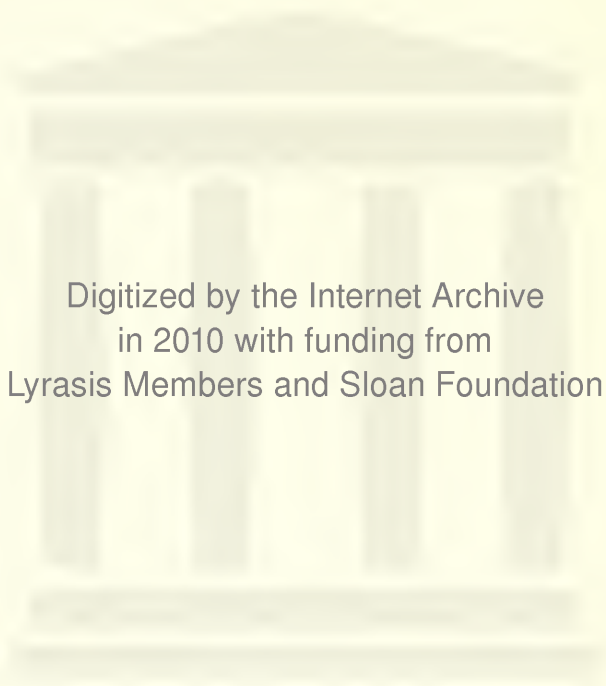


GLENER SPRING 1976



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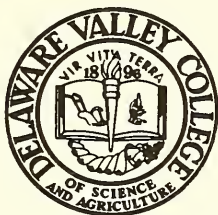
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GLEANER

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DELAWARE VALLEY COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE
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Cover photo: GLENN SHARKO

You who are weary —
Come to me and i shall give you
rest.

With a cooling, murmuring voice
I shall pour sleep over you.

You who carry burdens —
Come to me, and i shall bear them.
On my own back the weight
shall fall.

You need not work.

You who are hungry
Shall find nourishment with me,
Food for those who have not eaten.

I shall carry you to those you love,
A roadway for all who travel.
Open and cool.
Life, death, and love.

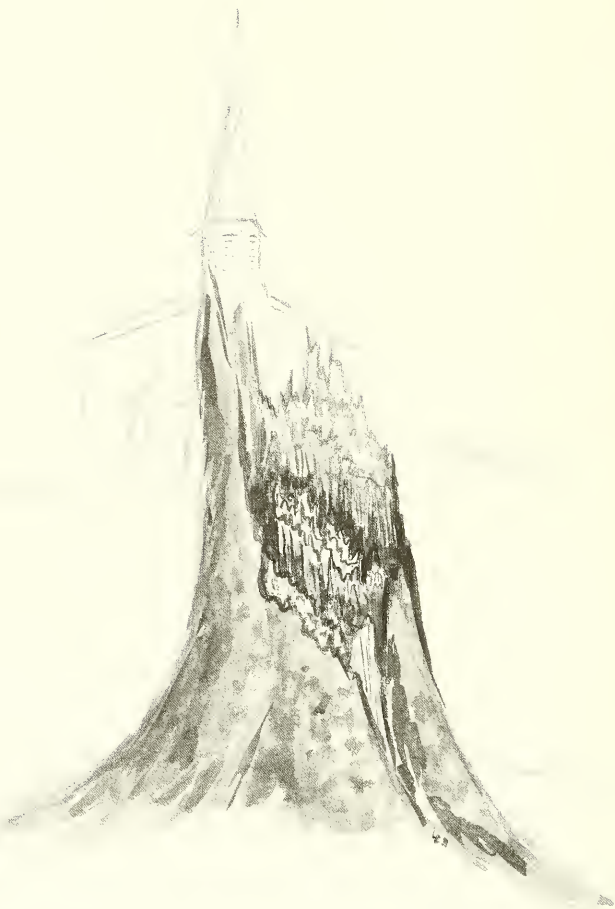
I am the River.

— B. Novak

Go wading through
the sea of solitude

But, don't venture in too far
The under-tow
is devastating.

— **Dianne Rodgers**



Cathedral Oak

What was the old cathedral oak
Is now but a much-turreted chapel
Brought down from its apparent grandeur
By a mighty blast of wind.

Soon this too will topple earthward
For within a deadly canker grows.
Yet might the roots, to the rock clinging
One day renew the soaring spires?

— Brian A. Kahn

THE LOST TREE

The sun was shining on me that first
spring day so long ago,
And the world was so beautiful that
it made me proud to think
That I was part of it.

We were all happy living and growing
together in my younger days,
Just swaying in the breeze and
hoping that life would go on
Forever, as it was back then so
many years ago.

But I guess the world, like the seasons,
must always change,
And things can never stay the same.
Everything must come to an end
As did my happiness in this world.

All my friends are gone now; the green
that was once around me
Has turned gray, and the soil that
was once my support, my strength,
And my food is now just a layer
of black tar.

I'm not as handsome as they say
I once was.
My complexion isn't as bright, my
limbs as strong and sturdy,
Nor my thoughts as fresh and
youthful.

You see I'm dying now.
Dying because the world that was
once mine is no longer,
The air that I breathe is less fresh,
And the water that I drink is not
as clean.

I cannot exist in this world any longer,
And the fate of all those I leave
behind is not up to me,
Nor God, but man. For he is
the one who created this new world
For he is the one that kills me.



We would all like to live
In the security of the past
As a care-and-trouble-free youth
But we're out on our own
And away from home
Forced into adult life
Full of changes and decisions
Searching for much needed
Love and affection
From someone you care about
And want to give your love to
As well as sharing all of
Your actions and feelings with
In a mutual affair that
Will last as long
As love,
The basic element of
Life is present.

— Glenn Sharke

Fire

Dancing wildly in the wind,
brightly lit an empty room
with deep cut shadows left untrimmed;
casting no light on outside gloom.

Gone forever, all that it was
(lost in the beauty that was nature's dawn)
flicker of light that had no cause,
with fire out all light is gone.

Yourself; seeing no wonder, doing no good,
lit then forgotten, in darkness you stood,
toiling a job that did no good.
The world needed love — —
if only you could.

— James Forsyth



Facade

The dawn abruptly casts off
the night and all that
is held by it.

The feelings we dare to feel,
and the persons we dare to be
during the dark of night,
are suffocated when the sun comes out.

We revolve around the sun,
and inhale the daytime,

Then exhale our fantasies
which flare up in dreams
of the night.

At daytime we wear our faces,
and hide our eyes from everyone
but ourselves.

— Dianne Rodgers

I was making a
Sculpture of
A nude when a little
Old man came by
And shook his head,
So I threw out the
Sculpture of the nude
That I liked so much.
I was making a sculpture
Of a horse when
A lady came by and shook her
Head, so I threw out the
Sculpture of the horse
Which was a part of me.
I was making an abstract
Sculpture that looked
Like nothing creative at
All and wasn't the least
Bit part of me, when a
Mob of people came along
And smiled approvingly
Through their abstract faces.

— Glenn Shako

Life wasn't easy for anybody. The Depression had hit everyone very hard, and most of our fathers were out of work, our families living on only God knows what money. My friends and I were lucky in that our parents somehow could afford to let us go to the college (tuition free, of course) instead of having us work full time. "Get an education," said the parents' hopeful faces. "Maybe you can avoid this hardship when you get an education and then a job befitting your education." Many of our parents had "come over on the boat" and had no family ties in this country. But they had left worse economic situations in the "Old Country" and were thankful to be here. We were the first generation born here, ready and eager to make ourselves fit into the rhythm of our society surrounding us. If by going to college we could get a decent job, we would be able to afford the most splendid luxuries, like the outfit Lavonne wore.

Lavonne had herself only recently come to this country as her English was strongly injected with a French accent. She was a good-looking girl, there was no doubt about that, but none of us were particularly jealous of that since everyone was more concerned with getting enough money to eat rather than with dating. People were fighting to stay financially solvent, and very few had the time for a romantic encounter.

Despite the hard times and tight money, we young women would get together during class breaks and talk wistfully about clothes and new fashions. We all knew we could not at this point afford any of the latest styles, and made up for it by becoming rather proficient at altering clothes from seasons past. But, as we sat in our many times re-done outfits, Lavonne would always come up in our conversations.

We all knew Lavonne to say hello, but we never could talk long to her because she always looks so *NICE*. It was uncomfortable to be seen with her for any length of time. She wasn't pushy about her looks, but she made us feel downright scruffy. Whenever we saw her, she was wearing a black skirt, flawlessly pressed, a white blouse with a black sweater over it, and a string of pearls. Pearls! Could you imagine! And the air she put on! We all felt vastly inferior to her whenever she was around. It wasn't fair, we thought. Why should she have it easier than any of us? As a result, Lavonne never became a very good friend of any of us.

Years went by. After college, the Depression was over, and many of us got our decent jobs and could afford our nice clothes. But the image of Lavonne and her impeccable looks was an unattainable goal set by many of us to reach.

I saw Lavonne one day. She had moved to the next town, and was in the area visiting her parents, who remained here after she was married. We talked more easily than was ever possible in college. She was still precisely dressed; the difference was my outfit, which was now up to date and new, not remade. Finally, in an unbearable moment of curiosity, I blurted out the question, how was she able to afford expensive outfits in a time when everyone was so poor?

She looked at me, trying to decide whether I was kidding or not. She relaxed, and laughed a small laugh.

"I was no better off than any of you. That was my only nice outfit! Mom and Dad always told me that no matter what I wear, wear it as if it was straight from the high fashion designer's table; with a flair!"

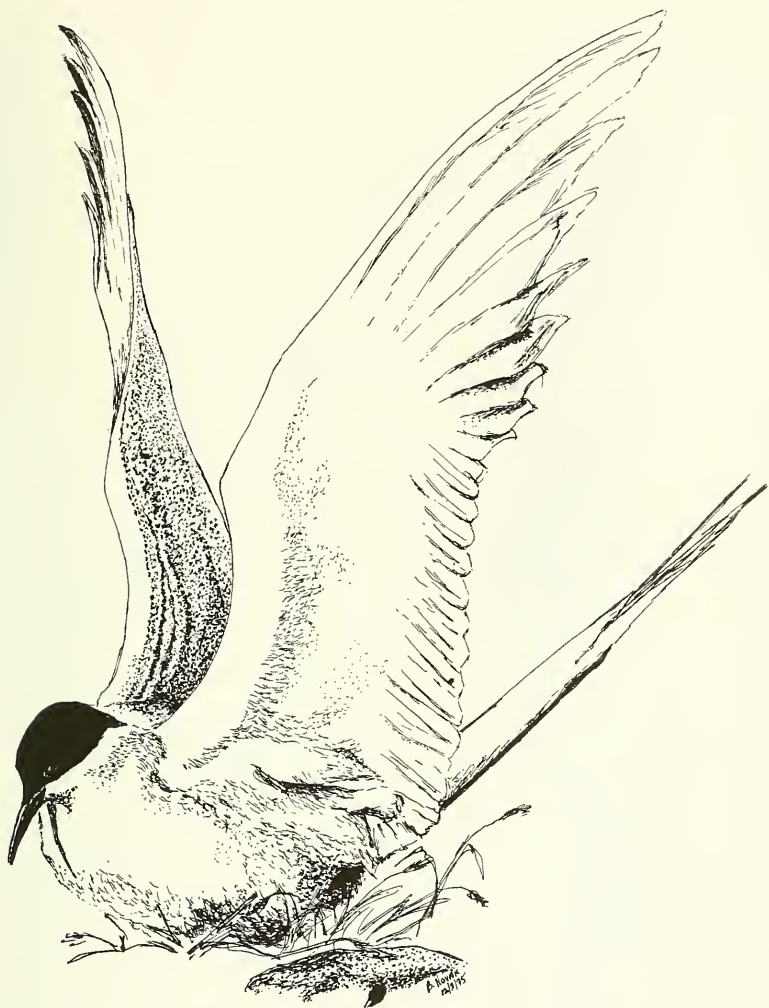
We parted, and I couldn't help but remember in our envy, we never checked to see if the pearls were real, or if the skirt wasn't just a bit worn. It was Lavonne, and the flair she wore that outfit. It was hard to believe an attitude could so impress all of us.

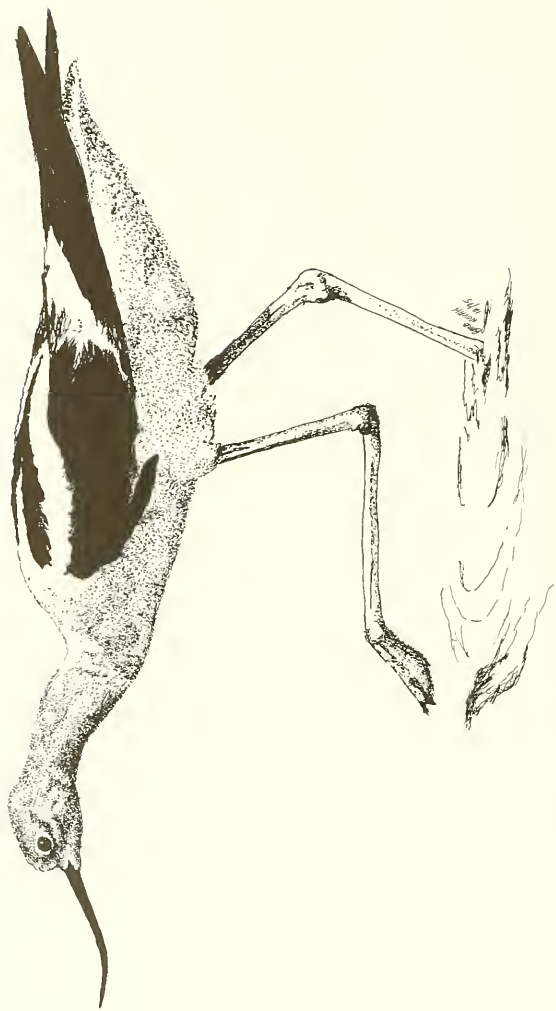
I went home, silently laughing to myself.

— P. Wohlfarth





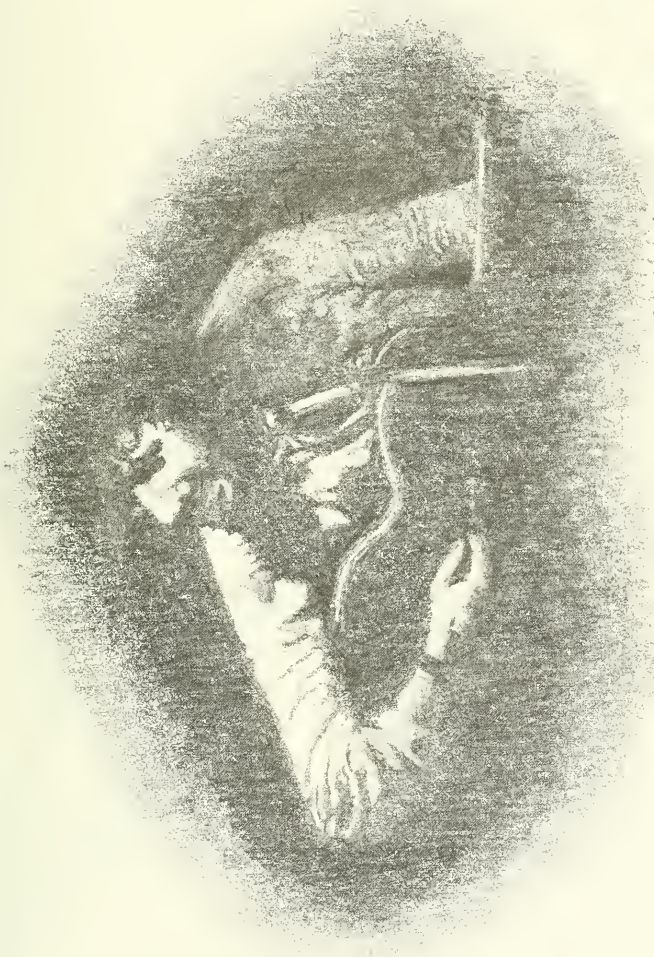






Trumpeter Swans



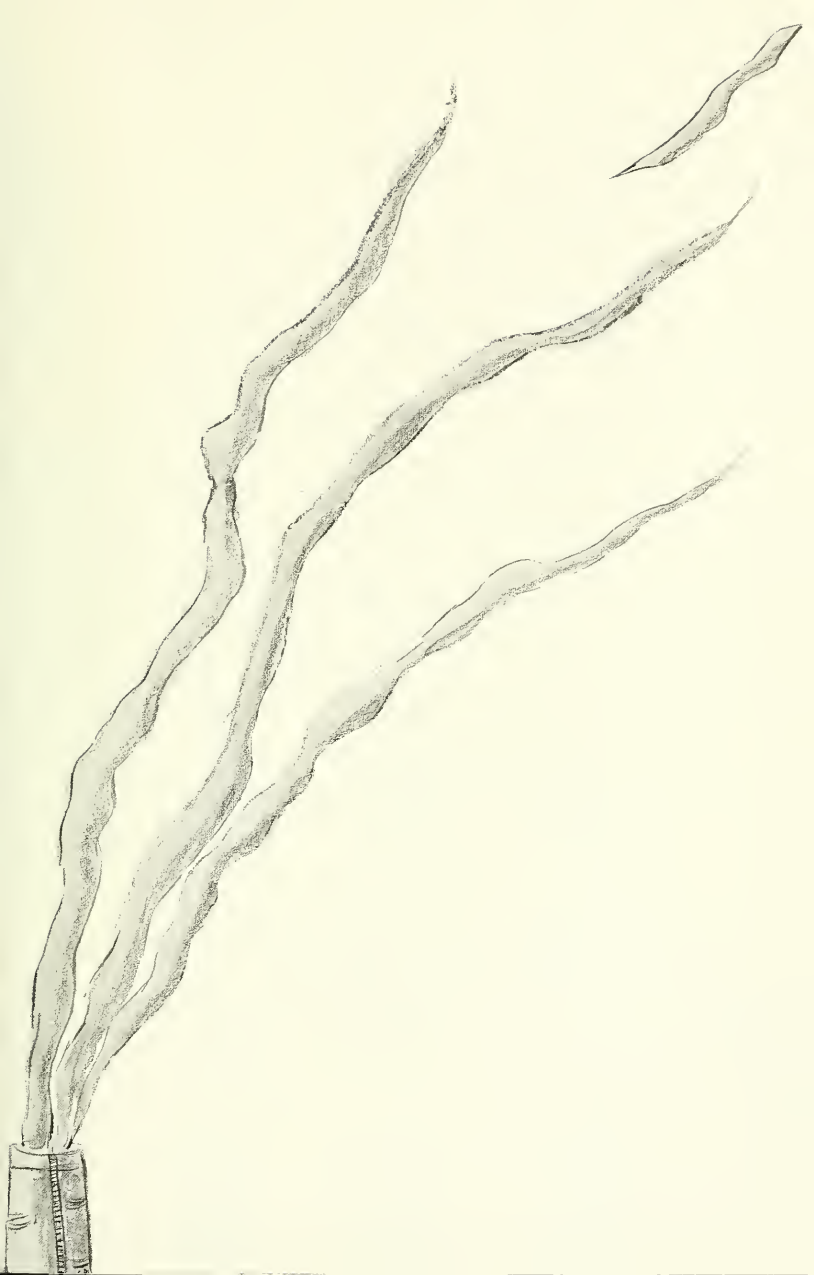


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SMOKE

The smokestack, proudly standing
Tall and narrow, straight and tapered,
A stately magnificence amid cold gray buildings,
Sends its smoke up into the blue;
Billowing, swirling, wispy,
Like long bent fingers
Penetrating the ethereal void,
The vanguard of a great white army
Emerges from its funnel-birthplace,
Writes into graceful forms and sizes,
Then dissipates in lazy splendor.

— John H. Standing



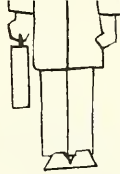
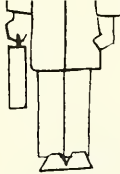
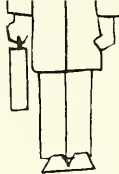
“The Everyday Man”

I'm all alone,
with a million people around me.
I'm feeling low,
and no one will turn and see.

I feel like a grain of sand,
sitting on a beach of an abandoned island,
or a pebble rolling in a clear blue stream,
or a wisp of smoke in a cloud of steam,

For I'm a common everyday man,
with no great achievements,
or great discoveries,
So I'm forgotten amidst
the ever moving mass of people.

— Michael Schnatz



Look at me.
What I am you cannot change.
Red flannel shirts
And patchwork jeans.
Hair tossed against the wind,
Free to fly as I must be.
You may show me new ways,
But I must choose to make
 them part of me.

I change
Not because of what people say,
But what they show me,
What happens to me.
A gentle touch and a warm smile
Will do more than all the force
 in the universe.

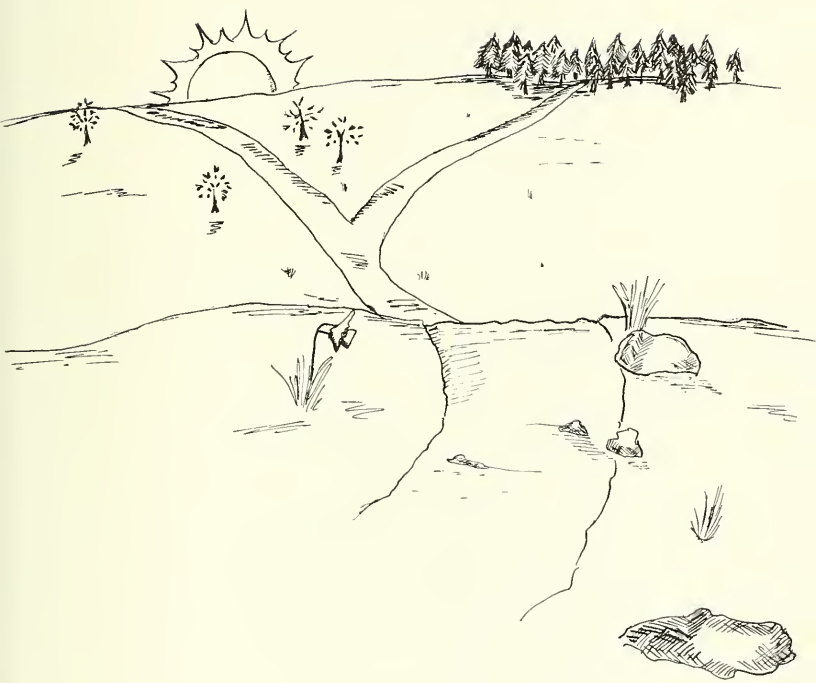
For force causes only rebellion
And an opposition to the change.
But love offers acceptance,
And giving to the new ways
With returning love
And a good feeling of still
 being me.

— B. Novak



As we were walking
Arm in arm
We came to a fork
In the path and
You took one path and
I took the other
Looking for new experiences
And our paths have
Crossed many times
But now I sit
By myself in
The desert that my path
Has led me to,
Wondering what paradise
Your path has led you to.

— Glenn Sharko



Wandering the back roads, as I stop
to rest I find

In every little flower, all the good I've
left behind.

The hopes of our tomorrows, the
tears of yesterday.

But I know now it's all over, and I've
started on my way.

You've lost yourself in fantasies of words
and minds and schemes,

Of other people's failures and other people's
dreams.

I cannot bring you closer, no matter what
I say,

To the realness of my world, so I must
be on my way.

The warmth of night brings silence —
Our fears are almost gone.

But I cannot stay beside you

When the restless morning comes.

The story can't be found in any book
or any poem.

My world is a reality, and my time
is all my own.

I cannot live my life out by what
other people say,

And though my love remains here, I
must be on my way.

... mellow yellow
sun
slipped
softly
silently
behind the trees
and gently
sank
out
of
sight...

... blue night
rolled in
obscuring all
cold wet tears
on naked breast—

bare earth
now grows cold...

—Debbie Kahn

Separated and alone
A 24-hour stand
And once again
Separated and alone
Isolation is broken
By two thirty-minute calls
Putting us into
Our own beautiful world
But to be abruptly
Brought back to
Ugly reality
By the click of the receiver
That we are isolated islands
In a sea of sad and confused populations
With an invisible strength
To keep us afloat.

— Glenn Sharbo

Esthetics of a Slob

(or Ode to my room)

I love a mess
That natural Blend of
Tumult and Entropy
That is Man's constant coMPanIoN
OH lovely the hEEp
how colorful the trash pile
with Soda Can like X-mas ball
 amidst the cellophane
 coat and books take chairs so as not
miss the show
while by a tent under a thatch roof
 Desk
 a shark swims IN formaldehyde
and upon a B.V.D. Banner
 march weapons from wars past
ThE inDoors out the ouTdoors in
 and bicycles walk by
and socks stuffed in my
Bedside plot my roommate's

F

A

L

L

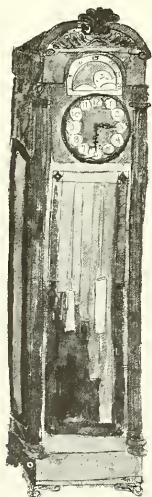
It is a strange feeling sitting alone with no one
but the darkness as company. It seems as though time just
doesn't move as I sit engulfed by the dead quiet.
I keep searching for the small noises we take
for granted each day, but it is useless. My mind,
in vain, will create a noise, but upon listening more
intently to hear just what it was, the darkness closes
in tighter and becomes less audible than silence. It
is a cruel silence that mocks and pokes at
all my parts. In terror I grab to take hold
of it, but why, it only laughs that much more quietly.
Swallowed in the stillness I relax
with the thought that death shall bring a much
louder silence.

— C. Main

The Clock

Clock says seven
 it's been there for weeks,
Time refuses to stop
 it never stops to speak.
The hands don't care to move
Time still passes on.
Discoveries are made daily
 but they'll never know
not wishing more than their wooden case
when they could have a gold and jeweled face
so sit still my lowly one
if you don't care then why should we?
Should the hour hand pass you on the way
Don't stop and say
you weren't given the chance
'Cause instead of letting precious seconds pass
you let irreplaceable hours slip by.

— Michael Schnatz



How sad it is to watch a clock,
and see each second
die upon the instant
of its birth.

— Dianne Rodgers

