

# GLEANER SPRING 1976

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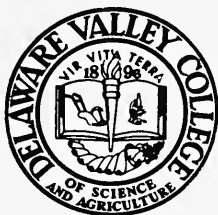
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# GLEANER

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DELAWARE VALLEY COLLEGE OF SCIENCE AND AGRICULTURE  
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SPRING 1976



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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.

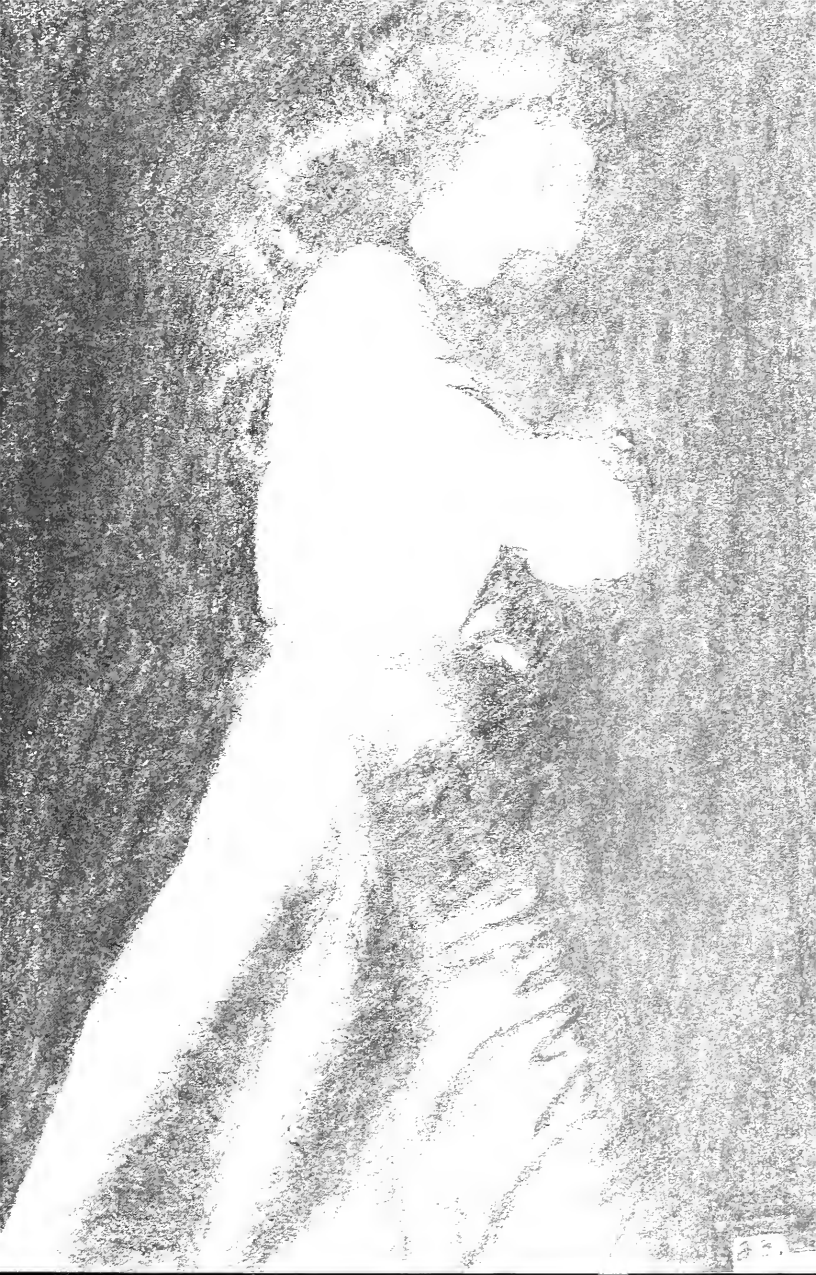
"I was no better off than any of you. That was my only nice outfit! Mom and Dad always told me that no matter what I wear, wear it as if it was straight from the high fashion designer's table; with a flair!"

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.

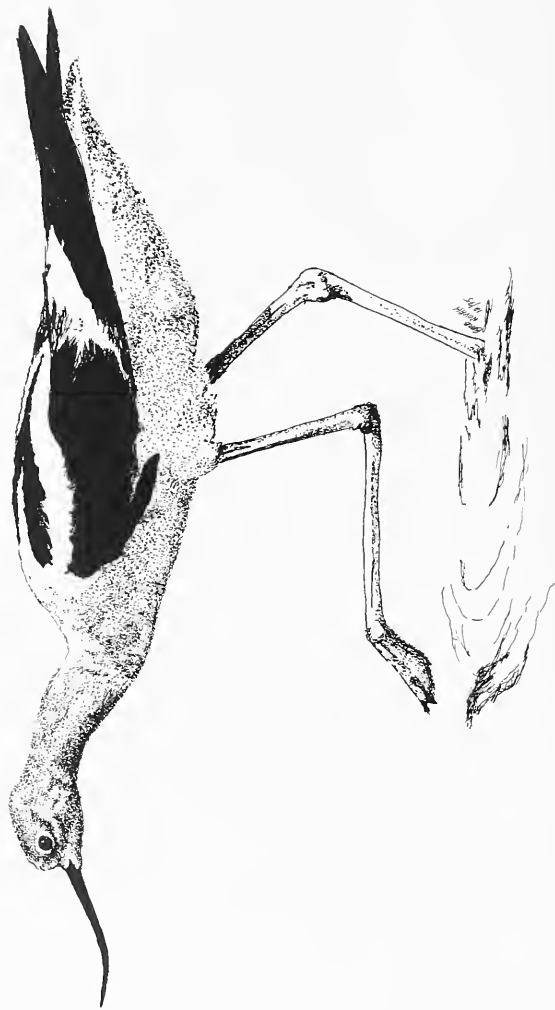
— P. Wohlferth







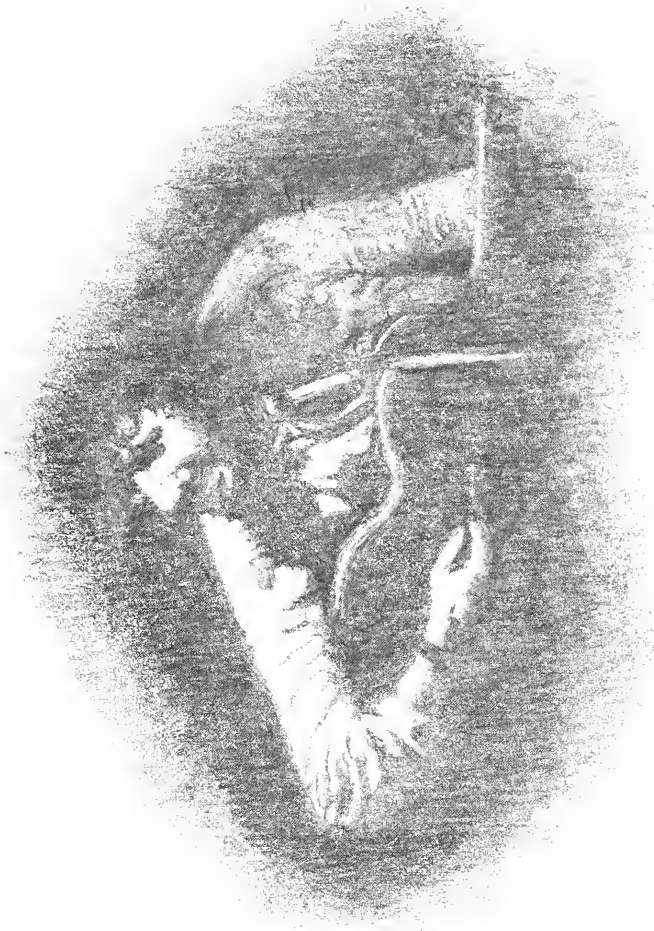






*Trupanea swans*





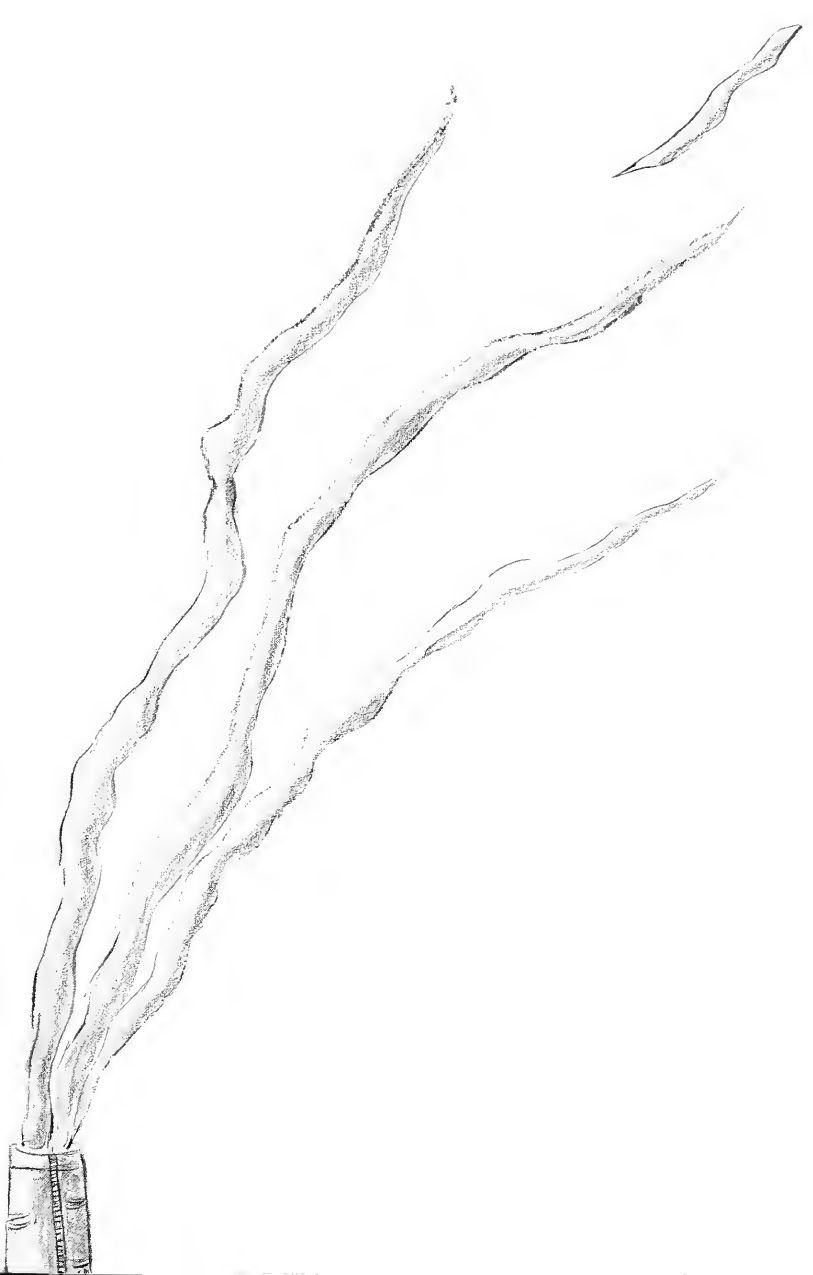
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## **SMOKE**

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**





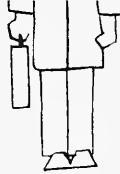
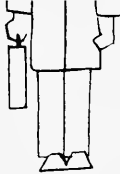
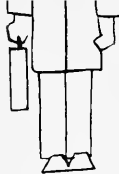
## **“The Everyday Man”**

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.

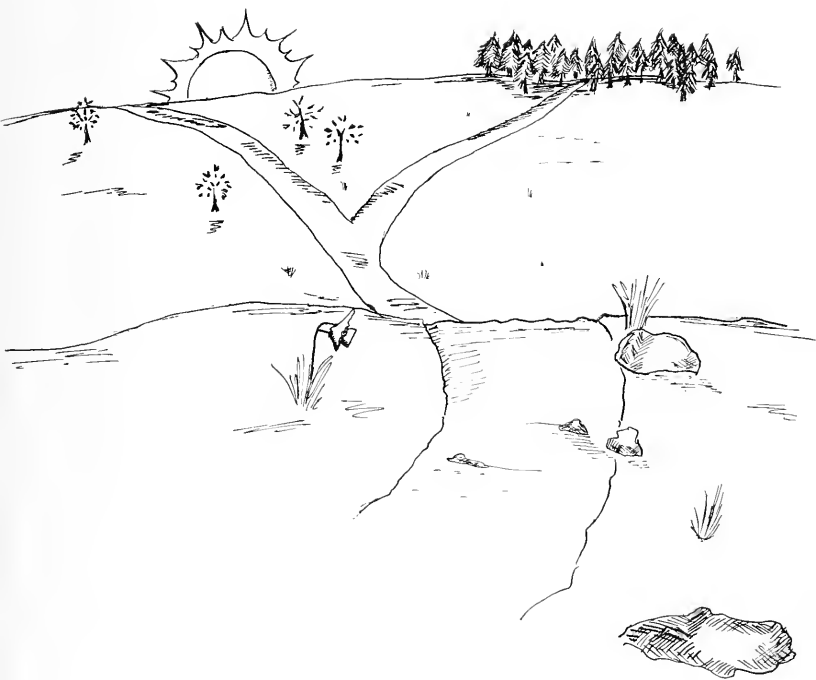
For force causes only rebellion  
And an opposition to the change.  
But love offers acceptance,  
And giving to the new ways  
With returning love  
And a good feeling of still  
    being me.

— 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 Sharke



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

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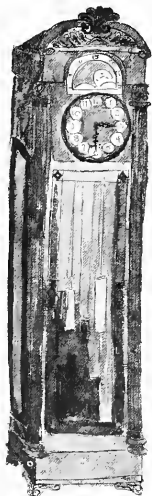
It is a strange feeling sitting alone with no one but the darkness as company. It seems as though time just doesn't move as I sit engulfed by the dead quiet. I keep searching for the small noises we take for granted each day, but it is useless. My mind, in vain, will create a noise, but upon listening 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



