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## The Lantern Vol. 46, No. 2, April 1980

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The Lantern

April 1980

Margot Fagan

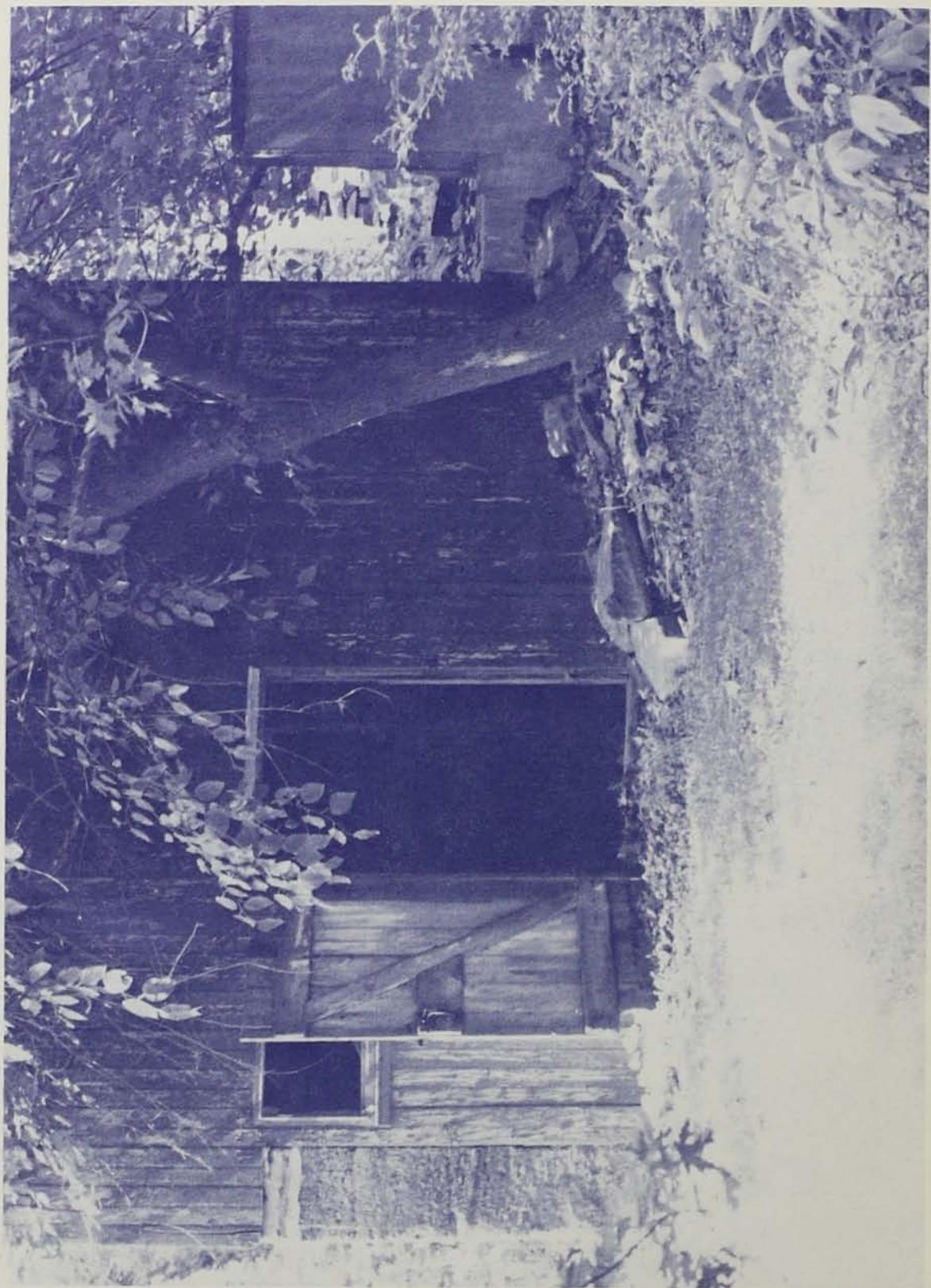
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A collection of Poetry, Prose, Photography  
and Artwork composed for the Spring  
Term, 1980, by the students of Ursinus  
College.

The Lantern, the literary magazine of Ursinus College, symbolizes the light shed by creative work. It is named after the top structure on Pfahler Hall, which has the architectural design not of a tower or spire, but of a lantern.

## **Patrons**

Dr. S. Ross Doughty  
Mr. Thomas Gallagher  
Mr. Gregory Pett  
Dr. and Mrs. Howard Rosenfeld  
Jack Rosenfeld



James Wilson

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## The Voyage to Man's Destiny

The thundering skies cracked the heavens,  
As the waves crashed against the battered hull.  
Its crew trapped inside a sinking ship;  
Three men, four women, and a white seagull.  
The future took control of our senses,  
While gale winds swept our ship through rain and hail.  
We all stood quiet in contemplative fear,  
Like our fathers we prayed, but to no avail.

Our ship ran aground a deserted home,  
No one thought it was good for all.  
I knew that it was good for some;  
Three men, four women, and a white seagull.  
We prayed, then cursed the stormy seas,  
As the men built our strong, yet unstable homes.  
The women ran wild to search and seize  
For fruit, fur, and precious stones.

After three weeks, our people turned to shame,  
Two thefts, one rape, and some crimes I can't name.  
Hatred now ruled our island world,  
The white seagull laid dead, all unfurled.  
A flood came one day to cleanse our sin,  
But fate favored me to survive with my kin.

We knew the future of mankind was up to us now,  
Memories of civilization stood motionless in the sand.  
And our blood ran cold, rancid blue,  
Soured by the soul of modern man.  
We wanted to live in a world of goodness and plenty.  
All our fears were now in the past; so we set sail  
From man's isle of fate, his island of destiny,  
Into a storm of men, without thunder, without hail.

The seed of civilization,  
Where is its eternal fire?  
It grew through years of evolution,  
And has its roots in man's desire.

1974

Jack Rosenfeld

If I could keep the times I've spent instead  
Of moving on, would I remain to live  
Again the joys and sorrows passed? To laugh  
At jokes a second time and shed more tears  
For like mistakes I've made? I'd never know  
What might have been if I had journeyed on.  
Please tell of memories that we've shared of life  
And loves long lost, of feelings felt that oft  
Slip by unnoticed through the years, of friends  
And foes both lost or known who made their mark  
On me, O small black book that keeps within  
All secrets safe for only me to read.

Shannon Emery

## Barstool Blues

I didn't know;  
I wasn't told.  
No one tells the children.  
But one night from my bed  
I heard them whispering from  
around the fire,  
and even then  
I pretended that I hadn't listened.

a mumbled lie:  
"they're all the same"  
try to laugh!  
—her laugh, her  
chocolaty skin—  
manage a smile,  
a quarter left  
on the bar

Joanne McPhillips

Peter

## **Felonious, friend**

There aren't many met  
Worth tribute.  
But then we're evolving onward  
For the progress of man.  
Morals just can't compete—  
Or so I'm told.

Today if one strays from the norm,  
A radical is born  
And must an example be made.  
Sheep are quickly rewarded by Pavlov's dog  
While computers look on  
And applaud.  
Yet, the weatherman forecalls the demise.

The mighty rivers that once flowed  
Have all had their fill of fine silt  
And shallow they become—'tis a pity.  
Nature cries, "Look in!"  
But few alert and less obey.  
"It's much too cold out there!"  
And so it goes . . .  
All for the progress of man.

Though,  
One mountain weathers all,  
And from the plain  
Sends its message clear,  
"We shall not fail."  
To hell with  
The progress of man.  
I give it up to you: (A Tribute)  
Felonious, friend.

Robert Pfeiffer

## Cool Ride

i revved black-handled horns  
while Cupid found magnetic north  
over jackhammer jolts  
with parachute bat wings

yes, unseen gnats attack my eyes  
blink  
coils of road snakes writhing  
can't be outguessed

but crossing the double  
all is yellow

don't steer  
lean back  
gaze into the rays

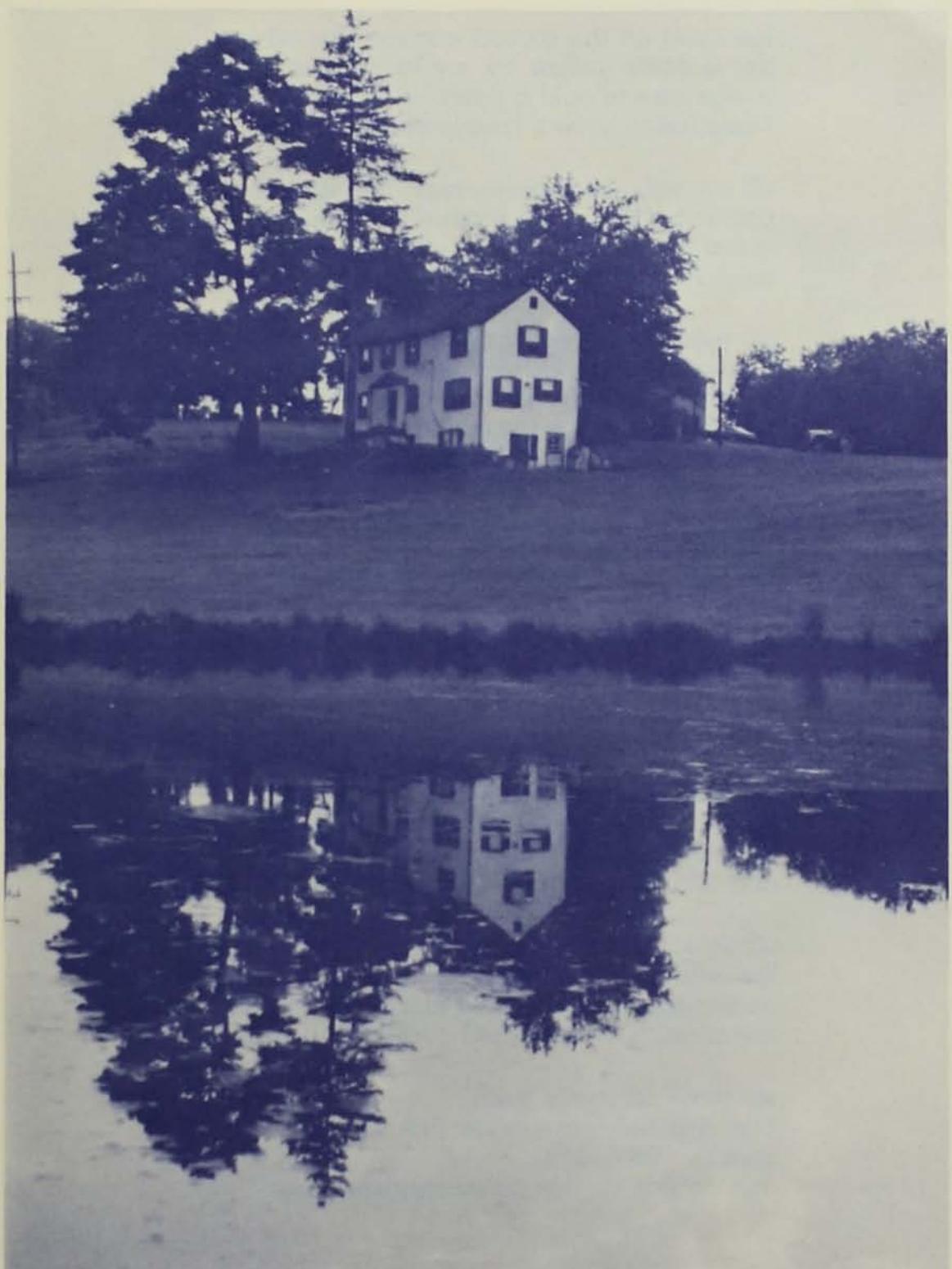
It's nice to know the worst is coming  
. . . everything's under control.

Mari K. Brown

## georgia

in the wet heat  
of swamp water,  
sleepy-eyed crocodile floats,  
mourning the day.  
he needs to paddle off  
or swim deep.

BD



James Wilson

## let us eat and drink

the snow on the ground outside was white,  
being made yellow by my leaky dog rover.  
it was rare to hold a party on a thursday night;  
i decided to have a couple of friends over.

all my pals were there—matt, jim, tom, and pete,  
and somebody's kid brother or a cousin;  
a few even wandered in off the street  
as the group swelled to nearly a dozen.

oh yeah, there was that shifty-eyed dude  
whose favorite pastime was smoking pot—  
we affectionately called him hey jude;  
i grant you, we were an unseemly lot.

we had a barrel of beer and cartons of chips,  
two bottles of wine and snacks to munch,  
hundreds of pretzels and bowls with dips;  
we also had triscuits and some punch.

a bearded stranger seated by the fire  
(wearing a crazy spaced-out smile)  
kept asking us if we'd desire  
to watch the flames with him awhile.

we paid no attention to that stupid fool;  
we were already drunk and gettin' stoned on hash  
'cause we knew that tomorrow there'd be no school,  
and this was gonna be one helluva great bash.

when someone found my hidden crackers and wine,  
the fellow watching the fire leaped from his chair  
and grabbed the goodies that were originally mine;  
i was much too smashed and tired to care.

we were all really beat.  
then this hairy guy says that we  
should, "take, eat,  
and do this for the remembrance of me."

Trevor

In a field  
the light flickered  
from a moon in a sky in my mind.  
I was crying  
weeping for I knew the answer

Loneliness watched from the shadows  
it came creeping, invited me home  
took my mind and led me away.

That night in the field  
I stretched my spine  
across the sweet green earth  
and I was absorbed  
into the blindness.

Joanne McPhillips

## **New Born Foal**

Pushed into sudden light,  
Blinking confusedly.  
Lying on side; heart pounding, ribs heaving.  
Rough, warm tongue caressing, drying shiny, black coat.  
Head lifting, emitting a shrill neigh.  
Rising unsteadily on stilted legs—  
Trembling, toppling, trying again . . .  
Finally successful.  
Small body shuffling to larger one, searching.  
Nursing; warm milk strengthening and comforting.  
Fuzzy, brown eyes becoming clear and sharp.  
Soon romping about sunny meadow,  
Exploring.  
Then, settling in sweet-smelling clover—  
Soon asleep . . .

Terry Waldspurger



## **Union to Freedom**

Heavy leather kicks pressured breath  
through cold lifeless chrome  
a hand fed hum warms the air  
like an awakening groan

Man and machine merge as one  
the union of dependence complete  
as responsive power grows  
and man lifts up his feet

The globed man sitting on power  
reaches freedom in total control  
leaned curves unwinding bonds  
of stagnation's dulling hold

The wind beats rhythmically swifter  
after each heightened shift  
distance and time lose meaning  
in euphoria's natural rift

P. B. Walker

in the woods  
the pump  
water  
runs red first  
when it squirts  
squirts gushes  
out white

never knowing us  
someone left  
a white bar  
of soap  
by the pump  
we washed  
our hands and  
faces  
water ran

into the  
brown ground  
under the pump  
three big legged  
big daddy  
long legs live

a squeaking  
creaking clanking  
pump  
pulling up  
wet wet ground  
water pushing  
through a  
faucet

Joanne McPhillips



## **anthropomorphism**

lying there so peaceful  
only minutes ago you were  
running, excited, unable to be calmed  
as if just to be alive was so important  
how can you forget the world so quickly?  
off in a land where who knows what goes on  
do you dream in technicolor productions  
like i?  
your legs twitch as if chasing an  
imaginary friend  
or maybe it's only a reflex  
innate, instinctive  
i hate to think that  
the former is much more comforting  
curled up by my legs  
nothing like seventy pounds of doberman  
on your bed  
goodnight pup  
sweet dreams

j. e. h.

## **Runner**

The rise and fall of even footprints  
across slow mountains which lightly appear  
as mere hills to motorized eyes.

Face painted in acid pain,  
a fresh wave of sting swells  
only to be drowned, nudged aside.

Quick, hungry gasps  
and clockwork arms  
measure the pace.

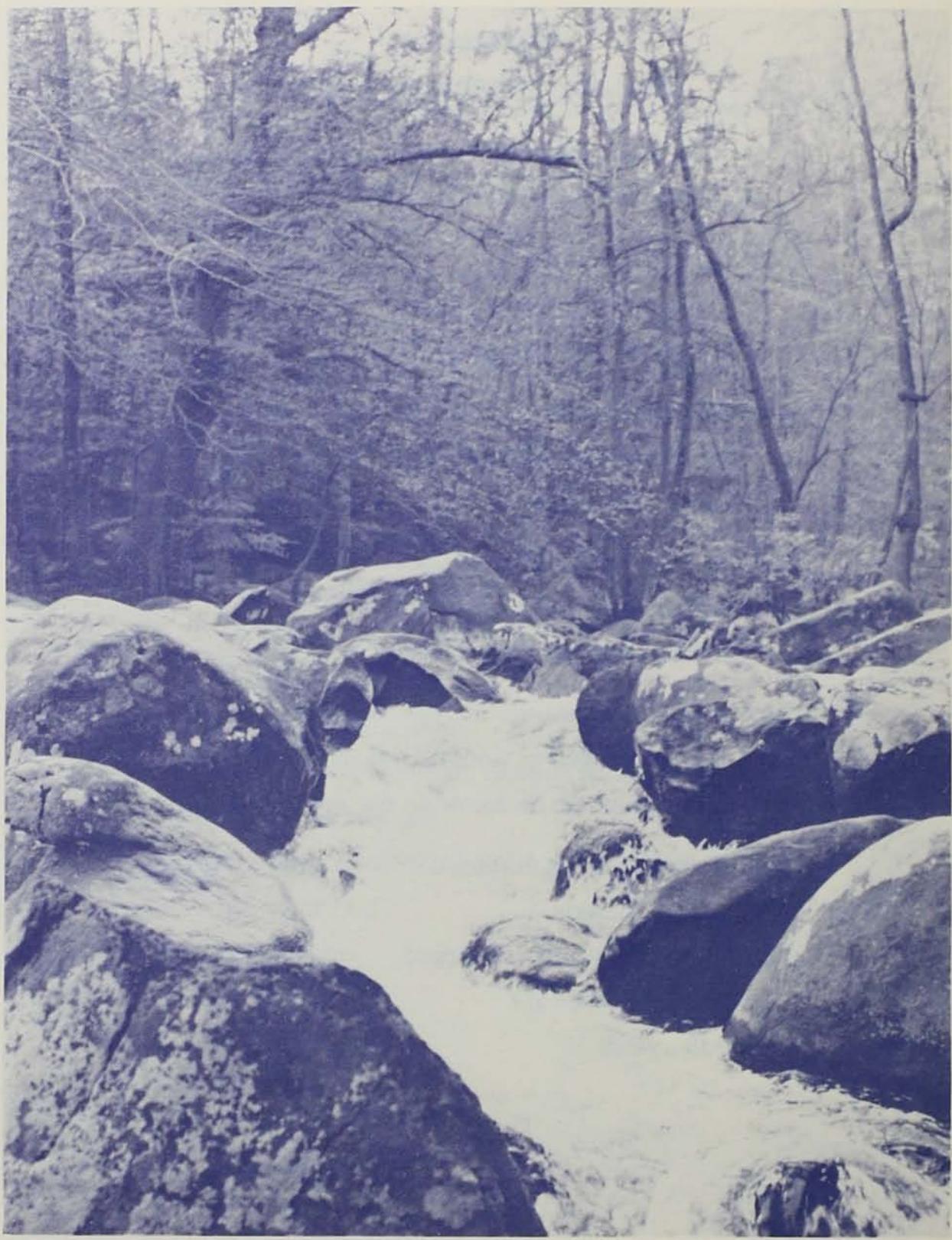
And the only things to pass  
are shadows and sun moving  
the other way in selfish denial.

Once more a permanent moment edges in,  
a slowing wave of shuffle and fear.  
Its justice looms as large as the myopic horizon.

Brain and legs are not judged.  
Numbness succeeds.  
While the trail is onward forged  
without forethought  
or afterward

Until the end.

Ambrose



## C. C.

I

Dancing down to lakeshore stones—  
C. C. picks the roundest smoothest flattest and  
whirling schoolboy arm skips it  
spinning red

orange

yellow

splashing green

blue

violet

splashing tumble white  
sliding feather swift  
into cool dark water.

Billy goat proud—  
glistening coat sensuous  
    flying white  
hooves beat effortless rhythms  
from the lake to the top  
up jagged charcoal cliffs—  
C. C. king of the mountain  
twice like a jackhammer  
    hoof taps granite  
neck muscles menacing  
amber horns cool and confident  
    challenging the sunshine—

C. C. lets go a laugh  
    falling  
back into tall green grass,  
clouds rolling cotton

on an endless sky—  
even bluejays laughing,  
singing to relations  
from cherry blossomed branches.

Rhythms and re-  
lations—

C. C.

to the clouds  
to the lake  
to the rocks  
to the trees  
to the branches  
to the songs of skittering bluejays—

C. C.

absorbs all magic and fears nothing, his  
open hands sliding  
down across his belly and  
no hesitation—

ecstatic rhythms colors of  
pine needles and  
meadow grass reverberate  
pulsing across the canyon  
in a moment of passion

the sun

Explodes into crystals and showers  
cool colorful rain—

Rainbow will be here today—  
it's as clear as daybreak.  
C. C. knows it's his lucky day.

C. C. the warrior  
from blue boiling spring—  
    skin scrubbed with pumice  
    body shaved with seashell  
arises glowing and anxious—  
mountain breeze drinks dry his steaminess—  
    rubs holy herbs deep into his chest  
    deerskin tied at his hip  
    thick scarlet war-painted eyes—  
C. C. brushes his coarse black mane  
    straight back  
    boar bristle sharp  
the blade of his tomahawk honed  
    razor smooth strapped to his calf

C. C. takes no chances on Rainbow—  
    he must be ready for  
        anything.

Through vines and underbrush—  
Creeping C. C. silently  
along the riverbank  
stalking his lover—  
    each rippling eddy a clue  
    each rustling leaf a signal,  
her animal spirit  
    on the breeze  
to an empty clearing—

A gurgle and  
    a splash

upstream—  
Leaping C. C.  
    behind a cedar trunk—  
    praying for his life—

Canoe  
    rolling  
gently  
    downstream—  
C. C. unlashes his tomahawk tensely  
balancing it in  
    quivering  
hands  
barely  
    breathing closer  
the canoe  
passes before him  
    empty—  
    SNAP  
a twig cracks above his head—  
C. C. is done for.

III

Schoolgirl mischief—  
laughter leaping Rainbow  
down from the tree top  
into the canoe  
    cat-paw lightly—  
This time an Indian Princess  
surefooted and wonderful—

Relief of silly laughter—  
C. C. jumps joyous and  
flings his tomahawk  
    into the sky—  
it sails right out of this world—  
He climbs aboard.

On the musical river  
birch bark sliding silver  
over water intrepid blades slice  
    down in rhythms,  
velvet whirlpools are trumpets,  
brook trout slither jazz riffs  
over the harmony of  
    stream bed stones—  
Symphonic Rainbow—  
    trees sway in time.

Muscles roll under her chocolaty skin,  
feathers of blue, gold, and crimson braided  
    in the midnight of her  
hair dancing in  
creamy yellow sunlight—

They paddle all afternoon.

#### IV

At dusk an island—  
C. C. gathers the driest white wood  
and builds a fire

hot and expectant—  
the sun slips, away,  
    tactfully ducking—  
Rainbow pulls the braids slowly—  
    silk waves cascading  
                from the knots unlacing  
effortlessly sliding out of  
    each moccasin—  
the clay of  
    the riverbank rises  
                to cool and greet  
her peasant feet  
    planted firmly apart  
                in soft Louisiana mud  
unting a knot  
    at her waist the white cloth  
                falls around her  
firelight on her breasts and belly—  
C. C. watches amazed—  
    her dark round eyes  
    her pious shoulders  
    the slow silhouette  
                of her hips—  
he feels a yearning he doesn't  
    fully understand—  
Rainbow smiles  
    and touches his lips with her fingers,  
then she turns,  
    walks down to the water,  
and is gone.

C. C. catches something in the air—  
once his mother

rose early and left him—  
the lusty perfume of her  
rich and still wrapped around him  
in a vast woolen blanket—  
that scent comes to him now  
in a secret whisper  
moving in the trees—  
the moon full and assuring—  
C. C. and Rainbow  
will meet again.

Bruce Dalziel



## LAKE ATTEMPT

If we were  
smart  
when we came  
to the lake  
we would  
have taken  
off our  
clothes  
when we  
decided  
to swim across  
the water.  
dawning on  
me later  
as my shirt  
stuck to  
my skin  
and I sloshed my way  
through the forest  
in soaking sopping socks  
and sneakers.

Joanne McPhillips

A fuzzy blue line  
is part of my hand  
it moves  
and wiggles  
like fingers do  
when there's something  
to say.  
  
I watch the line  
as it dances  
keeping rhythm  
with thoughts,  
lost  
and fuzzy  
and slow  
as the thoughts race ahead.

Jill Hadley



Trust me he said while he led her to the closet  
Trust me  
So he hung her on a hanger  
(which puffed out her shoulders)  
And forgot he had her  
—she didn't look good on him anyway.  
Months later he came across her;  
Tried her on again  
But now her shoulders puffed  
She was ruined, sort of  
He tried to wash her—several times  
To renovate, rejuvenate, revive.  
She looked new, sort of  
But he still gave her away  
—she didn't look good on him anyway.  
When her new owner put her on  
She fit nicely to his form.  
So the other tried to get her back.  
She came willingly.  
Trust me he said while he led her to the closet  
Trust me

Shari Slavin

## Haven't We Met Before?

They introduced me to a stately old gent in white.  
He quietly stood there watching me,  
and  
    waiting . . .  
waiting until I could reach up and shake his hand,  
and  
    smiling . . .  
Smiling that knowing smile because I'd never shake his hand.  
"Hello," I said, "haven't we met before?"

Next, I met a lady veiled in mystery and intrigue  
wearing a flowing black dress that covered every inch to be seen.  
Seen only through the eyes of those who have known . . .  
Known this lonely lady, and have spent time with her.  
And I said, "Hello, haven't we met before?"

Suddenly, he arrived whistling a tune that I never heard before.  
Dancing around, not caring who was his partner.  
Now,  
    yesterday,  
    tomorrow——he'll never change his tune.  
The tune that is heard all the days, and most the nights.  
And I said again, "Hello, haven't we met before?"

Now our party is complete.  
The people who are never invited have come.  
But now, as always,  
    someone . . .  
    something has come to crash the happiness I've found.  
Reality is his name,  
And I sit here, wide awake,  
knowing we've met before.

Shannon Emery

## Rationality

o.k. so maybe we did get carried away  
the time of the year, all the pressure  
it was bound to get out of hand  
but it shouldn't have  
wait a minute  
think clearly, decisively, rationally  
o.k. so we didn't  
and now here we are  
you've got yours. i've got mine. and suddenly  
we've got each other.  
unclearly, undecisively, unrationally  
but undeniably each other  
o.k. now what do you do with an unexpected love  
sort of like an unplanned baby  
keep it. abort. or give it to someone else.

Jeanne E. Hayes



Drew Procaccino

expecting me  
to stoneface sit  
through  
yak yak yell at me  
sitting calmly  
taking in this  
yak yak yak  
If I speak  
it's disrespect  
you never spoke that way  
to your  
but oh  
expecting me  
to sit stoneface  
is more than  
I can take.

Joanne McPhillips

I waited all day for the new Good Humor Man. We didn't used to have a Good Humor Man at all on my street and we had to go up to Edgewood Street with Mike my brother. My Dad said it was okay for me and Joy my sister to walk up with Mike and we always had to tell Mike what we wanted cause Mike can go out in the street. He's in fifth grade. Sometimes Mike and Joy always run too fast and I am glad about the new Good Humor Man for Clark Street.

J.J. told me first about the ice cream man. She always tells me first everything she knows because of the time that me and her only had one Peppermint Pattie and we shared it so slow and long and made it last until it was gone and she told me that it means that we were very best friends in the whole entire world. I believe her because I think that she knows about everything like that.

Today when I was awake I ran over to J.J.'s house right away so I wouldn't miss anything. We went out to sit in the fort first that we made in the bushes near the apple trees and the wood fence. We were going to wait for the Good Humor Man there except when it was getting real hot and going kind of slow. J.J. said maybe we should go under the sprinkler for a while and that was a pretty good thing for us to do for a while. J.J. went over to her house and I went to my house to see Mom and find out if it was okay for me and her to do that.

But Mom told me it was okay with her if it was okay with J.J.'s Mom and to make sure I didn't slip or hurt myself and see if Joy my sister would be a good girl and help me to get on my bathing suit. J.J. doesn't have any brothers and sisters at all because she is an Only Child and J.J. said that Joy is a good sister for me to have so I think that she is okay when she doesn't think that I'm a dumb jerk or something or act like fourth grade is such a great thing. And then when Joy was hooking my bathing suit up she told me that because I had a quarter I could get a Bomb Pop from the Good Humor Man. Joy told me too

that she had one Bomb Pop and she told me it was so good and she even saved her stick in her box with all the good junk she has. When she showed me her stick from it I thought it was exactly what I wanted and maybe I wouldn't even tell J.J. I was going to get a Bomb Pop. She would be surprised because it would really be a good surprise to take back to the fort.

J.J.'s Dad put the sprinkler out where it would be safe and not wreck any more grass like the other time because J.J. is an Only Child and so her Mom and Dad can do things like set the sprinkler up and take J.J. to feed the ducks. Some times I can go because J.J. told them that I was her very best friend even though she didn't tell them about the Peppermint Pattie. J.J. said she thought a grape popsicle would be what she was going to get. J.J. showed me if you sit on the sprinkler it makes the water shoot all over but too much water went in my eyes so I watched J.J. do it for a while and that was fun. Only after a while I was getting kind of tired of running around for so long. I was pretty glad because J.J.'s Mom said come inside for some lunch girls and make sure we didn't drip on the rug.

I was pretty full and getting kind of hot again and me and J.J. went back out under the sprinkler and it was fun that time too. Joy my sister came over to J.J.'s house to tell me it was almost time and maybe I should put my shorts back on now.

Joy didn't come home to our house with me because I guess she had to go some other place and Mom was kind of looking at all the stuff from the mailman and maybe I would hurry up so fast J.J. would say I was like lightening. It was kind of cold inside my room with no sun. Out the window there was a whole lot of kids that live around on Clark Street near my house. Mike my big brother was down on the curb just sitting and I knew that Mike was there because his hair is so orangy he looks like orange yarn is on top of his head. He's a carrothead.

My dumb stupid bathing suit was getting so hard to take off only because the dumb hook is in the back where it is so hard to reach. My arms hurt bad trying to unhook it like somebody kept hitting them and hitting them. It was taking forever. And I could see Joy out the window too and she didn't even care that everybody was out there waiting for the new Good Humor Man except for me. All dumb old Joy was doing was talking to Johnny Remeck and he's such a stupidhead he threw our new kitten down the sewer one time and my Mom had to go outside in her bathrobe to get Tabby back.

After forever and my arms hurt worse the hook finally was off me. And then I got so mad. I was so mad because all of a sudden I heard the new Good Humor Man ring the bells. The bells were so loud to me and it made me jump and I knew he was coming and I didn't have any clothes on at all.

Out the window I could see there was the big white truck coming down Clark Street and everybody was out there and they were standing up waiting for him to get down by the yellow house next door to mine. I didn't want him to ring those stupid bells because what was I gonna do? If I didn't watch him out the window he might leave and I couldn't believe it because I had my quarter and I even knew exactly what I wanted so Mike wouldn't even have to say to me come on hurry up and think because the first thing I would say is Bomb Pop.

I got on my underwear and my shirt inside out but tough. I was looking for where Joy put those dumb shorts and I knew he was going to go. The most worst thing was J.J. J.J. was outside and she even didn't look up at my window to see if I was trapped or anything. I knew she was just as bad as Mike and Joy because they even didn't even wonder how come I wasn't with everybody else. But dumb dumb dumb J.J. because I would look for J.J.

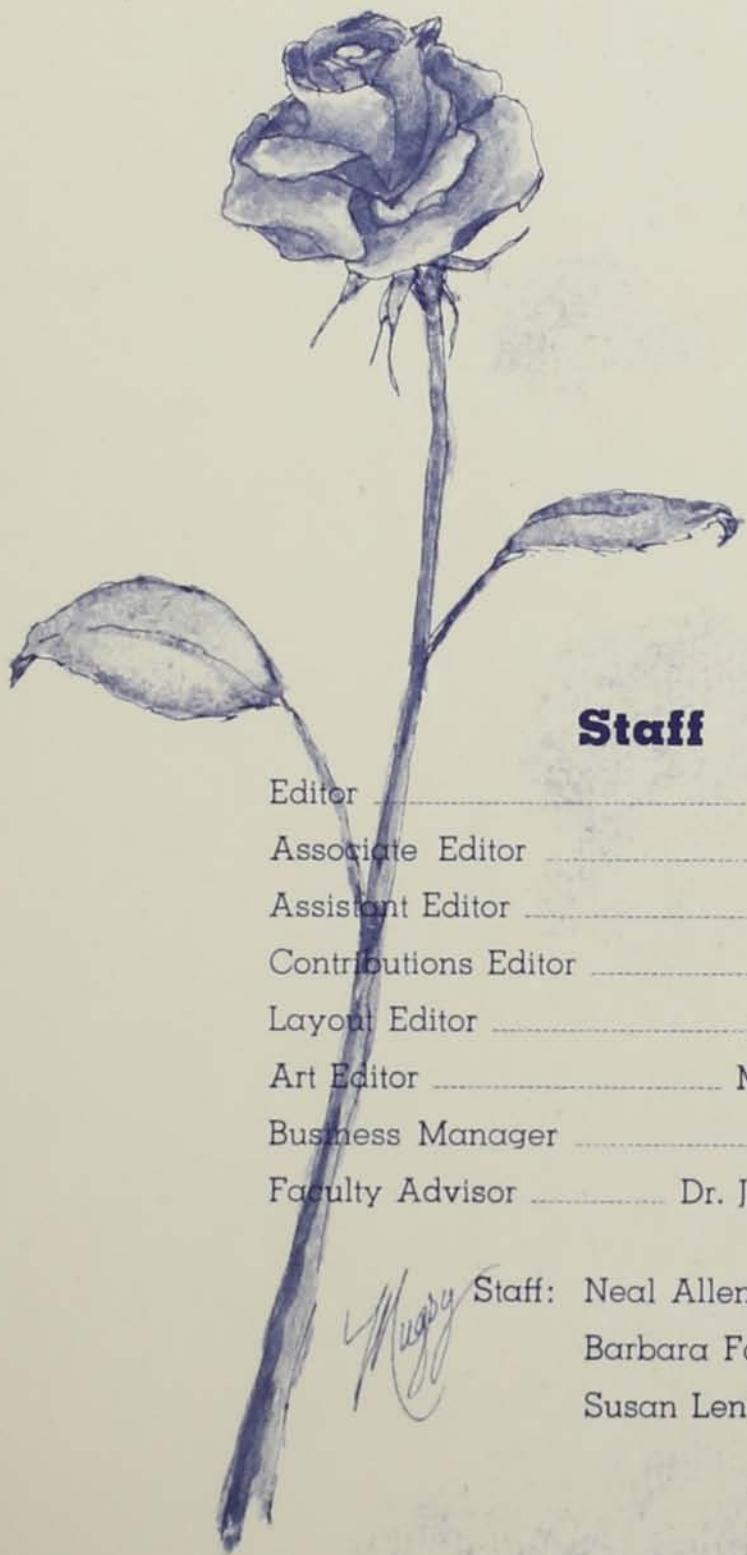
And I got so mad I felt like killing stupid J.J. And I stamped on my foot so hard that it hurt worse than anything and I didn't want to cry only I just

had to. I just had to when it was such a stinky day for me and what a gyp because I had my quarter and everything and J.J. wasn't even my best friend anymore.

I was gonna just sit in my room and maybe just never go out ever and then they'd be sorry. And who wanted to see Mom when she would just tell me they'll be another day for ice cream and I wasn't gonna go out there and watch all those dumb kids eat their Bomb Pops. It wasn't any good to wait for another day because this was the day when everybody was going to say I got ice cream from the new Good Humor Man on Clark Street and so I cried only because I was so mad. And it was the worst thing that ever happened to me.

That was why I didn't know what to do or smile or say hi or thanks or what when J.J. walked in and said that a grape popsicle was a good idea for us to get because every single one was made the perfect size for best friends like me and J.J. to split in halvsies.

Mary K. Brown



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