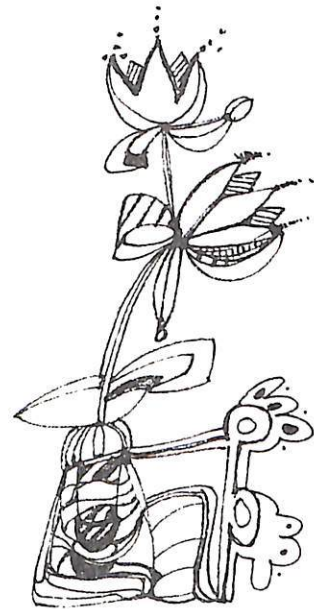


FORSYTHIA

TWO

Dedicated to

The creative spirit
at
Upsala-Wirths campus.



March 1982



Bette Distler, Advisor

Marie-Louise Colligan, Co-ordinator

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 Debby Tarpey
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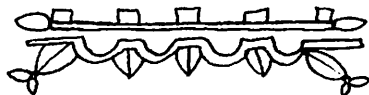
ART

Ruth Endress

GRAPHICS

Courtesy of John Paul Endress

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the STUDENT ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE.



Marilyn Baker

Marie-Louise Colligan

Debbi L. Cortright

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Kathy Neumeister

Phyllis Rosenberg

Diane Rowett

Margaret Peirson

Terry Pierone

Susan Santillo

Charlotte Skinner

June Smith

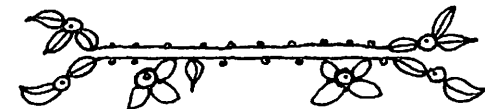
Debbi Tarpey

Marlene Wilbur

Wallace R. Wirths

Lenore De Franco-Hernandez

Barbara Lorber



A Black and White Cat

A Black and White
Cat

Hidden half way
Behind the full
Red tomato cases.

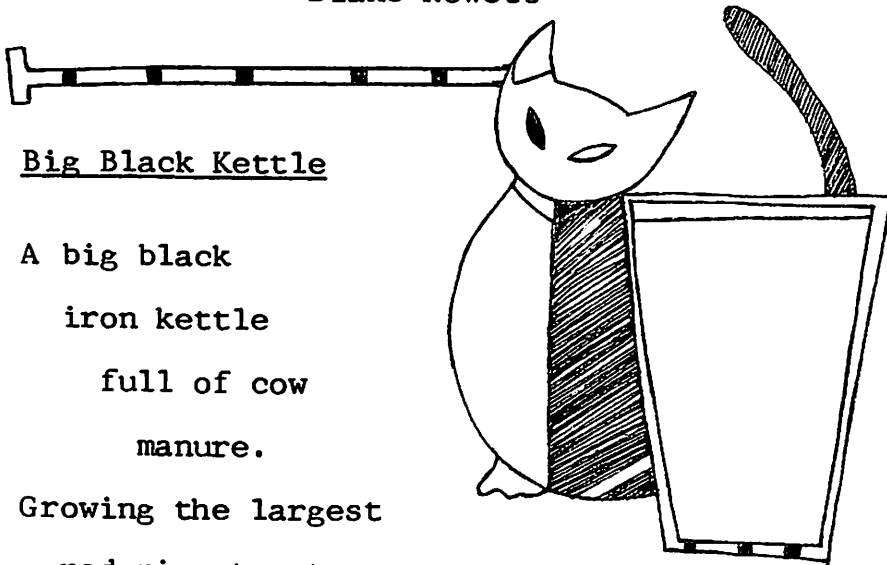
-Diane Rowett

Big Black Kettle

A big black
iron kettle
full of cow
manure.

Growing the largest
red ripe tomatoes
in the county.

-Diane Rowett



The Nuns wore Meanness

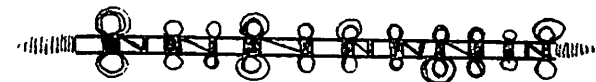


Why are they so big?
Must you be seven foot eight to enter the
convent

Don't send me to that musty cemetery
The corpses walk
No one can talk

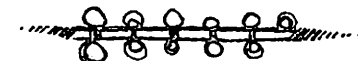
I just hide behind the rest hoping
someday the Holy Spirit will
make me good enough

-Debby Tarpey



My husband thinks I'm his mother
My kids think I'm their friend
My parents think I'm a stranger
I've never lived alone.

-Joan Dueffert

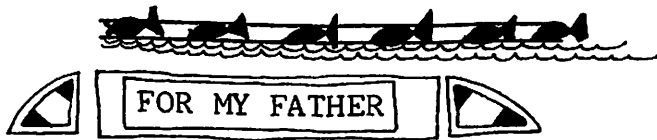




I watch
from my upstairs window
as he rows his small boat out
into the lake.

"Be careful! Don't go too far!"
I want to shout
Then I remember
Columbus' mother
never would have said that.

-Ruth Endress



I am discharging myself of that responsibility
of being what you wanted me to be.

"It's a practical world" you said, "no time
for dreamers."

I wish I had told you I was a dreamer.

-Charlotte Skinner

I Am Thinking of a Sunday Afternoon

I am thinking of a Sunday afternoon,
When he wore a white silk scarf,
A blue chinchilla coat with
Bold brass buttons, derby hat,
Yellow gloves and yes, he carried
An ebony carved cane as
I walked silently beside him,
Boastfully, singing like inside,
I was that proud; oh, he was a proper dresser,
A prince of a man, and I was
Pregnant.

-Barbara Glimm



I'm afraid of what lies beyond
walking to nowhere, but coming from
I turn to look and see,
not a light shining to comfort me

darkness surrounds me like a shield
I can't go nowhere

-Margaret Peirson

Last Summer's Left-over Thunderbolts

Do you have problems, God
When winter comes a-busting in
Screens to take down
Storm sash to put up
Will the wild winds of heaven
Brush loose the cobwebs and the grime
Are moth balls needed to protect
The feathers in the angels' wings
Is there yet time to lay in supplies of
Cough drops, heating pads, and good
Hot chicken soup
While you, dear Lord, are sorting out and
Stowing away last summer's left over
Thunderbolts

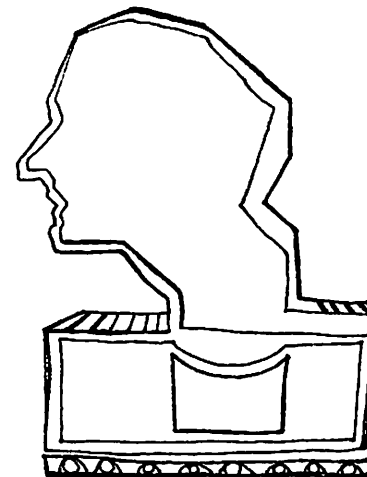
Oh God, do you have problems, too?

-Barbara Glimm

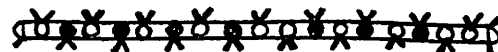


The Sculptor

with hands
all feeling,
from cold stone
to warm soft
lines
like a poet.



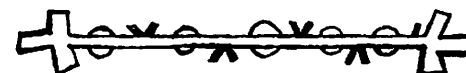
-Diane Rowett

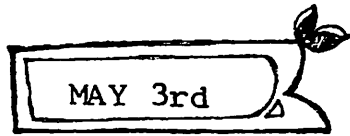


Moving on
Again
Pulling up the roots
which had just begun to dig deeper
Spreading
Nourishing

When you dig me up to go
try to take a part of that around me.
I need something of where I've been
So I can fit where I'm going.

-Carol Haight

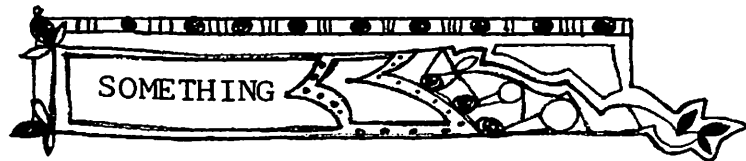
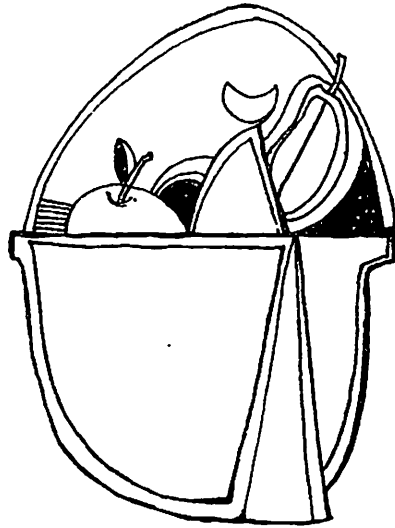




If I knew
Where I belong
Either inside or outside

This yawning feeling
Would not keep me
Where I am.

-Kathleen R. Neumeister



There's something sexy
about a hooded sweat shirt
over the back of his coat.

Warm change
from his pocket
to pay for the coke.

-Diane Rowett



RESPONSE TO "never again to be forced to move
to the rhythms of others"
(Tillie Olsen)

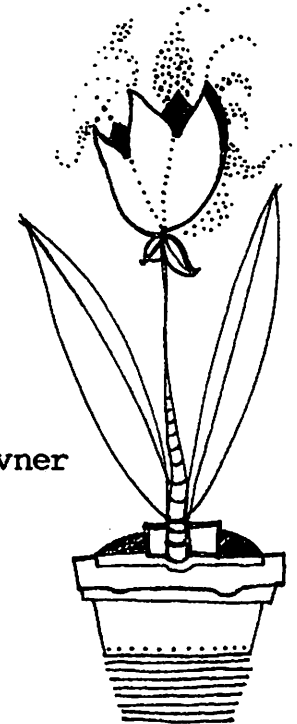
We are forced
Then want to
Then need to
Jump to the rhythms of others

Slowly the transition unfolds
Wanting to be needed
Needing to be wanted

I like leaping
Let the rhythms continue

When they no longer do
Then I am dead
While yet breathing

-Natalie Levner



An Old Lady Sang This In My Dreams Last Night

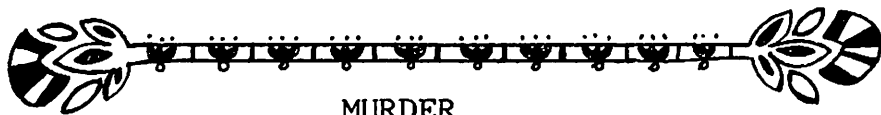
Old John Negril
lives by the stream
in the forest.

Old John Negril
still picks green
wild flowers.

Old John Negril
lives in a fortress
he built by himself;
for himself.

Old John Negril
died last night
in the forest
alone.

-Diane Rowett



MURDER

Bozo was awfully sick. The doctor didn't
seem to help my little bull-dog.

One day Grandpa came over to look at him.
Later Mom told me Bozo passed away.

I think Grandpa killed him.

-Wallace R. Wirths

TAKING NOTES

Last night in a bar

I wrote on my leg.

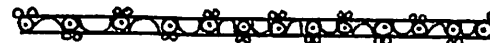
The ink came through my stocking.

"Everyone wants to be seduced."

I know, because it says so

on my thigh this morning.

-Ruth Endress



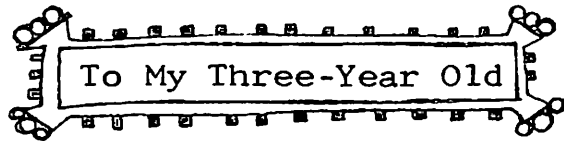
THE MAN BLUES

Times get hard
and the rivers getting rough
and it's hard to stay afloat
Your man's on the rag
got a bug up his ass
And he ain't carin much for you
Get a smile on your face
and don't hesitate
For he's losing hold of you

Your man's got some news
And he won't be amused
When he leaves it up to you
He'll find his books on the floor
His ass out the door
And he ain't gettin next to you

Your man's on the rag
got a bug up his ass
and he ain't gettin next to you

-Laura L. Jones

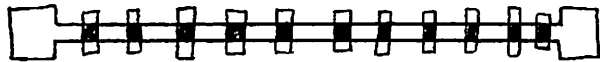


To My Three-Year Old

You say
the keys can dance
and Peter Pan
is alive and well
behind that star
your soaped shadow
sleeps silently
near you.

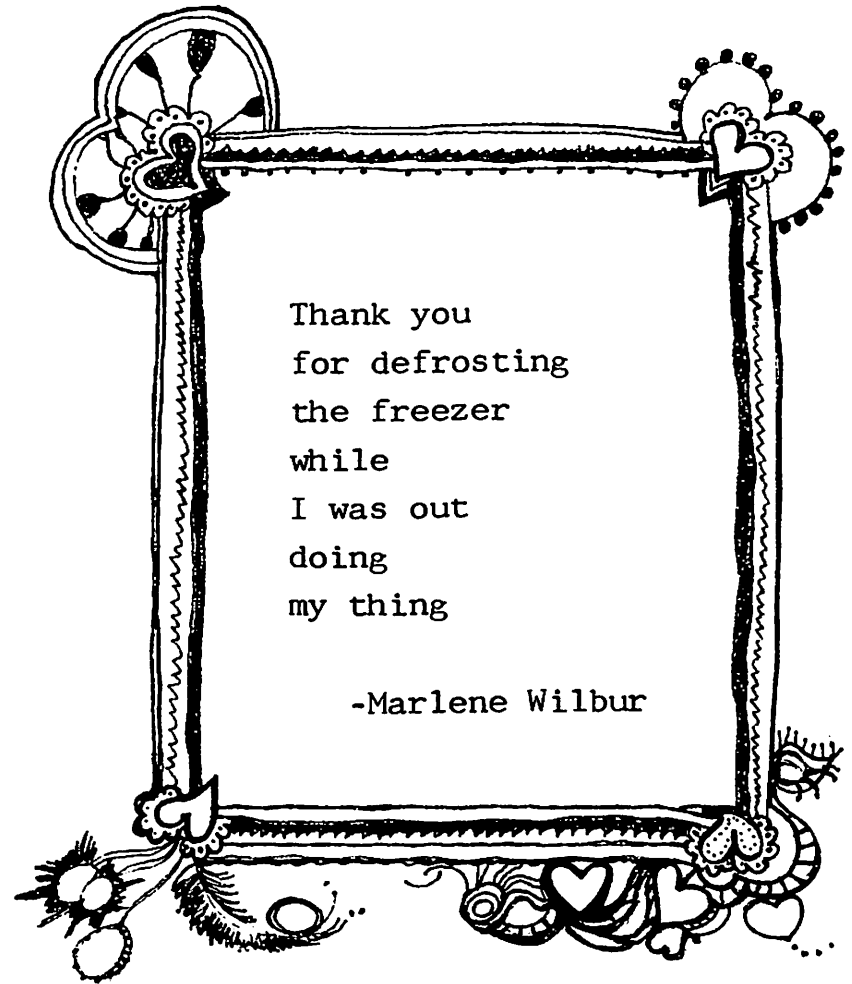
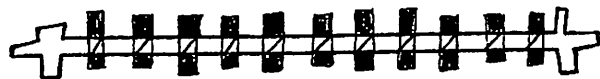
My shadow
is a coward
and I wish
Tinker Bell
had not died.

-Terry Peirone



sometimes
I wish I were
an island
my waters
purple deep
i dare you
to swim
into this
somber sleep

-Susan Santillo



Thank you
for defrosting
the freezer
while
I was out
doing
my thing

-Marlene Wilbur

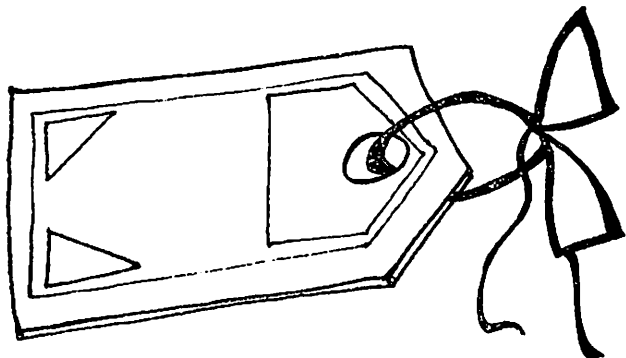
I manipulate
I nurture
I hide
I compromise
I struggle
I wonder
I question
I cry
I laugh
I analyze
I plan
I worry
I make mistakes
I am a woman.

-Joan Dueffert



Everyone seems to be given a label
A box into which he must fit.
Shackled by someone else's opinion
It's really a crock of shit.

-Carol Haight



TWENTIETH CENTURY LESSONS IN HEBREW

Death,
Mein Enemy,
Mein Freund.
I've come to talk
With you and
Tease you again.

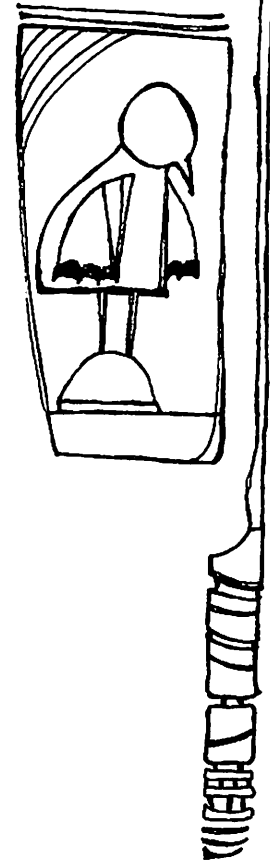
So,
Herr Lucifer,
The business is good.
Mama joined you last week.
Auschwitz
Was her final home.
Her life was washed
Away
By the gaseous embrace
of a heavenly shower.

But
As a lover, you are
kind.
The hurt is dulled
by the power of
Your embrace.

My heart
And mind have been
Blown to the four winds.

Please, hold me.
I have waited much too long
For your love.

-Debbi L. Cortright





The world is made of ice,
Your heart is made of fire.

Each morning, I venture into the Arctic
To return to my tropical hearth at night.

While I am away,
Cars go rushing by and soldiers kill people and Mick
Jaegger still hasn't gotten any satisfaction and people
kill themselves and people hurt people and people kill
other people —
all without the slightest notice.

Then I return to a world where,
I am bathed by the orange and gold
Of your love
I see the shadow of your smile
And remember our quiet nights
You are the kind of man a woman needs
And I'm your songbird.

Each day, I carry some of your warmth
To the world.

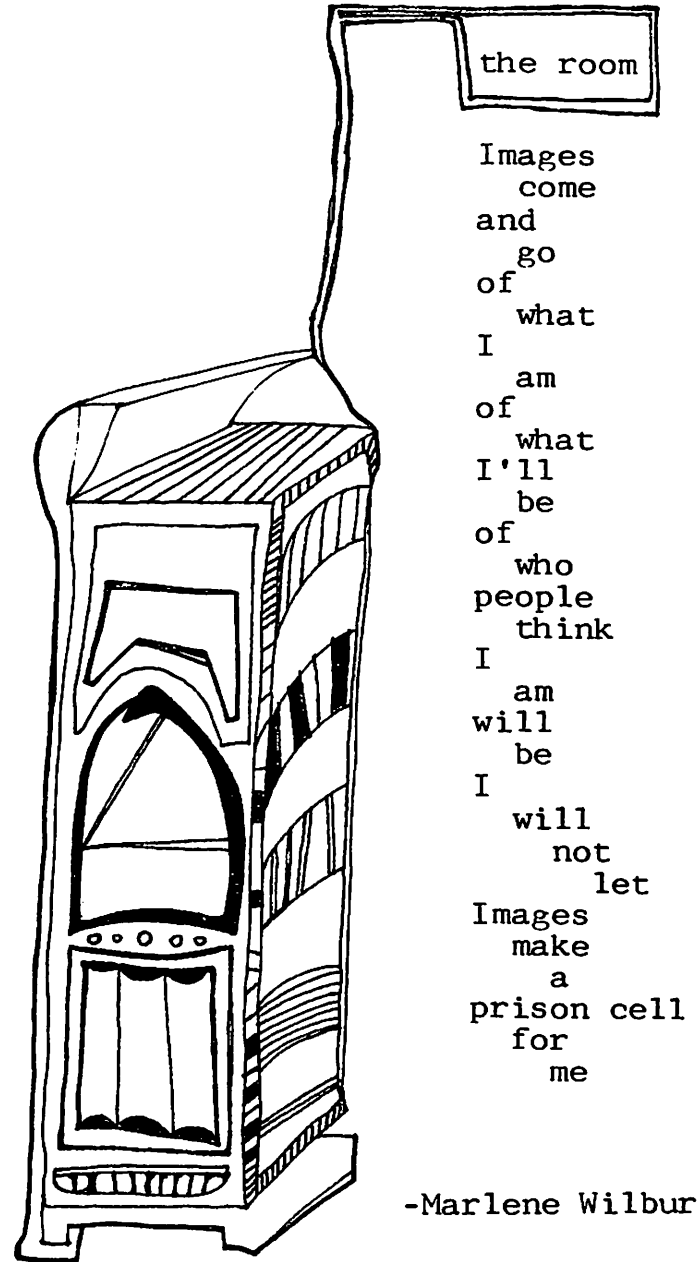
As the icedroids come into contact with me,
Their skin turns from blue to pink.

In time,
It will be a place

Where children laugh
And play and grow

Instead of
Crying.

-Debbi L. Cortright



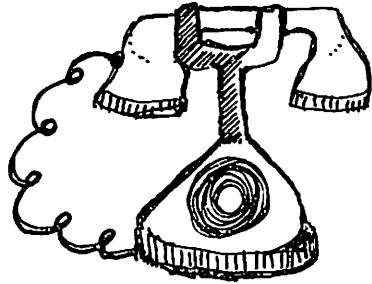
the room

Images
come
and
go
of
what
I
am
of
what
I'll
be
of
who
people
think
I
am
will
be
I
will
not
let
Images
make
a
prison cell
for
me

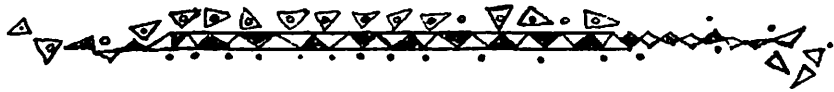
-Marlene Wilbur

Smile

Alone.
I picked up the phone,
I just wanted
To Hear You smile.



-Diane Rowett



I'm watching him, he's fast asleep on the couch, such a look of peacefulness about him. I hate to disturb him, so I quietly sit back and wait for him to open his eyes. I'm really afraid to look into them and see all the loneliness inside.

I've got to talk to him, make him realize what he's doing to himself and to me. I love him very much and hate to see him like this, it might do some good and it might not. I've tried talking to him so many times hoping he would listen, and I keep saying maybe the next time he will. He's starting to stir, I'm getting nervous again, I always do when I want to talk like this.

He opens his eyes, looks around, at first he doesn't see me, he has a hard time focusing his eyes on certain objects, there's not much time before he won't see at all. I make a noise to let him know I'm there, he turns around and looks at me and I start by saying "hi Dad, I've been here waiting for you to wake up."

-Margaret Pierson

AUX CHAGALL

The green man
is going to kiss
the horse
and give her
flowers
All is circles
or part of
The rosary is
tight around
his neck
The horse is
a woman
The cow is
a horse
The world
turns around
and sometimes
we're upside
down

-Joan Dueffert

It was a cold, clear, January noon.

We all gathered in that familiar room to be there when my brother left. The ambulance men had arrived. They had gone upstairs with the stretcher.

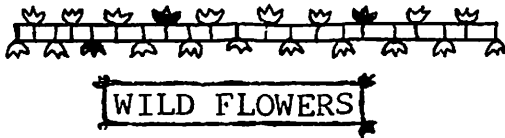
Paths of sunlight reflected off frozen snows, streamed in through the stairway windows. The sunlight passed along the dark walnut slats of the banister, became diffused,

- continued -

and spilled everywhere into the room and onto the brilliant red and blue hues at our feet.

There was the contradiction of beauty and despair when they carried my brother down the stairs.

-Charlotte Skinner



Eagerly I plucked

a Shooting Star

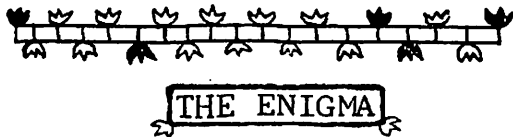
One Lady's Slipper

The Feathery Fern

and thought I had captured

the Spring

-Phyllis Rosenberg



It stood on a shelf in back of the kitchen sink. It was a round can about five inches high and bore the legend, 'Dutch Cleanser'.

- continued -

It was decorated attractively with the figure of an industrious-looking girl in colorful Dutch costume, complete with wooden shoes which seemed to be propelling her onto a continuous round of household chores. As she sped on her way, she held a can in her hand, identical to the one which stood behind the sink and was also imprinted with the same legend.

-Anita Horne



THE UNGAINLY PRETEENS OR IT'S SO MUCH EASIER TO BE FORTY

One of us would put a dab of Johnson's wax on the hardwood floor, smearing it into the boards, away from the cream-color core in a circular motion until all that was left was a fine film. The other now would slip her feet into two dust-mop bottoms and in Hans Brinker fashion would buff, bringing out the honey luster of the wood. So we spent many a Saturday morning, fulfilling our obligation, for our mother's motto was, "everybody works in this house" and "no one shall eat the bread of laziness."

It wasn't really a hardship, for we not only shared household chores, but truths, secrets and bits of encouragement.

On this particular Saturday morning, my sister Connie's consoling words were a kind of



balm to my inner wounds and frustrations.

"But, you love to dance, you have to go back. You know all about ballet. You've seen Maura Shearer in the movies."

"No, I can never go back, I was mortified. Besides, that's ballroom dancing. It's all different. You always need a partner. I can never be a ballerina, I'm too tall for that too."

The current dilemma was the result of a six-month growth spurt. At 12 years of age, I had reached my present height of 5'5½". It was complicated by the fact that I weighed only 90 lbs. Perhaps this could have been tolerated except that Miss VanNeiderstein, our teacher, had decided that on Thursday afternoons the class was to have ballroom dancing. She lined up all the boys and girls and then paired them off according to height. I was left. Only Miss VanNeiderstein, who was an old maid, could be my partner, and since I was taller even than she, I had to be the boy. Just thinking about it brought tears to my eyes, and a bigger blob of paste wax was smeared into the wood. I tried to forget the horrible experience by working harder.

Cornie now said, "Did you notice Joyce Jensen has begun to develop? Her mother bought her her own box of Kotex."

"I know, she told the whole class, the whole school."

"Do you think Phyllis, that we will ever be desired and womanly?"

I answered her honestly, "I'm beginning to think never."

"Maybe we should ask the Lord" she reverently suggested.

"Never," I said, "the Lord doesn't listen to selfish prayers. You know the minister has said you can pray for 'the inner person of the heart,' meaning you can pray to be more loving and kind. And you can pray for other people too, like I pray for Frank Sinatra and the Ink Spots, after the family,

of course, but you cannot pray for just yourself."

There were a few minutes of total silence as we worked on. Then she smiled suddenly and said, "I know what to do. I'll pray to the Lord that you will become beautiful and have a big bosom, and you must pray for me, that I'll be short and won't have to wear glasses. These will not be selfish prayers and the Lord will listen. I know he will."

She seemed to have a convincing argument and before bed, she reminded me again of the plan. The answer came, not quite as requested, for she grew tall and always wore glasses and I was not the recipient of a big bosom and beauty, but eventually we were both desired and loved.

-Phyllis Rosenberg



CAMEO

the brick house
he built snug in evergreens
ivy-covered stone walks and walls

he had us up before breakfast
to ski the open trail
the woods grey white and snowing

I ran down the hill
watched for the train
waited
he came walking
wearing his broad-brimmed hat
we walked home together

I talked on and on

- continued -



he sat deep in his arm chair
read

he had inscribed
in old English
across the mantle

"Let the world wag,
here we take our ease"
looked far into the fire

when he danced so well
all the women wanted to

we all sat down to eat
he was still taking pictures

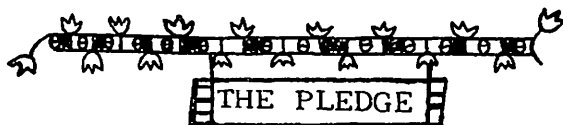
he raised his eyebrows
to his small children said
"No nonsense."

at Christmas
he made wreaths
and hung the tree with tinsel

he boxed my brother's ears
i watched him from the stairway

the spring after
he had his cataracts removed
he painted the garden
with mountains of flowers

-Charlotte Skinner



Anna and I sat silently on the ledge
of massive rock that separated our 2 proper-
ties. We chewed slowly, softening and slowly
savoring a snack of milk-dog biscuits we
shared with the hound, Trudi.

✿ continued ✿

We had tired of playing a game in
which we took turns acting out the adven-
tures of our heroic male counterparts, Mac
and Jack. On that day, Anna had been Jack
the veterinarian and I was her assistant.
Many of the goldfish in Anna's pool were
dying. We'd made a valiant attempt to save
them, painting mercurochrome over their
slippery bodies, only afterwards to wonder
how Anna's father would react when he took
his habitual stroll through his yard that
evening and viewed the floating fish in the
deep, pink water. Despite a desperate con-
cern for ourselves, we planned an elaborate
mass-fish funeral at sunset.

Anna gave a long look toward the small
glassed-in back porch of her house where the
late afternoon July sun spilled its gold
through the windows. Tossing her soggy bis-
cuit to Trudi she said, "I want to always
live here. I never want to move."

"Yeah, me too, until we get married...
and then maybe someday we'll come back when
we are really old or...maybe our husbands
will come back and talk about us."

"They'll meet there on the porch"
Anna said, pointing with a small stick, "and
they'll talk about all the interesting things
we did and what we meant to each other...to
them."

"Suppose they die first - "

"We'll come back" Anna said, "We'll
come back as Mac and Jack."

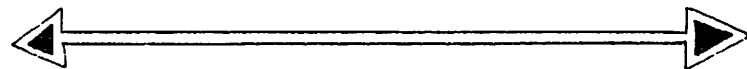
"Why?"

"Oh, it ought to be fun, shake?"

"Shake."

Just then Anna's father came into
sight at the wheel of his Cadillac, and we
fled in two directions.

-Charlotte Skinner



The subway was especially depressing. The air was hot and stuffy. The odor of electrical apparatus floated through the dreary car.

The incandescent bulbs appeared dirty yellow. I had read the same ads a thousand times before. Even the graffiti appeared familiar. The usual litter dotted the floor.

We rattled along at high speed. The grayish green car vibrated violently. A half dozen expressionless passengers swayed from side to side. Occasionally, loud crashes sounded like the car was bouncing along the walls of the black, invisible tunnel. Heads sagged and bobbed in partial doze only to arise erect again. It was a dreary, dog-day ride.

The three male and two female passengers skillfully avoided one another's gaze. The three men seemed totally nondescript. I wondered how I would describe them if I had to--one young, one middleaged, one older--plain, cheap clothes--no distinguishing features.

And the two women--also commonplace--probably between 35 and 50. Plain and plump with loud but ordinary dress. The clothes and the women were a complete standoff, neither performing a single, solitary service to the other. I closed my eyes. The view was better that way.

The subway door to my left where the cars grasped one another had opened. I felt the draft, heard the increased noise, smelled additional mustiness. I broke the unspoken rule of subway regulars and turned to see who

had entered.

He was very big, very black, and very drunk. In his late 40's or early 50's, his huge body strained the seams of his soiled brown workman's clothes. All of the solitary riders knew he was there, but no one took notice--those were the rules.

What in hell is the guy doing! He's hovering over the woman across from me. He's grabbing at her, pawing her.

The woman makes no effort to flee. She begins to yell. She cries out, "let me alone". She's too frightened, too hysterical to attempt to flee.

Should I try to assist her? The other riders appear not to notice. No one is dozing now, but all are continuing to stare straight ahead.

Should I call to the three nondescript males to give me a hand? If I did, would they? Should I pull the emergency cord, and hope that produces something? Perhaps that would bring the car to such a sudden stop that the big drunk would be thrown to the floor. Should I take a chance and match my 118 pounds to his 250 or more?

The end door opened again. The conductor--a little man, just as nondescript as the passengers, had entered. He appeared far past his retirement age in his black uniform suit and cap.

At last the train was coming into the station. The little, old conductor took the very big, very drunk man by the arm, and led him out the exit. No one spoke a single word.

Some riders left. Some riders entered. No one saw one another. Once again, each of us

was staring out the windows into the black void of the tunnel.

I rode the subways many more times. I never saw the other passengers in the dreary cars, that was the rule. But I always saw the plain, plump women, the very big, very drunk man, and the little, old, nondescript conductor.

-Wallace R. Wirths

TO THE ESCAPIST

Maniacs,
Driving Cadillacs,
Taking speed,
And smoking wacky weed.
Ya know that whiskey
Is the key to infinity.
But where do ya go
When you come down?
Where do ya go
When your grin turns to a frown?
You've blown your mind.
Yeah, you were blind.
But now you're sinkin'
And the feelin's stinkin',
But hey, man,
That's the price you pay for a high.
Trip on
Or come join the rest of us
Just keep movin', man,
'Cause you're in the way.

-Debbi L. Cortright

Rainy Day Cottage

(an excerpt from the book
Retired To Main Street by
Helen Benedict Daniels



Across the brook was a proper "Chick Sales" outhouse, and a recent tight chicken house which I used for storage. Beyond this, a dying apple orchard brought back all my childhood favorites except the yellow Porter, too sweet for my adult taste: Northern Spy, Baldwin, Greening, Jonathan Davis, an unknown tree which my neighbor identified as Smith Cider Apple, and another unknown--like an Astrakhan, but larger, which I called the Pink Applesauce Tree. I had only to core, cook, and press through a sieve--red-striped skin and all--to produce a rose-colored sauce of perfect tartness.

Back of orchard and swamp was the old lime kiln, like a huge, stone-lined kettle, with an opening at the base for making a hot wood fire. Chunks of limestone, thrown in from the top, disintegrated in the heat so that they could be crushed into powder. In an old book of local history, I read that the quarry alongside the brook coming out of Stag Pond--my brook!--yielded lime of such high quality that builders used it for making plastered walls. Farmers used the lime on their crops.

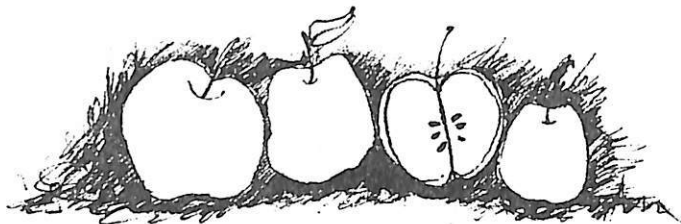
There was even a bit of the old quarry left--a sheer wall of white, with red honey-suckle (columbine) growing in the crevices.

At the top end of the swamp, at the edge of the woods, the brook was just a narrow stream, with a perpetual spring bubbling up along one edge. This was our source of drinking water--much tastier than boiled brook

water, and, we felt, just as safe. A foot-path led back to the house.

The country-born, country-wise neighbors who played such an important, supportive role in my life at RDC, felt sorry for me because I had acquired such a "worthless" piece of property. They did not realize, and I realized only vaguely, at the time, how very much I needed a place to belong to, during a most difficult period of my life. RDC filled this need completely.

-Helen Benedict Daniels



THERE'S A HAIR IN MY SOUP!

Our lunch started out so ordinary, I never thought the Chinese waiter would try to make soup out of me.

My godmother Angie, Mom and I were having lunch at the Jade Restaurant. I was about five years old and didn't like chow mein. I did like egg-drop soup. I was on my second cup when I spooned up a black hair along with the threads of egg. "There's a hair in my soup, Mommy."

"A HAIR!"

"Where?" my godmother asked with a doubtful look on her face.

"Let me see!" Mom yanked the spoon from my hand, spilling the black hair back into the cup.

My godmother took up her teaspoon to help Mom drag the soup for the hair. At last it surfaced, only to disappear beneath the blur of egg-drops again. Mom dived into the cup with two fingers and came up with the slimy strand of hair.

"WAITER!" Mom called. "Look, there's a hair in this soup."

"Oh, so sorry. I bring new soup."

"Mom...how did a hair get in my soup?"

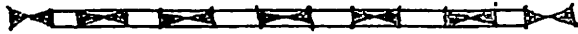
"They make soup out of bad boys and girls," she said, before turning her attention back to the fractured conversation with Angie.

After the fortune cookies were read to me, Mom went to the ladies' room and Angie went to the cash register to pay the bill. The waiter came up to us and pulled at my arm. I thought he was trying to get me into the kitchen so they could make soup out of me. "I'm good, I'm good!" I screamed as I clung to the pocket of my godmother's fur coat. The waiter retreated, puzzled. We left the

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restaurant and no one seemed interested in the least that I had almost become a choice from column B.

-Marie L. Colligan



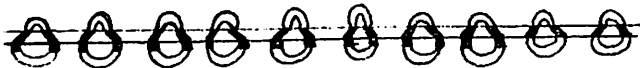
There were pictures in our Bible
I loved to look at them
As soon as I could
I filled in the names of my parents
and the date of their marriage
I counted back the months to see if
I was conceived before the wedding
I wanted to prove to myself
that my mother wasn't such a holy person

-Debby Tarpey



When my mother locked my father out
I grabbed the key
He never understood
why I couldn't let him in

-Debby Tarpey



Impressions at Twelve

He was twelve and he had a baker's dozen of problems.

There he was in the eighth grade and still wearing knickers. Some of the kids had made wisecracks about them, and he had been mortified. All the boys had long pants.

Then one day he discovered two pairs of long pants hanging behind the cellar door; one pair almost fit. A little long perhaps, and somewhat baggy around the waist. But then anything would be better than those hateful knickers.

After a terrible argument, Mom agreed to make what alterations she could. After all, she pointed out, she wasn't a tailor. The walk to school the next morning seemed interminable. At the corner, as usual, he caught up with Evelyn Banta. She was one of the important girls in his class.

"I see you have your father's pants on", she teased, noticing the significant development at once. The others would know too.

"They're mine", he lied unconvincingly, struggling to change the subject as quickly as possible. He was grateful that the pants hid his spindly legs. No other kid in the class had such awful skinny legs.

It was a terrible burden to carry--this being one of the puniest kids in the eighth grade. Except for Oliver, all the other kids were a year or two older. Things were happening to them that weren't happening to him.

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One awful day he passed a gang of them during lunch period and one of them had shouted: "Hey, bet you don't have any hair yet." He was so embarrassed he wanted to die.

It was a great relief when July finally arrived and the family made its annual pilgrimage for a week to the Poconos. When the week was over, his folks said he could spend the summer there if he wished. He did.

Days were spent trudging over rocky hills and mountains, the trusty 22 under his arm. He was proud of his marksmanship. He had challenged some boarders to a match, shooting tooth-picks off an apple, and he had won hands down. Why he carried the rifle everywhere he went was a mystery. He never shot at any bird or animal although he spotted hundreds of them in the fields and woods.

The problem with boarding houses was that you never knew who else would be there. No other kids his age appeared on those weekends when one group arrived and another departed. Stella always rang a loud bell when guests departed. He wondered whether she did this to show her appreciation or in relief that they were leaving.

The days grew longer and lonelier. He grew tired of listening to Stella's brother-in-law over on the next farm. He was an old guy--at the very least 35--and he plowed with a scroungy mule. He could hear him plainly when the wind was right, screaming curses and obscenities at the beast without interruption. The meaning of the words wasn't always clear, but he was certain they meant something awfully bad.

Stella's two sons were a disaster. Charles was a noisy, pushy, dirty, obnoxious lout who was difficult to ignore. One day

Charles' taunts turned physical and he was forced to defend himself in a genuine fight, his first real encounter. He was amazed that he responded so vigorously. As a final sign of triumph, he shoved Charles' face into a pile of fresh cow manure. Charles ceased to be an important problem.

Stella's older son Curt, was something else. He was deaf and dumb and made scary sounds. He had sinewy muscles and a lithe body hard as steel. He entertained the boarders with such feats as picking up one end of the hay wagon.

The good news finally came. Stella announced that one of the families arriving for the week had a twelve-year-old son. He sat on the big white porch all day that Saturday awaiting that important development. Time never moved more slowly.

The happening was not exactly what he had anticipated. He caught only a glimpse of the new arrival as he disappeared into the cabin with his family. At supper he was seated at another table. He did observe that the boy was thin. He was thankful for that. He had a silly aversion towards fat kids.

Sunday morning, after difficult and tedious strategy, not to mention considerable apprehension, he finally struck up the long-anticipated conversation. Soon they were asking Stella whether they could clean out the old chicken coop and use it for their hunting lodge.

The dried chicken manure stuck to the old wood like cement, but they persevered, finally pronouncing the coop acceptable to their lenient standards. Two derelict chairs were resurrected to complete the cabin. They invited some of the boarders to witness their



work. They got little reaction. They guessed their visitors were overawed because it had to be one of the best hunting cabins in the whole world.

It was a really great, happy week. He hardly noticed Paul's Brooklyn grammar or his coarse manners. Paul was wonderful--no doubt of that.

It ended too quickly. The week was over and once again the bell was clanging as Paul's family departed for the city. He shouted after Paul to write as soon as he arrived home. He swore he would. He wrote Paul a letter that night. He never got one back.

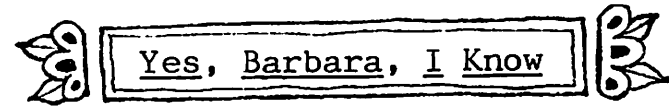
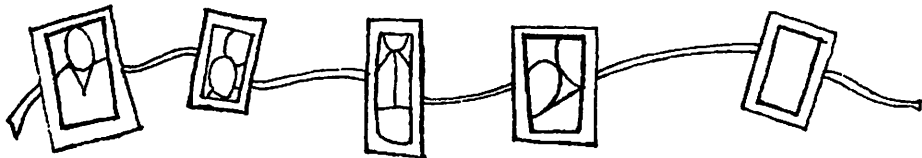
The long treks through the woods resumed but he avoided the splendid cabin. September drew near and his folks arrived to take him home. The bell clanged for the last time.

His pictures were developed a few weeks later. He was showing them to his lifelong playmate, Charles Foley. Charles' father was an alcoholic. Not only that, his parents were Irish, and even worse, Catholic. It didn't matter when they played, but it was something one had to be careful about.

He flipped to a photo of Paul in front of their splendid cabin which Charles mistook for a chicken coop. Odd, Paul looked kind of plain, even homely-like. He didn't recall him looking like that in their splendid hunting lodge.

Funny how pictures can distort people.

-Wallace R. Wirths



"Hmm, not bad," I thought to myself. I was practicing winking in front of my mother's big mirror. The one in my room only shows my face, and I wanted to get the whole effect. The mirror in my mom's room only comes to my waist, so I was standing on her bed with one hand on my hip when she walked in.

"What are you doing?" she asked.

"Nothing," I answered quickly, as I jumped off the bed. But she had seen me, I knew.

"Young lady, you will not be needing that sort of thing for a long time."

I was only twelve years old, true, but what's the harm in starting early? Practice makes perfect, they say. And besides, I was already using my wink on Donny, in school. I think it was working, too.

None of these thoughts were revealed to my mother, however. I just kept right on practicing, but in my own room. She'd never understand.



"Jeannie, what are you doing?"

"Nothing," she said, too quickly, in a high, false, voice.

"Jeannie, let me look at you."

I had walked into my twelve-year-old sister's room unannounced during one of my rare visits home, and found her slinking in front of a full-length mirror with her blouse pulled down off of one shoulder, her hand on her hip, making weird, I guess seductive, faces at her reflection, and in more kinds of make-up than I'd ever owned in my whole life.

"You look awful, like Frankenstein's bride. Where did you get that junk?" I asked, while trying to wipe it off.

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"Mom," she answered, indignantly pulling away. "She gave it to me."

I pulled her blouse up and said smartly, "I don't think Mom meant for you to play after-noon call-girl in it."

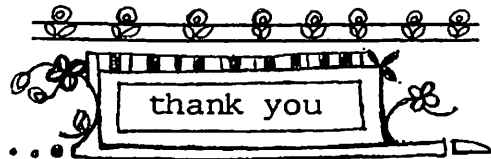
"It's none of your business what I do. And I'm not playing, either. For your informa-tion, I'm going to a party."

I could only hope that she didn't know what a call-girl was.

I walked downstairs, and found my mother reading the paper over a cup of coffee, where I'd seen her every Sunday afternoon for twenty years. "Mom, kids sure grow up fast these days, you know?"

She smiled into her coffee cup, and with-out looking up from her paper, she said, "Yes, Barbara, I know."

-Barbara Lorber



thank you

for listening when i have something to say

for being there when i need you

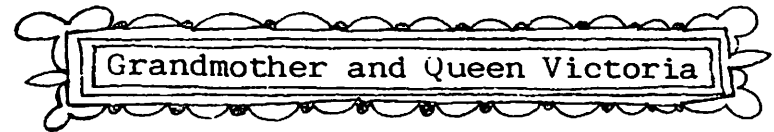
for loving me when i thought no one else could

for accepting me for what i am

and

never mentioning what i could have been.

-Lenore DeFranco-Hernandez



One day, when my little friend Kathleen and I were sitting on the veranda with my grandmother, I said, "Won't you tell us the story about the Queen, Grandma?"

"Well, you know the great Queen Victoria was dearly beloved," Grandma began. "When it was announced that the Queen herself would in-deed visit Bermuda, the people were wildly excited."

"What did the people do?" I asked, al-though I almost knew the tale by heart.

"They decided on a big parade, so the Queen could review the troops."

My Grandmother, in her old-fashioned floor-length black dress with its yards and yards of material, looked like a picture of Queen Victoria herself.

"Then what happened?" Kathleen, who lived next door, wanted to know.

"On the day of the parade, old Eliza, who lived in Sandys Parish, in Somerset, Bermuda, was ironing her husband's good white shirt to wear in honor of the Queen."

"Was he to wear it in the parade?" I asked. I could hardly wait for Grandma to finish.

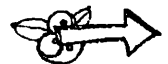
"Yes, he was to wear it in the parade in honor of the Queen. Just then a lady came to the door of the cottage - it was a hot day - and asked if she might have a drink of water."

"What did old Eliza say?" Kathleen asked.

"She said, 'I'm sorry, ma'am, but I must finish ironing this shirt. My good man is to wear it in honor of the Queen Herself'."

"What did the lady say then?" I said.

"She said, 'Oh, I am so thirsty. If you will go to the well for me, I will iron your husband's shirt for him to wear in honor of the Queen'."



"Did Eliza go and get the water, Grandma?"

"Yes, and when she came back the shirt was ironed."

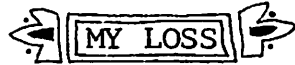
"And then what happened?" This was the part I liked the best.

"At that moment another lady came up to the cottage. She made a deep curtsy and said, 'Your Majesty, your carriage is waiting'."

"Oh Grandma, what did Eliza say after that?"

"She said her good man could not wear that shirt in the parade or ever again; not a shirt which had been ironed by the great Queen Herself."

-B. Glimm



He came and sat on the edge of my bed

"Your Mother tells me you're afraid of me," he said

"Do you love me?" he wanted to know
I just said no and yes and even less
And besides you love my sister best

He went away - I went to play

I didn't miss him right away

-Marilyn Baker



I am due to have another birthday. Which one will it be? I have forgotten. I have to stop and think about it. He knows. He'll tell me if I ask him and then tease me a little and kiss my nose.

I love birthdays, parties and gifts wrapped or even unwrapped. I look forward to them. I just don't keep track of ages.

When I was young I counted birthdays until I reached certain goals. I had more time then. It was important to have the correct number of candles on the cake, plus two: one for good luck and one to get married on. I have forgotten what it was for a boy.

Cakes and numbers became less and less important. Goals had priority.

There were still a few dreams. Dreams attained were replaced by more. I learned not to be surprised.

-more-



I love what I'm doing now. There is nothing in my life that I care to relive. It was all building up to this point in time.

My mind is still filled with questions but I seldom think about how much time I have left to find the answers.

I wonder how many candles I should put on my cake this time. No need to start a forest fire. One will do. It stands for hope.

-Elizabeth Miller



When I Listen to Dylan Thomas

I smell hot
plum pudding
I taste blood
pudding and eggs
Strong Irish whiskey
warms my chest
Smoke from the
chimney
engulfs the town
cut by the crisp
cold of the sea.

-Joan Dueffert

