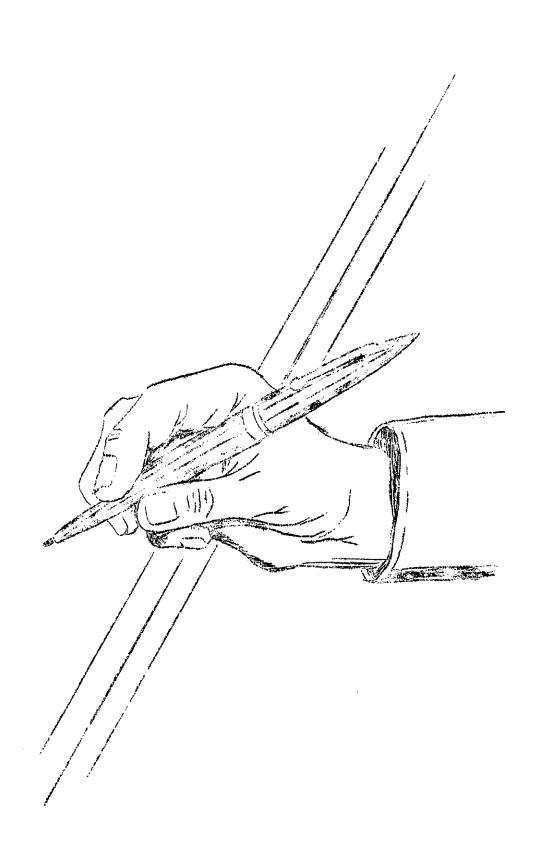


A LITERARY ANTHOLOGY
SPONSORED BY THE ENGLISH DEPARTMENT
PASCO SENIOR HIGH SCHOOL
PASCO, WASHINGTON

1962



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PERILOUS JOURNEY

I dreamed I was sailing on a Farmway sea,

God a sea, the clear black heavens.

The stars were my lanterns, lighting my way,

The North Star my destiny.

The sea was calm, and a cool breeze blev
from the east.

I steered sharply to the west, for Leo was
silently crouching, waiting for innocent
prey to pass.

I skimmed over the Big Dipper, my sails unfurled.

Suddenly I was thrown to the deck; I had hit a
reef, a falling star.

My tiny ship was cracked and slowly sank into the
dark sea. . .

And I, slowly drifted back to reality.

Suzan Weinrich

TUILIGHT TRANQUILITY

The life
Slowly drains
Out of the day,
And its final struggles
Stain the skies crimson,
Leaving the night
With its own peace
In the ebb of its withdrawal.

Pat Means

REGENERATION

The rotten bark has fallen Into a pile of heaped color, But young grass sprouts break The summit And a beetle burrows his home In a wasteland.

Jim Devine

MEMORIES

The last excited squealing of girlish voices left the corridors.

Now the halls were filled with an ominous silence broken only by the clip-clop of my heels.

The banging of locker doors, the scuffling of feet, and the excited and secretive mingling of voices which had filled the halls with joy and laughter just the day before had now departed.

Now, this joy was gone, but with me to stay were the unforgettable memories. . .

Memories of the shouting and clapping and cheering captured from a hard-fought basketball game; the soft rustling of billowing gowns at the prom; the long, but enjoyable hours spent planning the class assembly; the umph and the clam put into tennis, earning the honor of serving as a member of the team; the sleepless nights spent studying for semester exams.

Yes, these memories accompanied me as I left my beleved school forever.

D⁹Ova Wallace

KNOWLEDGE

Knowledge is what I learn from reading books
Or even in everyday happenings;
Maybe it's the hard knocks of life
That I unintentionally stumbled on.
It comes when I can accept what I am,
And build on my feeble foundation,
a stable life.
Then I can proceed onward with

even more knowledge; Knowledge of studies, earth, and life in general.

Knowledge which lasts a lifetime
And Knowledge which can be shared.
Knowledge is something free that is denied
to no one.

Marsha Nelson

DEDICATION

To the restless ones;
To all the gallant, frantic fools
Who would follow the path of the sun
Across opal waters
To distant horizons beyond;
To them I dedicate this part of
My soul . . .

Les Weaver

MIGHTY MONDOES

Sea snails, star fish, and hermit crabs,
Sandabs for the children to dig;
Kelp, bass, silver perch,
Fishermen with bamboo and glass poles;
Beach bags, big straw hats, orange nail polish,
Short shorts of ticking worn as lures for the
masculine gender.*
Blue-bellied lizards, green and gold
pebbles, irridescent shells,
Sea grass waving.

Hand-dozed race tracks for plastic cars,
The scuffling and shricking salt foam fights.
Army blankets and over-grown bath towels,
Warm yellow sand, white sun,
Roaring motor cycles,
Base blacked model T's and surfboard wagons,
Big wer backs to sport when the day gets hot,
Hershey bars, pop, and ice cream.

Night skies sprinkled with diamond dust;
Bonfires
Roasting marshmallows and weiners;
Hamburgers and chili beans,
Cool breezes chasing through your hair while
telling and listening to ghost stories.
Tiki torches,
Congo drums going wild in the distance,
Weathered beach cottages shining light
and warmth from within.
Hunting grunion and grunion waves
With a lover's arm about your waist;
The breakers that give a fast long rides...
These are the Mighty Mondoes.

Ruth Shambeau

AMERICA'S CHILDREN

Their carefree laughter echoes from the yard;
The cherry tree in fullest bloom
Holds the young Tarzans
Who squeal happily
At the sight of young girls
Running from the cloudburst
Of cherry pits.

Jump ropes snap rhythmically
Against the warm pavement.
Peanut butter and jelly
Do their best to conceal
The identity of the youngest merry face.

Terri Eitelberg

LONG, LONG, THOUGHTS

"And the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts."
Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Should we keep peace with them at ev'ry cost And blindly choose the bloodless path each time Until all freedoms, bravely won, are lost Because we choose the peaceful hill to climb?

And, being preyed upon by thoughts of death, Should we allow ourselves such fright of war That liberties must take a dying breath As, conquered, we can claim them ours no more?

Take care, great nation, walk with cautious tread; You've lives to guard and rights to keep secure --Be sure your trusting countrymen are led In ways to make their freedoms e'er endure.

Cheryl Lindner

NATURE'S WARLORD

The rains are coming soon. If not today, Tomorrow afternoon. The rains cleanse as they pour Down through the trees To the forest floor. Gathering in droplets On the good green earth, Then running together With silent mirth. They flash toward a meeting place And join with levity For one last laugh, Then call with gravity, "Come, follow me." So silently, Yet with great power, Water goes blindly. First with weakness It gently tumbles; Then with its brothers Down the gorge it rumbles. Rushing, destroying Nature and man. Killing the bear, Drowning the land. Surging through towns Knee-deep in mud; Mighty and powerful, This god known as Flood.

Mkg Uptone

SWIRLING WATERS

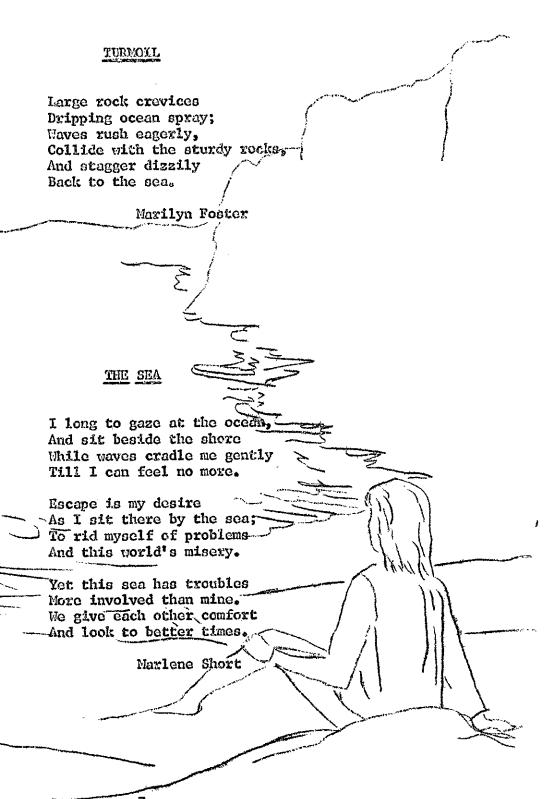
Brown water,
Serene until a drop of rain
Sends an impulse
Over the narrow strip.
Circular waves
Spinning, cause turbulence
To a solitary ant
Floating on a leaf.
Ripples break
As the pebbles are joited
From their resting place.

Janice Schauss

MORNING

Swift fluttering of feathers
To the top of the fence rail;
The beating of wings;
The cock sings
His early morning song.
The banging of pails
As the farmer moves from cow to cow;
Faint wisps of rising smoke
Coming from the chimney
Herald the awakening day.

Carl Kinion



Softly,
The raindrops
Patter to the welcoming arms
Of the thirsting earth,
Providing the life-giving moisture
Essential for nature's growth.
Soon,
The rain ceases
As suddenly as it began,
Leaving a clear stillness.
The sun pokes his head
From behind a cotton-puff cloud;
A multi-colored rainbow slides
Across the heavens -Another of nature's wonders.

Dianne Cole

LINES WRITTEN TO EXPLAIN EDWARD FITZGERALDOS TRANSLATION OF THE RUBALYAT

The meaning of THE RUBALYAT is actually quite clear, When known that it's written by a man with no fear Or glad expectations of that which might come After man's wild fling with nature and life is done.

Omar expounded that the reason man is alive Is to try all the pleasures his mind can contrive; No reservations, no inhibitions, no self-control Over all wordly funnings. To heck with the soul!

Logic, Reason, Faith -- These were nothing to Fitz But <u>feelings</u> from senseless and meaningless writs. Quoth he, "What proof have we of Heaven or Hell?" And, "Of these how many have come back to tell?"

Besides, such theories of Heaven and Hell merely serve To spoil the immediate pleasures man surely deserves. That life is for real, only this can we know --So with jug and a book to the wilderness we'll go --Singing!

John Finney

A SPARK

At first it is but a tiny spark; And then a small flame flickers and starts to grow; Slouly at first, Then suddenly, increasing in size and momentum, Becomes bigger and bigger, exploding into life. Minutes later a small spark has grown into a Blazing inferno, leaving behind a trail of charred And blackened destruction. Flames are now everywhere, Whipping, snapping, and darting, Reaching out and licking hungrily at everything Within reach. Sparks and flaming debris Fly into the air in all directions And ignite numerous other fires, only to be Engulfed in the path of the main fire, a towering giant Racing over the landscape. Hours later, low glowing embers and an occasional Wisp of smoke are the only signs of life on a blackened Landscape.

Kirby Killman

SEA MOOD

The white-crowned waves that dance
Along the shoreline
To the rhythm of the wind
Suddenly become angry as the wind's rhythm
changes,
Swallowing up the boats that can't escape
Its reach.

Georgia Harter

SEA HARMONY

Sea
In quiet stillness,
Undisturbed, respected,
Feared invall its grandeur -Lullables the world with admonishing cadence.

Sue Deitrick

AWAKENING WOODS

As the rushing spring gurgles along, It sounds like hundreds of rustling leaves Fluttering, jumping over the rocks Along the banks of the spring. Along the banks of the spring is the velvety green moss Clinging to stones and ancient tree trunks. The assorted green shades of the wood harmonizes With the ground, covered with prickly pine cones and needles. The brisk air of the mountain is scented with smells Of pine trees, wildflowers, and tree pitch. Little patches of wild strawberries are scattered Over the demy meadows. The red paint brushes are just beginning to open While the miniature creatures of the woods Secretly creep between old rotten tree stumps, Ready to begin their new day.

Cathy Crow

COMPULSION

As cruel and harsh as God's own hand,
As sweet and calm as children's dreams,
Resting place of fools and kings -The Sea.
Oh! Just to see her once again!

Linda Dickerson

WINTER®S FINGERS

Tcy steel bands grip the earth Groping toward a sterile sky, starved lifeless limbs And grass rigid in its frosty straitjacket Breath, hanging gray and still ---Life's very blood creeps.

Judee Browning

FOG

The fog
That creeps across
The ground crawls back again
Without a sound as if it had
Not come.

Arleen Hanson

SUMMATION

.

Yes, I shall live this day, in truth,
today!
What can I care as to a future way
When I am now of Hell and Heaven tasting?
What more does there exist? What more
to say?

Joan Pierson

TREE, TREE, TREE

Oh, silly tree with age rings plenty,
Your beard of moss displayed by the sun,
No harm you do, but you will die.
You grow so trusting, not knowing your life will be
cut short by puny man.
By hot fire or cold steel, man will climinate you,
Yet still you reach unswervingly for the heavens.

Terry Wynia

FOR ALL TIME!

Somewhere, beyond the farthest mountain, Perhaps, across a distant sea Through stormy, rough, and tixed terrain, A peaceful land must wait for me.

I cannot get there in a day.

I first must cross the wind-swept plain,
Where every bush may bar the way,
And every rock may hold a pain.

The hardships of the journey lost In promise that the end is near, Not far beyond the melting frost, To lift me from the depths of fear.

This land I know will soon be mine. If stopped my journey is by fate, I go again some other time, Until I reach the final gate.

Robert George

THE SEA

The sea so huge and dark with
Rolling, recling white-capped waves.
The sea so small and dark
Bringing close to opposite shores
Small nations, large nations, -- enemies.

Linda Covgill

HOARY MOONGLOW

The silvery moonglov Frosts the placid lake With peaceful beauty.

Bob Hammons

FLOTSAM

A shattered beachscape, Limp and twisted In the grasp of The sea. And the debris Whose resting place Was the sand, Now floats In a strange And hostile world.

Pat Means

THE RAIN

The rain
Comes down in
Huge drops,
Pounds against the rooftops, gushes down
The rain pipes to
Mingle and purify the parched earth.
Cars whirr through rain puddles
On their ceaseless journey to nowhere.
But the rain
Remains in rivulets
Circling.

Carol Maxson

MAKE BELIEVE

A child Can take a toy And make believe a lot And never tire of this one thing At all.

Diane Brown

A BIRD

A bird
Might fly against
The wind until he sees
A place where he can stop and rest
His wings.

Candy Gregson

NIGHT

The night
Is dark and full
Of peace while stars that gleam
Inhabit sheets of black that make
The sky.

Arleen Hanson

THE GAME

It starts With enthusiastic shouts of advice And hearty slaps of encouragement. The underdog is Full of secret hopes of creating an upset While the other team beams with confidence. The first quarter Shows the trend of the game --The favorite steadily building its margin. Throughout the game the loyal fans are Behind their team. In the final quarter The losers, Doggedly trying not to give up, Give their all, Hoping not to disappoint Their school, their coach And most of all, Themselves.

Ralph Kincaid

HAIKUS

The small grain of sand Sits silently on the beach, Creator of shores.

Chuck White

Moonbeam, touch your face To the spray and the eager Salt 'breath of the sea.

Harold Maxwell

Across the river
To a misty land of hope -But where is the bridge?

Mary Shaffstall.

A dandelion,
Old and white, but still lovely -One breath, and it's gone.

Chris Asplund

Watchful are the trees; Not a shuffle of their leaves. A storm is coming.

Sherrie Hatfield

Shiny new armor Now lies old and rusting as Youth still flourishes.

Steve Moser

The sun's heat burns white, Scorching grass and all things green ---Earth awaits the rain.

Nick Kolby

Momentarily One's name glitters like a star, Then all lights fade out.

Ted Osborn

Snow wheels fall lightly, Pure and soft against the eye ---Winter's messengers.

Jerry Kasko

The gossamer spun web Netted between the vines --A fly struggles.

Linda Daro

White pillars hanging; Long, pure diamonds in Spears of sparkling ico Russel Rehm	the sun;	
Sea of golden grain: A flaming scythe from the Leaves a blackened earth of the Lewandows	the sky	
The leaves sway gently. A hateful storm approace The trees are bare. Carmen Brown	ches.	
The wind calls the nig To some unknown place, In trickles the light. Ferris Naef	and then	And the second of the second o
The little blackbird With amouthly soaring The salt of the sky Ferris Naef	vings, is	
17		

Jagged streaks of light, Immense, abrupt, then fleeing Magnify darkness.

Janice Schauss

Splintering night, bagpipes
Wail -- Harsh, discordant strains . . . a
Brave few charge -- to die.

Sandy Jones

The dove's mournful cry
Is heard by sculs of mortals
And is echoed there.

John Anderson

There was a time when Silver gleamed and lances flashed. Now just confused fog.

Jim Devine

Somewhere in the dark Behind the branches creaking, An owl is sleeping.

Janet Cruzen

Drifting gray sands click Whispering a lonely song, Forever restless.

Jackie Barrat

Lordly boulder stands Life crushed beneath, 'til through it Creeps a lowly weed.

Sandy Jones

The swollen river
Lies listless after gorging
On its muddy banks.

Neville Spadafore

Steel blades will lash out, And the ripe brown sprouts will fall, For it's harvest time.

Janet Booher

Every movement is hushed; Just the flicker of a pulse, Then a star is flung.

Al Johnson

The towering waves Will beat with icy hammers On the granite cliffs.

Neville Spadafore

An eager morning, With fervid eyes, is melting The cool, sleeping fog.

Karl Palmer

The black spider spins Around the temple bell tongue. The ancient bell tolled.

Sandy Kahle

The storm's violence Pounds the covering cedars Into submission.

John Anderson

The gentle moonbeams Come sifting over the hills Bathing them in silver.

Judee Browning

The brilliant stars shine As if there were fire in Their smoldering eyes.

Beverly Meyer

The fruit hangs heavy, But, alas! Unplueked fruit falls And withers with age.

Sharron Gibbons

A clock is human. If you take away its face There's no use for hands!

Ron Rhoads

Hot sun beating down
Fiercely on the desert floor
As buzzards circle.

Alice Wihlon

Blades of grass hidden Along a mountain trail die Sadly, unnoticed.

Jim Devine

The eager bud swells To break from motherly bonds, And meets frost and death.

Lee Lewandowski

The greedy wind pulls And drags along with its bits Of earth and autumn.

Ginger Mitchell

Now the wind revels And plays among the wheat, but The thresher must come.

Ginger Mitchell

Happiness has come.
The mind has been freed of thought;
An alarm clock rings!

Carmen Brown

Small poison mushrooms In a dreary yard corner Are startled by light.

Janice Schauss

THE HILL

The sun was just rising above the hill; its rays filtered through the occasional slits in the overhanging missure of cloud and smoke. Though the grass was a brilliant green where it had not been uprooted, the splotches of red blood made the gruesome scene a colorful spectacle of misery and death.

Before the sun had made its appearance, the moan of many men in misery had filled the crisp morning air and the mourn-ful sound had been carried by the wind to the ears of tense-ly waiting comrades.

One could observe the gradual slope of the tree-studded hill and the bodies of dead and wounded men sprinkled along its crest, just before the hill fell to the waiting enemy.

An observer could witness the men lying in the trenches looking toward the sky and waiting for the smoke to clear and the clouds to float by in the early morning light. Is the hill worth the misery and loneliness represented on it? The bodies riddled with bullets and fragments of cannon shell . . . the flowers crumpled and crushed by charging horses and advancing cannon the grass uprooted by the tramping of many feet. Was the hill worth it?

It was early autumn and the brightly colored leaves of the grees had fallen and all but covered the mangled body of the dying captain who had gallantly led the charge of the night before, up the hill and into the arms of the waiting enemy. Now and then the breeze, chilly in the morning crispness, would scatter the burying leaves and allow one to glimpse the dying man.

One could observe the lieutenant, carefully probing the depths of his mind for the courage to lead the coming charge and clash again with their neighbors from the South. The sun appeared above the horizon. Hard as he tried, he could ignore it no longer.

"Charge!!!"

Pete Lorain

A THOUGHT

I wish I could live a million years; Listen through a million ears; See the times through a million, eyes; Hear the cries of such as I.

Dave Bell

THE DESERT SLEEPS

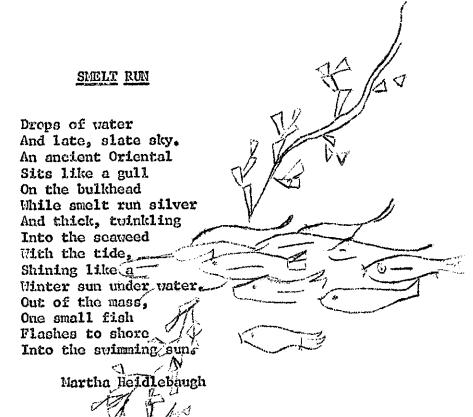
The sun, slowly sinking behind the mountain, sheds its fiery light on the flat, white rocks, and turns the sand a bright pink. The whole horizon seems to glow as if the very bowels of the earth were bursting forth.

Deep shadows cast grotesque shapes over the floor of the desert, softening its aridness. Occasional clumps of sage-brush catch the sun's rays and seem exowned with fire. A lone Joshua tree stands out against the crimson background, its gnarled trunk resembling an old man, head bent and back hunched.

The rasping whine of the locusts is the only sound heard. This is a lonely sound . . . peaceful, yet somehow haunting. As the day passes and the night creeps in, even this sound slowly dies. As the shadows swallow every object in sight, a hush settles over the earth. Soon . . . silence and darkness.

A faint wind begins stirring the sand and rustling through the dry brush, whispering a comforting song to the drowsy desert. With this melody, the moon rises steadily high in the heavens. It sheds only the faintest light . . . pale white, and cold as the chill in the gentle wind. With this silent sentinel above, the desert sleeps.

Lynne Davis



A CAREFREE LIFE

I wish I were a little breeze, alone and independent, able to go anywhere and do anything I pleased. I would go To Africa, hidden, and travel into the deep, dark depths of the treacherous jungle. I would go to Arabia where I would shift the white-silver sands. I would travel through Europe, visit the Eifel tower in Paris, and watch the gay gondolas in Venice. In Switzerland I'd rush down the majestic peaks into the cheery villages.

My travels completed, I would hurry back to the simple pleasures of my own land. There I would flit from tree to tree, letting the tiny leaves tickly my ribs. I would mischievously rustle the billowing skirts of the giggling young ladies passing by. I would cool the heated face of many a weary traveler. In winter I would huddle near the warmth of the chimney tops or under the protecting boughs of a tall young fir tree.

Content to be my own tiny self, I would fruitlessly scold my big brothers for their deeds of destruction and terror, unable to stem the passion in their treacherous hearts.

Then one day I would become tired and weak from my many travels and settle into an infinite sleep, happy, contended and unknown.

Jan Myers

THE JOURNEY

Lonely, bleak road;
Weather-hardened trail;
A cart dragged
By withered oxen.
The dreary, slow journey
To the distant city
Is interrupted
By the conquering night.

Marilyn Foster

MHET JACK JONES, ACE PHOTOGRAPHER

"Now listen, Jones, if you want to keep your job here at the Monthly-Weekly, you had better get some good pictures of that astronaut. What's his name? Glenn something? Well, no matter, Jones, just remember: no pictures, no peanuts, and that means you'll go hungry. Now get down there; 'But how?' you ask. By bicycle, you numbskull. Yes, from New York to Florida by bicycle! Stop that blubbering and get going!"

I gathered my equipment together, pumped my tires up again and started off. Boy, am I glad that south is down or I couldn't have made it on time. Well, the blast-off went fine and did I get some swell pictures! Now I knew I couldn't go chasing that capsule around, so I went down to the shore and hired one of those whatyacallum and headed for the recovery area. By the time I got there old what's-his-name was floating down. Well, I got a few shots before he hit the water and then a few through the window, and then I moved the old boat toward home.

I didn't make very good time going back, being all uphill, and I had to pump that crazy front tire up in every two-bit town. Of course I mailed the film ahead to the chief. I knew he would be glad to get them. Then I received the big welcome I deserved.

"You stupid, ignorant, B.B. fool! What do you mean by sending me that blank film? The slides weren't even turned over! You cost me a fortune, and what do I get in return? A bunch of blank film! Well, what do you have to say for yourself?"

"Then can I schedule retakes?"

Jack Jones

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