

That's Beside The Point or mish-mash from the bottom of my drawer

by Samantha Bower
I was cleaning out my written stuff the other day and found some things I thought were worth sharing. The first thing I wrote about 1967 or 1968. I think you'll recognize some of it.

BEER FATIGUE

Maybe you walk up the stairs and knock because the bell doesn't work, or down the alley and in the back door, tripping over trash and cats. The cats might follow you in, or the dog announce your arrival, but once inside the only animals that cause interest are the figures sitting, standing, smoking, drinking, playing guitar, or records, occasionally accentuating the rhythm by moving in time to the basic beat. Always the same only different. Maybe different drinks, or a slight variation in the range of music, or perhaps you're holding a mixed drink tonight instead of the beer of last night, and the noise might seem a little louder. But no matter what the place or time, several things are bound to be. The couple in the corner will either break up or not, depending on his sobriety; several younger people will walk in, play the role, and walk out to meet their 12:30 curfew. Some guy will fall asleep sitting up after two shifts at the steel mill.

And over all the shifting forms drifts the same talk, saved from last night, or last week's party and dragged from among the litter and dusted off for another try to find the answer.

Maybe that's why you keep going, hoping that somewhere at the bottom of a glass, in the haze created by your cigarette, you might find whatever and know yourself.

The next thing is a poem that someone wrote when in love. His name is Ed Hershberger and wherever he is, I hope he is well and doing fine.

For years I've searched for you
Never knowing who you really were
Or where I'd find you—or when.

Now I've found you —
I still don't know who you are
Give me the chance to learn.

You're unhappy now—I'm sorry
I've known unhappiness too—
Another thing in common.

I saw you happy once—with me
It was a nice thing to see
You wear a smile well.

Here are some short things that were hidden deep in the drawer.

The sweetness of waking from that last deep sleep to the sound of your voice-singing.

Coffee smells send greetings from the kitchen.
You send me greetings from the foot of the bed on your way to the shower. I join you.
It's another beautiful morning.

Chris — age three
Golden boy,
brushed by the sun,
Sits in the doorway
chasing butterflies in his mind.

My time of darkness has ended. Even in rain my love shines on me.

Happy little midge!
Don't you know? The death of day brings your death with it.

There was no blood for nature's tears to wash away.
Only my fears on realizing that my life, too, could end that fast.
What could I do for the rabbit that my car killed?
There was no plan. Nothing was willed to happen this way.
The rain was cold, so I drove away feeling too old.

The last piece was written by a friend of mine, Al Rader. I hope if he sees this here, that he won't get mad. It was written in the fall, and this is fall and so here it is . . .

The dying leaves in late October

Make me glad that I am sober

I don't know why, it must be

The colors that look like rust to me.

Red, brown, yellow, amber, gold

Fold up your collar, 'tis very cold

Sky is blue, sun beats down
Cold, red cheeked windy, still a clown

Home to you, firelight crackling

Late October, witches cackling

Children of happiness door-to-door

Late October, and many more

and many more
many more
more

New York Trip

Tickets are still available for the field trip to New York. Over twenty-five students from Mr. Klain's "The City" course have already signed up. Students, Faculty, and Staff are welcome.

The bus will leave from the rear parking lot of the Main Building at 7:30 a.m. on Saturday, November 20. The return trip is scheduled for 6:00 p.m. of the same day.

For reservations, phone 787-7953. The cost is \$7.50 per person.

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Words From The Other Side or A Soft Autumn Breeze

by Gregg Crescenzo
Cool autumn breezes, bringing to the mind the same mysterious rushes of adjusting to a shorter day; working together bringing memories of our past to a vivid stream of emotion. We are a generation gone through hell, sowing seeds we hope would take root, bloom to a warmness, thrive in a spirit of community. Yet only so short a time in our journey to now, we were so very much younger and we lived for weekends.

During the week a young woman stops for no conscious reason as the phone began to ring, 'is it him calling' the dance on Saturday night meant so much more than ending a young war; as the heart pulsed faster, now running down the stairs, 'it is him, he called—a Tale of Two Cities will now sound much better. Then calling friends and sharing the news of such burning elation, sleep that night was so much better.

As the click was heard at the other end, another pulsing heart began to slow its pace, 'Jesus! she said yes, she said she'd go out with me' and deep within a sea began to calm; it was a beginning, a modern puberty rite performed, a sigh was released, followed by a lightheadedness equal to the calming sea.

Sounds corny and words such as, 'gee wiz' are used to mirror the thought, but can it be so very far away in such a small space of time that we, once a generation of high school folk, found ourselves in similar states of being. The Friday nights spent hanging on a corner, talking sports, sex and girls; maybe shooting some pool, drinking some beer or cheap wine, and for some of us, we chipped in to buy a nickle or dime. Drunk or stoned or both, we waded through weekends, and marveled the speed and discussed it to length of, 'why Sunday night always came so quick.' And the girls we grew with, what about you, hair in rollers all day Saturday, on the phone checking 'what are you going to wear tonight Mary—yeah, I think I will to' were you really as cool as we saw you to be—were you really always looking the other way.

At the Friday night parties, have those girls who were so shy and beautiful, who sat in one spot throughout the whole night and smiled at the right time; are you still frail and gentle or has time changed you also. The Sunday football games and the walks back, when we tried so very much to impress you, and the air was crisp.

Autumn is such a wonderful strange time of year, filled with memories that are too young to be called memories, and walking alone you might just smell the same breeze or hear a familiar sound from the past, that will crack the damn and, a flood of a

smile might cross your face — 'Yeah I remember her name was Elaine, gee I wonder what she's doing now.'

We've gone through so much together in just five years, are we to hardened by what we've seen or caught up so much in our pride, to remember a time of our life where we weren't so innocent, yet still not so tangled in a world gone crazy. Can we remember sweaty palms and first kisses on autumn nights; "Will he kiss me good night" and "Should I kiss her" anxiety. The Saturdays in the gym playing half-court games and sharing our night before with each other. While the girls did the same, only they might have been stuck at home cleaning, so they were forced to use the phone and it took them twice as long to finish their work.

Here we are now from what we were then, and what we will be can never be found.

AHOY!

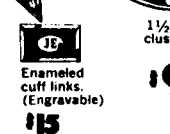
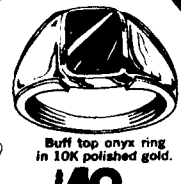
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