The May Erom 

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### IN THE LAND OF GINGER ALE

by edwina nelson

From nowhere, perhaps through magic or some miracle a tiny creature is born. So very small and round this little bubble-child is. He views his ginger world in awed wonderment. Beneath him is a marble land he sees but cannot touch. A strange barrier, transparent and invisible yet existing, obstructs any contact and bounds his damp little home.

The child is stretching. Gathering all his strength and swelling as large as he can, he kicks free from the strange, hard substance on which he was resting. He lies there suspended in space for a moment until he stops growing. Once he has reached his full size, the bubble-teen begins his lackadaisical adolescence in a slow, lethargic, floating ride up through his murky, ginger world. Bump! He made contact with another transparent boundary and clings lazily for a bit.

Mature and adult at last, he springs from the side and rises more rapidly. A darker substance splashes into his world and mingles with the ginger atmosphere. A great, long bar is thrust past him and crashes onto the invisible floor. Around and around it turns. Faster and faster he rotates with his brother bubbles, caught in the raging whirlpool. Like the passenger on a carousel gone wild, he rides onward.

The unknown liquid has disappeared into the ginger atmosphere but its flavor lingers. He tastes a bitter, burning sensation that clouds his brain and dulls his reactions. Spinning slower new, he rises dizzily with less velocity.

Senior citizen bubble is his title now. He clutches the transparent wall, peering longingly at the marble land below him; When all whirling action has halted, he cautiously begins his upward floatation again. Rest stops must be made often as he is fast becoming short of breath. A drunkeness, probably from that exotic liquid which permeated his homeland, overcomes him. With a sudden rushing speed he roars to the very summit of his ginger world. A bursting and a splashing and the bubble is no more. He has passed to the maidens of the air.

The long parrier of piled wood and barbed wire stood gloomy and threatening in the falling dusk. A constant reminder to anyone daring to jump, the Berlin wall divided the free and imprisoned.

Guards marched back and forth, aching feet dragging after a long day at the wall. Their heavy guns began to tax the arms of these East Germans soldiers. One yawned, others blinked their drowsy eyes. Dusk had come upon them, and they were about to be relieved for the night.

One soldier glanced up at the stars that twinkled in the darkened sky winking at the soldier, teasing his yearning heart. So many stars to look at, and yet none to wish on. "What is the use to wish?" The soldier laughed to himself as he thought of what the "party" would think.

"I want to be free", his mind cried, "free to walk and talk and do as Iplease." The thought of being caged behind a wall tortured him. His heart beat faster, "jump, jump, jump" it seemed to order as the beating increased. Freedom and all of its benefits could be his if he just jumped over that mass of barbed wire. "Fool", he thought to himself. "When those others saw me, I'd be riveted to ribbons." But the thought of freedom teased him. What would it be, three, four steps and then one jump? Then he would run for his life. The rest would be up to fate. Perhaps even, maybe God would help him. His mother had always told him that God would find a way to free all men. Maybe God was giving him his chance now. The soldier's heart beat faster and faster. "I have to do it, have to do it, do it, his mind echoed. He slowly placed his gun on the ground and dashed for the fence. Over he jumped, barbed wire tore at his face and hands. The rivet of machine guns sounded again and again.

"Run for your life," someone on the other side screamed. The soldier ran for all he was worth. Bullets flew all around, pain shot through his shoulder and he fell to the ground.

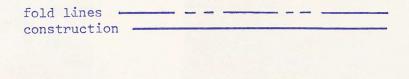
"Get up," run, someone else yelled. "You can make it", The soldier lifted his body and stood swaying. Bullets began flying again. He ran in terror for a dark corner he noticed. He crouched low in the corner, trembling in fright and weakened from loss of blood.

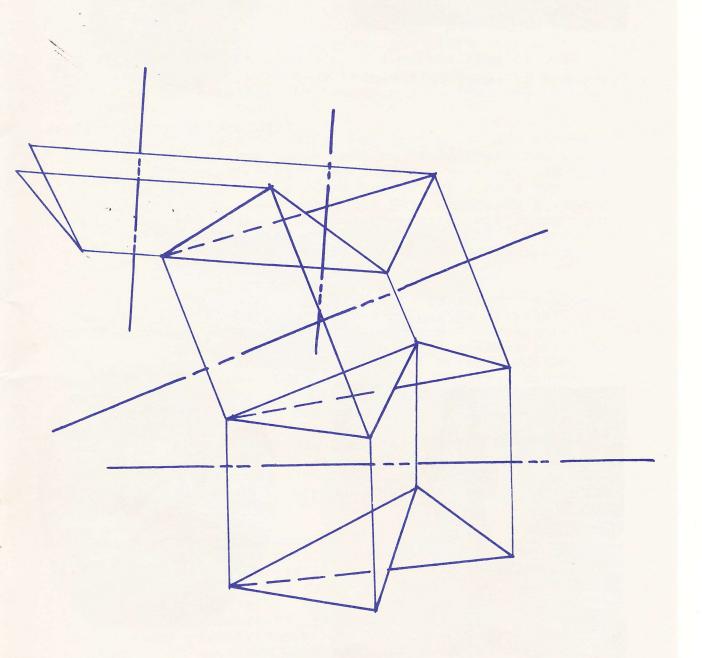
A deep voice startled him. "You are free, boy. West Berlin welcomes you. As soon as it is safe, we will go to my home to dress your wound." The old man smiled.

"I am free," the young soldier whispered. "Ich Bin Ein Berliner."

by Leonard henkel

The picture shows the intersection of two planes and the angle formed by the intersection. The two intersecting planes are represented by the triangles. The true angle is shown in the last view, the V. The other lines shown are construction and fold lines.





THE BALLAD OF THE BUS

by nancy gurney

Every morning bright and early There comes a charming bus. A-chugging up the steep, steep hill To devour and swallow us.

Two amber lights upon the top Are flashing on and off, And when they change to ruby red, The motor starts to cough,

This rasping sound we know too well, The bus is slowing down, The wheels will stop, the noise will cease, And to the curb we'll bound.

The bus comes to a screeching halt, The driver opens the door. Then we line up in a single file, And into its mouth we pour.

Then as the wheels begin to turn, And the vehicle starts to move. We always travel the roads which are the oldest, Hitting each bump and groove.

And when, alas we reach the school, We park one mile away. But do not fear; the building is near, We won't walk as far today.

When day is through the bell will ring, We'll race to get a seat.
Upon the ancient yellow bus,
That slowly home will creep.

STOP SCHOOL BUS G

THE SCHOLAR

by linda fennimore

T'was at seven A.M. that the scholar awoke, And revealled as 'neath pillow he cursed, That the homework left over from night before last, Needs be done or in store was the worst. With a doom, sing doom, and the red letter "F".

But the scholar was hep and more peeved than afraid, And sought not with his teacher to reckon, For the English review was due period third, And before it he had first and second.
With a doom, sing doom, and the red letter "F".

On his desk with his work was a great pile of books, So his profs would be sure not to spieth, That he did neither history nor trig as he should, But with English his interest did bieth.

With a doom, sing doom, and the red letter "F".

So he finished up nicely before the bell rang. Not once was the sly one outwitted. But he heard the P.A. as he closeth his book, "Third period hath been omitted." With a doom, sing doom, and tomorrow's trig test.

The deep, green leaves of the tree swish and sway evenly with the spring-time breeze. Majestic it stands in the dew of early morning. It sparkles as if on fire when the sun shines on the dew. We gaze at this great creation of Mother Nature, pondering about its beauty and usefulness.

In the hours of late morning and early afternoon the tree stands silent and placid, its beauty set off by the beds of flowers surrounding the roots. We can touch its rough bark, but the coarseness does not reflect the personality of our tree.

During the late afternoon one of the frequent spring rainstorms beats its anger upon the earth and the tree. The tree rises up, as if stricken with a pang of hate. The world grows dark and the wind blows violently. The tree rants and raves about, and we gaze fearfully, now at its swaying branches. We are completely overcome by the sudden change in the tree's personality. But who can criticize? For isn't man of similar nature?

A TREE IN THE SUMMER

by bill gleason

A tree in the summer is a mirror of my discontent and my happiness. Standing in the warm wind, questioning the sky with outstretched limbs, a tree is the sum of the sad, sad lonliness about life. Tired and thirsty, it droops around my sorrow. I see it as a prophet of my uselessness and my wasted time. Time sits on each limp and admires a blue sky, but nothing moves.

Then a wind comes and I change. The tree bends and begins to dance. The leaves flutter, unknowing about what is to come. There is still hope, I feel happy, for the leaves are happy. I stop broading and begin to think of what worth there is in living. The wet, green of the woods represents home. I think of the leaves and how they will soon die. But I no longer brood. It is as a race horse in the foreturn who knows he will lose, but who keeps running.

The streets were shadowy, dark and desolate. Silence, more deafening than thunder, reigned supreme. Amidst the squalor of filthy, rat infested cobbled avenues barely wide enough for two grown men to walk abreast Jack the Ripper roamed, seeking a victim. The world was empty tonight and the bony hand which clutched the oft' used ruddy blade shook with a thirst and a lust for death. And then the malignant gods smiled.

She was standing on the main road beneath one of the few lights in the area. Her face bore no signs of age yet it was not young. Like two perfect sapphires, coldly beautifully, her eyes shone in the lamp light. An ominous aura surrounded the woman's very being but Jack, impetuous

fool that he was, could not resist.

"May I be of service, my lady?" he asked doffing his

rude cap.

"Ferhaps," her voice chilled him. "My coachman has promised to be here at eleven o'clock," she went on. "It is eleven forty-five now and still he has not come." There was no despair in her voice. She spoke in a monotone like a doll rather than a person.

"I would be pleased to escort you home my lady," he mumbled, almost hypnotized by those staring blue eyes.

"I accept. But I assure you, the pleasure is all mine." Her smile was meant to be sweet. That it was not nearly as charming as that of a cadaver was not the fault of her guant face. The lamp-light attributed some color to her placid, sunken cheeks. "And do not be so formal my friend. I am called Countess Zeydra. What is your name?" "Jack."

"Very well, Jack. Lead on."

He took her along the usual route and then suggested a short-cut which was really a narrow alley leading deeply into the maze of back streets that wander along going neither here nor there. She agreed with child-like confidence and not a trace of fear. The Countess did not seem to notice the various changes of direction they made in their travels or the fact that she was far from home.

Suddenly his steely fingers closed about her livid throat and squeezed with all their might. Her own grip was strong, much too strong for a woman of her frail build. Jack felt her nails digging into his flesh like the teeth of an enraged feline. And then, almost like an after thought on her part, the countess stopped her fighting. He felt a bone in her neck snap beneath his pressure and she slumped to the ground. With glee, the maniac Jack plunged his blade into her richly attired torso a number of times.

What was the noise? Footsteps? Perhaps! He leaped to his feet and began to run. Looking back over his shoulder he saw only a large rat standing before the corpse. A feeling of safety flooded his brain and slowed to a walk. No one knew his true identity and no one ever would.

It came again: He glanced behind him and saw a frightening old man walking slowly with the aid of a cane. Jack grew frightened as any native. Skillfully and care-

fully he dodged down side streets scarcely wide enough to inch through and made clever turns and double-backs. But when he looked the elder was still coming along slowly and as unconcerned as before.

Jack was panic stricken. Terror filled his mind. Horror clawed at his heart. How could so old and crippled a man remain so close behind? One last chance presented itself. Could be reach the main road and lose his

shadow in the broad avenues uptown?

At last be saw the light on the corner where he had encountered her. The man seemed to have disappeared, so he stopped to rest for a moment. A hand as cold as death touched his neck. He whirled around. What he saw caused his eyes to grow large in disbelif. His heart seemed to halt. The tightness in his chest prevented him from breathing.

She stood there smiling. A brocaded shawl was about her stupporn shoulders but some of the rents in her gown were visible. There was a break in the pale skin of her neck and a jagged bone protruded. Yet still she lived.

neck and a jagged bone protruded. Yet still she lived.
"I told you the pleasure would be mine," she said.
A moment later a bewildered Jack fell to the ground - dead.

"Dispose of the body, Shilo. I will wait for you in

the coach."

A little old man came foward from the shadows. "Yes Countess Dracula," he said.



THE FUTURE

by bill gleason

Boundless container of unfought wars, Solver of all dreams; Living always beyond reach And when caught, ceasing to be.

Awaited impatiently by all, It approaches but never arrives. None the happier at having found it, We proceed to wait again.

Hazy and unpredictable, It lurks out of sight. Infinite to all mankind, Yet finite to man himself.

Bringer of happiness, misery, life, or death, Holder of expectations. Its speed never varies, And we never escape it.

It is next Saturday's football game, Or the November elections, or Spring or World War III. It is tomorrow, the next day, and the next.

Fall is a trying season for the tree on the corner. It is a battlescarred veteran of oakhood who has in his day storred many runaway cars, provided homes for four generations of squirrels, and withstood the abuses of time.

This season, however, is a natural disturbance that the tree suffers alone, year after year for his entire life. The precious sap he has carefully synthesized during the sugger is converted into hundreds of acorns which hang lazily on his back, and when dromed, begin to commete for water and nourishment from the soil. The first frost strikes. The tree shivers through the night until early morning. Within hourstheleaves are inflaned to brilliant fold, making the dignifie. elder so self-conclously conspicuous he is almost relieved when they begin to fall.

The last leaves are still clinging to the branches when the first snow arrives. Unclothed, stark, and desolate, the tree bemoans its fate

in the chilling winter wind.

A TREE IN WINTER

By linda fennimore

A tree in winter is a long web of dark threads frosted with hoary icing. It is a piece of delicate embroidery spangled with a thousand bits of flashing crystal. At night when moonlight clouds race through its tangled brambled nets, it becomes a Cristmas tree with each twinkling star an ornament. The wind wraps itself around the branches and learns to howl, and the tree is a great symphony of sounds. Snow melts and the blackened bark becomes its own pungent perfume. tree in winter is a beautiful thing.

The day was drawing near.

Work harder, faster, harder, faster. Take a cup of coffee. Work harder, faster, harder, faster. Be patient. Listen. Watch. Hope. Get a good night's sleep. Big day tomorrow.

These were the thoughts of sixty year old James J. Kelly, manager of the Greater New York Roller Canary Club. He had spent many tedious hours in preparation for the contest in the morning. As he rolled over in bed the smell of canaries and their beautful sounds added to his excitement.

Thirty long years, he thought, thirty long years of parience, enjoyment, fustration, success and failure.

And tomorrow? Tomorrow his quartet of canaries would compete against birds of the same species from all over the world

He was proud of his birds. Homer was the first tenor. His dainty beak and lustrous yellow breast gave him an air of dignity. Homer could sing; there was no doubt about it. He wasn't friendly, but he stayed out of trouble.

The World Series Roller Canaries Singing Contest would determine whether Homer was a talanted as he thought.

Thirty long years.

then there was Arthur, the second tenor, a rookie in the place of a former comrade who had experienced the misfortune of being directed by a cat. Arthur had learned his part without difficulty.

Kelly was proud of them all. His quartet would be sure winner.

Thirty long years.

(continued on next page)



Mr. Kelly awoke, lit a cigarette, and went to the bathroom. Trying to quiet his nervousness, he took some aspirin. Only a few more hours. Would his birds sing for the judges? Anxiety, plus the bad taste of his cigarette, resulted in the hasty journey of a few more aspirin tablets from the bottle to his mouth.

Somewhat relieved, a second attempt to sleep was made. Kelly has seen this contest before. He had judged in it before. Thirty years in the business. His prize quartet was ready now, he hoped, to capture the title of World Champions. An expert in his field.

Thirty long years.

Now where were we? There were the tenors, Homer and Arthur. Oh, yer - and the baritone, Horatio, the best, a professional. Horatic could sing the "Hallelujah Chorus" by Mr Handel (or is it Bach?). He sang to be admited. Kelly knew he could handle himself in front of the judges. Horation, the artist - a singing canary, one of hundred percent. How did he get that way? Ask Kelly, he knows

Thirty long years.

The sleep felt good. Kelly had faith in his birds. He knew their performance would amaze Peter Schultz and Otto Fassbender, the judges. Two men, who possessed the power to make or break Kelly's dream. Two men who would listen and judge the results of thirty long years of training. They would heat about twenty-five of the world's best canary quartets. They would listen to the Ha-ha's and the Ho-ho's, the Tweet-tweet's, and the pretended harmony, the water rolls, flutes, and other canary musical tones. Fascinating.

Thirty long years.

Kelly's sleep was very restful. Tomorrow would be the day, the only day, the one and only day.

The fourth member of the quartet was Cletis Alexander, the freak, the ugly duckling, the bass, rough, tough, with a harsh voice, sick of his cage, singing loud to get even with his master for keeping him prisoner. After all, he was the bass, the big man in the quartet, the boss. Kelly loved him. Alexander couldn't care less. Oh, he'd sing tomorrow, even if he was too good for this contest.

Morning came with thirty long years of waiting comming to an end. Carefully, he carried his cages to the American Hotel for the testing. Kelly's quartet was ninth in line. He inched his way toward the audition room door. The door, a simple door, Oh, stop kidding a simple door, this was the most important door in his life. Thirty long years of breeding and training - thirty very long years. This door was magnificent - gold, rubies, emeralds. Oh, come on Kelly. Get hole of yourself. Don't blow it now.

(continued)

Kelly's birds moved to second in line. He could hear the Belgian quartet auditioning. The tenors were sharp and the basses didn't sing at all. Scratch the Belgiam team, no competition at all.

O. K. Kelly, open the door, and bring in your team. Easy gently. Fine.

Homer was ready. Arthur was nervous. Horatio was drinking water. Cletis Alexander took his time climbing to his perch.

Kelly was not permitted to stay in the room. Outside he waited. Wait. Wait. Wait.

He was confident his birds were doing fine. Wait. Wait. Wait.

How could he lose? Thirty long years of training. Wait. Wait. Wait.

The door opened. That door. Always in the way. He took his team to the lobby to wait for the judges' decision. He watched the clock. One hour, forty-three minutes and twenty-two seconds later the judges came out.

"We were glad to have so many participants," they said.
"It is a difficult task to judge...." Why don't they just give the results and keep quiet.

The judges opened the envelope.

"In first place - the quartet from Australia."

Kelly thought he heard "Australia." was he right?

Australia? All they have is kangaroos. Why Australia? Kelly worked his way to the Australian trainer.

"How did you do it?" he asked.

"It wasn't easy," was the answer. "It took thirty-one long years."

Kelly cried.



Henry slowly got up from his rocker on the porch of his general store. It was about time to close for the day and head for home. Heaving a sigh he looked out at the Vermont countryside. October is the most beautiful time of the year he thought.

Henry mechanically went about the tasks of putting things away and getting ready to lock up for the night. He was thinking about the two hundred dollars he won in the World Series baseball pool. Why, he had never won anything in his life, not even a game of checkers from his sister, Harriet, with whom he lived. What a surprise when old Bill Crenshaw stopped in the other day and gave him the money.

As he started the walk home his mind was still on the money. What was he going to do with it? Of course he hadn't told Harriet about it yet; she would have all kinds of suggestions on how he could spend it. Maybe he would spend part of it on himself and buy something for a surprise for Harriet. With hunting season approaching he sure would love to have one of those expensive guns he saw in the sporting goods store. But then again his old trusty rifle had never failed to do the job. Maybe he should surprise Harriet and buy her that new stove she was always talking about. This thought caused Henry to smile smugly because it reminded him of the old stove at home—the place where he had secretly hidden his two hundred dollars. He also remembered that he had better change his hiding place because winter was coming on. Harriet would begin using the stove.

As Henry turned the last corner towards home, he saw smoke coming from the chimney of his house. His pulse quickened and he broke into a trot. When he burst into the kitchen he found that what he feared was a reality. There was Harriet minding a huge pot cooking on the stove. She turned to him and said, "Hello, Henry, I thought I'd surprise you with our first beef stew of the season." He was surprised!

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BLESS YOU, LITTLE BOY
by beth roberts

Bless you, little boy.
My heart went out to you,
Little boy.
Orphaned by the storm,
The rain, the wind, the sea,
Taking all you loved
Away from just a
Little boy.

What a frightened little man, Standing lonely so alone, Then I found you, And brought you home to be my Little boy.

My tears fall and
You give me thanks
For all I've done.
Then - you are gone;
And I see a grown man walking away, not a
Little boy.

I say a prayer and
Ask the Lord to keep you safe,
Away from harm,
For I found a love when you were near,
A love I'll always remember.
Bless you, my
Little boy.

## 

JUST BECAUSE

by donna crothers

Why do we love when we do not know If the love that we give comes back? Why do we cherish mere mortals so; All unmindful of what they lack?

Why do we find in a humble face All the beauty of sunset sky? Heaven is found in the crudest place If the heart has its love, but why?

Why do we serve with tireless zeal, And rejoice if we gain a smile? Why do we dare to express what we feel When it seems to be least worthwhile?

Why do we hope for a glad return Of the fire that has thrilled us through? Why do we pray, and believe, and yearn? Is is only because - we do!

An ornately carved, brightly painted dragon's head sat in the middle of the table. Long use had worn a good deal of the paint off this monster, but it still seemed hideously wonderful. It was gifted with the occult power of fortune telling. A nickel in the back of the head, a question, and pressure on a gleaming red eye sent a little card popping out of its mouth. The card was the prediction of the future.

A patron of this beast was also a patron of the little town's only luncheonette. Like the town, the luncheonette was a dreary place. In the humid July air everything was still except the electric fan whose long blades turned lazily overhead. A radio blared in a distant room. Everything seemed sticky and small.

The only bright feature of the town was a young couple sitting at the table with the dragon's head. Having nearly finished their lunch, they decided to test the monster. A nickel brought the prediction. "The stars have declared: Travelers beware! If you travel, your feet will break." They laughed, though they were travelers, and then returned to their car. Suddenly they stopped short, amazed, startled. Their front tire was flat. Then they remembered. "If you travel, your feet will break."

"Nonsense!" the young man thought, and drove the car to a station to be fixed. The old attendant looked at the car blankly and muttered that it could not be fixed until after dinner. After dinner, that was four or five hours away. The young man shrugged his shoulders resignedly and walked with his wife around the dreary town to while away the long hours.

They spent dinner with the dragon and once more tried their luck. "Until the rise of the moon, beware the

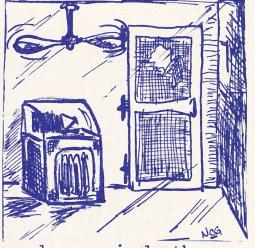
flying bird with burning eyes."

"A flying bird with burning eyes. That's absurd," the young woman laughingly exclaimed. They paid their check and began walking to the service station. As they stepped from the curb, a small white Falcon suddenly darted around the corner. It swerved crazily toward the other side of the street. The young woman stood petrified, her eyes blinded by the bright headlights. Her husband quickly grasped her wrist and pulled her back to the curb. She tripped and fell to the ground, the young man nearly falling on top of her. They sat on the curb thinking, a

"Totally ridiculous, a bird, a Falcon. Just ridiculous," he kept repeating. But they sat and thought and looked at each other and thought. Then, as if guided by a single inspiration, the two quickly rose and ran back to the dreary luncheonette. They slammed the creaking door and raced to the fiendish head. One crammed a coin into the head as the other fiercely pounded the red eyes, each repeating in a low,

desperate voice, "When can we leave? How can we leave? Will we ever be safe?"

As the small card emerged from the dragon's mouth, the young man quickly snatched it and hurriedly read, "Do all by the light of the bright sun, for the moon portends the woes of....." Without finishing, he tore the card to shreds and stared fixedly into space. The young woman stared at her husband, not daring to ask what the message said. He slowly pushed her toward the door. They nearly collided with another



They nearly collided with another couple, seemingly the same age, their faces haggard and drawn. The couple entered the luncheonette and walked slowly, almost fearfully, toward the dragon. The young man turned the nickel and whimpering said, "Please, may we leave now? We must leave. Please say that we may."

On reading the response, the woman collapsed in a chair in utter despair. Her husband's face registered

complete defeat.

The young man at the door hurried his wife to their car. Soon they drove away into the clear July night.

# AN IMMIGRANT'S VIEWS OF AMERICA

(Continued from page 10)

"Weren't you frightened at first of this new country?"

She thought for a second and then said, "No little ones, I had my family here." But Mrs. Martello was frightened on one occasion when she saw a man with dark brown skin, she had never seen anyone like that in Italy. She didn't tell the children about her foolish fear.

Then one of the children asked a question that made Grandmother Martello think a little more. He asked, "Why do you like America more than you did Italy, Grandmother?"

After a little while, Grandmother told them, "Because my children, America is place where something new happens to you and the resta the country every day."

Even though Grandmother talked differently, the children understood what she meant perfectly.

Every morning at half-past eight, With dust-mop, pail, and broom, She climbs the ancient, brownstone steps, To wash away the gloom.

She sings while crawling on her knees To give the floor a scrub. She sings, although her hands are raw From suds and washing-tub.

She sings, she who has nothing, We sigh, we who have all, And sit in gloomy splendor'til We hear her friendly call.

## 

#### IF I COULD BE A DROP OF WATER

by janet french

I'd fall on a plant or flower-BUT NO - for someone else will come to water them.

I'd fall on the tongue of a thirsty dog-BUT NO - for someone else will come to give him a drink.

I'd fall on a pair of dirty hands-BUT NO - for someone else will come to cleanse them.

I'd fall on a fevered brow-BUT NO - for someone else will come to heal the sickness.

I'd fall - as a tear, crying for the world. YES - this I can do....

For no one else will come to give it peace.



by wayne watson

THE BAD CELL

It is the end of the week. It is the time when hardships are forgotten and the darkness of the night covers the gaiety and jovial voices from the bright, God-forsaken bars and dives.

As I sit in the alley, alone as many times before, looking at the sky above me, it sets me to thinking of existence itself and what is beyond those burning stars. Tonight the stars shall be my witness.

Stop and think of the cell, the basic structure of life, of atoms which compose all structures. We are composed of billions and billions of cells. So to a cell we are a universe. Compared to the actual universe we are but a small cell. Where is the point of relativity? Billions upon billions of atoms make up cells. The cell is a world to its makings. The cell in turn composes the organ which would be as a stream to a fish. The organs build our structure as many streams would build a river. Complex structures that we are, millions and millions of us make up our world. Millions of our worlds are united to form a structure beyond our imagination. As I look up at the sky it does look like a huge, black cell wall. Think what one bad cell could do!

Her loud, shrill laughter from the bar across the street, the sickening smell of slums and a scurrying rat searching for food for mere existence break my mood. Now she is in my mind again. Are not the rats like her? At night the rat solicits for food at trash cans. She prefers the gin mills. The rat stays at the trash can until all has been used up - then moves on. She is just the same - only I am not made of tin. I have feelings, I can feel pain. I can fall in love.

My attention is drawn to a slight movement on an adjacent fence. The long graceful steps of the 'stalk' fascinate me. Unaware a rat continues to solicit. The bright shining claws rip through flesh and unholy blood is spent, tearing toward the heart to find there is no heart. A few seconds. It is over. The hell-created creature has met her end. There will be no moving on for her. Is it God's will? It must be.

Across the street my human rodent is leaving the bar. I, a once successful man who dared to fall in love, shall also stalk tonight. I pull my claw from its sheath. Now it is my turn to play the cat!

My fiery self the warriors excite, And sets their heads a swirl. They laugh and shout and cavort about, Their passions frenzied and bold.

My fiery soul, most red of red,
Hath set men's hearts a-leaping.
For miles around the boisterous sound
Of Bacchus and cohorts enjoying
The unmeasured pleasure for my soul's great power.
A potion sweet and strong.

The princely knight, the galley slave, All to my power yield.

My sweet red vemon their blood distills And fells them to the ground.

And senseless there, they lie as dead,
My nectar in their veins.
They pay full price for their evening's spree,
My fire splitting their heads.

THE QUALITIES OF A NOODLE

by Lucrezia Funghini

Surely when one takes a gander into a pot and sees a big lump of yellow strings one can only say, Ugh! He forgets that before this mess, the yellow strings commonly known as noodles, were long and thin, or short, wide and beautifully cut. They turned their bodies in boiling hot water to prepare themselves to be heated in mounds of melting butter or hot gravy and then were slurped into hungry mouths to be seen no more.

A noodle is quite useful. For instance, when someone is bewildered or confused it is commonly said to him, "Use your noodle!" Very fitting indeed because of the likeness of the brain and the noodle. Both are soft and lumpy and have great uses. The noodle nourishes the body while the brain nourishes the head.

There are varieties of noodles as there are brains. Everyone has seen a fat noodle and I am sure everyone has heard of a fat head. And how about receiving forty lashes with a wet noodle. What a punishment!

Yes, there is more to that lump of yellow strings than you can imagine.

### TO ENDYMICN

by barbara ross

Sleep on, oh lovely youth!
You are oblivious to sunshine and flowers,
But also to cruelty and wicked deeds.
I am not so fortunate.
I tread the mortal earth, surrounded, taunted, tempted
By hypocrisy on one side, hatred on the other,
Both glaring in the sun.
Even the blackness of night brings little relief.
I cannot see him, but I can feel his warm lips.
I kiss him with guilt.
I wonder, shall I love him tomorrow?
Sleep on, oh lovely youth!
I envy you your dreamlessness.

#### THE WANDERER

by merle bogert

O winter wind!
Scream your warning down the country lane,
And through the city streets.
For on this frosty eve, the wanderer approaches,
But who has seen him?
What mortal could hear to gaze upon such a face?
Run! Scatter!
Hide your children!
For he comes.

There in the distance, Across the fields bathed in the creator's natural albinism, A figure! Outlined by the pale moon's ghostly luminesce, Listen! Tramp, tramp, tramp. His boots on the new fallen snow. Hands in pockets, Head hung low. Slowly does he raise his head. O my God! Those eyes! Hollow, sunken, lifeless, Penetrating into a spirit filled with, Misery and suffering beyond human comprehension. And loneliness, oh such loneliness! For he is damned. Resigned to wander uncreasingly, Forever alone, The Wanderer.



SONG OF A

FORMER

MATH STUDENT

by edwina nelson

Be thou sum total or what!

Hail to thee oh row of numbers,

Hail to me who through life lumbers,

Knowing my math matics not!.

Hail to thee oh twice-soured x's,

All ye of Algebra's lo

Hall to me the one the cap

I, the one who knows it not!

Hail to thee oh sold and plane!

May dear geometric

Hail to me who know a pain,

From knowing the subject hot!

Heil to thee oh triginometry

May ye soon be surento fail

Hail to me: yes, hail to me!

I know ye the least of all!

Hail to thee bell ringing thunder,

Relieving me from meth class!

Hail to me, oh modern wonder,

I, the one who just did pass!

Heil to thee oh student gulder,

Ye, who gave me the first two!

Hail to me who like a glider,

Glided 'way from trig 'gainst you!

Hall to thee for understanding

That trig was not meant for me!

Hail to me! a happy landing!

Math I say good by to thee!

Hail to thee, oh years three and four

Your great story I do tell!

Hail to me forever more!

I have managed math-free well!

illustrated by sandy coffman

Using these cards, you take notes on other cards and finally make an outline. Then on other cards you take more notes and make more outlines of your paper. Before you know it, you will be able to write your rough copy. Within a week you make your last copy. Now comes the clever part of making a term paper. After all corrections are made and you get your grade, the task of destroying all this valuable work begins.

First, all papers and slugs and outlines are collected. Second, they are ripped in half and sprayed with phosphorus. When you leave the room where you left your work, the teacher stands at the door with an ultra-



BRING 'EM BACK ALIVE

by chris bennett

"Boy was that ever a rough take off. I'll have to be extra careful this trip cause if I lose my cargo I'm finished. I wonder how long it will take me to get home this time. The last time it took me over an hour because of...now let me see, what did happen? Oh, yes, that downpour, it surely delayed my progress—the visibility was almost zero and then my cargo got so water logged that I had to go back and get a new one.

There isn't going to be any rain today; there isn't even a cloud in sight. But if it's notone thing it's another, and now I think it's another, and now I'm running into a strong headwind. This sort of weather always throws me off balance. It is so strong. Wish I were a little heavier, maybe then I wouldn't get bounced around so much. Cof! That last gust nearly knocked me upside down. Let's see, a little more on the left wing and I ought to level off. If this wind gets any stronger I'll have to calculate a new set of time arrivals.

It's bad enough I have to worry about the wind blowing me topsy turvy, but now I've also got to keep this wargo from shifting. What a problem this is all the time! It wouldn't be so tough if there wasn't such a scarcity of this stuff. I don't know why but it's getting harder to find all the time.

Gee, but the wind is getting stronger up therethink I'll try to fly under it. Lower, lower, this is better but I don't have much altitude. Oh that tower-

(continued)

TERM PAPERS (continued from preceeding page)

violet light. If you took any piece of paper with the phosphorus on it you could be easily detected with the

ultraviolet light.

Under the leadership of Elliot Ness, one half of the torn papers are put in an armored truck, and the other half of the papers are put in another armored truck. Under military escort one truck goes to Lasing, Michigan, and the other to Lower Slobovia. At 0800. hours on the second Tuesday after the first Friday after a full moon after the collection of the above mentioned articles, they are burned.

I just cleared the top of it. I'll have to be more careful if I want to get this cargo home safely.

There's that big tree-gaess I'm pretty near home now but I'll have to watch those high branches. In all my days of flying I've never seen a taller tree and wouldn't you know it's right in my way. A little more elevation and...there made it! Now to call in for a landing. Great, I can't come in yet. Something always happens to spoil a perfect flight. Now what's the problem? Oh well, I'll just circle around a few times until they're ready for me.

You know, things sure look different from way up here. Everything is so small. It sorts makes you feel real important. But then flying slways gives me a wonderfully free feeling. It's hard to explain but if I couldn't fly I don't know how I'd ever be able to live.

Twice around and it's still not safe to land. I don't know whether I'll be able to stay up here much longer. This load seems to be getting heavier with each turn. Three---four---I hope they hurry up-----five. Ah there's the all clear signal. At least I can land! Easy now-not too fast--got to make this good or I'll ruin my cargo. Ch, perfect, now to get this home.

There! Mission accomplished! I'm home, dear. Yes, I gave it to the children. I'll watch them now so you can go too and get the next worm. The cat just went into the house so if you hurry back you won't have to wait before getting back to the nest."

The End

