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Gainesville Junior College Humanities Division

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To follow a tradition is to continue a practice or custom that was originated by someone else. To start a custom is to take an idea or goal and make it a success. We of the staff of the new Gainesville Junior College Creative Arts Magazine, *Reflections*, hope to begin with this publication a tradition that will last through the years and add to the status of Gainesville Junior College. This magazine is not the creation of the Humanities Division or the English Department. Rather, it is the result of the efforts of a group of hard-working students with a common goal. Enormous literary talent lies hidden in the minds of the students on our campus. This magazine’s purpose is to give these people a chance to share their thoughts and opinions with others.

Many people on our campus have shared in the making of this magazine. I wish to thank LACOSA for its essential backing of the magazine. I wish to thank the Humanities Department and the *Anchor* staff for their support. Also, I want to thank the contributors. They are the heart of this magazine and the true “reflections” of Gainesville Junior College. Next, I would like to thank my staff. They have worked hard toward the success that we hope this magazine will be. I would like to give special thanks to our counselor, Miss Charlotte Smith. Her participation was a guide and inspiration to us all.

The staff hopes that you, the student, will enjoy this magazine and possibly contribute to a later issue; and, in a quiet moment at the close of a day sometime, pause and let your mind remember your “reflections” of Gainesville Junior College.

David Greene
Editor
SUMMER

Sunshine, love, warm feelings.
Two people walking, holding hands
in the solitude of hidden places.

Running now, feeling free
as if they were the wind.
Rain falls, cleansing the earth.

The fate of crying rain withstood
under everygreen trees.
Sunshine returns, bringing warmth again.

Jerry Gooch

In the eve of the morn
Birds in the apple tree
Rose on the thorn
Nests woven in a circle of maze
Dew rising to a purple haze
May flowers scent colorful days
Wing of an angel
Claw of a lion
Words of wisdom
Breeze through the pine
Wind on the sail
Storm on the sea
Forever and forever
I will love thee.

Chris Embrick
MORNING WALK

Coldness touches me.
I tread softly forward,
Feeling the wind upon my face.

My eyes frost,
From the coldness of the wind.
My vision blurs.

Slowly the sun rises,
And it peeks over the hill.
I wade through the darkness around me.

This darkness lightens;
As the sun blossoms like a flower,
Growing atop this hill.

The coldness around me turns—
To a coolness, freshness, a sweetness.
My vision remains shaded.

This hill top closes in;
Heat fills the air,
And warmth fills my body.

I touch the top,
And stare face to face,
With Heaven.

Charles Swafford

ECOLOGY

Rain, like taking a bath,
brings cleanliness.

To the air,
To the earth.

Why can’t it rain forever?

Jimmy Kemp
TODAY'S MEMORY

Needing a person is one of the saddest things in the world. It doesn't really matter how you need; there are so many ways. There's needing because you can't decide anything for yourself or because you're afraid or because you just know you can't make it through one particular night alone. There are many more kinds of needs, I guess, but it is feeling a combination of these three that I'll never forget.

Even sadder is the hurt when you find someone to fulfill the need and he walks completely out of your life after he has given you a taste of what being really happy feels like. Maybe that sounds melodramatic and fake, but it's true. I know because I'll never forget that either. There are times I wish that night had never happened and there are times I'd sell my soul to have it back again.

The night I met him, I was a long way from home. I just didn't fit in anywhere. I was very much afraid of remembering and of spending the night in a cold room alone. But if I'd been at home where I "belonged," the whole situation would have been much worse. At home people were pressing me and smothering me. So many people were so anxious for me to compromise what I was. That night it seemed as if I'd been fighting all my life. I was so tired and scared and alone that I almost wanted to give in, but I knew I couldn't.

It was then that he walked into my mind. If we both hadn't been a little drunk maybe it never would have happened. But it only hurts worse to admit that; so I try to forget it. It's funny how easy it is to remember the things you want to forget the most though.

Some people would have said we were wrong in spending most of that night together. But I guess people like that only see in other people what they're thinking about themselves. As much as I hate to disappoint society, nothing "immoral" happened. We mostly just sat and talked.

He encouraged me to remember and to talk if it would make me feel better, but he said to do it while he was there to help me. I guess I told him more about myself in either actions or words than I'd ever told anyone. It felt so good to let everything out and to have a shoulder strong enough to support me that I could cry on, in both senses of the phrase.

For a little while neither tomorrow nor yesterday mattered. He accepted me for what I was and I found the strength in that acceptance to fight some more. But that night I wasn't even aware of that strength. All I wanted then was for tomorrow never to come. Never has time passed so quickly and yet so slowly. I'm almost ashamed to admit it now, but when I went back to my room, I found myself wishing that I just wouldn't even wake up because I knew that whatever happened next would have to be a disappointment.

The next morning he came over to tell me goodbye. We still had the same rapport, but those last few minutes went by so quickly that they almost seem unreal now. They are the most painful to remember but they were among the most beautiful. They're beautiful because it was daylight then and we were sober and what we had was real almost to the point that you could touch it. My only regret is that I took so much and gave so little.

I've passed him on a city street once since then. I only smiled and walked a little faster. I didn't really want to ask what I wanted to know. I don't think I'll ever be that strong.

Anonymous
IMPRINTS

There was a name on the stone slab,
and below it, there was the day, month,
and year of birth; then the day, month,
and year of death. A brief dash mark connected
the birth year and the death year.

It was similar to a man’s footprints.
The dash mark and the footprints both said that
between these two dates, these two footprints,
a man had passed. Little more do they
tell us, we the onlooker.

The shape of the cutter’s blade, of the cobbler’s stitch
say so little. The tiny identities
carved in the stone, stitched on the shoe
say something about the stone-cutter, about
the cobbler, very little about the dead,
about the passer-by.

Heyward Gnann
It's sometimes hidden
Though not very deep
Under selfish neglect:
The love we seek.

John Provence

ANGRY TONGUES . . . .

Tornado wallops spiraling the
pivot of the mind in all confusion—

Whirlwind torments spinning the
weathervane of the world in all profusion—

These winds of change, aloose and resolute,
stir and storm the stillness:

The stillness of poverty—
The stillness of opulence—

The stillness of ignorance—
The stillness of learnedness—

The stillness of prejudice—
The stillness of “I love you”—

The stillness of hearing the space between:
Ready! Aim! Fire!

Heyward Gnann

I hurt you, I know
may times
And then said never again
many times
But you know, I know and God knows
I'll hurt you again many times.

John Provence
MAD WITH FEAR

My name is Raymond Whitfield and I come from one of the poorer sections of London. My family originally came from New Hampshire but moved to London shortly after receiving an old estate from a distant relative whom we knew nothing about. I had lived with my parents on the estate which lies about forty miles south of London for almost two years before my mother and father died. The whole estate belonged to me then, but I hardly ever stayed there anymore. I really thought the house should be torn down but I couldn’t seem to get anyone to go near the place. Seemed everyone said the place was haunted. I just didn’t know what to believe.

I planned to take my girl out to see the place. I didn’t want her to go near that old house but she insisted on seeing it. She’s a rather superstitious girl, who seems just to love old, spooky mansions.

Well, I was a bit surprised the following day when Ann showed up with two other people. They were delightful young people, more or less the adventurous type. I might have known that Ann would try to pull something on me like this, but I liked the idea of not being alone in that house.

The other girl was Lisa Bryant and the young man was Joseph Long. Both were college students on a short vacation in London.

We left for the estate that afternoon around two o’clock and had arrived at the front door of the house about an hour later.

The house was just as I had left it. The windows were barred and the chimneys, made of stone from a nearby quarry, were in need of repairs; portions of the roof leaked and the doors squeaked as the rusted hinges operated for the first time in over a year.

The inside of the house looked just as unpleasant. Dust and cobwebs covered everything but the few articles of furniture found in the large living room; the paintings on the walls were crumbled and torn and the chandeliers looked half broken as though they hung from the ceiling by threads alone. The house had three bedrooms upstairs, each of which was large, with an old bed in the center and a mirror on the wall near the door. The windows in the bedrooms were unusually large and the bars partly broken.

The library contained a few books with the covers torn and a large table with chairs in the center of the room.

Everything looked strange to me, but Ann and the others seemed to be having a good time.

It was getting rather dark outside; so we decided to leave, but when we entered the car, I noticed that I had dropped my key somewhere back there in the house. I went back into the long hall facing the staircase and looked everywhere but I simply couldn’t find my car key. Before I had got out of the door, Ann, Lisa, and Joseph were coming up the steps to the front door.

A storm was brewing to the east and would likely be of considerable size; so Ann and the others decided it would be best if we all stayed in the house until the storm was over.

I was reluctant, of course, about the whole idea but finally saw that I had no choice but to stay. We lighted a few candles, got some quilts off the beds, and made a nice cozy place in the living room, where we decided on staying, since the roof leaked in all of the bedrooms.

The air everywhere in the house had a strange scent about it, an almost death inspiring odor. The air was still and silent, a kind of silence that gives you the feeling that you are the only living thing around. The rooms seemed huge and damp like the chambers of an ancient castle. It was an awful feeling that I got sitting there, grasping Ann’s hand as though she might suddenly disappear out from under my very nose.

The storm outside grew louder and louder with each roar of thunder in the sky above; I shivered until I could feel my bones ache with the cold surrounding me. The darkness outside seemed to fill the house as the candles burnt lower and the light grew paler. The wind howled around the corners of the house and filled the room with a breezy draft that sent shivers up my spine.

All the while the room grew even darker and the streaking flashes of lightning outside showed the tangled vines and underbrush outside each window.

I wanted to hold Ann tightly and wondered if she and the others were as frightened as I was, but dared not look to see if she was awake.

I could hear the water as it dropped from
the holes in the roof and pounded on the floors above where I sat. Outside I heard the leaves being blown about, as if they were in a hurry to get away from the house.

All the while, the room grew darker until there was no light at all. Then I began to imagine sounds coming from the rooms above me and saw images dancing around the walls and up and down the staircase.

I couldn't stand it any longer. I reached slowly in my left pants pocket and pulled out my cigarette lighter. Slowly I lifted it up in front of me; then with a flick of my finger, it was lighted, but only a pale light at that.

I then saw a candle lying on the table and picked it up, put it near the lighter's flame and held it out, so as to brighten the room.

I was startled to find no one in the room; I called out several times, but no answer came.

I thought to myself, could I have imagined such a story? So I once again called out and still no answer came, only the whisper of the wind as it blew around my head. Then I remembered Ann; I couldn't have imagined her. Who had held my hand only minutes ago? I looked to the chair to my left, and sure enough there sat Ann, the same Ann that I had murdered only a year ago in the very same room I was in now.

She sat there ever so silent, with pieces of rotten flesh dangling from her bones and with both eyes looking upon me in a most horrible way. Behind her lying on the floor were the others whom I had also murdered not long before this night.

Chris Embrick

Before You Go

Glenda Franklin

Adagio

P. JUST BEFORE YOU GO TELL OF YOUR LOVE. I'LL MISS YOU THRU

p.

mp.
BEFORE YOU GO (Cont.)

EACH DAY AND NIGHT, TELL ME SOON YOU WILL RETURN.

I'LL LIVE FOR THAT DAY SOON TO BE WITH YOU AGAIN.

NEVER TO PART FOR EVER MORE.
Oh blessed sleep
Thou comest at day's end
To serve as relief for
This day's toil to men.

Dearest sleep,
My tired eyes await thy sand.
The touch of thy hand,
On my weary being,
Coming now at day's end.

Nancy Farmer
NEVER AGAIN

Atop a mountain in midst of fall,
With splintered cane in feeble hand,
He stood with pleasure in total trance,
And drank again of tasted wine.

A distant time in each grey eye,
He saw again his prime of life,
And with a smile on weathered face,
He laughed at life's dark jest.

With ears tuned to sounds unheard,
He recalls the gay and joyous din,
Where friends in line with mugs held high,
All toast anew his forgotten deeds.

A windblown leaf shatters his spell,
So he wiped his face and moved along,
And what remained was salty damp,
Of the tears of a man long dead.

David Greene
POEMETTI

I

I can’t believe it
It doesn’t seem true
That anyone
Half so charming
As you
Could have the stealth of the serpent
Where I’m concerned
But you do.

Oh, Moth
Drawn by a candle’s flame
You came
too close.
Your wings are burned.

Ah, Lass
Drawn by a love’s bright game
You came
too close.
Your heart is spurned.

Martha Hatcher

II

I can’t believe it
It doesn’t seem true
That anyone
Half so helpless
As you
Could have the strength of the ’gator
Where I’m concerned
But you do.

I can’t believe it
It doesn’t seem true
That anyone
Half so clever
As I
Could have the innocence of the lamb
Where you’re concerned
But I do.
Photographs by BOB SLACK
I think Cecil was the most beautiful person I've ever met. I don't mean to look "at." If look "at" was all you did, you missed the whole point. He was just an average-looking, middle-aged black man then.

But when you took the time to look inside, it was entirely a different story. Inside he was old and young at the same time, and sensitive, and gentle.

We met under rather peculiar circumstances. As kids we were told never to talk to Cecil. Everybody thought he was crazy because he just wandered around and painted what he felt like painting. In our town either being black or being crazy was enough to finish you off for good. Cecil being both, had no hope whatsoever. And so it was that I was eighteen before I really talked to Cecil for the first time.

I had come home from college for our high school's homecoming game. For some reason, that night Cecil had chosen that loud, unartistic spot to draw. Because he was really good, all the kids were begging him to sketch them. All he wanted that night was somebody to listen to him. He tried so hard to tell them all why he drew, but no one cared to listen. It broke my heart to watch him.

If people would just take time to give a little love, life would be so much easier for people like Cecil. Because they laughed at him when he talked, Cecil destroyed every sketch he made. He tried to tell me that he couldn't work when he didn't feel right, but most kids could care less about that.

The last straw was when a boy that I'd always thought was my friend started mocking Cecil. It seemed as if they thought he wasn't really there, that he wasn't really watching them make fun of him. Finally I just had to say something.

When I called attention to myself, something made Cecil decide he wanted to sketch me. I've never been able to decide exactly what it was. He said that he felt there was something in my face he wanted on paper.

While he drew, we talked. I learned a lot of things from him that night, among them that he wasn't really crazy. He was just too much of a thinker for the time and the place. I'm beginning to think, looking back on it all, that people always imagine thinkers to be insane.

Cecil taught me a lot about love in that short time. He said that he had either to hate or to love to draw. He kept telling me that he hated at that moment. Every now and then he stopped drawing and beat the iron rail on the bleachers with his fist. Over and over he would say that his hands had killing in them and that he had to draw to keep from killing.

I guess some people would have pitied Cecil for his feelings. Maybe I should have. But all I could feel was anger and hurt that people could cause that much hate in someone who could be as gentle as Cecil. But then it's always easier to blame someone else.

Once he almost gave up on my sketch completely. Pieces of the crowd would continually bump him and jostle him without a word of apology. I could see the hate building up inside him. He said that he couldn't draw my face when he hated so badly. Once again he stopped and beat the rail for a very long time.

I usually don't cry in public. As a matter of fact it embarrasses me. But I cried then. For once my "friends" all around me were quiet. After awhile Cecil felt better. He drew for awhile, and then he had to stop again.

"There's something different about you," he told me. He explained that he wasn't really drawing my face; he was drawing my self, my soul, as he called it. The sketch had to capture my difference before it was right. He told me that he knew he couldn't destroy "me" as he had destroyed his other sketches, but that if he didn't get exactly what I was, no one could ever see it.

He watched me for a long, long time and then smiled for the first time. "It's your cross," he said, referring to the silver cross I always wore around my neck. "That's what makes you different." He could finish the sketch then.

When he finished it, he gave it to me. I was sorry that it was all over. The spell was broken. The crowds and their foolishness were back. "Thank you," I said, "and goodbye. You're a beautiful person, Cecil. I'm glad tonight happened."

"No. I want to thank you," he told me.

I left then. I had to be by myself. And I knew I could never go back, not really. Too much had changed then.

Mary Ann Akins
THE FINAL STAND

I have marched my life through,
From battle to battle,
’Till here I stand.

Alone—
I stand,
Facing the final end.

Watching—
For an enemy, I cannot see.
I will not let him take me freely.

Waiting—
Breathing every breath,
As if it were the last.

Willing—
No to lose this battle,
But knowing . . .

Knowing—
That the loss of this battle,
Will bring my end.

Alone—and watching,
Waiting—and willing,
Knowing—not wanting.

Charles Swafford
THE PEOPLE-GAME

Cuts. Stabs.
Scraps. Jabs.
Tearing through skin,
Piercing to heart.
Gaming with people.
Playing life smart
By tearing apart.

Charlotte Smith
They all called themselves Americans.

Stitched over the right pockets
Of their field jackets were the
Stenciled stamps of names which
Still bore the imprint of the lexicon
Of the Old World—
Names surviving in the melting pot
of America;
Names enduring in the space
of America.

Each name had a voice available
To speak that word of identity
Which was deeper in tongue
Than of the metallic impressions
Stamped on the twin tags that hung
In the hollows of their chests.

And all these voices—
Some as sharp as an Appalachian ridge
Or as flat as the Prairie sod;
Some as soft as a coastal tide
Or as loud as a rapids' roar—
All unraveled a babel of words
Woven into the fabric of the alphabet
Known as American English.

They seemed not acute of the differences
Of tongue as New England, California,
Iowa and Carolina
Blended their agrestic and urband
Speech inflections,
Creating above the din of
Vocal differences
An anthem they did not hear,
An anthem they did not sing,
But an anthem that was articulate
in their minds
Which somehow filled the air as they
All recalled that America was theirs.

Heyward Gnann
A CAREFUL LOOK AT MOTHER GOOSE

All those nursery rhymes that you were told when you were a child seemed funny and harmless, didn’t they? Let’s examine one of the most harmless-seeming of all the rhymes, the rhyme of the old woman who lived in a shoe.

There was an old woman who lived in a shoe;
She had so many children she didn’t know what to do.
She gave them some broth without any bread,
Whipped them all soundly and sent them to bed.

Upon first reading the little story, we find nothing controversial. But, as we examine the rhyme more closely, we find many symbolic meanings. This rhyme is very old as are most of the “Mother Goose” tales, and it has no known author. It was written in England during the time of the great Protestant movement. It is, in every aspect, an attack on the Roman Catholic Church. The author wanted us to know of the corruption inside the church. If his idea of the Church could be spread throughout the younger generations of the English peoples, they would more readily accept the Protestant doctrines upon reaching adulthood. Let me illustrate point by point.

As the woman in the rhyme is the head of her household, the shoe, so is the Pope the head of the Roman Catholic Church. We usually think that with age comes wisdom, and the author uses the word “old” as a satirical term to insult the Pope, for he felt the Pope to lack a normal understanding of spiritual matters. The shoe is symbolic of the Roman Catholic Church. He uses the word “shoe” because the shoe is worn next to the ground, thus signifying humility that the Catholic Church should possess.

“She had so many children she didn’t know what to do.” This phrase refers to the numerous offices and positions in the hierarchy of the clergy. The Pope is the overseer of a clergy that is so complex that it is difficult for the Pope to determine which of the clergymen are good and which are bad. He did not know a way to keep the corrupt clergymen out of the Church.

“She gave them some broth without any bread . . .” tears the Pope to shreds and undermines our credibility of any of the clergy. These officials of the Church taught only their beliefs and interpretations of their Bible without applying the true spiritual meaning of the Protestant Bible. Broth is the interpretations of the Bible, and the bread is the true meaning of the Bible.

“Whipped them all soundly . . .” The word “soundly” means “orthodox” in one sense of the word. Orthodox, in turn, means conforming to the Christian faith as formulated in early ecumenical creeds. Thus, this line tells us that if the people of the Roman Catholic Church did not follow the strict rules of the Pope, they would be severely reprimanded.

“. . . and sent them to bed.” When one goes to bed, he sleeps. Sleep is symbolic of death. When the Pope sends to bed those people who do not obey the laws, he has barred them from heaven upon their death.

Now, we see how inoffensive, unreproved nursery rhymes we were told as children are symbols of some very real occurrences of the past. These occurrences were never innocent and were never meant to be. Before we read these cute little stories to our children, let’s stop and analyze them closely for implications and hidden meanings.

Patricia Higgins
Roger Cox
THE FUTILITY OF IT ALL

I watched three leaves blowing across the ground,
and where they stopped,
I sat down.
But the wind came up and blew them away.
And I shrugged my shoulders
and said, “What’s the use, anyway?”

I cast three stones far into a pond;
I threw them hard to see where I belonged.
But they skipped from my hands and fell to my feet
and I laughed and I cried
and I said, “That’s me.”

So I watched the sun shining down on me,
as it lit the ground
and showered the trees.
But the clouds came up and covered the sun.
And this time
I said nothing.

Katharine Eicher
Judge not a man,
By the length of his hair,
But by the width of his smile,
The firmness of his handshake,
And the honesty of his eyes.
FRIENDSHIP

P. CHUMBLER

Andante

"MAN STRIVES FOR GLORY,

BUT WHEN HE NEARS THE

HONOR, FAME, THAT ALL THE WORLD MAY KNOW HIS NAME, AT

END OF LIFE AND LOOKS BACK O’ER THE YEARS OF STRIFE, HE

MASSSES WEALTH BY BRAIN AND HAND BECOMES A POWER

FINDS THAT HAPPIESS DEPENDS ON NONE OF THESE BUT (CONT)
THE PASSAGE

His body racked by tearful sobs,
He stood alone on the windy ledge,
And stared below at the insane world,
With all-seeing eyes that saw nothing.

Below was the dark and stagnant place,
Where chaos and mass insanity reigned,
And the jeering crowd with hungry eyes,
Watched and hoped for oft-seen sight.

From the man above all hope had fled,
Except that of unanswered questions,
And a smile appeared on his tear-stained face,
As he waited for his time of knowledge.

Long had he wondered about life and death,
And which was which, and what was what,
And as his feet took wing to death,
He whispered, “Soon I’ll know,” and was gone.

David Greene
CALLEN CONQUERED?

Introduction. England, Men’s Finals at Wimbledon, the world’s most prestigious Tennis Tournament. To win Wimbledon is to be the best. On one side of the net is twenty-six-year-old Englishman Michael Callen, winner and defending champion for the past three years. Day after day Callen, like a finely tuned machine, has left his opponents gasping at his almost unbelievable arsenal of winning shots. Power is the key to his game. No one can come close to him in this respect. For over two years Callen has been the undisputed master of the world of tennis.

Callen’s opponent, standing near the far baseline, appears to be anything but a challenge for the champion. He is agile and quick but he lacks the power and strength of Callen. His Hawaiian ancestry shows clearly in his long black hair and his dark skin and eyes. Match after match this almost unknown 19-year-old American has pulled upset after upset and has won the sympathy and admiration of the on-looking crowds. The name Scott Kopai meant little to anyone before Wimbledon but has become the most controversial subject in tennis in just over a week. Unknown Kopai against mighty Callen. Oddsmakers give Callen 10-to-1 odds over Kopai and no one really feels the American has a chance.

The first two sets are over and everything has been going as was expected. Callen won the first 6-1 and the second 6-3. We will join the story at “5 all” in the third set.

His steel racket flashing in the sun, Callen stands poised on the baseline awaiting his opponent’s serve. Kopai has fought his way to 5 games apiece in this the third set. Callen has won his serve every time, but he is beginning to have trouble with Kopai’s uncanny drop shots and lobs. The pace and intensity of the match is picking up. Callen is beginning to have to work for his points. Kopai is forcing Callen to hit winners, and the champion is beginning to miss.

Kopai’s quickness at the net is helping him to get some shots that would normally be winners for Callen. The match is already two hours old and Callen is beginning to worry.

Kopai’s serve slashes into the court, and Callen chips his return deep into his opponent’s backhand and moves into the net. Kopai’s faultless passing shot comes down inches inside the baseline as Callen watches with disgust.

“40-love,” comes the umpire’s score report.

Callen spins his sweat drenched racket in his left hand and mutters to himself, “Steady, Mike, steady. He can’t keep it up. He’s not that good.”

Kopai’s next serve hits the center line and Callen can only stare in disbelief.

“Game to Mr. Kopai,” calls the umpire.

Callen walks to his bench to towel the sweat from his face and hands. Kopai passes him silently on the left and walks to the opposite court. Callen takes the balls from the ball boy and walks to the baseline and prepares to serve in the twelfth game.

The champion stares at his opponent, makes a decision, and then leaps with a scissors kick into his powerful serve. Kopai’s return floats short to his forehand. Callen hits a cross-court approach shot and moves into the net. Kopai’s defensive lob is not deep enough and Callen’s overhead smashes the ball into the court and then high into the crossed seats behind Kopai.

“Good shot,” is Kopai’s only response. No emotion shows on his dark and sweaty face.

“15-love.”

Callen moves into his serve.

“Fault,” cries the linesman.

Callen hits his second serve and moves in behind it. Kopai’s return passes him down the line.

“15-all.”

Callen serves again and moves into the net.

Kopai hits crosscourt and Callen’s volley catches the top of the net.

“15-30.”

Callen serves again.

“Fault.”

Another serve.

“Double fault.”

“15-40.”

Kopai returns the next serve and comes to the net. He dives crosscourt and volleys Callen’s passing shot into the fore court for a winner.

“Game and set to Mr. Kopai,” comes the voice through the loudspeaker. It continues with “Two sets to one, Mr. Callen.”
New balls are given to Kopai and he prepares to serve in the first game of the fourth set.

The crowd is beginning to murmur and the excitement is building rapidly. No one had expected the American to take much more than a game or two from Callen, much less a set. The match is turning out to be better than anyone had expected, but still no one gives Kopai a real chance to win it.

Callen returns Kopai's first serve and moves to mid-court. Kopai's defensive shot is a high floater, and Callen smashes it into the backcourt. Kopai dives and flips the ball into a topspin arc that hits just inside the line and skips away from the lunging Callen.

"IS-love."

The crowd applauds wildly.

Callen frowns and shakes his head.

Kopai's face is blank.

In the next point, Callen overpowers the American with his best shot, a driving topspin forehand.

"IS-all."

The crowd continues murmuring, obviously pleased with this magnificent display of court skill.

Callen returns the next serve and waits on the baseline. Kopai hits a groundstroke to the backcourt, and Callen challenges him with an approach shot to the backhand corner. Kopai accepts the challenge and blasts the ball down the line. Callen dives but not in time.

"15-love."

The crowd applauds wildly.

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"30-15."

Applause sounds again.

Kopai misses his first serve, and Callen returns his second serve for a winner.

"Good shot," murmurs Kopai.

"30-all."

In the next point Kopai moves through his serve and comes to the net.

Callen tries to pass him.

"Out," cries the linesman.

Callen drops his racket and stands with his hands on his hips.

"Advantage, Mr. Kopai."

Callen picks up his racket and walks slowly to the baseline.

Kopai prepares to serve. The crowd is silent in anticipation.

Kopai serves and the champion smashes the return. Kopai chips the ball deep, and Callen smashes it again. This time Kopai is not in time. "40-all."

Callen wipes his forehead and moves to the baseline.

Kopai hits a good serve and moves in behind it. Callen's passing shot is not good enough, and the American hits an easy volley for the point.

"Advantage, Mr. Kopai."

The crowd applauds and Callen curses.

Kopai serves and the champion hits the return into the net.

"Game to Mr. Kopai."

Callen curses again and walks to his bench. As he passes, Callen stares at the blank face of his opponent. It tells him nothing.

Callen spits a mouthful of water on the grass and walks to his court. The heat of this windless day is beginning to tell on him.

Mechanically he serves and comes to the net. Kopai floats a return and follows it to mid-court. Callen smashes it at Kopai's feet. Kopai hits a short lob and Callen smashes it straight at his opponent. The ball hits Kopai above the right knee, and for a second there is pain on the face of the young player.

"You okay, Scott?" asks Callen.

"Yeah, I'm okay. Nice shot," returns Kopai.

Callen grins and walks back to serve again. The nervous crowd settles back with a sigh.

"15-love."

Hitting Kopai has returned Callen's confidence, and he serves forcefully. Kopai cannot touch it and compliments Callen with, "Nice serve."

The crowd applauds for Callen.

"30-love."

The next two points are won by Callen, and the set is tied at one game apiece.

Kopai receives the balls and walks to the middle of the baseline. He glances at Callen and then moves into his serve. The serve is a good one but Callen is ready. His return is deep to Kopai's backhand, and he follows it to the net.

Kopai's defensive lob is met by Callen's powerful overhead, and Kopai can only watch the ball as it passes him.
In the next point, Callen follows his game plan and moves in behind his return. His racket misses Kopai’s passing shot by a foot.

“Dammit,” mutters Callen as he turns toward the backcourt.

Kopai wins the next three points on passing shots, and his game is beginning to dominate the match.

A damp towel on his neck, Callen sits on his bench and thinks desperately.

“Get hold of yourself, Mike. He’s just a punk kid. He can’t keep it up.”

He wipes his face and stands up confidently.

“We’ve got him now, Mike.”

Twenty minutes later, Callen stands dumbfounded at mid-court.

Kopai walks to his bench as the umpire calls, “Game and set to Mr. Kopai. The score is now two sets for Mr. Callen and two sets for Mr. Kopai.”

Kopai wipes his face and racket and glances quickly at the scoreboard. A wisp of a smile tugs at his lips as he wipes his hands with his resin bag. The smile fades as he glances at Callen who is changing his shirt. The champion is red-faced, but the light of a winner is ablaze in his eyes. Callen looks up. “Ready, Scott.”

Callen gets new balls from the ballboy and walks to his baseline. He pauses, and his eyes take in the crowd and the stadium. For a moment there is a warmth and almost a sadness in those steel blue eyes, but then it vanishes and the eyes again become pools of ice.

He moves to the serving position and readies himself for the start of the fifth and final set. He pauses a moment longer than usual and serves a sizzling shot to Kopai’s backhand. Kopai’s return is met in mid-court by the charging Callen. Kopai races cross-court but Callen’s volley is to the other side.

“15-love,” calls the umpire.

Callen’s next two serves are aces, and he leads “40-love.”
Callen serves again, and Kopai's return floats to mid-court. Callen fakes a drive and then slices a drop-shot that not even the quick Kopai can touch. "Nice shot," is the American's response as the crowd roars its approval.

The players change sides, and Kopai serves. Callen's return is deep to his forehand. Kopai hits a topspin drive and follows it to the net. Kopai's inexperience is evident again. Callen is calling on his massive reserve of tennis knowledge that he has acquired on his way to his ranking of number one in the world. Kopai serves again, and Callen hits his return low and hard. Kopai chips a defensive groundstroke to Callen's forehand. Callen smashes a perfect passing shot, and Kopai's inexperience is evident again. Callen is calling on his massive reserve of tennis knowledge that he has acquired on his way to his ranking of number one in the world. Kopai serves again, and Callen hits his return low and hard. Kopai chips a defensive groundstroke to Callen's forehand. Callen's next shot finds the corner on Kopai's left and Kopai is helpless. "Love-30," comes the call.

Kopai serves again and Callen smashes his return. "Out," calls the linesman. "What?" cries Callen. "The ball was out." calls the linesman. Callen storms to the net. "The ball was in by at least an inch," fumes Callen. "The call is out," replies the linesman. Callen stares at the linesman. "The damn bloody ball was good."

An intervention by the umpire settles the argument against Callen, and he walks angrily to his backcourt. Kopai serves and moves into the net. Callen's return is packed with fury and Kopai's volley is wide. "15-40" is the score.

Kopai serves again and comes to the net. Callen hits an unbelievable return and wins the game. "Two games to love for Mr. Callen."
The next two games are won easily by Callen, and it looks as though the challenger from America is outclassed.

"Four games to love for Mr. Callen."
Callen serves confidently and comes to the net. Kopai borrows some of his opponent's strategy and passes him crosscourt. "Love-15."

Callen serves again and comes to the net. Kopai hits a driving return that is weakly volleyed short by Callen. Kopai's next shot slips by Callen easily. "Love-30."

Callen serves again and rushes the net. Kopai's return is low, and Callen dives to meet it. His foot slips, and he crashes to the grass. Grimacing, he rises and walks back to serve again. His next two serves are faults, and the game is Kopai's.

Kopai wins the next four games on Callen's errors and the crowd is awe-stricken. The quality of this tennis is above any they have before witnessed.

"Five games to four for Mr. Kopai."
As they pass at the net, Callen glances at Kopai. He notices that the American is breathing hard and that his head is just a little lower than before. Callen's cold eyes follow his opponent as he walks to the baseline and prepares to serve.

Kopai serves and Callen's return is high and deep. Kopai hits a strong drive and rushes in on his serve to retrieve. Callen's next shot is also high and deep. Kopai's shots are powerful, but Callen's are slow and accurate. Kopai has changed his game from the total aggression to patient defense. Kopai's eighth shot is wide, and Callen's confidence has returned.

Callen wins this game and the next one on Kopai's attempts to win the points with good shots.

"Six games to five for Mr. Callen."
The stadium is silent. All applause is quelled by the tension on the court. The players exchange sides and Kopai moves to serve.

The serve is a good one, and Kopai moves to serve. Kopai moves to the net. Callen's return is again deep and high, but Kopai has changed his game also and his overhead drives the ball past Callen's backhand. "30-15."

Kopai's overhead takes the next point after a series of groundstrokes are exchanged. "40-15."
Kopai serves again, and Callen's return is out.

"Game to Mr. Kopai," says the umpire. The set is tied at six games all. "Gentlemen, please approach the net."
The crowd waits with eager eyes. They know they are about to witness something that probably will never happen again. The players must now play to break the tie. The players will now play for the best five out of nine points to decide the match, the championship of Wimbledon, and the admiration of people everywhere.

Kopai wins the serve, and Callen chooses the right side of the court.

As they prepare to leave the net, Kopai glances at Callen. He expects to find Callen’s piercing eyes staring at him, but those blue ice cubes seem to be occupied with a scrutiny of his racket. Had he looked closer, Kopai may have noticed something that would have surprised him even more. As Kopai turns to walk to his side, Callen lifts his eyes and follows him. The eyes are the same but somehow they are different. The same total confidence is there, but they seem to be less cold and hard. They hold a respect and admiration for this young American who has matched him both in skill and cunning.

Kopai reaches the baseline and turns around. Callen grins at him and walks to his own backcourt.

For the two players, the crowd, the money, and the world are non-existent. Both are totally lost in concentration.

Kopai serves and rushes the net. Callen smashes his return down the line. Kopai volleys the ball cross court. Callen dives and flips the ball high in the air. Kopai’s overhead is perfect, and Callen watches the ball bounce high into the crowd.

Kopai serves again, and Callen misses his return.

“Mr. Kopai leads two points to love.”

Callen takes the balls and leaps into his serve. The serve is an ace, and Kopai cannot touch it. Callen serves again. Kopai’s return is weak, and the champion smashes it past the American.

“The score is four points all.”

The entire match rests on this one final point. Callen stares at Kopai. The American is poised in the far court awaiting Callen’s serve. Callen knows that Kopai will his his return and come to the net. Callen crouches and prepares to serve. For a moment he hesitates. The eyes glance again at Kopai. They are filled with a sort of emotional indecision. He glances again at the crowd and the stadium of Wimbledon that he knows so well. With a smiling sigh he makes his decision and serves. Kopai hits his return and rushes the net.

Callen is ready for the passing shot, and Kopai feels the hopelessness of defeat. Callen’s arm and shining racket flash through the ball, and it streaks by Kopai and hits two feet out on the right side.

“Out,” calls the umpire.

Kopai stares at Callen in disbelief. The American cannot believe that the champion has missed the shot that has made him famous.

Callen stares at the crowd.

Total silence reigns at Wimbledon. Seconds later there is bedlam. Cameras flashing, people screaming, reporters rushing for the telephones. Wimbledon is a madhouse.

Unknown Kopai has upset mighty Callen. As the players shake hands, Kopai’s eyes are still filled with awe of the champion and his disbelief of his victory.

“Great match,” are Callen’s only words as he moves away to make room for the presentation of the trophy. All eyes are on the speechless Kopai. No one notices the ghost of a smile that appears on Callen’s sweaty face or the look of honest satisfaction in his eyes as he watches Kopai receive his trophy.

Callen turns and heads for the locker room. The fans watch him as he goes: a defeated champion.

—David Greene