

# **The Crucible**

**1964**  
**Lock Haven State College**  
**Lock Haven, Pennsylvania**



# The Crucible

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# The Crucible

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## One Thousand One . . .

## One Thousand Two . . .

## One Thousand Three . . .

RONALD LINDSAY

*One thousand one, one thousand two, one thousand three . . .* that's how I counted off the seconds each time we were catapulted off the deck of an aircraft carrier. Of course, there was a reason. After all, in this world of remarkable scientific instrumentation everything has a reason. That's what the Navy kept telling me for four years, anyway. There was some doubt in my mind most of the time, though.

The process of catapulting a plane from the deck of an aircraft carrier is fascinating, you know? The steel track that stretches the sixty odd feet to the bow doesn't look like much, but when you're hooked to the slider, it can do a lot to your lunch of pork chops and apple sauce. (You probably never saw a mess cook spear a fatty pork chop from a four-inch-deep pan with three and half inches of grease in it.)

The steam catapult must develop over 54,000 lbs. of pressure to snap the steel holding cylinder, and from there on it's all go. Our twin-engine bomber, for example, went from a dead stop to ninety m.p.h. in a little better than two seconds.

Naturally, we were strapped in and didn't mind it too much (if we remembered to put our heads back against the rests before the shot.) As

a matter of fact, it is the drop off the end of the ship that can shake a guy up sometimes, more than the shot itself. A bomber usually dips below the level of the flight deck until its speed picks up a little more, and the water can get rather close at times.

Anyway, as I was telling you, there was a reason for counting the seconds. Each time we were to be shot off, the pilot would read back the check list to me: *hatches—check, straps—check, gear—check, flaps—check*. Then he would report to me, "Throttles going forward—OK, 2800. Oil pressure, OK. Generators, OK. Oil temp, OK. Jet going up—that's good, 98%."

After a quick glance around the cockpit, he would signal the Flight Deck Officer that we were ready to go. It's funny, sometimes when I see war pictures in the movies, they don't do it the way we did it for real at all. There is no "thumbs up," no OK sign indicated by making a circle of the thumb and forefinger. Just a simple ordinary salute of the hand. Kind of corny, the movies' way, isn't it?

Well, anyway, the Skipper would usually say, "Here we go" or "This is it," and on the last word his hand would snap from his forehead to end the salute. That's when I would



start counting. It was usually three seconds till we leaped forward, the catapult dragging us along the deck like a burdened dog on a leash. "One thousand one, one thousand two, one thousand..." Bang, and away we go!

Lots of times I never got as far as "thou . . ." Those guys that designed that machine must have known what they were up to. Three seconds and it was "off we go," as they say in that other outfit's song.

I remember one morning, though. It was different (the take off, not the morning.) It was just before dawn, and we were in the midst of another of those silly war games our canoe club was always playing. I think it was cold, but I'm not sure, since the sun wasn't up yet, which meant I wasn't awake yet either.

We went through the pre-flight stuff, warmed up the engines, taxied onto the catapult, and started making checks (this is no time for error). After the check list, the Skipper was mechanically spouting forth the information — "engines going up—2800, oil pressure—OK, generators—OK, oil temp—OK. Jet going up—Good!" I checked my harness again, felt my survival knife in its sheath, and put my head back (I learned early).

"Here we go" he said. *One thou-*

*sand one, one thousand two, one thousand three, one thousand four (oh-oh), one thousand five (come on, baby), one thousand six (jeezus, it's getting warmer), one thousand seven (my tan flight suit is brown just above the knees). "Sit tight, Lindsay." Is he kidding me? There isn't a part on this plane that's sittin' any tighter than I am. I think I quit counting at seven. I mean, seven's a lucky number. Right? Easy boy, it's the skipper who has to make the decision, not you. We can either sit here straining against the holding cable, burning up our engines, or cut back on the throttle and save those poor engines—but if that cat decides to let go and we're sitting here without any power on—well, the Med could probably feel real damp and cold at this stage of the game.*

"Throttle's coming back." Hot dog, Skipper, lots of luck! "Power's off!" Oh, boy. The noise dies down considerably. You don't hear much when your heart isn't beating anymore. Come on, Skipper, say something. Tell me to go back to bed—something. Ask me how Notre Dame did, what I had for breakfast. Speak, Dad.

me twice, already.

"OK, let's get outa here."

Tell me twice, already.

## Greetings to a Grandmother

THOMAS SIMMONS

Sometimes, on rainy afternoons or in the evenings when the house was quiet, my grandmother would tell my brothers and me about her life when she was a little girl in the "Old Country." I always tried to picture the scenes she described to us. And when she would tell us about walking barefoot and carrying a jug of water on her head, I would close my eyes and try to picture her as she walked from the fountain in the square back to her father's house at the edge of the village. I could visualize the bare feet all right and the water-jug, but always in between the water-jug and the bare feet was the same grandmother who sat talking to us. In fact, she has always seemed the same to me—through my pre-school days right through my college career. And even in any photographs taken of her, my grandmother has always looked the same.

Mrs. Rose Angelotti. "Mother," to my mother and the big brood of my aunts and uncles. "Gramma," to me. Her former employers called her "Rosie."

The first people she worked for when she came over from Italy were of German descent. She learned to speak English from them, and she picked up a German accent in the process; but all in all, she does very well with the language and reverts to Italian only when she is praying or when she is scolding someone. In both situations, I seem to remember, some of the words sound the same!

She is a somewhat paunchy but otherwise thin woman who has always walked with a slow, sure step and has always worn traditional old-woman clothes — dark dresses and black shoes with wide heels. A plain black purse always hangs from her left arm, and she is never without a sweater, either carrying it or wearing it. Her only slightly gray hair is wrapped in a bun on the back of her head, and when she leaves the house it is usually topped with a black hat. Her hair seems short and compact perched on her head like that, but it is actually amazingly long. When I was a little boy I used to try to be on hand when she washed her hair, but usually I could only glimpse her as she hurried from the bathroom to her bedroom. Her hair was astonishing, all fluffed out to dry, and I remember that it nearly hid her face. It seemed heavy, too—partly, I suppose, because she leaned forward from the waist as she walked swiftly along the narrow hall. Without her glasses, her eyes seemed very small and almost lost in the fine wrinkles of her face. She hardly seemed the same person who an hour or so before had cooked my egg and buttered my toast for me at the breakfast table. She would always stay in her room until her hair dried. Then, with her glasses on and her hair braided and wrapped in a bun, she would emerge—my grandmother again.

She has always possessed a certain



dignity of bearing. Her shoulders have never stopped and her back has remained straight in spite of her advancing years. A calm sedateness characterizes her personality. Her aplomb is shattered only by the most unexpected or rash incidents. One time she lapsed into angry Italian when I accidentally spilled a cup of hot coffee on her, but after the initial shock of the hot liquid on her arm and lap, she grew calm, and even asked if any of the coffee had spilled on me. And her babysitting chores sometimes taxed her patience. Once my little brother hit me over the head with a monkey-wrench. She could not run fast enough to catch up with us and could only stand with both hands to her face and wail for us to stop. After I had control of the wrench, I smiled to show her that I was not too badly hurt. But the lump on my head was not reassuring enough to her, and it took a long time for her to calm down.

The tales of her youth include stamping grapes with her feet to make wine and walking barefoot in the wintertime, even during the occasional snows. But she was not always talking about her past experiences; usually it was only when certain occurrences forcibly reminded her of her earlier life. Once when we were sitting at the kitchen window watching some nuthatches at the bird-feeder, she told me how well she had learned to trap birds under a propped-up door. She would wait until about a dozen birds had gathered, pull the string, then run up and step on the door. She claimed there was quite a trick to

stepping on the door so as not to spoil what little meat there is on a small bird. I often think that her life in "Sunny Italy" must have been more sparrows and spaghetti than milk and honey.

I will never forget the time—I think I was in second grade — when I was showing Grandma how well I could read. She was pleased and kept nodding approvingly—until I came to a word I didn't know and asked her what it was. When she only shook her head in a vague sort of way, I asked her again. She still responded with the vague shaking of her head. "Oh, you don't know what it is," I said, and ran to ask my mother. After helping me with the word, my mother explained something else. She said that there were no schools in the Old Country and that Gramma was too old to go to school when she came to the United States. It took me a while to understand that my grandmother could not read. Holding the book open, I walked importantly back into the room where my grandmother was sitting. I almost lost my place using my elbows and knees to climb onto the big sofa. Then I settled into place beside her. Looking up at her, I said, "I found out what the word is, Gramma." She smiled happily at me, and smoothed the lock of hair that fell over my forehead. When I continued reading, I think there were tears in her eyes.

A long time ago, before she was familiar with the city, and because she couldn't read street signs, she used to memorize the window displays of corner stores so that she

would know where to get off the bus. She enjoys telling about the time she missed her bus stop. A store had changed ownership, and its window displayed typewriters instead of the shoes that she had been looking for.

I do not often see my grandmother any more. It's as Aunt Henrietta says, "The family only gets together now for a wedding or a

funeral." And so it was, last summer the family converged for a wedding. At the reception, I saw my grandmother come in, walking with her same sure step. I wanted to tell everyone, "This is my grandmother." I just greeted her, though, and kissed her. Her cheek was a little softer, maybe, than it used to be.

## *In a Boy's Room*

RICHARD F. BALLANTINE

Son,  
Sleep on  
In other worlds of timeless space.

Drift from your bed  
Onto your great white stallion,  
Heft your new-drawn blade,  
Guide your knights to bloody victory —  
Where dead men only play  
And the blood on your silver hilt  
Isn't real anyway.

Silver —  
Silver —  
"Hi-yo Silver, a-way-y-y!"  
Silver hilt — hilt.  
Silver bullet.  
Silver bullet.  
You'll show it to the Sheriff so he knows.

Yes, you are the Lone Ranger, too.  
You'll beat up those baddies,  
Then off in a cloud of dust  
With a hearty "Hi-yo Silver,  
A-way-y-y!"

Tonto is not there  
Because you did it all by yourself.



## Perfection of a Sort

RICHARD BROWN

A perfect gentleman, without a doubt,  
And proud — an arrogant and lofty air  
Evinced in everything he set about;  
His way was always right, distinctive, fair.  
At times when we would tend to cloud his way,  
So insignificant we others seemed  
(He was the sun about which planets play)  
He would ignore us as dull phantoms dreamed.

Remembering, I still can see his head  
Undeviating from the way he walked,  
And hear his voice certain of what he said,  
And know the way men listened when he talked.

Now his techniques are mine, and I as he  
Have learned to simulate security.

## The Whole of God's Wide World

CHARLES WEBB

I sat there quite awake in darkened hall,  
Alarmed by painful moans and sickly cries;  
Alert to needs and care, I heard him call  
My name, and I approached his heavy sighs.  
"I'm glad you came," he labored hard to say,  
His courage made me shun the thought of tears;  
I stood beside the dying friend to pray,  
Grieving and helpless, yet he showed no fears.  
His brave display of trust and true belief  
In God amidst the pain, duress, and strife,  
Made me expire a sob of grave relief —  
As tender words he spoke to tell his wife:  
"If mortal loves were all like yours and mine,  
The whole of God's wide world would be divine."

## Of A Maiden... A Fairy Tale

KAREN McMICHAEL

Martha Messel sat on a mossy stone beside a babbling brook. Now wait — I know "babbling brook" is hackneyed, but what I want to describe is Martha Messel, not the brook; so don't be so fussy.

Martha, at first glance, looks like she is wearing a short corn shock on her head—all right, she looks *as if* she is wearing a short corn shock on her head, but Martha would say that a person "looks like she is wearing a short corn shock on her head," and this is Martha's story, and the frog's too, as you will soon see, and you know what frogs are in fairy tales, and what bad grammar princes use who have spent most of their lives as frogs in swampy pools and on muddy banks — and what could they learn even if they visited babbling brooks sometimes? Those babblers! They don't care what they say or how they say it. Anyway, her hair looked like a short corn shock, and Martha looked like she was wearing a short shock of corn on her head, grammar or no grammar.

Her hands were rough and red and still are, even though she has shifted to that sudsy Brand-Z detergent and her mother does most of the dishwashing. She has other things wrong with her, too. Like when she walks, her feet turn in. And a word about her figure might help the picture, but not Martha very much. Her waist can be estimated within a foot or two if your tape measure doesn't go any farther than three feet. And you will for-

give me if I quote a punning friend of mine who is continuously astonished at the voluminous quality of her bosom. He keeps saying, "Martha Messel is a pirate's dream—she has a hidden chest."

Now I am not trying to create the impression that I have any prejudices about Martha. After all, she is kind, hardworking sort of, and sober, and she hardly ever cuts classes. But really she is not at all intelligent. Her grammar, as I said, is poor, and she never looks attractive. But keep in mind that I am not trying to create a prejudice against her. I always speak to her when we meet; it's just that I am not blind.

Anyway, Martha was sitting beside this brook, see, throwing a blue rubber ball at a pine tree. She would catch it when it bounced back and if she missed it, she would get up off the mossy stone and "go git it," as she would say. This one day, she missed the ball, and the ball bounced into the brook and began floating away. When she went to recover it, she couldn't find it because her corn-shock hair was in her eyes.

Then up came a frog with that blue rubber ball balanced on the end of his nose. Now I'd like to describe him, but what can you say about a frog? He was green—sort of an off-green. Let's say he was a dirty-money green as opposed to emerald green or moss green or some such pretty green.



"Excuse me, Miss," he said very politely. "But I want to tell you that if you will marry me I will turn into a handsome prince. Years ago I was enchanted by a hateful old witch." I don't know why he hadn't looked at her before he said all this—maybe he still had some water in his eyes; but when he finally gave her the once-over and saw what sort of beautiful maiden he was in danger of marrying, he said some things that I would hardly dare repeat in a story that might get into a publication like this one.

"Give me that ball, you slimy toad," said Martha, very haughty.

The frog pushed the ball over to the edge of the babbling brook, turned around and streaked for a deep pool about fifty feet downstream, crawled under a sunken leaf,

and hid—thankful to be a rejected suitor.

"I don't think he was no enchanted prince. He didn't hardly look like anything but a slimy toad," said Martha. Of course, Martha should have known that no frog can look princely and that frogs aren't slimy—they're just cold.

So the frog lives thankfully, albeit warily, at the bottom of the brook and is happy to be still a bachelor, and Martha Messel lives with her mother and bounces rubber balls against the side of her mother's house, and I suppose she will always be an old maid.

There is a moral here, and here it is: When a girl is both unintelligent and unattractive, even a frog doesn't want to marry her.

## Discovery

TONA WILLIAMS

His chubby baby fingers  
Reached  
To touch the crimson rose,  
And having touched its petals,  
Velvet-soft,  
Closed round the slender stem  
To take and hold the prettiness.

But as his hand tightened,  
A thorn jabbed deep,  
And with a cry of pain  
He released the evil rose.

A tiny spot of blood,  
As crimson as the rose,  
We wiped away,  
But not the lesson he had learned.

## Love Is

HELENA BOYER

Love  
is a butterfly  
that once rested  
momentarily  
in my open palm.

It sat  
unsure —  
folding skyward  
and unfolding  
its velvet wings,  
tempting me,

Tempting me  
to close my nail-tipped fingers  
before it darted.  
The flitting figure  
dipped  
and  
climbed,  
like a cold dry leaf  
on an autumn day,  
around my head,

Mocked my crude thinking  
as I stood  
holding emptiness.

## Joy

JEAN REINHOLD

Little pink rosebuds  
on softness.  
Oh!  
be a dancer, pretty little girl,  
whirl the rosebuds  
beyond dizziness,  
then plop —  
to watch the little pink rosebuds  
floating and settling with the softness  
all around you.



# The Prisoners

JOHN REINHOLD

It was a cold day. Jessica stepped off the back porch and took two small logs from the pile of wood that was stacked against the house. The dog ran up to her, wriggling, whining its morning welcome. She stooped to pet it, saying "Good dog, good dog" softly. Then she straightened and, almost mechanically, walked inside with the logs.

"Jessica!"

His voice rang sharply through the silence in the house. She put the logs beside the fireplace and walked upstairs to where he stood. It was still dark there, and he seemed to tower over her, a faceless thing, filling the room. She looked at the shadow where his face would be, waiting.

"The pitcher's empty."

She cringed, half expecting more than this, and when only silence lept between them, she took the pitcher from his hand.

"I'm sorry."

She tried to say it without feeling, and he made no answer.

She walked back after filling the pitcher from the pump, unconsciously knowing he would not have moved from where he had been standing when he called her. He waited until she had climbed the stairs and held the pitcher out to him, then took it, still silent, and walked back to his room.

When she heard the water splash from the pitcher, Jessica leaned against the window frame, watching white clouds scudding over the moun-

tain until they disappeared. A wall creaked, and she straightened, startled, and moved quickly down to the fireplace. She hurried with the fire, knowing he would soon be down, not wanting him to watch her move about the kitchen. But he was there before the food was ready, waiting in silence. She carried fork and knife to him, then plate and cup, desperately willing her hands to stillness, hoping he wouldn't see them tremble, praying not to drop the knife or spill the coffee from his cup.

The dog, smelling food inside, scratched and whined at the door. Jessica closed her eyes, listening to his chair scraping against the floor, his footsteps, deliberate and slow, moving toward the door, and then the steady beating of his hand against the dog's side. She wanted to put her hands over her ears to stop the sound, but she couldn't move, and it filled the room, drowning the hiss and crackle in the fireplace, seeming never to end. Then, suddenly, she realized that he had stopped, and she waited for the scuttle of paws on the wooden porch, but there was no sound.

Without warning, she thought of how white the clouds had been against the greyness of the morning sky, then wondered why her mind had slipped to such a picture. The door opened, and he walked to his chair. She knew his food was cold now, and waited, not turning from the fire. But he did not speak, and she heard his chair scrape again, and the sounds of his

fork against the plate. She held a large spoon, and she watched her fingers clutch its handle, her arm make it move within the pot of soup on the fire, blotting from her mind all but the sight of a hand clutching a spoon and stirring, stirring liquid. A log snapped, breaking, widening her thought to its sound and then to his eating-sounds. She heard his cup strike against the table-top and knew he had finished. He stood, reached to the wall for his jacket, and walked out. She listened to his footsteps echo on the porch, then their dullness, fading, as he walked on the frozen ground, and her hand still made the spoon stir circles in the liquid. When she could no longer hear his footsteps, she willed her hand to lift the spoon and hang it on its hook beside the fire. Thinking again of the clouds, she moved to the door, placed her hand on its latch, hesitated, then pulled it open.

The dog lay on its side. Its paws were turned slightly inward, softening the awkward outline of its legs, giving a helpless look to its body.

"You look smaller."

The words were spoken softly, almost in a whisper, yet they somehow filled the silence for her. When she picked it up, its softness startled her and she held it closer to her body, gathering its paws inside the circle of her arms.

The ground was frozen deep on the hill. It took a long time for her to dig the hole and fill it again. The wind blew steadily against her face, making the cold sharper, harder to fight than the earth. After the dog

was buried she sat down beside the little mound of earth and drew her knees up close to her body.

The fire was out when he came back to the house for his midday meal. The dishes from breakfast lay as he had left them on the table. The room was cold and in shadow, echoing the grey emptiness of the day. He walked to the stairway quickly.

"Jessica!"

He heard the wind blow open the kitchen door and swish through the room to where he stood. There was no other sound.

"The dog. She took the dog."

He walked back to the kitchen, then sat in his chair. After a few minutes, he stood, uncertain, then went to the fireplace, lifted the pot of soup from its hook, and tilted it toward the floor. The soup splashed on the wooden boards, its liquid spreading over the floor. He turned and walked through the doorway, not closing the door, and the wind blew it back and forth, making it bang hollowly against the wall.

"Cold wind."

Jessica spoke as if the wind could hear, yet not asking, not wanting answer from it. The house was too far to be seen from the hill. She had been here often, just to sit. There were no trees here, only one wild bush; its branches twisted, jutting out in all directions. She broke one of the branches from the bush, then watched her hands keep breaking little pieces from it until there was nothing left. The pieces fell and blew across the mound of earth.



Jessica raised back her head and a wild cry sprang from the depths of her body. Animal-like, almost a scream, it tore from her lungs without warning, leaping against the wind. But the wind swept it back, scattering it as easily as the pieces of the branch. She stood then, suddenly cold, and began to walk. She wasn't aware of where she was going — only that she was making her feet move her body. Her hands were numb from the wind and cold. Holding them close against her, she twisted and swayed to keep from falling. She stumbled on a rock, and catching herself, jumped a step to regain her balance. Then she saw him.

He was about thirty yards from her, standing by a fence. He didn't move, just stood and watched her.

Jessica turned and began to run, breathing in great gasps for air, trying to choke it into her lungs, willing her feet to move faster, feeling the blood pound in her temples.

"God, God, don't let me fall. Please don't let me fall."

He had watched the recognition and fear in her face; and when he saw her run, he turned back to the fence and smiled. A few minutes passed, and then he began to walk after her, his footsteps slow, hitting steadily on the ground.

Jessica stumbled through the windbreak of trees that measured off the field, and the house loomed up in front of her. She slowed her pace,

and walked to the porch, shivering uncontrollably. The kitchen door still banged against the wall, its sound haphazard, without rhythm. She slumped against the wall, unable to stop her body from shivering, and closed her eyes. When she opened them, she saw him walking across the yard. She leaned her hand on the wall and moved to the kitchen door.

The soup had begun to freeze on the floor, and the pot lay on its side, stuck in the ice. Chunks of food had become lodged in their places, half in, half out of the ice. Jessica stepped inside; then suddenly sat on the floor, letting her legs crumple under her.

He had reached the porch and stood just outside the kitchen. His expression was one of mixed annoyance and shock.

"Get up."

The words reached her and she looked up at him. Neither spoke for a minute. Then, not moving, Jessica laughed. The sound was closer to her wild cry on the hill then to laughter, and it ripped from her throat, piercing the air, making him step backward. In the silence that followed, he waited for her to move, and when she didn't, walked to his chair and sat down. The door continued to bang in the wind, making a lonely unrhythmic sound. Finally, Jessica picked herself up from the floor, slowly walked to the door, and pushed it shut.

## Blind Man's Bluff

CAROL STRINGFELLOW

Let's see, I think it was a Tuesday. Yes, it must have been because every Tuesday they give us pancakes for breakfast and I remember the syrup got spilled on the front of my uniform. All of us were sitting here at these five big tables eating when this man comes in—boy was he fat! You should have seen him. Anyhow, this fat guy comes in and gave every guard some little white tickets. You notice, there's one guard for each table. So each guard passed out a ticket to every person at his table.

Now understand, this isn't the way they always do it here. I don't know how they pick in the other divisions, but here sometimes they announce over the loudspeaker, sometimes they talk to us one at a time. But this day, a Tuesday, they passed out tickets. Mine said—well, see for yourself, here it is. See? It says, "Good morning. You have been invited to . . ." (Say, you know, some of us here at Human Experiments can't read, but if you can't, you got to pretend you're reading like everyone else is. It's one of the

rules.) ". . . You have been invited to volunteer. If you wish to volunteer, raise your hand for permission from your guard to leave the dining hall. One person will be allowed to leave from each table. From these five representatives, the ultimate selection will be made. Sorry, but we need only one of you today. If you are chosen, the nature of your services will be glory for you and an honor to our beloved Human Experiments, Incorporated."

Well, it was the volunteer from our own table who got picked in the end. I was just going to raise my own hand when Johnson bumped the syrup pitcher on me getting his hand up to ask permission.

Too bad I didn't get a chance to say goodbye to Johnson, but you never know. Sometimes they come back and you feel pretty dumb saying goodbye to someone that's maybe going to come back. Say, would you pass the butter, please? Thanks. You know, I think you're going to like it here.

## Warning

JOAN REINHOLD

A sky  
As dark and gray  
As this will press against  
The earth, will suffocate the grass —  
And me.



## An International Duet

CAROL STRINGFELLOW

### Second Tenor

A pagan,  
A black pagan,  
Was praying,  
Was dancing,  
Was stomping,  
Was chanting in a reedy voice  
To the mighty feathered wisdom-man  
From the Council of the Elders,  
Was chanting to the mighty feathered wisdom-man  
Who was going to bring the rain,  
To the withered, cracking soil,  
Who was going to bring the rain  
To the drying, dying land  
Just as soon as he got around to it.

### Second Alto

She sat there,  
Just plain sat there spreading peanut butter  
With a nail file  
Like it happens every day —  
And humming part of a hymn  
They used to sing at Sunday School, off and on.

When the sandwich was all gone  
(Except the corner crusts),  
She arranged some colored eggs in a basket  
And tied a bright yellow ribbon  
To the handle.  
Crosses, she knows, are too ponderous  
to decorate baskets with.

## Late Gardener

JOAN REINHOLD

I watched her crouching over roots  
And sprouts and earth in summer dusks.  
I saw her carry vegetables and fruits  
In autumn. Shells of peas and husks

Of corn were heaped beside her chair,  
And brown onions lay row on row  
To dry above her attic stair —  
Before she said: "I guess I'm through." We know

She left a heritage in store,  
Other than garden things,  
For us who one night saw her falter  
Outside her pantry door.

## Photograph

JOAN REINHOLD

I watch your face, and it becomes  
A silent shell  
Empty of its pearl,  
And I wonder what I love  
Unless the memory of sensing  
Lives within the shape  
Of bone-white shells.

I lie on endless sand,  
On endless long-stilled sand,  
Where empty shells are strewn  
And dry wind blows.

Here old dreams are muffled echoes  
Of a voice, a chord —



# A Dog Called Sport

DAVID ROSS

It would have been a nice day, the sun bright and all. Yeh, it would have been but it turned out not to be. For the third time this year I went outside and found a stray animal.

"Oh, for God's sake! Where did you come from?"

I guess I said it to myself because there was no one else around and the dog couldn't have understood me. He was lying there in the sun among the fallen maple leaves. Just lying there as though he'd always lived there or something.

First, there had been the cat, then another mongrel. The dog killed the cat the second day, then he left. I never knew where he'd gone and I couldn't have cared less. Maybe this guy would leave too, like the other one.

"These damn people who are always dropping animals off! Why don't they kill them if they don't want them instead of bringing them to me?"

He was about half again as big as a beagle—in height and everything. His coat was mostly black on top except for some white on his neck and a dabble here and there on his ears. He was white on the bottom—belly and chest, that is. His ears were typical beagle ears—well almost. Not quite as big, though. His nose was longer and thinner, more like a shepherd's, and his legs were about twice as long as a beagle's.

"You damn mongrel."

I must have roused him from his slumber. That doggy head just rolled over and gazed at me with its deep brown eyes.

"C'mon, Sport, you can't stay here. Git!" I bellered.

He just blinked his brownies and lay motionless.

"Please, git," my tone softened.

"Don't just lounge there and smile at me. Get the hell out of here."

He didn't budge. I coaxed. Finally, rather hesitantly, he stalked up to me and sniffed my outstretched hand.

"All right, I'll get you something to eat. You're probably hungry. I haven't seen a dog yet that wasn't. But then you'll have to leave."

I watched as he gulped down the bread and milk. While he was eating, the world could have come to an end and he wouldn't have noticed or even cared that it was happening. Having finished, he rolled his big red tongue around his chops five or six times, then pleadingly looked to me for more of the same. I was sure he'd have eaten himself to death. Maybe I should have let him.

"All right, Sport, now you gotta leave."

I reached for the broom on the porch but doubted it would do any good to chase him with it. I walked away, hoping that my ignoring him would make him leave. It didn't. The next morning he was there again for breakfast, and the next,

and the next three weeks of mornings.

"I've gotta get rid of that dog. I don't want the pest around any longer—him and his damn messes in the yard. He's not good for anything. If he even looked as if he could hunt or something—he doesn't even look at a rabbit if it is sitting right there in the back yard with him.

Then an idea occurred to me.

"I know. Today's the first day of hunting season. I'll take him out and we'll have a little accident."

So about 7:15 Sport and I took off for the woods. About half way across the field Sport accidentally put out a rabbit.

"Here's my chance," I thought. "I've gotta get that dog now."

I shouldered the gun and squeezed. *Blast!* Why didn't I get that dog? I walked over, peered at the rabbit's motionless body. I cleaned the rabbit, and Sport gulped down the heart and liver. I laughed.

"Eat up, fella. This may be your last chance," I said to him.

I walked on toward the woods, my dog just ahead of me. Along the edge, where there are more blueberry bushes than trees, Sport scared out another one. It was too far ahead to fire at, so I ran up to where the dog had routed it. I knew the rabbit would be back; they always run in circles. Soon I saw the rabbit come racing through the leaves. The gun roared. I pumped the action. It roared again and again. I had rabbit number two.

Then I got my chance at Sport again. He came lumbering through the brush. Gun aimed. Trigger squeezed. Nothing.

"Damn! Did I fire three shots? I'll get you yet today, damn you!"

About noon I ate a sandwich and gave part of it to Sport. He tried to lick my hand.

By mid-afternoon I was thoroughly disgusted that I hadn't killed the dog yet.

"Yip, yip . . . . . yip."

He was after another. Maybe he really could hunt. I waited for about fifteen minutes. Then I heard a shot across the way and voices.

"Here, Sport!" I whistled. Then I called again. "Here, Sport! Here, boy!"

He didn't return. I went to where I had heard the voices. The guts of a cottontail were on the ground.

"Here, Sport! Here Sport!" I whistled again and waited—still no dog.

It was nearly supper time. I went home knowing that Sport would be back and hanging around outside the door again when I got up in the morning, if he wasn't there when I got home now. He wasn't there, so I put a pan of left-overs out for him, just to see if he'd come around, but they were still there, untouched, in the morning.

I hunted that day alone, across the field, through the woods, around the side hill, and back to where I had lost Sport. I whistled. No reply.

"Oh, well, they come and they go," I said.



## An Ocean Butterfly

TONA WILLIAMS

Afraid of death . . .  
Or life . . . or both  
I wandered on the barren beach,  
Bareheaded and alone.  
  
Doubting,  
Questioning,  
Searching for what I could believe,  
I watched the gray-black waves incessantly advance  
far up the beach,  
Then, wearied by their climb, fall back —  
As purposeless,  
Useless,  
Fruitless as my life, I thought.

And then I saw a rush of color in the grayness of  
the waves  
And stooped to snatch a salmon-colored shell out  
of the swirling foam,  
To marvel at its fragility unbroken by the waves,  
An ocean butterfly,  
In essence so like the Monarch  
That capers in the garden at my home,  
Delicate,  
Without flaw.

Musing on the turbulent cycle of the waves  
And wondering at the wholeness of the shell within  
my hand,  
I knew that I had found some part  
Of what I had come to the beach to find.

## Max's Daughter

VICKI STEINBERG

1.

Max's daughter was expecting company. And there he was. Only there was something the matter with Brewster. Or anyway with his face. He must have been in quite a fight and he must have lost.

"What happened?"

"I fell."

"Oh, yeah. You'd've had to fall down three flights of stairs to get your face to look like that."

"Well, I . . . I fell."

"O.K. If you say you fell, you fell, but I'd sure like to see the other guy."

"He's a mess . . . oh, all right. I was in a fight."

"I knew that all along. What I want to know is exactly what happened."

In the next two weeks Brewster told so many versions of exactly what had happened that he didn't remember the truth. So when he walked in to meet Max's daughter a few weeks later she knew that the new bruises would have a good story behind them.

"What happened this time?"

"I guess you won't believe I fell?"

"I guess I won't."

"Yeah, I thought so. Well, I ran into the same kid . . . I was playing pool, see, and this kid come in . . . trying to walk tall, see? So I . . ."

Max picked Brewster up by the belt and the collar of his shirt and hurried him carefully to the waiting curb.

2.

She could sit and watch anybody do anything anytime. If they really knew what they were doing. If they did it smoothly. She could watch a girl with long red hair knitting an orange mohair sweater for her brunette boyfriend. She could watch the keys on a typewriter as the secretary tap-tapped a letter to the president of the D.A.R.

And she could watch, and did watch, people play cards. She liked to hear the cards snap against each other, she liked to hear a shuffle followed by a maverick shuffle, she liked to hear the players talk. She liked to hear gin.

"Ten knock."

"Ten! What ten? Oh, ten knock."

"Yep."

She liked to hear pinochle.

"Twenty."

"Twenty-five."

"Thirty."

"Pass. What's trump?"

"Hearts."

"I knew it. Not a bloody heart in the group." She liked especially to hear a game called "Oh, Hell."

"Four."

"Three."

"Oh, hell, I thought I had that one."

"Oh, hell."

3.

She waited and waited. She took the pale, silvery nailpolish off with the odd smelling polish remover. She chose between *Frosted Pink Coconut* and *Frosted Pink Butterfly*.



Either one fitted her mood. She felt good. He was coming. He was coming for her. Her heart was beating the way hearts always beat in those romantic novels her sister was always leaving around the house. The ones she picked up once in a while when she couldn't find anything else to read.

The *Frosted Pink Coconut* looked fine and now she was really ready to go. So she waited and waited. Her heart had stopped beating—at least that noticeably. She gathered several of her sister's novels and sat primly in the stuffed armchair so as not to wrinkle the new skirt. She chose a book and started reading. When she had come to the end of the ninth chapter, she got up and took out the polish and remover.

She chose between *Silver Trill* and *Pink Cognito* and began to remove the polish she had applied an hour and more ago. It took three pieces of cotton and more remover than usual to clear her nails. She applied the usual two coats of *Silver Trill* and started another book.

She waited and waited, and four chapters later she chose another book. The heart throbs were being replaced by one throb in her left temple. She paced and then went

to the refrigerator, made herself a tomato-and-cheese sandwich and poured a glass of milk. After dumping the milk and all but two bites of the sandwich down the sink disposal, she rinsed and dried the glass and plate.

Passing the books she threw them across the room. She followed them with the four bottles of nailpolish and the empty bottle of remover.

4.

"Lin had a girl!" she said.

"A girl?" Her aunt wasn't listening.

"Last night. In the Mercy."

"Mercy?"

"The hospital. Bob is racing all over, telling everyone. He's so proud."

"Bob?"

"Her husband."

"Do I know them?"

"She's your niece and he's your niece's husband."

"What about them?"

"They had a baby."

"How nice—boy or girl?"

"I already told you—a girl."

"When did you tell me?"

"I never saw a person with so many questions."

"Me? When do I ask questions?"

## Capitulation

VICTORIA ANDRUS

He who rises on an autumn morning

Before the sun

And listens to the still gray world

And later sees

The frost-tipped leaves, limp and rusty

And caught in the briery tangles

Of a barberry hedge

Has entered a stark tower . . .

## Only Ben Knew His Death

DAVE ROSS

It was a hot summer afternoon, not sticky or muggy, just hot. Ben Stefson was sitting on his front porch, as usual, reading the afternoon news. It was Saturday, and on Saturdays the paper always comes early. I was on my way home from work. He was always sitting there in the afternoon—well, spring, fall, and summer, anyway. Just reading.

Ben's house was rather shabby looking, if I may use the term. It had those big brown shingles, not the small brick-sized ones—they kind of overlap each other, you know. The porch roof was supported by three weather-beaten beams—never painted, by the way. Its boards were rotting and some were broken on the ends. Ben sat there, his enormous body, though not more than five-eight or nine, motionless.

"Afternoon, Ben."

His head raised and he watched me stride up to his walk.

"What's the news?"

He grunted something.

"Is that right?" I answered. "See ya, Ben."

He grunted what I thought—or, at least, figured—was good-bye.

Ben kind of kept to himself. The only time he mingled was on Sunday mornings. He always went to church. He wore his brown pin-striped suit, yellow tie, and one of any number of colored shirts—tan, occasionally white, blue. His shoes were seldom polished or even tied. And his bald head was uncapped.

Then on Sunday he didn't show up for church.

"Hey, John! D'ya think we oughta go see Ben?" I asked after church. "Maybe he's sick or something."

John Brickley was Ben's next-door neighbor.

"Yeh, maybe we better."

So John and I went to check on Ben. We knocked. No answer. John wiped the dirty window and peered in.

"Can ya see him, John?" I asked. I felt a little worried.

"He's on the couch. TV's still on."

"Hey, Ben."

No answer.

We forced the door open—I remember it stuck a little—and then we crowded each other into the room and hurried to the couch where Ben was lying.

"Better call Doc Fess," John ordered.

Wouldn't really have had to, though. Doc said Ben had died about 10:30 the night before—heart. Doc said he had tried to put Ben on a diet back in March but obviously Ben had disregarded it.

Only Ben knew his own death, of course, but I keep thinking it might have been something like this.

The big old-fashioned alarm clock on the TV showed 10:08. Like I said, it was Saturday night, the night before he didn't show up for church.

His fingernails are digging into the arm of the chair. Though they are bending with his grip and becoming



white, he knows no pain from them. Rather, it is the pressure and stabbing in his chest that doubles him over.

Kalump!

"I've got to get up! The pain! I've got to reach the phone. I've got to call Doc Fess. Ooh! Can't straighten up. If I could crawl to the couch. Can't stand the pain anymore. Made it. Now to reach the phone. Can't take my hands from my chest. Can't

reach the phone. It's getting harder to breath. I can almost reach the phone. Almost . . ."

Sunday morning again:

"He must have fallen asleep and died in his sleep," John said.

"Yeh," I agreed.

"Well, it's nice that some people have easy deaths," Doc said.

"Yeh," John said.

## If Ever I Should Search

GEORGE RHYMESTINE

If ever I should need to reach your heart  
Or feel the ardor of your clasping hand,  
Do not forget, ever again, your art  
To guide my groping way and understand.  
It may be that sometimes in love like ours,  
Dim shadows of mistrust may dare to grow;  
But in the darkness of these hasty hours  
Your gentle touch and words can stave off woe.

If I should search for love so truly there,  
Surmising it within your tranquil eyes,  
Oh, let their gaze remain perceptive, clear,  
Without distrust or shadow of surprise.  
If you should choose to shut me out, disdain  
My glance, I could not seek, ever again.

## Echo

DIXIE FISHER

Above there still remains a childhood town,  
But I shall not return to hear its voice;  
My mind is on a road I travel down  
Hoping some brighter venture of my choice —

Trying to silence syllables that say  
"You will come back — before the end of May?"

## My Sister

JUDY PARSONS

I'm the only kid in the neighborhood with a sister who goes to college. David has a sister, but she's no fun except when we are playing war and we need some one to bomb. She won't let us bomb her, but she will lie down on the grass and pretend she was bombed. Mark has a sister too, but she's even worse. She can't walk or talk, even, and my dog could do a lot of things when he was as many weeks old as she is now.

My sister does a lot of things. She drives a car and drinks coffee and stays up till after nine-thirty. I don't see my sister much except on Christmas and Easter and in the summer. She goes to college and lives in a big building with a bunch of girls who always yell "Man in the dorm!" when they see me. I don't go in anymore. I stay outside and twist the dials on the mailboxes.

Everybody at my house is happy when my sister comes home. My mother cooks a lot of good food and calls Grandma on the telephone and tells her "Judy's home and I'm making noodles." Daddy walks around and smiles and doesn't get mad everytime Prince has to go out for a walk. Prince is the only one who doesn't feel happy when my sister comes home. He keeps forgetting that she belongs to us and crawls under the buffet when he sees her.

There's a lot of kissing and hugging when she comes, and then my mother pours coffee for everyone except me. I have chocolate milk.

We all sit down at the table and my sister tells about all the parties and dances and meetings she has been to and Daddy asks her if she's learning anything, and she says "Oh, yes."

Then her boyfriend comes and everyone is real glad some more. Except me, sometimes. He tells me I shouldn't leave my derrick-truck on the chair he is going to sit down on. I guess my sister is happier than anyone to see her boyfriend. She holds his hand and laughs and laughs.

My sister and her boyfriend do a lot of things. They go on picnics and go swimming, and sometimes they go to the drive-in theater and take me. I have to wear my pajamas and I take Hootie, my owl, and a blanket. I'm supposed to go to sleep after the cartoon is over but I never do.

I like to go for car rides with my sister. She drives faster than my mother and she lets me roll down all the windows. Sometimes we go to the supermarket to buy food. She lets me push the cart and doesn't get mad when I put in lots of candy and popcorn and soda.

I think my kind of sister is a lot better than Mark's or David's. I guess because she's older. She always has money and knows how to play the best games. We have a game where we pretend my sister is Santa Claus and I am one of Santa's little elves. She made me a red cap with a ball on the end, and



whenever she says in a big, low voice, "Come here, little elf," I put on the cap and run to Santa. Then Santa says that he is very busy and needs my help and since I'm a little elf I have to help. I know this is how my sister gets me to do things I don't like to do, like picking up my dominoes or tearing down the cabin I built in the living room, but I don't care if it doesn't take too long.

Sometimes my sister gets mad at me and yells. She yells even louder than David's mother when she's calling him for supper. She doesn't get mad very often — just when I wash Prince in the bathtub and use her bubble bath, or once I hid Myllijes S. Grant, that's my cat, on her bed, and that time she got mad and yelled at me, because he scared her.

When she's mad I am very quiet and I sit on Daddy's lap. She thinks I look cute sitting on Daddy's lap. After a while she feels bad because she yelled. She tells me not to do it again, whatever I did that made her mad, and gives me a dime and I go to the store and buy something. But not bubble gum. I'm not allowed to have bubble gum.

My sister is a lot of fun in the summertime. She can swim. I mean she can really swim, without even

using water wings. Sometimes we go to the ocean. I like that. She puts sun lotion on me and we go for walks on the beach and look for seashells. Only sometimes I forget to look for shells because I am chasing sea gulls.

This summer she is going to teach me to do something besides float. I get tired floating. Besides, if I ever saw a shark in the ocean, I'd have to get out of there fast! My sister says there are lots of sharks in the ocean.

My sister takes me to the carnival in the summertime, too, and before we go to the carnival we go to this place called a cafeteria and eat. Everyone gets a tray and some silverware and then you push the tray around a rail and get anything you want. I always get grape jello and mashed potatoes and chocolate milk.

Carnivals are a lot of fun except for the Ferris wheel. One time my sister and I were on the Ferris wheel and I got sick. And I lost all my grape jello and mashed potatoes and chocolate milk. The man who ran the Ferris wheel said he was sorry and he wanted to give our money back. My sister told him not to go so fast next time and we went home.

That's all I can think of now about my sister.

## Rebel

GEORGE GRANT

Snow was lightly touching the ground as I drove through the main street of Galeton and swung down off the highway to Bob Martin's house to pick him up for our rabbit hunt. The November air was sharp and chill with just a hint of frosty flakes, and the ground was half soft with the rain of two days before. The hunt fever was aching in my mind and in my hands as I opened the door to Bob's kitchen and was greeted by an oversized fifteen-inch bundle of beagle which sprang from the floor and licked my face. The jump, which seemed effortless, covered a distance of about six feet — straight up. After four or five such leaps and three handshakes, one in the air, one on his hind legs, and a very formal one on the floor, the introduction to North Carolina Reb was over. This same introduction was necessary each time I saw Reb, but the jump seemed to have more life in it if he knew we were taking him hunting or if he thought I felt like fooling around with him.

The pup received his name quite by accident. It's true he had sprung from North Carolina registered stock, but there must have been a throw back somewhere, for he was far oversized for the fifteen-inch class and looked more like a Southern coon hound than a rabbit dog. His name was to have been Shadrack, but after three or four weeks during which Shadrack never once responded to his name, we talked things over with him and changed

his name to Rebel, Reb for short. The new name fitted the dog's personality perfectly, for he was a rebel in almost every way a beagle could be except color and facial expression. If ever a beagle could give you a chiding look of boredom, Reb was the master. He would just cock his head, roll his brown eyes up at you, and give you a blanker stare than ever came from a sculptor's chisel.

Bob had got home from school late the night before and his vitality was in direct contrast to the dog's. He poured each of us a cup of coffee and fixed a couple of eggs for himself. Reb ran around the house and pressed his nose against the windows looking for rabbits in the yard. Bob told me that Reb had seen one out there once and tried to give chase right through a sliding glass door.

Reb was behind Bob every trip he made to his bedroom to get his gear. He sniffed a couple of times at the hunting coat and turned at the damp smell of the silicone shoe-saver Bob had on his boots. When we started toward the door, you can guess who was leading. Reb was a master at going out of doors in a hurry and first. If he saw that he was going, he would slip in among our legs, and the minute the door opened a crack, his nose was in it. If he knew he couldn't go with us he would give us cold stares and go behind the couch and watch us leave, still penetrating us with his



perfect beagle reprimand. That morning Reb was through the garage in three leaps and waiting by the door of my car when I got there. I opened the door but he wouldn't get in until Bob was in and called him. Once in the car, it was a different story. Reb had his nose on all six windows within a minute and had even tried to lie on the dashboard. Bob put him in the back seat and cracked the window. The crack was instantly filled with a soft damp tongue licking the snow flakes from the edge of the door.

The drive to where we were to hunt was over some of the narrow Pennsylvania back roads, and the curves disgruntled Reb to no end. He would just get his nose out the window and I would go around a curve and he would fall down on the seat. Once I glanced in the rearview mirror and found him with his front paws on the back of the seat, and he was giving the back of my head a stare which matched the chilliness of the landscape around us.

We didn't know how the hunting would be because of the weather, but the fact that it was snowing didn't seem to worry Reb a bit. He just kept his nose out the window as much as he could and gave Bob and me indifferent stares the rest of the way. When we reached Martin's camp, just below Cherry Springs State Park, Reb was about ready to chew his way out through the trunk. We pulled into the lane which leads to the camp and the car dug its way up through the mud and snow. As soon as the door was open, Reb was around my shoulder, across my lap,

and out the door. He ran up to the steps of the camp and stopped. I was surprised he didn't begin to hunt, but he politely waited until we had taken our lunch into camp and started a fire in the stove to kill the chill so the camp would be warm at noon. We opened the camp door and again Reb was the first one out, but this time he was set for some serious hunting. He leaped around as if straining on a leash until Bob gave him the word to "Hunt-a-bunny, Reb." Reb was off, looking like four legs with two ears tacked on them, down across a clearing toward an old orchard on the other side of the road. We had supposed that Reb wasn't a blue-ribbon hunter, and the way he approached the first brush pile confirmed our wildest suspicions. I thought for a while he was going to leap directly into the center of the pile and tear it apart branch for branch, but when he got within ten feet or so, he slowed to a walk and put his nose to the ground. He gave one side of the pile a nose workout then went into some briars on one end. Bob and I reached the orchard just in time to hear a yelp and see four legs and two ears come straight up out of the briars and see a rabbit heading across the snow. Neither of us had a chance for a shot, for the rabbit cut into another briar patch with Reb right behind him. The bunch of legs come straight up again and then Reb was across the orchard and into a stand of hemlocks, tonguing his high yelp with the vitality of his youth. In about five minutes Reb brought the rabbit back toward us. I raised my gun and

tumbled it just as it was heading for a brush pile. Reb was about thirty seconds behind the rabbit and when he reached his quarry he clamped his jaws on the neck and stood looking at Bob and me. I skinned and opened the rabbit and cut the liver out for Reb. While I was squatted down doing this, he was poking his head under my arm and watching every move. I handed the liver to him. In one gulp it was gone, and Reb was off again on "Hunt-a-bunny, Reb."

The snow had quit falling by then but the sky was still overcast. We entered the hemlocks, our shoulders brushing the snow from the lower branches. Reb worked for about fifteen minutes before he jumped another cottontail. I couldn't see him when he first started tonguing, but I could imagine the feet and ears all up in the air and then the race along the ground with an occasional leap just for good measure. The practice of leaping seemed highly unorthodox to me, but when Reb turned the second rabbit to me I started to view his hunting ability in a different light. By noon each of us had his four rabbits and Reb was starting to tire. The longer he had worked that morning the better he had become. Tiredness eventually had slowed him down to where he would work like a normal dog with-

out trying to run the rabbit to death or catch it himself.

As we headed back to the camp, Reb was content to walk alongside us, only stepping into an occasional briar patch to see if a rabbit had escaped him earlier. When we reached the camp, Bob and Reb entered and started a fire in the fireplace. I unwrapped our rabbits from their plastic bags and knelt down by the pump to wash them out. I was there only a few minutes when I felt something poking under my arm. Reb was back outside taking care of "his" rabbits. When I had finished working with the rabbits, I carried them inside and put them in the refrigerator. Reb watched every move I made until the refrigerator door was shut. I then sat down in a chair in front of the fireplace and lighted a cigarette. Reb jumped up on the stone hearth, took one last sassy look at Bob cooking dinner and me smoking my cigarette, laid his head on his outstretched paws, and closed one eye. He took a deep breath and snorted through his nose, then slept.

As I sat there watching Reb's lean sides heave, I started to think about how unorthodox he was but how he still got his job done; and as I looked into the sassy face, I decided that only he could be called the Buster Keaton of the Beagles.

### *For Daronda, Later*

JOANNE KANIS

No one would dare to break her happy heart,  
Each sensing expertly the joy she feels.  
She glides and wobbles, dignity her art:  
Daronda walking on her first high heels.



## It Happens Again and Again

CAROL STRINGFELLOW

It was all over now. She had sobbed a little during the procession and had been choked up all the way from "Oh say can you see?" to "And the home of the brave." But by the time the commencement speaker had begun his talk, she had regained control. There she was, and sitting in the front row—in the end seat of that honored row, to be sure, but she was there. In a way, she was ready to face the whole world.

The commencement address? Maybe one or two listened to it. She didn't know. As the speaker talked about the crossroads of the future, the graduates were reviewing their crossroads of the past and present. She thought of her father, who, she had known, was somewhere in the audience. "He's probably glad to get me off his hands," she muttered

to herself. "Besides, he sort of *had* to come."

The recession was over now, and she stood in the foyer among the others with their now-flipped tassels. Finally, through the crowd filing out of the auditorium doors, came the familiar greying head. For the first time in her memory she threw her arms around him and cried—onto the lapels of his new black suit. When she pulled away, she knew that she had been wrong. He would not have missed this night, and she was suddenly proud that she had been in that first row. Her father, her strong, distinguished-looking father, had tears in his eyes!

"Well, Dad," she said, "See you after the party." She turned and walked away because she knew, now—and because she knew that was what he wanted her to do.

## Beach Scene At Night

CAROL STRINGFELLOW

Another wave collapses  
on the quiet sand,  
Another cigarette butt falls  
from between my fingers,  
Another hour has passed.

I wait.

I wait with the patience  
of a self-winding watch.

I gaze into the dim mirror  
that is the sea.

## Durable: Permanent and Lasting

ROGER TEST

It was two miles back to the camp, and Jeff didn't relish the thought of the long, cold hike. The December sun was low in the sky even at three o'clock, and the wind was driving new snow into drifts.

"Well, Jeff, let's see what Sam's up to," Jeff said to himself, talking aloud, relaxed in the woods.

He removed his gloves and fished his watch from its pocket buried under layers of heavy wool clothes. The watch was warm from the heat of his body, but grew cold quickly in the snow-filled air.

It had been half an hour since Jeff had heard his younger brother fire the single shot. Two fat does and a yearling fork-horn had dashed past Jeff too quickly for an accurate shot. Besides, they were headed toward Sam, and Jeff had figured they would slow down and offer Sam a better shot. Jeff had whistled three times through his teeth. That was the signal to Sam that there were deer heading in his direction. Jeff hoped Sam had heard. His lips were numb, and he had trouble whistling. Minutes after the three deer had disappeared, Jeff had heard the report of Sam's Model-94.

"Let's go help Sam dress out that buck," he had said to himself, glad for a reason to stretch his cold-cramped legs. But he hadn't gone—from the corner of his eye he had seen movement far down the ridge. Seven forms, dark against the snow, were slowly moving toward him. It had taken the deer half an hour to

feed to a spot where he could tell that they were all does.

"Does," he muttered. "Bald-headed does."

The wind had shifted suddenly, and seven big-eared heads jerked upright into the current from the hunter.

"I don't smell that bad," Jeff shouted at the spooked does as they fled, flashing their large, white tails.

It was then that Jeff had decided to find Sam and head back to camp. The rising wind would send the deer into the shelter of the thickets. There were no hunters except him and his brother to move them out.

"We'll drag Sam's buck back to camp and maybe find one for me," he thought aloud. "It'll be almost five when we get there. Hope the fire didn't burn out."

He slung his carbine, muzzle down, over his left shoulder. That left his arms free to swing with his stride, but it kept the gun ready for a quick shot in case he happened to jump a buck. He came upon the wide-spread tracks of the three deer. Already the new snow had filled them to make them look like dents in the contours of the snow. He walked steadily, his foot-falls muffled. He used his eyes like all good hunters, looking for motion first, then form. He didn't look for deer as such, but watched for the twitch of an ear or tail, or the dark blob of a deer against the white background. Moving in this manner, he drew near the spot where Sam had



his "stand." He looked at the tracks of the three deer again and saw that the deer had not slowed down.

"Didn't give Sam any breaks," Jeff muttered to the departed deer. "Hey, Sam, where are you?" he shouted.

"Hey, One-Shot!" Jeff got no response.

"Now where the hell is he?" he asked the trees. He got no response from them either.

He followed the tracks farther with his eyes. Twenty yards ahead he saw a ragged depression in the snow. When he came closer, he saw the blood showing pink through the layer of new snow. The tracks that led from the depression showed only three hoof-marks.

"Wounded him, did you?" Jeff remarked. "Now we'll have to track the damned thing, and it's snowing, and it'll be dark in an hour, and I'll bet the fire burned out."

He followed the tracks with the pink marks a few yards farther. He found the spot where Sam's tracks intercepted the deer's. A few yards farther on he found the spot where Sam had sat to wait for him. Two cigarette butts showed through the new snow.

"Probably left those butts there so I could see how long he waited for me to show up," Jeff muttered. "Guess it won't hurt if I smoke too."

He took off one glove and dug into his pocket for his cigarettes. By the time he had got hold of his lighter, his fingers were stiff and numb. He had to use both hands to strike a flame from the battered Zippo. The cigarette felt strange between his numb lips. He settled the

carbine on his shoulder and started to step into his brother's tracks. Then he heard the shot. Without knowing why, he began to count. At ten he heard the second shot; at twenty, the third.

"Now don't start worrying about Sam," he reassured himself, too loudly to be convincing.

Half a minute later he counted three more shots in the same regular cadence.

"O.K., Jeff," he said, wanting to hear a voice, "start worrying."

He slung the carbine from his shoulder and fired three quick shots into the butt-end of an old stump.

"I'm coming, Sam. I'm coming!" he shouted.

He took off at a dead run, following his brother's tracks.

The unslung carbine hampered his arms. Still running, he ducked his head and tried to slip the sling across his chest. His foot hit a rock buried in the snow, and with his arms tangled in the sling, he lurched face-forward into the snow. He lay there for a moment before climbing to his feet, spitting snow through bruised lips. The rough wool of his sleeve stung his scraped skin as he wiped the snow from his face.

"Settle down," he told himself. "Settle down and find your hat and find your brother and get him the hell out of these woods."

The safety-red of his hunting cap showed bright where it lay half buried in the plowed-up snow. He dug the snow from inside his collar, brushed it from his hair, knocked it from his cap, and started slowly, almost calmly, on his brother's trail.

"That was real smart," he mut-

tered. "Run like an idiot and break your head and you'll really be in a jam."

He was warm from running, except for his face and ears. His nose was dripping, but he didn't feel like digging for his handkerchief.

"Now is no time for manners," he muttered as he drew the back of his glove under his nose. Seconds later he brushed ice crystals from the fuzz of the wool material.

He moved steadily, searching anxiously with his eyes.

"He can't be far from here," he assured himself. "I was only half an hour behind him to start with, and it took him a while to smoke those cigarettes. Bet he's right at the bottom of the ridge."

Jeff tried to whistle. His numb, bruised lips wouldn't stretch across his teeth. He shouted instead.

"Hey, Sam! HEY! SAM!"

\* \* \*

This all happened several years ago. I am the Jeff of the story, and what I have tried to put down was my first realization of great fear, fear for Sam, my younger brother. When I finally came upon him that winter afternoon—sitting with his back against a tree and blood running down the side of his face—I soon saw that he was not very badly hurt, and I was able to get him back to camp without much trouble. But the fear has stayed with me ever since, even though he was killed in an automobile accident about a year later—a little more than a year ago.

## *There Is a Hill That Waits*

MARGARET AXMAN

There is a hill that waits beneath dark skies,  
Its surface stroked by wind that moves about  
Among the somber trees, then gently flies  
Away, a whispered chant of things devout.

Two searching lovers climbed this hill one night  
And felt, above, a transcendental sweep  
Of wings that raised their hearts in endless flight,  
Revealing scenes long lost in sightless sleep.

Below them now appeared a sharp and clear  
New world, a world conceived with them in mind,  
The wind-stroked hill and trees — no longer mere  
Material things — serving to link mankind;  
Since Earth's creation they have waited there  
And each day proffer gifts, make men aware.



## All From A Stool

ROBERT MORGAN

"What's up, Doc?"

"Bottoms. Crisco. Bottoms. You fer er agin us?"

"Fer! Brand me Triple O. No headmeat."

"Roger — over and out."

"Any coming attractions?"

"One! Eyes front. Stage left."

"Tii-yi-yi!"

"Questions?"

"Nope, let 'er roll!"

"By the way, cough up one F.D.R."

"Doughgrub!"

I'm positive I know you from someplace. Baby, I've seen you here before.

Nope, that's not very likely. Maybe from around town someplace. Well, it's really quite immaterial—I know I've seen you someplace.

"Hit me again!"

Pretty hair! Should remember hair like that, even if I can't. Gives a person a strange impulse to run his fingers through it. Wonder if you'd mind. Can't blame a guy for trying. So soft and silky looking. Ends curled up and under. What do they call it? Oh, yeah, page boy. Long shimmering waves of ebony. Just run your fingers through one of the locks, pull it down, and watch it spring back, softly, into place again. Kind of makes you think of pansy-purple pools with white sand all around on a moonlight night.

"One more time!"

Gad, look at those fingers. Long, slim, tapered, and pure like fresh candles in a candelabra. Must be a clear nail polish that makes the light leap softly from the nails like little silver arrows. Graceful and tender fingers curl gently around the glass in her hand and caress it before she raises it to her full, rich, moist lips. Say, they are fiery crimson!

"And again!"

As she sets the icy tumbler down and gently unwinds the soft ivory fingers from the frosty crystal, the flaming orange and dusky violet of her jersey suit seem to struggle for an instant with each other, and then the flame of her Ronson flares up and swirls a flood of light onto the soft milky velvet of her face. The violet and the surging orange work, blend together, and then the flame is gone as quickly as it came, leaving behind its fluffy white cloud. Fluffy, yet with such distinctive features.

"Try me once more!"

She smiles! Everything seems to leap into action at once. Her whole body seems to quiver with joy. Scarlet creeps back into her face, not

changing but clearly accenting its snow-white background. Sparks of white lightning dance happily in the liquid pools now turned twilight. Suddenly she speaks, not words, but music lilting from her lips. The soft tinkling of pieces of crystal as the breeze wafts them gaily.

"Hey, Doc, the well's dry!"

Quickly the laughter and the smiles are gone. Back again the calm and silence. Everything well composed and ordered: the cool ivory, the fiery crimson, the lush violet. Not a strand of the ebony misplaced. All is in order. Truly a magnificent work of art, this.

"Set 'em up again!"

Wonder who's the blonde beside her. Keeps looking toward me for some reason. The two of them must be together.

"Hey, bartender!"

"Just a minute . . ."

"Hey, bartender!"

"Service to the ladies."

"Hey, bartender!"

"The blondie says how's about you twist that stool around and stop gouging at her in the bar mirror and put your eyes back in your head. Her very words, son. Her very words."

"I'm gonna cry, bartender! I'm gonna cry! I'm gonna cry!"

## Let Your Heart Beating Loud

HELENA BOYER

Let your heart beating loud and strong enforce  
Your lips to silence, never tell the surge.  
Be still lest words alarm, love lose its course  
Of peace and pleasure to despotic urge.

A pulse that throbs with hidden passion feigns  
The willow's constant weeping — ever hushed  
Lest beauty be destroyed by sound. Love gains  
A caution when unknown, when told is crushed.

I kept my lover's name within my heart;  
The willow mourned beneath its leafy bough;  
A wind arose to strip the tree and part  
My lips — then fled. There's only silence now.

I will not seek again, will not accept —  
My heart has like the leafless willow wept.



## Minuet Monarchy

VICTORIA ANDRUS

Merry music plays at twilight,  
Harpischord and a whisper of  
strings.  
Versailles minuets.

Dulcet, flowery tones pour forth;  
Ornate trills are graceful.  
Silvery wristlets rise and fall,  
Dangling jingling gems.

Candled chandeliers shimmer,  
Frivolous furniture flaunts.  
Louie the Sun King reigns.

Dulcet, flowery tones pour forth;  
Ornate trills are graceful.  
Silvery wristlets rise and fall,  
Dangling jingling gems.

Flowing silk is beauty's gift,  
Proud velvet makes a royal show.  
Madame de Montespan comes.

Dulcet, flowery tones pour forth;  
Ornate trills are graceful.  
Silvery wristlets rise and fall,  
Dangling jingling gems.

Florid measures, fine-toned flutes  
Salute the gold-clad Montespan.  
Glittering goblets sing.

Dulcet, flowery tones pour forth;  
Ornate trills are graceful.  
Silvery wristlets rise and fall,  
Dangling jingling gems.

"All gold embroidered with gold!"  
*A toutes les gloires de la France!*  
Brocaded frocks swirl by.

Dulcet, flowery tones pour forth;  
Ornate trills are graceful.  
Silvery wristlets rise and fall,  
Dangling jingling gems.

Curtsying demoiselles, festive lords  
Flit within a golden hall —  
While La Belle France hungers.

## The Strident Complexities

DOUGLAS DOW

The men living in the dormitory return from supper.  
Doors slam,  
Radios speak out, orating the news,  
Announcing the scores.  
"Stop in at Shadle's, first thing in the morning . . ."  
"Valley Oil and Gas will save the heat dollars . . ."  
Music clamores and chatters and swoons.  
"Baby, I miss you as the night comes down.  
Voices bark together.  
"Telephone for Spike Nelson."  
"Forty pages, the Bastard."

Gradually the halls clear.  
Laughter bursts from one room, from another  
Farther down the hall.  
Some one is pounding on the bottom of a waste can.  
"Damn it, shut up, or get the hell out!"  
And always the argument among the transistors:  
"Baby, I miss you when the night comes down,"  
"If I am not your type, whose type am I?"

'Phones ring.  
Dates are calling to find what to wear.  
Basketballs dribble through the halls and down the  
stairs.

*Plumpp Plumpp Plumpp . . .*

"Can't study all the time."

"Gotta run off a few pounds."

"What the hell, the gym's only open one night a week."



Card games develop, cards ruffle, cards slap.

"Where the *hell* is the ace?"

"Come on, let's go. You're only young once."

"Naw, he wouldn't go. His grandmother or someone  
died this morning."

An hour passes.

Except for the music, the halls are quiet.

Those who have not gone out are studying.

Ten-thirty! The girls are in now — house rules!

So the men are returning.

"I guess I'll hit the sack."

"See yo'."

"Twenty more pages to do, then . . ."

Lights are turned off.

Only a few radios play on, and then they stop.

Down at the end of the hall

Water splashes in a shower.

The plop-plop of thongs echoes emptily somewhere else.

Then silence.

A long relaxed silence.

Three hundred men are sleeping,

Each a little boy in his bed back home —

Till the penetrating buzzes

And harsh alarms

Announce the tomorrow

And the strident complexities

Of being eighteen, and twenty, and twenty-one.

## Notes



## Notes

Card games, dice, cards, darts  
"Where the hell is  
"Come on, let's go  
"Now, he wouldn't go, he  
died this morning."

An hour passes  
Except for the music, the balls are quiet  
Their own game, not gone out and away

Two things! The girls are in now — house quiet  
So the women machines  
I wish I had the book  
"The end"  
"Twenty more pages to go, then."

Lights are turned off  
Only a few radios play on, and then they stop  
Down at the end of the hall  
Water splashes in a shower

The plip-plop of shampoo suds empty somewhere else.

Then silence  
A long relaxed silence  
Three hundred men are sleeping  
Each a little boy in his bed back home

Till the penetrating basses  
And march alarms  
Announce the tomorrow  
And the sudden complexities  
Of being eighteen, and twenty, and twenty-one.



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