

Guard

By GENE NUTTER

Upon a moonless, starless night,
Two lights along a rutted road
Came into view and neared a gate;
Behind the lights two soldiers rode.
One in, one out, the change is made.
The gate is locked. The two lights fade.
The post, enclosed in a barbed stockade,
Is left secure in the snailish gait
Of one lone man. Carbine shouldered, clip
In place, he scans the length of snow
He'll walk and with a sigh starts out.
The path, boot-worn, can barely be
Discerned, the fog so dominates.
The guard walks on, and recreates
The scenes that lived and filled his past.
The things he's liked, the things he's learned,
Unstore to bring relief at last
To thoughts of home and happiness,
To thoughts of weary, icy feet:
Aloud he speaks the poems he knows.
Aloud he sings his repertoire.
Though cautious, lest his idle "shows"
By some passing personage be heard.
Then when song exhausts and not a word
Resounds, the problems that exist
Throughout the world, both near and far,
He views and whisperingly solves —
As on he walks, while time goes by . . . till
His eyes, through heavy lids, keep watch
On gate and road beyond to catch
Headlights cutting through the foggy patch
Between his post and vital sleep . . .
They shine . . . in, out . . . the two lights fade.

If You Ask My Opinion

By JOE BENNETT

In view of the present diplomatic crisis in Cuba, the Cub inquired of a number of Behrend students what their opinions were concerning the situation and got the following answers:

Rick Reynolds—I think it will be another Korea.

Jim Slater—Looks like we'll be finding summer jobs down there.

Mr. Gallagher—I think breaking off relations with them was the right move in order to save our prestige.

Mike Mulligan—I feel that conditions in Laos are much more serious than those in Cuba.

Dick Merriman—Castro can't last much longer. He'll either be forced to leave office or be assassinated.

Jill Freese—Castro no; Yanquis si.

Fred Hetzel—Eventually we'll probably be forced to go to war.

Bruce Clark—It might be a good idea to have Castro assassinated.

John Reeder—I believe we should drown Cuba with foreign aid so that they become rich and soft and decadent.

Art Winschell—The Gillette company ought to start an advertis-

Merriman Predicts . . .

A certain student will be named "Matchmaker of the Year" . . . Elliott Ness will raid a certain night spot in New York . . . A new course called Pinochle II will be offered next semester . . . The Dorm girls will get cookies from now until June. These, however, will not make up for the dirty linen and fantastic color schemes in the dorm . . . A certain sophomore girl will soon be allowed to smoke at home . . . Midget binoculars will be on sale in the bookstore during exam week . . . The Inaugural Ball will be a farce . . . City detectives will enroll in night classes next semester. They will take the new Pinochle course . . . Zoology students will have to buy snowshoes for field trips next semester.

ing campaign there.

Mr. Hover—Considering the restrictions the Cuban government tried to place on our diplomatic corps, we had no choice but to sever relations with it.

Gene Meade—It's apparent that the "Moses of the Cane Fields" is short on razor blades.

Gene Nutter—Should provide a guillotine fund for the Cuban peasants.

Mr. Thomas—Castro has proven that he can fool all the Cubans all the time.

Hail, The Heroes Will Return!

Much as college students detest the inevitable, most of them will, nevertheless, be willingly or forcibly members of our "peace-time Army." The Army that will no doubt take them to far-away places like Bethel, Alaska; Juarez, Mexico; Stuttgart, Germany; Columbia, South Carolina, and any number of eagerly-sought dung heaps in Korea. At any rate, they also will have the honest-to-God excitement and apprehension of getting out, and sending home a Notice of Return:

This document is issued in fair warning this 5th day of March to the friends, relatives and acquaintances of PFC Fred Fredricks. Very soon, the above-named soldier will once again be in your midst, dehydrated and demoralized, to take his place once again as a human being with the feeling of freedom and justice for all, to engage in life, liberty, and the somewhat belated pursuit of happiness.

In making your joyous preparations to welcome him back into society, you must make a few allowances for the very crude environment that has been his home for the past 36 months. In other words, he might be a little European, suffering from Kraut-itis, and must be handled with care. So, show no alarm if he prefers to wear leather pants and carries a briefcase full of hot dogs, old bread, and beer. Don't be shocked if he wells, "Wo is der Bahnhof, Schatzi?" and drinks Steinhager from a musical beer stein. Refuse you knew.

to ridicule him when he rides his bicycle down the middle of the street and yells at people driving cars. Keep cool if he purrs like a tomcat at the slightest mention of alcohol or pours gravy on his desert and mixes peaches with Seagram's VO. Never blow a whistle near him as he may jump out the window for fear of being late for that formation. Humor him if he should, in his first week at home, ask, "May I pick up my pass?", "Where is the sign-out book?", and "Is there a curfew in town?" Above all, don't ask him if he ever did, or even tried, to save money while in the service. This may put him in a state of shock in which he may blubber something about Soldier's Deposits, Taxi Fares, Black Market, Craps, Poker, Income Tax, Binge, Red Cross, March of Dimes, Community Chest Heart Fund, Overseas Campaign Fund, Statement of Charges, KP Fund, inflated beer prices and the cost of cigars for promotion. It is very possible that all of these could apply to him.

Dreams

By JOHN REEDER

I began having these dreams after my first big disappointment in love. The girl ran off with a wealthy Marlboro salesman who played for the Cleveland Browns in his spare time.

At first these dreams seemed rational enough. I was trying to find out how many angels could dance on a pinhead, but I always tried to cram too many angels on one pin and they didn't have room to dance. Besides, they kept falling off. Unfortunately this tranquility was not to last. My next dream found me chasing the Abominable Snowman across the Himalayas. Seven dreams later I caught him and he asked me if Eloise Stumpfagel's daughter was still driving a beer truck in Bradford, Pennsylvania. Soon I was transported to the Congo with a tattoo on my chest saying, "Recommended by Duncan Hines." I had dinner with Patrice Lumumba, and he was delicious. In my next flight of fancy, I was covered with grime from head to foot engaging in mortal combat with Mr. Clean. I was a photographer for Playboy and they made Elsa Maxwell Playmate of the Month. So I crawled inside the little blue bottle and tried very hard not to fizz. I drove the speed-odd cars behind me. Then, surging with ungodly power, we all smashed into the invisible Gardol shield and all that survived was my Timex.

Hoping to end my haunted nights, I took the problem to an analyst. He was a quaint old Austrian who had studied under Freud for ten years, attempting to finish a two-year course. I asked him how I could end the nightly fantasies and with all his eighty-odd years of wisdom he said he did not know. He was a sweet old man who charged me thirty-five dollars and kissed me goodbye. So, overwrought with despair, I left his office, walked into the street and met my future wife ascending from a manhole with a pipe wrench in her teeth. She was to be the turning point: the last nightmare for the rest of my life.