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## THE YOUTH

By Tom Refshauge

He was marching now, marching with his friends and young men of his own age, marching through the winding city streets, marching to the public square where they would hear their country's leader speak.

The day was perfect; a light breeze stirred occasionally, brushing its cool fingers across his face. As he adjusted the sweaty leather chin strap of his helmet, he marched on, keeping in step and watching the long sea of men stretched before him, the rolling shoulders, and the bobbing helmets. He thought of the many times he had wandered through his father's field, thinking of God's wonderful world and dreaming of the things he hoped to do in it.

As he marched on, he was filled with a feeling of rich satisfaction. He felt pleased because he belonged to something, and he was doing something. He was a part of a glorious movement, and he was fulfilling his duty to his country, his people, and his nation's leaders.

They were nearing the square now, marching like a massive machine. The rhythmic clack of a thousand boots on the pavement and the throb of drums pulsed in his veins as his voice lifted with the others in a song of their country.

A trickle of pride shivered up his spine when he saw the large brilliantly colored banners—flags of his nation—unfurled against an immaculate, clear sky. Above the platform was a huge bronze plaque of a magnificent bird with its wings outspread—the king of birds. In its talons it held a symbol of both war and peace.

"Ah yes," he thought with proud conviction, "we," like the eagle, "are the greatest of them all."

As their nation's leader rose to speak, the youth's heels clicked together smartly, his arm flashed upward in a snappy salute, and his own young voice joined with the others to shout, "Hail the Fuhrer!"

## INTELLIGENCE

By Terry Thompson

Intelligence is to recognize  
There's more to Life than meets the eyes.

like the pictures they paint? I wonder how He looks today, not 2,000 years ago. Does He have long hair, a beard, and the long flowing robes that artists depict? I have a feeling that HE would be in modern dress. I wonder whether HE would be six feet or ten feet tall.

I wonder!

## THOUGHTS ON GRAY

By Cindy Bell

When love is present, all is forgiven.  
Upon absence, though,  
There is stillness.  
Thoughts become  
Obsessive—taunting and teasing  
A lonely heart.

Doubts and fears are questions,  
Answers to which can only be found  
In compassion.  
Contempt is now  
Appealing to a heart which still cannot  
Hide its love.

Love may masquerade as Hate,  
A devil-emotion willing to subdue  
The tender heart.  
To withstand all,  
I cannot succumb to fear and doubt—  
I must believe.

## INTROSPECTION

By Kate McMartin

The white rain floated earthward—  
Featherlike, regal,  
Scattering here, there . . . nowhere.  
It was dusk—almost night.  
Time for memories returning—  
Heartache, yearning . . .



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## BERMUDA

By Paul Stembler

It was our first major move in three years and our first move overseas. My father had been in Bermuda during the war and had beautifully pictured for us the smooth, coral-pink beaches, with palm-lined roads and quaint colonial homes. He awed us with the description of a large, rolling plot of land overlooking the ocean, with a majestic home topping an enormous basement that would be for us children.

Thinking back over most of your moves, how many of them have turned out as you expected? In my mind, I had conjured a picture of nothing short of the Vanderbilt estate near Asheville.

Being, however, only eight years old, I was somewhat mistaken. The house was a small, two bedroom affair with a basement no bigger than a large ping-pong table. Swimming was advertised as year-around. We found that the winter temperature got down to fifty degrees, with forty or fifty mile-an-hour winds, so swimming was far from advisable. Palm trees, bless them, were all over the place, stately, mute beasts that bore no kinship with their sweeping and romantic Pacific cousins.

Such was my first view of Bermuda.

## SNAILS

By David Wessale

A biologist will tell you, sure as can be,  
That a snail is not like you and me.  
It has no backbone, he will point out;  
It has no legs, no arms, no snout.

But I ask you now, (and the truth you must tell)  
Are you like a snail? Do you live in a shell?  
Do you live within a protective shield,  
Unwilling to compromise or to yield?

anyone or anything. I watched him limping along down the hall, his tennis shoe slung over his shoulder.

I didn't see Andy again until lunch time. A couple of my friends, Tom and Dennis, had just sat down with me at the end table nearest the door. The room was filling up fast. There was the ordinary noise of voices and clatter of trays. Above this commotion, I heard a jeer and a voice saying, "Here's Andy!" I turned toward the door, and there he was, looking as if he were afraid to make a move. Then he spotted me and came toward the table. I thought at first that my friends would get up and leave; after all, who wanted to sit next to practically a social outcast? I put my head down and tried to ignore him.

Andy said "Hi," but I didn't look up for fear he would sit down next to me and tell everybody I was his good buddy. He moved past us to another table. He sat down and took out a sandwich. As he began to eat, I noticed that everyone was looking at him as if he were some kind of freak. Andy noticed it too, and put the sandwich back in the sack. He left the room hurriedly, with his head held low. He went out like he was going to cry. He seemed not to notice anyone.

Before long, some guy came from the direction Andy had just gone. He said that some kid was in the john bawling. I got to worrying about Andy. After finishing my lunch, I asked Dennis to help me find him.

"What for? Who cares about him?"

I glanced at Tom and asked him, but he had to finish his lunch.

"Ok, I'll go myself."

I went down the hall to the rest room; but he wasn't there. I looked up and down the hall; it was vacant and silent, except for a couple of teachers. I went back to the cafeteria and sat down.

"Did you find Andy?" Tom asked.

"No," I mumbled. "I don't think anyone will ever really find Andy."

## PRIMITIVE

By Cindy Bell

Night is a god  
Which cloaks us until  
Day can show us  
We should not be afraid  
Of Night.



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## THE OUTCAST

By Gary Richardson

Andy entered the locker room at the beginning of second period, only to find it deserted. He figured he was late again. When he started toward his locker, he stumbled over a bench, throwing his notebook ahead of him. Andy shoved the papers back in and threw the notebook into the locker. He managed to get dressed for gym, that is, all except his tennis shoes; the strings were tied in knots too tight to loosen with his fingers. After fumbling with them, he managed to get the left one on.

"I'll fix the other one when I get to the gym," he thought. "I hope Mr. Black won't be mad at me for being late."

Down the now quiet hall he stumbled along as fast as his long awkward legs would take him, not taking time to straighten his rumpled t-shirt or tuck it into his trunks. With one shoe on and the other in his hand, Andy reached the door of the gym and sensed that something was wrong. The class was standing in line for roll call, but they were dressed in street clothes. What started as a giggle rose to a laugh. Andy forced a smile, but inside he felt sick. Again they were laughing at him.

Mr. Black finished roll call and approached Andy, who was still struggling with his shoe. "Andy, why did you get dressed for gym?"

"Well, don't we always have gym on Fridays?"

"When you saw the locker room deserted, didn't it occur to you that we weren't dressing today?"

"I thought it was late and everyone was already dressed."

Finally Mr. Black gave the order for the class to leave the gym and find seats in the auditorium to watch a movie. He told Andy there wasn't time to change so, still wearing his baggy gym clothes, he shuffled along with the class. I asked Andy to sit next to me. It was dark, and few people would notice him. He welcomed my invitation, but I knew he felt uneasy.

After the movie had started, someone took his gym shoe and threw it somewhere. Poor Andy spent half the movie crawling around on the floor looking. Finally, when the movie was over and the lights were turned on, he recovered his shoe, with a little aid from the coach. Andy headed for the locker room, staring straight ahead, seeming not to notice

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## UNIVERSE IN MELODY

By Steve Phillips

### SILENT PICTURES

The silence of interstellar space,  
The silence of clouds whipped before the moon,  
The silence of the mountain heights,  
The silence of a hawk's flight,  
The silence of a falling leaf,  
The silence just before the dawn,  
The silence following the storm,  
The silence of the forming idea,  
The silence of the watching sentry,  
The silence of the empty battlefield,  
The silence of a granite tomb,  
The silence of deep regret,  
The silence of an empty church.

### CAESURA

The silence of a baby's peaceful sleep,  
The silence of a child's venturing step,  
The silence of a girl's first heartbreak,  
The silence of a woman's first love,  
The silence of a bride's solemn joy,  
The silence of a mother's maternal gaze,  
The silence of a parent's understanding,  
The silence of a widow's loneliness,  
The silence of death's deep sleep,  
The silence of dawn's new light,  
The silence of the eternal love of God.

## JUST A THOUGHT

By Paul Albee

I think some night the stars will gaze  
Upon some cold gray stone,  
And see a name that knew no fame,  
And lo! 'Twill be my own.



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## WHERE I LIKE TO GO

By Kent Cumblad

Alone—is where I like to go. Alone is the most scenic place in the world. It is an area interrupted by no “other opinions,” no “other desires,” and no “other prejudices.” Alone is found in many situations. My favorite Alone is in a boat in the middle of a lake at dusk. A light breeze and misty air are commonly found in this Alone. Alone also can be found in a quiet forest early in the morning, or on top of a hill at sunset. All of these situations describe my Alone—a place where one answers only to himself for his actions—where one can walk, run, crawl, or stand exactly where he wants.

Alone is a place I wish I could be more often, but because others desire this same Alone, my Alone is rarely alone.

## UNIDENTIFIED FLYING OBJECT

By Tom Dwyer

It was a brisk October night somewhere on the flatlands of Kansas. The moon and the stars shone brightly as a light wind whistled across the far-reaching wheat fields.

John York, a young bachelor farmer, was just about to turn in for the night after putting in many hours of hard work. John was somewhat of a lonely man, running his farm by himself, but he made a good living and didn't seem to mind the work.

It was just nine o'clock as John turned out the light and crawled into bed. He tossed and turned for a while as a branch kept tapping on his window, but after the wind finally died down, he dropped off to sleep.

It couldn't have been more than an hour later when John was awakened with a start. He heard a tremendous, earth-shaking sound that he thought must have been a hundred jets flying overhead. John hurriedly put on his pants and ran out on the porch. He was amazed to see one circular craft that shone so brightly it lit up the whole sky. As John watched closely, the strange craft then landed not more than a mile from the spot where he was standing. Although John was terrified by what he had seen, his curiosity was too much

at the beast within the jaws of the trap.

The cold steel bar was down across the powerful hind legs, which the savage animal used for the lunge upon its prey. The front paws were equally powerful, as these were used to tear our bait into shreds, then stuff it into the animal's unmerciful mouth. The teeth and jaws began gnawing at the trap to gain freedom, but with no luck. The beast was caught.

I crept toward the trap. I reached down, carefully, to release the spring and to capture the animal with my hand. At last! The safari was a success. We had captured the rare *Microtus*. We returned to the camp. The porters made a cage and I put the *mouse* inside.

## EXPRESSIONS

By John Van Pelt

On Christmas day it is always interesting to see the expressions people have on their faces as they open their presents. On the other hand, the expressions they have on their faces as they give their presents to someone else also are intriguing.

My father never smiles when he gives someone a present. When he receives a present, he has a grin from ear to ear and a happy look in his eye.

My mother always gives a little sweet smile with a gift. When she receives one, she has kind of a smiling thank-you.

My brother always smiles as if he really enjoys giving. He always acts surprised when he receives a present, as if that were the last thing he expected you to give him.

Both of my sisters act the same when they receive a present. They both sit and thank you for ten minutes. The next ten minutes they sit and admire it. Then the next twenty minutes they sit and tell each other how many ways they can use it. When they give a present, they give the gift and a smile.

## CURIOSITY

By Cheryl Jensen

Curiosity is the strangest thing.

Have you seen it poking its nose around the corner?

Only charmed by the bee, thinking not of its sting?

It's frolicking under beds, checking closets,

snooping under dormers.

And it giggles quite a lot.



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## THE HUNT

By Mike Gipson

"Blast it! Here it is Friday, and the third week in a row without an expedition." Those were my words just before the phone call from the Museum of Science. I finally arranged an expedition to the Zambezi Mountains in the North of the Province of Malagasy. The hunt would be for the most feared creature in the mountains, the rare *Microtus*.

On the following Monday came the task of rounding up satisfactory provisions for our journey. Guns, traps, candy, food, tents, first aid kits, and much more. While I was about my tasks, my assistant was making the calls to get our passports and shots lined up.

On the third Tuesday after the phone call, we started loading equipment on the boat that would transport us across the ocean where the second leg of our hunt would begin. Departure to arrival was eight long and sickening days. The sea was rough, and as a result we lost two traps.

The arrival at the port of Morondava was a welcome one. Wasting my time wasn't my business, so I got to work instantly to round up porters who dared go into the Zambezi Mountains. Two long days of searching yielded only four porters. They would have to do.

At dawn of the third morning we started our trek up the mountain. It took us three long, hot, grueling days to get to the camp site. Dusk on the third day was quiet and lonely, as only our camp had been set up. All through the night you could hear the object of our quest crashing through what little brush there was.

At dawn you could tell that the sooner this bloody thing was over, the happier the porters would be. This day's work would be that of unpacking and oiling the traps we had left. We would have to tighten the traps so that the little devils we were trying to capture wouldn't get away. The day was quiet, which meant our guest would be out that night. We cut bait and stretched back the traps and placed them in carefully chosen spots.

The dawn finally broke after a long and tension-filled night. Checking our guns and first aid kits, we set out to inspect the traps. The first two were untouched, but luck was with us; the third trap had something. It was being thrashed about in the small bush by its captive. We stopped and gazed

for him, and he decided to see what this mysterious craft was and why it had landed on his farm.

When John reached the landing place, he saw the craft. It was about fifteen feet high and thirty feet in diameter. What John was seeing he could hardly believe. A hatch opened in the side of the craft and two figures, obviously not human, walked out. They stood over eight feet high, and their faces looked as though they were made of scar tissue. John turned and started to run, but suddenly he seemed to be caught by some kind of invisible magnetic force. He couldn't move.

As John's heart pounded furiously, he heard one of the figures say to the other, "We may go now. We have captured our earth creature and may return to run a series of tests on the structure of its body."

## DRIVER'S LAMENT

By Ann Lage

The snow was softly falling;  
You begged me for a ride,  
But I drove on in selfish bliss  
Until the motor died.

Alas, said I in panic,  
Whatever shall I do?  
I desperately need some help  
But where, oh where, are you?

I finally had to call the truck  
To help me on my way;  
Why can you never find a friend  
On a cold, cold winter day?

## FEAR OF THE UNKNOWN

By Fran Van Milligan

The roar of the wind and an eerie night;  
A scary book and a shadow's fright.  
A second look; it's just the light.  
To fear the unknown is to fear the night.



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## LOOK — AND YOU'LL KNOW

*By Marsha Griggs*

Look at the clouds;  
Do they look man-made?  
Look at the soil  
That we turn with a spade.  
Look at the sun,  
Brightening the day.  
Gaze at the beautiful milky way.

What architect's work could compare with such skill?  
What sculptor or painter could create such a thrill?  
Then if you want an intricate plan,  
Just look at the complex body of man.

Look at the beauty found in the seasons,  
Mysterious changes of scene without reasons.  
Notice the wind as it invisibly blows.  
Look at the beauty of a single rose.  
And when o'er these pathways  
Your eyes have trod,  
You'll know that this splendor  
Was created by God.

## DEATH FOR LIFE

*By Tom Klein*

A pleasant day, a peaceful sky;  
I fish to eat.  
Dark glasses to protect the eye;  
I watch the wind.  
The sun is hot, for noon is nigh;  
I look for shade;  
For in the shadows he will lie;  
I cast the bait.  
With sudden fury, anger high,  
The brave fish strikes.  
A valiant fight, but he must die;  
For I must eat.

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## DESCRIPTION OF A CITY

*By Pat Van Gorp*

Like a massive octopus, reaching from island to the mainland, lies horror, discontent and deadliness.

See it there, with its stretching arms of cement which cover the freshness of new grass; and its tall, dark structures that grow like parasites on the once-tilled soil, but now hide the beauty of the natural horizon. The mechanical devices with their aberrant noises and deadly powers now rumble over the ground that deer once trod. Notice too, the boisterous, conforming hustlers which mastermind this insane maneuver.

There lies what is known to man as New York City. There lies the creation of human genius. There is the octopus with outstretched arms which smother all of nature's beauty.

## TERMINATION

*By Rolf Wulfsberg*

When life sustains  
And hope is nil;  
When one has gift  
And not the will;

When one has failed  
With tasks so meek;  
When one's attempts  
Have grown so weak;

When one has love,  
But yet one hates;  
When one won't act,  
But only waits;

When one's ideals  
Have gone astray;  
When all one's friends  
Seem far away;

When all of these  
One knows so well;  
The truth is known:  
Then one's in Hell.



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## QUARTET

By Pamela Nash

### THE TEST

If you can love the old tomcat,  
Mangy and battered and battle-scarred,  
As he sneaks away (with blood-stained paws)  
As well as you loved the soft kitten  
So carefully named and tenderly petted,  
Then you are a true cat lover.

### MEMORIES

People, who lived once and laughed,  
Now transformed into vague  
And shadowy wisps of smoke  
Existing only within  
The mysterious chemistry of the brain . . .

### WIND

When the wind  
Brushes past you and disappears among the trees  
Or scatters gum-wrappers and old brown leaves,  
Does it whisper  
Secrets no one can hear  
Until it is too late?  
Does it blow our fondest dreams  
Just out of reach?

### REVELATION

The glassy prism  
Casts a rainbow glow  
That is silvergold and cold.  
One may hesitate, but another  
Will strike and shatter the illusion  
Into tiny colored bits, which reflect  
But distort the World.  
Inside is revealed a lighted candle, burning.  
Is it, perhaps, the Key?

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## WITHIN THE CURTAIN OF MY LIFE

By Marilyn Perry

You'll never know the agonizing life a voting machine leads. What heartbreak, despair, and unhappiness occurs in our hearts when we stand there and have to accept the choices of the people in our community. If only we could yell, "Stop. Don't push that lever!" But alas, we are not permitted to do so.

Those poor misguided people. If only we could make them listen. "Vote intelligently!" We shout at the top of our lungs, but no one hears us.

Please don't let ignorance sway your choice in the next election. Get informed. Listen to campaign speeches, promises, and debates. Is everyone too much contented with easy living to discover the possible dangers ahead? Of course, no one really knows who will make the best office holder, but we can evaluate our candidates. Don't judge a man by his beaming smile, his checkered tie, or his flowery promises alone. Make sure that he has your best interests at heart before you push that lever.

What raises our blood pressure to the highest degree is the citizen who doesn't vote at all. We've heard the excuses a million times over.

"I'm too busy," is a popular one, or "There are plenty of people who will vote. What difference will one vote make?"

For the next election, save me from another disappointment of an unconcerned, uninformed voter. Most of all, let me see you within the curtain of my life!

## A TRIP TO THE OFFICE

By Bill Swim

Nervous movements of my hands and feet . . . quiet muttering under my breath . . . apprehensive glances toward the door . . . repeating over and over not to get mad . . . counting to ten twice . . . trying to be humble . . . counting to ten again . . . collecting my books for detention hall . . .



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## RESCUE IN SPACE

By Herb Dorsey

Being of old age, sound mind, and healthy bank account, I am able to look back into my life with a little more perspective and amusement than I had when I was living it. Though scorned by some and admired by others, my profession in life provided me with a satisfaction that is seldom equaled. A spacetrucker was I, and many a book has been written about the adventures I had while carrying precious cargoes from system to system.

I can imagine one incident that manifests itself not because of the danger involved, but because of the amusing way in which it was different from everything else that happened to me. I was six months out of Sirius and was headed through little-known space to a destination that only my ship's computers knew. I was traveling alone because the only co-pilot who had been available had come down with a case of radiation sickness. So I had to while away many lonely hours watching Tri-Dee or listening to recorded music.

One day while I was going through the same dull routine, I was astonished to hear the buzzer on my sub-space radio. This shouldn't be, I said, because I was light years away from the nearest ship. Anyway I put the set into operation and was confronted by an image of a beautiful girl flashing across the screen. To say the least I was quite excited, not having seen a girl for six months.

'Ah—who are you?' I stammered. She answered in jibberish which I could not understand. I was very much confused until I realized that I had forgotten to switch on the translator. Instantly that jibberish was translated into perfect English which told me a tale I will never forget.

She told me her name (which I still can't pronounce) and asked me to identify myself. I did, so she proceeded telling me that she was calling from the third planet in the system which I was now passing. She was the last survivor of a small race of people who had been killed off because of a terrible disease that had swept the planet. Would I please come and rescue her before the disease caught up with her? Knowing that her planet was at least a light year to my right, I hesitated. It would add at least a month to the time it would take to finish my trip. In spite of all, I agreed and

Valentine's Day. It is a recording of my mock-Galahad singing "Joyful, Joyful," a Presbyterian hymn. The record is inscribed: "To Mary, on Valentine's Day." I don't play the record, but I put it back and smile a little.

My knight is a senior now and barely speaks to me. He is not athletic or outstandingly popular, but he is doing a lot of creative and artistic work. He has won high academic ratings, and may receive a scholarship for his college education. I'm proud of him.

## PROJECT H<sub>2</sub>O

By Bill Anderson

Supplied with a lunch consisting of a peanut butter and jelly sandwich, a bottle of root-beer, and dragging a long-handled shovel which was almost twice as long as I was tall, I set out at age six on my journey to the far corner of the back yard. Having not quite dug to China on my last excursion, I would have been content to hit water on this trip.

There were many attractions that delayed me on my trip. I couldn't afford to pass up the chance to catch a grasshopper or two to put in my collection, even though Mother didn't quite approve. It wasn't that she didn't like them, it was just that she was running out of jars to put them in, or at least that's what she said. I couldn't have missed the chance to blow the dandelions' white tops off, which I had heard made them multiply. This was wonderful, since I was worried about the supply for next summer.

Having devoured my lunch after my strenuous journey, I began the excavation in search of water. The main problem was that I couldn't reach the end of the shovel, making it difficult to dig. Somehow I managed to scoop out what amounted to tablespoons of dirt. Having dug about knee-deep, which took me about twenty minutes, I uncovered my first treasure. It was a rusty tin can full of worms. I quickly tossed the can and squirmy contents over the fence into the neighbor's yard. At a depth somewhere between my waist and shoulders, I was astonished to find a *real, genuine*, Indian arrowhead *and* a bone from the leg of a dinosaur!

Water couldn't be much farther, as the hole was now over my head. The ground was becoming moist. At last a puddle began to collect in the bottom of the hole. I had struck water, and it surely would supply the *whole* block! Of course the fact that it had rained the night before was probably in no way connected with my finding water!



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## TALES OF CUSTARD AND THE DRAGON

By Mary Hannon

It must be nice to have a white knight. I wouldn't know, because my early Lancelot had one great problem: he was yellow.

Every girl dreams of a tall, silver-armored champion mounted firmly on a prancing white stallion who will someday come rushing out of the TV set and into her life. He will in no uncertain terms, prove that besides Ajax laundry detergent, love is *also* "stronger than dirt," and will thence proceed to carry her off to her Prince Charming's castle in never-never-land. After years of idle dreaming, and several dollars' worth of nickels dropped in various "wishing wells," I suddenly believed my dream had come true. A boy my own age had moved into the house next door. With a plate of chocolate cookies and two glasses of milk, our great romance began.

My knight was a bit thin and wore glasses, but he made up for this obvious weakness by being overly intelligent. At the ripe age of seven, he worked out a plan for selling his father's billiard balls to the neighbors for twenty-five cents a ball, and then buying his own subscription to "Uncle Scrooge" comic books.

Bright boy, but too much of an opportunist. If there were only two ways of doing a certain job, and he had access to the way which would cause him the least mental or physical strain, he would waste no time in doing the job the ethical or expected way. Subterfuge was his second nature.

I think you begin to see my hero's character shaping up. He was, at best, lazy and only interested in himself. This fault came sharply to the fore one winter day about nine years ago. My knight and I were walking the two blocks home from school when we were set upon by a pack of ferocious, wild snowball throwers. We suffered the first few attacks in silence, hoping to cause our assailants to lose interest in us and find other victims. When the attack continued and we began getting wet and cold, I turned to my champion to suggest that we fight. To my dismay, his face was white, and he was crying. I started to brace his courage, and he abruptly turned and ran home to his mother. I beat off the would-be-assassins alone.

Every few years I dig in my box of memories, souvenirs of earlier days, and I find a clear plastic record, red for

set my ship on a course that would take me to her planet.

The next day she called me again, and we had an interesting conversation about the similarities between our two cultures. So it went for a whole month while I was on my way to her planet. One day she would call me and the next I would call her until I can say we had grown quite fond of each other. In fact, by the end of the trip we could scarcely wait to see each other.

Well, at last the long trip was over. I was barely two million miles from the girl I could not wait to see. She gave me her position, and I began the long series of maneuvers that would land my ship and close the gap between us, which we felt had existed too long.

Through the atmosphere I came, my ship's skin glowing cherry red from the intense heat of friction. Down and down I came until the ship came to rest in a clearing surrounded by strange plants, the likes of which I had not seen before. Finding the atmosphere to be breathable, I got out and began looking for the girl I had come to save.

I didn't have to look long, because suddenly the ground trembled and shook as if it were going to fly apart. In a steady rhythm it went. Boom, crash, bam, it went. It was as if a monstrous giant were walking. And indeed it was, for not fifty yards on either side of me came to rest two giant feet clad in high-heeled shoes.

## NIGHT FOG

By Bill England

The night air is filled with fog and mist, like a room filled with smoke. It covers everything visible and seems to drift away when one walks into it.

The street lights shine out dimly as if one were watching fire flies in the distance. Lights from the buildings add to the effect of the already lonesome night. They act as if a lighthouse to every creature which happens to be outside.

An old tree which had been struck by lightning now is lying on the ground, swallowed by the restless fog. The fog and the eerie light give the trees a vague outline.

In the morning the quiet, peaceful, and mysterious fog will disappear, but like a cat leaving a ball, it is almost certain to return.



## THE MIRACLE OF BIRTH

By Martha Ely

When I was a little girl, all summers flowed into one another. I don't know the year of this particular summer, but it was before the removal of the big house, the term we used for the house left empty at my great-grandfather's death. It was before the asparagus patch went to seed and when the grape arbor still had palm-sized leaves and small summer green grapes that were hard and sour when you bit into them. Everything was sunshine and shadowed patterns, and everyone went barefoot.

It was in this atmosphere that I noticed Mr. Smith wandering about a garden that had been left to itself for several years. This didn't seem at all strange, as he had been my great-grandfather's gardener and often went poking around the grounds even after he was no longer employed. I didn't know at the time that he also had been a professor. I wasn't a particularly curious child, but it had been my grandmother's opinion that children should always be interested in the affairs of elderly people. (Of course, she abandoned this theory whenever it became inconvenient.) Trying very hard to sound enthusiastic, I politely asked Mr. Smith what he was doing.

He told me that he was looking for butterfly eggs. He showed me a leaf with tiny green bumps that the butterfly had laid. He said that they would hatch into pupae that would eat the leaf, eventually, and form chrysalises that turned into butterflies. I was fascinated when he showed me one.

I can remember smelling the spearmint as we passed under the grape arbor to his house. The ground was damp under my feet, and the grass was long and soft. However, when we reached Mr. Smith's yard, everything changed. It wasn't an ordinary backyard at all. It was like a greenhouse, with plants in flower pots on the work benches. Thinking back on it, that was the only time I saw Mrs. Smith. She was small, with white hair, and she looked like the woman who owned a dingy but mysterious gingerbread shop in a Mary Poppins book. I half-expected her to break off fingers of barley sugar candy, but she disappeared behind some flower pots.

Mr. Smith reached inside a huge wooden box with his

I pushed off from the top of "B" Avenue: I kept to a normal Gremmie's way of surfing until I had progressed a block or so. After the first block, I had gained enough speed, about twenty-five mph., to be a "hot dogger," or a fancy surfer. I did three "Pipe-lines" and a "360," which is making a complete turn around the board. I made sure that I wasn't turning into a "Marauder," a reckless surfer, from all of the excitement. I called out ahead to the next spotter, and he said that the coast was clear for the rest of the way down. By the time I had finished my ride, my friends were speechless—I had made one of the most spectacular rides of my career. I'll never forget it!

## THE WIND

By John Packwood

The wind blows steady  
and never ceases;

Try to resist  
and you're blown to pieces.

To find the way clear  
you must not use force;

One cannot resist;  
he must change his course.

## NIGHT SOUNDS

By Tom Klein

A watch ticking in steady rhythm . . . the almost imperceptible hum of the electric clock . . . the sharp crack of the house settling in the cold night air . . . the whisper of homeless wind hurrying to nowhere . . . the timid call of a far-off train echoing in and then out of the night . . . snow chattering angrily at a passing car and taking revenge by not allowing it up the hill . . . tires singing in hideous monotones, then giving up and backing down and going another way . . . the gentle thundering of a jet . . . cutting the night and marking it in halves with a piece of fluffy yarn the color of the moon . . .



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## SIDEWALK SURFING

By Doug Schumacher

In July of '64, a new fad was coming in, skate-boarding. A skate board consisted of a piece of wood and a skate tacked on each end. Of course, there were varying degrees of quality, from a one-by-four by-twenty inch piece of scrap wood with two rusty skates tacked on each end, to a mahogany-finished board with gold-trimmed, ball-bearing skates screwed securely onto the board.

I purchased one of the better-made skate boards, and after three or four weeks, I was the best "surfer" on the block. I soon had mastered the "pipeline," which is going over a manhole cover; the "hanging five," five toes over edge of board; "hanging ten," ten toes over edge of board; and the "wipe-out," which is losing your board, causing an abrupt stop to your ride.

As the weeks progressed, I had very few "wipe-outs." After two weeks more, I had mastered the "coffin," lying stomach-down on your board, and the "curl," a sort of huddle position. During the time of learning these new techniques, my friends around the block had got used to my constant, unconceited bragging about how good I was on a skate board. They told me how the surfers in San Francisco run the rails. In other words, they surf over the many railroad tracks which wind their way through San Francisco's hills. I told them, without having any idea of what it would be like, that I could do it easily. I did not know that they were leading me into a trap when they said that "B" Avenue from about Sixteenth Street to Nineteenth Street would be a good place to show my skill. We made arrangements to meet there at five o'clock Sunday morning.

The momentous morning came. Spotters were on every corner from Nineteenth to Sixteenth Streets. I had on the typical surfers' uniform, long swim trunks, hot rod T shirt, and sneakers. The hot rod shirt is a regular T-shirt with a drawing of a souped-up car on the back. The normal attire for a "Gremmie" (young surfer) is thongs instead of sneakers, but I had decided to wear sneakers because there was always the possibility of a "wipe-out," and the thongs do not protect your feet too well. I had mastered the "kick-out," which is saving a board from being "wiped-out," but I wasn't going to take the chance of something unusual happening.

jack knife and in my hand placed a tiny chrysalis still clinging to a sliver of wood. He told me to watch closely—that someday it would turn into a butterfly. I can remember the feeling of wonder when I held it. It was so remarkably small and yet alive. I went to look at it every day. At first it was only a pale green, but appearing slowly beneath the green you could see a pattern of orange and black.

When my butterfly finally emerged, something strange happened to me. I called my mother, and we both watched as it came out limp and fragile. It suddenly became a "he" rather than an "it." It seemed like something very magical that could only happen in fairy tales.

I kept him for a day, but the first feeling of wonder began to fade into sadness. I can remember people telling me that butterflies never live very long. Someone was even cruel enough to suggest that I chloroform it as a perfect Monarch specimen for a butterfly collection. But no matter who you are, you can't kill something that you have watched come alive.

I took the box to the place where I had first seen the butterfly eggs. I always went there when I was sad or lonely. I took the screen off. He majestically fanned his wings as though to say "thank you very much and good-by," and then he fluttered out of the box into the air as though he were playing with the sunshine. He was very happy, and suddenly, so was I, because we were both alive, and we were both childishly free.

I can't help thinking that somewhere among his flower pots and butterfly eggs, Mr. Smith silently smiled.

## AN OBSERVATION

By Steve Schwandt

Spring  
Is the dawn of the year,  
Awakening  
The slumbering earth that once lived,  
That shall again live  
From the depths of its snowy repose.  
Blown away by the winds of March,  
Winter  
Is once again a memory, soon to be forgotten,  
And a promise, all too shortly to be kept.



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## A SCREAM OF PROTEST

By Paul Albee

During the entire history of the motion picture industry, there never has been so much utter trash in circulation as there is now. Everywhere we look, it seems that the movie has become the lowest form of mass entertainment. Yesteryear's "flickers" took us away from the everyday, humdrum world and transported us into the pleasant and relaxing world of make-believe. Today's movies, by comparison, seem to want to dwell on man, his shortcomings, his intimate love life, and even his sexual problems. The whole story seems to be dedicated to making the viewer understand and tolerate the character.

What has happened to the old outdated—but far better—type of motion picture that the whole family could enjoy? Oh, I know there are still a few around, but they are few and far between. Even now, theatres are closing their doors because they can't draw audiences to see the "pulp" of the cinema industry.

Really great entertainment requires extraordinary skill, and this we fail to perceive. When will we ever become aware of the fact that as soon as we can tell the difference between good and bad moving pictures, then and only then will we be able to have the type of entertainment that is worth the price of the film it is printed on?

It is not a small thing to make a man laugh and forget his troubles for a couple of hours a week. It takes great talent, and genuine talent is a scarce commodity. As a result, each field has its own major talents, surrounded by second and third-rate imitators. Cecil B. DeMille was as great in his way as Conan Doyle was in his. Demitri Tyomkin creates a unique feeling as special in its excellence as that of Beethoven. Each type of person is no less rare than the other, and each has his imitators.

Only in the past few years have things gone from bad to worse. It used to be that you could purchase your ticket and be reasonably sure that you were going to see good entertainment. Today it is either moderately poor or loaded with sex and mentally disturbed characters. It is absolutely sickening to one's digestive tract. Things have gone far enough! It is time that we, the great long-suffering public, scream out in protest at the perpetrators of such outrages. "The traffic has taken all that it will bear!"

should be a part of every American's life. It can be the most expensive or least expensive hobby in the world. Anyone with either a voice or a pair of ears can enjoy producing or appreciating music.

## GENESIS

By Margaret Arnold

God created the earth,  
And the earth was black as night.  
Then God created the sun,  
And the earth was bright.

God created man,  
And man was hungry and lean;  
So God created plants and grass,  
And the earth was green.

Then man created buildings tall,  
And the grass was ripped away;  
And smoke from the chimneys clouded the sky  
As the earth turned gray.

Then man created hate,  
And hate created dread;  
And the ground was wet with the blood of man,  
And the earth turned red.

Then man created an end to life,  
And time was twisted back,  
As man, grass, and buildings burned  
And the earth turned black.

God created man,  
And man was hungry and lean,  
So God created plants and grass,  
And the earth turned green.

## SURFING

By Suzanne Frye

The rushing wave carries me  
Suddenly into reality.



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## MUSIC TO LIVE BY

By Elaine Pritchard

I suppose one could be analyzed by the type of music he enjoys. There seems to be music for every mood of life and for every person. Isn't it amazing that people of several countries may appreciate the same music, although they cannot understand one another's languages?

As people change, so changes music. People of some periods have enjoyed sounds that others would not even label "music." Some of Beethoven's last compositions have only recently been appreciated. If you have ever compared one composition played by several people, surely you have noticed that not always does one person play better than another, but rather with a distinguishing style. Notes that look the same may sound quite different. As a person matures, his style of music usually becomes more understandable. He is better able to express his feelings through his instrument. The empathy he feels for the music more closely controls the preciseness of his playing.

A mistaken opinion seems to be that lives of professional musicians are off-beat. The stereotyped violinist is not physically fit, has become prematurely gray, and must wear spectacles on the tip of his nose so that he can see all of the thirty-second notes. He is the absent-minded professor who cares little about political life around him, has time only for practicing, and loses patience with anyone not considering music as a career.

I know of one violinist, however (about twenty-three years old, having dark eyes, a most attractive smile, no mustache, but having a lot of coal black hair), who appears remarkably human. He understands how some people can enjoy popular music and not long-hair music, although he himself does not fully appreciate popular music. He knows that music appeals to people in many ways!

It's no wonder that musicians seem impatient. When they constantly strive to perfect phrases, how can they help scorning cheap noise and music played repeatedly with the same mistakes? Judging by the musicians whom I have known, under the circumstances it is amazing how patient they really are.

Thank heaven, not all of us will be musicians, but music

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## SATISFACTION

By Rolf Wulfsberg

Every Sunday I go to class  
To listen to the lesson.  
I see my classmates.  
They just sit there.

The theme is set,  
And then questions  
Are directed to the class.  
They just sit there.

So I begin to talk.  
I ponder, I argue,  
Trying to get them to *think*.  
They just sit there.

I tell them of Science;  
I tell them of James;  
But they don't care.  
They just sit there.

Inside I say  
How shallow they are;  
They just "accept" God, and  
They just sit there!

And as they sit there,  
Fat, dumb, and happy,  
I often wish  
That I were one of them!

## IT IS SO

By Cathy Suthers

A snowflake whirls in the skies,  
Then is caught by a child as it flies.  
The warmth from living  
Is given through giving  
But the snowflake melts and dies.



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## THE PLEASURES OF SIGHT

By Pam Gill

If I were given seventy-two hours in which to combine all the treasures the power of sight have given me, I would choose those which pleased, awed, mystified me, and made me thankful. Many things, I realize, would be overlooked or forgotten, and after I had entered the "realm" of the blind, there would always be something at which I would wish I had taken one last glance.

On those three days I would like to be located in Chicago, preferably during the summer. During the first twenty-four hours I would spend my time gazing at buildings, such as the towering Prudential in downtown Chicago. In staring at the rows of windows, I would especially try to remember what height is.

Also this day I would like to travel to the Brookfield zoo, located in a suburb, to picture the shape, size, and actions of the animals there. I would spend a lot of time in the reptile house, and try to place a picture in my mind of each specimen I saw. I would hope that on my way back I could see a horse grazing in a pasture, a meadow lark gliding through the air, or an Irish setter loping along the road.

For as long as I could stay awake that night, I would view colors: colors of neon signs over the stores in downtown Chicago, and color in the night sky of bright stars against the black velvet of darkness. I would make a list of all the colors I knew and associate them to something with which I was familiar: red to an apple, green to a blade of grass . . .

The next morning I would study people. First I would watch faces, noses, and lips of the people on the streets. Always, I would want to remember the faces of each member in my family. I would look at the color of hair, eyes, and skin. I would watch people move: how they bend to pick up fallen objects, how they blink their eyes, and how they dance at parties.

I would then go back to my room and take a good look at my friends, to remember their best features: a pretty smile, straight white teeth, or lovely shining hair. That night I would think about the things I had seen in the past two days and hope that they would stay with me.

On my third and final day I would take a walk in the

make out her features. Her body was badly burned from being exposed to my invention.

As I looked up, I noticed my invention carried in his left hand a human heart. I felt its hands upon my chest as it came to claim my heart.

## THE LITTLE TOY SOLDIER

By Carolyn Ward

The little toy soldier marches, pace by heavy pace, across the horizon of his little toy world. What a figure he makes, silhouetted against the mystic sky of night. Gun on his shoulder, heavy boots, and a too-large helmet. A boy, forced by destiny into the mold of a man.

What are you thinking, little toy soldier, as you keep your lonely vigil over the hushed countryside? Are you thinking of home, friends, or past happiness? Do your thoughts drift to a private place, a private dream, a hope you had before you were snatched away and thrust onto a lonely hillside of a strange land?

Or maybe you go only as far away as camp, where your buddies wait for your return. How you envy them at this moment, asleep and among friends, while you perch out here in the cold of midnight air. But how they envied you when you were chosen for this mission, for at least you get to do something, something to write back to your toy hometown about. What makes them have this driving urge, you wonder, this urge always to do something? What you wouldn't give to change places with one of them right now.

Or perhaps you are merely battling with yourself to stifle all thought of anything, fearing the feelings which may become too much for you. Escape is sometimes the easiest way, isn't it, little toy soldier?

But wait. Was that a movement in that bush over there? Better pay more attention. No, guess it was just the wind. Nothing out here.

But are you sure, little toy soldier? Take another look, quick!

It's too late. A shot cracks, the little toy soldier stumbles and falls to the ground, a stark form against the moon's ghostly glare.

Soon he is borne away, and is replaced by another Little Toy Soldier.



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## CREATION DESTROYS CREATOR

By Jan Smith

I felt a pull which nearly caused my body to be flung to the floor. The sensation had an inhuman quality. Even the candle near my bed added to the ominous gloom which caused a sinking feeling within me. Its hues seemed to laugh and mock me as they did their malicious dance across the walls of my room. I felt them, I felt them, and they tore my nerve fibers apart. Oh God, would they destroy my sanity?

I heard a sound. Could it be another intruder who was being nourished by the candle? I thought not, for the candle near my bed had melted down to a mere puddle of wax. I heard a low ghost-like groan, the kind a man makes before death. Did I make that groan?

I felt a cold numb sensation as I saw my reflection in the mirror. My lips had swollen shut and covered nearly my entire face. I fell back on my pillow, too numb from the sight of my reflection to move.

Oh God, oh God, have the neighbors discovered what is in my basement? I hope they inform the police of my sin. I thought I would always be the sovereign master of that flesh-loving creature which was born right in my own home.

I had one last hope; perhaps I could counteract my evil creation. I reached under the bed and pulled out a box, rusty with age. I fell to the floor and beat my fists upon it. I heard my voice echo in the darkness as I swore like a mad man. My chemicals and other valuables had been stolen! Now I was virtually defenseless against my own creation.

I began to feel uneasy, as I do when I'm around others. I felt that all my problems were a result of my being unable to communicate with my associates. This is why I had tried to create something which would make up for my loneliness, but I had failed to create something capable of bestowing human kindness upon me.

I heard the sound of footsteps coming up the stairs, the sound my creation makes when it has the taste for human flesh. Would it rip my heart from my chest and devour it?

I threw my covers over my face as I heard a key turn in the lock. It grabbed me by the neck and flung me to the floor. It laughed as it threw a bundle at me. My heart almost stopped beating, for the bundle was my wife. I could barely

woods. Here I would observe plants. I would study leaves, flowers, ferns and trees. By their color I would know what it meant to be alive. I would look at an oak tree and see what strength is. In the afternoon I would look at a school, and there I would see the American flag. In these I would see a future and freedom.

In the evening I would look at myself in a mirror, not to look for any beauty, but simply to remember how I looked. I would smile and remember my smile. I would look at my hands and see the pattern of lines in them.

Finally at night I would go to a large church, to sit and watch the candles glow and make shadows dance on the stained glass windows.

In my mind I would want to keep a mental picture of all these things. Each would make up a part of the thrill and pleasure I have gained and the many emotions I have had because of my experience with sight.

## TERSE VERSE

By Cheryl Jensen

### FRIENDSHIP

Friendship doesn't move  
From town to town; warmth remains  
When friends are absent.

### THE LAMENT

An old man dies; are  
There none to mourn his passing  
But his shawl and pipe?

### THE ANATOMY OF SATIRE

The anatomy  
Of satire? The touch of tongue  
Lightly against cheek.

### TREACHERY UNVEILED

Khrushchev has fallen;  
Lessons in Communism  
Too soon forgotten.



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## THIS IS OUR HOUSE

By Dave Vyskocil

This is our house; I seldom loiter here.  
This is our garden that is all sand, so nothing grows.  
We plant grapes, get raisins.  
We plant tulips, get sunflowers.  
This is our lawn, with spots worn on it by the kids in  
our neighborhood.  
These are our trees which our cat climbs when dogs approach.  
This is our cat, who wouldn't eat a mouse that  
wasn't cleaned and boiled,  
But is known throughout the neighborhood as the  
home for long-lost fleas.  
This is our house, white with blue windows and grey porches.  
This is our door through which my little nephew  
constantly runs.  
This is our house.

## VAPOR

By Sue Lindley

Within a second after its discharge, the cool damp vapor penetrated its straw-like target with an extraneous sibilant sound, like that of a ruptured balloon dying its last death. Slowly it embedded itself among the coarse fibers, leaving a filmy residue throughout the coherent mass. Silence ensued. The victim, realizing it would strike again, waited, incapable of preventing its ebullient onslaught.

It came, piercing the mass again and again, each strike interspersed with quietude. A nauseous stench was now apparent. The victim was overcome with a violent seizure of sternutation. Oh woe! What vexation! Would it ever cease? Once more the damning vapor was discharged, missing the target completely this time, striking the fleshy superficies of the victim. The coolness, the clamminess, the tenaciousness—all were there!

But wait! There would be no more agony. The hairdresser had finished spraying Bardot's hair!

With the grace of a tight-rope-walker with two left feet, I stumbled up the aisle as fifty-eight eyes followed me. I tripped on my shoe-lace before I had reached the front, and a few of the loudmouth boys snickered. I was mortified.

The teacher shoved the stick (baton, she called it) into my sweaty hand and took her place at the piano. I thought I was going to throw up.

"When you want to begin," she informed me, "you bring the baton down. That is the signal to start."

I stared at her dumbly. I managed, however, to bring the baton down stiffly. There was a crash and assorted bangs. That was all. I guess I had expected something like the score from Walt Disney's *Pinocchio* to burst forth.

I looked dumbfoundly at my teacher and fellow students. They were like different people. All were poised waiting for my next flourish with the baton. I couldn't let them down. I tried to think of what Mickey did on the Mickey Mouse Club when he directed the orchestra on Guest Star day. I managed to get through the song in half the time, as a result. I threw the baton on the teacher's desk and feebly made my way back to my desk.

I was sick for a week afterwards.

## THE RACIAL EQUATION

By Diana Saluri

By the law:	All men are created equal.
Given:	All men are born with the same human dignity and privilege.
Therefore:	One white man is equal to one colored man.
It is commutative that:	One colored man is equal to one white man.
But in America today, 1965	A colored man is not equal to a white man.
And it follows that:	All Americans are not equal.
Therefore:	America has denied its Constitution.
Conclusion:	America has denied itself.



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## A SQUARE HEAD IN A ROUND HOLE

By Becky Beasley

When it comes to music, I am a disaster area. I was in third grade when I took up the violin, but I was so terrible that I could pay my little sister twenty-five cents a week to "bow in" for thirty minutes a day, and my parents thought it was I practicing. You can imagine my horror when on the first day of the fourth grade I discovered that a full hour three times a week would be devoted to cultivating our musical "talents."

The class program consisted of learning to sing and playing rhythm instruments. I managed to fake singing, but not playing the instruments. On Thursdays the teacher would pass out such apparatus as tamborines, sandblocks, and triangles. Because I sat in the back of the room in order to be less conspicuous, I always ended up with whatever was left over, usually two tinker-toy sticks that you beat together while the teacher played the piano.

Once in a while she would let one of the members of the class come to the head and direct our orchestra, as she liked to call it. I had managed very well to avoid it like the plague for almost three-fourths of the year. All the other kids fought like mad to get the teacher's attention, so that they could be the orchestra leader. I didn't. When I thought of getting up in front of everyone and displaying my meager talents, I felt sick all over.

However, Fate had put its mark on me, and one day I was forced to face the firing squad. As usual, I had crept as quietly and quickly as I could to the back of the room, where I sat with all the bad little boys. This was not because I liked sitting with the loud-mouthed little show-offs; it was just that I was hidden from the teacher's roving eyes.

Today the boy who usually sat in front of me was gone, and this left me exposed to all sorts of awful things. When the teacher announced that we would have an orchestra leader, twenty-nine eager hands shot up, and pandemonium broke loose. I cowered in the back.

"Shut up!" yelled the teacher, and suddenly it was quiet—too quiet for me. I felt her eyes focus on me, and suddenly I had the mad desire to cough. I had the idea that if I went into a wild coughing exhibition, she would excuse me as unfit to perform in front of the class. It didn't work.

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## THE BIG RACE

By Fred Hahn

Work, kid. Work hard. Yeah, that's what it takes. Hard work. There's more to life than swimming up and down a pool, but let the rest of life wait awhile. Make it hurt. Remember, the more it hurts now, the less it hurts during the race. Come on. Kill yourself once. Make your lungs burn and your chest ache. Make your stomach knot up and your legs throb. Feel that water underneath you. Feel yourself take advantage of it. Rise above it. Make it serve you.

Have faith in that slavedriver walking along the deck with the stopwatch in his hand. Finally you have a real coach. He knows what he's doing, and he can make you into a champion if you're willing to sacrifice for it. So sacrifice. Hurt like you've never hurt before. Push yourself to the limit of your endurance. Then swim some more. *Hurt* is only the first level. It must progress to *pain*. And then *agony*. When you reach the agony stage, not once, but several times in succession, you will begin to approach the peak of physical conditioning.

Then when you take a trial run and you feel stronger than ever before in the water, when you feel the water working for you, not against you, when you feel that all the hours of self-inflicted torture are finally beginning to pay off, you will, for the first time in your life, be ready for the Big Race. It's a great feeling, kid, to be ready for the Big Race.

## PARADOX

By Linda Cook

Children respond to kindness;  
If you smile at a child  
Or give him a gift,  
He likes you.  
The adult world  
Is more complex.  
We judge people by  
Wealth, religion, and race.  
Oh, the wisdom of years.



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## WITHIN A WALL

By Rosemary Sailer

In the sturdy physical structure  
Of this upright barricade,  
We obviously shall have to agree  
That only *two sides* have been made.

But in the question of purpose  
*Many sides* can be seen.  
A wall serves to hold on to men  
When a prison is the scene.

A wall may also symbolize  
Past insults between two friends,  
Or maybe just a boundary  
To show where the property ends.

To some it is important  
As a stronghold for defense,  
Or even isolation  
When lacking confidence.

But to go one step further,  
Do there have to be bricks at all?  
Can there not be just a feeling  
To act as a restricting wall?

## HAPPINESS

By Suzanne Frye

Happiness is: reading a good book far into the night . . .  
smelling freshly-made brownies . . . feeling the warmth of a  
blazing fire . . . drinking a cold Pepsi on a hot day . . . eating  
a double-decker bacon, tomato, and lettuce sandwich . . .  
walking through the woods with my ever-willing dog . . .  
ignoring no-trespassing signs . . . diving into a rushing wall  
of water . . . sleeping between fresh clean sheets.

else.

Mrs. Newman finally stopped telling me how nice her boys were and left. My first plan was to get the kids to watch TV or something while I took a peek at the "refrig." That was very easy. When I thought it was safe, I crept out into the kitchen. Just as I had expected . . . plenty of bananas. Now to check for the mayonnaise!

As I was bent over, looking in the ice box, one of the "children" kicked me. Then he said, "Get out of there, you big pig!" Before I could say anything, he walked up to me and started beating me with his fists. I jumped back but lost my balance and slammed into the refrigerator. Now that would have been all right except, as I said, I was looking for the mayonnaise . . . the door was open . . . so were the leftovers. Trying to catch myself, I put my hand in the spaghetti left over from supper.

It was really great spaghetti, only I didn't appreciate it all over my hand. I abandoned the idea about the food for the time being and decided to read. I was reading this real "cool" mystery called "The Mystery of the Mystery" when the twins came into the room and sat down in front of me. They didn't say a thing; they just sat there and stared. I knew I should have ignored them, but they were getting to me. Then they started giggling. I couldn't ignore them any longer. When I looked up, there they were. They were standing now, still grinning and giggling. It was then my greatest fears were recognized. One had a bread knife; the other had a fire poker from the fire place.

The rest of the story is pretty fuzzy. I vaguely remember locking myself in the bathroom until the parents got home. I guess it took Mrs. Newman about fifteen minutes to get me out. I've never felt so silly in my life.

## FRAMED BY A CLASSROOM WINDOW

By Gretchen Vander Meulen

A stately red-brick house topping a hill . . . a gray-black web of winter elms forming a backdrop . . . dusty, brown grass brushing a fencepost . . . cold bringing no snow . . . strong evergreens aching in the wind . . . thick gray smoke flowering from a flower-pot chimney . . . a round-mouthed rain barrel swallowing an ice sword from the rain spout . . . a lonely day remembering summer's green . . . a dark night bringing quivering quietude.



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## MY ADVENTURE WITH BABYSITTING

By Tanny Ely

As I look back, I think that about the most embarrassing if not terrifying experience I ever had was the time I babysat for our next door neighbor. Before I go any further, I want you to understand that I don't hate kids . . . In fact, they scare the living daylights out of me! Most people fear the unknown, and I don't know anything about children.

I remember that day well. School was out for the summer, so I slept late. At two P.M. I bounced down the stairs with plans for breakfast. I had just finished the most lovely mayonnaise and banana sandwich I have ever eaten when the phone rang. Mustering all the masculinity I could afford and using my most suave voice, I said hello.

It was our neighbor, Mrs. Newman, sounding very much distressed.

"Help," she said.

"You mean 'Hello'," I corrected.

"NO, I mean help, I need help," she replied anxiously.

"Oh . . . why?" said I, trying not to sound too much interested.

"What are you doing tonight?" she asked hopefully. I paused for a moment, trying to figure out what she meant.

Well, she told me the whole story about how she had tried everybody else, and how they had refused. I asked all the questions that I guess babysitters are supposed to ask, like how old are they, and what time do they go to bed? Now I don't know anything about kids, like I said, but at seventy-five cents an hour, how could I miss? I accepted.

That night was a turning point in my life, for I have decided never to marry and have kids. I arrived at seven-thirty, dressed neat and tidy. I wanted to make a big impression. Dressing up was my second mistake. (My first was accepting the job). I ruined one of my best pairs of slacks.

After going through the usual embarrassing comments and questions, such as "My, how you've grown," and "What grade are you in school now?" I was introduced to the twin boys, Alfred and Albert. I thought the job was going to be "no sweat." They really looked quite harmless, until I caught that glance out of the corner of my eye. It was a look that seemed to say, "Oh boy! Aren't we going to have fun with this sucker!" That scared me more than anything

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## THE CATCHER IN THE RYE — AN APPRAISAL

By Terry Lane

Have you ever looked at yourself and asked, "What is my purpose in life? What am I? What will become of me?" These are questions which Holden Caulfield, the main character in J. D. Salinger's novel, *The Catcher in the Rye*, strives to answer.

*The Catcher in the Rye* is a portrait of our wilted society and its effects on a sensitive youth, Holden Caulfield. Holden is the son of rich New York parents who sent him away to private school for his education. Holden was left to face the world on his own, away from the influence of loved ones and friends. He barely knows his parents and remains completely void of true friends at the four prep schools he has attended.

Holden fails in school; Holden hates society; Holden is alone, broken, and has no place to go. He returns to New York only to lose himself even further in a desperate attempt to find his place in life. From his room in the state mental hospital he tells this story of his life and what has led him to this fate.

Throughout the book Holden refers to people he knows as "phonies" because of their conformity to the set pattern of this wilted society. He becomes increasingly confused because everyone he meets is a "phony," and nothing he sees really interests him.

Holden tries his best to find an occupation which has meaning to him. This brings in the symbolism of the title of the book, when he says he would like to be "a catcher in the rye." He pictures himself with a group of children who are playing in a field of rye. His lifetime duty would be saving children who ran too close to a cliff at the edge of the field.

These children in danger of falling are personified in *The Catcher in the Rye* by Holden himself. He felt he was in exactly the same position except that he had no one to "catch" him. Holden Caulfield needed help in finding the way to a world free from conformity and "phony" people.

This book brings to light with extreme clarity the everyday thoughts and worries of the young people of today. On the *inside* every young person may feel just as Salinger's Holden Caulfield did.



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## REFLECTIONS FOR AN OLD LADY

By Bob King

"... And you say she rarely came out?" The voices swelled in the hall, breaking the tomb-like silence of Emma Kleiner's bed-chamber. The sun had extinguished its red-yellow flame and smothered the terraced backyard of the Kleiner estate in early evening shadows. Only a fan of light radiated from the wall socket where a night light was rooted by its copper fingers.

"Yessir, why sometimes she wouldn't even touch what I put outside the door."

"And you figure she wouldn't let you help her because she was afraid of you?"

The maid flustered, "Oh, she didn't trust much of anybody. Just Mr. Finn."

"Finn? Uhh, the new lawyer?"

"Um hm."

"Didn't trust Bill or Sal or any of the kids?" The Sheriff continued to make hieroglyphics in his note book.

"Nope. Kept muttering as how she was old but didn't want anybody to rob her of the few years she had left. Oh, I tell ya', she's been like this for..." The maid's brow strained under the calculation, "well, since Mr. Kleiner died. She's been scared stiff. Wouldn't let the kids visit her since she got wind of their plan to put her in a home after she had the heart attack."

The sheriff had come to investigate the room more thoroughly, but the stench of medicine and old bed clothing stung his senses.

"Well, on second thought, I think I'll wait 'til Doc comes 'fore I jump to any conclusions. For all I know, she more'n likely broke her neck gettin' outa bed. I'll just leave her be." The sheriff straightened the corner of the sheet with his foot, making the small, white mound at the foot of the bed more uniform. He then swung his pudgy, blue-clad frame toward the door. The maid followed, and once more silence drifted over the scene.

The soft glow given off from the night light in the wall socket soothed the harsh carving of the heavy, oaken furniture to soft swirls. The proof of Emma Kleiner's being was as unobtrusive lying on the floor as the dirty dishes scattered on the dresser, the window slightly ajar, or the full-length mirror

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## OLD AGE

By John Packwood

It's springtime; the air is sweet. Each soggy new butterfly fights free of its chrysalis, dries its wings quickly, and flies off to seek subsistence. A few of these insects try to use their wings too soon, and the fine membrane tears. Such a tragedy leaves the butterfly lying helpless in the grass, prey for some passing bird.

Old Joe watches the butterflies and the other things that bring tidings of spring to a fresh, clean world. His eyes alone hold compassion for the unfortunate ones. Joe is a tortoise. He is a well-established part of the woods where he lives, because he's been around longer than even the oldest animals can remember.

There are those who criticize Joe for his leisurely ways, but when approached by an individual with this attitude, Joe will only smile and reply, "Time will tell." Actually, Joe accomplishes much more than those who criticize him realize. That Old Joe takes his time about things does not mean that he is negligent. On the contrary, Joe is very conscientious. Because of the care he takes, he never finds it necessary to retrace wasted steps.

There is another group that gives Joe a hard time, the bees. Every day as they fly from hive to field, field to hive, they buzz past Joe singing, "Slow Old Joe, ho, ho, ho." But Joe doesn't mind. He just smiles because he knows it's about the only fun the bees ever have.

Late afternoon usually finds Joe soothing his wiry old muscles in the warm mud of the creek bed. By evening, Joe has found his way to the warm surface of the big flat boulder at the bend of the creek. There he will relax and exchange stories with old friends until late into the night.

Inevitably, the northern winds begin to blow, and the brown leaves fall. Many of the animals have spent the entire summer building winter shelters. Others will simply die. Old Joe wanders down the creek bank to find some nook or cranny. He will sleep through the winter, living off the thick layer of fat he has accumulated over the summer. The next thing he knows:

*It's springtime and the air is sweet and warm.*



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## A PRAYER FOR COURAGE

By Marilyn Myers

I was in my room alone, looking out the window. It was dusk, and the sky was dark and gray. In just a few minutes it would be a deep black. Like the coming night, my sight would soon be blotted out, for in three days I would be totally blind.

I tried desperately to imagine what life would be like without the ability to see. I closed my eyes tight, trying to comprehend the blindness I was faced with. It didn't work, for even then I knew that when I opened my eyes I would be able to see the familiar objects of my room. But what if I couldn't! What if I didn't have three days? What if it happened right then! My eyes flew open . . . and suddenly my body was taut with a panic I had never known before. There were so many things I wanted to see! I wanted to see everything!

But still I sat there and the shadows darkened the corners of my room. I didn't really want to see the world; it didn't have any meaning to me. My parents, my brother, my dog, my friends—they all meant more to me than the whole world. I knew there was nothing I could do to prevent the loss of my sight. I couldn't accept it, for there is always hope, and yet there was absolutely nothing I could do about it.

I wanted to go on living as I had before, but in the next two days I found that to be impossible. I was always discovering something new in a world I had thought rather uninteresting: the delight in a small child's eyes at catching in his mouth popcorn tossed into the air; the loneliness of an old man sitting on a bench in Greene Square; my dog's curiosity of the new-fallen snow; and most of all, something I knew I would never forget, the love in my parents' eyes.

The third night I knelt beside my bed. I was afraid, terrified of the dark, unknown world before me. I needed God's guidance and help so that I could face the new world with courage. As I prayed, tears streamed from my unseeing eyes.

## THE END OF THE WORLD

By Tom Dwyer

All it takes is one country annoyed;  
With the push of a button, we could be destroyed.

on the back of the bathroom door, that reflected the scene and cast eerie ghosts across the room.

Downstairs, the discussion continued.

"Finn probated Mr. Kleiner's will, didn't he?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose he had charge of Emma's too, huh?"

"Yes, I guess so."

"Eh, there's nothin' to it, but it is funny that Emma'd trust Finn when she didn't trust Bill or Sal. Doggone it, where's that ambulance? I told Rudi to get over here fast." The sheriff pulled out his watch and studied the dial.

"He was here last night."

"Rudi?"

"Brother, Mr. Finn. He had his briefcase with him and everything. Said he was finishing writing up the inheritance from Mr. Kleiner."

"How long did he stay?"

"Oh," after more estimation, "Not very long; fifteen, twenty minutes."

The hard beam of headlights struck the walls of the living room, and the clatter of a wheeled stretcher broke the conversation short. With all proper greetings, the two ambulance attendants scaled the stairs and retrieved the small white mound. After the departure of the white car, the sheriff and the maid went to clean the room and to make a routine inspection.

\* \* \* \*

"Just simple ticker failure, eh Doc? Well, maybe it's better this way." Pause.

"Yeh, the old gal was kind of a pain in the neck anyway. You know, she called me out here three times last week to investigate house breakers." Pause.

"Yeh, yeh, the old goose really thought somebody was tryin' to knock her off." Pause.

"When my eyes get bad and my ticker goes out, I hope to Hanna somebody shoots me." Pause.

"Yeh, O.K. Doc, I'll sign the statement tomorra'."

"Yeh, O.K." The sheriff acknowledged the click on the other end of the line and clapped the receiver into the cradle. He then pivoted in mock military style and padded down the hall to Widow Kleiner's room.

The maid had stripped the beds, flashed a pine-scented Glade around the room, and was just placing the dishes on a tray when the sheriff filled the doorway.

"Boy, it smells better in here," he observed. The maid, not really red-eyed enough for the occasion, ignored the



sacrilege and turned off the lamp by the window.

The sheriff retreated to the hallway.

"I'll let myself out. I'll be by tomorra' for some tests, but I gotta talk to Finn first." With that the sheriff rumbled down the stairs, the sound punctuated by the slapping of his holster on his thigh.

Picking up the dishes from the bedside table, the maid turned toward the bathroom door. A crash immediately followed; then an oath for the broken dishes.

*Imagine being frightened to death by your own image in a mirror!*

## C'EST L'AMOUR

By Diane Beaty

It is a horrible feeling,  
    To be away from  
    The one you love,  
Knowing you will never  
Stand beside him again,  
To hold his hand,  
    To share his happiness  
    Or sorrow,  
    His success  
    Or defeat.  
Knowing that you will never again  
Feel his love about you.

You now feel empty,  
    As though you have lost  
    Your purpose in life,  
    Your only need.

Everyone tells you:  
    "Keep smiling,"  
    "There are others."

But you know  
    No one can take his place!

And you live on,  
    Acting as if nothing has happened.  
Living with the memories,  
    The feelings,  
Building up inside you.

"For if I speak  
With the tongues of  
Men  
But have not  
    Love,  
I am nothing."

As for prophecy,  
It will pass away;  
As for tongues,  
They will cease.

But love  
Endureth  
Unto all  
Generations:  
All  
    generations.

The prophets,  
The seers,  
And the Chosen Ones  
Are few,  
    but rejoice  
All ye that have seen  
The light.

Know ye  
That the Lord, your  
God  
    is good.

And his  
Truth  
Endureth  
Unto all  
Generations  
All  
    generations.



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## LEGACY

*By Mary Hannon*

"Honi soit qui mal y pense  
Honi  
Honi soit qui  
Mal  
y pense."

Thus says the time-honored  
Tradition,  
The ancient yellowed  
Parchments,  
Brown,  
Cracked,  
Faded—  
Once a testimony, once a creed,  
Once a standard.

Why should I question?  
Do not these silver-haired seers  
know what is right?

Wise ages before me  
Have set forth the patterns of my life.  
From the first light,  
Steep stone walls of prejudice  
surround me.

Thou shalt. Thou  
Shalt not.  
Yea, even unto eternity  
Thou shalt not be;  
Thou shalt not do;  
Thou shalt not  
think.

But I answer them all.  
With the tongues and hearts of angels  
I answer them:

Man was not  
Created  
In the image of man.

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## A POTPOURRI OF HAIKU

*By Gretchen VanderMeulen*

Intoxication:  
Capes of pleasure lightly draped  
on backs of remorse.

Admirals crying . . .  
Muddy river past the mill . . .  
Leaf-boats float away.

Cherry trees blossom  
only once a year. Sweet smell  
of love and half-moons.

Old grandpa rocking  
on his heels . . . Carved figures shown  
proudly to young folk.

Single file, let's go!  
Now, across the snow valleys,  
Leaving one clear path.

Lost . . . love-hungry child;  
A dark night by railroad tracks;  
Found . . . a red mitten.

## CONCERN

*By Jewell Miller*

The little girl cries at the thought  
Of a cemetery,  
Of everyone suffering,  
Of everyone dying.

Poor child,  
Silly child:  
Doesn't she know  
That her tears  
Can't wash away  
The earth's dirt?



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## THANKSGIVING AT THE FARM

By *Shane Williams*

For as long as I can remember, Aunt Lelia's Northern Iowa farm has been chosen as the picturesque and pleasant location for our family's annual Thanksgiving reunions. Each November, scores of distant relatives whose names I can never remember, flock to this peaceful acreage to spend a sometimes not-so-peaceful holiday.

A paragon of such an occasion would be the Thanksgiving several years ago. We were less than five miles from the farm when our new Chevrolet sank to the axles in slushy mud. It was snowing heavily by the time my father persuaded a little fat man with beady eyes to pull the car with his big diesel tractor. After pulling the front bumper off, the little man persuaded his neighbor to pull us out with a team of elderly work horses.

As a result, we arrived at the farm tired and hungry, hours late. The small, antiquated farmhouse was packed with relatives. Greetings were exchanged with the few we recognized, then we children were hustled off to bed.

Bedtime is always a formidable experience at Aunt Lelia's. To begin with, the bedrooms of the farmhouse are always as warm as a nice, well-regulated crypt. The guest chambers reek of mildew combined with fumes from the kerosene lamps. If you can overlook the shortcomings, it is possible to get to sleep.

The next day was Thanksgiving and I was planning to sleep late. Much to my dismay, however, I was awakened at 6 A.M. by loud screams and shouts. The women, who had risen early for culinary purposes, had discovered a nest of mice in one of the cooking utensils. Since I was already awake, I decided to sneak out and explore the farm.

My exploratory efforts started in the hayloft and ended on the barn floor. Unfortunately, I was disabled the rest of the morning by the fall.

About mid-morning, little Bobby, who I had been told was my fourth cousin twice removed, managed to start the tractor. He was finally stopped after plowing a furrow down the driveway and across the front lawn. By this time everyone was ready to give up and go home. Only the anticipation of the Thanksgiving meal kept us there.

Everyone customarily overeats on holidays. After dinner,

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## SILENT PRAYER

By *Nancy Cook*

A head slightly bowed,  
Fingers touching shiny beads,  
Flickering candles.

## THE INFALLIBLES

By *Coulette Takach*

Mornings bright and cheery,  
dull or dreary,  
always there.

Sunshine floating gleaming,  
flowing, streaming,  
never stops.

Air fresh and sweet,  
swift and fleet,  
always moving.

Always there, never stops,  
always moving,  
on and on.

## AS HEARD WITH SMALL EARS

By *Cathy Suthers*

The timpani humming softly . . . a long, low shimmer from violas . . . magnified intensity . . . then, trumpets blaring . . . tubas roaring . . . flutes trilling . . . violins shrieking . . . clarinets speaking . . . the bass drum beating monotonously in the background . . . the piano sounding melodically . . . oboes piercing . . . the snare drum rolling . . . piccolos screaming . . . then silence . . . a small boy claps with joy.



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## WHAT MUST BE

*By Cathy Suthers*

The war—  
It seems so far  
From anything we know  
Until it comes and robs us  
Of our riches.

Widows,  
Young and brave  
Are left alone to mourn  
Their losses; but live on they do, when peace  
Again reigns.

What must be  
Cannot be changed.

## IDENTITY

*By Jewell Miller*

Who am I?  
I've hit no heights,  
Done nothing great.  
Can I be the world's worst?  
I pray not.  
I've been described as sad-happy.  
What can I be?  
Awful, this passion to know!

the children are sleepy and irritable; the adults are just sleepy. Everyone was just dozing off when one of the many spoiled children who were there lit a string of firecrackers behind the house. A stream of enraged people stormed out of the house, but the perpetrators had already taken to the open fields.

In spite of repeated hectic holidays, everyone will probably keep going to the farm for Thanksgiving. At any rate, Aunt Lelia doesn't seem to mind, and the relatives must figure that if she can take it, they can.

## LOVE LOST

*By Cindy Bell*

Hearts hold emotions which can withstand  
The passage of time, and each grain of sand  
Which falls to oblivion unbeknown,  
Never distinguished, never alone.

Hearts hold emotions which cannot withstand  
The sadness of raindrops, the warmth of a hand  
Which reaches to hold you, and when it is near,  
The path of your heart is terribly clear.

Hearts hold emotions which can withstand  
The falling of shadows over a band  
Which couldn't be broken but shall never mend;  
What is "withstand"—will the pain ever end?

## PARTISAN

*By Bob King*

True issues and answers are often quite blurred  
By slow-witted persons who follow the herd.



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## TIPPY

By Emmett Gilmore

I once owned a small dog. It was black with a small white vest. I'll always remember how its tail used to curl, and, at the end, it was tipped with white. That's how I gave the dog its name. "Tippy," I called her.

I remember when I got her, my mother brought her home to me and told me to take care of her and feed her. I loved the puppy from the start, and I think she knew it, too. There was a time when her little belly was so fat it would almost drag on the ground. Her little legs were so short and stubby she couldn't even climb steps.

I built Tippy a nice dog house, which she knew was hers. I taught her how to sit, roll over, fetch sticks, and how to do all sorts of tricks. She was very smart!

I never believed in tying her up. It seemed so cruel; she knew where her home was, and I never worried about her straying. All she would do was sit on her haunches, raise her nose to the air, and try to figure out what the big open space out there had to hide. She knew the secrets of it, though, just with her nose.

Yes, that is one pup I'll never forget. Maybe I should have been a little cruel and tied her up. I guess the big outdoors beyond our yard had too many secrets, and being an adventurous dog from her puppyhood, she finally wanted to find out.

When I heard the tires shriek and my puppy whine, I knew what had happened. I went out and picked my poor crushed pup from beneath the wheels of a monster I hated with all my heart. I carried her to my back yard, where she had jumped around and played like all small pups do. It had been so comical because her short legs made her belly seem as though it was dragging the ground.

Now I was bringing her back to her yard, not to play and teach her new tricks, but to do the thing I least wanted. I buried her with the biggest ceremony a small pup could have. That was my dog, Tippy. That name I'll always remember as long as I live.

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## THREE HAIKUS

By Margaret Arnold

Gilt and painted clouds  
Float back through the shining air;  
What, are there stars, too?

In the heavy world's  
Shadow, I watch the sputnik  
Coasting in sunlight.

In the fantastic  
Seas of Venus, who would dare  
To imagine gulls?

## REWARD

By Sharri Smith

He is like the sea,  
And I am like the land.  
Softly, almost like a caress,  
The arm of the sea curls around the base of the dune.  
You see . . .  
The land was merely passive,  
And so it waited;  
But the sea cared,  
And so it came.  
You understand . . .  
It takes courage to care;  
Sometimes it's easier not to care.  
Society's prejudice broken at last,  
He will come to me,  
And I will wait  
Because I care.