

Are People Really Good at Heart?

by Darrell J. White
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"I believe that people are really good at heart."
---Anne Frank

It's weird. Just before every catastrophe of my teenage life I would see that sentence, like a bad omen. On a high school morning, I would read that quote in a textbook. I would come home that day with the feeling that my peers were cruel, unfeeling, uncaring people. Often, I would feel recyclable. They would find me, humiliate or make sport of me in some way (it's amazing how creative my peers could be). They would toss me aside for the day, and then reuse me, making sure that I'd seen that stupid quote first, so I wouldn't be breaking tradition.

It got to be so bad that one day I came home and asked my mother, "Mom, could it be that

Anne Frank-the Anne Frank-was possibly putting me on?" Then I would go to school the next day, make sure I read nothing concerning Jews (or even World War II) and feel fine, on top of the world.

Recently, I saw a PBS special concerning the concentration camp at Auschwitz. The narrator drifted to the story of Anne Frank (how could he not) and the quote was mentioned. You'd think after all those minor yet life-shaking tragedies that I would have actually learned something. Nope, I guess not.

A few days ago, I was with a good friend in a large group. When, for one instant, the attention was shifted to her, she made fun of a part of my personality that I am sensitive about. (Please forgive my vagueness, dear reader--the incident is still fresh in memory.) The effect on me was equal to that of a sledgehammer below the

waist.

It was quite funny at the time, but also a shot that embarrassed me terribly (and my friend, also). I felt astonished that my friend had actually betrayed me, after I confided in her. I felt nothing but anger and rage, and humiliation, remembering that night.

The next day, my other friends naturally poked fun at me over the incident. They were doing what anyone would have done. How could they know how it had affected me? Yet I still felt that I was being rejected from my group, that they were telling me I was different. I felt outcast, alone, unable to turn to anyone.

Anne Frank was ultimately wrong.

There was nobody who would help me. The world was a cold, uncaring, unfeeling place.

I was the one who was wrong. One person in that group had noticed my reactions, and how I

tended to avoid my usual friends. She had made fun of the incident, originally, but felt uneasy when she saw how long the fervor was lasting.

She felt bad that such a big rift had come between two of her friends. What makes her different is that she did something about it.

One evening, I received a phone call from her, and was amazed that she even knew my phone number. She asked me if I wanted to step out for a while, go get a cup of coffee, and talk.

While we sat, over our tuna melt sandwiches, she talked to me like I hadn't been talked to in a long while. She was actually revealing herself to me. She talked about her family, her studies, her work, from where she just came, and about the other people involved in my situation.

to help me recover from that blow. She was doing all this for me, despite the fact that she is

very much in love with, well, not with me, and that I don't even know her last name (to this very day).

I sat there, staring at that huge tuna melt, contemplating what all this meant. It meant that she was, is, and will always be a good person.

Now, the incident has been forgotten. My friend and I have reconciled. And I still associate with the same group. The group is no different (sometimes I wonder about them), but I know of one good person.

In the Bible, it was written that God would have spared the cities Sodom and Gomorrah if he found just ten good people there. If the same fate should befall Behrend, I'd pray that God takes notice of Robin.

After all this time, now I find out that Anne Frank was right. It's weird.

Krynock....contd. from P. 8

in Tempus, and a copy of Dunes. The awards will be formally presented at convocation ceremonies in the late spring. Also, all submissions are automatically considered for publication in Tempus.

Each poet is encouraged to submit no more than three poems for consideration. Poets submitting entries must be a Behrend student at the time of submission or must have been enrolled during the regular academic semester previous to the deadline. This allows students transferring to University Park or graduating to remain eligible.

Each year the contest will be judged by

evaluators with the appropriate qualifications. This year's award was judged by Maxine Kumin. Kumin won the Pulitzer Prize in 1973 and is the author of four novels, eight volumes of poetry, a collection of essays and a short story collection. Her most recent book is In Deep a collection of essays.

Kumin selected 3 winners based on submission of 3 poems each. Kumin also mentioned that "a great deal of talent" was represented in the entries from Behrend.

Next week the Collegian will feature profiles on 2nd prize winner Ellen Goldberg and 3rd prize winner Susan Lavrey.



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ACROSS

- 1 Moccasin
- 4 Evaluates
- 9 Paddle
- 12 Goddess of healing
- 13 Musical drama
- 14 Consumed
- 15 Confidence
- 17 Distended
- 19 Flesh
- 21 Weight of India
- 22 Argues
- 25 Title of respect
- 29 Spanish article
- 30 Renovate
- 32 Epic sea tale
- 33 Gratuity
- 35 Lavishes fondness on
- 37 Fall behind
- 38 Short jacket
- 40 Harvests
- 42 Roman 1001
- 43 Repulse
- 45 Eccentric
- 47 A state: abbr.
- 49 Location
- 50 Touching
- 54 Wants
- 57 Veneration
- 58 Earn
- 60 Cry of cow
- 61 Wager
- 62 Zodiac sign
- 63 Stitch

DOWN

- 1 Fondle
- 2 Ventilate
- 3 Fragment
- 4 Revolved
- 5 News-gathering org.
- 6 Spread for drying
- 7 Goddess of discord
- 8 Capital of Oregon
- 9 Grain

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The Weekly Crossword Puzzle

- 10 Devoured
- 11 Crinson
- 16 Scorch
- 18 Macaws
- 20 Choir voice
- 22 Hinder
- 23 Choice part
- 24 Mediterranean vessel
- 26 Pigeon pea
- 27 Trumpeter bird
- 28 Enchantment
- 31 Has on one's person
- 34 Parent: colloq.
- 36 Dashes
- 39 Tidy
- 41 Surfeit
- 44 South American animal
- 46 Abounds
- 48 Genus of maples
- 50 Engineer's compartment
- 51 Be in debt
- 52 Seine
- 53 Prefix: three
- 55 Female deer
- 56 Seed
- 59 That is: abbr.