



# The Crucible

1963

Lock Haven State College  
Lock Haven, Pennsylvania

# The Crucible

*A Publication of the English Club*

LOCK HAVEN STATE COLLEGE

LOCK HAVEN, PENNSYLVANIA

1963

*Editor:* RON WILSON

*Assistant Editor:* JOE VERGILIS

*Business Manager:* BETSY KNIGHT

*Ass't. Business Manager:* GEORGE GRANT

*Circulation:*

FRED HAMMER and MARY LYNNE HARBER

*Staff:*

JOHN CROWLEY

TONA DUNKLE

JOANNE KANIS

KAREN McMICHAEL

DAVE ROSS

VICKI STEINBERG

CLAUDIA WASKO

*Faculty Adviser:* E. B. HILLS

CONTENTS

E. B. HULL, Faculty Advisor

Table of contents listing various stories and their page numbers, including 'Walter and the Hairy Lolly', 'Lolly for My Son', 'Two-Dollar Candy Hamlet', 'No Kinder Words', 'Headin' to a Cricket Chipping', 'Biddford Point, 1958', 'Old Zach: Old Mike (Dank Post)', 'The IBM (Oscar F. Gilbert, Jr.)', 'When I Was Fifteen', 'An Easy on Nothing That Might Contain Amibic', 'Boy at Night', 'Blackie White and Whites An' Colored (Oscar F. Gilbert, Jr.)', 'There In Imagination (Nick Stebbins)', 'Fishes Imagination (Barbara Gannon)', 'Now and Again (George Grant)', 'The Hunter (R. B. Powell)', 'When I Was Twelve (Barbara Gannon)', 'The Hunter Came Out by the Same Door When I Was', 'The Optimist (Robert Morgan)', 'Carnival (Joseph Vergilis)', 'Hands Off! (Barbara Gannon)', 'When Was Ten (Barbara Gannon)', 'A First Look at Winter (Richard Ballantine)', 'Mopie Logs Burn Bright and Long (George Grant)', 'That's My Wife - A Self Portrait (Barbara Gannon)', 'Up and Down Down (Richard Ballantine)', 'All About Fishes (Richard Ballantine)', 'Mistakes Are Made of This and That (Barbara Gannon)', 'Picture of a Cloud (Richard Ballantine)', 'The Evening's Entertainment (Nick Stebbins)'

Walter and the Hairy Lolly

JOSEPH VERGILIS

WALTER WORTHINGTON strolled carefully through the little souvenir shop, studying each item and weighing its appropriateness. "A pair of elephant tusks? No, too common. A shrunken head! No, Mother already has one of those."

This was his first trip to Africa, and he wanted the gift to be something very unusual, because it was for a very unusual person. How many women are sixty-two years old and president of a shipping line? Yes, Mrs. Worthington was a very special person and deserved a special gift.

Walter had almost decided on a string of genuine Mau Mau teeth when he overheard a pair of fellow Britishers talking.

"I heard it was about eight inches high and weighed around three pounds."

Well, you better say eight inches in diameter, because it is nothing but a ball of fuzz with four stubby legs. I hear they don't eat much, either."

By this time Walter's curiosity was aroused too much for him to stay out of the conversation; so he decided to introduce himself and find out about this un-Britishly, strange little creature.

"Excuse me, chaps, but I couldn't help overhearing. Would I be out of place if I asked you what you are talking about?"

"Certainly not. Always glad to meet a fellow Englishman out in this beastly country."

"Thank you, gentlemen. My name is Walter Worthington."

"George Crenshaw, here."

"I'm Henry Miller, XVI. Glad to know you, Mr. Worthington."

"Now about this . . . What was the name of that beast?" Walter asked.

"Well, the native word for it is *Wanatoka* which, translated, means *hairy lolly*."

"Hairy lolly!"

"I thought it was *Wanatuka*," George Crenshaw interrupted.

"No, I'm sure it is *Wanatoka*."

"Well, maybe, but you're right about the translation, Henry."

"Thank you, George."

Walter was excited. "I've never heard of a hairy lolly," he thought to himself. "What a great gift it would make for Mother!"

Henry Miller XVI went on. "It seems the little beast is just one little ball of fur, and you can't tell the back from the front."

"I was looking for an unusual gift and this sounds perfect."

"It is unusual, all right," replied George Crenshaw, "very economical too, because all it eats is a clod of dirt now and then. Yes, it would be a nice gift for the person who has everything. The person you have in mind has everything, I suppose?"

"Oh yes, she's my mother," exclaimed Walter. "Where do I get one of these wonderful animals?"

"This could be a problem. You see, no one has ever seen a hairy lolly except a native tribe called the What-use-ies. Their village is about fifty miles east of here."

"Then I'll go there and get my hairy lolly."

"That's isn't so easy. Quite a few men have tried to capture one, but the lolly always outsmarts them."

"No beast is smarter than a man."

"Don't be too sure," warned Henry Miller XVI.

"Well, thanks for the information. I'll be on my way now. I have to see a What-use-y about a hairy lolly."

"Good-bye," Henry Miller XVI called after him.

"And good luck," George Crenshaw added.

"Thanks!" Walter hurried out the door. "First I'll get some supplies, get a good night's sleep, then head for the What-use-ies' village. I'm sure I can hire some natives to help me capture a hairy lolly."

The overloaded truck rumbled down the dirt road. It was getting late and Walter had not yet found the What-use-y village. "It's getting pretty dark. I guess I'll make camp here and look for the What-use-ies tomorrow."

Walter sat huddled near his campfire. The African night was cool, and the strange sounds made him shiver with apprehension. The long ride had made him weary, and he wished he could sleep. Slowly his eyes dropped shut. The jungle quieted down, and

the fire seemed warmer; the rifle at his side assured his safety. He was almost asleep.

Suddenly his eyes opened. Walter had heard a sound and then Walter was terrified, for around him stood fifteen half-naked natives curiously staring at him. Each one was about four and one-half feet high, and the shadows from the fire dancing on their face made a strange sight indeed. Each pair of small brown hands clutched a spear that was twice as tall as the natives themselves.

"Hostile Pygmies!" thought Walter. "Oh, I thought I was headed for the What-use-y tribe, but I must have made the wrong turn back there at the stop sign. They're probably headhunters, too!"

Just then another small dark figure, slightly taller than the others, stepped out of the bushes. He was older than the others, Walter could tell, but he was not sure how much older. He could have been anywhere between twenty-five and fifty. A slight smile was on his lips and his bright eyes flashed in the fire light.

Then, to Walter's amazement, he spoke — in perfect English. "Good evening, my name is Floyd."

This was just too much for poor Walter, and he felt himself losing consciousness, as he always did when things got beyond his comprehension.

The next thing he knew, his face was being splashed with cold water. As he opened his eyes he saw sixteen strange little faces grinning at him, sixteen sets of large white teeth. He was about to close his eyes when Floyd spoke again.

"I'm sorry we frightened you, sir,

but we were camped just down the road when my boys observed your fire and decided to investigate. You see, Tuesday night is Troop P's camping night."

The thought of Pygmy Boy Scouts with a troop leader named Floyd was a little more than Walter could comprehend. He decided to pass it all off as just a bad dream and go to sleep. Before he could close his eyes, however, he again heard the strange voice.

"What are you doing here in our jungle?"

By this time Walter had almost forgotten where he was or why he was there. Then he remembered.

"I, I'm looking for the What-use-y tribe."

"Well, you've found part of it. We are What-use-ies. Our village is about three miles down the river. Why do you look for us?"

"I want to hire some of you to help me."

"Help you do what?"

"Help me capture a hairy lolly."

The little man leaned back and howled with laughter. His white teeth gleamed and gleamed.

"What a big voice for a little man!" thought Walter. "What's so funny?" he said aloud. His feelings were hurt and he didn't mind letting Floyd know it.

"You. The hairy lolly is ten times smarter than any white man."

"If you're so smart, then you help me get one." Walter's voice was at once petulant and challenging.

The little brown man had suddenly become very quiet. He thought for a few minutes, then replied. "OK

Mister . . . What's your name?"

"Worthington, Walter Worthington."

"OK, Mister Worthington. Bwana Walter Worthington. I will help you, and my boys will also help. Tomorrow we will go back to the village and prepare for the hunt. *Quanto na Bwana Walter*. (Boys, meet Mr. Walter.)" The scouts tried eagerly to say "Bwana Walter," but it kept coming out "Barometer Water." Walter was now Barometer.

"Wait a minute? How can you speak such perfect English? And your name?"

Floyd gave another burst of laughter. "I am a college man," he said. "I studied at the University of South Africa under the British Pygmy Grant. I have a master's in agriculture, and I can now help my people learn better farming methods. And if you think my name is funny, wait until you meet my brother, Acapulco."

Walter did not have the courage to ask how Floyd's brother had got such a name, and after what he had been through this night, he decided not to pursue the conversation any further. He agreed to meet the Pygmies in the morning and proceed to the village where they could arrange a safari.

The little group wove through the jungle like a small freight train. Floyd led the safari, cutting a path with a long knife that was a big as he was. Walter stumbled along behind him, ducking under branches that did not trouble Floyd. Behind him marched thirty tiny black feet. The chattering monkeys overhead and on all sides seemed to be laughing at the strange procession.

"I'm glad my friends can't see me now," Walter thought to himself. "I feel like a tyrant. You can hardly see the little chaps for the bundles on their heads."

But the Pygmies did not seem to mind their loads, and they were all able to keep up the pace. There was one small problem, however. He kept losing one of the little men in the bushes, and then they all had to stop and call and hunt till they had found him.

"Wait a minute, Floyd. We've lost another one, Floyd. We have got to do something about this. We spend too much time looking for the boys."

"I have an idea," said Floyd. "We can tie a rope around your waist, then tie it around the waist of each one of them."

"Great idea!" replied Walter. "Why didn't I think of that?" Walter noticed that Floyd didn't answer.

The ropes were all tied and the little caravan again set out for hairy-lolly country.

The African sun was starting to fade, and Walter's legs began to ache.

"When do we make camp?" he called to Floyd.

"Pretty soon. When we find a good spot."

Just then a lion's roar shook the jungle, and thirty little feet shot in fifteen different directions. The ropes, after dragging Walter this way and that through the brush and reducing his waist size by three inches, finally broke or came loose. As Walter lay moaning, he wondered if the hairy lolly could be worth all this.

By this time Floyd was shouting and waving his arms wildly. "*Tomua*

*san uto?* (Aren't you ashamed of yourselves?) *Abura lante damaro unte.* (You're a disgrace to Troop P.) *Ropano tiasco su tui.* (We'll make camp here.) *Nuato famo Bwana Walter.* (Now apologize to Bwana Walter.)"

"*Etua*, Barometer Walter," the boys said sadly.

"That's all right. No harm done."

As Walter sat near the campfire eating the cheese souffle with mushroom sauce that Floyd had prepared, he wondered how he and Troop P were ever going to capture a hairy lolly.

"Hey, Floyd, how are we going to capture a hairy lolly?"

"I have a plan that can't fail," Floyd replied. "We'll bait him with eggplant."

"Eggplant! But I thought they ate only dirt."

"That's right, that's what we all thought; but a strange thing happened the other day. I had an eggplant growing in the garden (my people had never seen an eggplant before—this is one of the things I brought back from Ag school) and for some reason it had attracted a group of lollies. They seemed to have a strange desire for my eggplant. Fortunately we chased them before they ate the eggplant. All except one, he managed to get a bite."

"What do you mean, fortunately?"

"Well, the eggplant has very terrible effects on the hairy lolly; so we must be careful that we only tempt them, not feed them. I think it is dark enough now to try. Here is the plan. You get under that bush over there. About six feet in front of you will be

my eggplant with a string attached. You hold the other end of the string. We will be above you in the tree. When he gets close enough, we throw a net on him. Now, you attract the lolly with this sound: *Oogle oogle, oogle oogle gleep gleep, oogle gleep, oogle oogle gleep.* Try it."

Walter mimicked the strange sounds. "Oogle, oogle, oogle oogle gleep."

"Very good," said Floyd. "Let's go."

Walter sat crouched under the bush clutching the string attached to the eggplant. "Oogle oogle, oogle oogle gleep." Ten minutes passed, "Oogle oogle, oogle gleep, oogle gleep." An hour went by. "Oogle gleep, oogle oogle gleep." Then he heard a small sound. His heart pounded against his chest as he held the string tighter. "It's him," he whispered to himself. "It's he, it's he," he said, correcting his grammar. "I see him!" The little creature crept slowly toward him.

Walter could see him plainly now as they stared eye to eye. At least he thought it was eye to eye, but he could not be sure whether the lolly was blinking his eyes or wagging his tail. Anyway, the little beast came closer and closer. The lolly approached cautiously. Walter knew that the lolly saw him, but it seemed he just could not resist the eggplant. The strange little animal crept closer.

Then the net dropped.

"We've got him!" shouted Floyd.

"Hooray! Nice work!" Walter called.

"*Atua! Atua* Barometer," the boys cheered.

Walter wheeled around when he heard an uncanny sound behind him. He felt the blood draining from his face, for twenty yards away was the most terrifying creature he had ever seen. It looked like the hairy lolly, but it was six feet tall, maybe eight. It was making the oogle-ogle-ogle-ogle sounds Walter had learned to make only they were as loud as if the lolly were equipped with a powerful built-in public-address system.

"What is it?" Walter screamed up to Floyd.

Floyd answered, "A lolly. *Lollismus hirsutus.*"

"But hairy lollies are only eight inches high!"

"I told you that eggplant has terrible affects on them. He is the one."

"The one what!"

"The one that ate the eggplant. The eggplant makes them grow to enormous size. The more they eat, the more they grow."

Walter was frantic. "Let the small one go."

"What!" cried Floyd.

"You heard me. Let it go! We're getting out of here. Why didn't you tell me what the eggplant does to them?"

"You didn't ask me."

Walter examined the genuine Mau Mau necklace once more. Finally he walked over to the shopkeeper. "I'll take this." He trudged slowly out the door thinking about the almost perfect gift.

## Lullaby for My Son

Summer, 1962

TONA DUNKLE

Sleep on, my little son,  
Sleep on.  
Unknown to you,  
I sit beside your bed.  
Your parted lips,  
Relaxed in sleep,  
Still echo the curve of your smile.

Your stubby,  
Strong,  
Boy-fingers  
Lie relaxed upon the sheet,  
Curled shut  
Almost as if they still held a hammer  
or a saw.

I smile as I remember how you came  
running into my kitchen earlier  
today

To grasp me by the hand  
And pull me,  
Stumbling,  
Outside.

You led me up the narrow pathway  
to the wood,  
Your blue eyes sparkling when you  
glanced back to hurry me along.

Then, breathless,  
We reached the middle of the grove.  
"Look!" you said,  
Pointing up into the oak tree,  
"Look there!"

I looked —  
And smiled within myself  
At three small boards nailed high  
among the branches.  
"I built it by myself," you said.

That was this joy-filled morning,  
And now,  
Tonight,  
My little son,  
Sleep on.

Sleep on, my little son,  
Sleep on.  
Never fear the war that looms behind  
each headline that I read.

Warmongers are eons removed  
From your tree-house wood.  
Sleep on, my little son,  
Sleep on.

## Twentieth-Century Hamlet

BARBARA GUMMO

To be  
Or not  
To be  
Is not  
The problem;  
To be  
Let be  
Is.

## No Kinder Words . . .

RONALD L. LINDSAY

IT IS MOST LIKELY that a gesture extended to me in March, 1962, by a friend and teammate meant more to me than any other I have ever received. I feel reasonably sure that no words were ever sent my way which were kinder in meaning.

It was the second night of the Physical Education Demonstration, presented every two years for the public and the college student body by the Department of Physical Education of the Lock Haven State College. Tension was high among the performers, and especially so among the members of the Gymnastic Exhibition Team, who were about to perform in their specialized fields of apparatus.

The feeling I refer to was not that of "butterflies" that can and sometimes do accompany a program of this sort, for the Gym Team had performed in thirteen shows that year prior to the demonstration and were by this time somewhat "seasoned." This was an apprehensive atmosphere which stemmed from an incident the preceding evening.

All through December, January, February, and March, up to the time of the Demonstration, Dick Miller had been working on a difficult dismount from the Horizontal Bar during our Gym Team work-outs. I had been helping Dick with the dismount, and spotting on the actual attempts during practice sessions. (Spotting is a safety procedure of assisting or catching the performer in the event of a miscue.)

Early in February Dick got the dismount to the point where he could perform it without difficulty. The dismount is actually a forward somersault executed after release on the back-swing. This requires timing on the back-swing so that the performer's release from the bar is at the correct instant. After the release, the head is tucked, chin to chest, the body tucked tight, and the motion is that of a forward roll, except that it is eight or nine feet from the floor. The crux of the trick is the lead-up from the last part of the routine. A trick such as this necessarily requires constant practice, and even once it is mastered, may slip away from one on occasion.

One night in a practice session, for example, Dick was doing well in the lead-up and was about to "go for it," to quote a phrase used by our coach, Mr. Zimmerman. Since Dick had been doing so well in previous attempts, it was assumed that he would not require assistance from the spotters standing by. At the last instant, however, his heels struck the bar, stopping his motion, and Dick plummeted to the mats, landing unceremoniously on—(vernacular for Glutinous Maximus.)

For the most part unhurt, at least physically, he tried the dismount successfully several times in the remaining practice-time that evening. That was the last time he missed the trick up to the time of the Thursday eve-

ning in March which I am describing.

The demonstration was at hand, and Dick had the trick where he could do it whenever he desired. The night of the performance it was decided that when I finished my routine on the trampoline, I would then move to the hi-bar and spot for Dick and Kent Schlopy, who was also working on the bar.

Everything went well throughout Dick's routine until he came to the trick leading to the dismount. His cast, the movement which would give him the required speed and momentum, was poor in execution. I was inactively spotting, as we usually do during a demonstration — that is, kneeling rather than standing, so as not to detract from the performer's routine. This technique lowers the efficiency of the spotter, however, since he must move swiftly from the floor, up and under the performer. I was neither quick enough nor heavy enough to help Dick as he crashed to the mat, landing on the back of his head.

As he tried to rise, it was evident that he was more shaken than he or anyone else wanted to believe, and he was told to lie still until a stretcher was brought onto the floor. As he was carried to the training room, I doubt if he was aware of the applause; I know that I was only vaguely aware of it. After a quick preliminary examination by a doctor, it was thought that Dick was not seriously hurt, and word was given to the audience by the college president, Dr. Richard Parsons.

How does the performer feel when a situation like this occurs? At first, he is dazed and doesn't think too much about it. But the following hours and days are hectic with the thoughts of what has happened, what might have happened, whether or not he will try that trick again, how he looked before all those high school students and teachers (what would be the reaction when a student was later told to perform on the hi-bar at his school. Furthermore, there would be the anger at himself for missing the trick, and some loss of faith in the spotter's ability to spot and how does the spotter feel? If at all possible, the spotter probably feels worse than the performer. The spotter is not dazed and therefore can dwell on the same thoughts as the performer, but more keenly. He also takes full blame for the misshap, cursing himself for being inept, too slow, clumsy, and anything else he can think of to make himself feel worse than he already does.

Dick was taken to the local hospital, examined more thoroughly, then sent home to bed. The doctor said he was confident that Dick was not seriously injured but would probably sport a headache for a few hours. I stopped at Dick's apartment on my way home. He was still somewhat shaken and was getting ready for some needed rest, so I didn't stay long. After all, what could I say that would help at that point? I finally went to bed for what was to be a hard-fought battle for sleep. The comfort of sleep was slow in coming, and while waiting for it like a restless windshieldwiper, I found that the

darkness of my room was relentless in its ability to capture and hold a picture of what had happened.

Just as I was about to fall asleep, a startling thought occurred to me, "What about tomorrow night?" I hadn't even thought of that aspect. This was quickly followed by other questions. Will he perform at all tomorrow? If so, will he try the dismount? If he consults me at all, what could I tell him? Finally eluding the unmerciful self-damning thoughts, I fell asleep.

The following morning gave some answers to the questions of the night before. Walking to the Fieldhouse, I met Dick and Kent, who were discussing whether or not Dick should try the dismount that evening. Had I thought about the fortitude of Dick Miller, I would have known that, if at all possible, he would perform. It was evident that he and Kent hadn't even considered the possibility of his not performing. The only question they had had was in connection with the dismount. (I had a few questions of my own, however. One of them was "Who would do the spotting?")

It was decided that he would try it, providing he felt at the time that he had the proper momentum necessary. He also said that he would like me to spot for him again. It is unnecessary to tell you that I was elated to think he still had some confidence in me as a spotter. At the same time, though, I felt a degree of anxiety.

Friday evening was an uneasy one for me, as I'm sure it must have been for Dick. Even though I had performed in many shows of this type, never had I felt the same as I did that night. I did a clown routine in

the beginning of my act, and was dressed accordingly. The funny-looking man who made children laugh with his trampoline antics wasn't laughing very hard himself.

Just prior to my entrance, I was sitting outside the locker room on a long table, my baggy pants hanging clumsily around my lower torso, a purple tie askew and contrasting with a checkered red, green, and black shirt, and a too-large hat which perched on my ears rather than on my head.

Dick walked from the dressing room looking stern, tense, and worried. (As it turned out later, his lead-up was poor again, and consequently he did not do the dismount.) As he moved toward the floor, adjusting his leather hand-guards, I could see the powerful body was ready, but not relaxed; the spring was gone from his usually bouncy gait. As he looked up and saw me, he changed direction slightly, and moved toward the table on which I was sitting. Neither of us spoke, our feelings taking the expressive form of nervously darting glances. Only a few seconds elapsed, I'm sure, but it seemed to be more than a lifetime. Before turning to go to his designated entrance, Dick extended to me a most welcome strong, sure hand. The grasp did not last more than a few seconds; it didn't need to.

No audience had ever given me a hand more appreciated, more needed. No gesture ever relayed more true feeling. The most powerful transmitter in the world could not have sent a message that said so much. To me, no kinder words had ever been spoken.

## Hamlin to a Cricket Chirping

JOSEPH VERGILIS

Why chirpest thou, oh cricket dark, when light  
Doth hide beneath a sleepy cloud and gray?  
Thy song is clear, I must concede; but night  
Seeks not the prosy trivials of day.

Perhaps thine endless chirping calleth to  
A lover. If so, why so loudly call?  
She hath an ear attuned, would hear as true  
If, chirping lower, compliments were all.

Oh, would that thou wouldst chirp by day and not  
Whilst weary eyes are vainly seeking rest.  
Have mercy, ye of little care for aught,  
And thou wilt see compassion's way is best.

To chirp or not to chirp? You must admit  
It's just not cricket, cricket, doing it.

## Biddeford Point, 1958

KAREN RICHARDSON

Why have you taken my heart from me,  
King of the whispering, wandering sea?

You took my heart to your sea-hewn lair  
Took it and kept it a captive there.  
It longs for freedom, fettered, alone.  
Have you forgotten? Has love turned stone?

Eyes that change like the wind-blown sea,  
Why have you taken my heart from me?

## Old Zach: Old Mike

DAVID ROSS

THE DRIVE to old Zach Putnam's hut was the longest mile and a half imaginable. Now, the summer months, with the dust rolling from beneath the car, covering the milkweeds and wild carrots along the roadside and swirling in through my little open place in the car, drying my throat and leaving a gritty taste in my mouth, made the drive even more tedious. Luckily I made the trip only once a week. If Zach could have had it any other way, I wouldn't have come even that often. He didn't particularly dislike me — that is, personally; as a matter of fact, I figured I was probably the nearest thing to a friend he had ever had; old Zach just didn't like people in general. However hard I tried to understand, I just couldn't seem to see how he went on existing, being by himself all the time as he was. Maybe that's what concerned me most about Zach; maybe, I thought, someday I would know.

Finally I came within sight of the one-room shack. I couldn't see for sure, but I didn't really have to see to know that Zach was sitting in the same worn, mahogany-colored rocking chair with the tall back, his dog, Rover, lying close by in the sun. The dog, no doubt a left-behind mongrel, used to bark when I first started to visit Zach; he doesn't anymore. I swear to God some extra-sensory perception must have told Zach each

time I was coming; he was nearly always right there on the porch waiting. I can remember only once when he wasn't there, and then he wasn't far away. That time Zach was standing along the run across the road from his shanty staring hypnotically at three or four small horned-chubs flashing from rock to rock. Probably Zach would have watched them for hours, had I not interrupted him.

"Hi ya, Mr. Putman."

I always called him "Mr. Putman." One time I called him "Zach," and the uncomfortableness afterward I shall never forget. He always called me "Mr. Brandon," not "Mike."

"H'lo, Mr. Brandon," was the usual reply.

"What'cha up to?"

"Oh, jist watchin' a couple horny chubs. Amazin' litle creatures."

"I brought you some food and tobacco."

"Thanks, I was runnin' low," he said, thumbing some tobacco down in his pipe and stuffing the near-empty pouch of Half-and-Half back into his shirt pocket.

"D'ya bring me some matches?" he questioned, striking one with his left thumb.

"Yep, got a carton."

That's about all our conversations ever amounted to. To be sure, the entire trip didn't amount to much more — my driving up and seeing the the old man in his blue flannel



shirt and the filthy blue overalls and hat, Zach with about a three-day growth of grey-black whiskers and a bowl-shaped haircut. Yeh, that's all there was to see. That was Old Zach. I had always wondered what he had done before I came to know about him, whether he had always lived like that, but I never dared to ask.

Zach obviously didn't have a family. That's one thing we had in common. When my dad died, there wasn't anyone close to me left. I was an only child, and my mom had died becoming my mother. I didn't know too much about her; Dad never said anything. She must have been wonderful, though; nothing less than wonderful would have been able to get Dad.

T. Riff Brandon, my dad. He was that kind of guy who would buy a new 'scope for his rifle, then let me try it first. Yeh, he let me use it the first day of deer season. It was a nice day to hunt. There was about an inch of snow on the ground. Dad was an expert hunter. He had gone out the day before, Sunday, and checked to see where the deer had been crossing. Early next morning, about 5:00 a.m. he wakened me. Everything was ready. Breakfast was short. Just before daylight we reached the spot Dad had chosen so expertly. We saw plenty of deer. I missed one. Dad said he had missed one, too, but I think he just said it so I wouldn't feel so bad. He was too good a shot to miss. All day long there were intermittent flurries of snow, each one leaving a promise of more to come. Then by late afternoon the clouds grew deeper grey and the promised

threat became a reality. The sifting breeze became a blistering wind and the snow came thick like smoke from smouldering brush.

"Well, Deerslayer, Great White Hunter, we better make tracks if we want to eat supper tonight," Dad said.

"Yeh, the snow sure is coming down."

"I'd hate to have to push the car home. Of course, I could always steer and make you push." Then he smiled to let me know he wasn't talking for real.

The next morning, Tuesday, there was about six-seven inches of snow and a drift about a foot or more in the drive.

"Hey, Mike. How about playing snow plow and helping me in the driveway?"

"Sure, Dad."

Dad gave me the new shovel with the still-black scoop and red ring around the handle. He used the old one.

Nearly through the drift Dad gave a hell of an agonizing half-moan, half-scream. He crumpled to his knees, his fingers trying to dig his heart from his chest. He died about an hour later.

I was despondent for months. Finally I saw that life was going on and that I must go along with it.

I probably never would have pulled out of my state of depression had it not been for Martha. Martha Goodrich. I often think about her. All she wanted was a husband, family, and a happy home life. Little did I realize until lately that I was her prospective

cathe. Things would be a lot different now had I known it then.

"Hey, Mike, wouldn't you like to live at the Hemings'? Their family, two boys and two girls, it's ideal. Nice house, good car, and Mr. Hemings gets a good salary working at the Taft Building. A nice place for you."

"Yeh, it must be nice," was all I ever answered.

How damned blind could I have been? Martha was the only girl I could talk to without being afraid. I dreamed of others, though.

"827-5334"

"Hello."

"Hello, is Janice there? This is Michael Brandon speaking."

"Yes, just a minute; I'll call her."

"Hi, Mike. I've been waiting for a call from you."

"Hi, Janice. *Ben-Hur* is on at the State Theatre. Wanna go?"

"Sure, Mike. You know that."

"I'll see you at 7:30 then. Bye, Janice."

"Bye, Mike."

I dreamed.

Everything was looking bad. I had a good job working in the office at Woolman's Textiles. I was in the branch that took orders and relayed them to the shipping room. Actually I didn't do much work. As a matter of fact, usually I wasn't doing anything. Sometimes I read books at work. I had just finished *The Sun Also Rises*, by Hemingway. It was a good book. I don't read books at work anymore. I don't work. There was a hell of a cut in the workers one week. Too many chiefs and not enough Indians, they said. I didn't

know I was a chief, and when I found out, I wasn't anymore. Ironic, huh?

Someone who thought he knew his stuff about economics phrased it all on a card they sent us, "The expenditures are too great for the profits at Woolman's Textiles to balance. The only alternative found suitable is to cut the office staff. When the company's economy reaches an equilibrium again, we'll call you back. We are hoping that will be soon."

I guess Mr. Keynes figured all that out. Everyone knew it was over for us for good, though. So now I'm drawing \$40 a week. Boy is that hell after being accustomed to \$95 a week. After bills are paid I don't even have enough for a good bottle of Smirnoff and a drunk a week.

First to go was my Chevrolet convertible. How can payments of \$45 a month be made when that was more than one week's pay? Now there's not even one week's pay.

Yes, as I look back, I see through eyes of regret. I'm not quite sure regret for what, but I have that feeling, somehow.

Sometimes as I sit here, my thoughts are interrupted by the sound of a car coming up the road. The road along the little run, passing in front of my one-room shack with the black tarpaper sides; the road that is used so little that grass grows between the tracks. Rove's ears distinguish the sound and I know he won't bark; he used to, but he has got accustomed to the weekly noise. Rove knows as well as I who is driving the car. It is Abe Tenley.

"Hi, Mr. Brandon," he shouts as he slams the door shut and scuffs toward my porch.

He always calls me "Mr. Brandon." I don't really know why. But I like it.

"H'lo, Mr. Tenley," I reply.

"I've got some edibles and a can of Half-and-Half for you."

"Thanks I was nearly out."

When he leaves I am still sitting, rocking in my mahogany-stained

chair, puffing my pipe. As the car speeds down the road, the dust rolls up behind and finally settles on the plantain leaves and brown-eyed susans along the road.

It is kind of Abe to come to see me now and then. After he goes, I strick a match to relight my pipe, and Rove pursues a dreamland rabbit near my feet.

## The IBM

OLIVER P. GILLOCK, JR.

*Whir, Punch, Flip, Collate, Feed, and Burp . . .*

The Calculator Age devours  
Neat cards of black-on-white. A pile  
Lies stacked on the pyre awaiting  
That moment of truth where Science-  
Technology reigns over man,  
That slow-calculating biped  
Whose mind is latent, potential  
In energy, but obsolete  
In the deep, narrow razor ruts  
Of today's quest to overturn  
Every rock for spectroscopic  
Analysis in green, dust-free  
Tombs of introspective IBM.

*Punch, Flip, Collate, Feed, Burp, and Whir . . .*

Let us program all of man's work,  
Then to determine just what we  
Need to know: It can be effected.

*Flip, Collate, Feed, Burp, Whir, and Punch . . .*

Plug The 7090 in; today  
Is poetry-knowledge (eight hours,  
Minus coffee breaks) day. To begin:  
*Collate, Feed, Burp, Whir, Punch, and Flip . . .*  
We, of course, translate our English  
Into various foreign tongues —

French, for instance. Let us translate  
The phrase "Out of sight, out of mind"  
Into French, then into English.  
Place words and counterparts on cards;  
This storehouse can be drawn upon  
At will. A switch starts up IBM.

*Feed, Burp, Whir, Punch, Flip, and Collate . . .*

Out rattles the result in French  
Which, rendered back into English,  
Reads, "The blind man is insane."  
Now, not wishing to rock this boat  
Of absurd idiom, I remain  
Backward and reject Roger H.  
Session's electronic music,  
"The Illiac Suite for String Quartet,"  
And the pat answer regarding  
Authorship of *Federalist*  
*Papers*—"our calculations show . . ."

*Burp . . .*

## When I Was Fifteen

BARBARA GUMMO

Sisterville, West Virginia,  
A poem in itself.  
I lived in a summer camp with straw mats on the floors,  
A well in the back yard,  
And paw-paws at the edge of the creek.  
The little boy who lived up the dirt road was "Clayton  
Mud-hen,"  
For obvious reasons.  
There was something wrong with the boy who lived across  
the road  
But nobody ever did anything about it.  
He shot cats and dogs,  
And one night I heard him outside my bedroom door.  
But no one believed me in the morning.  
After a while  
I didn't either.

# An Essay on Nothing That Might Contain Anything

JOSEPH VERGILIS

*The earth stood firm; through the dark window a clear image was seen.*

This probably seems like a funny way to begin an essay. Well, I agree. But this essay is not just an ordinary essay, as you probably guessed when you read the title. In fact, I am not sure it can be called an essay or that it will be regarded as such by anybody. I really do not know why I started out the way I did, but as I lay stretched across my bed, those were the words that came into my head.

Oh, no! How corny can I get? I just re-read the preceding sentence. I did not plan that rhyme, honest: *bed, head*. Golly!

Well, anyway, the words did come into my head. I do not know why those words should have appeared, for actually I was laboriously trying to think up an essay I could write, but I enjoy doing verse very much, and so I guess I just sort of think verse.

Damn it, Hills, why can't we write poetry all year, or at least do a little more with it! I am a poet, and poets do not write prose. Here I am, trying to write prose, and all I can think of is poetry.

Please excuse my sudden outbursts; I did not mean to shout, but sometimes my tensions need to be released.

Actually I had no right to think only of myself. After all, maybe not every student shares my views about poetry and prose. There are probably some Advanced Comp-ers who would rather write essays than verse (they are the ones who are out of their minds). Frustrated fools.

I suppose you are thinking that I cannot be putting forth too much effort stretched across my bed as I am, but it just so happens I do some of my best thinking in this position. Who are you to judge?

I have read that many great writers do their best work in the bathtub. What gives you the right to say that writing must be done at a desk and by someone who is fully clothed? You write the way you want, and I'll write the way I want. What if there were a law saying no writing could be done in the nude? We would be deprived of many excellent works, I am sure.

By now you have probably guessed why the title is the title it is. The title was written first, and I definitely did not know what the essay might contain before I started. In fact, I still don't know. I can hardly wait to hear what I am going to say.

I just had a thought. What the hell am I doing? But maybe it is just as well I do not know, because if I did I probably should not do it, and if I should not do it I should not get it

done. If I did not get it done, someone would be very disappointed, someone like me.

It just goes to show you; nothing is done just because you want to do it. No matter what you do, you are influenced by outside forces.

A wise man once said, "Girls are like streetcars; don't chase them. Wait a few minutes and another will be along." This sounds very nice, but sometimes the streetcar is late, and the corner becomes a little chilly.

Did you know that one-fourth of United States college students are married? I wonder if this is higher higher-education.

My title says "An Essay on Nothing." So maybe I better talk a little about nothing. Right away you would probably think that nothing is not a very important subject to talk about, but you are wrong.

Let us look first at a very important nothing, the zero. Without this little item mathematics would be lost, and when mathematics suffers, science suffers. Therefore, when mathematics suffers, progress suffers. We could never have put a man into orbit without science and mathematics. Hence, we have to say that we could not have reached outer space without nothing. I repeat: *we could not have reached outer space without nothing.*

We have seen that nothing affects us scientifically, but what about our everyday life? Does nothing affect this? The answer is a definite "Yes, nothing does." I repeat: *nothing affects our everyday life.*

Consider this situation. You are sitting in the Union. A friend walks up and asks what you are doing, or

maybe what you did in the last class. You reply, "Nothing." You are a damn liar. It is impossible to do nothing, no matter how inactive you seem to be. Try to sit and think of nothing. No matter how strongly you believe you are doing nothing, you are doing something, even if it is only thinking you are doing nothing. Therefore, we must think before we do anything or say we should like to do nothing.

All of this talk about nothing has been very important, but now I want to talk about the most interesting concept of nothing. I will begin this discussion by stating the fundamental law of a theory that I call The Theory of Nothingivity. The law is as follows: Nothing is surrounded by everything.

The basis of this law is the assumption that in the beginning there was nothing. This same nothing remains today and is contained in anything that we see or know exists.

Let me express this in a more simple manner. First picture in your mind nothing. Let a figure, X, appear. Then let successive figures, A, B, C, etc., also appear in an unlimited succession. Our mind is then diverted from nothing to the limitless amount of figures. Then nothing is shadowed or surrounded by everything that has appeared; hence, our fundamental law.

In other words, here in my room I am surrounded by the furniture, four walls, a house, air, the earth, stars, planets, and the universe. If we could eliminate air, then nothing would surround all other objects. So our law

is proved, and it is obvious that the converse is also true.

Another interesting concept of the Theory of Nothingtivity is that of unness. There is an axiom for it too. It states that for every idea or thing there is an unthing. You might argue that this concept is nothing new; we already have unthings. We have words like *unknown, undo, unconscious, uncanny*, etc. But the theory of nothing states that *every* word has an unword. Now if this concept were to be accepted there would be numerous advantages.

For instance, a freshman would not fail a test but merely unpass it. This would be very advantageous from the freshman's viewpoint.

Another example would be one I ran up against the other day. I always have to wait for my girl friend. I cannot remember when she was ever on time. Well, no, I guess I cannot really say this. I do remember times, but that was before she hooked

me. She *had* to be on time before that.

Getting back to the other day. She was late, as usual, and I was giving her a rough time about it. While I was scolding and scowling at her, she could have defended herself very simply. All she would have had to say was "I am not late, just unearly." What could I have said to that?

You might think that living in an unworld full of nothingness would not be an ideal situation, but do you think that you have a perfect world now? Nothing is ever accomplished without a trial, you know.

I suppose all good essays must be ended with a quote from Shakespeare, but since I do not know any good quotes of his, I guess I will just have to give one of my own: "Man is just a tiny speck of eternity chased by little light years." Or maybe you would like to try "Unman is just a tiny unspeck of eternity unchased by light years."

## Fog At Night

RONALD WILSON

Fog.

It comes  
and it goes,  
Leaving no footprints,  
Gliding over,  
Never touching,  
Leaving no trace.

Trees and buildings  
Merge.

Misty shadows protrude into the  
night —

People, places, things.

Friend or foe? Who goes there?  
I cannot tell.  
A shadow slips from shadow to  
shadow —  
Righteous or immoral,  
Saint or sinner,  
Furtive scowl or frank gleam,  
Sober stride or staggering stance?  
I cannot tell.  
Perhaps the fog is kind to him  
As it is to me.

## Black Is White and Whites Are Confused

A Discussion of Character-Interaction in Faulkner's  
*Requiem for a Nun*

OLIVER P. GILLOCK, JR.

A REFORMED PROSTITUTE and dope addict, Nancy is the Negro maid and "confidante" who strangles the child of Temple Drake and Gowan Stevens in William Faulkner's thin three-act play-novel *Requiem for a Nun*. Though convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged, Nancy retains her integrity, while Temple, by talking with Nancy in jail, attempts to preserve her honor. Yes, a Negro maid *can* exert a moral force in Faulkner's scheme: The quiet acceptance of one's fate seems to be that quality which Faulkner admires in his Negro characters. Certainly, the Negro has suffered in the South; at the same time—to introduce one of Faulkner's favorite words—the Negro has *endured*. Nancy, like other Negroes of Faulkner, is presented in a "noble-savage" manner. Her sins are formidable, yet her understanding (by what is no more than blind faith) of the human condition transcends the restlessness and plodding of the white man, who has lost his dignity and his sense of humor.

Temple Drake, the judge's daughter with an immoral background, epitomizes the modern woman whom Faulkner rejects consistently in his novels. Representing the woman who

has neither loyalty nor moral fiber, Temple is as cold as she is available. Faulkner succeeds brilliantly in sketching Temple as an unworthy and incapable wife and mother, but it is only through Nancy that Faulkner allows a meaningful comparison to be made. By the mechanical device of confrontation, the antithetical qualities of the two women are laid before the reader as Nancy reassures Temple of her place in God's realm. Of course, Temple is not merely a foil to the silvery faith of ignorant Nancy; she feels, but her flaw is that she cannot release herself from her egoism and self-pity. In replying to lawyer Gavin Setvens' remark that she had appealed to the Governor on behalf of her living child, Temple answers desperately:

To save my soul—if I have a soul.  
If there is a God to save it—a God who  
wants it—

This self-centered plea for deliverance gives way, however, in what is a pang of self-consciousness as Temple is about to visit Nancy before the execution. Note the reversion here:

People. They're really innately, inherently gentle and compassionate and kind.

... And now I've got to say "I forgive you, sister" to the nigger who mur-

dered my baby. No: it's worse: I've even got to transpose it, turn it around. I've got to start off my new life being forgiven again. How can I say that? Tell me. How can I?

There is a total absence of Christian faith in the deceitful Temple. She cannot comprehend Nancy's statement of pure "belief"; God, in Temple's mind, can be purchased or wooed as easily as mortal men. Responsibility for her own sense of integrity is totally lacking in Temple; she simply wishes to preserve her social honor, at all costs. While both women have sinned, only Nancy can grasp the meaning of the Christian message: *All* have sinned and God knows that none can avoid transgression; all have suffered (in repentance or in sinning—the meaning is vague here); and, as she says, "He will save you."

Faulkner concludes the episode with a brief dialogue which imparts great interpretative weight to *Requiem*:

*Temple*

Anyone to save it. Anyone who wants to. If there is none, I'm sunk. We all are. Doomed. Damned.

*Stevens*

Of course we are. Hasn't He been telling us that for going on two thousand years?

Here Temple yearns to discover a "savior" for her soul, but Gavin Stevens promptly shatters any hope of salvation in his reply, which is a misunderstanding of the futile search that is obsessing Temple. Where she seeks the calm heights upon which

her friend Nancy dwells, Temple is pulled down to the abyss of despair by counsel Stevens. It is Stevens who tears at the fabric of the Christian promise: In speaking to the Governor of the motivation underlying the murder of the child by Nancy, Stevens twists the passage "Suffer little children to come unto me" (LUKE 18:16) into a paraphrase that would read "Suffer, so that by *your* anguish, your children may come unto me in the purity of innocence." Whether or not Faulkner himself construed "suffer" to mean "endure pain," rather than as its proper contextual meaning, "allow," is purely conjectural. The meaning of the argument—be it a Faulknerian oversight or intentional distortion—is basic for an appreciation of Stevens and of his effect upon Temple: He feels that the old must be "eager" to suffer so that the generations to follow can face God ("if there is one," says Stevens) possessing some sort of mystically-sinless dignity. "Personal salvation" is an unknown concept to Stevens. He wallows in what must be interpreted as a severe ignorance of the spiritual heritage of the Judaic-Christian tradition.

Stevens, to Faulkner, is representative of modern man in turmoil with his past and in fear of the future: In his doubt of his meaning and purpose, man misreads the spirit of his heritage and, in so doing, loses contact with the stream of faith that lifted the eyes of Nancy heavenward in her moment of fearful judgment before her God.

## Three In Imitation

VICKI STEINBERG

1.

Like man, I've got a cat's tale  
To tell to bring tears.

Like I had a splash class  
At eight in the morning  
And a boom, crash, stink class at nine,  
And ten fleetings  
To go from splash to stink.  
Like I had to calm the flowing locks  
And clothe the limbs and jump.  
Dig the prob?  
The boom-man was like mad  
On one piece. Do not be late.  
Like when I phantomed three fleetings after,  
He rolled on the dirt and yelped.

And, man, when I spoke he dug  
And rolled and yelped and quit the class.  
Like I'd left the boom-book in the pool.

I lapped to the woman in white.  
Florence disbelieved my act.  
Like all I pled was rashes  
From the green Cl<sub>2</sub>  
Like it's protective!  
So like a week more of mad.  
Again I lap to Flossy.  
Like no, she says. Fetch a slip  
From the local Ben Casey.  
Like I hate the scowl.  
So Kildare it is.

And man, he believes! Like now  
I grin the green and pace to boom-class —  
Leave early and arrive there — late.  
In a Care kit from Outer Mongolia.

2.

Like I used to wheel a rod.  
A white rod with mud-polka-dots.  
Man, I could tool down the dirt  
And chase the sad notes.  
Like one Vitamin A day I was  
Flying low and the fuzz grew onto  
The side of a chick gorging  
Brand X. The cat yelped  
As the fuzz gunned the 'cycle.  
Man, I was shook.  
Like I lapped over and munched  
On down to the second knuckle. Like man,  
He said, you lose that Hollywood,  
You hear? Man, did I ever!

3.

Like man, I just don't dig crowds.  
I dig cats in clumps  
But nay to groups. Man, the ears,  
The assaulted nose, the blurring eyes!  
I shatter as it laps to the fleeting  
When I have to trace to a group.  
Fleetings crawl over my little pointed  
And practice shadow boxing on my eyes.  
Man, like cats in flocks — gorp!

## Useless Information

BARBARA GUMMO

THERE COMES a time, if you read a lot, when you will find yourself with a mind full of tidy little information. Of course, it doesn't tie together into any coherent mass and there's not much you can do with it, but after all, they are the facts, ma'am. Eventually, you will reach such a state that you can no longer keep this gold mine to yourself. You must share it with the world.

Boy, you just try it!

The world doesn't want facts anyhow, a' tall. Opinions it may accept and even cherish, but the "I know I'm right; don't confuse me with facts" attitude prevails in places high and low. In fact, you might say it is the universal attitude.

I am not excepting colleges from this list. In fact, I'd place it second, snuggling right up close to politics, in the desert of non-information. No, I'm not going to defend my statement. Not here and now. The purpose of this essay is to tell you poor burdened pseudo-Quiz kids what to do with your intellectual gems — or rather what will happen if you don't watch out — or, better yet, stop reading. You can finish reading this, though, 'cause you certainly ain't going to find no nuggets in them thar words (that is, in these here words).

OK, picture this. You're with the man of your dreams (if you're a guy, you're with the girl of your dreams.

Anyway, just keep it legal.) He's smooth, cool, neat, sweet, exciting, and besides, he's nice! The moon is right; the car is warm; the windows are frosted; and the silence is piling up like wet snow in January. You don't know what to do. He (or she) pulls you close and looks questioningly down (up) at you. You smile coyly at him (her) and shyly murmur, "The largest human brain ever measured was that of an idiot."

Now we know it was merely the stress of the moment plus your compulsion to impart *some* information to *someone* that caused you to drop this clodhopper in the boudoir, so to speak, but I am afraid, my dear, that ever after he will think it was *your* brain of which you were speaking. And it's no use trying to explain because, while the fact is engraved on the back of your eyelids, you ain't never going to remember the name of the book you found it in. And that is as sure as death and Texas!

After several such slips of the Id, your social life is nil. To fill up your spare time, you read more. And that, my friend, is known as a vicious circle.

You now find your mind so crammed with facts that you become that dread thing — a fact-dropper! You leave your mark in every conversation. No matter that JFK's fiscal policy is the popular topic; go ahead

and tell them that some species of kangeroos live in trees. They switch to mixed drinks; you switch to llamas, which never have more than one baby at a time. Possibly, if you speak loudly and quickly enough, you just might get in "The weight of an electron is 1/1837 the weight of a hydrogen atom" before you're out, if you know what I mean.

By now you are desperate. The bite of a tarantula spider has never been

fatal. You can't, can't, can't keep this hoard of precious jewels all to yourself. You must share it with someone, anyone. In ancient Rome, the one who sacrificed animals always pulled his toga over his head before commencing. Where will you find an outlet for all your knowledge? Who will ask all the questions that you have the answers to?

And then, like a flash, you have it. You will become a teacher!

## Now and Again

GEORGE GRANT

Study Study Study

Round and round and round

Facts go round and round

Study Study Study

Over and over and over

Pages go over and over

Study Study Study

Nodding and nodding and nodding

Heads are nodding and nodding and nodding

Study Study Study

Round and round and over

And over and nodding and nodding

Study Study Study

Burning and burning and burning

Eyes are burning and burning

Study Study Study

Study and Study and Study

Everyone Study and Study and

Study and study and study

and study and ...

## The Hunter

R. B. POWELL

"ROBBIE! . . . -o-b-b-i-e!" the calling was calm at first, like one friend calling another. Then two began to call, a little too emphatically to be at ease. "R-o-b-b-i-e!" . . . We sat and listened from the ridge next to the dirt road we had come in on. We answered, and they reanswered. They didn't want us; they wanted Robbie. We could hear their voices becoming hoarse as they pleaded unceasingly with the hills to produce Robbie, the voices gradually rising in pitch and becoming raspy in tone. In the now almost dark woods their calls echoed and seemed to hit nothing but only went unheeded across the basin and then on to somewhere. The two were almost screaming now as the reaction of temper and fear adrenalized their pleading to angry begging. The hoarse cries rolled into the darkening basin to be absorbed by the lengthening silhouettes of the opaque hills. They needed something, something more than direction, yet they probably needed that, too. We wondered why the shooting and why there had been so much of it and why the plea to the darkness for one of us and only one. The sun never faltered as it ruthlessly pulled the light from them and the horizon—this second Tuesday of deer season.

Ten of us were in and around this basin, all college students who had cut afternoon classes. We had driven the basin and chased out several does

and two bucks, five of us driving and five watching. The two bucks were shot at and missed, and so two shirt-tails would be cut off that night. Then we had decided to still-hunt this area until five o'clock, each going in a separate direction. Most of us were back with the others now, each asking the first he approached as he joined the group, "Who did the shooting?" or "Who was up there where it came from?" And always the same answers: "I don't know" or "Not me."

We waited, warding off cold and uneasiness with small talk, wondering which of us amateurs had shot, or at least shot at, something. Then we heard Robbie answering them and could follow his progress by his answers as he probed the black toward them.

"I wonder what those jokers did?" George said.

"Probably shot at a skunk and missed and then the skunk shot and didn't miss. They were shooting fast enough to be scared of something," replied Paul, as he lay back on the snow, hauling his carbine across his stomach.

"Probably buried their clothes to get rid of the smell and are afraid to come out naked," George mused. There were several snorts of amusement, then all were silent.

"I know damned well they've done something by the way they're yell-

ing," Paul said. The rest were silent; the cold was getting to them now. Paul stood up and stomped around to get warm.

We could see other hunters coming out onto the road now. They looked like dark shadows, their reds and yellows no longer discernible, their voices quiet and yet sometimes audible as they packed into cars and jeeps and left us alone until more appeared.

Again the yelling started, only this time it was closer, about halfway across the basin from where it had been. Robbie, pleading and ordering in the same voice yelled, "Will some of you come down here?" Four of us jumped up and started picking our way toward their voices, over logs, briars, and much else we couldn't see, until we heard them talking.

"You stupid ass. What did you do it for?" Robbie was asking.

"I thought it was a buck," Al answered rather hesitantly.

"Did you see horns?" Robbie was sarcastic.

"No . . . But Dick shot at it, so I thought it must have horns." Al was on the defensive.

"Did you get a good look at it?"

"Yes, but I just assumed it had horns if he was shooting."

"Did you see horns?" Robbie's voice raising almost to a shout.

"No."

"You stupid son of a bitch!" Robbie lowered his voice and held it level. "If you get us in trouble . . ."

"Oh shut up," Al retaliated, and then turned to Dick, leaning against a tree to rest. "You got off easy but not because you tried."

Dick shoved himself off the tree with his foot and said, "Let's get out of here." Then in the almost dark we could make out three more of our party moving toward us. Two of them were dragging a doe, each grasping a foreleg, and the third carried the rifles. We gawked at the deer lying in the depression in the snow where its body had gouged a glacier-like path. She was an image of slaughter, her lower sides caked with mud and snow, and her eyes were eggish, impersonal, and obviously lifeless. Her brown and white coat was smeared and matted with red splotches. Her neck, once so elegant, was now bent in lifeless haplessness—thrown backward and over and twisted, and revealing the throat with its ugly lateralized gash and the matted, blood-stained hair, the gash still steaming as if the life liquid had left a vacuum of vapor.

I asked, "Aren't you going to gut it?"

"Give us time," Al begged, and then he said, "Let's do it now before we go any further. This place is still alive with hunters."

"They would probably be honest enough to report us." Robbie was being cynical now. Al pulled open his coat and reached back and freed his knife. Then he knelt behind the deer and reached across her back to her stomach. As he touched her skin with the knife-point, she struck a lashing sweep with a rear leg. We jumped, startled, and Dick brought his rifle around and prepared to kill it again.

"Easy, Dick. It's just a muscle spasm," Robbie explained.

"Dammed queer deer being a spastic after it's dead," Dick said. In the light of Robbie's cigarette lighter his toothy grin changed to a smile as he closed his lips, giving his unshaven, sparsely settled chin a broad, goonish, repulsive look. Al was cutting up the stomach. The hot steam rolled from the glistening white-yellow and fish-colored cavern.

"Come on, Al. Hurry up. We've got to get out of here. You're not doing surgery, you know." Dick was getting impatient. "Here, let me do it." Al stood up, and Dick straddled the deer as Al stepped away, the big cut with its edges flapping, and the gaping crevice under him reeking with the stench of torn bowels. He pulled off his gloves and reached into the chest cavity and, fumbling, found what he was grasping for and pulled with both hands. A new cloud of steam, and the rollings of stomach, intestines, and organs came out ahead of his blood and tissue-tarnished claws, reminding me of a time when I watched an owl tear the stomach of a rabbit and pull the entrails ahead of the talons. "Feel her animal heat," he said as he removed the last functional parts. "Remove everything, and they can't even tell what sex she was," he said. We stood and watched him cut loose the last of gender-determining organs, the knife freeing handfuls that stuck hard to his hand, until shaken free by yanking, bloody and drying. "Okay," Dick said, "step behind me," and we all milled around to his rear except the one with the lighter. He picked up his rifle, worked the action, that metallic lock-like sound, with a posi-

tive thrust and then there was silence for seconds. A flash and a quick roar cleared the woods of silence for miles. The action closed again before the last echoes returned, and a second explosion rolled from basin to ridge to valley and then back again. Our friends on the ridge were yelling, "What's going on down there?"

Dick declared in a smooth, low monotone, "I just blew the horns off Al's buck." The once pretty head was now a mass of blood, hair, shattered bone, and raw flesh. A cartridge flew through the air and, still hot, undoubtedly melted its way into the snow, leaving only a small opening. "Okay, let's get out of here. I haven't got one-hundred bucks to pay a fine if I can't find her horns," said Dick.

We took turns dragging the stiffening deer up the slope, Dick and several other scouting ahead for other hunters. Just before we reached the road, Dick came crashing through a downed hemlock top, tripped and fell, his momentum bouncing him back to his feet as he came on, shouting a coarse whisper. "There's guys up there, so don't move. They know we shot at something. Those last two horn-shooting shots. They're waiting to see what we got. You'll just have to wait until they go." He turned and walked up the slope, his broad bulk crunching snow with diminishing loudness. All the others had gone on now, and Al and I left alone.

He began to worry, "You guys won't tell, will you?"

"No, we won't," I said, "but why didn't you lay off? You kept on shooting."

"I'd never shot a deer. I had never even shot at one, and I wanted to shoot one. So when I saw her coming, I was sure I couldn't miss, and I waited for her. Then somebody, it was Dick, shot and scared her, and she started to run, so I let her have it. I hit her the first shot, but she kept going. I kept shooting and even when the deer lay struggling and kicking I shot at it until the gun was empty. I never came close, those last three shots," he said. He dropped the leg and stood up, talking, as if trying to face the crime he had committed. I could not see him clearly in the dark but I had a clear picture of him in my mind as he talked. He was over six feet, but he weighed not more than 140 pounds and was young. His blue eyes, his almost blond hair, and even his speech displayed his youth. He walked a few steps and sat on a stump, not even cleaning off the snow. He stooped over and started talking, looking at his hands, I think, but I couldn't tell. All I could see was his general form in the dark, black and darkness against the dark snow. "I was going to leave her there and say that I missed, but then I walked to her and she looked at me straight at me with no fear visible, her body mangled and bleeding, but her head up, erect. My gun was empty, I found out later, but I couldn't have shot her. I hoped she would jump up and run away, all well again, or that I could rush her to a vet and take her home for a pet. Anything to rid her of death and me my guilt. Then her nostrils began to froth, the bubbly color of raspberry

jam, and I could hear the blood gurgle in her throat. God, how I wanted her to live. I wished she had never seen who killed her, she gave me the burden of guilt so heavy. You know committing or doing something like that and being seen and not punished by the one who should hurt you . . . I wanted her to live as she should have, would have. Then Dick came over and said, 'What have you done?' and I turned away and let him look at the deer instead of me. I didn't know whether I could hold out or not. My eyes were already wet and I was choking to keep from crying. Then he took his knife and, holding her head, sawed at her throat until blood oozed down through the hair and onto the snow, clotting instantly. That hot spent blood dying out of her."

He sat quiet for a few minutes, and then he said, "I had to act proud. I couldn't show the rest."

Then Pete came back. "We've gotten rid of those guys, so come on. Stop at the edge before you bring it out, and we'll get the car ready."

"Who's car?" I asked.

"Your car," Pete said, "the only one."

Ten guys and one illegal deer in my car, not even my car, but one that I had borrowed. I recalled the stories of men being caught with illegal game, their car, gun, and all equipment taken as part of the fine, and the two-hundred and fifty dollars for transporting illegal game. It would be just my luck. We came to the road and Pete called up the road and down the road, "All clear?"



"All clear," were the low answers.

Four of us picked up the deer and charged up the bank. The trunk lid was up. The thud of the body hitting rubber matting, the smell of warm meat and blood, the leg that wouldn't stay in, all happened fast. They laid the rifles across the deer, then there came the rubberized metallic clunk of the slammed lid. Then the ten of us crowded in the one car for the careful quiet ride twenty miles back to school. After backing into the garage, we reversed the loading process. As I wiped the blood off the mat I heard someone ask Al, "Why did you do it?"

Al looked at him, then turned and walked, speaking as he left, "You know we needed the meat. Now shut up."

The whole thing was kept quiet all year. The only evidence of its having happened were the knowing glances among us and the venison-like beef eaten at the house.

This year on the first day of buck season almost the same gang was back in the same basin. The drive started at twenty minutes to nine and was progressing along the side of the basin when the reports of two shots bounced from the bottom to the sides and back and then went rolling off in long roaring echoes. I was on watch but I knew it had to be one of us doing the shooting. The drive finished and we converged toward where the shots had come from. Al was the last to emerge from the brush and walk to the group. An opening funneled a way through the

small group for him to Pete, who was gutting a deer. Pete looked up, the scarlet-pointed blade sticking up from his bloody right hand. Pete had a leary grin. "Now I'm a great white hunter too." Al glanced at the head of a doe and murmured, his voice trailing off as he turned away, "You bastard!"

Pete laid the knife down and rose to confront him, but Al had turned away and was walking slowly toward the old wagon-road that led back to the highway.

"What's wrong with him—chicken?" Pete said, turning towards the rest of us.

I started to say, "No, he's not chicken," but Robbie said it first, adding, "It's probably something he doesn't understand himself, but he's not chicken."

That night when we had unloaded the car in the garage—a five-point buck from the hood and the little doe from the trunk—we hurried into the house to ask whether Al had got back all right. A freshman told us he had come in a little before noon, had gone upstairs and packed his belongings in a couple of suitcases and some chain-store cartons, called a taxi, and left. He never came back to the house. He was friendly with us when he saw us on the campus, but his conversation was always guardedly casual, almost, it seemed to me, as if he did not trust himself to be otherwise lest he accuse us or seem to accuse us—of what, he probably didn't quite understand himself, as Robbie had said.

## When I Was Twelve

BARBARA GUMMO

Back home again  
For the first time,  
My grandmother's sickle-pear tree,  
Plum tree,  
Peach tree,  
Good-for-throwing-green-apples tree.  
The little silver maple  
That warned me of thunderstorms  
By turning its palms over in the still air  
When nothing else moved.  
Queenie, my fathers hound dog, who got quilled  
By a porcupine  
And I had to hold her while he poured vinegar  
On her nose.  
And how mad she got  
When I put my Easter duck in her pen  
And it bit her —  
On the nose, of course.

## "But Evermore Came Out By the Same Door Where In I Went"

JOSEPH VERGILIS

I watched my knuckles grow ash-white around  
The handle of a spade. I saw a pair  
Of robins with their eggs. . . I heard the sound  
Of joyless songs that sliced the thickened air . . .  
I trudged behind a murky robe that masked  
A guiding lamp. We inched our way along  
A hall of doors. We opened some and asked  
If punishment by death is right or wrong.  
The snows of yesterday soon melt and leaves  
Must turn to brown. The flimsy marigold  
Soon withers when the icy fingers cleaves.  
The petals from the stem — and bells have tolled.  
  
What good are truths and calloused hands to me  
When waves have swept the springtime out to sea?

# The Orphan

ROBERT MORGAN

The place—Berlin, Germany

The time—Winter, 1959-60

THE STREET is cold and windswept. The ice hangs from the hedges and trees in the park on the right hand side of the road. On the left side of the street is what appears to be a barren field covered with snow and ice. On closer observation, we find that it is a plot of land which divides East and West Berlin. If we pay close attention, we will note that Constantine wire stretches across this area at the far end. Occasionally, if we spend enough time in one location, we will see an East German border guard cross the field at the far end, beyond the barbed wire. We see him only for a few minutes because buildings block our view of him as he passes over the field and among the buildings on each side of the field.

These buildings can not really be called buildings, because they are piles of rubble plus what remains of the buildings that created the rubble. These piles should have been cleaned up long ago, but they are in the East sector and the East sector has little or no time for such insignificant things as cleaning up the rubble left by the bombs of WW II. Some day, maybe, but not just now.

Standing in the middle of the street, which looks across this barren strip of land, are two men, Americans in civilian clothes, arguing

about something. As we move closer, their words become more distinct.

"You're scared silly!"

"You're damn right I am!"

"Something tells me that you're a chicken!"

"The hell I am!"

"What's the difference?"

"What do you mean, 'What's the difference?'"

"What's the difference between being scared and being chicken?"

"You wouldn't understand."

"Are you going to do it?"

"All right, I'll do it, but against my better judgement." The two men wander off down the street, arguing some more about something of which we aren't quite certain. We do pick up scatterings of words, though:

"—patrols inconsistent

—timed—by—twenty minutes.

What—cut—wire?

Stole—snips—

Crazy idea — have to — get kicks!

—clothes?—or civvies?

Dress—local—conspicuous."

We can't be sure even yet what is happening, but one thing is certain, we haven't seen these two men for the last time.

Later we will come to know these two men better, but for the time being, let it suffice to say that they are—

Robert (Scotty) Drew—Medium height, blondish-brown hair, blue-green snapping eyes, an uncontrollable Scottish temper, fluent in Russian, German, and English. All this plus an eye for getting into trouble.

Michael (Mike) Walsh—Short in stature, coal black hair, cold grey eyes, a temper indigenous only to the Irish, also fluent in Russian, German, and, of course, English. These things combined with an eye for keeping his partner and best friend out of trouble.

It is now evening of the same day. Darkness has just settled in. The air has become crisp and cold. There are a few stars out, but no moon. Everything is pitch black. The wind howls through the trees and whistles across the open expanse. Suddenly, it begins to snow and the wind whips the sudden torrent of flakes back and forth—back and forth.

Two men are approaching. They are carrying something between them. As they come closer through the blinding snow, we cannot see them but we know that they are two workmen carrying a plank, about eight feet long, between them. It's a funny looking plank—it's painted white with crooked black lines about an inch wide drawn across the middle of it. With the hands free of the plank, one of the men is carrying a coil of rope, and the other has two pieces of lath and a pair of pliers in his free hand. They begin to talk between each other. They are speaking English!

"Beautiful night, eh?"

Couldn't want a better one!

Thank God for the snow!

You're telling me.

Any last-minute remarks?

Nope!

Let's get going, then.

With ya'.

They look at each other solemnly for a moment, then with outstretched arms, each makes a crook in his little finger. Without a word, they join the crooked fingers, clasp them together firmly, look at each other for a moment. Then suddenly they thrust their arms downward until the union is broken—

"Zu letze?"

*Yawohl, mein Führer!*

Two quick grins, and then they begin to sprint across the open expanse. Half crouched, like apes, they run into the blinding snow, carrying the plank between them. Quickly we follow them across the field and become as one with them, for this will be of the highest necessity for the rest of the trip.

As they come to the barbed wire, they stand the plank on end and let it fall away from them, across the wire, pushing it flush with the ground under the plank. They drop to their knees and scramble across the prone plank. Once on the other side of the wire, they jump to their feet. Still crouching, they race quickly towards the brick walls of the dilapidated buildings lining the street.

Ten feet from the building, they are confronted by a tall wire fence. Again dropping to their knees, one of the men pulls a screwdriver from his pocket. He touches it to the wires. On certain of the wires, the handle of the screwdriver lights up. These

he quickly ties a piece of string around. The ones not marked, he quickly snips with the pliers. The other takes two pieces of lath, which are notched at both ends, one in each hand. He inserts one end of each lath to one of the wires. Stepping on the bottom wire, he lifts the lath up straight and then down, allowing the bottom wire to slip into the notches at the bottom of each lath. Then he pulls a piece of rubberized cloth from his pocket and spreads it across the bottom wire. Then they both slip through the opening, racing toward the brick wall.

Upon reaching the wall, one throws the end of the rope with the hook on it over the top of the wall. A quick jerk and it is snagged. One, then the other shinnies to the top of the wall. Having gained the top, they pull the rope up, snag it to the top of the wall, and then slide down the other side. Once upon solid ground again, they race toward the cover of more buildings.

Only after gaining the relative safety of the buildings do they dare to speak, for the first time since they started their frenzied race across the field.

"Well, we're here!"

"Yeah, who in hell ever thought we'd bust our asses to cross that No Man's Land for this place? Everybody else is heading for the West, but not us. We bust our butts to get into the East."

"Quit your crabbing! Let's go."

"Yeah, might as well. We couldn't be headed for much more trouble than we've already got!"

Quickly, but silently and carefully, they race through the streets of East Berlin. The snow cushions the fall of their feet. The blinding snow persists. After about a mile, both stop short.

"Well, there it is!"

"Yeah! . . . Now what?"

"Gotta find her."

"Any suggestions?"

"Nope!"

"Let's try the back."

"Okay, let's go."

They circle around to the back of this big dimly lit building. Once there, — no door. A low second-story window is dark, though. They look at each other and nod. One kneels against the building and the other steps onto his shoulders. Then the kneeling one stands. A screwdriver inserted into the crack at the sill pries the window open. One crawls inside, leans back out and offers the other his hand.

Both are inside the building. They are in what appears to be a storage room of some sort. Opening the door, they see a long corridor. It's quiet here — all must be asleep. Both men move down the corridor — one on each side — reading the names that are on the doors of the rooms extending off each side of the corridor. Near the far end of the hall, one finds the name he is seeking. He reaches across the corridor and taps his partner. He crosses the hall — both look at the name and nod.

Softly one puts his hand on the door handle and twists it. The handle stops and the door does not open. He turns around and looks at his partner. The other grins, puts his hand inside

his jacket, into his shirt pocket, and pulls out a thin strip of plastic. The other breathes a sigh of relief, takes it, inserts it into the crack of the door and slowly slides it up to the general area of the lock. A muffled snap and a soft click, and the door swings open. Both slip hurriedly into the room. The room is small and contains a chair, a cabinet, and two beds. They glance at the beds, decide upon one and move swiftly toward it.

Lying in the bed is a pretty young girl with long blonde hair. Her name is Christina Lehmann. She is twelve years of age. Moonlight streaming through the window falls on a face that is tiny featured and innocent. Even in her sleep, she wears a worried expression. Casting a shadow across the small, still body, one of the men gently clasps his hand over the girl's mouth. She awakens with a start, with fear written all over her face. The man kneels beside the bed, with his hand still over her face. The man kneels beside the bed, with his hand still over her mouth, and turns his face into the light coming through the window. As soon as the girl sees the light on his face, she stops struggling and smiles. He removes his hand, and in a soft voice she whispers

"Scotty, *meine liebe* Scotty!"

"*Yawohl, meine lieblich.*"

"*Was ist?*"

"*Schnell—macht schnell, lieblich.*"

She nods at him and quickly gets out of bed and searches for her clothes. Her father is one of West Berlin's more prominent doctors. A month ago Chris accidentally wandered across the border at the Bran-

denburg Gate and was picked up immediately by East German authorities and held in this building, an orphanage. She will be allowed back into the West if her father consents to leave his family and come to the East. The East is badly in need of doctors. Scotty is a good friend of the family. He found out what had happened and without a word to the family, made up his mind to have her returned to them.

As the two men leave the room, one stops and looks back at her. She glances up at him — he points to the storage room at the end of the hall. She nods and he leaves, following his partner. Within a few minutes she follows.

They drop out the storage room window and catch her when she jumps. They race back along the same streets until they come to the street that crosses over to the last of the brick buildings. Without looking, they dash across the street. From the darkness of the buildings tramps an East Berlin border guard. He shouts as he sees them,

"Halt!"

All three stop in the middle of the street, to the obvious dismay of the guard. Scotty and Mike look at each other. As the guard races up, Scotty says, "You Bastard!" and swings, connects, and then speaks quietly to Mike,

"Split, Mike."

Mike and Christina race across the street toward the brick buildings and lose themselves among the shadows. Scotty bolts down the street. The East German guard scrambles to his feet and looks around. Scotty stops,

hollers at him, and then starts to run again. The guard chases down the street after him, both heading back into the chaos of East Berlin. Mike and Christina watch from the shadows of the building.

When all is quiet again, they move toward the wall and the rope. Up the rope, down the rope, through the fence, across the field, over the plank, and across the rest of the field and into the shelter of the trees of the

park twenty feet from "No Man's Land." Twenty feet inside freedom, Mike and Christina look at each other, then back across the border.

"*Gehe mit Gott, meine liebe Scotty!*"

"*Viel Gluck, Scotty.*"

They turn and walk toward the bright lights of Kurfurstendamm — and home for Christina.

"Yes, go with God *and* good luck, Scotty," we say as we watch them go.

## Carrousel

JOSEPH VERGILIS

Round  
Round  
Round

Rising and falling  
Rising and falling  
Round and round  
Rising and falling  
Up and down  
Round and round  
Round and round  
Round and round

Fifty heads get on  
One hundred hands  
Clutch tight  
On spindly poles

Round  
Round  
Round  
Rising and falling  
Round and round  
Rising and falling  
Up and down  
Round and round

Round and round  
Round and round

The ride is short  
One hundred feet step  
Off  
One hundred more step on

Round  
Round  
Round  
Rising and falling  
Round and round  
Rising and falling  
Up and down  
Round and round  
Round and round  
Round and round  
Rising  
Falling  
Rising  
Falling  
Rising  
Falling

## Hands Off!

BARBARA GUMMO

IF THE SIMPLEST way to make a baby cry is to hold his hands, what about an adult? Just what is the most completely frustrating experience you've ever had? I don't know about you, but this is what happened to me . . .

It was May, and summer vacation was getting close. Along with nine-tenths of the college students in the United States, I was looking for a job. Something that lasted three months and paid seven hundred dollars, the amount I'd need to see me through my senior year at Webber University. Last summer I'd worked as a psychiatric aid in one of the state mental hospitals. My major is psychology, and I thought that Danville would be the perfect place for "field work," actual practical experience. I couldn't have been more wrong. My duties consisted of being an errand boy, a muscle man, and an ever-ready ping-pong partner, with the result that my speed, strength, and agility were greatly increased but my psychological experience was not. Furthermore, the pay was low, and I knew I couldn't go back this summer and risk running out of money four months before graduation. Perhaps all this explanation is taking a long time, but I want you to understand the sweat I was in when I read this column in the college newspaper, *The Duck's Foot*.

### RESEARCH LAB STARTED

The Institute for the Study of Mankind's Frustrations, a private organization which had recently purchased the General Armature Building two miles from the campus, has now completed rebuilding operations and is ready to begin research, announced Dr. M. B. Laluld, Director of the Institute, who added that he hoped to include many Webber University students in the proposed summer project.

The wording didn't fool me; I knew they wanted students for experimental purposes, to take tests so their reactions could be studied, and things like that. But I also knew the prices they paid these students. Why, a friend of mine, Ken Thomas, got paid five bucks an hour to *sleep* while wires measured his eyeball movement to see if he was dreaming or not! This when he went to Chicago one summer. The pay probably wouldn't be that good here, but I was sure it was better than at Danville.

Having no final exams scheduled that day, I hiked out to the General Armature Building immediately, hoping to beat the onrush of my fellow students who were also looking for summer jobs.

If The Institute had done any rebuilding, it certainly wasn't visible from the outside. It was the same old red brick, ivy-covered place that had been abandoned by the G. A. Company when they went broke five years ago. The town had taken it over for

taxes and, for a while, there was talk of Tau Kappa Epsilon's buying it for a fraternity house, but it was decided that it was too far from the campus.

I had to really push to get the door open. It was like a vault door, about four inches thick, made of heavy steel, but it wasn't balanced to swing at the touch of a finger the way vault doors are. I had to put my shoulder to it to start it closing.

"Hey, wait! Don't close —"

The words were cut off as the door slammed to. I grabbed the heavy bar bolted to the steel and muscled the door open again. I realized I was panting. Suddenly I also realized I was shivering. There was one hell of a cold draft hitting me. I looked behind me for its source.

"Some gentleman!" a voice said, with infinite sarcasm, in my ear.

My head snapped around, there was a meaty thud, and my hold on the door loosened as I tried to focus my eyes on something besides black lightning.

"Great! First you slam the door on me; then you try to kill me!"

I opened my eyes to see a girl holding her head in both hands. I noticed she also was having trouble with her eyes. She had a large red lump on her left temple. She was pretty mad. I got mad, too.

"If you hadn't sneaked up behind me and yelled in my ear, we wouldn't have bumped heads," I yelled. "And furthermore, I didn't close the damn door on you! I didn't even know you were out there!"

She let go of her head and opened her mouth. "It's all your fault! If you had looked behind . . ."

"Please, please, you people, no fighting. We must have no fighting here. Not here."

The girl and I both swung around, this time without coming into violent contact. A very tall, very thin, very somber man was walking toward us down the hallway. He walked heavily, agitation in his whole manner, his arms held away from his sides, his fingers patting the air. He stopped in front of us and said gently, "We must never have any fighting here."

His eyes moved from the girl to me and back again. He nodded, reached between us and closed the door, and turned, beckoning us to follow him.

We came to a door marked DIRECTOR and he led us in. He seated himself on a chair and waved us down on the couch opposite him. All this without a word.

He smiled a very sad smile, his brown eyes seeming to reflect some great unhappiness.

"Now, then, I suppose you both have come here to be volunteers in our great project."

I looked closely at him, trying to detect a note of sarcasm, but he met my gaze steadily and was obviously sincere. The girl shifted beside me and then spoke up in a hurried voice.

"You are Dr. Laluld, aren't you? Director of the Institute for the Study of Mankind's Frustrations? I read the story in the college paper. I would like to apply for the position you have open — for the summer project, that is."

She settled back on the couch again. I glared at her. After all, I'd been there first. I began to wish I'd left the front door closed, and I

looked with satisfaction at the already purple lump on her forehead. She glared back at me and snapped her purse open and shut several times.

"Yes, I am Dr. M. B. Laluld, Director of this Institute. And you needn't look so angry, young man. There are many openings in our project."

I jumped and smiled guiltily. The girl stopped clicking her purse catch and smiled rather vaguely at no one in particular. Wool-gathering, I thought. Not a good experimental subject, no concentration. Then I thought, maybe they're studying wool-gathering.

"We here at the Institute are studying mankind's frustrations, precisely as our name implies," Dr. Laluld said, bringing me back from my wool-gathering. "To be more specific, we are studying mankind's frustrations in the hope of eradicating them and thereby eradicating the end result of frustration — war! We believe that war is not a natural thing but simply the result of an unnatural condition and that unnatural condition is frustration. Animals do not have frustrations; therefore, animals do not have wars. Animals fight only for natural reasons: food, mating, self-defense. But produce frustrations in an animal, as has been done in the laboratory, and that animal will fight, for no logical reason at all but simply because it is frustrated."

"In order for us to treat mankind's disease, we must know exactly what causes it; that is, which particular frustration or combination of frustrations is the most frustrating, so to speak. We here at the Institute have

our different theories. Each of us will conduct experiments this summer in the hopes of proving our separate theories. And that is where you young people come in. You will be the representative specimens of the human race. You will *be* mankind!"

I looked at the girl to check her reaction to this. She wasn't bad, a thin girl with brown hair twisted up onto the back of her head, wearing a beige suit, a medium-pretty girl. Just about what you'd get as a representative of the human race, contrary to Hollywood propaganda.

The girl looked at me and I realized she was thinking in much the same way. I straightened up a little. After all, six feet and a hundred-eighty pounds can be pretty impressive at times. My black hair was curly, and I no longer went in for crew-cuts. I grinned at the girl. She sniffed and looked away.

"Now, if you will accept these forms, fill them out, and return them by mail to me, you will receive a contract and further instructions in one week, at which time I believe the semester is complete. Are there any questions?"

A glance at the form — the pay to be given and the governmental sanction of all phases of the project — made questions unnecessary.

After a moment's silence on the part of all three of us, the Director spoke, "I guess that's it, then."

"You mean I'm hired?" we chorused together.

"Why, yes," said Dr. Laluld. He smiled, "I knew you were typical human beings the moment I heard your, ah, conversation at the door."

Blushing, the girl and I took the papers he handed us. Dr. Laluld escorted us down the hall and opened the door. It closed gently behind us.

"Well," she said, "That was quick! Hey, let's stop and look at that salary figure again."

I followed her pointing finger and gulped. Boy, wait until I saw Ken. He thought he had been getting big money!

"Seems kind of funny, doesn't it? And that big door." Her voice trailed off as she bit a fingernail.

"Not really," I said. I told her what I knew about the salaries paid for experimental work, using Ken's experience as a starting point and embellishing it with several psychological terms. She looked bewildered and said she was majoring in art. Her name was Carol Eckert. I said I was Dan Perry, psychology.

We walked back to the campus together. I had to run to make my economics exam, and the rest of the week went so fast that I had no chance to see her again.

I received instructions to the effect that I was to live at the Institute so, storing most of my personal belongings and taking a suitcase of clothes, I walked out to the G. A. Building the first day of June.

Dr. Laluld informed me that I was to be his experiment. He showed me to my room, or rather I should say, my suite of rooms. It was like something out of Park Avenue, all deep carpets, Danish Modern, and hidden lighting.

"My theory concerning mankind's chief frustration is this," said Dr. Laluld. "I believe that each man is

essentially a complete entity in himself. That is, that each man contains all the skills, instinct, and knowledge necessary for life. Yet modern man depends on other people and machines for his food, clothing, lodging, etc. This, I believe, is his frustration. *Too many things are handed to us!* We are not living a natural life. And so, my boy, to test my theory in the short period of time we have, I will have to exaggerate this dependent existence we all live. I will tell you what will happen so that you will not be shocked and invalidate the experiment."

I was listening intently now.

"I have provided you with an automatic servant, a very advanced type of robot, that will anticipate your every wish. I will act upon a gesture from you. It is very sensitive and also very quick to react to stimuli. If, for instance, you reach for a cigarette from a pack on the table beside you, it will hand you the cigarette before you have moved a micrometer's slightest potentiality. Actually, it will not hand you the cigarette but will place it directly between your lips. For, you see, the purpose of the experiment is that you never be permitted to use your hands. Do you understand?"

I sputtered for a while and finally got out, "I don't believe it. There's no robot made that would be capable of such quick reflexes. They're too clumsy." Suddenly I remembered something. "Besides, the government has a monopoly on robots. It's against the law for private individuals to own them or even have them in their possession."

"Now, now, young man, the government knows all about this project, in fact, has quite an interest in it. We here at the Institute are not the only ones who detest the idea of war. And as for the robot, it is the product of a newly discovered technique which, I'm afraid, not even I understand so I could never explain it to you." His somber face was very earnest as he patted my shoulder. I relaxed. The way I was getting paid, what did I care about possible and impossible.

He smiled and said, "Now, all the other volunteers will eat dinner together every night. Of course, the experiments will continue at all times so your robot will accompany you everywhere and do everything for you. Dinner is at six in the dining room just up the hall. Well, good day, and I do hope you will prove my theory correct." He patted me on the shoulder again and went out. I started unpacking my clothes, then decided not to. Leave that for my "automatic servant." Boy, what a kookie set-up this was!

"Hi, Dan, old boy," a booming voice said.

"Ken," I shouted, "I might have known. Where there's money, there's Ken Thomas." I pulled him through the doorway. He slapped me on the back. I poked him in the ribs. Then we calmed down and looked at each other.

"What's your experiment?" I asked. "I mean, what's your frustration?"

He laughed. "Well, it's like this. No matter what a guy does, there's always someone who knows how to do it better in half the time. So I'm supposed to do things and something

tells me constantly how I could have done it better."

"A robot," I said.

"Huh?"

"I have a robot who won't let me do a lick of work with my hands, and that's supposed to get me frustrated! So I guessed you'd have a robot telling you how to do things." I nodded sagely.

"I don't know," he said weakly. "They didn't tell me anything about that!"

And on that happy note we went down the hall in search of dinner. Along the way, Ken perked up enough to remark, "This layout must have cost plenty."

"Didn't you know," I said, "the 'M.B.' in Dr. Laluld's name stands for 'Money Bags.'"

"Yeah?" Ken said.

"Hi, Dan, I thought you'd gone to the South Pole or something," a familiar voice said sarcastically.

"Oh, hi, Carol. Well, you know how it is at exam time," I waved my hand vaguely. I turned to introduce Ken but he had already spotted a blonde and took off like the cad he was. "Uh, let's sit down, shall we. Dinner looks awfully good."

We ate. It was good. Carol kept making little digging remarks about my having never called her, but I soothed her by several well-timed compliments on her hair, dress, and perfume. After dinner I walked her to her room, and she invited me in. Well, we talked for a while and then started kissing and I said a lot of things I shouldn't have and so did she. Then good old Ken barged in, looking for his room, so I said good-

night to Carol and escorted Ken to his room across from mine.

The next day the experiment started. This *thing* moved in with me. It looked like a beer can on wheels only it had lots of long tentacular arms. And sure enough, no sooner would I reach for something then it would have it. It fed me at meal times, dressed me, showered me, and tucked me in bed at night. It brushed my teeth, combed my hair, and shined my shoes. It handed me cigarettes, lit them, and flicked the ashes off them. It did everything but smoke them for me. When I sat down, it pulled my pants up at the knees. If I itched, it scratched. Me, that is. It took the wrappers off candy bars for me and then fed me the candy bit by bit. In short, I didn't have to lift a finger.

After a month, I couldn't stand it anymore. I opened the door and ran across the hall to Ken's room. I ducked inside and shut the door. That is, I tried to shut the door, but a tentacle reached out and shut it for me. I groaned. Ken came out of the bedroom, shuffling his feet. He didn't look too hot, kind of haggard.

"What's the matter with you?" he growled. I started telling him, but he interrupted with a curse. "You think you've got it bad. Watch this."

He went over to the hi-fi and began going through the records, apparently looking for one in particular. I jumped as a voice fairly trilled, "If you had put them in alphabetical order, it would have taken you exactly 10.9 seconds to find the correct record."

Ken trembled. "You see, everything I do, *it* knows better." He slammed

the records back on the cabinet. Several broke.

"If you had dropped them on the floor edge side down, they all would have broken," the voice trilled again. Ken mumbled something. My robot opened the door as I reached for the knob.

It went on for two months and only the thought of all that money kept me there.

Then one night there was a soft tapping on the door. My robot opened it as I reached for it and in walked Carol Ekert. But what a Carol! Her hair was loose on her shoulders and she wore a red, full-skirted lounging robe. Suddenly she didn't look average at all, more like Hollywood.

"Dan, honey," she said, coming close. I could smell her perfume. "Since you couldn't come to me, I've come to you. I've been so lonely." She wrapped her arms around my neck and kissed me. I just stood there. I thought she'd be mad as hell at me for never seeing her privately after all those foolish promises I'd made that night, and the way I'd been avoiding her at dinner.

"Darling, would you like me to stay the night?" she whispered.

"Huh?" I said. I stepped away and accepted a cigarette from my robot. She repeated her question. Suddenly I grinned, letting the cigarette drop. The robot caught it and carefully deposited it in an ashtray.

"I sure would, honey," I said. The robot beat me to the lightswitch. I turned around but it was already carrying Carol to the bedroom. I hot-footed it after them. Thank God it

was dark; Carol thought it was me. I sat on the bed and an awful thought came to me. I shook my head. No experiment would go *that* far. I cringed as Carol giggled, "Careful, darling,

don't get me caught in my zipper."

I looked at my hands lying in my lap. It was too much. I started to cry. It blew my nose for me.

## When I Was Ten

BARBARA GUMMO

Transplanted,  
The roots unharmed,  
Wrapped in the burlap and moist earth of family,  
I came to Pittsburgh.  
And, oh, the new things —  
Television!  
"This is the Dumont Television Network . . ."  
Captain Video.  
"Eye-talians," "Dagos," "Hunkies,"  
Whose language I listened to and laughed at  
And envied  
Because it was a secret code  
To which I did not have the key.  
The brick streets  
That made the tires of cars go "thrip-thrip"  
in the rain  
As I walked home from school.  
The teacher who collected the reading books  
every day  
So we wouldn't read ahead.  
My mother asking me if I liked living there —  
And my answer.

## A First Look at Winter

RICHARD BALLANTINE

The snow crouches on the mountain  
Waiting for the frost to numb its victims.  
Then it will slip quietly from its perch  
And move down ruthlessly to the valley below.

## Maple Logs Burn Bright and Long

GEORGE GRANT

I watch the maple fire, its dimming hue.  
It sang aloud like crickets all night long,  
Then stopped abruptly with this hoary dew  
And left a cold to settle where its song  
Had kept the pane so clean and light. I know  
Full well that once again flames will unveil  
And warm the room. . . The children soon outgrow  
The brittle knee on which they hear the tale  
Grow longer at each passage from the beard.

The aged watch the flickering dance each night  
And hope extends for all that which was bleared  
In ages past when youth had dimmer sight.  
The fire flames high and glows but never dies —  
It goes from aged hearts to youthful eyes.

## That's My Wife - A Self Portrait

BARBARA GUMMO

IN LATIN, her name means "the little strange one," and perhaps that explains why she is what she is, but I prefer to think that, once learning the derivation of the name her parents had so lovingly bestowed upon her, she attempted to live up to it. Certainly, with regard to the children we will have, the latter is more consoling. I might stand some chance of opposing environment but heredity never!

My wife is currently obsessed with the idea that her name doesn't fully express her personality. After giving this due consideration and about three seconds' thought, I suggested *Black Widow Spider*, knowing well the havoc they wreck upon their mates. She responded with, "Oh, don't be silly. I don't have a red hourglass on my abdomen!" which certainly ended that! But only for the moment. Upon returning from classes the next day, in one of which she was lectured at on *The Age of Shakespeare*, she informed me that she thought she was basically an *Elizabeth*.

"My dear," I said, "You are basically a nut!"

Well, she fixed me. I prepared my own dinner that night and she pushed me out of bed three times, saying she thought that I was the dog. The fact that we don't own a dog apparently never occurred to her.

It's not her fault that we aren't the parents of a canine; she has her order in with the Wertz's two cocker spaniels but, as she says, "They just haven't gotten together yet." To fill in the interim, she has a turtle named Marlene who, naturally, is a male. In addition, she raises mold. Hating ironing worse than dying, she simply sprinkles our newly-washed clothes, puts them in a plastic bag for a week, raises a good crop of mold, and then throws everything back into the wash. The result is that, upon every special occasion from Christmas to Ground-hog Day, she has been giving me drip-dry shirts. "After all," she says, "we should take advantage of modern science or else the scientists will all get discouraged and not invent anything anymore." I truly believe she pictures a white-coated figure in a tenement somewhere bent over a jumble of test tubes and retorts, joyfully receiving her check for \$2.98 direct from a Newberry's messenger.

I tend to classify the above logic in the same category as Why-make-the-bed-it only-gets-u n n m a d e-again and why-do-the-dishes-they-only-get-dirty-again. Fortunately, she doesn't hold strictly to these tenets of motivational behavior and does do the dishes every other day.

It's not that my wife is lazy. I certainly don't want anyone to get that impression. She has often taken our



four-room apartment and made it pristine and pure-as-the-driven—being “inspired” at the hour of midnight. She justifies this vagary by saying it’s the only time she doesn’t have to worry about my tracking over her floors.

My wife is a great believer in inspiration and will do nothing until “the spirit moves her,” with the result that within one week I will be deluged with four pies, a cake, cupcakes, cookies, and fudge and two weeks later will have to buy doughnuts at the Bake Shop. Fortunately, the dearth of pastry coincides with the abundance of meals. I have ham and eggs for breakfast (During Pastry Week, I get Creme of Wheat!) and roast chicken for dinner. I shudder to think of what would happen if these two periods of non-inspiration ever occurred together.

By this time I am beginning to wonder if it is really as bad as I’ve made it seem. Surely, nothing could be. But let me give you a brief resume of the opening hours of March 13, which, had it only been Friday, might have explained everything.

5:30 a.m. The alarm goes off. She digs it out from under a pile of clothing on the chair; the clothing helps to muffle the sound of the ticking, which, she says, is so loud she can’t sleep. She can also hear the water dripping in the kitchen sink, which is three rooms away. She re-sets the alarm in the dark.

6:30 a.m. The alarm goes off. She re-sets it again.

7:00 a.m. Ditto. She gets up, one limb at a time. Dashes out to the living room, turns on Keith Kline,

dashes out to the kitchen, turns on the gas, boils water, makes Creme of Wheat (It was a Pastry Week), and dashes past me back to the bedroom, calling “I’ll be in bed if you want to kiss me good-bye.”

“Hon,” I say, “don’t you have an eight-o’clock?”

“Not today,” she answers.

“Why not?”

“Because I’m cutting.”

“Why are you cutting?” I try not to scream.

“If I don’t cut once in a while, Dr. Ozolins will take me for granted and I’ll be just another student and he won’t know my name or anything. The only one in our class that he knows is Andrewartha, Tom—he’s cut *seven* times—and I bet he gets at least a B+. Don’t you want me to get a good grade?” This last said in a piteous voice, and, for a moment, I feel like a louse. Don’t I want her to get a . . .

“Now, dammit, you stop that! You get out of bed. You’ll just have to be memorable some other way. May I suggest getting all A’s on your tests?”

She mumbles something that sounds like Latin curses, which she has a habit of inventing from the vocabulary list in her high school Latin book.

“You just wait, boy. I’ll get even!”

Ten minutes later she’s telling me a joke she just made up.

“If I bought yarn at Woolworth’s and play money at Penny’s, what did I buy at Uncle Joe’s?”

“Nothing, they’re closed today!”

Sometimes I wish the marriage-license bureau had been closed that day. . . .

## Up and Down, Down

RICHARD BALLANTINE

Nothing to nothing, or all from all;  
Everyone’s hopelessly bouncing a ball  
That never returns to us, never at all.

Under and under we go as we fall;  
Pulling, but under still under it all  
We fall — we fall, like the bouncing ball.

## All About Flies

RICHARD BALLANTINE

A fly lit on my desk  
While I was studying.  
I watched him move  
Delicately across my blotter —  
He seemed to have  
An attachment for the thing;  
So,  
I made him a part of it.

## Memories Are Made of This and That

BARBARA GUMMO

I visited West Virginia one magical summer —  
Anno Domini one thousand  
Nine hundred  
Fifty-seven.  
I lived in the woods by a craw-dad creek  
And the mud-puppies bit me when I ventured  
Into their domain.  
And once I saw a water snake  
Swimming with its uncolored head held high  
By the effort  
Of pulling the body along behind.

The hummingbirds attacked me as I sat  
On the porch swing. I didn't know why.  
And then I saw what it was they wanted,  
The trumpet-flower vines  
Hanging orangey-bright and full of sweetness  
Behind the swing.

I went into the woods to feel  
The coolness and peace  
That can be found in only two places, this one above  
And the other below the ground.

As I walked softly over needles without eyes  
And felt the slip and slide of them  
Against my sneakers, I wondered that  
One needle scratches,  
Two jab,  
While ten thousand is a carpet underfoot.

I like the way the hemlocks stand  
Bumpy and armless  
Till they reach a certain height and  
Then fling out tentacles and  
Grasp the sky and pull the night down,  
Down, down,  
Until it lies under them.

The white birches always lean to one side  
Or the other  
And then curve ever-so-slightly  
Up to the light-blue opening where,  
Even in the strongest wind,  
They wave timidly.  
I've never heard why they do that.

I was young  
And these few memories are all I now have left.  
Even these are not wholly mine.  
My brother saw the snake.

## Picture of a Cloud

RICHARD BALLANTINE

A young cloud lies cradled  
Between two golden mountains,  
Waiting for his storm-cloud mother  
To fold him into her arms  
And wisk him silently away  
On her nomadic flight  
Across the thin, gray winter sky.

## An Evening's Entertainment

VICKI STEINBERG

"NOW, DON'T WORRY about me. I'm old enough to watch the store by myself and, besides, if you two don't go I'll never offer to watch again."

"Hm. All right. Rita, which movie do you want to see?"

"I don't care. I'm still not sure we should go."

"Look, for eighteen years you've been complaining that I never help in the store — right? Don't interrupt. I offer to take over so you and Dad can go out, and my offer is rejected. What kind of business is that?"

"After that speech, I guess we have to go. What's playing?"

"You both just sit there. I'll get the paper."

Judy pulled her overblouse down over her bermudas and marched to the front of the store to get the paper. She returned bearing a late edition of the evening paper opened to the page advertising movies.

"Hey, here's a good one — *Cleopatra!*"

"Where, where?"

"Max. Judy. Cut the kidding or we'll miss the beginning. It's almost 7:30."

After her parents left Judy pulled the armchair closer to the cabinet containing pencils, pens, notebooks, colored paper, and little boxes of gold and silver stars that elementary school teachers put on papers to encourage

kids. She propped her feet up, opened *The Blackboard Jungle* to page 108, where Dadier and Edwards are in the process of being beaten by seven boys from the trade school, and settled herself to read and lose herself in the other world. The screen door banged open.

Automatically, as she stood, without looking to see who it was, she said, "Would you mind closing the screen?" She added jokingly, "All the flies are getting out."

As she walked to the front of the store past the rows of patent medicine, of canned goods, of magazines, she took stock of the customer.

"About fourteen, headed for a reform school, wants a pack of cigarettes, and won't have the right change."

"Can I help you?"

"Packa Luckies."

"Anything else?" She knew there wasn't.

"Un-uh."

"27 cents, please."

He handed her a half dollar and watched her carefully as she counted the change into his grimy hand. Counting "27, 28, 29, 30, 40, 50, thank you," she thought, "He thinks I'm going to cheat him. I ought to, so his misconception of the world will be justified."

He left and, satisfied with her understanding of the boy, she opened a pack of Salems and lit one as she walked to the armchair. "Wish I didn't have to smoke everytime someone says *cigarette.*"

By 8:30 she hadn't read the complete account of the beating but she had taken a grand total of \$29 on cigarettes, bread, cartons of milk, penny candy, and pints of ice-cream. It was one of those nights when everytime she got settled someone came in. That was good for the business but not for her sneakered feet, not on hard concrete floors.

"Wish I had help. It's too bad Ell learned to drive. She's never home now. Two more hours. Next time I get a good-intention idea, remind me to forget it. That screen door!"

"Please close the screen. Thank you. Can I help you?"

"My Mommy sent a note."

When the little girl left Judy started still another cigarette, hoping to get this one smoked before another customer came in. The screen opened and, nasty-nice now, she said, "Please close the screen. All the flies are—Bill! Wow, it's good to see you. Where've you been? Where'd you come from?"

"Uh, just visiting my-uh grandparents."

"Am I ever glad you stopped in! I was about to go out of my mind with no one but the customers and them only caring if they get milk in a carton or in a bottle."

"If you're busy —"

"No! You can help me and, anyway—don't go."

"Well, O.K."

He hadn't left by 9:30 and by then the traffic had died away enough that they could both sit in the back of the store. Judy sat in the armchair, and Bill perched on the cabinet containing school supplies.

"School? Oh, school's all right, but I get awful tired of seeing the same kids and of living in the girls' dorm."

"Hm, I know how you feel, Judy. If I weren't in my last year I'd dump the whole thing in the hole it crawled out of."

"What are you doing after graduation?"

"Teaching, I guess. Whoops, you've got a client."

"Yeah. Please close the door. Thank you. Can I get you something?"

"Marlboros and a pack of razors."

"46 cents please. Thank you."

As she turned to Bill she said, "He gave me the correct change! Hey, that's my chair you're sitting in. Just because I leave for a minute doesn't mean you can take possession."

"Oh, yeah?"

"Yeah. Get up."

"Make me."

"You're too big. But I could sit on you."

"I dare you."

A pause. "I double-dare you."

Laughing all the while, she gingerly stepped close to the chair, took one step back in pretended fear, and dumped herself on his lap. He put his arms around her as she struggled to free herself — both laughing. He stopped laughing and, seeing this, she stopped struggling. A brief silence and then they leaned toward each

other. They liked each other and understood each other and as they kissed she thought, "He's such a nice boy." And then, "Or is he?"

The screen door banged against the back wall and she stood up calling, "Please close the screen. Thank you. Can I help you?"

"Bread, please, and a package of American cheese."

"Anything else?"

The middle-aged woman shook her head.

"57 cents, please."

"Can you change a ten?"

"Yes, I think so. 57, 58, 59, 60, 70, 75, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 10. Thank you."

"Thank you."

She hadn't looked back at Bill since she had got up, and as she turned she wondered what to say. Walking toward him she saw he had moved back to the cabinet.

"Judy. Sorry."

"O.K. we'll forget it."

"Friends?"

"Um, I guess."

He changed the subject. "Read any good books lately?"

Laughing, she said, "I'm reading *Blackboard Jungle* and I like it."

"That's what I like about you, Judy, your sense of humor."

"Stop, kind sir, you'll swell my head."

"Want to talk about the weather?"

He was laughing, too.

"Looks like it's clearing."

"Definitely."

"I don't like the way you said that." She was teasing. He knew it and decided to play the game.

"Oh, you don't?"

"No, I don't." She wondered what she had started but was unwilling to stop. After all, she remembered the feel of his lips on hers, his hands on her back.

"What are you going to do about it?" He also wondered but was letting the ball go any way it wanted.

"I could sit on you again." There was a gleam in her eye. "I could dare you again." He, too, had the gleam.

Without another word she got up. Then she said, "Sit here, if you please, kind sir."

He looked at her trying to read her mind. Finally he stood up, walked past her, paused, and sat down in the armchair. Sitting on his lap she said, "Now I've got you where I want you."

"Yes," he said and pulled her close.

"What," she said, "if someone comes in?"

"Cross your bridges when you come to them."

"Um."

He kissed her lips and then as though tasting every part of her, he kissed, in rapid succession, her forehead, her eyelids, her nose, her earlobes. They were both unaware of the couple standing at the door. The insurance agent and his wife left, having seen something which would give them a conversation piece for the week to come.

Her arms were around his neck and she was kissing him as he was kissing her. The screen door opened and the slam as it shut went unheard over their heavy breathing.

"Hey, I want some service!"

Walking toward the same fourteen year old who had been her first cus-

tomers several hours ago, she began to wonder how she was going to stop this.

"Can I get you something?"

"Yeah. A packa Beechnut."

"A nickel, please."

He rolled the five pennies across the counter to her and after she had watched them fall to the floor she glanced at the wall clock.

"Bill, I'm afraid you're going to have to leave. It's almost eleven and I expect my parents. Besides, I have to close the store."

"O.K. See you tomorrow?"

"I don't think we'd better. Good-bye."

When her parents came home at 11:30 the store was closed and Judy was brushing her teeth.

"Any trouble?"

"None. Mom, you sure are a worrier."

"Must be. Well, I'm tired. I'll wake you at eight so you can get to the dressmaker's early."

"Good idea."

In bed, after having read the fight scene in *Jungle*, Judy began to review the evening's events. "That kid was the best I've ever pulled that on. Picked up the name, the teasing, even added the school. Pretty bright boy. Wish I could find more like that. Not enough imagination in most boys, I guess. Oh, well, it was nice. Sure made the evening pass quick. Have to send Mom and Dad to the movies again sometime soon."

STEVENSON LIBRARY LOCK HAVEN UNIV.



3 3301 00507 3344