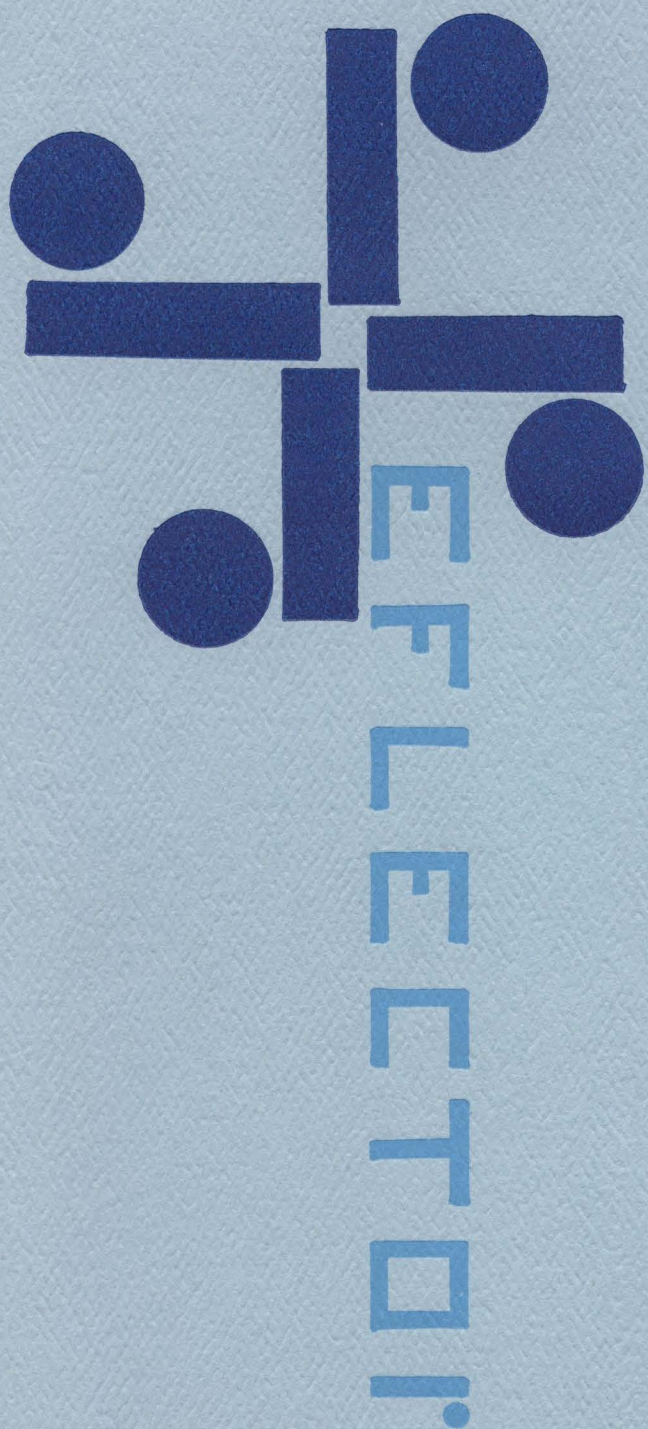
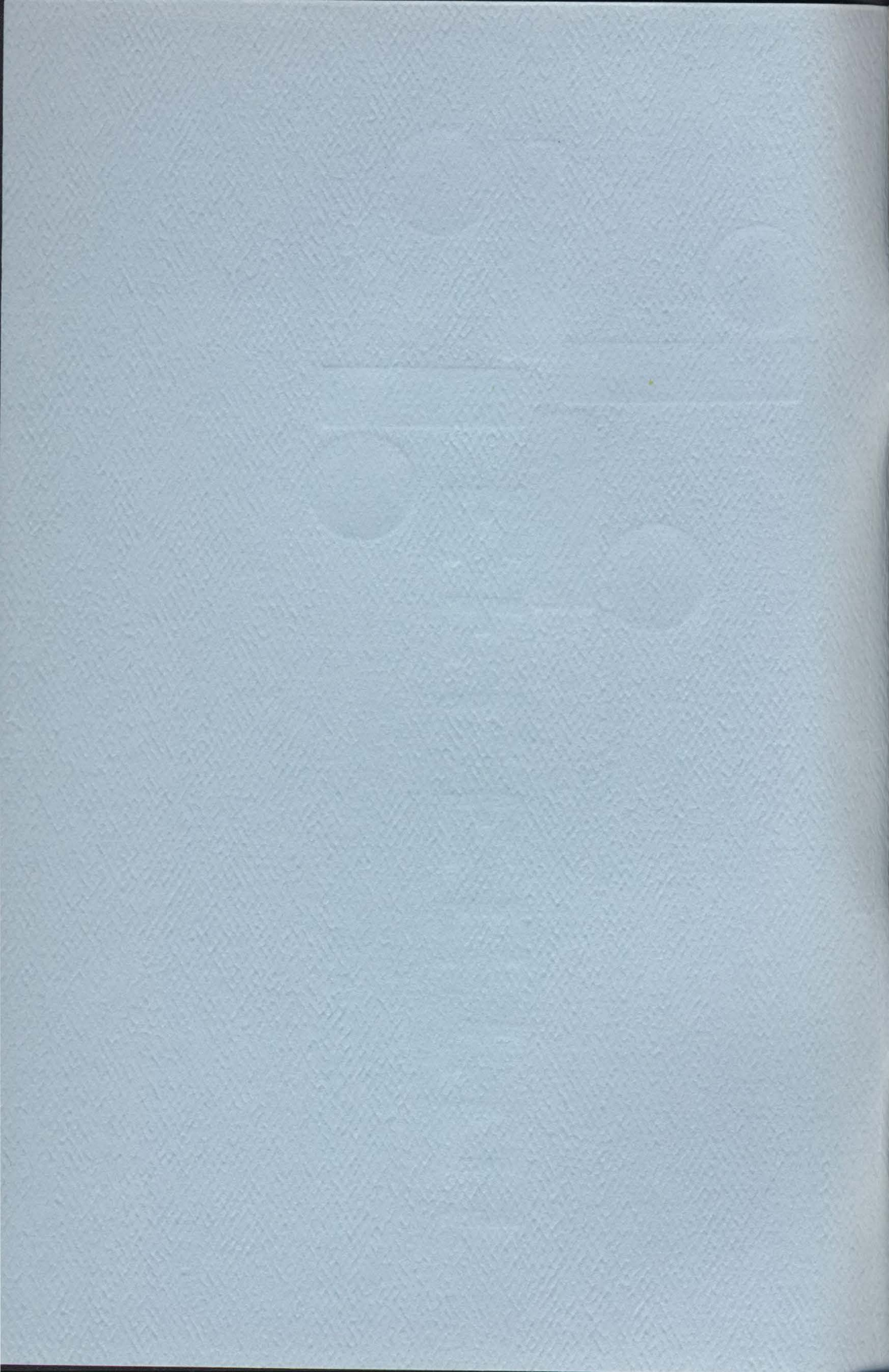






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WINTER — 1968-1969

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The Reflector

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FIRST PLACE AWARD

to

THE REFLECTOR

Shippensburg State College

March 15, 1968

Columbia Scholastic Press Association

College and University Division

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in the mirror
i see a frail
man dreaming
dreams
dreams in the mirror.

. . . e. e. cummings
in
Impressions — IV

And The Sea

. . . PAUL DeANGELIS

And the sea, was to be, was to be, was to be.
But for me, I could see, time could cease, easily cease,
And though now, to be free, means to me, to de cease,
I stand here, with the sea, lonely sea, friendly sea.

To be free, like the sea, like the sea, like the sea
Ruled my thoughts, ate my food, slept with me, by the sea.
Then 'twas you, and the sea, and the sea, you and me.
But you're gone, and the sea, was to be, was to be.

So I come, by the sea, by the sea, by the sea
For I see, you and me, you and me, do I see,
In the sea, where we laugh, where we play, everyday
Let it be, in the sea, you and me, in the sea.

To abide, at your side, in the sea, in the sea
It must be, in the sea, in the sea, it must be!
Now I'm free, in the sea, in the sea, you and me.
And the sea, was to be, was to be, was to be.

Dawn To Dusk

. . . NANCY M. MILLICHAP

What think you, noble statues in this hall?
Your fine stone features, free from grief or joy,
And poised, lithe, frozen forms still keep you all
As fair as mortal Helen, Queen of Troy.
What know you of the men you've looked upon?
The years have left you only with the truth.
Your lips are closed, their painted color gone,
As silent as the fox-chewed Spartan youth.
Have men changed since your sculptors lived and died?
You watched war, peace, defeat, victory, truce,
On all you looked, with eyes unchanging, wide,
As pensive as Athene, child of Zeus.
Like you, Aurora stood up proud and cold
While staying young, to see Tithonus old.

Seventeen

. . . RICHARD KISTLER

It all started on a seemingly innocent, calm, serene Saturday morning. I came stumbling blindly down the steps from my bedroom with an empty stomach that was churning and eager for about three dozen pancakes. It was noon, my usual time of awakening on weekends, and I really wasn't altogether alive yet. As I groped my way to the kitchen, the subtle tones of my mother and her sister, the creature that ate Harrisburg, were discovered to be emanating from the dining room, probably in some clandestine plot against my person. Whenever those two birds put their heads together it always meant bad news for my favorite individual. Immediately the sleep shot out of my head. I bent an ear to the wall:

"Where are we going to get a coach?" my mother queried.

With my keen, rapier-like mind I swiftly deduced the situation. It seems that Mr. Rodney Axolotyl, a short, fat, senile neighbor of mine had given up his distinguished post as coach of the local Pony League team. Obviously my two dear relatives were looking for a replacement.

"I've been thinking about that," replied my Aunt Della. "Dusty's been playing ball now for eight years. Do you think he'd mind taking over the team?"

"Why . . . he'd love it!" my wonderful mother cried. "There's nothing he likes better than giving orders to kids littler than himself."

Horried at the mere thought of coaching a Pony League baseball team, I quickly tried to slither out the back door unnoticed. No such luck.

"Dusty! You're just the person we've been looking for," exclaimed my aunt. "How would you like to do a favor for everyone in the neighborhood?"

"I wouldn't," I muttered, half to myself.

A stony silence reigned for two or three seconds, just long enough for my mother to formulate a method of operation. Divide and conquer and all that rot.

"Now you listen to me young man," she threatened; "the Pony League team needs a coach for the rest of the season. I don't think it would hurt you. You could get along like a charm with those little boys."

Like a charm. "Aw Mom, come on! Little kids, horrible little cretins running all over the ballfield, screaming and hollering at everyone! It's bad enough for a grown man, but me, a mere child like myself . . . I'd sooner die!"

"You're seventeen years old," my mother reminded ominously. "It's about time you assumed a little civic responsibility. What's more, if you don't coach the team, I'll take away your allowance!"

Touche. The weak spot, the old money vault. "Oh, that was low, Mom," I moaned.

"Will you coach them?" she asked triumphantly.

"Will you coach them?" I mimicked irritably.

"Will you?" she persisted.

"I never had a choice, did I?" I snarled.

"Not really," put in my aunt. I was vanquished.

I assumed power immediately. Practice was called for that afternoon at two o'clock. Arriving at the field a little early, pitying myself almost to the

verge of tears, I resolved to make the most of this deplorable situation.

The gremlins started drifting in around two-thirty; God forbid they should be on time.

It was appalling. They came in cowboy suits, guns and holsters strapped to their miserable little bodies. They came in full gear football outfits. Not one of them would have dared to bring a baseball glove.

Deciding to assert my tyranny at the outset of this whole thing, I ordered all hands home to acquire baseball equipment and/or regalia and to report back in fifteen minutes . . . or else!

After all sixteen had returned, about a half-hour later, I lined them up in front of the dugout, much like a general reviewing his troops, and issued the orders of the day:

"Okay you guys, quiet down," I said real business-like, pausing to wait for silence to set in. "Ahem! Maybe you guys didn't hear me. I said QUIET!" I paused again briefly. "All right that's better. Now we're going to have fun the rest of this season. Fun! Do you hear?" Even if I had to kill somebody. "I'm glad you finally decided to play some baseball. First off, how many pitchers do we have?" I blundered. Sixteen hands shot up.

"Wonderful fellows," I said somewhat sarcastically. "Sixteen pitchers and no fielders. Wonderful. Okay, if that's the way you want to play it, fine."

Naturally we weren't going to do it their way. I just psyched them into believing that particular fantasy. I found out which position each one had played in the last game and listed their names accordingly. Then I deployed the nine starters around the field for fielding practice.

The results were horrifying. Ground balls dribbled through wide-spread legs or bounced off exposed shins. Fly balls dropped in front of, in back of, and around everyone. Nobody would have imagined catching one. Irving Zweig, supposedly the best player on the team, was felled by an innocent pop-fly that dropped on his unsuspecting skull. It really wasn't unsuspecting; he just forgot to raise his glove.

I turned my head in dismay. The benchwarmers were running around, babbling incoherently to anyone who would listen. One kid was utilizing a rock to drive an old, brown, rusty nail into one of the bats. "Cut that out!" I yelled, snatching the bat from his grubby little paws.

He backed away quite innocently, and, without warning, flung the rock at my head. I threw myself to the ground just in time to avoid the missile.

Scrambling to my feet, bat in hand and murder in mind, I caught only a brief glimpse of the rock-slinging little ogre ducking around a corner. There was no use running after him. He'd probably kill me if I caught him.

I turned around to the scattered remnants of my team. My team! True ballplayers these fellows were. About ten of them were playing cars and trucks on the pitcher's mound; the rest were out in right field playing football.

"Uh, pardon me fellows. I hate like the dickens to interrupt anything," I said, "but it's time for batting practice. Get over here to the dugout right now!" I wanted to keep things moving, to keep them from getting bored.

After about fifteen minutes of completely ignoring me, they finally made the scene at the dugout, all of them moving as slowly as possible. I seemed to

be losing the upper hand.

"All right, fellows. As you probably know, batting is an integral part of baseball." I thought I'd hit them with a few multi-syllable words to dazzle their puny brains. "The best defense is a good offense." I glanced around to see if the boys were soaking up the knowledge. "You, in the back row, put that football down and pay attention." I flinched, half expecting him to hurl the projectile at me, but all he did was stick out his tongue and drop the ball.

"Okay, who wants to bat first?" I asked stupidly. "Raise your right hand." Twenty hands flew into the air. Apparently some of the boys had a little trouble distinguishing between right and left.

Suddenly I felt very tired. Maybe a rest was in order, a vacation to Tahiti or something. "Practice is over, fellows. Be here Monday night at five o'clock. See you then." I hoped not. The horde vanished in about five seconds. Phtt!

After picking up the equipment, I trudged homeward, trying to conjure up a way to rid myself of this lamentable burden some people fondly called a baseball team. Suicide? No, I loved myself too much. Mass murder? Somebody might notice a missing son. Maybe I could run away to Mexico? It was a desperate situation..

Crashing through the back door of my humble home, I still hadn't thought of a way to get out of coaching the team. Hunger barred everything else from my mind, though, so I eagerly invaded the vast abundant cavern of our refrigerator.

Just then my mother walked into the kitchen. Good old Mom! I'd probably never find it in my heart to forgive her. I slammed the door to the refrigerator—unfortunately my left hand was still in it. I dashed into the bathroom and emitted three bloodcurdling howls of agony. I also cursed a lot.

Ambling sedately back into the kitchen, holding my stricken hand limply in front of me, I was confronted by my female parent with an incredulous stare on her visage. However, she chose to ignore my plight.

"How was practice?" she asked gaily. "Did you and the boys get along together?"

She was beautiful. "It was fabulous Mom," I lied. "I can hardly wait until Monday's practice." Never in my life had I been closer to crying.

"Aw gee, that's too bad," she mourned. "You see, Mr. Axolotyl has decided to take the team back. He'll coach for the rest of the season. The parents think it will be better with an adult coach, anyhow. Not that we didn't trust you . . ."

"Thanks a lot, Mom!" I cried indignantly, forgetting my wounded limb. "I give the best years of my life to coaching that lousy team, and what happens? I'm fired! They give me my walking papers! There isn't any justice at all." I smiled to myself. The burden had been lifted; the torch had been passed.

"I'm sorry," my mother said consolingly, "but everyone decided, so that's the way it's going to be."

I was sorry too. I was also the biggest liar in the civilized world.

Everybody White Outside

(a poem of winter)

. . . PAUL POLITIS

Sharp edged street corners of our town
Become a stage
And on display are the invisibly visible,
seen and recognized only by each other,
While the rest of the world
Just stares right by them.
The ears of the nation
Can hear only the voices
Of its treasures
And desires.
The silent speechmakers
continue to speak
speaking unheard.
Unheard as the snow falls
And the movement turns inward
And everybody white outside.
The snow falls on the benches
on the square
and all around the phone booth
and the wind comes up
and blows the phone booth full
of snow.

The snow falls on the roofs of houses
And melts around the chimneys
And around the cigarette smoke on the corner.

I am outside.
Do you need a light?
Just a minute.
Here.
Okay?

The snow falls on the corner,
And everybody white outside.

The Arrival

. . . MARLENE KNAUB

He could tell from the clack of the wheels that the train was slowing down and was gathering his belongings when the door to the compartment opened. "Mirpur, sahib."

Paul turned, but not quickly enough to glimpse the owner of the voice. He was an American—young, thin, fair-haired, and tired. He placed his two suitcases near the door and flung his coat over them, then sat down to wait.

It was hot in the car and his ankles were covered with red welts. He rubbed each one in turn with the side of the sandal on the other foot. "Hope they're nothing more than mosquitoes," he thought.

The compartment was drab. The windows were repetitious square openings with no glass, only khaki-colored shades on rollers that fastened at the bottom. All of the shades were curled at the edges and some were tattered beyond use. The car was painted a dark green, inside and out, except for irregular patches along both sides of the door and on the hand-holds on the backs of the seats, where the bare metal shone through. The seats were wooden with curved backs, like those in the movie houses in small towns, and a few dry orange peels littered the floor under one of them, looking as if they had been strewn deliberately as evidence that the car was still being used. The American wondered how long they'd lain there; he'd been alone in the compartment for the entire trip.

It was the first-class car. Not that Paul had wanted to go first class; he felt that a Peace Corps Volunteer ought to travel at least second, but the man with the round face and bulging eyes at the ticket window had shoved the ticket through the opening without hesitation as soon as he'd said "Mirpur, please."

His ankles were bothering him again and he resumed rubbing. It struck him that his feet looked odd—very pale, sticking out of his dark trousers—and there was an incongruity about the white rubber scuffs he'd bought near the train station in Karachi.

He'd taken his suitcoat off even before entering the airport terminal, and he'd rolled his shirtsleeves up and stuffed his tie in his pocket while waiting to claim his luggage. Later he'd bought the sandals. Now he wondered idly what other concessions he would make before reaching his destination. He didn't care, really; he hadn't shaved in over 24 hours and it was so hot. The important thing was to get to Mirpur and start to work.

The train had been moving slowly for some time, and when it stopped it was with that lurch of finality that even the best trains make before coming to rest. Paul felt the little turning over of something in his stomach that sometimes comes with the cessation of movement.

The door opened and the suitcases were removed. Paul stepped down onto the platform and saw them again almost immediately. They were under the shadow of the overhang and a porter with white coat and turban stood next to them. The man's face was expressionless, yet he seemed at the same time to be waiting for something and completely unaware of the suitcases beside him.

Paul gave the porter a rupee. He noticed that the man looked very old and that the collar of his jacket was soiled. The man crumpled the paper into his jacket pocket as if ashamed to have taken it. He bent from the waist almost imperceptibly and shuffled off. "They all look old," Paul thought, "even the children."

"Mist'a Donaldson, sahib."

It startled Paul to hear his name; it seemed to come from a long way off, but when he turned round he almost stepped on the man's bare, broad feet. Paul took a step backward, bumping against one of his cases. The man stooped, picked them up, and started off toward a small horse-drawn cart. The animal stood motionless, its head drooping.

Paul climbed onto the single bench-like seat which faced the back and settled himself next to the suitcases. The horse started off at a surprisingly brisk pace.

He watched as the distance between himself and the station increased. The train was still in and he wanted for a moment to go back and get off again—do it all over. Then, annoyed with himself for feeling that way, he looked to right and left in an effort to take everything in—the sights and sounds, even the smells of his new surroundings. He squinted through his sunglasses.

It was getting on toward late afternoon, and although the sun was still high and oppressive, a haze hung over the landscape, as if a herd of beasts had recently passed and their dust had not yet settled. Except for the mist, it would have been possible to see the curve of the horizon rippling in the distant heat.

Random patches of scrubby vegetation could be seen as they rode, more gray than green, each bush claiming its own patch of the tan, dry earth. Dark-brown and mud huts were scattered here and there in even more disorderly fashion—sometimes two or three, sometimes several, always so close together they seemed to depend on each other for support. Where the road passed between the huts, children gathered to watch. They were dirty and dark and numerous and their dark eyes were accentuated with lines of kohl. They looked with intensity at the newcomer, neither smiling nor waving, and when Paul grinned at them they returned his gaze so frankly that he was forced to look away. Neither did the women, some erect, others frail and stooped, betray their curiosity. They lowered their eyes or found some task to busy their hands, but they never quickened their step and none of their movements indicated their awareness of Paul. He felt unreal and ill-at-ease.

When they had passed the cluster of huts and were again in the open, it occurred to Paul that he ought to say something to the driver. It was unnatural to have been so long with the man and not to have spoken, and it would be a good idea to practice the Urdu which he had so diligently studied. He pondered some phrases which he might use to open a conversation, but nothing which came to mind set the right tone. Paul turned round in his seat to look at the man, as if the very sight of him would tell him what he wanted to know. Only the man's back and shiny black hair were visible. The driver, too, seemed ignorant of Paul's presence, and he gave up the attempt at speech.

There were more people along the road now, headed toward the town and

they passed a flock of sad-faced, fat-tailed sheep being herded in the opposite direction. They were almost there.

Mirpur, a trading center and district capital, was alive with activity. They passed a row of one-room shops and turned into a narrow alleyway, also lined with stalls. The area was thronging with people and they made their way slowly. The crowd parted reluctantly, and people darted across the way until the last possible moment. Then the crowd converged again behind them, like the curtain on a stage, as soon as they had passed.

Paul tried to interest himself in the stores—in the bolts of brightly colored cloth, the housewares and brass and gaudy jewelry—and to separate the aromas which filled his head—now intense, now faint—of unfamiliar spices and charcoal and over-ripe fruit, of decay and opulence and urine.

They left the passageway and turned into a wider, paved street on which were two- and three-storied stucco and concrete buildings of a uniform tan shade. They stopped in front of one of them and the driver motioned toward a wooden stairway that went up along the side of the building to the second floor. Paul took his suitcases and went up.

A painted wooden sign over the door was partially obscured with age but Paul knew what it read: "Ministry of Agriculture" and underneath "Mirpur District Office." The door was open.

They were expecting him. "Ah, Mister Donaldson, you are here." A fat, mustachioed man rose immediately and hurried over. "Please to put down your burden. Welcome. You have a long journey made." He clasped Paul's extended hand with both of his and pumped it vigorously up and down. "Please to be seated," he continued without pause.

The room contained only two wooden desks; at one a bespectacled man sat, and in the corner near the window was a table where a clerk was rhythmically engaged with a rubber stamp. The man with the glasses shook Paul's hand and nodded toward a chair.

"Permit me to introduce myself. I am Zafir Khan and this is my colleague, Iqbal Rahman. You are Mister Paul Donaldson of the Peace Corps of the United States."

Paul nodded. "I am," he said.

"It is very good of you to come here. Mirpur is a very poor village; it is not often we are so honored. Ah, but I forget myself. You will refresh yourself with some tea?" It was more a statement than a question, and without waiting for a reply, he barked at the clerk, "Jameed, you will bring tea."

The clerk placed paperweights on the stacks of loose paper which covered his table, carefully closed a stamp pad, then rose slowly and went out.

Zafir waited until the clerk had left. "You see what I am up against," he said.

Paul did not see, but he did not say so.

"Where I come from, in the Punjab, things are much better, much better. Is that not so, Iqbal?"

Iqbal flashed his toothy grin. "Ah yes—it is often you have told me so."

The two men laughed uproariously.

Paul was not amused. There was much to be done and he was anxious to begin, but he could not make a start if they did not help him.

The tea was brought in, hot and strong and aromatic. Paul took a sip from the tin cup, then lowered it. "The farmers," he began, "I want to help them."

"Farmers!" Zafir spat. "Peasants. Addle-headed fools. They will listen to you as if you possessed the wisdom of Allah. But they will do things in their same old ways." He shook his head from side to side. "Ah yes, things change slowly in my country." He rose from his chair. "But we must not talk of business tonight. There is much time. You will join me for dinner?"

"If you don't mind," Paul stammered, "I am tired. Perhaps you will show me where I am to stay."

"Of course, of course, how rude of me—you have made a long journey. You will stay with me at my house; it is very little to offer but preparations have been made. How good it will be to have an intelligent companion! You play bridge, I assume?"

Paul nodded.

"Good, good. Tomorrow we shall have ourselves a game." Zafir was immensely pleased.

"Jameed." He addressed the clerk. "You will show Donaldson sahib to my house."

The men shook hands all around and Paul left, following Jameed, who had picked up his suitcases.

When at length he was alone in his room, he sat for some time, and at last gave himself up to the weariness and to the nearly overpowering desire to remember who he was and why he had come to this place.

Dogs

. . . JOHN HOFFMAN

Dogs like other dogs—
Why shouldn't they?
Other dogs tomorrow
Come from dogs today.

Stomach

. . . PAUL POLITIS

He felt like it was going to happen. "Damn it, go on and growl if you're gonna," he thought. "Let's get it over with before later on." He climbed the steel steps and knocked on her door. "Grrrr," said his stomach.

"Hi! Come on in," she greeted him. "Sit down and I'll be ready in a minute." She disappeared into the bedroom.

"Gulp," she belched. "What am I so nervous about. Sure don't want that to happen while I'm real close to him tonight," she thought, "or have my stomach growl or something. After all, it's only my fifth date with him. What would he think? Jesus, this is ridiculous."

"Hi, sorry I took so long," she apologized. "Let's go."

"Okay." He helped her with her coat and took her hand.

They looked at each other as they started down the steps. "Where we going?" They spoke simultaneously.

"We could go to a movie," he suggested.

"What's playing?"

"I don't know."

"Well, it's too early anyhow."

"D'you want to go downtown and get something to eat? How 'bout a pizza or something?" he offered.

"Okay."

They walked into town and entered a popular pizza place. He ordered one large pie, of which he ate the great majority. "This is good pizza."

"Mmmmyeahmm," he said with a full mouth.

"How was your day?" she seemed terribly interested.

"Oh, all right. Didn't really do much out of the ordinary. Hey, it's 8:30. What'd'ya say we head for the show."

"Okay, let's go."

He helped her with her coat, took her hand, and they headed for the show.

"D'you think I'm weird?" she asked suddenly.

"Well, aaa . . . What makes you ask that? No, I don't think you're weird—at least not in any way that I wouldn't want you to be weird. Hell, we're all weird. I know I am."

"That's good." They slowed down and hugged each other. "D'you think I should get my hair cut?"

"I don't know. I like it the way it is. Why?"

"I was thinkin' of getting a few inches cut, and getting it frosted—just a little. I don't know what to do."

"Well, I'll tell ya. I don't know how it'd look on you, but I can remember a lot of other girls I've know getting their hair changed, and even though a lot of times I didn't like it at first, I always got used to it. So if you think it'd look all right, then go ahead and do it. It'll be okay with me."

"I don't know. Maybe I will."

They arrived at the theater. "Looks like a pretty good movie," he said. "You haven't seen it, have you?"

"No, but I heard it was pretty good. Let's go in."

He purchased two tickets and they went in, chose two seats, and took their coats off. When the movie began, he put his arm around her and they settled down.

As the show ended and they began to leave, he asked, "What' d'ya think?"

"It was pretty good. I liked it."

"Yeah, it was the kind of picture you could almost identify with completely. Not too far out or anything, ya know?"

"Where we gonna go now?" she asked. "D'you have anything planned?"

"No, nothing special."

"Good, let's just walk, okay? It's nice out tonight."

"Okay, fine."

"I thought that ending was really good. I couldn't believe that."

"What's the matter? Don't you think it's possible? I think it'd really be cool. Wouldn't you really like to do something like that yourself someday?"

"Yes, yes, ya know, I really think I would. It would be great."

Again they slowed and hugged each other.

"Ya know," he began, "you've asked me a lot of weird things, recently, now I'd like to ask you a few."

"Go ahead."

"What would you really think of me, if right now, my stomach growled? I mean, really."

She began to laugh, and he joined.

"My God," she said. "I don't believe you said that. That is so cool. Because would you believe I was thinking the same thing tonight!"

"Hey, that's great! Ya know, that means we're over a great hurdle in our relationship."

"It's wonderful to be past the stage of trivial feelings and self-consciousness."

"Yeah, I kinda think everything's gonna be okay between us. Where we gonna go tomorrow?"

"I don't know. Anyplace."

They stopped for a moment, kissed, and walked on.

"Hey, remember the time we . . . Grrrrulp."

Procrastinate

. . . PAUL POLITIS

Tomorrow
Will arrive
Any day now.

The Great Foxhunt

. . . LEONARD JONES

Pumpkin-hided ponies
with their gilded

cluttered cronies
in the saddle
ride down

In the Great Foxhunt.

The clever red running prey
runs original elliptical patterns

to the feast
of nickle-plated trumpets
and low grinning currs
and the riders
in garments
of red white and black
riding merrily down

In the Great Foxhunt.

The mounted hunters
in a mad dash

running

and

chasing
a dog-race-bunny-
rapid-sometimes-rabid-
dog-eared fox
astride pumpkin-hided ponies
the gay galloping riders
oblivious to the brambled
branches

tugging at their

garments
of red white and black
astride
pumpkin-hided ponies

rapidly

running

down

In the Great Foxhunt.

The Train Whistle of Long Ago

. . . DEBORAH I. GLESSNER

When I was born, I was born into a world where no sound existed—no sound except the long low toot of the freight train that passed nightly near our home. The train whistle was the only real sound I had ever heard without seeing the train itself. Yet, how was I to know that it would continue this way for several years to come. The toot of the train seems to resound in my ears when I think back over the early years of my life. It sounds, even today, like a comforting sound, and it was. This I cannot explain. I know only that it was that train whistle that seemed to give me a life that would be different from other people, and it did.

Todd and Troy

. . . LACYE JANE KOONS

Little Todd and Troy giggled excitedly. Todd grasped Troy's small hand as they tiptoed across the bedroom. Finally, they reached the door, and Todd slowly turned the knob to open it. Two little curly-haired boys glanced first one way and then the other.

"My, it seems like in the middle of the night!" whispered Troy.

"It isn't, though. We got up as soon as Daddy went to work," said Todd as the two boys entered the kitchen.

"I'll get the stuff. You get the good china. Don't make so much noise. We don't want to wake Momma. That would spoil everything. We have to do it as we planned yesterday. Now be quiet, and hurry," warned Todd.

Troy noisily slid a chair over the newly waxed floor. He climbed up on the sink and stood on his toes in order to reach the right-sized plate. Todd glanced up and held his breath as his little brother balanced the plate and cup in one hand as he jumped to the floor from the sink.

"Sh-h-h!" warned Todd as he emptied half the pancake box into the bowl. He poured in some milk as he had seen his mother do the day before.

"Are you sure that's enough?" asked Troy.

"I don't know," puzzled Todd. "I'll dump in some more." Into the batter went the entire quart of milk. Next the eggs were added.

"Momma used two eggs yesterday. Since we want them extra nice, I'm gonna use four." Into the batter went four nice eggs. Todd placed the egg shells on the kitchen counter. It was a coincidence that as Troy was passing by that exact spot the egg shells rolled to the floor and were smashed under his feet. Todd hadn't noticed it so Troy just brushed some of the crushed shells under the rug.

The process continued. As Todd painfully mixed the batter with a spoon, Troy put the plates on the tray. He went outside to pick a nice bouquet of the neighbor's roses and mixed some pretty dandelions in for variety. He then arranged them in Momma's best vase. Next he got out the wrapping paper to decorate the gift.

"Look at my pretty package!" shouted Troy as he finished putting on about the fifteenth piece of tape.

"Nice," mumbled Todd as he slowly poured the batter onto the grill. His judgment wasn't the best, and he spilled some mix down the front of the stove. "I'll clean it up later," he thought.

At that moment Momma silently appeared at the doorway. As she looked at the mess she smiled to herself and quietly went back to her bedroom.

"Well, these pancakes are a little darker than I wanted them," moaned Todd as he flopped a charcoal-black one onto the plate. After his seventh try he had improved, though. All the pancakes were stacked on a plate for Momma.

Last night's coffee was poured into a cup. No one had thought of warming it first.

"Is everything ready?" questioned Todd.

"No, I can't find the candles," cried Troy. At last the candles were found, but then another problem arose.

"How old is she? Isn't she 40?" asked Troy.

"No, she's not 40. I think she's twenty. Anyhow, that's about as many candles as we've got." Todd slowly counted the number as Troy decorated the top of the pancakes. The matches were laid on the tray. Todd took one end of the tray and Troy the other as they tiptoed toward their Momma's room.

After they had put the breakfast on the stand they stood looking at their sleeping Momma.

"My, she's pretty!" sighed Troy.

On the signal they both yelled "Surprise!" and jumped on the bed singing "Happy Birthday."

Momma appeared very surprised.

"We thought we'd make breakfast so you wouldn't have to make a big mess and clean it up," announced Troy with his face all lit up. Momma laughed as she remembered the mess in the kitchen.

Todd helped to open Momma's present since he knew she couldn't manage it alone. The card was homemade, and it stated that Momma was loved by her two sons, Troy and Todd.

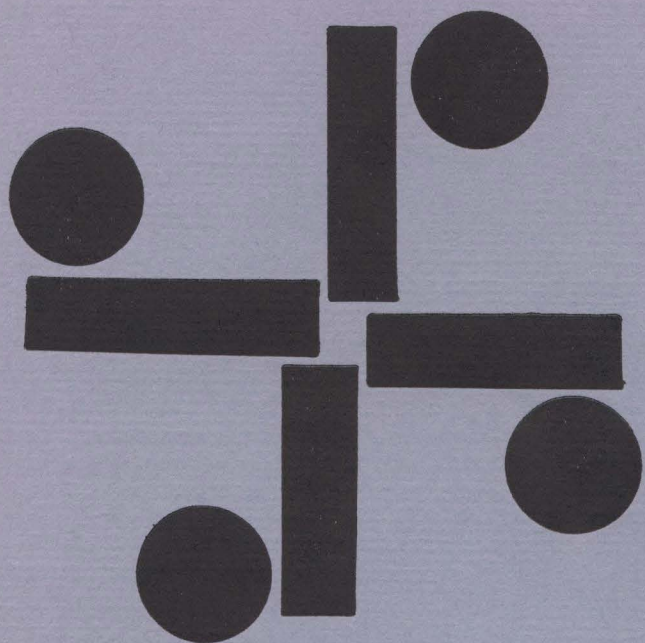
"Here's your gift," said Todd excitedly as he held up a big cloth with two self-portraits on it. "It's drawn on that old tablecloth that your grandma gave you. We thought you wouldn't mind since it was so old. It was hard to draw on, though."

As Momma gathered her little ones to her for a big hug she remembered that the tablecloth had been in the family for over a generation. As tears filled her eyes over the loss of the tablecloth and the thoughtfulness of her sons she said, "This is the best birthday I've ever had, and I'll keep your gift forever and ever."

The Message

. . . PAUL POLITIS

The smiling messenger
smiled
and kept going.



STORY

How Could It Rain On Monday?

Suzanne Roof

POEM

An Early Winter Snow

Marlene Knaub

EDITORS' CHOICE

How Could It Rain On Monday?

. . . SUZANNE ROOF

"Kenneth, are you awake?" his mother called as she peeked through the slit in the door. Of course he was awake. Ken had been awake for at least an hour. In fact, he had been awake since the milktruck had driven up to his window through the early morning shadows. He had heard the tinkle of milk-bottles bumping together and the rhythmic click of the milkman's footsteps on the pavement.

It was Monday! Not just any Monday, but **THE** Monday—Ken's first day of school. Oh, Ken wasn't a first grader. No, not by any chance was he a first grader! He was a third grader, and very proud of that fact; but, he was even more proud of the fact that he was going to be the new boy at school. The anticipation of new fun and new friends rushed through his little body like water through a highly pressurized faucet. Ken couldn't have fallen asleep again even if he'd wanted to.

Scurrying out from under his thin blanket, Ken dashed to his window and threw open the curtains. "I knew it! I knew it!" he cried as he stood smothered in the golden sunlight of early dawn. "I knew it couldn't rain today."

"What's the matter, Kenneth?" his mother called from the kitchen.

"Oh nothing, mother," he chanted in reply as he turned from the window.

Ken had spent an hour on Sunday afternoon polishing his favorite shoes so that they would look their best this morning. His new suit of clothes had been carefully laid out for him Sunday evening so that Ken would have no trouble dressing himself for the first day of school. Although there was no need to hurry, Ken scampered about his room panting like a puppy searching for its dinner. He had never been so excited in his life.

Breakfast didn't take long. Ken gobbled his food with every ounce of energy he had. He was rather surprised when his mother didn't scold him for being "a little glutton," but he was grateful that she hadn't. Today was his day, and nothing was going to spoil that!

Today Ken was not going to ride the bus to school like all the other children. Today, his mother would drive him to school. First he would be taken to the principal's office. Then, the principal would take him to his third grade class. He remembered his mother and the principal discussing this procedure last week when Ken had seen the school for the first time; but Ken hadn't been afraid even then. He looked forward to this adventure.

As their car pulled out of the driveway into the street, Ken's heart pounded excitedly within its little frame. Soon he would be at the school. He squirmed constantly in the front seat of the car trying to keep the glare of the morning sun out of his eyes. He wanted to see everyone and everything that his eyes could possibly see. Within a few blocks of the school, the car passed a bus of chattering little boys and girls. "They don't know me, mother," Ken beamed pointing

at the yellow bus stopped along the road. "They don't know I'm the new boy, yet." He turned his face from the cold, damp window of the car to see what his mother would reply. But his mother said nothing, her hands clutching the steering wheel tightly, her eyes staring straight ahead at the street. Ken thought it was silly of his mother to worry so much about him. After all, "I'm not a first grader," he thought to himself. As the car rounded the corner where the grocery store was, Ken knew that the school was just seconds away. A fresh surge of excitement spurted through his blood stream. The time had come!

His heart pounding violently within him, Ken hurried to the principal's office, oblivious of the fact that his mother was still beside him. Today the office seemed to ring out with excitement. Teachers, glancing curiously at Ken, hustled in and out of the office door, while children scampered by in the halls outside. Ken's body sang with ecstasy. It was going to be a beautiful day.

Ken had completely forgotten about his mother until it was time for her to leave. As she knelt on one knee before him, Ken's mother kissed him lightly on the forehead and whispered hesitantly into his ear, "Take care, my little Kenneth." Then she was gone.

Ken's face burned with anticipation as the principal led him from the office to a room at the far end of the hall where Ken was briefly introduced to his teacher and new classmates. His face beaming with the wonder of his new experience, Ken took a seat right inside the classroom door. He grinned candidly at all the curious faces that turned to stare at him. He had never felt his body tingle with such excitement before. Ken could hardly wait for recess!

When recess came, Ken hurried out onto the playground. He was sure that everyone knew now that he was the new boy at school. His heart was as light as the white puff of clouds that drifted through the blue sky overhead. As children formed into small groups around him, Ken's soul bubbled with delight. He was proud; he was very proud.

Then Ken saw what he had been waiting to see,—someone with whom he could make his first friendship. A tall boy with shiny blond hair was standing casually against the school building not far from Ken, the boy's eyes twinkled with almost as much eagerness and excitement as Ken's. Ken watched a smile creep across the boy's pink face, and Ken's tiny heart began to throb harder than ever. The time he had waited for had come. Ken was certain that the boy was impressed with Ken's new suit. As he took a few steps toward the blond boy, Ken was convinced that the boy was fascinated by the glimmer of the sunlight on his polished shoes. Ken's heart was throbbing. Beaming with all the pride that his little body could contain, Ken smiled, "Hello, I'm Kenneth Jackson. Who are you?" The blond boy said nothing, but his smile widened across his face until it broke into a laugh. The blond boy, his eyes gleaming with excitement, placed his hand firmly on Ken's shoulder. Then, in a voice that spurted forth from his body, the boy shouted into Ken's face, "Ya nigger! Ya dirty black boy!" And with a mighty thrust, Ken was hurled to the ground, to the foot of the crowd.

An Early Winter Snow

. . . MARLENE KNAUB

Not gently, like a blessing, did it come,
But whistling in and clung
To branches, and bent, and broke them
And tore the leaves from the apple tree
Which still bore fruit, and relentlessly
Drifted and menaced the doorway
Near where I stand, who like the tree
Am unwilling to face the cold, unable to turn around.

In Quest Of A Red Balloon

. . . PAUL POLITIS

They were just waking alone in bed at 5 a.m., Wednesday, which is unimportant except to say that most people were. When he nudged her and said, "Come on, wake up. It's five o'clock." That was just before she mumbled something that sounded like "Yeah," and rolled over, and just before he reminded her, "We've slept six hours." He got out of bed, walked to the other side of it, clicked on the radio, and started to dress as she slowly awakened to the music. "Good morning," he said, while she rubbed her eyes.

"Good morning," she said, smiling. "Why are we up so early?"

"Nice morning, isn't it, he said. "Don't get out of bed yet. Relax."

"All right," she said, rather indifferently.

He opened the dresser drawer and pulled out a blueberry pie. "Here, wanna piece?"

"Where did you get that?"

"Bought it last night. I can't resist this kind of food."

"What kind is it?"

"Blueberry."

"That's good. Yeah, let's have some."

He got back into bed and sat up next to her. And there they sat, eating pie, at five o'clock in the morning.

After ten pieful minutes, they got out of bed, and she got dressed while he finished dressing and waited—all as the radio cracked the morning jokes and played the music.

"Where we going?" she asked as they left the room.

"Out," he said. And after a long pause as they left the building, "We gotta talk a little. Ya gotta figure, we haven't known each other that long. You just got off the train—and I've only been here a few weeks myself." They stepped into the Coney Island subway, hand in hand. The car was empty.

"Where we goin', Coney Island?" she asked.

"Yeah, why not?"

"Okay."

"The ocean is nice in the morning," he said. "I go down a lot since I've been here—early like this, and just walk along it. My shoes are gettin' salty even."

"Yeah, I bet it's nice. Can't wait to see it. How does it feel?"

"You've never seen the Atlantic?" he said, rather surprised. "Where you from, anyway? Out west or someplace?"

"No, not too far. I just never got away much."

"Okay."

The sun was well on its way when the subway arrived at the end of the line. "Ugly, wasn't it—the whole trip," he said, as they walked past the popcorn machine. "I mean, I love it, but it is ugly. There's beauty in the ugly, ya know. 'Cause it has life. Beauty is all nicely arranged an' all, but so is a man in a coffin

with flowers an' all. And who wants that! The tall buildings, the dirty river, run-down houses, rust, garbage, junk—they're all signs that somebody lives here. And this place is full of people and that kind of ugliness, and I love it."

"It is really something—what man can do an' all, ya know? But some of the beauty is nice, too—and full of life."

"Yes, it is." They walked up the boardwalk ramp and down the steps to the sands and shells, hand in hand, every wave of the ocean calling them closer and threatening to cover their feet.

She knelt down and let the waves splash on her knees and hands. "It's beautiful—and cold," she said.

He knelt beside her and rubbed his hands together in the water. "Let's sit back here a while and relax. It's nice here and we can talk. How old are you, kid?" Eighteen."

"I got ya by four."

"Well, that's a nice difference."

"Yeah, a nice difference," he said absentmindedly. "Listen, kid, I think I should tell you a little story. Because I want you to realize something; something that I'm just beginning to realize myself.

"About three years ago I was in New York for a drug conference. And I was with this group of weird people—well, I thought they were weird, anyhow. There was this one colored guy, Charlie. He had a pretty full beard, and always wore a pair of those rimless sunglasses.

"We were going through Central Park, me and these others, and were just gettin' to know each other. So I thought I'd talk to this guy Charlie a little, 'cause he'd seemed like a real interesting guy at the session that we'd been at together in the morning. So I started walking next to him an' we got talking. He told me that he was 25 years old and was going to college in Connecticut. Then all of a sudden he bent down and started to take his shoes off. He had these low tan suede boots on with a zipper up the side. He took his socks off, too, and just carried them the rest of the way. He kept sayin' that he wanted a balloon—a red balloon. He said it had to be red. It was like he wouldn't be able to finish the trip without it. But finally we found this balloon man who had one, so Charlie bought it and tied it to his pen clip on his shirt pocket, so that it hung up above him as we walked. An' everybody else got all happy about it, too, like it belonged to the whole world, or was the whole world, or something.

"We finally found some good rocks, and all sat down and talked. We talked about civil rights, and kids, and drugs, and things like that, and it was all really great, an' Charlie kept foolin' with his balloon, and it was nice. But the real thing was just as we were gonna go. The balloon got untangled from Charlie's pen clip and headed for freedom. And this was so terrible, 'cause it caught on this tree that was just over a little cliff and out of reach. And of course, the first thing I would've thought was 'Oh, well, it's gone.' But before I could think it, everybody else let out with a real groan, like a little crowd of boxing fans just after their favorite's been suddenly floored with one punch. Charlie ran right up the rocks, and all the rest of us—girls, guys, me too, all followed. And it was

a real long, tough, delicate thing to do, but we got the balloon. Charlie put it right back in its place, just like before, and we may as well have conquered the world.

"And I'll tell you kid, it's things like that that really get you to thinkin'. You've probably never even met anybody like that, have you?"

"No, I don't think so," she said. "It really sounds cool, an' I wish I could do it and be like that, but what does it have to do with us?"

"Nothing. Charlie had traveled all over the country, and you know how it is. You probably wouldn't have done what you did yesterday and last night if you were in your own home town. But when nobody knows you, it's different. So that you can do what you want without worryin' about what everybody thinks. Then later, it comes natural."

"It sounds so cool. Wish I could be like that. I know I'd like it."

"And I like it. And I like you. But there's so many people to get to know and so many things to do, that I just can't settle in any one place—not yet."

"I'll go with you."

"Or with any one person."

"Oh."

And then quietly and with no degree of finality, he said, "Yeah, kid."

They sat there for a while then, and looked out at the ocean and its emptiness—thought of his future and of other girls and people and places. And he looked at her, and smiled and said, "How ya doin' kid," to which there was no reply. "Yeah, that's why I wouldn't do anything last night or anything—you know. Just wanted you to have a place to stay." And after a long moment of silence, "And it was nice to be with you, too."

"All right," she said quietly. "Thanks for everything." And then, beginning again, she asked "Where you gonna go next?"

"I'm not sure. Probably either south or west; prob'ly south, then west. But I'm not sure."

"I wish I was even that sure. I guess all I can do is either stay here and get a job for a while, or it's back to West Virginia."

"West Virginia," he said, seeming unreasonably surprised. "I hear that's mostly a pretty lousy poor place. I always wanted to go there—or to someplace else where things are pretty bad. I want to improve something in my life."

"Well, the place I'm from could use an awful lot of you."

"Kid, you can't stay here. You'd be lost—not knowing anybody or anything."

"You're right, yes."

And after a long, thoughtful pause, "Tell you what I'll do. I'll make it the next specific place I go to. That'll give you your ride home free, and it'll give me a chance to get a little familiar with that part of the country before I move on."

"Okay, great. Well, not great, but I guess it's best right now. Maybe I'll come back here someday, and travel a little myself." And then she asked optimistically, "When we leavin'?"

"How about now?" It is about 300 miles, isn't it? We'd be there before dark. Stop to eat, too."

"Okay," she said, as if all the problems of the world were resolved.

And so they arose from their place on the sands of Coney Island.

The only important conversation on the whole ride back to his room came when she said, "This is crazy," and he said, "Perhaps."

The two sort of sloppy-looking people stopped but twice on the long trip that day—for food and gas. And the car radio provided most of the talk. He thought of his future. And she sat close to him and thought of her future. And they both thought of each other—thought more than talked.

The trip took over seven hours, and the sun was just beginning to set when they arrived in the run-down town of 5,000 natives.

"Well, we're here," she announced. "Rotten-looking place, isn't it."

"It's beautiful," he said.

"Oh? Why don't you stay then?"

"No."

"Why not?"

"Jesus, I don't know," he said absentmindedly. "I wanna see the country."

"Lookit, you're tired. I'll go home, and you can check into the old hotel over there for the night. Just stay for one night. Okay?"

"Okay, okay, but I told you to give up. I told you, I like you. If I was ready, or staying, I might even . . . well, but I'm leaving—tomorrow morning—7 o'clock."

"All right, I understand. But listen, I want to see you just once more before you go, okay? I'll be over tomorrow morning at six. Don't leave until I see you."

They kissed for a moment, and she left. He watched her go, picked up his suitcase, and walked into the little hotel, shaking his head in wonder at the thoughts of a young girl, and perhaps at what would happen tomorrow.

Eh?

. . . H. H. BUCHANAN

in a leap from an uncaring cliff
in a plunge toward a snarling sea
my soul was snagged upon a crag.

A Letter

. . . DONNA L. HARPSTER

DEAR—Woke early today. A cloud
winked the sun on its way from the east.
We rose together; it in height; I
in depth. The deer came for breakfast. Furry-faced
plump in winter grey, they ate corn and kicked
and nuzzled one another. Fawns, babes of spring, lithe
graceful summer children, long-haired for winter
resemble stocky shetland ponies.
You would have loved them.

Snow this afternoon, velvet doilies layered
to a hush, whispered. I put aside my work
for a walk. Did Adam feel that way
when footprinting first the earth, I wonder. My palm
numbed for the warmth of yours—funny the little things
one needs—a touch, a look. Walked for an age
returning white-haired, chilled at dusk. The sun
winked a scarlet parting promise.
Have you ever seen living snow?

Supper was a stew—that had ripened as I
walked—and the new rosee Jon sent. Now
I sit by the fire warmed inside and out.
Eroica challenges more thinking, less feeling. Allowing
the noble German a small victory, I think
of your face fond in the fire-glow.—LOVE

In Search Of The Past

. . . LINDA LAWSON

"So now you can understand the behavior of our ancestors in England during. . . ."

That was all that I heard, the rest of the professor's words were lost.

"Ancestors, our ancestors." I repeated those words mentally as I sought to envision even the vaguest picture of the mothers and fathers centuries back.

It was funny how neither I nor anyone in the country had learned of my ancestry. We weren't important, they said. Only a few of us ever did anything worthwhile. I remember how ashamed and embarrassed I felt as a high school teacher once explained to the class that the majority of my people are shiftless, uneducated, and inferior. I couldn't say anything in defense, having no knowledge of my past. I had to sit there. I had to agree.

That teacher was only the first of many. Again and again other teachers reminded the class and me that I, and others like me, have nothing to contribute to this land, that we live in squalor and filth, and that the word "power" does not exist in our realm of existence.

This I accepted. This I believed. With all the energy and motivation that I could muster, I strove to prove the world wrong. And so, here I sit in a so-called "institution of higher learning."

As I slowly glance around the room, I watch "them" communicate. They can believe his words; they have no reason to doubt them. They're smiling now. They're proud of something or of someone. It doesn't really matter. I can't be proud. I'm not learning about my past. I'm not hearing about my ancestors. I'm in another world.

Why haven't they told us? Why didn't I learn that my ancestors were not just man-eating natives, but the molders of complex civilizations, Kings and Queens robed in the finest of silks, artists, carpenters, and navigators? Why wasn't this offered to us in school and, more so, in college?

And my ancestor's offspring—the men and women who survived the disease and misery of the slave ships, who were brought to this land,—why haven't we been taught of their history? The scholars, surgeons, scientists, educators, soldiers, and the leaders! I know of only a few.

And yet, they tell us we did nothing.

"Vagrants," they scorn, "no family unity." And I think back to the slave auctions, to the wenching sheds, to the raping of our mothers and sisters, and to the lynching of our fathers and brothers.

"Rioters, criminals, hoodlums," they holler. And my mind flashes pictures of the ghetto, the police dogs, the bombings, the assassinations, the wounds, the tears . . . the anger.

"Communist agitators," they scream. No, not so. Even I know that.

"For your next assignment, read . . ."

He's at it again. I'll read, but can I accept it? The books are full of half-truths, of lies. The profs are liars and the students are . . .

He's coming toward me now. As our eyes meet, we smile. He knows that I wasn't listening to him. He saw that I wasn't taking notes. He understands.

I can't stay here. He knows that, too.

Leaving this campus won't be too hard. The range of knowledge is incomplete here. I've spent all my life learning of their heroes, their culture, and their religion. I can't any more. I must spend the rest of my life finding my identity, my culture, and my yesterday.

George

. . . HARRY GUYER

George crossed the street against the light, as usual. It was almost noon, and the cold winter air was making him hungry. He strolled down the block and entered a small cafe. He chose a seat at the crowded counter beside a statuesque redhead who glanced at him and smiled. The waitress appeared and George ordered a ham and cheese. The redhead pulled a cigarette from her purse.

"Got a light?"

George took his lighter from his pocket and lit her cigarette.

"Thank you," she smiled. "Don't talk much, do you?"

"I dunno." The waitress brought George's sandwich.

"Cold out," the redhead began again. George concentrated on his lunch. Undaunted, the redhead said, "I never minded that so much before I lost weight. I've lost close to fifty pounds."

George suddenly looked right at her. "That so?"

The redhead swallowed nervously under his stare. "It wasn't just fat. I have gland trouble." Bored again, George only caught snatches of her speech. ". . . weighed one seventy-five . . . basic metabolism . . . strict diet and exercise . . . Hey, I don't even know your name. Mine's Dotty. What's yours?"

"James Dean," George said.

"James Dean? You're not related to the actor, are you?"

"That's me," George said, uninterestedly.

"But you're—he's dead!" Dotty protested.

"Publicity stunt."

"Gee! I . . . can I have your autograph?"

George looked at her annoyed. "All right. But don't spread it around. I'm traveling incognito." George paid his bill while Dotty fumbled in her purse for a pencil and pad. She produced them. He scribbled on the pad and handed it to her, keeping the pencil. As he walked out she glanced at the pad. On it was written "Go to Hell. J. D."

George decided he needed a smoke. He wished he had asked Dotty for one. He spied a newsstand at the end of the block so he walked inside. A fat old woman was standing at the counter. George walked directly to a rack and picked up a magazine. He began to leaf through it. The old lady was suddenly at his side.

"Got your library card, mister, or are you gonna buy it?"

George reached into his pocket and withdrew his wallet. From it he pulled his library card and shoved it in the fat woman's face. "Got your pedigree?" he asked.

It took a few seconds for the woman to grasp this. Then she turned a brilliant red and sputtered "Smart guy, huh? Who the hell do you think you are, anyway?"

George put a hand into the pocket of his trench coat and, with his index finger, bulged it out. It looked very much like he was holding a gun.

"I'm Baby-Face Nelson, lady. This is a stick-up."

The woman's gaze went from his face to his pocket, to his face again, and finally toward the ceiling as she fainted. George calmly walked to the counter and took a pack of cigarettes from the shelf. He shoved them into his pocket as he went out the door.

He hadn't gone far when an old man in a ragged coat approached him. "Young man, can you spare a quarter for a bowl of soup?"

"C'mon," George said. "You don't want soup. I know you panhandlers. All you want's a bottle."

"You're right," the old man sighed. "O. K., how about a quarter for a quart of sneaky pete?"

George reached into his wallet and gave the old man his last ten dollar bill.

"G-Gawdamighty!" the old man stuttered, quickly figuring the number of quarts the money would buy. "I don't know how to thank you, Mr. . . uh Mr. . ."

"Carnegie. Andy Carnegie."

"Say, are you . . ."

"Yep," George said as he walked away. He strolled to the park and sat down on a bench to have a smoke. He opened the pack of cigarettes and threw the cellophane on the ground.

"Better pick that up, buddy." George looked up into the face of a tall policeman.

"Pick what up?" he asked as he lit his cigarette.

"That paper, wise guy," said the policeman. "You think you own this park or something?"

"I bought it this morning."

"Very funny." The policeman's neck began to turn crimson. "Got any identification?"

"I'm John Wilkes Booth."

"O. K., you'd better come along with me."

George was hustled to the police station. He found himself standing in front of a desk behind which sat a stern-faced police sergeant.

"Claims he's John Wilkes Booth," said the patrolman who brought George in. "Won't give me an I. D."

"All right, fella," the sergeant said. "What is your your name?"

George stuck his hand in the front of his coat and said, "Napoleon."

Just then the door of the police station opened and a patrolman walked in dragging Dotty, the redhead, by the arm. As she recognized George she cried out in amazement. "Mr. Dean, what are you doing **here**? You dumb, lousy cops! That's James Dean, the actor!"

Before anything could be said, another patrolman came through the door with the old panhandler.

"Mr. Carnegie!" He turned to the policeman beside him. "That's Andy Carnegie."

"Carnegie? Booth? Dean? Napoleon?" said the sergeant.

The door opened again and in walked the old woman from the newsstand. "Officer, I'd like to . . ." Then she saw George. "That's him!" she shrieked. "That's the man who held me up! That's Baby-Face Nelson!"

"All right. Everybody settle down." The sergeant turned to George. "Son, you're in trouble enough. Why don't you just make it easier on yourself and tell me your real name instead of trying to be cute and making people believe you're someone famous?"

George took his driver's license from his wallet and handed it to the sergeant.

"Well, I'll be damned!" the sergeant said as he read the name:

"GEORGE WASHINGTON."

Willow I

. . . JOSEPH KASE

Where willow's leaves caressed the water's edge,
The water's course beneath the willow's feet,
With willow root had formed a woven ledge,
There stood a maiden fair with flowers sweet.

With nettles, daisies, dead men's fingers wove,
Into strange garlands of fantastic shape,
A fairy queen come to this shaded cove,
To wonder madly o'er her mental rape.

She met the stream that played with willow leaf,
And as the current slowly drifted on,
She floated singing of her flower wreath,
And of her love, for him who did her wrong.

And so the stream took her for her last ride,
This maiden fair who would be Hamlet's bride.

Willow II

. . . JOSEPH KASE

The willow's leaves caressed the water's edge,
Where water's course beneath the willow's feet,
With willow root had formed a woven ledge,
And here the spotted trout had found retreat.

One time his jaw had felt the man-made steel,
Cast by man in search of nature's loot,
He would have found his way to willow creel,
Had not the line wrapped 'round a willow root.

And worm that fell from willow branch or leaf
To swirl along with brook's swift current cold,
Its only fate in life this fish to feed,
So by the tree the fish grew fat and old.

But nature runs her course and things will be,
And now the fish's body feeds the tree.

Soft Warmth In March Winds

. . . DONNA L. HARPSTER

Softly, ever softly you creep
Up on until in one bold
Swoop you leap, o joy,
Bend to breaking chains
Of winter cold with one penetrating ray
Gleaming warm and deep from blue.
I salute your cunning
Though I reel from the blow you throw
Both high and low, and in between,
Loosing and expanding, almost bursting
Skin stretched so tightly I wonder
It will not shrink and tear in April rain.

The Fungus

. . . DONNA L. HARPSTER

You had grown so high
Almost out of reach.
A tree lap nurtured, lengthening
Legs stretching arms.
There now in my hand
I see the rain's wear the winds.
Here a hole in your side.
What feeds on fungi
As it feeds on dead wood—

Where you have fed
Matters not I hold
You now imperfect beautiful
Free to be.
Come.

Nonconformity

. . . DONNA L. HARPSTER

Assaulted by the stream the stone
Bedded, smoothed by many years' abrasion,
No longer did it cut the feet, bare, pressed upon it
But passing there one felt it sedulous, battered.

Thoughts

. . . DONNA L. HARPSTER

Water solidified,
Common.
Enclosing branches,
Diamondwood.

September

. . . BIBI

Translated from Swedish
by the author.

Peaches are grown here
and the warmth presses through the maskil-o-nets.
A hot sun sinks below ancient indian-mountains
and a warm black night rolls in from the east.
A strange night with strange cricket-song—
Strange,
wondrously strange.

October

. . . BIBI

Translated from Swedish
by the author.

Lukewarm velvet-night
stands full of the song of crickets
quivering from its pregnancy.

November

. . . BIBI

Translated from Swedish
by the author.

One night—
against the blue-grey dampness
yellow-warm smoke from a fire-flower
Other nights
a black thundering train
with strange names
clashing from nowhere to nowhere
constantly further.

December

. . . BIBI

Translated from Swedish
by the author.

An early morning
the landscape
the soft pearl-grey cobweb
The picture slides in three dimensions
the number of the picture is infinite
The cobweb shrinks
is concentrated to distinct branches
naked but for a bird.

The Journey by Night

. . . PAUL DeANGELIS

The colors began to fade and to blend.
The path was starting to twist and to bend.
Yet still I kept my steady pace
And heard them whispering beyond my face
As the wind excited their tongues.
The moisture escaped from its cage in my eye
And once again I saw the dark sky
A sky whose bright sun would no longer shine,
No longer to shine for me.
And as the crystal began to descend
Its journey to commence and never to end,
Another tear had come to defend, defend and
To blind me again.
I tripped and I stumbled, and then fell to my knees—
They kept coming and coming and coming with ease.
With such ease only God could create in himself.
Create for such purposes not known to myself.
The curtain of water shall always remain
As a curse on mankind to be cherished like rain,
It shall never be lifted for fear we might not
Remember our purpose for bearing Their lot.
I rose to my feet and began to ascend
Along the short path which was lengthened by then.
The tears no longer curse my bright days
Because when I rose, I began to transcend
To a place where the tears bring only a Sun,
A Son of the brightness of Love.

Saturday

. . . MARLENE KNAUB

She slid the egg onto her plate and at the same time removed the toaster plug from the wall socket, then poured a cup of coffee and carried everything into the dining alcove. She always sat in the same chair for breakfast, having decided long ago that it was the best place to catch the morning sun. But it was long after noon, and she hadn't even bothered to open the window blinds.

She had risen late that day, much later than was her custom, even for a Saturday, and knowing, immediately and without thinking, that everything was all wrong. It wasn't that she felt bad, the extra sleep had taken care of that, but rather that she was annoyed with herself and disturbed over having disrupted her routine.

She ate the food at her usual pace in order to give the coffee time to reach the precise temperature at which she liked to drink it. At length, she drew the cup squarely in front of her, lit a cigarette, and began to plan her day. She always performed this task over coffee, and it was, for her, prerequisite to thinking of anything else.

The wall clock registered 1:12 and she automatically deducted the four minutes by which she knew it to be fast. "I can be dressed and out of here by a quarter of two," she calculated, as if to provide a starting point. She then ran through her list of chores. There was, as usual, the laundry to be dropped off and last week's to be picked up, and two suits to be taken to the cleaners, and the pair of brown pumps, which were beginning to wear at the heels, to be repaired. "If I take the shoes last," she thought, "I can pick up some groceries on the way back. Then it's only a block out of the way." The idea cheered her momentarily. "But I'll have to let the apartment go until tomorrow," she went on, feeling discouraged again, and realizing that it would be at least Monday before her life was back to normal.

Then she remembered her mother—she had promised over the phone that she would be sure to stop by this afternoon. "I can't put her off again," she remonstrated, "I'll have to go."

She was pleased with herself now that she hadn't told her mother it was Hal that had been keeping her so busy lately, although it hadn't been easy to keep it to herself when everything had been going so well and she had been so anxious to talk to someone about it. She could imagine her mother's reaction if she had told her. "That's nice," she'd have said, and then, trying to make it sound like an afterthought. "It's no good, a girl your age living all alone." But she hadn't told her mother, and she didn't feel up to talking to her today.

She forced herself to focus on the problem: "If I stop at mother's first, I won't get **anything** done today, and if I go later she'll want me to stay for dinner." She decided on the latter course, thinking that it would be easy to invent some excuse for getting away early.

Having arranged her day so efficiently, she felt somewhat better and glanced again at the clock. It said 1:16. "Five minutes for another cigarette," she rewarded herself.

At last she could think of the night before; she had been wanting to think of it since she woke up.

Hal was coming for dinner, and she had been especially careful with the preparations. She had thought it would be an evening to cherish afterward, and took care that no little detail should spoil its perfection. They both knew, she and Hal, that he was going to ask her to marry him.

He had arrived, almost on time for a change, looking boyish though almost forty. She noted the cut of his suit—it looked expensive. There were things she liked about Hal.

They had had a drink before dinner, and Hal had inquired after each of the members of her family. He had been in no hurry either.

While they ate, he had talked of his transfer to the West Coast. "You'd like it out there, Bett," he'd told her. "You can get up to the mountains weekends and drive along the shore in the evening. The sky's beautiful then." It would have suited her to be the wife of a branch manager.

He had carried their glasses and the last of the bottle of wine into the living room while she cleared the table. She remembered how, alone out in the kitchen, she had begun to feel uneasy.

She returned to find him browsing through a magazine with his feet propped on the coffee table, waiting for her. He often sat that way, but it annoyed her more this time. "Must you sprawl so," she said, looking at his feet, and her voice had an edge to it that hadn't been there before. Hal had replaced the magazine in its rack and sat up. "Come—sit here by me," he said.

So it hadn't been right just then for him to ask her, and it wasn't quite right the rest of the evening, though he had stayed late, waiting for an opportunity.

When he left, he had kissed her almost carelessly.

"It's just as well," she was thinking now, "but I must call George one day soon. It's been a long time since I've seen him and I always did enjoy his company."

She rose from the table and went into the bathroom. The sound of the water filling the tub consoled her as she did the breakfast dishes. "I'll be lucky to be out of here by two," she was thinking.

Day After Day

. . . PAUL POLITIS

Night

Comes from nowhere,

Pushing and crushing

The sun and the day

Into earth's memory.

Semester Break

. . . DEBBIE ESHELMAN

Pat took the keys from the ignition, and climbed out of the little red car to open the trunk. Staggering under the pile of suitcases, books, Christmas packages, and laundry, she managed to reach the front door and bumped against the doorbell with her free elbow. In a few moments, the heavy white door opened and there stood Annie.

"Patty, you're home! But you're so early! Here, let me take some of that stuff. My, you do look every inch a college girl," Annie smiled. She had cleaned for the Haleys for years, and she was practically a member of the family. She looked neat in her blue house dress and white apron. Mrs. Haley wanted her to wear a black uniform, but Annie never bothered to buy one. Her dry, red hands smoothed back the straight gray hair from her wrinkled forehead.

Patty handed her two suitcases. "Traffic was light the whole way home. I packed some sandwiches so I wouldn't need to stop at a restaurant. And I'm tired. Where are the folks?"

"Honey, you're dad had to go to St. Louis this weekend. He wanted to be here to see you today so bad. But your Mom said he'd lose a whole lot of money if he'd pass up the deal to stay home."

"Oh, I understand. Don't look so sad, Annie. It's not your fault or his." Patty started up the gold-carpeted stairs to her room. Annie followed with the extra baggage. They put everything on Patty's big poster bed. She looked around the familiar room, clean and fresh as always. Everything was the same as she had left it last September—the fluffy pink rugs, the pink quilt, the candy-striped drapes, the huge stuffed bear that Andy had won for her.

"Is this all you've brought home?" Annie asked with a laugh. "A body'd think you was here to stay, instead of only for Christmas vacation."

"Oh, you always tease me about my packing. As a matter of fact, there are a few more things on the back seat. I never know where I'll be going or what I'll need to wear."

"Or with whom you'll be going?" joked the old lady.

Patty blushed, then she laughed. "Oh, all right! Has Andy called me?"

"You know he has. You're a lucky girl. But you're mother wasn't too pleased, you know."

"Oh, is Mom home now?" Patty asked, anxious to change the subject.

Annie's eyes dropped again. "No, child, she ain't here either. She's having lunch with one of the wives of some client or boss or chairman. It's a complicated thing anyway. I just know she didn't forget that you'd be home today. I know she wanted to be here. I'll bet she'll be real sorry, too. She's just such a busy lady."

"Don't apologize for her, Annie. I understand exactly. I'm going to get the rest of my things out of the car," Pat said as she started out the door.

"Just one more thing," Annie asked. "Where should I put all of these books?"

"On the top shelf of the closet, please," she called back, and left the house.

Annie looked confused, but she stood on a chair and piled the books neatly on the highest shelf. "I'd better write her a reminder, in case she needs to take some of these along back," she thought. She taped a message to the mirror on the dresser, and left with the laundry.

The rest of the afternoon slipped by, and Pat finished unpacking most of her clothes. She put her college scrapbook in the bottom drawer of her dresser. The almost empty closet was bulging again. Christmas vacation was going to be extra long this year.

Pat sat on her bed and stared at the picture of Andy hanging above the desk. It was the only good thing that ever came of her art lessons. She remembered how she had hated to miss the basketball games to go to that miserable studio. The singing lessons were even more disastrous. But her mother sent her week after week. She worried that Pat would turn out like her father. Mrs. Haley was certain that talent was simply not inherited.

Pat had already left with Andy when Mrs. Haley came home. She was tired and angry because her luncheon with Mrs. Lewis had lasted so long. At least, she had accomplished her mission. The Lewis family was good to know personally. And they had a son, a few years older than Pat, who was a law student and a very proper young man.

"Annie, I'm to tell you that Mr. Haley will pay you next week instead of this. And call Fox Brothers, and tell them to rush the gown I ordered," Mrs. Haley said as she passed the kitchen.

Annie dried her hands on her apron, and called after her, "You going to a fancy party, mam?"

"No, Patricia is. By the way, when is she coming home? The gown must be altered by Saturday."

"Why, she's been home since noon, but she's not here now. I guess she went to see some friends," Annie replied, and turned to go back to her dishes before the inevitable subject came into the conversation.

"Wait a minute!" Mrs. Haley demanded. "Which friends? She has no time to run around now. I don't doubt she's with that Andrew What's-his-name character. She knows I registered her for the Christmas Debutante Ball at the Country Club. I even convinced Mrs. Lewis to have her son escort Patricia. What more can she ask? That girl has no sense of responsibility. When I sent her to St. Mary's College, I thought she would change. All that money wasted on her. All wasted!"

Annie gave her a long look and said, "You're right, mam. You don't know how right you are."

Later that evening, Annie folded Pat's laundry, and carried it up to her room. She turned on the desk lamp and put the clothes on the bed. She noticed the bear was not propped up on the pillow, and the oil painting was not above the desk. The closet was still full, and the car keys and Christmas packages were on the dresser. On the mirror beside Annie's reminder, there was a note written on a college release form addressed to the Haleys:

"Merry Christmas from Andy and me. I've got the best present ever, and I wish I could give some to you. Love, Pat.

On Composing A Sonnet
or
Anonymous Writes . . .

. . . MARLENE KNAUB

There must be something I can find to say
In rime—a thought that lends itself to me
To mold—in words which metric laws obey
And yet, avoid that dread monotony.

O blessed line of five iambs, thou art
Of ample length to rearrangement yield;
A shorter line than thee would need depart
The scheme, if sense, not rimes, would be revealed.

A paucity of thought can best be cloaked
In poems of def'nite shape and modest length.
For three quatrains I have the Muse provoked,
And now must face the final test of strength.

This closing couplet, while precise and brief,
Must still conceal all traces of relief.

Sonnets To The Universe: II :

Rebirth In and For the New Year

. . . P. B. FRANK

And I lay upon the charcoaled earth,
Let the rain fill up my palm.

Strange

How rain

That picks away at thunderheads and steals away the dust that grants it

Warmth and light and moisture

Should leak from heavy-cottoned wombs,

Drip redly round a charcoaled twist of tree

To me

And my elemental palm,

Filling it with undiscovered warmth and light

And moisture, here,

In the New Year,

I wait for lightning.

