light shot from the right window of the car, penetrated the blackness of the field, and plastered its powerful beam against the side of the mountain which backed the field. The light slowly swept back and forth over the field, knifing through the warm September night. Abruptly it stopped, then clicked off. The car stopped. Quietness prevailed except for the late summer chorus of tree toads and katy-dids.

Sam Jordan pushed his whiskered, round face almost out the open window. "Hold it Link," he whispered. "I see a couple." The dark shadow called Link gently pulled the emergency brake on and slid over the seat. Jordan handed him the spotlight and pulled a rifle from the back seat. Slowly he eased it out the window. The bolt clicked shut. Not taking his eyes from the window he issued instructions to his partner. "They're bout a hundred yards, just a little in front of us. When I give ya the word hit em with the light."

"What kind are they, Sam? You make em out?" "What's it matter? Ya don't eat the horns do ya? Deermeat is deermeat. Shut up and get ready." Jordan gazed out over the dark barrel of the rifle. "Now," he grunted. The light cut through the darkness and illuminated the graceful shapes of five feeding deer. The crack of the rifle bounced off the mountain. The deer spun, then stumbled into the dry uncut corn stocks which covered the back part of the field. The light swept back and forth quickly then picked up the form of another deer bounding for the cover of the corn stalks. Another explosion ripped the night and the running creature went down head first. It lay still.

"That one's down to stay," gasped Sam. "Come on let's go get em." Excitedly both men crawled out the car door and stumbled across the soft, dark earth of the field toward the still form of the felled deer.

\* \* \* \*

Warren Evans clicked the top on his lighter shut, and exhaled the warm cigarette smoke. He pocketed the lighter and leaned back against the seat of the parked car. Joe Thomas, his deputy warden, propped his elbow on the sill of the open car window and rested his head on his hand. "A real nice one tonight, huh?" he yawned.

"Yeah, you think summer was comin instead of goin," Evans reflected. "What time is it?"

"About one o'clock."

"I don't think we'll meet our friends tonight," Evans stated matter-of-factly. "Too much moonlight."

"Yeah, but yer forgettin these guys are amateurs," the deputy ventured. "After they shot that bull up in old man Shaffer's field the other week I wouldn't put anything past em." "They woulda probably tried to drag it away if it wouldn't been so heavy."

Evans flicked some ashes into the ash tray and also yawned. "We'll stay here for another hour, then move up the . . ." The sharp crack of a high calibre rifle cut him off. "You hear that," he said. Another shot echoed along the mountain. "Let's go," he yelled to the startled Thomas. The ignition caught, and the rear wheels spun for traction as the car slid into the loose stones of the road.

"Must be close," Thomas gasped. "Those shots were loud. They must be down in that cornfield that old Adams left standing."

Without the benefit of lights Evans approached the small knoll overlooking the cornfield. "We'll hit em fast before they know what's going on," he explained to Thomas. The deputy leaned forward in anticipation.

\* \* \* \*

Jordan dropped his end of the deer and panted, "You bring it out on the road; I'll get the keys and open the trunk." Dark patches of sweat stained the shirts of both men. Link's breath came in short hurried gasps from the exertion of dragging the deer across the field. His partner had insisted upon the utmost speed. He pulled the deer directly behind the car and let it flop in the dust. The exhausted poacher started to sit on the bumper when the roar of a car bearing down on him caused his breathing to stop. The bright glare of two high-beams came on and caught him full in the face. Link was temporarily blinded. "Sam," he screamed in a hoarse voice.

Jordan withdrew his head from the car and dropped the keys. Panic-stricken he stumbled around the front of the car and began running across the dark expanse of the open field.

Evans locked all four wheels and ground his car to a halt. Leaping from the car he shouted to Link, "Don't move! Joe, the other one's in the field."

"I see em." He raced into the field.

Jordan dashed madly across the lumpy treacherous earth and headed for the darkness and temporary security of the corn patch. With the warden only halfway across the field, Jordan plunged into the dry rustling corn stalks. Blood pounding in his ears, he lay down flat and concealed himself between the furrows.

Thomas approached the cornfield. All was silent. He hesitated, then circled it, coming in from the back to cut off the fugitive's escape into the mountain. Slowly he entered the patch of dry, waving stalks.

Jordan lay flat on his stomach trying hard to let his breath escape noiselessly. His mind searched for a way out. He began to crawl cautiously toward the front of the cornfield where he had entered. As the winded man reached out, his hand touched something hard and cool—a smooth, rather oblong stone. Jordan clutched it, then stopped moving. His mind had at last fixed on a plan. Like a trapped animal he crouched, waiting for the deputy. Then Jordan saw him, about twenty feet to the left, picking his way slowly forward. The poacher crouched lower, holding his breath. Thomas passed him in the darkness. Now was the time. With all the strength left in his body, Jordan lunged at the deputy's back. His feet dug into the soft soil and hurled him forward, the stone held high in his right hand.

Thomas heard him and turned, but he knew it was too late. Jordan crashed to the ground on his face at the deputy's feet.

In the midst of his desperate attack his feet had struck a soft solid object and sent him sprawling just short of his quarry. He lay there on the ground, his breath escaping in short little sobs, his face buried in the soft dirt. Thomas stepped back and pointed his revolver at the prostrate man. "OK, let's go back to the road." Jordan rolled over and began to get up. It was then he saw what had tripped him. The folly and horror of his situation mounted. The object lying less than five feet from him was the still warm body of a dead deer. The base of its neck was stained with a dark crimson substance, seeping from a fresh raw bullet hole.

## *Hidden Mansions*

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

The place  
 had become a personal green mansion  
 to each of us,  
     each individual  
 who had spent any length  
     of time there.

Ironically, our place actually was  
 a place of personal, yet group refuge.  
 Its necessity and meaning were honest,  
     unadorned with false  
     hopes of isolation  
     from the outside.

Our green mansions  
 Our hidden locale of the beautiful  
 Our tangible proof that each of us  
     still possessed  
     a soul . . .

Known to no one except  
     ourselves  
 Guarded by the jealousy of  
     our appreciation

*Partials of a Poem*  
**Two Hearts**

. . . CAROL SCHUMACHER

Two hearts in two shadows  
Apart and yet not,  
Claiming each other,  
A man and her heart.

Two hearts and two shadows  
Alone and yet not,  
Silent but speaking,  
A girl and his heart.

*Hidden Missions***To See**

. . . JOHN MORRIS

Pity not the infirm eyes of one who is dependent on lens;  
The world exposed to his naked eyes, while not distinct, is singularly in-  
spiring.

Cold lines and forms do not exist — rather a union of object and thing.  
Not blotches of colour but wisps of tint  
Never ending, only blending  
And softly diffusing one to another.

Too, light bulbs and fireflies and flames that are bright are all stars with  
infinite points,  
Confined not to night.

So cease all your wails for one's weak, wretched eyes;  
He knows a place exclusive to you.

## *Partial Recollection*

. . . SUE GOODMAN

There it is—that's the smile I see when I'm walking through a field of grass.

I remembered correctly—your eyes do glint and your lips broaden until I think your face will break from such folly.

And that laugh—it starts at a low rumble and builds into such volume that you cause even the flowers to take notice.

And yes—the body. Where one angle begins and the next forms a different shape . . . that's difficult to say because you are one massive continuous male created for the sole purpose of pleasure.

But I wonder if you always hold true to this proposed purpose. It seems to me that I can also remember the times when you were inclined to take from me and not return.

That smile I saw while walking through the field was only a part of my recollection. Within my soul I felt the scars you had placed there.

Now it's for you to say—shall I remember only the smiles and love and laughter or are you again going to give me cause to remember and retain the scars that you inflicted . . . .

## *A Name*

. . . NICHOLAS DIFFENDERFER

Our days  
have been shaded by the years—  
Still  
I remember your name.  
Time has not proved  
    your promises  
Your promises have not  
    brought you back.  
Still  
I remember your name.  
Others have known me—  
    more intimately—  
    since you  
    and I have probably  
    loved them more . . .  
yet never have I forgotten your name.  
    Those passing years  
    have aged me,  
    changed my thoughts,  
    mellowed my wants;  
still your name is as always  
It's about all I do remember about you.



## *Another Day*

. . . PHYLLIS FUNGHI

Some day when all the hate is gone  
Love will blossom with the dawn,  
And then when falls the eventide  
Love will bloom and yet abide.

A life is but the breathing wind:  
The morn a gasp, the dusk a sigh  
The weeping wind, its tears, the rain . . .  
All soulful men must sometimes cry.

Some day when all the hate is gone  
Love will blossom with the dawn,  
And then when falls the eventide  
Love will bloom and yet abide.

Then you and I will dwell in dreams  
Our bodies unto dust returned.  
Fulfillment of each need we'll find  
For having toiled and having yearned.

## *Damn Nice Place*

. . . . BERKLEY LAITE

The door was open. I could see that he must have just returned, for his suitcases were on the floor. A heavy corduroy topcoat was lying in a heap on one bed while the comics from today's paper were strewn on the other. A ripped, gaudy yellow curtain lazily flapped in the breeze from the open window while the venetian blind rattled with a vengeance. On his desk was an ashtray filled with lipstick-marked cigarette butts, an empty paper cup, several loose papers, two books on the history of the Aztecs, one on etiquette, and three on the banding of birds. The bare dingy wall had one lone decoration, the imprint of a rubber stamp that declared in large, bold letters that the wall was **OVERSIZE**. The closet contained sweaters, some ties, a herring-bone sports coat, a couple of white shirts, and a multitude of empty hangers. On the back wall of the closet was pasted a large poster explaining how Schmidt's of Philadelphia is a "full-taste beer," and in the corner was a checkered racing flag thrown over a box that once contained bottles of **Wisk** liquid detergent. Draped over his bureau mirror was, what I had thought at first to be a mass of twine, but on closer inspection I discovered it to be a section of fishing net tied to a large rope knot and connected to a wooden float. Just in front of the mirror were several odd-shaped bottles—shampoo, after-shave lotion, body deodorant, and a fifth of **Old Hickory**.

"Bob, what the blazes are you doing! I haven't seen you in a coon's age. Come on, sit down, make yourself 't home. Say, what do you think of the place?"

"Damn nice, Bill, damn nice."

