



The Crucible

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The Crucible

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INDEX

		Page
UNSOPHISTICATED	Carol Rockey	1
ODD OCCURRENCE IN EARLY APRIL	Richard Lipez	6
I WATCH THREE MYTHICAL BIRDS WATCH ME WATCHING MY POETRY	Paul Morris	6
A BRASS BOWL AND PESTLE	Philippe de Launay	8
NOT A POET	Thomas C. Martin	13
EARTH MOTHER OF REBIRTH	Paul Morris	13
MOOD	L. A. Shanaman	14
TWO WAYS TO FIGHT A WAR	George J. Myers	15
AN ESSAY ON SAXTON	Charles L. Kormanski	18
I THINK THAT I SHALL NEVER SEE	Dick Saxton	20
LAMENT ON THE DEATH OF JOE LUCE	Paul Morris	22
THE SENSATIONAL SIXTIES	J. W. Newell	24
SOLIPSIST'S PRAYER	Paul Morris	26
WANDERING DEEP	Dwight Stone	28
STRUGGLE	Thomas C. Martin	28
LET'S GIVE THE GAME BACK TO THE BOYS	Al Towns	29
MR. G. C. McCLOSKEY	Richard Davis	30
AUTOMATION	Diana Herr	32
PROGRAMME POETICA	Richard Lipez	32
THE WISH	Carol Rockey	33
MANY MANSIONS	Paul Morris	34
LITTLE JOE	Dick Saxton	39
ONE	Richard Davis	39
AUNT NELL MAKES HER CHOICE	George J. Myers	40
PROLOGUE TO PRAYER	Paul Morris	41
MY RELIGION TREE	Sandra Hammann	41
THE PHILOSOPHER	Dick Saxton	42
WE TWO BEING ONE	Dolores Parucha Englert	43
THE OTHER CAMP	Paul Morris	44

FILLER

WORD—Paul Morris; CAMUS' PEOPLE—Richard Lipez; MINOR ANNOUNCEMENT—Ed Tremboth; THIS IS MAY—Thomas C. Martin; I JUST WALK—Thomas C. Martin; TONIGHT THE NIGHT BIRD—Thomas C. Martin; NOW AS THEN; Thomas C. Martin; WHY DO YOU TORMENT ME?—Carole Calabria

Unsophisticated

CAROL ROCKEY

Peggy Davis sat on the edge of her seat in the next to the last row in Mrs. Hardwick's tenth-grade French class, her feet pointed toward the door in her best sprinting position. She was a little girl with short black hair cut in a "shag," brown eyes the size of marble "boulders," and the sort of red cheeks that come from "an apple a day" rather than a rouge jar. Right now the dark brows over her brown eyes were wrinkled in an unfamiliar frown. She sighed impatiently, and then she sighed again. She looked at the clock over the door (2:55), then she looked at Mrs. Hardwick, who was writing the endings of the French future tense on the blackboard. "Hur-ry up! Hur-ry up." Peggy squirmed in her seat; she squeezed an already mangled piece of paper in her right hand and stacked her two books once more, the bigger one on the bottom, in anticipation of a "quick get-away."

Suddenly the buzzer sounded. Peggy jumped up, darted for the door. "Wait a minute," Mrs. Hardwick's Gravel-Gerty voice stopped her. "Asseyez-vous! Sit down and relax while I give the assignment." Peggy muttered "Chicken feathers!" under her breath and squeezed the piece of paper more tightly in her hand. She sat down again and said a silent prayer. "Please, Jeff, please still be there. Please ask me to go to the Halloween dance with you next Friday - - gees, that is only a week away—Please, dear God, make him do it."

"Class dismissed."

Out in the hall, Peggy snatched up her coat and, not even stopping at her

locker, dashed through the yellow-tiled halls and down the back steps two at a time. She was hoping that Jeff would still be in the alley behind the school roaring the engine of his "hot '50 Merc" while all the "shoppies" stood around with beatific expressions on their greasy unshaved faces. She *did* wish that Jeff would pick better friends. "Oh, please, dear God, let him be there," she made one final invocation as she reached the door and pushed it open.

She burst out into the alley. "Oh, please, Jeff, please be here," she muttered to herself. "Oh, there's his car." She started quickly toward the red and white Mercury which was parked a few yards up the alley beyond the door. Oh-h! she exclaimed mentally, Jeff's not there. Where are you, Jeff? Jeff, I want to go to the dance with you. Jeff! Her eyes searched for his familiar brown crew cut and orange-and-gray high school jacket among the crowds of students swarming past her in all directions on their way to cars and buses. Jeff, where are you? She went up to his car, brushed her hand over its smooth surface. He must have washed and polished it again today, she thought.

Peggy looked at the mangled piece of paper that she still clutched in her right hand. I guess I knew when I wrote this that he wouldn't be here. Opening the door on the driver's side, she put her couple of books on the seat and read over the note briefly. "Dear Jeff, I know you want to ask me to go to the Halloween dance with you. Dave told me you did. I'll be glad to

go with you. I got a new dress—it's blue, real soft, swirly chiffon. Blue is your favorite color, isn't it? And new shoes, too. I'll be home all week-end if you want to call me, except tonight I'm going to the dance at the Youth Center (with Lois and Sue), and Saturday night I'll be baby-sitting at Martins'. You know where they live, don't you? If you don't have anything else to do, you can come down. Always, Peggy." She tucked the note under the gleaming metal part of the horn in the middle of the steering wheel, gathered up her books, and started for home.

She walked with her books hugged up to her chest. Sometimes she half-skipped and half-ran; other times she slowed down a little and danced back and forth across the sidewalk as if she were not paying much attention to where she was going—and in most cases she wasn't; instead, she was noticing a stick on the ground that reminded her of a giraffe, or she was trying not to step on any of the leaves which cluttered the ground. How did she know that stepping on them didn't hurt them? Or she was thinking about something she considered to be philosophical. Right now she was being philosophical.

"Dear God, Jeff's just got to take me to the dance! It's not that I'll be so disappointed if he doesn't—I don't really care, but my mother will feel bad if all my friends get to go and I don't. I know Jeff doesn't have a whole lot of time for girls and all, but whenever he takes a girl out, it's me. And he takes me out as much as he can. Why, last summer he took me along to wash his car at McMinn's swimming hole and

he let me clean out the inside all by myself. He even said the dash looked nice and shiny; so I know he likes me. Besides, he told Dave that he *wants* to ask me. He probably just hasn't had time yet, what with working at the gas station part time and going to school and keeping his car nice. But he just has to get time this week-end, God. I didn't mean to give a deadline, but please let him have time to call me this week-end or make him come to the Youth dance tonight and ask me then."

Oomph! Peggy found herself staring into the face of a formidable-looking gentleman who had a handle-bar mustache and Weimeraner dog. "Oh! Excuse me. I didn't mean to run into you, sir," Peggy said, charmingly bobbing her head and rolling her brown eyes. "I guess maybe I wasn't looking where I was going. Oh what a beautiful dog! What is it?"

The big man smiled and his handle-bar turned up a little more on the corners. "A Weimeraner."

"A what?"

"A Weimeraner. His name is Baron von Heidelberg II."

"Oh, a Wy-mer-on-er, Weimeraner. A Weimeraner named Baron. Well, good-bye, sir, g-bye, Baron." Peggy waved and went on down Pine Street. She turned the corner, right, onto Elm Street, and went into the second house from the corner.

After supper, Peggy dressed extra-carefully for the Youth dance. She laid a fresh white blouse with a round collar and ruffled front on her bed beside a soft red and green plaid wool skirt. Pease, God, make Jeff be at the dance.

She smoothed her green leotards carefully onto her young, well-shaped legs, making sure there were no wrinkles in them. I hope he got my note. Then she pulled soft, black-leather desert boots onto her size 5½ feet. Oh Jeff, be there. Be there. She put on her skirt and blouse chanting, "Be there, Jeff. Be there," under her breath; brushed her short, perky hair down as well as she could; hooked two cluttered charm bracelets on her arm; dabbed some pastel-pink lipstick on her lips and some "Enchanted" behind each ear. Then she skipped downstairs to wait for Sue and Lois. You have to be there tonight, Jeff. You just have to, and if you are, please ask me to the dance next Friday. Please, God, make him be at the dance and make him ask me to the Halloween dance.

The Johnsons' car horn interrupted Peggy's thoughts. She grabbed her red coat and her long plaid scarf from the hall closet and ran out to the car. Be there, Jeff. Oh please, please, be there.

Fifteen minutes later (it was 7:30), Peggy bounced out of the car in front of the Youth Center, followed by Lois and Sue.

"Bye, Mr. Johnson."

"Thanks, Daddy."

"Thanks, Mr. Johnson."

"Good-bye, girls."

"C'mon," Peggy called from the porch. "Hurry up. I wonder if Jeff will be here. What are you waiting for, kids? C'mon!" By now Peggy had hung up her coat and paid her 25c to Mr. Foster, who was sitting at the door. "Oh, look at how many kids are here already! Do you see Jeff? Is Dave coming, Sue? Do you think Jeff will come

with him? Where do you kids want to sit? Let's go stand with the other girls over there. Oh, there's Dave. Let's go talk to him. C'mon."

"Wait a minute, Peggy," Sue called. "Peggy, come here. I can't run up to Dave the minute I get here and then hang myself on him all evening; he'll think I'm awful. Wait a couple minutes; then I'll go with you." But Peggy was already on her way to where Dave was standing.

"Hi, Dave!"

"Hi, Peg."

"Is Jeff here yet, Dave? Is he coming? Is he going to ask me to go to the Halloween dance? You're taking Sue, aren't you? Are Jeff and I going to double-date with you?"

"Whoa, Peg," Dave smiled. "Slow down a little. Here comes your boy now."

A pleasant chill ran through Peggy. I've got to calm down; he'll think I'm awful, she thought. She turned to smile at the tall boy in the red crew neck sweater who was coming toward them.

"Hello, Jeff."

"Hi, Peggy, Dave. What's new?"

"Not much," Dave answered. "Well, I'll see you two. I guess I'll take advantage of the *good* music—ha!—to ask Sue to dance."

"Bye, Dave." Peggy smiled her effervescent smile and gave a little wave as if to say, "Thanks for leaving us alone, Dave. You're a pal."

"See ya, Dave," Jeff said. "Well, Peggy, I haven't seen you for a while. What's new?" he asked leading her onto the dance floor. His arm went around her waist, and they started mov-

ing in time to the music. "Not much, Dave. What's new with you?"

"Well, for one thing, I sold my car to Jim Brown yesterday."

"Your car? Oh, Jeff. It was such a pretty car. Why ever did you do it?" Oh no, she thought to herself. He didn't get my note then. He couldn't have. He won't ask me to the dance now. Please, Jeff, please ask me to the dance. Please, God, make him ask me. Oh, yes, and thank you, God for making him come here tonight.

"I bought a blue and white Ford," Jeff was saying. "A '53." And with a pleasant laugh, he added, "I'm moving up in the world.—Say, peggy, wake up. That's the end of the dance. C'mon, let's go over there and sit."

Oh, Jeff. Why did you have to sell your car? You didn't get my note now. Please ask me to go to the dance. Jeff, you just have to ask me. Please. Aloud she said, "A blue and white Ford? That sounds real nice, Jeff. I'll bet it's great."

"It is great, Peggy. You should hear that baby run. And it has a terrific radio. The paint job's still real good, too. You'd really like it."

"It sounds swell Jeff. I'd love to see it." To herself she thought, Ask me to go for a ride, Jeff. You could ask me to go to the dance then—we'd be all alone. You probably don't want to ask me here where there are people all around. Please, God, make him ask me to go for a ride.

". . . ride, but my . . ." Jeff was saying.

"A ride? I'd love to, Jeff. Now?"

"No, no, Peggy. I was saying, 'I would take you for a ride, but my parents are giving the car a tryout.' I'm

walking tonight. Which reminds me, I was going to try to hitch a ride home with Dave. Excuse me, Peggy. Maybe I'll see you later." He stood up.

"Wait a minute, Jeff. Where are you going?" Peggy got up, too.

"Just over there," he pointed across the room, "to talk to Dave and some of the boys."

"Mind if I walk over with you? I can talk to Sue and Lois for a while."

"Sure, c'mon," Jeff answered, and, as a new record started, he said, "We might as well dance over," and led her onto the dance floor.

Oh, Jeff, Peggy thought, why don't you ask me to the dance? Why doesn't he ask me, God? Please ask me now, Jeff. You came here tonight, and you've been with me all evening so far. Why don't you ask me to the dance?

"Peggy, Peggy!" Jeff shook her one arm a little, and she looked up at him. "What's the matter? What are you doing—going to sleep on my shoulder?"

Peggy laughed. "Why not? It's a pretty comfortable shoulder." She rolled her sparkling eyes at him and smiled.

Jeff gave a little laugh. "Flirt," he said. "And Peggy," he caught her right hand as she started off the floor at the end of the dance, "wait a sec. I've been thinking. I heard that you have a blue dress for the Halloween dance. Right? OK. Well, I've been thinking . . ."

Oh, hurry up, Jeff, Peggy thought. C'mon, who told you? Tell me, Jeff.

"Are you listening, Peg? Well, anyway, I've been thinking. A blue dress would look pretty good in my new car. Would you like to go to the dance with me next Friday night?"

"Oh, Jeff." Peggy bounced up and down on the balls of her feet, grabbing both of his hands in hers. "Oh, Jeff." And then, "Hey! Wait a minute—where did you hear I got a blue dress? C'mon, who told you? Tell me, Jeff."

"Oh, none of your business, Nosey. Is it settled then? Good. Now, c'mon, I'll walk you home."

As she walked into the hallway to get her coat, Peggy thought, I'll never be able to wait till Friday.

Word

PAUL MORRIS

Give me the word —
 The word which transcends truth
 In a realm unoccupied by ruth;
 The word which stirred the stone-
 Silent souls of hell to hope;
 The word which stops the moan
 Of voices when the hangman's rope
 Strangles out the breath
 Of one who dances death.
 Give me the Alpha word
 Which was with the earth
 At the moment of her birth.
 Give me the hidden word
 Which dwells deep in the id
 And drives each mortal mind
 To idea-lands that angels are forbid.
 For such a word of mighty force —
 I would forego the blessings manifold.
 I would without a name grow old.

Odd Occurrence in Early April

RICHARD LIPEZ

It was spring
 And I was walking to the garbage can
 When the bottom fell out of
 My paper bag.
 A sad, funny little man
 Seemed to appear out of nowhere
 And cleaned up the mess,
 Saying, "There's never a couldn't
 Have been that was, but neither
 Has isn't nor won't, my son."

I gave him a nickel
 And he went away.

I Watch Three Mythical Birds Watch Me Watching My Poetry

PAUL MORRIS

I

The Phoenix

I stepped out of the water,
 Placed my warm white feet in the clay,
 And watched as the weight of my body
 Forced the earth-amber murk
 Up between my toes.
 I thought that the glebe gushed to my
 level
 And that the sod did homage to me.

I tried to withdraw one foot
 And felt the suction of the mire

Pulling me down.

* * *

We find the spices in china jars
 On the knickknack shelf,
 Between the brass containers
 Full of artificial ivy.
 * * *
 Winter came early that year,
 And we took our skis
 And went over to Big Gusty.
 The powder-snow blew in great whirls
 Half way down the slope,
 And I would watch Kent slide
 Over the snow crust

Until the haze hid him.
 Then I would dig my poles into the
 snow
 And push-off after him.
 Once, at the bottom,
 We built a fire by the carriage shed.

* * *

Sisyphus,
 Push a little harder.
 The hill grows higher every year,
 Every year you must push harder—
 Every year.
 Echo from the past
 Still sounding in my ear.
 Tie me to the mast, tie me to the mast,
 I want to hear the Muses singing.
 My pen lies broken on the table.
 The empty urn I overturn
 Is empty, ever empty.
 Let us go awalking in the rose-garden;
 We will find shelter in the arbor.

II

The Halcyon

We sat on the hill at night
 Looking at Orion,
 Sky-man of points of light,
 Each point a giant ion
 Too far away in time, in space,
 To know it formed a human face.

"I can never find the Little Bear,"
 I said.
 She said she knew it was there.
 I scratched my head.

We went home and had hot coffee,
 For it was a cold night,
 Cold on the land, and cold on the sea;
 But it was calm, and this was right.
 We went to bed, the day was done,
 And I became the halcyon.

* * *

Not long after this,

Spring started to come to the valleys,
 To work its way up the mountain sides
 And melt the snow under the pine trees.
 Then, before we knew it,
 Summer was here;
 It had come from the southland
 To stay for a few months
 So that the farmers could have crops
 And we could take a canoe down the
 river.

* * *

Quiet and timelessness
 Flow on the river,
 They sooth you into poetry.
 The metered lapping of the ripples
 On the starboard side
 And the rhythm of the rapids
 On the bow,
 They too sooth you into poetry;
 So that when the night is calm
 Like the river,
 I create.

III

The Harpy

Put a hot coal on my tongue
 To match the fire-burning-hurt of my
 eyes,
 And I shall sing cruel songs to you
 And raise my voice to damn you to the
 sun.

I shall be the cruelest poet,
 And I shall squirt blood from my eyes
 And blot out the moon in verse.

I shall write my verse to rhythms falling
 Like the lash across the Negro's back.
 I shall write the Demogorgon verse
 That steals men's souls and leaves them
 lost.

* * *

When I was eleven
 The smoke blew down from Canada

And blotted out the sun.
 People began to pray
 For forgiveness
 And write their wills.
 I rode around on my bicycle
 And laughed.

* * *

The thunderclap of language
 Rolled forth from my tongue
 And all the nights and days
 Became confused in poetry.
 Each bird calls a different time of day,
 And to the graveyard you slowly slip
 away.

A Brass Bowl and Pestle

PHILIPPE DE LAUNAY

Zhamilah knocked on Jean Claude's door. "Hurry, hurry, wake up!" she thought. The sun had not yet risen over the dry Moroccan land and the cool night air made her shiver. Zhamilah thought that it would probably be two hours still before the dawn, when Jean usually got up. He lived in his own bachelor apartment separated from the main house of the plantation by a few yards and so she knew that she would not wake up the entire Claude family. She hated to wake Jean up, but he had to come. She knocked again. This time she saw a light suddenly appear through the window and heard a noise inside. "Allah barahcalofik! (Thank God)," she thought.

"Who's there?" called out Jean's voice.

"Zhamilah. Please come. Please hurry. I need your help."

Jean opened the door and looked at the pretty little Arab girl. He had often thought that she was the prettiest little Arab he had ever seen. She could not be more than fifteen, and she was lovely with her huge black eyes in the

small olive-tan face, her tiny delicate features, and her graceful figure. At the moment, in the light from his open door, she was particularly lovely, with the white hood of the bernous around her dark face and the pitch black night behind her, but he had no time to think of this now. He had noticed the urgency of her voice, and now he could see the fear that made her big eyes look so much larger and so pleading.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

"My mother. She . . . oh, please come quickly."

Zhamilah grabbed his hand and began to race in the black night, as fast as her little bare feet could go on the hard earth, towards the mud huts of the plantation's Arab workers. As they neared the hut in which Zhamilah lived, Jean could hear anguished moans issuing from the dimly lit interior. Zhamilah lived alone with her mother Zorah. Her father had been killed several years ago on the plantation by an angry bull, and she had no other relatives. Zorah was a strong healthy woman and Jean could

not imagine that she would be sick. Perhaps she is afraid of something or heart-broken about something, he thought. Zhamilah and Jean entered the hut. Jean stopped abruptly at the sight of Zorah. She was lying on the ground, writhing around like a wounded snake, and her skin was a terrible yellowish-green in the dim light of the oil lamp. Turning to Zhamilah, he could see by her horror-stricken face that her mother had become much worse since she had left her to come for his help. Zhamilah began to cry.

"My mother is terribly sick. She might die. I don't know what's wrong with her," Zhamilah said, grabbing his arm feverishly as if that would aid him in helping her mother.

Jean broke away from her grasp and knelt down beside the sick woman. He tried to speak to her, to ask her what was wrong, but Zorah could hardly speak. Finally, she managed to say, "The food." Jean looked up at Zhamilah to see if she understood what her mother meant by "the food."

"What did she eat last?" he asked.

Zhamilah looked around the hut and then pointed to a dish in the corner in which there was some left-over chopped meat. Jean rose and went to the dish. He smelled the meat, but it was not spoiled. He felt it with his fingers. It felt tough, gritty like sand, perhaps. He brought the dish nearer to the light and examined the meat closely. It could not be sand. Lead arsenate! It was lead arsenate crystals ground almost to a powder. The realization sickened him, "Someone must have stolen some of those crystals I bought for the grape

vines," he thought. "Nothing can save her now, but I've got to do something . . . to ease her pain."

He turned to Zhamilah, who was sitting with her mother's head cradled in her arms.

"Zhamilah," Jean said, "get me some goat's milk."

Zhamilah let her mother's head down gently and hurried over to a small clay jar. She brought it to Jean.

"We must get Zorah to drink some of this. It will help her," he said. He did not want to tell Zhamilah that there was no hope. Zorah would die soon and there was no use making Zhamilah more miserable than she was at the moment.

They managed to make Zorah swallow some of the goat's milk, and it seemed to calm her a bit. She lay more still and seemed to be trying to smile.

"She will be all right now, will she not?" asked Zhamilah.

"I don't know. If Allah wills it. I do not know how much of the meat she ate."

Zhamilah cast a frightened glance at her mother.

"What was wrong with the meat? Was it spoiled?"

"Yes, You did not eat any yourself?"

"No. I was away all night. A little child in the lower village was ill, and mother sent me to help the child's mother. I did not come back until just before I came to you. But, we had no money for meat. I don't know where mother got it. Perhaps a neighbor . . ."

Jean turned to Zorah. "Can you talk, Zorah?"

"Yes," she whispered. "I . . . the

food . . ."

"I know. Where did you get it?"

"Where? It—I—I am dying. Take care—of—Zhamilah."

Then she ceased to speak and lay quietly. Jean was sitting beside her, holding her hand. Zhamilah was crying again.

"She will die. Can't die," Zhamilah cried and dropped to her knees beside her mother.

Zorah tried to lift her hand to her daughter's face, but the pain came back. She began to writh again. Jean wondered how anyone could have been so cruel. Who could have wanted to harm Zorah? At dawn he would call all the workers together and question them. Somewhere among the twenty-three workers and their families there was a murderer. He must find out who. But why, why would anyone want to kill the gentle Zorah? Why would anyone want to take away the only person Zhamilah had left in her family? Poor little Zhamilah, he thought, as he looked at her. Her head was buried in her mother's shoulder, her arms around her mother's neck. Jean looked back at the dying woman. She was very still. He felt her pulse. Then he got up and went over to Zhamilah. He took her by the shoulders and pulled her to her feet. She resisted slightly.

"I cannot leave my mother," she said.

Jean looked sadly into her eyes. She understood. She did not cry again. Jean put his arm around her shoulders.

"I will take you to the house. You will stay there for a while. My family will take care of you. My mother will look after you. Will you come?"

She did not answer. He took her by the arm and led her to the house. She came meekly, as if in a daze.

An hour later, when Jean came out of the house, the sun was rising. The workers would be getting up now. He went back to Zorah's hut. He had brought a blanket with him to cover the dead woman. He looked down at the dish of meat on the ground and frowned. Then in angry disgust he kicked it up against the mud wall. The dish was shattered and the poisoned meat spilled out over the floor. He looked at the motionless form at his feet. Anger swelled inside him. He thought of the pitiful little Zhamilah—such a lovely, sweet little girl. Perhaps, if she had not been an Arab, he would have fallen in love with her. Perhaps he did love her. He did not know, but he would revenge her. He would find the soulless son of Sheetan who had killed Zorah. Lead arsenate! Sheetan himself must have invented so vile a method of murder!

Jean hurried out and went to the hut of the head worker, Mahmoud.

"Mahmoud, Mahmoud," he called.

Mahmoud, who was already up, came out right away.

"Yes, M'sieur Jean?"

"Call all the men together. Their families, too. The children. Everyone! Tell them I wish to speak to them."

"Is something wrong, M'sieur Jean?"

"Yes, Now go, will you!"

"Yes, M'sieur."

Mahmoud hurried to call all the workers together. He had approached the hut of Zorah and Zhamilah, but Jean stood beside it and told him not to

enter. Within fifteen minutes, everyone was assembled outside Zorah's hut. Jean told them what had happened. He watched the surprised and shocked faces. He looked at every face, one after the other. He heard the murmurs and exclamations of the crowd without really hearing them. Some of the women were crying. One woman asked him about Zhamilah. He looked at her for a moment, then answered that she was in the house with her mother and they could see her later. Now, he wanted to question each individual.

"Then, you suspect one of us of murder?" said Mahmoud.

"I want to know if anyone knows anything, anything at all."

No one answered. No one seemed to know where the meat had come from. No one had seen Zorah after she had entered her hut at the end of the day. Someone mentioned that Zhamilah had been away all day helping look after a sick child in the lower village and that she must have come home very late, for no one had seen or heard her when she had come back.

Jean questioned the people for almost two hours, but no one seemed to know anything. He did not find anyone that he could definitely suspect. Finally, he dismissed them all except Mahmoud and two other men. He instructed them to dig a grave near his family's plantation cemetery.

Jean was now perplexed. He could not find any hint at all of who the murderer could be. Moreover, he could not think of a single reason why anyone could have wanted to kill Zorah. What motive could there be? Zorah had been

well liked by all the workers. Zhamilah, too, had always been very well liked. They were both quiet, gentle women, and it was doubtful that they had angered anyone. Certainly they had nothing to steal. They were among the poorest of all the workers.

Jean went back into Zorah's hut and looked at the meat and fragments of broken dish scattered on the dirt floor. He had a new idea, and, preposterous as it seemed, it was still a possibility. He began to look around the hut, examining everything it contained. Perhaps here, he thought, he would find the clue. Finally, he found what he wanted. It was a little brass bowl with a short brass pestle used by the Arabs to pound or grind herbs.

He took it outside the hut and looked into the little bowl. He could see nothing. He passed his fingers along the inside surface of the bowl. He could feel the broken crystals. "Then, she did commit suicide," he thought. To him, the thought of suicide was even more perplexing than murder. Was it Zorah's poverty, the fact that she could live no longer without her husband, that she saw no future in life for herself, no reason to live? No, she had had Zhamilah to live for and she had loved her daughter very deeply.

Jean went back into the hut and sat down on the ground. The men would soon be back from digging the grave, but, before the burial, he must find the answer. He would speak to Zhamilah, but he would have to wait till later for that, for his mother had given some sleeping pills to Zhamilah and she would be sleeping for several hours at

least.

"Dear little Zhamilah," he thought. "We must take care of her, and well."

All of a sudden he remembered a promise that he had made to Zorah when her husband had been killed. She had asked that if anything ever happened to her, Jean would take care of Zhamilah. He had promised. Then teasingly he had added, "In fact, your daughter is so lovely, I might even marry her."

Jean followed the men as they carried Zorah to the grave. As Jean watched them bury her, he thought, "Yes, that must be the answer. The only thing she had to live for was her daughter and so she killed herself for her daughter. She did not really care for life otherwise,

but she had hopes for Zhamilah. She knew that if she were no longer alive, my family would take care of Zhamilah and that she would be infinitely better off than she had ever been before. Besides, the Arabs do not fear death. It is noble to die for another. Maybe Zorah even hoped that I would marry Zhamilah."

After returning from the burial, Jean went to his mother's house and looked into the room where Zhamilah was sleeping. She looked so relaxed, so lovely. Her little body looked tiny in the big bed. As he turned away, he thought, "Perhaps—if I understand my thoughts aright—perhaps Zorah will not have died in vain, at all."

Minor Announcement

Ed Trembath

Look for the sky;
It's there, isn't it?
Look for the stars;
They're there, aren't they?
Look for the moon;
It never leaves, does it?

What else does the world offer?
Everything, as always.

Look for love.
Is it there?
I don't know,
Yet.
I will though.

Not A Poet

THOMAS C. MARTIN

Not a poet,
Not a wit,
Not a lover,
Not a bit.

Not a preacher,
Not a priest,
Not a Christian,
In the least.

Not a fighter,
Not a Paul,

Not a victor,
Not at all.

Not a dreamer,
Not a thought—
No creation
Has he wrought.

In this life
He sleeps, he talks;
In this life
He eats, he walks.

Earth Mother of Rebirth

PAUL MORRIS

You were long in your roundness;
You held us entombed in your womb,
End to end and side by side,
We moved not through our stillness
But by your motions of circles and wobbles
As you paced out the floors of the heavens.
Moved we like the movement of mountains,
The motionless traveling of monumental old stones.
Warm as it was in your darkness,
Cold as we were in our sleep,
Our hearts lacking heavings,
Our lungs lost to breathing,
When your time became present
With the start of your past,
And the heat of your center, your core,
Gave out with the blood of split-fire,
And your water rushed down the wide crack
Opened by forces within you,
We were prodded out to a life
That stretched endless-uncertain before us —
Cast out of the peace that was death.

Mood

L. A. SHANAMAN

It's a "hate-night" tonight.
 Cloud-waves over a spotlight
 Accent bare black trees in beds of
 dropped leaves, and
 Evergreens point at the light-
 source overhead.

It's a "hate-night" tonight
 For all those who couldn't
 join in gaiety,
 For everyone without someone near
 To hate those with companionship.

It's a "hate-night" tonight.
 Desires become animosity
 Projected onto the successful
 For spite of their affairs.

It's a "hate-night" tonight.
 People can't sleep through it;
 Thoughts are hard and strong;
 Ideas take hold and fling
 out carelessly.

It's a "hate-night" tonight.
 The sleepless roll and wish

For instant vengeance;
 The restless are fighting.

It's a "hate-night" tonight.
 Tempers are loud,
 Voices use caution;
 Hatred swings out at tormentors.

It's a "hate-night" tonight
 Only until the sun-spear
 shatters night's shield
 And escorts-in the essence of love
 To wither the germ of hate.

It's a "love-day" today.
 Friends are again friends,
 Sympathy succeeds suspicion
 and doubt;
 Confidence and consideration
 reappear.

It's a "love-day" today.
 Worried clouds have vanished,
 The rousing atmosphere is gone,
 Love gently seeped in at dawn.

Now, As Then

THOMAS C. MARTIN

The snows fall
 Now, as then.
 The stream flows
 Now, as then.
 The flower grows
 Now, as then.
 Birds call

Now, as then.
 Lovers sigh,
 Mothers cry,
 Men die
 Now, as then.

2 Ways to Fight a War

GEORGE MYERS

No, I have never been on Pork Chop Hill or Zanzabo, or even near any of those war-torn areas that never fail at the mention of their names to bring endless hours of reminiscence from former G.I.'s. My knowledge of this area of the Korean War was learned from newspapers and long talks over short beers with men who had been there. The closest I got to combat was Fort Dix, New Jersey. I can recall standing at the receiving station with my friends, apprehensively awaiting my orders. I felt with them that soon we would be on foreign shores dying for our country. This seemed to be the ideological craze at the time. However, as fate would have it, I did not go to Korea or even Japan. I did not even go to Texas, and nearly everyone who has been in the service has sooner or later gone to Texas. Where did I go? I went to Boston, Massachusetts. Now, could anything be more comforting to my mother than to hear that I was to spend my entire tour with the army right here in the "good old States." Of course, for the sake of appearances, I told all of my newly acquired friends how disappointed I was in not being able to accompany them into the thick of it, but it was not too displeasing to know that I was going to Boston, a city long associated in my mind with its own particular kind of Americanism.

For several months after my arrival

in Boston, the gods seemed to heap nothing but good fortune upon me. Thirty of us occupied a large mansion that had been recently bought by the government. Our purpose was to maintain a small radar station and make daily reports that could be put on file and shown to any inquiring congressman or suspicious reporter who might be harboring the idea that the present administration was wasting the taxpayers' money. We were ideally situated on the coast of Boston harbor, which was only fifteen minutes from some of the most infamous bars and women on the East coast. Surely this should have been heaven on earth, and it was. For the first three months we were without K.P., guard duty, and officers. But, of course, this Utopia couldn't last forever, and one day we were told that we would soon receive our first officer. He was to be in complete command.

His name was Captain Stahl. Long before he arrived, his complete case history was known to all. It seems the Captain had been a p.o.w. in the Second World War and had been captured again in the early part of the Korean conflict; somehow he had managed to escape both times. Apparently the army felt he was now due for a rest and assigned him to our quiet coastal paradise.

Well, the day he was due to arrive, I was sunning myself on the large rocks down by the sea road. It was a usual

day, and I was clad in my usual attire of red-checked bermudas, sleeveless football jersey, and remnants of once-white tennis shoes. Oh yes, and I was wearing one of the tan pith helmets that several of us guys had picked up at Revere Beach just for laughs. I had only been lying there about an hour or so when I saw a small cloud of dust rising over the far end of the road. I knew it was he. I remembered reading in the *Army Manual* about how enlisted men should make a good first impression on their officers. Here was my chance to start our relationship off right. I jumped out on the road and flagged down the slow-moving blue station wagon. Perhaps I jumped a little too quickly for I seemed to startle my officer and he veered off the road into a small ditch. When the dust cleared a little I saw him crouched against the rocks. He moved slowly toward me waving a .45 pistol in his hand. "Don't move," he said. I didn't. And coming a little closer he said in an almost choked voice, "Do you speak English?"

"Why, hell yes, Captain. Bradlinn High School, class of '52." But apparently he was quite unimpressed with this straight-from-the-shoulder type of humor, for he added, "Sonny, what are you doing on government property?" I had a dandy answer to that one, but since my previous attempt at humor had seemed to go over his head, I decided to forget it and concentrate on making our captain feel right at home, just like one of the regular gang.

"Why, Captain," I said, "I am one of you, a soldier."

Well, I knew he didn't believe me

because his mouth dropped quite a bit and his lips were trembling a little. Then he started to swear and shake all over, doing neither very effectively. I remember thinking at the time that perhaps he was disappointed at not finding more of us on hand to welcome him.

From this point things became progressively worse. For the next eighteen months there wasn't a day that I didn't, at least once, yearn for a nice comfortable foxhole in Korea. It seems that the time our captain had spent in Korea as a p.o.w. had just about scrambled what was left of his brains after mother nature had already short-changed him. I'll never forget the night he came rushing into our quarters screaming at the top of his lungs, "Fall out! Fall out! We are under attack." So, on a chilly autumn night—or rather, morning, because it was close to two o'clock—we assembled on a rocky beach, clad only in our t-shirts and shorts. We were given buckets of white paint and brushes of varying sizes. We were instructed, most carefully, to paint all stones under eight inches with X's, and larger ones (up to fourteen inches) with O's. This was done, we were told, to confuse the enemy. We worked at this until dawn, when our neighbors, most of whom were elderly couples, started collecting around the shore, laughing and pointing. This was just one of the many unexplained things our captain had us doing; it was by no means the least ridiculous. There was the time we planted the victory garden on the beach, in the middle of January, and the time eleven men were assigned to guard the

t.v. set because the captain had discovered that the volume-control knob was missing. He was sure this was a prelude to an all-out attack by a ring of notorious saboteurs. I didn't really mind guarding the damn thing; it was standing there all day with a knapsack, loaded rifle, and enough provisions for seven days. Oh yes, and the time he mistook a shark for an enemy submarine. We had a terrible time with him that day. He called out seven Boston fire companies. That man just wasn't happy unless he thought someone was after him.

I really don't know how much more of this sort of thing we could have taken. If it hadn't been for the captain's little accident, I am sure we all would have been hopeless mental cases. Well, that accident I mentioned was his crowning fiasco. He really outdid

himself on that one. One night, about four months before I was scheduled for a discharge, the captain awoke—from a sound sleep, I am sure—and thought that someone was in his room preparing to cut his throat. Seeing a naked foot protruding from under the sheets and mistaking it for a knife-wielding hand, he drew his .45 and blew off half his leg.

So, when all my buddies get together over a few beers and start talking about war experiences, I just sit quietly and listen. After about an hour of this, some one on my left will turn and say, "But Joe, here, boy, did he have it made! He spent his whole enlistment in a big mansion right on the coast of Boston, safe and sound. Isn't that right, Joe?"

And I say, "Yaw, Bill that's right."

Tonight the Nightbird Calls

THOMAS C. MARTIN

Tonight the night-bird calls,
And my mind is ill at ease.
I am reminded of an old pain
By the dark and columned trees—

Of another night and other trees
And a different night-bird's song;
A bird that sang, "She lies, she lies,"
And made the dark night long,

Of trees of doubt that encircled my
heart
And darkened the moon-lit glade,
Of woods of distrust that enclosed my
love
While I stood in the center—afraid.

An Essay On Saxton

(That's in Pennsylvania)

CHARLES L. KORMANSKI

Yes sir, that's where I was born, Saxton, Pennsylvania. Well, actually I was born in the Huntingdon Hospital in Huntingdon, Pennsylvania, but my parents were living in Saxton at the time. That was in 1940, when I was born, I mean. After that, we moved around a good bit. Dad worked on construction, then joined the Navy during World War II, and after he was discharged he worked in the coal mines with my grandfather. In this process of changing jobs, which lasted from my birth until 1948, we moved from Saxton to Cedar Point, Maryland, back to Saxton, then to Miami, Florida, and back to Saxton again. In 1948, we moved to Stonerstown, which is what you might call a suburb of Saxton. The only thing that separates the two is an imaginary line drawn through the western part of town down past the Methodist Church and the Saxton Bottling Company.

Dad soon accepted a steady job as an auto mechanic at Sam Garner's Chevrolet Garage, and I settled down to a peaceful, lazy life on the banks of the Raystown Branch of the Juniata River, at the foot of the Broad Top Mountains. We lived right by the river, and since Saxton is located at the foot of the mountains, it is called "The Gateway to the Broad Top." In case you are unfa-

miliar with the Broad Top, you may be interested to know that, at present, it is one of the ten most undeveloped areas in the state. Our town was founded by John Saxton in 1854, who was then an early pioneer. Please don't confuse him with the Johnny Saxton who is one of boxing's top middleweight contenders. Or is it welterweight? Well, it really doesn't matter, anyway, I guess. I'm not talking about that Johnny Saxton the fighter, you know.

Saxton is quite easily located by first picking up a road map of the state and then glancing at the left hand corner and observing a fairly large city where all the roads seem to meet. Unfortunately, this isn't Saxton, it's Pittsburgh. But, if you follow the Pennsylvania Turnpike from Pittsburgh eastward to the Bedford interchange and then take U. S. Route 26 north for thirty miles, you will run right into the heart of the Broad Top.

And what has the Broad Top to offer you? Miles and miles of rolling hills covered with rich forest land and running streams of clear, cool mountain water where various types of wild game come for water. Well, that's not exactly true, because the rich forest land is now covered with strip mines and paper-wood operations, the mines have

turned the streams into sulphur creeks—with the exception of those that were made a part of the local sewage system, and when out-of-state hunters want to go hunting they go somewhere else. The railroad went bankrupt a few years ago and since then the Giornest Motor Company has taken over the shops, the engines have been sold to a museum, and the roundhouse was torn down. We are very fortunate the roundhouse didn't fall down, as it was about to do. It would probably have killed a half a dozen people or so. This would have made a serious dent in the population.

A track for stock cars was constructed across the road last year. Six months, that's as long as it lasted. The only people who made any money on it were the V.F.W. Ladies' Auxiliary. They sold refreshments. Mom was a member. The races were held every Sunday afternoon. Every Sunday evening we had hot dogs for supper. One thing the race track did do for the townsfolk, however, was to give the local ministers something to preach against in their weekly sermons. We had been getting tired of the same old grind: tobacco, alcohol, and teen-agers.

Jobs aren't too plentiful; in fact most of the inhabitants are on government relief. Relief checks and the distribution of government surplus food are big social events in town. More people come to these than to a local football contest. Of course, maybe that's because we don't have a very good football team. Why, my freshman year on the squad, we lost every game: varsity, junior varsity, and junior high. And the losses were all by ridiculously lopsided scores. We did have a good band though. I think that was only because all the goof-offs were members of the football squad.

We don't even rank high in the nation's newest sport, that of holiday automobile fatalities. Never is there an automobile accident in Saxton over a holiday; on holidays every one leaves town to "sponge" on relatives, and there is no one left to have accidents.

To boil it down to a few words, Saxton is the type of town you find on posters which say, "Don't let this happen to your city, do something." Needless to say, in Saxton nobody did nothing. Or is that nobody did anything? Anyway, nothing got done.

This Is May

THOMAS C. MARTIN

This is May
And the next month is June,
And so it goes.

Each May remembering nothing
Of the last May,
And each June remembering nothing
Of the last June,

And so it goes.

Each day the same—
Yet a little different;
A little excitement,
A little pain,
A little love,
And so it goes.

I Think That I Shall Never See

DICK SAXTON

Nature . . .	And yet, I hear he was tall; wore a
How come it's so beautiful?	beard like Lincoln;
Why are the trees so resplendently	Ate weird food;
green?	Talked nonsense with the devil;
Why not black? or blue? or orange?	Was born in a cow's palace . . .
or red?	San Francisco?
Because.	Bethlehem.
Because trees mean water; water:	I hear he wore a long robe-like rain-
swimming,	coat.
Drinking, bathing dirty kids' dirty	That's who made the trees green and
feet in;	the water clean.
Lakes, dams, streams, reservoirs, pud-	And the dirty kids.
dles, rivers.	Oh, no. Not Him.
Cool water, clear water, hot water,	His <i>dad</i> , I hear, was the man who made
Not-so-hot water.	The trees green, the water clean, the
Why cool, clear, hot, not-so-hot water?	dirty kids.
Because.	Him we never saw,
Because people like it that way.	But He's there.
People like cool, clear, hot,	Why?
Not-so-hot water.	Because.
Why? I'm not so sure they do.	Because this Book says so; because
Do you?	preaching people say so;
I do . . . and I don't.	Because presidents say so; because train
Why? Do you know?	engineers say so . . .
I don't know. Really, I don't.	But someone I know does not say so.
Somebody must.	He says no, man, no, oh no!
Maybe the person who put it here	He says the wind, the rain, and the
knows.	water, and the sun, and the heat,
Who's he?	And air, and no air, and many, many
I don't know. I just don't think I know.	years are what made
	The trees green;
	The water clean;
	The dirty kids.

No man's father did this, He wouldn't.	Afraid bodies—
Why?	Hiding bodies, full of hate.
Because it's all dirty and mean and cruel	I hate you. You hate me. We fight,
And big and hateful and stubborn	hard.
And not real.	I lose.
False?	Who wins?
Yes.	No one.
It's <i>you</i> who made the trees green;	Why?
The water clean;	Because.
The dirty kids.	Because trees win;
I made the trees green?	Water wins;
The water clean?	Kids win.
The dirty kids?	Back to nature?
Why not?	Yes.
We made the trees black;	The trees are gone.
The water dirty;	The kids are gone.
The kids men.	The water—gone, too.
Men like us.	Why?
Men not like us.	Because.
Not men; sniffing, crawling,	Nature.
Whining bodies—	

I Just Walk

THOMAS C. MARTIN

I walk this route of my own choice.	I need not comprehend.
I know I shall not meet another.	I just walk.
I do not listen for a voice.	This path, lead me where it may,
I just walk.	Requires no looking back,
This path will bear my weight to the	Goes not forward—but away.
end.	I just walk.
I need not look up.	

Lament on the Death of Joe Luce

(A pastoral elegy fashioned after
Lycidas)

PAUL MORRIS

O stars, look not down unkindly on us.
Shroud-out far lights of burning spheres
And block that hornèd face reflecting
brightness on us,
You clouds. Mold a high dark mask;
We would not wish for daylight hours
Or for Israfel's sweet singing voice
In this an hour meant for darkness—
meant for grief.
Let us sit in shadowy rooms,
And in our emptiness let us call-up
memories
Before our lusterless eyes.
Let us call the Muses forth from Greek-
age graves
To strike their lyres to our dirge.

The moon is circling in the high heav-
ens;
The earth moves sunward, then swings
out far
And returns again; the sun slides
through the universe,
And he is dead; a starving raven rides a
withered branch;
A spider spins a web against a wall,
And he is dead. Birds sing in the dawn
and stir
The morning air with flailing wings,
For birds feel nothing of our loss.

The river moves on after daylight; it is
innocent,

It is pure. The river did not know who
rode its waves;
Would that it were guilty, would that it
were sentient,
Would that we could try it for a crime;
We can but blame the nothingness of
life.
He was silly like the rest of us,
Loving words and literature—like the
rest of us.
He held his talent in esteem,
And his mind higher than his body,
But, oh, he was incautious of his life,
And death withdrew his spirit
Before he gave his name to man.

Mankind passes by his earthly grave;
Mankind began this journey when death
first came.

First comes he who was the first to die;
He has passed all death and will walk on
Until that day when death gives way
to life.

Homer walks by and looks upon his
form,

And Sappho plants a kiss upon his brow.
Shakespeare and Milton walk this way,
And Blake smiles down from out that
throng.

On, on, on they come, all those from
all ages,

And he has known them all. Walt
Whitman

Passes as the night begins and tosses
On the casket a lilac sprig. James Joyce,
Whom he held dear, comes down the
path,
And on, on, on they come until the
Christ,
Who is the last in line, strides to the
plot.
Christ calls to him to take the place
Before Him in the line, and on they
walk—
As caskets endlessly appear ahead
Until that day when death gives way
to life.

Death, death, death,
Walk not so haughtily,
Showing all your weapons mighty to
behold.

We are aware, we are aware
That you are lurking somewhere wait-
ing for us.

You come in spring and spoil our
designs
Or come in winter when we have but
begun to live,
But do not walk with weighty steps
To stamp-out our faint fire. Sneak in
softly
As we sleep, and gently summon to us,

Else how can we reason, how can we
plan?

Death, disguised in a snake, begot sin;
Sin begot chaos. Chaos worships death.
There is no affirmation in death.

The praying-mantis devours her mate
Beneath the boughs bent by the olives;
The communion-chalice of the Last-
Supper

Is wasted away where holy eyes do not
see it;

The chart-of-the-ages, the plan,
Is concealed in God's mind where man
does not see it.

Life begets death, negation and death.
The poet is lost in the cycle of chaos,
Swimming in circles in the black pit
of life.

All he need do is look up and affirm,
Look to the Source of the essence of
time,

Till plan becomes sound in his eyes.

We do not see reason in your death.
We sit in the dark of a shadowy room
With tragedy for a companion;
We sit behind glass that we see through
but darkly,
But outside this dim cell of darkness
The light shines.

Why Do You Torment Me?

CAROLE CALABRIA

Why do you torment me?
Your face appears before me
To laugh down into mine . . . and
disappear.
Why must your voice resound
And blend with the speech of others?
By what strange deed can you be so
near?

And why make me recall
By subtle echoes, bits
Of conversation from another year?
Why must your teasing smile,
Your eyes, you,
Invade my every day?
You're much too near!

The Sensational Sixties

J. W. NEWELL

As I stepped through the doorway of Bernie's Bar out into the humid spring night, I looked skyward. There were faint rumblings of thunder moving my way from the South Philly section. Rain would soon be spilling over the entire city. I began walking briskly, then quickened my pace to a trot, then a spirit, as white streaks of lightning danced across the sky. The thunder roared furiously above me, the sky suddenly opened up, and the rain poured earthward.

Luckily I lived only a short distance from Bernie's, and I was safely in my third-floor, three-room bachelor apartment just minutes after the angry sky let loose with the downpour.

I slipped off my trenchcoat, hung it on the back of the open closet door, then plopped into my battered but comfortable T.V. chair, and tuned in the late show. It was now eleven-thirty, and as the globe on the screen began whirling, "World's Best Movies" listed as tonight's feature "The Steel Helmet," an exciting, adventurous saga of the Korean War—a war in which I had previously played a dreary part.

I stood up and swore aloud to myself, "Goddamn movie producers. Make a million on war stories filled with somebody else's blood and guts and pain. They were never in battle. What the hell do they know about it?" Then I

quickly snapped off the set and trod into my bedroom. I stripped off my slacks, shirt, shoes, and socks and slid into the warm flowing comfort of my bed. But before surrendering to sleep, I stared through the window near the foot of my bed and noticed that the driving rain had slowed to a spray which seemed to be cleansing the entire earth. As I glared into the cold, gray-blackness of night, my mind began to tingle and dance away to another world—a world of peace and serenity.

I was awake, sitting before my television set, and Dave Garroway was narrating the program. The show was entitled "The Peaceful Sixties—A Decade of International Harmony." It was a kaleidoscopic documentary which took a reviewing look at the past ten years of peace, prosperity, and understanding that the whole world had known.

At first the newsfilm flashbacks were strange sights to my eyes and my mind reacted in a befuddled manner. But as the program progressed and the scenes switched back and forth with ease from Washington to Moscow to London to Havana to Rome, I relaxed in my reclining cloud-soft chair recalling and enjoying the pictures from the past peaceful sixties.

I saw Kennedy and Castro shaking hands in downtown Havana and watched intently as they led a gala

parade to the Havana Stadium, where Jack and Fidel raised their respective flags on the same pole in centerfield, then settled back and watched the World's Champion Phillies battle the Cuban All-Stars in a ball game of "International Brotherhood" between Cuba and the U. S.

I also witnessed the trial of Adolf Eichmann and observed his tensed face as an all-Israeli jury handed down a verdict of not guilty. This body of modern, sympathetic Jews felt that Eichmann's corrupt conscience had caused him enough suffering over the past twenty-two years.

Eichmann was also shown playing golf with David Ben-Guroin as a partner in a Scottish foursome against Ben-Gurion's good friends, Pandit Nehru and Abdul Nassar. The match ended in a tie after eighteen holes, so the quartet put away their clubs and went "out-on-the-town" together for an evening of song, drink, and laughter.

There were also some excellent camera shots of the leisurely expeditionary cruise on which Khrushchev, Kennedy, and Little Caroline sailed together for two weeks in the South Pacific searching for and trying to select a desirable dumping area in which to submerge all the world's atomic weapons. After the agreement had been reached on the remote area to be used, the newsfilm next showed the burial ceremonies of all the atomic weapons the world had ever possessed. Little Caroline Kennedy picked out the exact day—July 4, 1964.

A fourth feature on the program showed Mao Tse Tung and Cho En Lai welcoming Chiang Kaishek and his For-

mosan followers back to the Chinese mainland, which would now be governed under a dual-rule of peaceful co-operation by all.

I also viewed the films of that great day of African historical prominence when the National-Continental flag was raised at the inauguration of Joseph Mobutu as the first president of the United States of Africa. He had been elected on a platform of "Africa for Africans—Without War."

I saw scenes from the celebration of the 60th Anniversary of the N.A.A.C.P. held in New Orleans. Guest speaker at the bountiful banquet was Arkansas' Governor Orville Faubus. Faubus was seen giving the award of "The American of the Year" to Dr. Martin Luther King. Entertainment was provided by the Sammy Davis Junior family and by the Harlem Globetrotters, who played an exhibition game with the Georgia Tech basketball team.

Finally, I remember seeing pictures of the great historical alliance between the Protestant World and Rome. Attending this religious conclave and signing the document of "Unified Christianity" were such notables of the church as Pope John XXIII, Billy Graham, the Archbishop of Canterbury, and Oral Roberts, not to forget, also, Norman Vincent Peale.

All in all, it was an excellent program, uninterrupted, no commercials, no station breaks; and I recall vividly the close-up of Dave Garroway as he closed the show. The cameras moved in tight on his fleshy face, his optical, owl-eyes glared at me through the magic mirror of television, and he summarized,

"We look back on the sixties as a decade of harmony, tranquility, and good-fellowship throughout the world." He paused. "May the happiness of mankind continue throughout the coming decade of the seventies; better still, throughout all the years to come." Garroway slowly raised his wide right hand and concluded, "Peace."

Just then an alarm began to clamor in my ear. I quickly sat up in a startled manner and carefully explored my surroundings. I was in my bed. My mind was muddled and fuzzy. Then I glanced at the modern, automatic clock sitting upright on the smoking stand at

the left side of my rumpled bed. It was seven A.M. I slowly raised my eyes to the day-by-day calendar hanging just above my mahogany dresser. In bold black letters and numbers it spelled out: SATURDAY, APRIL 1, 1961.

In that instant I faced reality and knew that my pleasant experience of witnessing true international harmony and peace was merely a fantastic dream and that the sixties, good or bad, were still to come.

Then I drove my right fist into the open palm of my left hand, and drooping head downward so that my chin grazed my chest, I began to laugh.

Solipsist's Prayer

PAUL MORRIS

This frail frame,
 This human package,
 This sinew and sweat,
 This muscle strand which strains
 And stands and strides across this sphere,
 This bilateral construction of determination,
 This populous prince of the earth — vain, proud
 Of his flexible fingers which create the great,
 Hammer out the might of Michelangelo
 And stroke the subtlety on Mona Lisa's smile,

Is proud with his mind, proud of his brain,
 Proud of unknown workings.

He knows not how his nerves propel
 Across that endless darkness, brain space,
 Moving miles in cubic inches intertwined —
 Up, down, across, diagonally, and backward,
 Synapse after synapse, dendrite, axon,
 Weave-of-spider-web thought makers.

Man thoughts covering every phase
 Of pseudo-reality or nothing-revelry
 Or spiritual-revery or man-hate rivalry,
 Thoughts going endlessly on, up, down, across
 The roads leading to the last lost web world
 Of countless mind caverns, bridges, arches —
 Unmappable, unplotable enigma road of all knowledge,
 False knowledge, science, pseudo-science,
 Love, hate, wrath, malice, jealousy, God, man, all —
 Road of everything known and everything knowable.
 This endless wire twisted mass,
 This jangle,
 This is the alpha and the omega,
 This is the light in the darkness,
 This is the power in the powerful,
 This is the weakness of the weak,
 This is the life of life and the love of love;
 This fragile rock of ages,
 This lamp of everburning oil,
 This is the end of the earth;
 Or this is the light of the earth;
 This is the orbit of the universe.

And if this is the know-thyself,
 It does not and will not,
 This unexplainable explaining force
 Which makes man man.

Wandering Deep

DWIGHT STONE

Wandering force in a cold glass
That sweats
Frost
 And patterned images
Upon its sides
 As I stare
 Unthinkingly intent:
I'm going, as my mind
 Reaches down and down
 Into the molecules of the
 amber fluid,
To see the
 Mysterious Universe.
Down
and
 Down to depths of the infinite,
 Small or large—
How like an atom is that we call

So blithely
 "Our" solar system!
Perhaps like
 That
So small, yet so important atom
 Are we.
But—
Important?
I wonder if—
 Could we be
 But inhabitants of the nucleus
 Of an atom
 In a glass of beer?
The glass is warm
 and images
 fade
 to reality—
"Reality?"

Struggle

THOMAS C. MARTIN

I have lived
If living is wrestling with death,
Feeling its pressure,
Trying to rise, gasping for breath.

I have lived
If living is struggling with fear,
Forcing it back,
Praying for safety, to a deaf ear.

I have lived
If living is running with sin,
Trying to hide it,
Pure on the outside, tainted within.

I have lived
If living is walking with love,
Seeing her smile,
Holding a hand incased in a glove.

Let's Give The Game Back To The Boys

AL TOWNS

In the fall of each year, the followers of baseball turn their attentions to Williamsport, Pennsylvania, and the Little League World Series. The vacant lot game of taped-up balls and cast-off old broken bats has grown up. Now we have radio, television, and newspapers playing up the game for boys from nine to twelve, the game formed to give boys something to do, to keep them off the streets and out of trouble.

I never had the experience of playing on a Little League team, but I've watched many games and have witnessed the manner in which these teams are organized. It's no longer a game; it's a business exploiting young boys.

It was part of my extracurricular work last spring to help some local team-coaches evaluate the young hopefuls in the area in an effort to get the best players. As the youngsters went through their paces, the coaches from the different teams stood around with pad and pencil and scribbled down names and addresses. There wasn't one boy that didn't try his very best to make a good showing. "What was my score?" they would ask. "Did I make the team?" they questioned hopefully. Those lucky enough or good enough to make it were asked to come back the next week. The rest were told nothing.

During the course of the season the games are played at night so the parents can come to see Johnny hit a home-run. Oh, but when he strikes out or

has an error it's a different story. I've seen some fathers lose control and call their sons some rather harsh names. I've seen these boys crying on the way to the family cars after their fathers have just told them how terribly they have played. And during the game, that's when it gets bad. "Strike that bum out. Take that bum out of there, he couldn't pitch hay. Get a new short-stop, he stinks." And what about Johnny? It's fun to play baseball and to listen to this abuse? He started out the season because Dad kept mentioning the little league tryouts he saw in the paper. He put together all the skills he learned by watching the older boys and by playing on the playground and went to the Little League "market," where he was selected as one of the fatter specimens. And now he's trying his hardest because he enjoys playing—or because Dad expects him to play?

We build character, sportsmanship, keep the boys busy—the founders and backers say. A Michigan team in the national playoffs in 1959 was disqualified because they had recruited boys from towns throughout the state. It's not a kid's game anymore. It's a serious business for the coaches, parents, sponsors and, tragically, the boys.

Probably the most disturbing thing for the boys is that some of them know more baseball than the managers. There was one man I remember who was the town mortician. He managed

one of the teams, probably because no one else had the time or wanted to take the time. He knew very little about baseball and the boys who played for him knew of his inadequacy. He lost the boys' respect and many of the parents held much contempt for him. "Don't listen to him," Dad would say. "He doesn't know what he's talking about." It was a bad situation, especially for the boys.

The game should be given back to the boys. Instead of fathers coaching their sons from the stands or finding just anyone to manage the team, quali-

fied men should be made coaches, men who are not only good players themselves, but good coaches, men who know how to work with boys. Then let the boys play for fun. Let them play in the afternoon so the parents can't attend the games. It's not entirely fair to the parents, perhaps, but this is one case where the boys are better off without them. Take the pressure off the boys and make baseball a game again instead of a streamlined machine that is chosen to display its talents on parents' night at the Little League Field.

Mr. G. C. McCloskey

RICHARD DAVIS

My man G. C. is a permanent resident of Grenrole Gully. His friends call him "Bones" because of his marionette-type frame. Short hair, splotched shave, yellowish eyes, gray-white clothes, gangling legs, and monkey arms constitute his appearance. His home is 40 horizontal boards with earth base and slab roof. His wife is straw hair, puffed eyes, harrowed smile, and crinkling complexion. His son is 5-2 of average junior high school monitored by a brilliant mind.

The other day Bones said, "Do you go to college?" Replying in the affirmative, I explained my love for history and English among other things. Bones continued his college query, asking the cost per year, semester, week, day,

and hour — in that order. Disregarding his questions, I acted as a one-man advocate of college. I explained that the result of college was security, which I hoped to attain in 405 days. A minute passed, and Bones Jr. edged out of the 40-board enclosure in quest of the paper I had come to deliver. I responded with the eight-page Lock Haven *Express* in hopes that Bones would assume I had done my appointed duty. But no, this college discussion interested him. For a minute, I thought Grenrole Gully's contribution to the dye factory was thinking of a college career himself. A quick "Get that plaque ya won" ended this misconception. While George Jr. was making the plaque, G. C. and I continued our pleasant conversation on

"Why Everyone Needs College." G. C.'s main reason seemed to be "I don't want George to end up like me with only seven years educatin', a job in the dye factory, and no future." I agreed.

G. C. finally came across with the revelation that Jr. is good in math while Sarah and I are dumb. . . in math. The plaque was rather interesting—an in-God-We-Trust-Fighting-Type-American Legion-Rah-Rah-Award for scholastic achievement. Seriously, though, my brother received the same type of award a number of years ago. Maybe the kid does have the goods. It's this eighth-grade type where the teachers pick their favorite student. Jr.'s humility impressed me when he displayed the award, but he still managed to issue an "I do O.K. in school" testimonial to support Dad's smart-son contention.

With Jr. in ear radius, G. C. asked the cost again, I responded with a rapid 100 tuition, 25 S.C.C. and 30 books—total 155 per semester — 310 per year, and 200 for other miscellaneous articles.

George Jr. figured he might be able to do it. His *might* sounded like a *would*, and I felt good. Jr. excused himself with an "I'm going inside to read the paper" and Bones brought his case — Why Jr. Should Go To College — to the jury of one. He simply said, "He's smart. He's got a lot of guts, really knows his Math. Nothing else, practically, though. Has a hell of a time fixing his bicycle." I interjected that can openers give me trouble, while 600-page history books are nothing.

He continued on this Math discussion, explaining how Jr. adds twice as fast as Sr. Considering G.C. had trouble adding two months' paper money (\$1.82 + \$1.82), I wasn't impressed. But G.C. continued testifying how George told time in fourth grade and adds problems faster than his "Profs" now. Finally I started the motor, and G. C. got the idea; the Rambler carried me off—reasonably certain that *might* meant *would*.

Poem About Camus' People

Written After Reading

THE STRANGER

RICHARD LIPEZ

Spun and tumbled down a windy street
Like old Kleenex and candy wrappers,
His people rise and descend
In little whirlpools of dust.
The sky is black as a summer day,

But the storm never comes.
And when the wind dies,
They fall on iron gratings
And are trampled under
To cobwebs and old chewing gum.

Automation

DIANA HERR

Chains,
White chains of airy foam
Link a calm blue sky.
Side by side winged monarchs
Prowl the air, the sky,
The cold atmosphere.
Barrier-breaking silver ships
Shimmer proudly in a nearer sun—
Soaring,
Luring men to heights not yet attained,
And look down

On rooftop spirals
That clutter a lower atmosphere,
Atmosphere
Thickened with steel girders
That enforce shiny metal buildings—
Where window workers polish glass till
it tries
In vain to confiscate the sun's brilliance
And look down

Into the buildings where
Whirling machines buzz and hum,
Buzz and hum,
And buttons are pressed
And levers are pulled and answers are
found
In machines. Mechanical magic
Looks farther down

Where automation is still more obvious.
Here, gray and black macadam rows
Slice through fields of green and brown,
And cars and trucks and buses and
trains
Roll past mountains, farms, cities.
Automation spans miles of water be-
neath concrete arches,
Water that rises and drops,
Rises and drops,
Drops from a gleaming hull
That shears cloudy, wet foam and
Sharply cropping waves.

Programme Poetica

Three From
The Practice Teacher's
Daily Three Dozen
RICHARD LIPEZ

I POME

Spring On The Farm
By FRANCES ARLEN RUST
When Spring returns, I feel so gay,
I feel like yelling out, "Hooray!"
The little buds begin to bloom,

I sweep the porch off with my broom.
The scent of lilacs in my nose
Is like the fragrance of a rose,
A chirp comes from the robin's mouth,
He's just flown up from Way Down
South.

I feel so lazy at my jobs,
We'll soon eat corn right from the cobs,
The air is warm, the sky is blue,
The owls hoot out, "Too-whit, too-
whoo."

Here on the farm, the children romp
And run and jump and skip and stomp,
And carry water to the trough,
So all the horses have enough

To drink, so they won't thirsty be.
If you hear some one singing, 's me.
The sun comes up o'er hill and brook
Just like a picture in a book.

When Spring comes skipping o'er the
ridge,
I know it's time to trim the hedge,
And other chores like that to do,

But I don't care, and you won't too.

II DESCRIPTION or

Thoreau in the Tenth Grade, 1961
The Fall of the year is so lovely,
The leaves are all different colors;
red, orange, yellow, and etc.
But Spring is even nicer.
April showers bring May Flowers.
That is my opinion on why I like
Spring.

III POEME (To Jane)

Jane, Jane,
Jane, Jane,
My God!
Oh, Heavens!
Jane!

The Wish

CAROL ROCKEY

After supper
Mother brought my birthday cake to me.
Nine delicate crystal birds
And ten delicate crystal flowers
Held nineteen delicate pink candles —
Which you lit for me
Above the drifts of white frosting.

It took three matches,
And you burned your fingers twice,
But no one noticed except me.
Everyone else was laughing and talking
About the Pirates and the Yankees
And drinking coffee.

You winked a special wink at me,
And I felt my eyelid flick lightly in answer.
Then I closed my eyes,
Made a wish for us,
And blew.

Many Mansions

(A Story from the Past)

PAUL MORRIS

The saloon on this corner, and the Company store on that corner, and the railroad running parallel to the road that's met by the main-town-lane coming down from the hill where the houses are—that's about how my home town looks. Now that saloon isn't really a saloon, in the strict sense of the word; it's a hotel upstairs and a bar downstairs. It's the place where the events everybody waits for happen; whether it's a drunken brawl or the strongman who can lift with his teeth the big round table that sits in the middle of the room. Not much ever happens but it's the place where all the man-type stories are told about who's going around with what girl and things like that. Most of the boys my age and the old men sit around on the front porch. One thing that's pretty exciting that they do all the time is tie a scope-gun to the porch-post and take pot-shots at the groundhogs in the fields on the other side of the tracks.

Across the lane is the Company store. People who don't go to the bar go to the Company store. Most of the old men and women who go in there are the ones who don't care much about drinking or strongmen or who is going with what girl. The men that go to the store are mostly interested in politics and baseball and Jack Dempsey and how the mines are doing and things

like that.

The other main building in town is the one-room school that sits up on top of the hill. Most of the young kids hang around up there. I'm the oldest student; most other kids quit at eighth grade and go to work in the mines, but I want to graduate. I don't know why; I just kind of like book-learning and that kind of stuff. The teacher treats me pretty well because I'm older and the only one she can teach the stuff that's too advanced for the younger kids. I think she enjoys having me around because if she didn't have anyone to tell that advanced stuff to she'd probably forget it. She talks to me quite a bit about the *Bible* and other religious things, about old guys like Abraham and Job, and she's always telling me about Christ and what he had to say. My old man says the school isn't the place for me to learn about that, but he never says anything about it at home.

Since I mentioned home, I think I should tell you a little bit about what that's like because it kind of shows why I'm interested in religion and the things my teacher tells me about. My old man and old lady came over from England, and they talk kind of funny. I don't mean that they talk foreign or anything; they just pronounce their words a little different. My mother was a fish-monger in London, and I guess my old man

lived off what she made or something. Anyway he doesn't talk too much, except to yell at us kids when we get out of line. Besides that, he's drunk most of the time at night, and he's at the mines all day. When the mines are shut down, he usually just sits over in old Sam's yard and plays chess all day. I'm not trying to say my old man doesn't have any good points; he works hard and he can play the mouth organ pretty well.

Now I can't say too much about my mother. She's there all the time, but she keeps busy cooking for all us kids and doing the house work. She tries to comfort us and keep us clean, and all, but when you have ten kids you just don't have time for everybody. She told me if I wanted to go to school I could if I worked and made some money to help out. About the only job you can get here is in the mines, but you can't work in the mines and go to school too. What I do is get up real early in the morning and work this trap line down by the creek. I have this other job at the school keeping the fire going and the building fixed. One morning I caught this skunk in my trap, and I skinned it before I went to school. I guess I must have smelled pretty bad because the little kids all wanted me to go home, but the teacher said since I was good enough to keep the building warm and fixed I was good enough to go there no matter how bad I smelled. In the summer I never even get to see the sun, because I get up early and I don't get back until late at night.

Well, anyway, I was going to tell you why I'm interested in religion. I said

before there were ten kids in my family, but that isn't quite right; one of my brothers was killed a few years ago. He was sled-riding down that lane I told you about that goes from the house to the hotel and the store. He was going down to get some bread for us to eat, and when he got to the bottom of the hill he couldn't get stopped. He went right out on the road, and one of the big coal trucks from the mines ran over him.

My mother is a Catholic, and I guess my father is an atheist. So my mother called the priest in the next town to come over and give my brother the last rites or something. I'm not too sure what it was because, like I said, the church was in the next town and we never went. The priest said that my brother wasn't a Catholic because he had never even been inside the church to be baptized or anything. So I guess my mother told him if that's the way he wanted to be she didn't want to be a Catholic or told him what she thought or something. Anyway, I guess the Church won't bury her when she dies.

I think somebody should bury my mother when she dies, because she has been pretty good to us kids. Last Christmas she bought us all new pants. I guess she had to keep the money away from Dad so he couldn't drink it all up. Since I mentioned last Christmas, I guess I'll tell you a little bit about it. We went to bed early so we would wake up early, but Dad had some of his friends in (my mother calls them "drunken cronies"), and they were singing and telling stories and laughing all night. When I woke up in the

morning, I put on my old pants and started down the stairs to see what I got. It was cold because it's one of those Company houses and they're hard to heat in the winter. I almost turned blue until I got down in the kitchen where the stove is. We had to heat with the cookstove, and the kitchen was the only room that was really warm.

I was the first one up, and when I got to the front room, my father and all his friends were lying all over the floor. They were all asleep, and there were bottles spread all over the room. This one guy didn't have any clothes on; I guess he must have thought he was going to bed and undressed. I was glad I woke up first because I wouldn't have wanted my mother or any of my sisters to have seen him. I went out into the kitchen and pumped some cold water to throw on him. When I woke him up he was pretty mad, and he kept swearing at me. I told him my mother was coming, and he got up, got dressed, and went back to sleep.

I had to step across all the other guys to get to the tree. It didn't have any lights or candles or anything, just some popcorn strung around it. Well, I opened up my package, and there were my new pants. Boy, was I glad to get them, not so much because my other ones were worn out, but because every time my mother washed I had to run around in my underwear until they dried.

About an hour later the other kids came down, and they woke my mother up. When she got downstairs and saw my dad and all his friends sleeping all over the floor, she was mad. She woke

my dad, and she told him that he was in no kind of shape to be around his children. After she told him that, she said he had no right to even be awake since it was Christ's birthday and all.

Well, that's where I got the idea my mother might not be so bad after all, and that the Church didn't have much right to tell her that they wouldn't bury her.

Now nothing too exciting ever happened to me down there except what I'm going to tell you about now. There's this little church about two miles down the road; I'm not too sure what kind of church it is because it only meets about every two weeks; and besides that, I can't remember going to church anyplace before. They have this preacher that comes down there every couple weeks; I used to see him some on Sunday if I got a chance to fish and happened down that way. He looked just about like any other man I know except he wore a suit and wasn't all stooped over from working in the mines. I used to try to figure out why a man would want to be a preacher and have to be dressed up all the time. I asked my teacher about it, and she told me that preachers had a calling for their work. I didn't know quite what she meant then, but I guess I do now.

Anyway, this one week they were going to hold meetings every night, and they had this other preacher coming in to do the services. He could play a trumpet. I heard one man say he played like an angel, and I thought it might be interesting to see him.

I went down one night about the middle of the week, and there were

some old ladies and men there, the type that went to the Company store. There were a couple of girls there, but there weren't any boys my age. I guess the meetings hadn't been doing too much good, but then it is a rough town.

Inside the church everybody was being quiet listening to old Mrs. Stroff play the piano, and right after I sat down the evangelist started playing "The Old Rugged Cross" or something on his trumpet. Now there was something to hear; it kind of made the short hair on the back of your neck stand up. He played on his trumpet for about five minutes, and then he said, "Please turn to page seventy-nine in the good old Methodist hymnal and we will praise the Lord with our song." Everybody took the black book from the back of the seat in front of them and opened it to page seventy-nine; so I did the same thing. Like I said before, there weren't very many people there, but the ones that were there sure could sing. It really stirred me up to hear them singing like that.

After we got done singing (I can't really say *we* because I didn't do much singing), the preacher began to give his sermon. I can't tell you everything he said, but I can give you a good idea. At first he talked a little about heaven, and about how Christ had gone there to see his father, that's God, about preparing a place with a lot of mansions for good Christian people to go to. He said that the mansions were real big and made of jewels and had large lawns out in front with pools and lakes in them. He didn't talk very long about heaven. He began to talk about hell, and how

it burnt with a dark fire, and how people who lived in sin had to go there to suffer. He talked about hell so long I began to feel like it was about three feet under me. He talked about heaven for about five minutes, but he talked about forty-five minutes on hell. When he got done talking about heaven and hell, he started telling us how we wouldn't have to go to hell if we just did these three easy things that were the steps to salvation. He talked about them for quite a while as if he was trying to talk us into trying them out, but I thought about some things I told you about before and decided it might not be too good an idea.

Then he asked everybody to sing again. Some of them sang, but most of them just bowed their heads and started to pray. This one guy that kept saying "Amen" and "Grant it, Jesus" all during the sermon was praying louder than most of the people were singing. The people that were singing were singing "Are You Washed in the Blood of the Lamb?" real soft and low, and this girl next to me started crying and trying to get by me so she could go down to the altar. The preacher kept saying in a soft voice, "Come to Jesus, come to Jesus. All you sinners, come to Jesus." Well, I kind of felt like going down, but I grabbed on to the back of the seat in front of me until everybody quit singing and the preacher said we could sit down and pray while he worked with the soul at the altar. After a while she got up. She was crying so hard she could hardly talk, but she told us how she had seen the Lord cast all these devils out of her body and how He had

forgiven all her sins and how wonderful she felt about it. The minister said we could go, and I got out of there in a hurry.

As I walked home, I remembered how the minister had talked about mansions. Then I saw the gray Company house on the horizon, and I walked a little faster so I could get in where it was warmer. When I got home, my mother and father were still up. My mother asked where I'd been, but I didn't tell her. I guess you know why. My father asked me too, but I didn't tell him either.

I went upstairs and into my bedroom. I got into bed, but I couldn't sleep because I kept thinking about heaven and hell and mansions. I tossed and turned for a while, and then I would swear for a while. I could swear pretty well then; in fact, I could almost swear in tune. Then I decided it might do me some good to pray. It didn't help make me sleepy, so I swore some more. Then I began to pray again, and I remembered some of the steps the preacher had been talking about, so I tried them. The room began to grow lighter all of a sudden. The light was so bright that I had to put my arm over my eyes for a while. I could hear a trumpet blowing in the distance, and I could hear all this wonderful singing. It was a lot better than they had been doing down at the church. I finally moved my arm down, and there stood this man all dressed in white and glowing like a bright flame. He had long yellow hair that looked like real gold, and he had a golden ring floating right over his head. I watched him for a while and finally

he lifted up his robe and pointed a finger right at me and said "God has called" in a loud deep voice. Then he just seemed to start spinning until he looked like a top on fire, and when he swirled out of the way, I could see heaven behind him with all its many mansions and one big glowing place that I couldn't stand to look at, so I turned my head away. I went to sleep then, and I slept pretty good considering all that had happened.

The next day I asked if anyone had seen or heard anything strange the night before, but nobody had. So I guess not everybody can see angels just like nobody can look upon God. But I know what I saw. That's what the preacher calls faith, and nobody can change my mind.

I went to church again that night, and I told the people there and they believed me, or seemed to, anyway. I told them I had a calling and everybody seemed to be happy. I was happy because of how I felt inside, and because now there was somebody to bury Mom when she dies. I guess if you can see angels you should be allowed to bury your mother. In God's eyes, anyway.

Now there, I guess I told you why I'm interested in religion.

Little Joe

(*Rana catesbeiana*)

DICK SAXTON

Dark shadows falling. Wind calling.
Stars bright. Stars light.
Moaning frogs. Big. Not so big.
Small—very small.
Little Joe.

High croaks. Not so high croaks.
Low croaks. Gurgling croaks.
Crying croaks.
Little Joe.

A lawn made purple by phosphorescent
moon.
Chairs strewn.
More chairs. No people.
Little Joe.

A huge building. Dead. Life's gone.
Where?

Sleep,
Little Joe.

People sleep. Building sleeps.
Frogs awake, watching, crying, moaning
For daylight—genesis of night,
Little Joe.

Damn night! It makes fear.
Brings it here. It hurts. Why night,
Little Joe?

"Simple.
Night is for frogs
And sleepy stars and smirking
moon . . ."
And fear,
Little Joe.

One

RICHARD DAVIS

Bonnie is away
For a moment—
A moment is
An eternity.

Parents are away
For a moment—
A moment is
An instant.

Friends are away
For a moment—
A moment is
A flash.

Reality is here
For a moment—

A moment is
A twinkling.

Life is here
For a moment—
A moment is
Gone.

Man and woman
are one.

The image is two.
Ideas are two.

Man and woman
are one.

Aunt Nell Makes Her Choice

GEORGE MYERS

Aunt Nell put her sewing away, got up from the creaky rocker in which she was sitting, and walked out into the hall to examine the large brown clock. I still have a few minutes, and I mustn't get too excited, she thought. She turned and retraced her steps into the dusty Victorian parlor and immediately began fussing over a healthy Boston fern.

Standing next to the plant, Aunt Nell looked every inch a part of the room. She was as much a piece of furniture as the chairs, tables, lamps, or the family portraits which dotted all four walls. From head to toe she represented a part of American culture—as national as baseball or a Sunday picnic. In fact, if a list were made of all of the characteristics which make up seventy-year-old widows, I am sure Aunt Nell would have every last one of them.

Aunt Nell, apparently satisfied with the fern's progress, again walked into the hall and looked at the clock. Then she stepped to the calendar on the opposite wall and turning over several pages found the correct month. Yes, she thought. The first Tuesday after the first Monday in the month of November is always election day. It's terrible, she thought. All of those people who won't take the time to cast a vote on election day. Yes, it is really a national disgrace, especially since so many have fought and died to secure this right for us. And those courageous ladies who so bravely fought in the suffrage movement. They were martyrs

every ounce as much as the soldier who went onto the battlefield. It is just disgraceful the attitude some people take toward their country.

Aunt Nell decided it was time to leave for the polls. She took her umbrella from the stand, affixed it securely in the crook of her arm, locked the door behind her, and started up Railroad Street to the fire hall.

Aunt Nell arrived at the polls fifteen minutes later. She signed her name, picked up her ballot, and went into the booth.

Inside, Aunt Nell scanned the ballot. The same thing again this election, she thought. Two men running for president that I have never heard of although one of them sounds kind of familiar. But it is so hard to be sure. It seems that in the last five or six presidential elections this has been the case. Well, it is my patriotic duty to select one of them. At least this year you can pronounce the names. Aunt Nell studied the ballot, looking at one name and then the other. She was completely confused. At last she picked up the pencil and started laboriously making x's. Then she sighed, removed her glasses, neatly folded her ballot, and walked from the booth.

Aunt Nell was half way up Railroad Street when she saw Ralph Holtz, the grocer. She crossed the street and walked up to Ralph. "Hope you don't forget to cast your ballot today, Ralph. You know in some countries folks aren't allowed to choose their president."

Prologue To A Prayer

PAUL MORRIS

Not night
Nor day, not morning
Nor evening
Invade your realm—
Your platforms and your plains.
Where is this world
Of sharp-rocked mountains
Mirrored on a halcyon lake,
Of melting watches
Soft and limp on embryos,
Of swarming ants on gold,
Of one-root, one-limb trees?
Is this your memory?
Is this my memory?

Is this some world
We walked within
Before our wretched now?
Is man an incarnate form
Of agile artless ant?
Does time sag limp
And invertebrate
Across our minds?

Let us offer up white oxen to the sun
And summon forth the spirits from the trees
With ancient Druid rites,
For life is full of flight and fear and mysteries.

My Religion Tree

SANDRA HAMMANN

My religion tree
Began to grow
The day I was born.

The roots
Were established early.
They will always remain
Even though the tree may be destroyed.

The trunk
Was aided in its growth
By my parents.
They watered it
With parables, love,
Nurtured it
With understanding, interpretation.

Branches
Became strong.
Leaves
Appear at appointed times.

And I celebrate their coming.

Doubts invade my beliefs,
Freeze the leaves,
But leaves return,
Doubt disappears,
And strength comes back.

Doubts
May threaten my tree,
Tear it to the ground.
Roots
Will remain untouched.
My tree
Will survive all storms,
Will grow again after my untoward attack.

My religion tree
Is
Indestructible.

The Philosopher

DICK SAXTON

Box —
Lock Haven State College
September 31, 1960

Dear Marie,

I realize that I should have written sooner, but college life this year is filled with many new things, things that take up much more time than I had anticipated. Nevertheless, I have been thinking of you, and us, and I have come up with some startling revelations.

Sometime ago I read that someone said that it was a sorrowful fact that romanticism is dead! Romance is now but a seventeen-cent word used for the purchase of a million dollars of happiness. A date, a dance, a kiss, and fifteen cents are spent. A carefully placed "I love you," and you begin to reap interest on an investment that is about as explosive as last year's moon probe. Yes, Marie, even love has felt the binds of this hurry-up-and-get-ahead atomic era.

No one wants to take the time to tell *his* girl that she is comparable to a golden moonbeam. That sounds too silly. Nowadays, she's as sleek as a three-stage ICBM.

Years ago when a young man fell in love with a young lady, he felt compelled, compelled by some innate force, to tell her so, and why; and the most proper medium of that era was poetry, or some reasonable facsimile thereof. Oh, yes, today's young fellow still uses a grammatical medium when he tries to win his girl, but, instead of rhythmical nouns

and adjectives, he uses action words and propositions! What would the fellows say, Marie, if they found me, a football player, writing poetry to you? Well, you know just what they'd say. Sure, I realize that poetry can be silly but this silliness was borne by something that has been known to move mountains and crumble empires. Anything that powerful is anything but silly, don't you think?

But when or how do you recognize this unexplainable force, love? Is it something instantaneous, or does it creep up on you slowly? Well, I'm sure I don't know when or how, but I'm also sure that it's something that can be instantaneous and time-consuming. You don't stop to evaluate this; you either accept it or rebel against it. If you accept it you make two people happy; if you rebel and reject it you make one person rather unhappy and free yourself at the same time.

Some fellows regard their love as something sacred, something that just doesn't go along with the first good-night kiss, and when they give it they know that it is pure and honest, and above all else, perfect. They know that they are dealing with the future. They are putting themselves into a rather precarious predicament by admitting their love and thus losing their last defense. They give it fearing that it will be spurned; so when they do give it they realize that they must. They know, or feel that they know, that the time

is ripe. They need that so very precious time! Time is the official in this game, for it controls both their mode of operation and the expediency with which they carry it out.

What I am trying to say is that I'm sorry I can't tell you this in person. I wanted to wait until you come up for homecoming but now I find that is impossible, for you see, I met this girl up here, and, well, I'm sorry about the whole thing, but whatever there was between us is now over. I know that you were counting on me to take you to your class dance next month, so, if you

still want me to, I will try to make it home for that. Oh yes, your pictures are enclosed in an envelope. Sandy (the other girl I told you about) doesn't think that it is right for me to carry them around. I also would like it if you'd send my class ring back with Jim this weekend. He said that he'd stop for it.

I don't know what else to say now, so I'll close.

Always _____

P.S.

I hope that we can still be friends.

We Two Being One

(After

John Donne's CANONIZATION)

DOLORES PARUCHIA ENGLERT

Shuddering, the front door opens wide,
Youthful laughter cuts the deserted
sound of silence
Reigning throughout the darkened
house,
Then fades
Into a murmured
"Goodnight, darling. See you tomorrow."
"Goodnight—sweet dreams."
A moment's stillness,

A muffled "I love you,"
Soft retreating footsteps,
A heavy door banged shut.
A car motor roars to life in the street
Before it fades—
Fades.
And
Once again I am alone,
Or am I,
My love?

The Other Camp

PAUL MORRIS

A father and son are standing in a garden at dawn. A thin layer of mist begins to rise, and the morning sunlight falls across their forms. Each has his head bowed, and in the complete silence of the early hours, each offers an unuttered prayer to God. The sound of a dove cooing causes them to look up, and their eyes meet. To the son, looking into the father's eyes is like taking Communion, and he questions whether he is good or evil. The man's eye-lids of waferwhite skin crinkle, crows-feet tell much that tongues cannot tell and brains cannot understand, but the boy's senses feel clear meanings—meanings of faith, hope, and charity—meanings for asking about man's immortality and the fate of his soul. The son answers "good" to the question his father's sacrament-eyes make him ask. Good or evil? If "good" is the right answer, this could be the garden of Eden before sin was known in the mind; if the answer is "evil," this could be the silence before the final voice in the thunder. The son begins to bow his head, and his eyes see his father's hands, strong hands that once mined coal and are now grown soft from leafing thin, gold-edged tissue-pages. A feeling of guilt swells-up in the boy's throat because his own hands have read Ovid, turning quickly to dog-eared pages. But he knows Sunday comes once a week in winter and then in summer it comes ten days at once; with it comes the opportunity for for-

giveness. The sound of pegs being pounded issues from the far hills, and the boy looks up to see the reason for the interruption.

"Father, what place is that? Is there to be a camp-meeting there?"

"No, that is the camp of vanity, the Philistine-forces build the silken tents to Baal, temples flimsy, wind-blown—foolish shelters not anchored on the rock but in the sand. They will stay their hour and many young girls will look back on that Sodom when it is gone and turn their souls to salt by their longing."

"Then, father, that is not the place for your son, but let the lesser men attend the pagan rites held there. Let the Prodigals go out and waste their fathers' knowledge. It is not good, that chaos."

* * *

In his bed hours later, the boy is sleepless. He has been praying for the strength to resist his temptations; he has been praying for a concrete proof easier to believe in than heart-felt faith. His mind begins to question his concept of good or right. Theology, built up over the years of church, church, and everlasting church, comes into play; the weight of the problem works every neuron of his brain and finally causes his mind to jumble ideas and words. He becomes confused, perplexed. To further his plight, a warm breeze carries the sounds of music, laughter, and women's thrill-screams through the open

window. His mind, in its confusion, begins to wonder about the carnival:

The wicked are a lusty lot, but happy. How they revel past all hours righteous to be awake in. No place fit for me, but I cannot sleep. Would not be the first time to go against his wish a little. No! People happy, but they must be good—those bad are punished for their sins by sorrow and mourning, weeping and gnashing of teeth. God strikes them down, slays them, but this is a happy people. I should not think about it. Sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep, sleep. Can't. Maybe go up and look at it, bore myself by seeing all that sin, then sleep. Why not? Why not? Why not? I have my own door and stairs; no one can tell when I go or when I come. Why not?

He gets up; his movements are dream-like as if he were magnetized and drifting—drawn toward some opposite pole. He gets dressed, t-shirt tight, pants same way, white socks, blue suedes. He combs his hair, and moves out into the warm night, floating like a figure in a Chagall painting. He is not bodily weightless, and he realizes it and walks near the wall-edge of the steps so they don't creak.

Now on the street, his feet fall hard on the concrete. The moon is full, and a moisture circle rings it. He thinks of the night as a huge warm room, and the thought contrasts itself with the coldness of the church sanctuary when it is empty in the night without even candles to warm it. The noises from the fair-grounds become louder, and he begins to move faster. He sprints down the alley to the railroad tracks. Then he walks again until he is close to the

camp.

Close now, can see the people in the camp. See some people I know in there, church people. All right to go in.

Yellow lights are strung around the camp, a fence of electric lights setting it off from the outside world. Yellow lights are friendly, warm; he walks underneath them to see how it feels. Small wheels are spinning, numbers come up, "Red 29"; large wheels carry people up and then down in great circles of light. "Try your luck, just set up the coke bottle, everybody wins, everybody wins." "See little Serene, the living head, the beautiful head of a beautiful girl, the head without a body, the beautiful . . ." "Ten love-la women inside, TEN. See Little Egypt. Hey boy, Ten love-la women inside." He is caught-up in the noise, and he moves, without design, looking at it all, trying to capture it in his memory. As he walks beside a small tent in a dimly lighted section of the carnival, a small hand closes on his arm.

"Tell your fortune, mister? Want to know your future? Come inside."

At the touch of the hand and the sound of the voice, he turns to look at a small dark girl with olive skin. Her almond-eyes look damp; they have a look of pity in them and a sadness. He turns his head away in an attempt to resist her, but her hand clings to his arm—the touch of woman, soft-warm-round woman. For the first time in the night his body begins to feel cold, except for the small patch of skin beneath the hand of woman.

"That's a nice arm, feels hard. You must be strong, come on in."

He looks at her again, Helen and Cassandra. A warm rain begins to fall. People begin to leave. They stand there in the rain, the girl's skin begins to glow and shine because of the rain coating it. The yellow lights play on it. It reminds him of a painting of a Paris street after a rain with the sun sparkling on its surface. He forces his hand into his pocket and feels a crumpled bill.

"I'm broke."

"That's O.K. Everybody is leaving. I have time. Come on in."

The hand is warm on his arm, and she will not let loose. Inside the tent the air is still warm. The heat from the sun is trapped under the canvas long after the sun has gone down. The rain falls harder, hitting the canvas in a million drum-stick taps.

"Come sit here on the couch. Give me your hand."

In the soft glow from the candle his hand looks old to him. It trembles. He thinks for a second how he once thought of becoming a doctor; these shaking hands are not the hands of a doctor. His shaking hand seems to him the sign of a shaking soul, shaking in fear of the wickedness surrounding it. She holds his hand lightly in one of hers, and with her other hand she begins to trace lines.

"The life-line is long, but it is deep. Many long lines cut across it. This means you will have a life of sorrows.

The line of fortune is short, which is not good with a long life-line. The mount of Venus is high, a good sign, but not for you."

Outside, the thunder begins to crack, and a strong wind forces the tent-walls in. She says strong winds scare her, and she tightens her grip on his hand. She lowers her head to look closely at the lines, and pulls his hand in between her breasts.

"I can see no joy in your future, you should find joy in the present. The future looks bad, and eternity is death. Find joy in the present, find it tonight."

A gust of wind comes into the tent, and there is no light.

* * *

In the morning when the boy awakens in his own bed, he finds it cold and damp with sweat. All the fiends of hell have flown over it during the night, and in a dream he has seen a velvet-robed man plant a rose garden. When the man tried to reap his harvest, he pricked his flesh on a thorn. The stem that held that thorn had been on the plant most cared for, nourished with the most love. No one could pull that thorn from the flesh. It was as it is had been born into the man's flesh. The son looks at himself in the mirror across the room from his bed, and for an instant the reflection is a thorn.

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