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# the agnerian

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OUT  
JACK HYNES**

Vol. 28, No. 4

Wagner College, S. I., N. Y.

November 9, 1959

## Wagner Wins Homecoming Football Game, 28-15

### ALETHEA

by Dean Becker and Louise Magnussen

Now that we are well into the school year, Alethea, Women's Honor Society, has been actively planning new projects which will greatly benefit our campus. The members of the society are: Deana Becker, Mary Chichester, Dagny Jensen, Louise Magnussen, Barbara Ogden, Fran Ricciardi and Carolyn Webb. The girls are in the process of establishing a guide system whereby visitors to Wagner will be provided with a guide to escort them around campus. This system will go into effect on November 3rd and 11th. Girls who will serve as receptionists will be seated at a desk in the lobby of Guild Hall. As visitors enter it is the job of the receptionists to welcome them and to contact a girl in the dorm to take the visitors on a short tour of the campus. The following girls are the receptionists for these two days: Deanna Beckmann, Alma Costie, Carol Gaise, Carol Hanson, Carol VanHeiningen, Kathleen Klimacek, Lucia Meyer, Marjorie Minor, Ellen Oehmsen, Joanne Thomas and Gale Tollefsen.

The next plan on Alethea's agenda is that of setting up a study hall in the dining hall. The Men's Honor Society will cooperate with Alethea in appointing proctors to supervise the hall. The rules have been drawn up and are as follows: 1. The study hall will be held in the Dining Hall, Monday through Thursday from 7:00 to 10:00 P. M. 2. Special permission has been obtained for freshmen women students providing they sign in and out in both the dorm and the study hall. 3. There will be a specific area for smoking. Ashtrays must be used and emptied by these students. 4. No food will be permitted in the study hall area. 5. Specific areas will be set aside for necessary conversations. 6. Anyone desiring special help may speak to a proctor to be referred to a student tutor. 7. Ink will be provided at the proctor's desk. No bottles of ink are to be used in the study hall.

In order to have these two ideas operate effectively, Alethea requests the cooperation of everyone. The students and the campus rating can benefit from these two projects.

### Friedrich Schiller Celebration Held

The German Honorary Fraternity at Wagner, Chapter Delta Eta of Delta Phi Alpha, held an open meeting on Sunday, November 8, 1959. It was held in Mastick Lounge at 8 P.M. The occasion was a celebration in honor of Friedrich Schiller's 200th birthday. Professor Hiebel of the German Department delivered a lecture on the great German poet and dramatist entitled "Schiller's Meaning for Today".

### Phoenix Theatre Offers Unique Student-Faculty Discount Plan

New York's Phoenix Theatre, largest and most exciting producing organization off-Broadway, began its unique Educational Membership Club in 1956 and now numbers thousands of theatre-loving students and teachers among its dedicated subscribers.

Through this unusual program, students and teachers have the opportunity to enjoy outstanding productions at savings up to 50% on regular box office prices. Members are entitled to purchase two orchestra tickets at 2.30 each or two balcony tickets at \$1.15 each for all major plays during the current Phoenix season. These special discount rates apply to Thursday and Sunday evenings, Saturday matinees, and Opening Night balcony seats. The membership fee is one dollar for the 1959-60 Phoenix Theatre series.

Already acclaimed for its fine work in Eugene O'Neill's *Great God Brown*, the permanent Phoenix Acting Company is now in rehearsal for the November 24th opening of Aristophanes' delightful classic comedy *Lysistrata*. Other exciting plays scheduled for production this season are Henrik Ibsen's *Peer Gynt*, Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset* and Shakespeare's *Henry IV, Part I*.

Memberships may be obtained by writing to the Phoenix Education Department 189 Second Avenue, New York 3, N. Y. Applications should include name, address, school affiliation, one dollar membership fee and a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

### New Law Group Formed At Wagner

At the organizational meeting of the Pre-Law Society of Wagner College, held on October 27th, Larry Sullivan was elected President and Skip Knight was elected Secretary. Thomas J. Russo, prominent Staten Island attorney and popular Business Law Professor at Wagner, will be advisor to the group.

Professor Russo stated that the purpose of the society will be to introduce the pre-law student to the intricacies of the legal profession. The society's activities will be exceptionally valuable to anyone contemplating a career in Law. Some of the activities planned to accomplish this purpose include: a moot court; Pre-law counseling, especially concerning law schools; field trips to local courts and the law library; Guest speakers, including prominent local lawyers and judges; and detailed discussions of current topics from a lawyer's viewpoint.

Any student seriously interested in attending Law School is invited to attend the meetings, which will be held every other Monday night. Those interested should check the Main Building bulletin board for exact dates and room number.

### Rudy Fusco Awarded James Robb Trophy

Sceptics who had reached the conclusion that Wagner would never, never win a Homecoming football game have finally been proven wrong.

The Hawks took the measure of Dickinson College by a 28-15 count here October 15th, on the basis of three second-half touchdowns. Quarterback Don Cavalli tossed two passes for the deciding scores. Guard Rudy Fusco was awarded the James R. Robb Memorial Trophy for the outstanding Wagner player at Homecoming.

Wagner drew first blood. Cavalli dropped back from the Dickinson 26, and tossed to halfback Neill Johnston, and when the defenseman missed his objective Johnston scampered into the end zone. Fullback Bob Plotkin kicked the extra point, and the first half ended without further scoring, although the Seahawks had the ball inside the Red Devils' 10 yard line on two occasions.

Four plays after play resumed, Dickinson tied the game. With the ball on the Wagner 18, Cavalli tried to hit Johnston with another pass, but Bob McNutt had the play diagnosed, intercepted the throw, and scored with nobody near him. The conversion placement made it 7-7, but this was Dickinson's last gasp.

With the ball on Dickinson's 47, halfback Frank Melos broke away for Wagner's second score. Sweeping left end with the aid of a beautiful block from guard Rudy Fusco, he outlegged four Red Devil defenders to go all the way. Plotkin again kicked the conversion successfully.

The Hawk's third touchdown also came on a long gain. Cavalli threw a pass from his own 43, which end George Kling gathered in on the 30, and lugged it across the goal line. This time Plotkin's boot was wide.

Late in the game Wagner put together a 65 yard drive for a final goal. The

march took eleven plays, ending with a plunge for the touchdown by co-captain Jim Giordano. Cavalli tossed a pass to halfback Dick Schlenker for two extra points.

Dickinson managed one futile score in the last quarter, on a sustained drive of 60 yards. A left-handed passer, quarterback Don Brominski, threw to end Jack Thomas for the touchdown. Brominski also bucked for the two extra points, making the final score 28-15.

\* \* \*

Fusco's receipt of the Robb Trophy marked the second straight time a lineman has been so honored. Last year Charley Jopp, also a guard, got the nod.

\* \* \*

Halfback Frank Melos, who followed his touchdown against Dickinson with a hot day against Ursinus last Saturday, now has fifty points to his credit this year. He leads the Middle Atlantic Conference in total scoring, and is closing in on Chester Selitto's Wagner record of sixty in a season. Selitto, who is currently coaching junior varsity basketball here, isn't disturbed at the possibility that his record, set in 1948, will be broken. He stated, "Eleven years is enough for anybody." The career scoring record at Wagner is held by Neil Leonard, who tallied a cool hundred points.

### The Show Must Go On

Backstage, nervous, wary actors greet each other with their private wish for luck—"Break a leg!" Traditionally, this phrase isn't uttered until opening night, but here on Wagner's stage we do things somewhat differently.

Two weeks before the first curtain, Ed Post fell victim to Fate's decree, "Break a leg". It happened like this. . . .

Monday night just before rehearsal, the cast felt they were over the hump and there was hope for a good production. Then they realized that one of the leading players was missing. Mr. Peter Buchan, the director, reported that Ed Post had a dislocated knee as a result of an accident, and would not be able to participate in the play.

Frantically, the director recast several people hoping they would be able to learn the newly assigned parts. Everyone felt helpless and hopeless. Even City Morgue was cheerful as compared to the people on the stage that night.

But again Fate showed her hand. Tuesday evening, in the true "show must go on" tradition, Ed reappeared with a tightly bandaged knee, a rabbits foot, a four leaf clover, and various other medically proven effective preventives.

The show will go on with the original cast. Extra rehearsals have been called for the weekend to make up for lost time.

When you take your seat on November 5, 6, or 7th for the V.P.'s production of Steinbeck's *Of Mice and Men*, please don't even think of breaking ANYTHING.

### New Education Group Formed At Wagner

The newly formed Student Education Society has elected officers. Starting this January and continuing each following year, officers will be on a January to January basis. The new officers are:

President — Deana Becker  
Corresponding Sec. — Ruth Sprague  
Recording Sec. — Doris Sorensen  
Recording Sec. — Ruth Sprague  
Treasurer — John Keeler  
Membership Chairman —  
Alba Beneforti  
Social Chairman —  
Mary Humphreys  
Publicity Chairman —  
Betty Van Ess  
Constitution and Revisions  
Committee Ruth Helleyer,  
Carol Hansen, Judy Wiegler.

Requirements for membership in the S.E.S. are: 1.8 major index, 1.6 cumulative index, three professor recommendations, and one must be a junior or senior.

# THE WAGNERIAN

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The editorials of the WAGNERIAN are written by the editors and reflect only the editors' opinions. Letters to the editor will be printed by consent of the editors and when space permits.

## EDITORIALS

### Contact with Reality Lost

It is time for all thinking men to take a stand against nuclear testing. Apathy exists all around us. Indifference personifies our generation. Much has been said, much has been written, but all too little has been done to abolish this agent which will eventually bring about total destruction of the entire race.

Our scientists have only vague and conflicting ideas of the results. Political leaders are even more confused. The remainder of the nation remains passively concerned. Our scientists and others are placing the well-being of our generation, as well as the health and welfare of unborn millions, in jeopardy.

There is but one rational answer to this dilemma. *Stop Nuclear Testing* before this race is confronted with the problem of grotesque mutations saturated with Strontium 90 from the moment of their birth.

### Horresco Referens

The Board of Traditions, under the chairmanship of Tony Atwell, once again has erred. A minimum of thirty people cut classes, took time off from their jobs, or sacrificed other campus activities to watch the traditional push-ball contest between the freshmen and the sophs. There was no traditional contest because the one-hundred dollar push-ball, which the Board of Traditions is responsible for, was nowhere to be found.

A week ago the campus observed our traditional float parade. The 1959 Kallista presented pictures of one of the finest float parades on this campus. Why did the Traditions group take action to discourage this type of students activity? Did they impose the new regulations in order to restrict enthusiasm and interest, so that traditional apathy and indifference might prevail throughout Homecoming Weekend also? We are all subject to making mistakes but these mistakes are only justified when an individual or organization has aims toward progress; not regression.

### Are We Overly Organized

It seems so, and yet some people on campus want to see more organizations in existence. Let's see if we can't efficiently run the organizations we now have and rid ourselves of the dead wood that is constantly freeloading extra-curricular points when the individuals concerned are very unworthy... glory-seekers included.

This bungling, grossly disorganized Traditions Board should either find efficient, competent people to fill its membership, or it should be dissolved and more time be devoted to the basic aims of college... education and the furthering of cultural development of individuals.

## Letter To The Editor

Dear Editor:

Regarding Mr. Knoth's lengthy dissertation in last week's issue of the *Wagnerian*: he left much to be desired. Aside from the fact that his letter to the *Wagnerian* was improperly addressed, its content was misleading. Mr. Knoth could do no more than defend his position, but he appears to be as guilty of the very same crimes of which he accused Mr. Hammond.

We can all appreciate the embarrassing position in which IFC placed itself by giving the college a "child-like" ultimatum three weeks prior to Homecoming. What was completely left out of his letter was the fact that even though the IFC drafted the proposed plan for insurance last May, it was never submitted to Mr. Braren until August 5th! This letter, naturally, could not be acted upon until the semester began in September.

Had the IFC been altogether sincere in its aims, Mr. Knoth would have gone about asking for insurance funds in an adult fashion and, consequently, the matter would have been treated in the same way by the college. After all, where does the IFC get the power to give ultimatums to anyone?

Mr. Knoth also failed to mention the negligence of his group in informing the Pan-Hellenic half of the Greek world of the action of the IFC regarding the float parade.

Another fact that Knoth slightly misconstrued was Delta Nu's position regarding the float parade. Delta Nu never said it would disregard an IFC resolution. Is misquoting another one of Mr. Knoth's talents?

In closing, may I suggest that Mr. Knoth be a little more careful about his information. If he is so concerned about the IFC's reputation, he might just guide it a little more carefully instead of so haphazardly.

Very truly yours,  
Vincent F. Romeo



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## SORORITY

by Deana Becker

On Friday night, October 30th, pledging ended and A O Pi sisterhood began for the following new initiates: Gail Baerenklau, Jean Bosch, Mary Jane Danielson, Karen Gwinn, Sue Johnson, Katherine Klimacek, Kathleen Klimacek, Carolyn McCabe, Karen Olsen, and Joyce Wilson. After the initiation a banquet-dinner, in honor of the new sisters, was held at the Staaten. During the banquet, Karen Olsen was presented with the "Best Pledge" award.

On the week-end of November 6, 7, 8th, six carloads of A O Pi sisters will attend district workshop. This year workshop will take place at Epsilon chapter at Cornell University.

If you are in the mood for something other than the dining hall food attend the A O Pi spaghetti - dinner on Friday, October 13th, in Beisler Lounge. Dinner 75c. Servings at 5 and 6 P.M. All proceeds go to philanthropic work.

Best wishes to Z.T.A. past-president, Carol Leck and Dave Rundlett on their marriage.

Congratulations to Peggy Sherry who is acting president of Z.T.A. until formal elections.

On November 8th, Zeta Tau Alpha will hold a banquet at the Hofbrau in celebration of their chapter's first anniversary and in honor of the sisters who were initiated at the end of last semester.

The Delta Zeta sisters got together at a coffee hour given by Mrs. Kirsch on October 19th.

Tentative plans are being made by the D Z sisters for a sale of candied apples, doughnuts and cider. So far, the sale will take place in November sometime.

On October 27th, the A D Pi pledges were invited to a sister meeting to participate in a song review.

Congratulations to Joan Jurick upon being presented with the Special Treasurers award by A D Pi national headquarters.

Open rushes will be held next week in the following order:  
Monday, Nov. 9th - Delta Zeta  
Tuesday, Nov. 10th - Alpha Delta Pi  
Wednesday, Nov. 11th - Zeta Tau Alpha  
Thursday, Nov. 12th - Alpha Omicron Pi  
All transfer students and non-sorority women, except freshmen, who have an accumulative index of 1.2 are eligible and are cordially invited.

Alpha Tau Mu, the honorary music sorority, has recently inducted the following girls into pledgehood: Lillian Anderson, Edith Barkemeyer, Lydia Haas, Janet Henderson, Janet Janssen, Joan Katt, Vivian Lasting, Laurene Olsen, Jacqueline Russell, Priscilla Ry-lance, Joanne Thomas, and Carole Walter. The officers of the pledge class are: President, Lydia Haas; Secretary, Laurene Olsen; Treasurer, Joanne Thomas; Program Director, Vivian Lasting.

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## Oh Play That Thing

The column of dynamic inertia  
by Dick Schneider

An interesting sociological study was just recently written by Robert Benton and Harvey Schmidt, *THE IN AND OUT BOOK*. We have been conducting similar study at Wagner, and thought it might be helpful to our newer students to explain IN and OUT on campus.

### The Rules:

1. There are two kinds of things on this campus: IN and OUT.
2. There are two kinds of people on this campus: IN and OUT.
3. Nothing and no one can be simultaneously IN and OUT.
4. A thing can be IN for three reasons:
  - a. because it is so classic and great; example: Chapel Knoll.
  - b. Because it is so obscure; example: the squash courts.
  - c. Because it is so far OUT that even the OUT people won't touch it; example: Denny.
5. Everything else is OUT. Freshmen are OUT. So are proctors. Being on probation for three consecutive years is IN, unless the Dean says OUT. Marcel Goldberger is OUT. Double-breasted, pin-striped suits are IN. So is Ralph Canarozzi. Using the shuttle is OUT. Dutch treat dating is frowned upon, but if the girl takes the whole check, it's IN. Alumni are OUT, but Howie Braren is IN. Jan Henderson is IN on weekdays but OUT on weekends. Roger Hessel is groggy on weekends, but is neither IN nor OUT.

The libraries, of course, are OUT. The Hawk's Nest is IN, but only during the rush hours. Professor Gieseman is IN, but not in his freshmen classes. Milk is OUT, and so is beer. Chocolate malts are so far OUT that they're IN. Freddie Blackwell is PENDING, but there's no hope for Dennis Gleason. Attending classes is DONE, but regular attendance is OUT. Professors who cut classes are IN.

Dean Manship is IN, Dr. Hackman is OUT, and Professor Maas N E E D S HELP. Being gung-ho for the football team is IN, but cheering at games is OUT. Apathy was IN so long it's OUT. Mr. Viohl is OUT, Kern Rath is OUT, but Lucia Meyer is definitely IN. Bob Herman is IN, but sometimes I wonder why, Herb Sutter is SIGNIFICANT. Bridge is OUT. Graduates of Staten Island High schools are HEARD OF, but we'll have no more of that. Gail Curran is IN. Arvo Beck is OUT. Vinnie Romeo is WAY OUT, and Jerry Valley TRIES HARD. Chao is IN. Letters to the editor not mentioning serpents are OUT. Wally Kratzenberg is IN, especially since the Wag office now has a phone. Open dances are IN, because we can't have any. For helping us OUT, Mr. Wiehe is IN. Family style meals are OUT, if not SICK, SICK, SICK. Mrs. Heindel SWINGS. People who transfer OUT are IN.

Playboy is OUT, but George Kling is IN. Rick Keems is NICE. Violent agitation for the Honor Code is IN. All memographed sheets are OUT. Frequent singing of the Alma Mater is IN; in fact, even knowing the Alma Mater is IN. People named "Horse" or "Coach" are IN. Rosie Bade is OUT, so is Bob Straniere. Jim Hammond is IMPOSSIBLE, but Jeff Rand is IN. Staten Island is OUT unless you've never heard of it. Chuck Lund is LOVABLE.

Pete Molnar is OUT for life, but Betty Wendelken is IN. Harp Junta is very IN. Student Council is OUT. So is the bookstore. Membership on more than five committees is IN. John Ziebarth is OUT, Jean Normandy is IN, Dave Martin is Radical, and Barbara McGahy is very, very SHAKY.

This is an IN article for OUT people. The author is OUT for writing it.

## Impromptu Notes From Under The Floorboard

by Dennis Gleason

My name is Dennis Gleason. I am one-thousandsixhundredandninetyseven yrs. old, but I am new on this planet. I plant oceans and dig stars; I can change lead into gold and have the distinction of being the only male resident student of Wagner College that has ever been to the moon. Please listen to me: This is my message to a world of deafness and stupidity. (I should never have associated with "Pete the Mole", Wagner's leading Subterranean). I am writing this book about my wasted years as a college student and about the people here that have denied me. When I ponder the infinite magnetism and dynamicism with which I write . . . but DAMN ! ! ! . . . how can I begin to propound the ideology, cosmology, and the strength of my message. I, in the ideological, traditional, and biblical sense of the word, have picked up my pen . . . YEA, DAILY . . . every night I pray: "Now I lay me down to weep — and why haven't I been recognized?" O Dean, the world thinks I'm wrong, I say it's them. My psychoanalyst says I'm absolutely right. . . . O Dean, they say Business men are serious, movie producers are serious, everyone is serious except me! O Dean, I HAVE been putting my bent shoulder to the world.

## AMABAM

I loved —  
ohhh, How I loved —  
'Tis a horrible thought  
Abandoned, lost and alone  
I now stand to face you —  
Looking at the emptiness in your eyes  
Wondering why  
why I was chosen to perceive  
Love in its truest and lasting form  
WHO AM I AM I I ???  
mockery — dost thou feel laughter at these words?  
then — leave these lines  
A Soul's exposed here as never before  
Before  
when I held her in my arms  
DEEP PURPLE  
WAS my wish  
Now she's gone — to San Antone,  
it might as well be Shangri La  
I cannot breathe  
OH, Help me one of you  
'Tis AGONY  
to live for naught  
When you see a friend of yesteryear —  
a stranger now — GIVE him, yourhand  
, yourheart  
He needs it more than thou  
Lance St Clair

## Student Government

If by glancing at the title of this column you've decided to by-pass it for more interesting news . . . reconsider . . . student government is for everyone. The Student Council held its second meeting of the school year on Tuesday, October 20th. The various boards and committees made the following reports:

**Board of Publications:** It was announced by the board that the Kallista would be shipped to the graduated seniors later in the week. Distribution to the underclassmen would follow soon after. It was also recognized that Susan Mocko will be in charge of Nimbus distribution.

**Board of Athletic Control:** An intramural program among the sororities and fraternities has been put into effect. Volleyball and football are presently being played. It is to be noted that no one on academic or social probation may participate.

**Board of Religious Activities:** The question of whether the scheduling of campus activities will be allowed during Lent is still under the consideration of the administration. Tentative plans have been arranged for Faith and Life Week. Several speakers have been contacted. "Christ and Communism" and "Ethics in Business and Politics" are the suggested themes. The SCA has asked Dr. Hackman and Dr. Kramer to speak on "Ancient Scripture" and "Ethics in Business" respectively, at their future meetings.

**Board of Traditions:** The board has approved the financing of the \$180 personal liability insurance which would cover a twelve day period before and after Homecoming.

**Board of Social and Cultural Affairs:** The sororities have agreed not to hold any open dances. The Pan - Hellenic Dance, in conjunction with the Greek Weekend, is scheduled for December 4th.

**Class Meetings:** The resignation of sophomore class president, Bart Hose, was accepted. Lloyd Sherman will now hold this office. Both the Tavern-on-the-Green and the Richmond County Country Club are being considered for the Jr. Prom. All classes elected student representatives to the S.A. Nominating Committee.

**Student Center:** Improvements are to be noticed in the Hawk's Nest. The Nest has been painted, curtains have been hung and a new antenna has been bought for the TV set.

**Book Exchange:** Students are urged to claim any books not sold by the exchange and also money in payment of books sold.

**Traffic:** The committee wishes to stress the fact that appeals for valid tickets are unnecessary. Appeal only those tickets given in cases of injustice. In order to enforce no interzone parking the following fines have been instituted: 1. a \$1.00 fee will be charged if fines are not paid within twenty-four hours; 2. an additional \$1.00 fee will be charged if fines are not paid with a week; 3. if fines are not paid within three weeks expulsion will be enforced.

**Promotions:** Vincent Lopez and Lester Lanin have been secured for the Greek Weekend and the Jr. Prom respectively. The committee is still uncertain as to whether Jean Shepherd can be obtained as the speaker for the Greek Weekend.

**Winter Carnival:** \$5.00 deposits are now being accepted by either Jan Henderson or Chuck Lund. Although the exact location has not yet been decided the date is set for January 25th - 27th.

**Honor Code:** The evaluation returns showed little effort on the part of the student body. For just this reason, a motion was made and passed that further discussion of the honor code be eliminated and that the college should take a definite stand by selecting applicants of a high calibre and by promoting academic and cultural interests. Professors will enforce expulsion if necessary.

**Board of Standards:** It was suggested by the women's board that a similar organization for the men be set up and that both be incorporated under the Student Association. The motion was defeated.

**Dining Hall:** If a student finds it necessary to "jump" the line a valid reason will be in order. Such procedure is to be channeled through the proctors and the dormitory council.

The first meeting of the Sociology Club for the fall semester was held on Thursday, October 29th. Carole Larson was elected president, Freeda Herald secretary and Margareta Steingass treasurer. A very active and interesting program including films, speakers, discussions and field trips is being planned. All persons interested in this field are cordially invited to join.

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## The Warmup

by Scott Andrus

An event unprecedented in more than three quarters of a century of Wagner history occurred Saturday: Seahawk teams were victorious in three sports during a single day. In the morning the cross country team took first in a triangular meet, topping Adelphi and Queens College. At the same time, the soccer team defeated Drew. And to round out the day, the football team rolled over Ursinus by a lop-sided 32-8 score, breaking into the thirties for the first time since 1952. A drenched crowd of diehards watched a non-competitive float parade, and then settled down for what proved to be a pretty non-competitive football game. By my count Wagner teams have now won thirteen, lost five, and tied four; of games that went to a decision they have won 72 percent. (At this time last year no men's team had a winning slate.)

The soccer team has picked up tremendously. Just in time to get a mention in the last issue, they fought to a 2-2 tie with Drexel Tech, defending national collegiate champions. Leading boot is worn by Mike Conroy, who has moved from center half to center forward, and is scoring goals like a madman. Mike is about the best kicker the Hawks have ever had—in the Stevens game he scored on a penalty kick that got past the goalie before he could even move for it. Other outstanding men have been co-captains Carl and Roland Sutton, wing George Bohsack, and goalie Herb Wendelken.

### Harries Clinch Winning Season

If it's fun to write about winning teams, the real kicks come from being with one. The cross country team now has the best record on campus, 4-1-1, and has clinched a winning season. Frosh John Ward, who has won all but one of his races, and Leon Selman have been the top men, backed by sophs Terry Monahan, Gary Harvey and Tim Killeen, junior Roger Alder, and a senior by the name of Andrus. Another freshman, Conrad Schwartz, has yet to finish a race, but big things are expected of him.

Inter-mural football has been played Thursday and Friday afternoons on the oval, and two teams have emerged as favorites. Delta Nu, defending champions, and Alpha Sigma Phi are undefeated so far.

By the way, the two fine action pix in the last issue were run without credit lines by my oversight. Larry Wallach was the photographer.

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## HARRIERS BEAT ADELPHI, QUEENS

Wagner's improved cross-country team has brought another victory to Grymes Hill. The Seahawks downed the squads of Adelphi and Queens Colleges by an impressive 32-42-55 score in a triangle meet at Van Courtlandt Park Saturday.

Although the course was dampened by a drizzle which continued through the race and added to the difficulty of the terrain, the harriers turned in their fastest average team time.

Freshman John Ward set the pace, finishing first with a speedy 28:29 for the five miles. Following him were Leon Selman, fifth with a 29:55, and Terry Monahan, seventh in 3-:19.

Captain Scott "Grand Old Man" Andrus posted his best mark, a 31:29, to finish eighth, and Gary Harvey was eleventh in 32:19. Roger Alder and Tim Killeen did their part by displacing men from the other teams. These two wins place Wagner's record at 4-1-1, far better than it has been in many years.

Coach John "Bunny" Barbes commented that the thing which impressed him most in this latest victory was "the show of team strength beyond the first two positions."

With but two weeks remaining in the schedule, it is doubtful whether freshman star Conrad Schwartz will have a chance to show his abilities. Still suffering from the effects of a 20 foot drop in a race two weeks ago, he was further weakened by an encounter with some surveyors in the latest race. Schwartz tripped over a tape measure across the trail. The enraged surveyors attacked him, and his trick knee was reinjured before he could break away. As a result he could not finish the race, which he had been leading.

The next meet is tomorrow, against the very tough Mariners of Kings Point. The dual meet season closes November 11th, against St. Peter's. The Hawks will enter the Middle Atlantic Championships.

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# SEAHAWKS TOP URSINUS

## WAGNER BOOTERS WIN, LOSE, TIE

The Wagner Soccer team saw action in three games during the past week. They produced a victory, a loss and a tie. The victory came over Drew University, the loss to Rutgers University and the tie against Stevens Institute. The Hawks, with a season record of 5-2-3, are enjoying their finest season to date under coach Jackie Hynes, now in his fourth year as mentor of the team. In Middle Atlantic Conference play, the Hawks have a 1-2-3 slate.

Emerging during the past week as one of the top conference players has been freshman Mike Conroy. The move by coach Hynes of Conroy into the center forward position has proved to be a most rewarding one. In the past two games the Hawks have tallied four times and all four goals have been accredited to the foot of Conroy.

The wettest Saturday Homecoming in memory found the Hawks booters opposed by Rutgers University. Wagner lost, 4-0. It was the second loss for the year for the Hawks and the first white-wash this season. Kasuba was high man for the Scarlet and Grey, posting 3 goals to bring about the Wagner defeat. The other Rutgers goal was produced by Keisting.

The second of three consecutive home games played on Fischer Memorial Field atop Grymes Hill witnessed the Wagner Seahawks tie with Stevens Institute in the final conference game of the season for the Green and White. It was the first blemish on Stevens' record as it gave them a 4-0-1 overall and conference record. Mike Conroy's goal in the first period put Wagner out in front, but Stevens countered with single goals in the second and third periods to take a 2-1 lead. The Hawks gained a tie in the 4th period by way of a penalty shot made good by Conroy.

Wagner's second Homecoming Day this year was held in weather almost as poor as the first; however for the soccer team the sun shone as the Hawks were able to record their fifth win of the campaign. Once again it was the good right foot of Mike Conroy that accounted for the winning margin as Drew University went down to defeat, 2-1. Conroy kicked both goals. The first came in the 2nd period and gave Wagner a 1-0 half time lead. Early in the 3rd period Conroy scored his fourth goal in two games and brought victory to the rain-soaked Seahawks. Saturday the Seahawks will be home again, this time against the Lions of Columbia University.

## Score Five Touchdowns In 32-8 Romp Over Bears

Wagner College won its fourth football game against Ursinus, 32-8 here on October 31st. Before the game the annual float parade was held.

Bob Plotkin, the Seahawk fullback, scored the first touchdown on a twelve yard run up the middle. The second one came on a 35 yard pass play from Don Cavalli to Al Ferrie. Twice more Don Cavalli passed for touchdowns. Both were for ten yards; one went to Frank Melos and the other to Al Ferrie.

Ursinus made a vain effort to draw even, but their one touchdown did little to close the gap in scores. Dick Boggio plunged two yards for the only Ursinus touchdown. A pass from Ted Kershner to Jon Myers put two more up on the scoreboard for the Bears.

### Hawks Get One More

Wagner got one more touchdown. Frank Melos scored his second touchdown on a two yard plunge. The two-point conversion attempt by Melos was good. That was the only conversion for Wagner all day.

Frank Melos was the leading ground gainer for the Hawks with a total of 59 yards for nine carries. Frank has 282 yards rushing and 323 yards on pass receptions for a total of 605 yards for the year. He has made 50 points this year to lead the Middle Atlantic States Conference in scoring. He needs only 10 more points to tie the Wagner scoring record for one season.

Al Ferrie put in another fine day both at pass receiving and at punting. Al, with his 39.6 yard punting average, is one of the leading small college kickers in the country. His best effort was a 55 yard punt against Ursinus.

### Float Parade Held

The leading ground gainer for Ursinus was Dick Boggio. He gained 48 yards on 10 carries.

Don Cavalli's four for ten in the air and three touchdown passes was his high for the year.

Even though rain fell, the float parade was held. It had been postponed one week because of the rain on Homecoming. The floats were entered on a non-competitive basis for the first time.

Next week the Seahawks travel to Selins Grove, Pennsylvania, to play Susquehanna. Last year the Wagner grid-ders beat the Susquehanna eleven by the score of 13-6 on a touchdown pass from Don Cavalli to Al Ferrie in the last 13 seconds.

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## In Retrospect

We'd tip our dinks to you, our Sophomore friends, if we could find them. Now that hazing is over and they are off, we poor frosh can think more clearly. We reflect and we see things in their proper prospective. Sophomores, we are indebted to you. We are grateful to you because your example has helped us become the fine freshman class we are.

We come to Wagner ready to tip the place up! But you subdued us. You showed us our place. You reminded us of the dictionary definitions of egocentric — "regarding everything in its relation to oneself; self centered". We didn't stand a chance. So we learned humility — "freedom from pride and arrogance". We learned this and we learned that people liked us better this way. Thank you for helping us make so many friends.

We will always be obligated to you for picking on us and making us miserable. We found salvation in our rooms. We studied. Your benevolence showed the way to a quick adjustment to the increased hours of homework.

Some of us were afraid of you our first week here. We hunched over and looked down; like the ostrich we hoped we wouldn't be seen. A few really frightened frosh found enough change to pay their class dues.

During hazing, the Sophomores impressed us Freshmen as a boisterous, egocentric, don't give a hoot kind of group. We thank you for showing us how not to act!

Oh, by the way, don't you know that hazing is over?

## Spotlight On The Registrar

by Sandra Collins

When viewing our evening session here at Wagner, we must pause and give recognition to Miss Marguerite Hess who is presently Registrar and Director

of the evening session.

How she attained the rank she now holds is exceptional. As a resident of Staten Island, she attended Curtis High School. From 1937 to 1943 she became secretary to Dr. Clarence C. Stoughton, during which time he became President of Wagner College. Two years later, full of energy and ambition, she not only began to work her way through the college evening school, but also retained her secretarial position. In 1943 Miss Hess graduated cum laude. At that time she was granted her three-man assignment acting as Registrar, Director of Evening Session and Director of Admissions until 1958. On the side she also did much public relations work. Still unsatisfied, Miss Hess chose to pursue part-time education and attend The N. Y.U. School of Education where she was granted her Masters degree in 1947. Since 1940 she also devoted one Sunday a month to writing a letter to Wagner men in the armed forces in order to keep them abreast of current campus life.

One of Miss Hess' major hobbies, house plants and gardening, is evidenced by just stepping into her office. She is extremely interested in young people and likes to observe their changes as they advance through college.

Yes, we here at Wagner are proud to have Miss Hess on the administrative staff. We are grateful for her unselfish and dedicated service to the campus community.



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## INSIDE OUT

by Lillian Greeley

Now that the dinks have come off, therefore making me an official student of Wagner College, I feel qualified to relate my revised impression of college life. I don't mean the "What a cute guy in my history class!" or the "My French teacher is a doll!" talk of the beginning freshman, but the talk of serious problems confronting the humbled, orientated, dinkless freshman.

Most important is a time schedule. Unaccustomed to free time during the day (homework is for nighttime), I find that I tend to squander hours by reading magazines, eating, or talking to someone about worldly affairs. One must realize that every hour is precious. By my calculations, an average student carrying seventeen credits should spend per week thirty-four hours on homework, fifteen hours in class, two for gym and five for lunch which totals fifty-six hours. Not allowing for breakfast and dinner, the result would be an eleven hour day which encourages me to skip reading assignments. Of course, this calculation does not include the weekend. By the time these awaited days come, my head is the weak end and my only pacification is sleep.

Relative to this are inner doubts about myself. Am I really capable of learning this biology or of understanding this essay for English? Do I really belong in college? If I do, why don't I feel myself growing intellectually (as the books say), or is that supposed to come later? Am I alone or do others in my class feel like this?

Often given as advice during our first few days was the phrase, "Meditate alone." Every time I do, I wind up with more complications than I had when I started. Also I half-consciously tell myself that these circles I'm spinning are wastes of time, and that I should be doing a substantial amount of history or biology instead.

Perhaps I shall in the future, further revise my opinion. On second thought, why bother?

## Fifty-Yard-Line Fashions

A football weekend — or any kind of special athletic weekend — calls for a whole new approach to the clothes question. Now there's a bite in the air, and the sweaters, jackets and such turn up front and center.

Knit shirts are the best news on the casual-wear scene. You can barely tell some of them from oxford cloth shirts, since they're styled with all the attention to detail that you find in your best oxford sport shirt. The University Fashion knits by Arrow feature a button-down collar, long sleeves, good-looking designs and solid comfort. Some are patterned in minute all over chess motifs; others are self patterned. One of the best has a chest pocket flap showing an embroidered mascot of your particular schools team. Another good thing about these knits: they don't take up any closet room. A knit shirt will hold its lines best if you fold it, though those with Navy training usually roll them, maintaining that rolling is the one sensible way to stow practically anything. Whether you roll or fold, the idea is to keep the knit from stretching on the hanger.

Sweaters are also important on the casual scene. Crew or boat neck styles look best when worn with one of the patterned oxford cloth shirts, with the top button left open. The good old V-neck style is always right — but there's a new twist this year, in the form of a classic V-neck sweater with a coordinated foulard insert. The sweater part is a lightweight cotton and acetate knit; the insert gives the effect of a shirt worn underneath. This has been voted one of the most comfortable and good-looking styles going — perfect color coordination plus a neat-looking silhouette.

Shetlands are good news, the shaggier the better. These often come in mixtures of colors, such as green and gray, for a richer effect. Also popular is the camel color, which goes with practically everything. In cardigan style, this is featured with low-set side pockets.

The do-it-yourself boys have learned to ask for sweaters made of Darvan. This is another test-tube wonder, but those of us who have been avoiding chem labs don't really care how Darvan is made. We just care about what it means. You can wash a Darvan sweater in the launderette machine in hot water, hang it up to drip dry, and it will snap back to its original shape. In addition, it is mothproof and mildewproof.

A couple of good looking sport jackets are a must these chilly days. The blazer, complete with brass buttons, is the single most popular jacket style clear across the country. Colors vary from place to place: classic navy is tops, closely followed by red or olive. Don't forget about striped blazers — they are good looking, and don't show spots as much as the solid color ones. A shetland jacket, or a Harris tweed, will probably be worth its weight in gold before the winter's over. You may know that real Harris Tweed is hand-woven by crofters somewhere in England, and it appears to have grass or straw woven right into the wool. The fabric is practically indestructible, and gets better looking the longer you wear it. And for some season, Harris tweed makes the girl's flip. Who knows why? So, lay out my baggy tweeds, George.

Don't forget you hat this fall. Practically anything goes — pick from an Ivy cap, a Union or Confederate cap, a colored wool felt derby, or a Tyrolean hat complete with brush.

Now that you're dressed for the game, get your date and your tickets — and you'll find that your appearance will make points for you.

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STAPLETON

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Tamango

Cry Tough

November 8 - 10

High School Big Shot

T-Bird Gang

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### FABIAN'S RITZ

PORT RICHMOND

November 6 - 12

North by Northwest

Ten Days to Tulara

November 13 - 19

Imitation of Life

Step Down to Terror

## A DEEP RIVER

by Eleanor L. Glaze

This story is a representative publication of The Wagner College Writers Conference held each summer on this campus.

Getting out of the car Mitch started toward the boats. She tried to follow him but he stopped her abruptly and said, "Get the lunch basket."

Dragging it out of the back seat she turned once more to look at him to be sure he really meant for her to get it alone. It was heavy with the frying pan and potato salad and lard and cokes. She watched him walk to the boats, his hands in his pockets, look at them, study them, pushing at them now and then with his foot. Then he made his way to the hut-like hamburger stand to pay for the boat he had chosen. While he was taking the billfold out of his back pocket and talking to the man she half dragged, half carried the basket to the boat. Just as she reached the boat with the basket he came back, his hand in his pockets again. "Do you want me to get the fishing poles too?" she asked.

He looked at her without answering and then turned slowly and walked back to the car and got the poles. She sat down on the lunch basket waiting and licked her lips.

Then they got in the boat and the trees made everything look gloomy and smelly, the mud and mud tracks were black, the water was black and flapped and sucked and slapped against the bottoms of the rotting boats. Just after he had pushed off with an oar she remembered. "I forgot my book. I left it in the car," she said.

"You won't need it," he told her.

It was better in the sunlight. She watched the little things that could walk on top of the water and swung her hand now and then at the knots. After awhile it got hot. He took off his shirt and then his T shirt and she watched the muscles moving under his sun baked hide and then the big thick hands as they took their tight grip on the oars. When they stopped in the deep water he told her to tie the cokes by the neck on a line and put them down to get them cold and she did, lowering them slowly, expecting to see them bubble as they went down. He watched her and she tightened up to make her hands move smoothly but her armpits began to itch and sting.

After lunch she was tired and would have liked to take a nap but there wasn't room in the boat. It was funny the way he never got tired or had a hangover. How could anyone come home at three o'clock in the morning and then want to get up early and go fishing? The names he had called her last night. Nothing would ever be the same.

About an hour later he caught the first one, a little bass that didn't put up much of a struggle. Deep sea fishing, he would like that. The big fish that pull and fight for hours. God, the patience. How could he sit motionless so long... just sit looking at the water. Lord, if only she had her book with her! Just this waiting was driving her crazy. And he knew it, damn him! He did it on purpose!

Then almost another hour of waiting and they began to come fast. He'd stay here all night now. She watched the fish flopping on the floor of the boat and turned away from their glazed eyes and the rhythmic opening and closing of their gills. Drowning in the air. But what did life mean to him, someone who had actually killed with his bare hands. He didn't mean to, she told herself. He just lost his temper. They didn't call that murder. They called it manslaughter. Still, no wonder he had no feeling for the fish.

When they stopped biting again he put the pole down and stood up in the boat.

"It's hot," he said. "I'm going for a swim."

"Go ahead"

"Why didn't you wear your suit?" he asked folding his pants and laying them across the wide board of the boat.

"I just didn't want to go swimming, that's all."

He stood there and she was looking at his feet and the little marks near the ankle that would never go away and then finally he dived into the water and she was so relieved she could have cried.

No one would notice them. No one else would know they were there and if you didn't know they were there you wouldn't notice them. "When they take you out in the fields," he had written

her, "they put on you what they call leg irons. You stand in a long line oxen and they pick up the heavy chains and fasten the cuffs over your ankles and the first few days most of the men's ankle's get big sores and puss and bleed and you go out in the fields while it's still dark. You can't see anything but you can hear the chains making a kind of soft, weird music and everyone had to walk the same way and if you get out of step your feet get jerked out from under you. And you stay there until after dark again, going up one row and down another, digging, planting, or picking... whatever season it is... just up one row and down another until you lose all track of time or what you are doing and some guard is with you all the time, strutting up and down the line calling you a bastard or a son of a bitch. He never saw the third grade but that gun on his hip makes him feel awfully smart. The niggers have it even worse. One nigger forgot to say "yes sir" and got his head beaten to a pulp."

Scars that don't show. Like the dry cell. Fourteen days naked in a concrete block, damp, no windows, no sunlight. Bread and water. No blanket. No pillow. What for? She had asked him that when he came out. His skin looked like tissue paper and he had to hold on to the bars in front of the talking box to stand up and his eyes were way back in his head, feverish and black. "I hit a queer," he said. "I came in one night and this guy, he's a trustee... not as off as some of them... I mean some of them will cry if you tell them they can't have a baby. This one's got all his marbles and I came in dead tired, and there he was, sitting on the edge of my cot, grinning like a packass and making himself right at home and I damn near killed him."

Where was he? He stayed under so long. Would he come up under the boat and turn it over? He wasn't the same. His eyes hadn't looked the same since that time in the dry cell. His head appeared and he flung the water from his face and held onto the boat with one hand. I could take the oar and hit him over the head with it, she thought. Now's my chance. I could say he hit his head on the side of the boat and drowned. Who would care? What good is he to anyone?"

"Are you sure you're not coming in?" he said.

"No," she answered. "I'm getting tired. When are we going home?" Not till I'm damn good and ready, baby doll."

He went under again and she wondered why she had told him. What was he trying to do, show her how long he could hold his breath? Some of the fish still gave a little twitch now and then. How long did it take? Why had she told him that? That second time they put him in the dry cell... she knew what it was this time. She knew what they were doing to him and she couldn't eat or sleep... she was going a little crazy just thinking about it and not being able to help him and all the time remembering the way she had cried and begged him to be careful and not do anything else, to just take whatever they had to dish out, it was the only way to survive, just to not get into trouble again and get put in there again because she couldn't take it. He might be able to, but she couldn't. And if he didn't behave he wouldn't get the parole and to just hold on for another six months. Because if he missed this parole it would be still another year. And he'd promised, oh hell yes he'd promise but he just couldn't take anything.

The guard didn't really hit Mitch hard, he even admitted that himself afterward. He was just walking down the line swinging that stick and kind of hit him carelessly, a one for good measure kind of thing. Mitch had always boasted that not one of them dared hit him. It could have been anyone... And Mitch said that when he hit the guard and then threw him against his leg, he wanted to break his back over his knee like a dry limb. He could hear the ribs kind of crunching and it was the best sound he'd ever heard. The guard went to the hospital. Afterward Mitch got twenty-one days in the dry cell and missed his chance at the parole.

When he got out of the dry cell the second time he didn't look as bad as he had looked the first time. Or maybe she was just getting used to it. Or maybe he was. She could not feel one ounce of pity for him, she told him she wished he had died in there and that she hated him and was never coming back and he took all that so then she told him that she was sleeping with someone else and it gave her the greatest satisfaction to see his face. Had it not been for the glass and wire and concrete wall between them she could have spit on him and clawed his face. She hated that wall when she thought of all the times, the

Sunday's and Sunday's she had come here pressing against it trying to get closer to him. She despised the glass when she thought of how she had kissed it on the other side of his fingertips.

Even at first he didn't believe her and she told him, "You'll just have to take my word for it." Then he said, if it were true he'd kill her for it, when he got out. He just couldn't imagine her without her little white pedestal, could he! Well, she'd kick it to pieces right before his eyes. She thought of all the times she had asked, "Why do you love me?" and he always answered, "Because you're so good" And now, if it were true he'd kill her. "You do that," she laughed and back flipped her newly red nails across the wire they talked through. "Yes, you do that, if you ever do get out," she said and walked away.

After that he took it all. He kept quiet and took everything. That was the only way to reach him, the only thing he understood. The only way to beat one hate was with a bigger hate. She didn't care if he did kill her, anything to break the pattern of waiting and return, waiting and return.

She couldn't wait again. She had to do something to stop him from destroying himself. He thrived on defiance... something to be against, something to hate. Now, thinking back, that black light in his eyes when he came out of the dry cell was not loneliness or despair... it was triumph. He gloried in his strength, his manhood, his strange code. He believed in it. Perhaps that was why he kept going back to prison... it was only a guess and probably wrong and if it were true he certainly didn't realize it consciously himself but perhaps prison was the only place where he had that hate environment that he needed. He hated the bars, the walls, the guards, the time, the restrictions, but maybe in some way that she couldn't understand he needed that hate to keep him going. Oh Lord, she thought, if only I knew what he did need and could give it to him. There had to be something to cut him down before they killed him. Something to cripple him enough to make him live, and that was the only thing she knew.

When he first came home she hadn't been afraid. She didn't care, let it either be the beginning or the end, she didn't care which. But now she was afraid. He was so quiet. That first night she had fixed him a steak and then he just sat up in the living room listening to the radio and she went to bed, lying awake in the darkness stiff and cold and waiting and waiting and finally fell asleep and then woke up and the radio was off and she went in the living room and he was still sitting there and his eyes were very bright and he looked almost like he might cry and she wanted to pray that he would... but she couldn't. Anyway, he never did, not that she knew of.

A week of that quiet and she couldn't get to him, couldn't even make herself try. Once when he sat down to eat she almost reached out to put her arms around him. He was such a big baby, Lord such a big helpless baby. She wanted to tell him it didn't matter, wanted to make him understand what three years alone on the outside was like. Three unnecessary, wasted years. She wanted to get back to him, even ask him to forgive her. But no, she made herself stay quiet and wait. Because really it was worse than nothing and she would never be able to make him understand the way it really was. Beyond the breaking point there is nothing. A sterile nothing. Help us Lord... give us something for the pain. It was like looking for a new religion. And looking and looking and trying and trying and knowing it's no use, but aching to be free just for one moment. To be a person all by yourself for just one moment. And then giving up, to never look again. And she was sick with herself because she had been at war with the core of her being which centered around him. She had known that there could never be anyone else and that she must accept that, but she had struggled and torn at that sureness anyway... and all for nothing. And yet there was a kind of sweetness, a kind of assurance to it too. Like finding the boundaries of the universe. Like knowing exactly where you belong and the question is answered forever.

He was breaking first. He had come home drunk the night before and hit her. He had backed her into a corner with a hunting knife and she could feel the edge of it tight against her throat and she told him that every time he left her she would do the same thing again and that he could waste his life getting locked up but from now on she wasn't going to be locked up with him. He must have believed her because then he threw down the knife and shook and

shook and hit her and even that wasn't enough, today he was going to drown her because once she had said that she thought that was the worst way to die. Today she was afraid.

He pulled himself up into the boat dripping and with his hand brushed his hair back and the water out of his eyes. "Did you bring any towels?" he asked.

"No, I forgot them" . . . then . . . Mitch."

"What."

"Nothing," she said and thought, How quickly you tire of new kisses. There is nothing to them but the newness. The old kisses, the first kisses, the ones you were raised on and born to and came alive with, these are the only ones that will do. There are no others, no others that are clean and sweet and taste good like new grass and sunlight and sweat. She was never really aware of her own body until he came near, never aware of her own usefulness or tenderness or softness until he touched her. Never aware of the thousands of islands of feeling inside her that yielded up their secrets to him... secrets she herself never knew or guessed at until he was there. What was it? Some current, some unseen thing? All she needed was him and in him, his face, his voice, his aliveness. Nothing else. No God, no children, no one else to interfere. I'm a parasite, she told herself. I have no life of my own... and why is that? And all this time, this whole week that he had been home he had not kissed her, had not touched or kissed her even once.

"Later on we might take the fish up on the bank and fry them like we used to," she said. "I brought the frying pan and corn meal and you could make a little fire. That is, if you want to stay till supper time."

"I haven't decided yet"

"Well hurry up and decide," she said crossly. "I'm getting tired."

He finished the sandwich in silence and then took the oars and began to pull further out. For a long while they went up and down the little back inlets of the river, slowly, easily. Once a private yacht passed them making big waves that bounced their little boat and a man with a sailing cap over his grey hair and tanned face waved to them but neither of them waved back. Then they came to the big wide part of the river where the current was rough and fast and the city seemed like a far away dream oasis on the other side.

For the first time that day he turned on the motor, jerking the rope savagely and forcing the boat into the turbulent water, straining to keep a straight course. The little motor chugged bravely but it seemed to take centuries to get across. Just over the worst part in the middle he was ready to turn around and go back.

Returning, about half a mile from the cliff-like bank the motor began to choke and sputter and she knew they would never make it back. They were about four miles down from the place where they had started across and losing ground all the time. The motor died. Yellow foam splattered in their faces and the shadows were lengthening. It was getting darker and soon the sun would be gone. Mitch was pulling and sweating, working the oars and cursing a little now and then and loving it. When they got close enough to the bank she reached out to the stark tree branches that hung over the swirling water and grabbed a limb to pull onto and they began to make their way back, him rowing, her pulling that way.

They were almost to the little inlet where the water was calm and her arms ached and she was almost too tired to grab for the next one again and again and again. The bottom of the boat was wet and slippery. She grabbed the next branch and felt her feet slipping, her body being dragged from the boat and the thing in her hand she was trying frantically to hold onto slipping and slithering through her hand. She made a noise of fear, not a cry, just a low noise and was a long terrible instant when he didn't move and all she could see was the curving muddy water coming up at her. And then he caught her, holding her tight with one arm, holding the branch and the boat steady with the other arm. He had dropped the oars in the boat and was there beside her in almost the same instant that she had made the sound.

But only almost.

She leaned against him, her heart pounding and trembling, trying not to think of it. Then he made her sit down and his hands were shaky too and he pulled the rest of the way until they were out of the dangerous water. And again they went up and down the little deserted back avenues of the river until they had found an island.