

## Poet's Corner

by Charles

It's rain again this evening, Albert,  
You know what that should mean  
Miss Loneliness will show up soon  
To sadden the evening's dream.  
It's just like her to pick a night  
Which should be spent at rest  
With some sweet lover lying near  
To offer her nectared breast.  
But the suckling won't be sweet  
tonight

With Loneliness so near  
Her bosom's milk is paranoia  
Spiced with salts of fear.  
My God, a man gets so strung out  
For woman's healing touch  
His soul dries up inside if he  
Should think of her too much  
The evening's rain won't quench the  
thirst

Nor serve to heal the wound.  
It only makes my mind ache worse  
By closing in the room.

Albert, Albert, why the hell  
Can't I escape this present?  
A little femininity  
Could make my now so pleasant.  
But no one new and nothing good  
Will show up on the scene  
I only know that she'll return  
To he who she has weened.  
If the rain will only slack enough  
Perhaps I'll go outside  
And find another place in which  
I may attempt to hide.  
So take care of our home, Dear  
Albert,

And watch while I am gone  
I will return as usual  
Alone, before the dawn.  
"Oh, forgive me, I didn't know  
That anyone was here  
When the rain increased I looked  
to see

It there were shelter near  
But now I see it's occupied  
So I'll be on my way.  
I hope the morning brings to you  
A better, sunny day."  
"Oh no, please stay, there's plenty  
room,

Besides this rain may last  
And if you're here we'll talk a bit  
To make the evening pass."  
"With such a lovely lady near  
I'll gladly stay all night."  
"Why thank you, sir, your presence  
makes

My rainy evening bright  
Have you no one waiting up  
For your return to home?  
Or are you too, a bit like me  
And much too much alone."  
"Aye, m'lady, I live alone  
And no one waits for me,  
Except my kitten Albert,  
Who keeps me company.  
But nights like this, though try  
he may,

He cannot do the chore  
Of keeping dreaded Loneliness  
From coming through the door."  
"Good sir, your tale is sad indeed,  
But not unique to you  
On rainy evenings Loneliness  
Off pays me visits too.  
In fact, tis this which drives me out  
And makes me walk the street  
But truly thought I not this evening  
A man like you I'd meet.  
But come please, sir, the rain has  
ceased

I should be getting home.  
If you'd only walk me there  
I'd need not feel alone.  
But pray you sir, before we leave  
Let's share a lover's kiss  
For meeting you this rainy evening  
Has filled my heart with bliss."  
Good morning Albert, little friend,  
How are you today?  
Did you miss me much last evening  
While I was away?  
You probably slept as usual  
And didn't even miss me  
But wake up Albert, listen now  
A lovely lady kissed me!  
A lovely, oh so gentle lady  
Kissed me, ah! 'Twas grand!  
She placed her precious lips to mine  
And took me by the hand.  
We walked and talked of, oh! such  
things

The evening was so nice  
And then what do you think she did  
But stopped and kissed me twice!  
At last when it was time to leave  
We vowed to meet again  
So soon you'll have the chance to  
meet her

For yourself, my friend.  
But now I have a need to rest  
And curl up 'neath the cover  
Though last here woke a lonely man  
Tonight here sleeps a lover.

## Dr. Olivio Lagrone: New Prof Of Black Experience

by Chandler Wolf

Black History was the subject of Dr. Olivio Lagrone, renowned black artist, sculptor, author, and poet from Detroit, as he outlined the contributions of Black Americans in a presentation at the Community Center of Middletown. The presentation of Dr. Lagrone was part of an endeavor by one of our Capitol students to shed light upon aspects of the Black man's heritage.

Dr. Lagrone's lecture, given at the center on October 12, was received with enthusiasm by those in attendance. The remarkable nature of this man's presentation was illustrated in the effectiveness of his communication with the local area youth present.

Certainly, Capitol Campus is quite fortunate to have a man such as Dr. Lagrone on its faculty this year.

He is a black man of genuine talent and genius in his field of the arts.

## Highspire Man Admits To Slaying

by Roger Nielsen

Ronald Lebo, 28, of 193 Market St., Highspire confessed to the slaying of an albino button buck, Lebo willingly confessed to a reporter from the Sunday Patriot News. His confession appeared in the October 11, 1970 edition of that paper.

Lebo spoke freely about his actions. He was quoted as saying, "There's no comparison between a rifle and a bow kill."

"A rifle does all the work for you, but the bow makes it a real thrill because you have to get in so much closer to the game."

The same article also stated that Lebo had previously slain two other deer with a rifle.

The Highspire Police Department has as yet failed to bring Lebo to justice. At last report, he is still at large.

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