

see & refer -
Heritage
Grade 11
The QUILL for 1966
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CREATIVE WRITING ANTHOLOGY
Volume VIII

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THE QUILL represents the creative writing efforts of sophomores, juniors, and seniors with widely divergent interests. The selections are not necessarily those marked "A" by an instructor, but often are manuscripts contributed by individuals who wrote them for personal satisfaction.

Pascal has stated that man is a thinking reed. A creative writing anthology begins with people and their ideas. It is valid and worthwhile only if it represents the products of thinking individuals. The coordination of eye, ear, hand, heart and mind are necessary.

THE LIGHT OF FAREWELL

By Kim Rowley

My life is done;
The ebbtide has
Now receded.

Death covers me;
And I accept it
With no restraint.

I know not where I go;
But I long to move on
Like a thousand Gypsies.

Life is my god;
I worshipped, and
I offended.

So, Gabriel, be silent;
And let life's spectrum
Move from me.

Let death's black light
Cover me, and let darkness
Forever be my refuge.

FINAL WAY

By Dave Harris

The war has come, the war has gone.
A bomb's blue haze hangs in the dawn,
And by the road a warrior's gun
Was dropped, forgotten in the sun.
For man knows well this damning day,
That this will be his final way.

MATURITY

By Ann Lage

Up into the galaxy of a million dreams
Rise the ambitions of our youth,
Never to return again.

TRIBUTE TO A GRAND WOMAN

By Barbara Kinsey

Those capable and dexterous hands — they manipulated the reins of her horse as she rode six miles to school each day, across the lonely Nebraska prairie; they wielded the stick that she used to herd her father's flock of sheep; they dug away the sand from her little brother's accidental tomb; they held the chalk as she taught in the little one-room school; and they successfully raised her own five children to adulthood. Those capable and dexterous hands are now rendered useless because of the strokes she has suffered.

Grandma had changed. She had aged more in the last few days than in all her 89 years of hardship and happiness. She seemed so small and frail lying there in the bed. When we went to see her last summer, she began to cry when she saw Dad and me. I had never seen Grandma cry; I guess I really thought that she was so strong that she would never let her emotions show. Yes, Grandma had changed.

Her letter writing had always been an important part of her life, from that sod house on the lonely prairie to the hospital-like cheerfulness of the nursing home in West Branch. Each letter she wrote served as an inspiration and guide to the reader. It was practically all that she had left.

Now that those capable and dexterous hands were useless to Grandma, she seemed to give up — something I had always thought her incapable of doing. She was always an inspiration to the family; we soon found ourselves really working to bring Grandma around to her old self again.

Just when things would be going along all right, she would suffer another crippling stroke. We had forgotten, however, that the fire of hope and strength which had burned for 89 years was simply a little low. All it needed was more fuel, so it could begin to burn brightly once more. The fuel was added, and our Grandma began to live again.

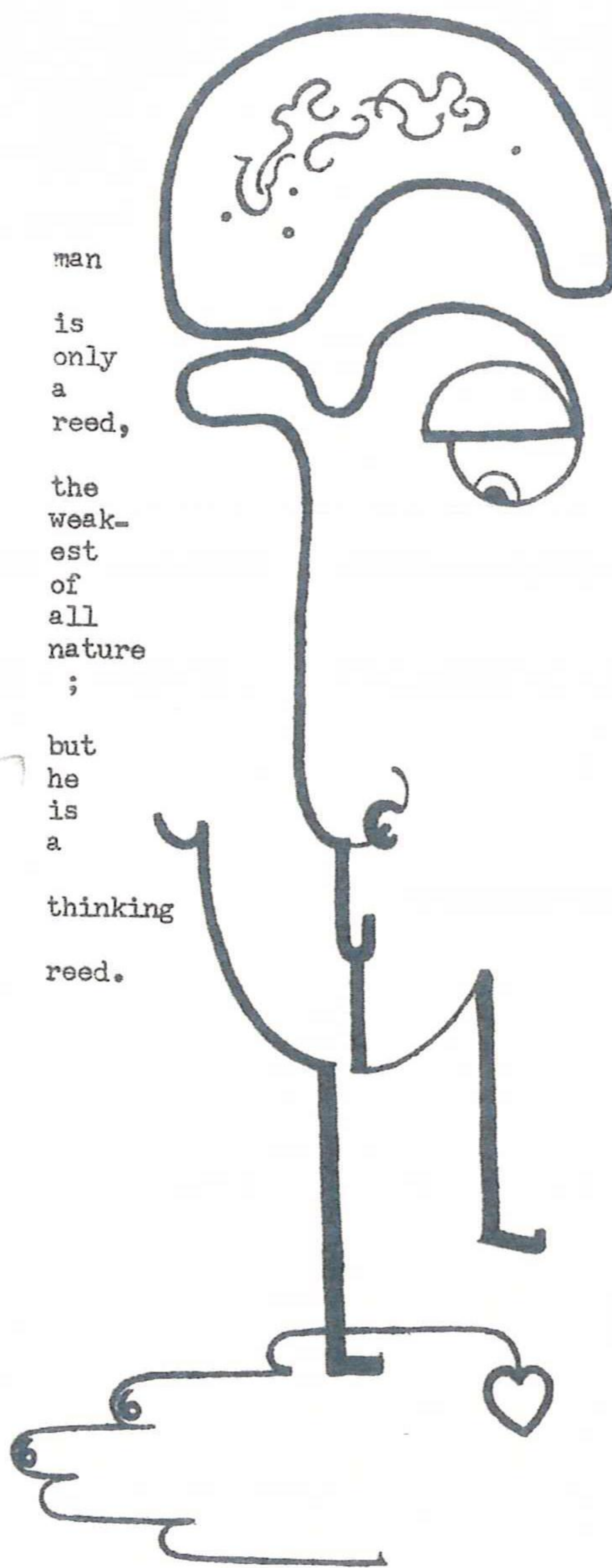
Grandma is still partially paralyzed, but each day seems to reveal a new step that she has taken forward. Just yesterday I received a very moving letter from her. None of the news was too important, but the way in which it was written was. It was a little scratchy perhaps, but after so many months of having to dictate to others, Grandma herself had written the letter with those very capable but now crippled hands.

This was a monumental occasion for all those who know and love her, and especially for the woman who has come a long way from her beginning on the vast and lonely Nebraska prairie to her "home" in West Branch.

THOUGHTS

By Dave Harris

To love, to fight, to hate, to kill —
Do them all? God knows I will.



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A NIGHT TO REMEMBER

By Jan Nissen

"Mother, please let Jay and me sleep in the screenhouse," begged Jim. "If we do have a storm, we will be just as safe there as here in the cabin."

"O.K.," my mother agreed unwillingly.

It seemed strange that Mom gave in so easily this time. Usually she makes up her mind, and that is final. Maybe it was because we had company. My aunt had come to stay with us in our cabin, as her husband was out of town.

My parents and my aunt decided to play cards on the kitchen table, and I was told to go to bed. The clock struck eleven but I still couldn't sleep. As I lay in bed, I could hear a storm coming up. I heard my father say to my aunt that it looked like a bad one approaching.

Every time I closed my eyes, the lightning would flash, the thunder would crack, and the whole cabin trembled. I decided to count flashes of lightning. The storm was very close, because at almost the same moment the lightning flashed, the thunder rolled. I pulled the blankets up halfway over my face and shivered. The lightning wasn't as bright and the thunder didn't seem as loud.

I was hoping the storm had subsided, but I was wrong; the third flash of lightning struck our cabin. The roof split apart and the fingers of light reached the floor. Fire flew in all directions. I screamed for help, but there was no answer. The flames on my covers began crawling toward me. I screamed again. This time I heard a faint voice. It sounded like my mother, but she seemed to be blocks away. Then a pair of arms reached through the fire and pulled me from my flaming bed.

The next thing I knew, I was in my mother's arms, shivering with fear. We were in the back seat of our car; my aunt beside us. In the front seat sat my two brothers and my father. Luckily all were safe now.

The rain still came down in torrents, and we sat there waiting for our cabin to burn to the ground. Fortunately the rain put out the flames. Dad said the best thing for us to do was to get some sleep.

We all stayed overnight with my aunt. In the morning I walked down to see the cabin. Our neighbors were all helping to clean up the mess. The roof split and the entire ceiling had fallen except for small parts over my bed and over the table where my parents were playing cards. I couldn't believe that this really had happened.

The strange thing about the whole nightmare was that our entire family was still alive. If my brothers hadn't been able to convince my mother that sleeping in the screenhouse was safe, they would have been killed.

I truly believe this was a miracle performed by God. It couldn't be otherwise!

I COULD NOT HIDE

By Liz Montgomery

"It's me," I cried,
As the crowds came surging on.
I could not hide
But went struggling forward
To find my identity.

"It's me!" I shouted,
As I rushed down the hall
Much too crowded
For anyone to take notice at all
Of someone so trivial.

"It's me!" I shrieked.
"I'm right here before you!"
But I'm too meek
To make anyone take a second look;
For what do I matter?

"It's me," I groaned.
"I'm too weak to try any more."
If I'd only known before
That others, too, were shouting,
"Here I am. It's me!"

DISPROVING A KNOWN FACT

By Diane Totten

You have often heard it said
That violets are blue and roses are red.
This isn't the truth, as you will see,
As all weren't host to the same bee.
Bee number one had pollen of pink.
Bee number two, of white, I think.
Bee number three gave us yellow flowers,
To admire for many golden hours.
I hope I've convinced you, for as I have said,
Not all violets are blue, not all roses are red.

OBSERVATION POINT

By Bob Hendrickson

I feel that I am growing older
Each time a cat climbs to my shoulder.

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yellow glow accentuating the yellow of the dusty floor, and particles of dust floating in the air glowed like so many moths around a summer light.

My eyes grew accustomed to the semi-darkness, and I realized that I was not alone. I could make out a dim figure dressed in a dark sweatshirt, plodding quietly around the track. As he came nearer I could see the dust sticking to the sweat on his forehead. His parched mouth was open and gasping in the dusty air.

I pulled off my old sweatshirt, and throwing it on the hood of a truck, began to jog. Immediately I began to notice the same discomforts: the thick dust, the exhaust fumes from the trucks, and the irregular surface of the track. But for some strange reason I was glad to get back. No, there were no crowds here, no pep bands, no cheerleaders.

There was something more. There was a feeling, no a conviction, that the patient plodding done here, among the dust and exhaust fumes, would amount to something someday. Someday.

BABYSITTING IS SITTING?

By Nancy Stanley

The classic picture of a babysitter is a girl with a bottle of pop in one hand, several cookies in the other, and the television blaring. She is, of course, also sprawled out on the davenport. In practice, however, anyone who has ever babysat knows the scene is quite different. At least it should be.

With three or four charges, no one has time to sit down, much less watch television. If one is lucky, she may have time to take a deep breath, relax, and go on to the next minor crisis. It never fails — when I am upstairs minding the baby, a glass of milk is dropped in the kitchen, and the three-year-old is playing in it.

My most nerve-racking experience was the broken pop bottle incident. I was upstairs putting the baby to bed when I heard a terrible crash. I grabbed the baby, flew downstairs, and saw to my horror the contents of a full bottle of pop splashed from one corner of the family room to the other. What a mess! I raced upstairs, put the baby to bed (he naturally started crying), went downstairs, and found a rag. By that time the three-year-old was playing in the broken glass and had cut himself. It all ended happily, however. The baby stopped crying, the mess was cleaned up, and the cut was not serious.

Is the fifty cents an hour worth this bedlam? I say it is. There is more involved in this than just money. There is nothing more rewarding to me than a three-year-old who says, "I wuv you" — or when a baby stops crying after he has been picked up. It also gives me a sense of satisfaction when a pre-schooler remembers to say "Thank you" after so many weeks of "What do you say?" I am very thankful for the opportunity I have had and the experience and knowledge I have gained through babysitting.

LUCK CAUGHT

By Mary Ann Sellers

Sometimes it must step on your toe;
But if you catch it — don't let it go!

Luck is a fast and fleeting thing,
It can lead you down a blind alley,
Or maybe up to the road of fame.
Wherever you go, you're glad it came.

Once you've caught luck, multifold,
All the world opens up to behold.
It's yours like a sack full of rainbow gold.

UNDER THE BASKETBALL COURT

By James Moore

Most Cedar Rapids residents are acquainted with the squat field-house which sits at the far end of the Coe College Campus, but for most of these people, their acquaintance is limited to the major feature of the building, the basketball court. Their attention is drawn to shouting, cheering crowds, leggy cheerleaders, and brassy pep bands. They reel with delight at the antics of the tall collegians in bright uniforms, and they burst into cheers as their team scores. It is here that they find action, action now! They stomp, they yell, they scream, completely unaware of a different type of activity which goes on, day after weary day, beneath the very floor you're standing on.

Buried deep below the shining lights and glistening floor, lies another world. In the cramped and musty semi-basement, an indoor track has been constructed. The little dirt track is less than 130 yards around, and its size necessitates high banked curves at both ends. Just above the track the air is still and choked with the acrid yellow dust which is kicked up in little swirls from the powdery surface. Around the track the walls and ceiling seem on the verge of closing in on the tiny area. The low concrete ceiling is held up by eight squat concrete supports. To add to the congestion, five college-owned pick-up trucks are jammed efficiently into the areas between the supports.

Last Monday I returned to the track, not having needed it during the summer and early fall. After opening the door and stepping quietly into the room, I noticed that it had not changed during my absence. The electric lights were not on, and the only light came from the yellow-orange glow of the fading sun on the dirty casement windows. This

CRAPPIE COVE

By Tom Refshauge

Girls never really interested me much. They would knot together in the halls at school and prattle on about silly things like bubble-gum, dresses, and passing notes. The "fellas" and I more wisely invested our time discussing the complexities of "boys' stuff." We were practical and planned our events like swimming merit badges, fifty mile bicycle trips, amateur rocketry, and catching the elusive "Grand-daddy" bass down at the sand and gravel pits.

The sand pits were on company property, and the owners didn't want any pesky anglers falling in. So to avoid detection, we would leave the dirt road before the turn and follow one of our hidden trails. We would patter along the grassy paths, up a small rise, scramble down a steep embankment, and sprawl at last in the welcome sand. Here was a cozy inlet with its warm beach and cool water, where we could fish happily all day without being seen.

Only my two best friends and I shared the knowledge and the pleasure of our secret cove. Jim I had known almost all my life, and Bob was then my assistant patrol leader in Scouts.

Well, Bob's twin sister, Jeanne, also knew about our cove. Their mother worked, so Jeanne had to tag along on most of our excursions. Jeanne wasn't too bad for a girl. She could run almost as fast as any of us, and she didn't squeal or make faces when baiting her hook with writhing worms. After a while she was sort of accepted as one of the group.

The panorama of seasons spun by, and the next summer was about the same. However, we had slowly ceased to talk about wild adventures anymore. We tried more quietly to enjoy our dwindling days of serenity. We would be sophomores in September.

Time passed with the breeze and puffy clouds. We would lie stretched out snug in the sand, basking in the August sun, watching the water's ripples repeatedly slap the sand and slide away. Often a bird would roll out of the painted blue, skim over the blue-glitter-green surface, dip a swooping wing tip, causing a gentle splash of silver, and then wobble aloft again.

The summer gradually evaporated, and I had to leave with my folks for a brief visit with my grandmother in Omaha. When at long last we arrived back home, I escaped out the side door, which I slammed shut on a miserable weekend of scrutiny and best behavior. At last I was free from the pats on my shoulder and the rusty voices saying "My, how you've grown, dear boy."

My tackle jostled in the wire baskets as I sped over the bumps and ruts down the dusty brown road. I dumped my bicycle in the high weeds by the road and scurried down the now well-worn path.

On the beach with my pole propped up between my toes, awaiting the playful tug of game, I closed my eyes as the yellow rays of warm

sunshine splashed down, filling me with drowsy contentment.

The soft crunch of shifting sand under someone's light, bare-foot step aroused me; I opened my one eye to behold Jeanne's well-tanned legs.

"Oh, it's you."

"You were expecting the Queen of Sheba, maybe?"

"Aw, I didn't mean it that way. Glad to see you, Jeanne."

She settled herself beside me, hugging her knees, and I noticed that it was sort of graceful the way she did that. She wasn't awkward anymore.

I closed my eyes again and thought about it a moment. She wasn't such a skinny kid anymore, either. She wasn't a lot of things anymore! I felt a little nervous.

"Is Bob home?"

"No, he and Jim went to the show."

"Oh. Gee, I'll sure miss this old place; it's so calm, peaceful, and sort of beautiful out here."

"Hmm. I guess that's because it's our secret."

"Yeah, I guess."

Quite suddenly I sensed a movement and something close. My eyes blinked open to stare like saucers into Jeanne's freckled face. A whiff of perfume teased me. Jeanne had a funny look in her hazel eyes and I felt like I should run. I couldn't.

Trapped! She bent closer and murmured, "I like you." My heart was thudding in my gills as I braced myself like for a dose of cod liver oil. Too late. It was a cushioned impact with a sort of a firm fluid movement. Our teeth clicked. I had a flashing memory of diving underwater and not wanting to come up for air. Wow!

What about Jim and Bob? Why, I guess they're still fishing.

COULD IT BE?

By Ann Aukerman

The wind is blowing; it's freezing cold.
It's ten below outside, I'm told,
But what is this; the air is soft now.
Could it be spring?

The snow is piled up to the knees.
Now with a cold I cough and sneeze,
But what is this; the sun is strong now.
Could it be spring?

I have a wish, I must confide,
To walk with him right by my side,
But what is this; thoughts turn to love now.
Could it be spring?

A new sound became audible, first a low rumble far down the river, then a dull throb of engines which grew slowly but steadily. The whistle sounded as the unseen monster ground its way toward us, the sound increasing rapidly. We watched, fascinated, waiting to catch the first glimpse of yellow through the trees. There it was. The huge machine was now roaring past, not twenty feet away. How insignificantly small we seemed. The air reverberated as the sound reached a deafening crescendo, then began to fade, replaced by the click of endless wheels. Thirty-seconds, a minute — it seemed an hour. The caboose flashed by, the sound diminished more rapidly than it had approached, and with each succeeding minute nature regained control. Once again the birds made the only sound; the hypnotic spell of the train was broken.

The spot has changed. Commercial interests are gnawing away at the margin of safety separating it from town. More people come here now; the formerly abandoned quarry across the tracks is bustling. This time I come in a car with my brother. The circumstances of the visit have changed, my outlook has changed, but the place is still here. Its solitude and virginity are threatened, but the same old feeling remains when I enter that clearing. I walk around and remember those mornings gone by, then we turn and go farther up the tracks away from the road. The mood is broken, and it seems we must always move up the tracks, attempting to regain something which is lost forever.

THE GAME

By Mary Lee

We play the game of life. Smoking our cigars and concentrating all our efforts on our game, we find the room around us is invisible. The Dealer throws out the cards. He watches us carefully. I pick up mine and see two black threes and a red heart.

"Please give me my last card," I say, looking at the Dealer.

I'm surprised to see the Dealer pick up the deck to look at the faces of the cards. He picks one out and hands it to me. My friends stand up in protest.

"Ask me and I will pick out a card for you."

I look at the ace he has given me. Saying to myself that I can't use it, I almost throw it away. My friends seem content with their cards. I look at the Dealer.

"Give me four cards."

I try to guess how many fellow beings are playing their hands. The Dealer seems to know.

Chips are laid down. The game is played. Somehow I cannot throw my ace away. It gives me a sense of security, a reason for playing. The Dealer watches me. For each error I make, I ask for another card. He gives it to me. I have another chance. I figure I cannot lose as long as I have my ace, at least not the whole game. The smoke-filled room surrounds me; I cannot see beyond this.

LOST NIGHT

By Stan Miller

Last night the moon rose;
it gave light to the edge of trees
and cornered the clouds with a glow.

I hadn't seen the moon for two months,
but the clouds finally parted,
and my lonely memories
became part of my present mind.

A future was molded
out of briny tears
for lost friends,
lost loves,
and lost feelings.

OUR SPOT

By Steve Andrie

My father first introduced me to this forest area sandwiched between the river and railroad tracks. I cannot remember the first time I walked down the tracks with him, the first time I wet a fish line there, nor even the first time we opened the lunch box together, yet each of these memories fuse into one perfect memory, fixing the spot forever in my mind.

The path leading from the tracks to the river was about a quarter of a mile from the end of the road, hidden by brush and tree limbs. We could always find it, though, between the eighth and ninth telephone poles. Once through the tangle, the pathway cleared, revealing a series of old foundations at the water's edge which afforded a perfect place to fish or a fascinating place to explore. I did both. The foundations stretched along the bank for about a hundred yards, and before many trips had passed, I was familiar with them all.

An intermission occurred in my association with this place while I grew up, but it was far from being over. Bicycle trips with a close friend then replaced the excursions with my father. We used to leave early, just after dawn when nature becomes alive and touches anyone who ventures out. The only sounds were from the birds and from us as we crashed through the dew-laden thicket into view of the water. Silently we stalked the bank as a hunter would stalk a deer, afraid to disrupt the peace of the scene. We baited our lines and tossed into the current. The scene was now complete: two boys perched atop the stone wall before the city woke up.

THE COUNTRY CHURCH

By Jan Steele

A country church is always small and white and square, and it's full every Sunday morning. As far back as I can remember, and I'm sure before even that, Sunnyside Church has been sitting on the hill above Granny's farmhouse. The walls of the church stand straight and tall and proud, but the steepleless roof is beginning to sag.

As a child I always loved to go to the country church and stare at the old people. No one dressed up, but wore whatever he happened to have on when the Sunday morning chores were done and it was time to walk up the hill to Sunnyside. I remember asking Granny why these people didn't care whether they looked nice or not, and her replying, "Honey, the Lord don't care what a body has on him, and we're all related, so there's no one else to impress."

On nice days the menfolk gather on the little grass plot around the building to talk over the potato or corn crop and the coming frost. When they finally drift inside and cease talking, church begins.

The church service itself has always fascinated me. The singing is loud and off-tune, but the congregation is humble. Each week a member of the congregation gives the sermon. Some of the lessons are impromptu and only a few minutes long, but other times a member may be inspired and may talk for what seems like hours. One morning no one had anything to say, so we sat in the quietness and thought.

Before I was old enough to understand what was being said, I sat on the hard, dark pew and counted the flowers on the wallpaper or listened to all the little noises. On hot summer days the flies buzzed persistently, and the cornstalks outside the windows rustled in the breeze. The old pews squeaked with every movement of a person, and the old people coughed and mumbled to themselves. Happiness was a short sermon, then running down the hill to throw rocks at the telephone poles.

The littler members of Sunnyside will grow up, the younger ones will get married, and the older ones will die. But there is no doubt in my mind that the people in that little congregation are on the right road.

SILENT DEATH

By Jean Taylor

Yellow, green, gold, and red, the leaves fall silently
And are forgotten.
The last foothold of life broken, they drift
And are gone.

The sudden death of Paul Anthony, Washington music instructor, better known as "Mr. A" or "Tony," inspired these student tributes:

LIFE EVERLASTING

By Barb Buchanan

Here was a man who loved life
and lived it to the fullest.
His life was centered
on people and music.
When his life ended, a spark
of our own life was taken away.
How could a man so full of life
be taken away from us?
But, God wanted him . . .
His smile, his handshake,
the wink of an eye.
The nod of his head will always
be remembered.
He gave of himself
and asked little in return.
To those who knew him,
Mr. "A" will live in their hearts forever . . .

RESUME

By Stan Miller

The night came for Tony,
but the night was bright.
His body lies still now,
But his thoughts, his joy, his love, his soul cannot die . . .
A life like his never ends . . .
His laughter is floating through the sky on endless wings that
know no heights or depths
or beginning or end
or east or west
or black or white
or rich or poor,
For somewhere in the distance he's touching the hearts of a
thousand more of his kids.
His life wasn't given to just you or me;
It wasn't given to his kids at McKinley High School
or to Washington High School.

But now as she sits in the foxhole, feeling as if she were in the aftermath of her suffering, she hopes war has tired of playing its whimsical pranks upon their lives. Perhaps now there will be time to sow and harvest a crop. She puts her hands to her face and a smile crosses her lips. She rejoices at the thought of momentary peace as a child rejoices at a postponed punishment. The armies have gone, wishfully forever, but at least for a little while. The cool evening breeze catches her hair, she feels suddenly alive and excited with the warm realization that there will be a new day.

I WISH YOU HAD KNOWN HER, TOO

By Kathie Ingels

It really wasn't so very long ago that we used to go to the little white house in the country. I can still remember skipping up the gravel driveway and running through the rose-covered gate. There "Gram" would be waiting for us with a big smile and a hug and a little something she had picked up at the store for us to entertain ourselves with.

Grandma was just a little vain, but cute! I can remember her always showing us her rings and other assortments of jewelry. She'd hold up her hand and comment on how it sparkled. She'd tilt her head and ask us if we didn't think it was pretty! Grandma wasn't even supposed to wear jewelry according to her religion, but she did anyway and hid it when the preacher came.

She used to tell Larry and me about how she once had hair so long she could sit on it! And about how she ice-skated with Indians, and even that she could ride a horse side-saddle! Then she'd pull out a picture of herself when she was a bride and tell us how she loved to dance: "Best dancer from all around!"

Grandma was so kind-hearted it sometimes made me sad. I can remember once she was burning some grass, and she heard some little squeaking noises. She looked closely and saw some baby rabbits in a nest that in a few seconds would be burned. She grabbed the nest and took it into the house. There she watched those rabbits and picked clover for them till they were almost grown.

Once my brother and I were naughty and Mom was going to spank us; Gram would never let her. She'd say, "Don't spank 'em, don't spank 'em here; let me take their punishment instead."

Grandma always loved surprises. We bought a chipmunk and mailer and sent it to her from Yellowstone Park. She loved that chipmunk and always carried it around in her pocket.

I think she would have bought us anything we wanted. She gave me some of her favorite pink beads and some carved crystal, that looked like tears. Most of all, she gave us love and understanding, and she always had faith in us.

A NEW DAY

By Diana Saluri

It is late afternoon and the sun is dancing above the horizon, playfully prolonging its reign over the earth below. With the lateness of the hour, the sky has turned a faded blue-grey. Three figures are walking along a dirt road which winds over a desolate Russian prairie.

The tallest is a stout peasant woman of thirty, dressed in a tattered frock and wearing a sheepskin vest. She has a round face and dimpled cheeks. There are a young boy wearing a heavy overcoat and a small girl with straw-colored hair; she looks very much like the woman. They are Nina Pavlov and her children, Mikalov and Christina, and they are on their way home after having stayed for six months in a nearby village.

Along with their neighbors, they had been forced to evacuate to the village when the armies had chosen their fields upon which to enact the skirmishes of war. There they had waited while their farms were destroyed and their soil was scarred permanently by the continual shellings and bombings. There they had waited while the battles raged about them, pressing their shoulders harder each day against the cold wall of desolation.

But in recent weeks the fighting had subsided, and last night they had heard the ominous sound of convoys rolling out into the night. Nina decided that at last it was safe to return home.

Now as they are walking, they stop to take a rest. As Nina and Christina relax by the side of the road, Mikalov goes exploring. Spying a foxhole, he leaps into it, calling to his mother and sister to follow. Curious and looking for amusement, they join him.

As they sit surveying the battleground and suddenly finding themselves among the tangible realities of battle, Nina begins to think about the war. The children become bored, for they cannot see the things she sees and are tired and anxious to return home to warm beds and favorite toys.

But Nina is thinking about the war and trying to grasp it like a child trying to stretch its arms around the trunk of a large tree. War had come with its mammoth hand, to clutch them up, to take them by the throat, and to struggle and choke them.

A year ago her husband had been killed in a place of which she had never heard. How strange it seemed to her that he should die fighting in a distant war rather than while defending his own farm. Somehow she had grown accustomed to his death. Somewhere in the clouded regions of her mind this tragedy was placed alongside the others caused by the villainous reality of war which had taken away peace and life as she once knew it.

The past six months had been the hardest in her life. Listening to the rhythmic beat of the cannons, the harsh crackle of gunfire, and the droning of planes overhead, she had often feared hopelessly for her children and her home.

It wasn't given to the boys at Camp Highlands
or to the people at First Congregational Church.
It wasn't given to the National Education Association
or to the Kiwanis Club . . .
He shared his life with the world . . .
And on a still night
you can hear the earth whisper: "Thank you."

The whole of humanity shed a tear
when he died,
But he wouldn't want the tears or the sorrow . . .
A man must dry his eyes to see the footsteps and to follow
them.
His life was endless action;
he couldn't quit . . .
He couldn't stop helping and teaching people.
Then, when his health said "Stop,"
he had to die . . .

But somewhere a new star is brightening the universe.

REPRINTED FROM THE WASHINGTON SURVEYOR

By Kate McMartin

*"So be my passing . . .
let me be gathered to the quiet west, the sundown splendid and serene."*

Always a friend, always sharing, always loving, always — yet, never again. In thirty years of teaching, Paul Anthony never made an enemy. He loved life and lived it as few of us can — constantly alert — consistently happy.

His love of music reflected his philosophy of life — he loved all kinds of music, just as he did all kinds of people. How familiar is the sight of the perky conductor giving an encouraging smile to his choir as he lifts his hands to begin a concert.

Faith was his motto. He had faith in youth — in their ability to excel, and he was in there coaching until they made a homerun. At homecoming year after year he gave a rousing pep talk — never doubting — never fearing. He carried the burdens of others willingly but never inflicted his own. Though in pain his spirit was never daunted.

Teachers like Mr. A are succeeded — not replaced. The inspiration of this man so small in stature was great in spirit and ability, as shown by the thousands who will miss him.

*" . . . He makes a swan-like end
Fading in music . . ." — William Shakespeare*

MR. "A"

By Fran Van Milligan

A light, a face, a gentle hand,
A picture of grace and kindness.

A master of music and life as well;
and that final smile,

A smile of a pixie on the face
of an angel.

AND DREAMING COMES

By Dennis Fitzgerald

The hills are tall
And the grass is green,
The flowers big and bright.
And dreaming comes
At the moment of dusk
When Nature turns out the light.

Among the cars and dreary streets
We learn, we laugh, we weep.
And wait for better things to come
In Dreaming Land, where we all sleep.

The hills seem small,
The grass has died,
And the flowers are gone from sight.
But Dreaming still comes
At the moment of dusk
When Nature turns out the light.

Grown older now, we work, we strive
Our lives and homes to keep.
And wait for just that hour of peace
In Dreaming Land, where we all sleep.

The hills are gone
There is no grass
And wax makes flowers bright.
And Dreaming won't come
Till just before dawn
As Nature turns out the light.

BEN

By Phil Davis

Good old Ben! Benjamin Chandler, that is. I can see him even today, in my mind. Ever since I was a little tyke sittin' on Mama's knee, I've heard of him. Heard — never seen. You see, Ben was my great-great-great-great-great grandfather. That's seven generations back.

Ben was born in 1727, had baby blue eyes, golden hair, and at manhood measured a healthy six-feet two and weighed a hefty two hundred pounds. That's pretty good size for the pre-Revolution period. Connecticut was Ben's home state, but he lived in the primitive wilderness of far-western Massachusetts. At the age of fifty he died in the battle of Bennington. Imagine joining the Continental Army at fifty! That's like being sixty-five today and fighting in Vietnam.

Not only can I see Ben, but I can smell him. Anyone could, within a radius of three miles. He, like most men of the era excepting the uppity aristocrats, smelled like longjohns worn constantly without wash for a year or two. But then, that's what farming with a stick can do to a man. Plowing all day in the sun makes your face look like a water fountain; and your clothes smell a little on the ripe side.

And hear him! He had the voice of a bull moose, a terrific, overpowering voice, with a sharp edge — his wit. According to family folklore, he had the sharpest wit in the whole Crispin line. Yes, that's my ancestor, Benjamin Chandler, a real character and pioneer, typical of early American men and their conviction to fight and die, if necessary, for one ideal — freedom.

MY FAVORITE TIME

By Debbie Bell

Of all the times of the year, I like the winter best. The earth looks peaceful, covered with a sparkling blanket of snow. Mother Nature seems to put her children to sleep and then keeps watch over them.

I love to wake up in the morning and see the trees all painted with Jack Frost's ice and snow. I love to walk in the snow all bundled up. I can hear the quietness of the out-of-doors, with only the distant sounds of life stirring and the crunching of the snow beneath my feet.

I can see the billowy, white snow covering everything around as if to hide it. The branches are covered with icicles. Every once in a while I pass a snowman or a snow fort built by happy children.

I can feel the coldness of the outdoors even through my heavy clothes. It sends a sharp tingle through my body that gives me extra energy. I feel the light, wet touch of the snow on my face.

Winter is the time of rosy cheeks from skating, sledding, and skiing. Yes, I like winter best.

MASTERPLOT

By Larry Hodgkin

Dearest Beloved,

Why did I have to live the life of a prisoner. The buildings were like huge barriers, the people like pebbles on a beach. That town was so stuffy, so full of conceit and ridicule. My parents and I never could manage to see things eye to eye. They wanted me to look like all the other kids in school. Why couldn't I let my hair grow down my neck and over my ears?

By the time you read this letter, I'll be gone. It won't hurt, then, if you tell my parents where to find me. They'll never find my body and probably never know where it really is. I've worked out my plans so no trace will be found.

As you know, my bedroom was in the far corner of our basement. The house was a raised ranch style which meant that half of the basement was above ground level and the other half below. The pictures on my wall were Scandinavian, Hawaiian, one of Picasso's early works, and a Playboy calendar. My desk was littered with compositions mixed with music accessories on my dresser. My closet was a constant mess of saggy clothes, a shelf of old school papers, childhood toys, and my collection of liquors, cigarettes, and male literature. These last items being my main reason for living.

I cut the tile on my floor in a three foot square area and lifted them very carefully so as not to leave a trace. I began cutting into the concrete floor, my route of escape. My work was done between the hours of 12:30 and 4:00, so as not to attract my parents' attention. When not working, I covered the hole with a board and a large throw rug that had always been in my room. The concrete and dirt I disposed of by means of the sewer across the street. The water would carry it away.

After many weeks of sweating, digging, and scraping, I was seventeen feet down and twenty feet out, which put me under the street on the southern side of our house. I made the tunnel just large enough to pull myself and a slim marble tub through. I mounted the tub on a platform of explosives.

I obtained enough crystalized Nitric Acid to decompose the human body within a matter of hours. The acid would then decompose the tub, and sift down onto the explosives, which would blow up the remains of my destruction. The explosion would cause a downward pull on the loose tiles on my floor, which were to fall onto a platform of epoxy cement and seal off my escape route. The tunnel would most likely cave in anyway, but I would be long gone, so it won't matter.

By the time you receive this letter, I will be gone. I thought it best to seal the letter in plastic, but when the seal is broken, the paper will burst into flame and my life on earth completely ended.

Love,
Larry

THE BARN

By Nanci Forster

My favorite time to visit the barn was during the morning milkings. The mornings were cool and bright, with the dew still heavy on the grass. A thin fog always lingered in the valley below the barnyard as if it were waiting a chance to envelop the old structure. Entering the barn at milking time was like stepping into a new world — a world filled with life.

Instead of the cool, clear morning, one was faced with the darkness and closeness of the barn. There were so many smells — so many typical barn smells — that it became hard to distinguish among them. There was the smell of dusty hay, the pasty smell of fresh milk, the bitter-sweetness of fresh manure, and the warm sensation of a smell from the living bodies of the twenty cows.

The barn has a noise of its own, too. A cow might stamp her hoof or blow into her feed, making the oats fly up and stick to her wet nose. Another might rub her horns against the stanchion rack, making the whole neck-piece turn and rattle. Down the line of backs one could hear my grandfather speaking softly to calm one of his more nervous cows. And always, always, would come the alternating sucking, vacuum cleaner sound of the milking machines.

Around all this activity the old, once-white-washed walls seemed to smile and protect. The barn was a sanctuary filled with the sounds of life.

NIGHT WALK

By Shelby Woodford

It is not proper, so my mother says, for girls to be out walking in the night. Yet I get so restless staying in the stuffy house that I long to be outside. All I can do is imagine. First, I bundle up warm, putting on an old pair of jeans, a sweater or two, an older brother's warm parka, a scarf, boots, and mittens. Now, I am ready.

As I step through the door, I walk into a beautiful, mystical world. The snow, shoveled off the drive, stands in neat piles. I feel as though I am gliding into the hall of the Snow Queen's Palace. The street light dribbles a haze over the trees and bushes; the delicate snow and fragile ice glitter and shine like crystal. Snow on the roofs of the houses softens their lines, making them look like cottages from fairyland.

It is snowing now, big, soft snowflakes. An icy, Arctic wind is starting to blow, the kind that makes most people stay inside by the warmth of their fires. I am not pushed away by the wind. He has come out to walk with me, so I will not be lonely.

I am not lonely. I am not cold. I am sitting in my room . . . imagining.

A PANTHEIST DREAM

By Dave Ferch

Across the vast grey ocean of the mind
In flight
By night
I sail my ship in search of true mankind.

Through stormy seas of thought and stellar space
My boat
Afloat
Sails on to find a perfect landing place.

A place where God can find sanctity
From scorn
Forelorn
I need some God-like guiding therapy.

THE LITTLE YESTERDAY

By Jan Schott

A step through the door of Grandpa's store was like stepping back to the year 1900. I can still remember looking at the old, brick building and thinking it had always been there and probably always would be. For me the store was a link to the ways of Grandpa.

The store front had cut-glass windows from ceiling to floor, with "The Best Since 1900" painted in the center. On the big wooden door tacked two tiny, gold bells that tinkled when someone entered. As a child, once inside the door, my eyes were drawn automatically to the long, glass case full of delicious-looking candies. There were chocolates filled with cherries and orange cream, pieces of anise, and large, red and white all-day suckers. On top of the case stood rows of large-mouthed jars filled with penny pieces of licorice, peppermint, winter-green, taffy, and gum drops.

Along the back of the store ran a long, marble-topped counter. The marble was worn smooth and shiny from the many dustings and the countless sundaes, sodas, malts, and coffee cups that had passed over it since 1900. I spent many hours in front of that counter, sitting on a high, wire-backed stool, trying to decide how to spend my money. I could choose from sundaes, malts, phosphates, and three-scooped ice cream cones. Usually I chose a chocolate-marshmallow cone.

Of the other shelves in the store, I don't remember much because the candy and ice cream enticed me more, but I do remember the man. Grandpa was the store. On the wall hung a calendar, June, 1900, with

OLDER BROTHER

By Ann Aukerman

Most girls my age would never admit they idolize their older brothers, but to be honest, I must say I do. When I was a child, I was totally impressed by that heartless, cruel monster which I was forced to call my brother. When and if he was home, his chief delight was in finding a new way to torment me. He could do this either by bothering me unbearably or acting as though I didn't exist. The latter infuriated me, as he well knew.

He was constantly bringing home friends to "mess around." It was at these times that I got my revenge. I would spend entire afternoons trying my best to be in their way and to bother them. I think if Mom hadn't been there, he would have stuffed me in a nearby closet and left me there.

As the years went by, he started to bring home more girls, instead of the familiar gang. None of them impressed me much until Marsha came along. He had never before consulted me on any important matter, but one night he asked me what I thought of her. I told him I liked her a lot, and I guess he agreed, because their engagement was soon announced. I really began to see my brother as a person.

Now I see him in a new light — as a husband and father. We have had many talks since that first one long ago, and each one has brought us a greater understanding.

Recently I was accepted at a school of nursing. We called my brother in Chicago, where he is teaching, to tell him the good news. He knew this had been my biggest dream for most of my life. He congratulated me sincerely and from the heart, as only an older brother can do. I saw then how close we were and how much I valued and respected his opinion. I can truly say that I idolize my brother as only a "kid sister" can.

THE CAT TRAP

By Kaye Sheldon

The whiskers twinged at the rich fragrance of evergreen delicately mingled with the scent of freshly-baked bread, cookies, and pastries. The bells dangling above the kitchen door beckoned teasingly.

No! The inner sense of duty to the calorie chart wouldn't be disobeyed. There would be no sneaking of a bite of the tempting food. The struggle was like a mouse futilely trying to escape the jaws of his predator. The aroma was chasing resistance. Temptation crouched, daring with its steady gaze.

With a sudden burst of fur and claws, the mouse was exterminated. The cat reclined on his haunches, contentedly cleaning his whiskers.

GHOST TOWN

By Sherry Martinson

I felt the eeriness of the deserted town as soon as I entered it. I found the blowing tumbleweed emphasizing the desolation of this place. The dry wind seemed to add to the hollowness and emptiness of the rickety buildings.

I had radioed my position before the plane went down. Now, as twilight fell about me heavily, my only hope was that someone had heard my position and my SOS. Small funnels of dust were being whipped around, gathering momentum from particles of soil. They whirled about me like hungry hordes of insects in a healthy cornfield. I fled for shelter to the nearest building. The structure I entered was deep with sand and grit that must have taken years to accumulate.

Dust enveloped the whole interior of the room, thickening the atmosphere with a haze of unreality. Cobwebs joined chairs to corners and table legs to the floor. Swaybacked as an old milk horse, in one corner stood the ancient piano, the keys yellowed with age and the brass pedals tarnished. A dusty bar ran the length of the room, opposite the piano. A shattered oblong mirror hung on the wall behind the bar.

It was dark now, and the wind was pushing dust through the broken window panes. I was beginning to face the dismal prospect of spending the night there. Then I heard the drone of a motor vehicle rushing through the street, entering the buildings as if in search of me. All I could hope was that it was a rescuer and not a band of desperadoes.

QUALITY

By Karla Childers

There she is, slim and sleek; she's quick, yet noisy when she runs. Her pale blue eyes have a slight slant; and her stare, oh the stare is that of one who is angered beyond reproach, yet there's a certain something that must be admired. It seems to be one of pride and breeding. She never lets anyone get the better of her. If she doesn't want to do something, she just doesn't do it. She's very poised, but let her be insulted and she'll become very disturbed.

She doesn't particularly like to be pampered, but a little pampering when she is in the mood is just fine. Caution! Don't bother her when she is upset, or you'll be sorry.

She has a large appetite, yet she remains remarkably slim and fit, doubtless, from her athletic prowess.

Yes, these are the qualities of my Siamese cat.

a big, red star on the 10th, the day the store was opened. Although he really was my great-grandfather, everyone in town called him Grandpa. He was everyone's friend, and he always had a story to tell anyone who would listen. The stories of his childhood and the years spent along the river resembled Twain's *Huck Finn*. I never stopped to think that the jolly, little man with the silver-white hair and the round glasses perched on the tip of his nose could be tired and lonely. He always smiled and greeted everyone cheerily. It wasn't until last summer that I realized how tired he was.

The smell of perking coffee drifted through the store, and as he poured cupful for himself, he stood gazing at his 1900 calendar. Slowly he turned to me and said, "You know, Little One, I been here a long time, maybe too long. All the things I remember . . . someday you'll understand." When I realized how he felt, I felt sorry for him, but I was grateful that he had thought enough of his early days to pass a small part of them on to me.

ON THE THRESHOLD

By Joan Stary

I stand at the open doorway of a walled fortress.
The fortress is safety to me.
It is made up of school, friends, parents, home.
Everything in it is familiar and dear to me.
Outside the door, I see the dark trackless forest.
In its gloomy depths live all the monsters of this world —
Hate, poverty, disease, death.
I know I must leave my safe fortress.
I must put on my armour of courage, confidence, and self-reliance
And go out to do battle against the forces of evil.
I must make my own path through the forbidding forest of life.

WOMAN

By Dagmar Krause

Oh, feral creature,
The tiger is your soul,
The wind is your companion
To make your life a whole.
And yet you whisper softly,
Like the wind that hums,
That you love me very dearly.
When night time finally comes.

GO BACK WITH ME TO MY HOMETOWN

By Maria Noguera, American Field Service exchange student

It will be a short trip to a South American city on the Atlantic coast, not necessarily my favorite city in the country, but the one to which I will always return: my home town.

We will depart from Miami in a beautiful jet that will take us to the northern coast of Colombia in three hours. The approximate time of arrival at the International Airport of Soledad will be 11 A.M. As you can see, it is a wonderful flight, due to the fact that we are flying all the time over water.

Well, here we are at "The Golden door of Colombia," as it is usually called. This is my father, my mother, and my two brothers. No, they don't speak English. As you may have already noticed, here in Barranquilla almost everybody dresses very informally, due to our 90 degrees F; but professional people will always wear suits, no matter how hot it is. As you go along, you will find that most of the time people act the same way they dress; so don't be surprised if someone you have never seen before says "hello" to you; that is perfectly normal around here.

I am sure you have heard of our siestas; this is something we do every day. We enjoy things as they come along, so you will not often follow a schedule. Unfortunately a tour can't be combined with a leisure life.

We are now on the Caribbean coast; Barranquilla was the first international port for shipping and airline companies in Colombia. It was founded in 1629 at the mouth of the Magdalena River, which is the largest one in the country, and which crosses it from north to south. Barranquilla has a population of 700,000. Its rapid development has induced many people to compare it with many North American cities, with wide avenues and beautiful modern buildings; but there is something peculiar about it. In one street you might feel in the twentieth century: modern cars, noise all around you. If you walk two more blocks, maybe you will see the beautiful flowers hanging from the balcony of a Spanish colonial house with its huge gardens inside; and don't go back. Keep going straight; here several battles were fought with many pirates as well as with the Spanish founders.

If you are ready to go now, we will go to the seaside resort of Puerto Colombia, which is only fifteen minutes from here. There you can water-ski, fish, or practice any other water sport you might think of. As a tourist, there are several tricks you will have to learn; one of them is that if you are in the sun for more than twenty minutes at once, you will be in bed the next day. I don't know the scientific explanation, but the sun is different here.

For tonight I have your dates; I am sure you will all have a wonderful time. Ah! They don't speak English, but you will get along fine. Another thing, they are not my father's friends; here, at eighteen

Remember.
Grasp tight, hold fast.
One instant —
A paradoxical panorama of knowledge,
Depth, recesses, forgetfulness.
Remember

You're different
Me, different?
What! You, Child, dare approach
An Adult?
Ask a child.
No, not a Jew child,
Not a Black child.
Ask Yourself, Child!

Me, apart?
Why?
Me, different from you?
How is that?
I am you — you me.
We are each other.
Together, we are separate,
Separate we are nothing.

SPEARS INTO PRUNINGHOOKS

By Tom Reishauge

A figure crouched in sticky mud . . . sweat-saturated fatigues . . . a scared ashen-faced kid . . . yet a soldier . . . bowed head and bended knee . . . the silent murmur of prayer . . . "Yea though I walk through the valley of . . . of death . . . thy rod and thy staff they" . . . fingers knot tightly around rifle steel . . . he leans heavily on his weapon . . . weary of war . . .

"Are you with me, Lord? Give us strength . . . End the hate . . . Let our people go . . ."

A whistle shrieked . . . he crossed himself . . . His captain called out . . . "Come, comrades . . . Move out . . ."

Vo Thoi got up.

INTRUSION

By Ann Lage

Sunrise at daybreak:
Piercing flood of sunlight's rays,
Pleasant dreams disturbed.

THE GREAT CATHEDRAL

By Diane Beaty

I came to a meadow,
And I was small and lost in its greatness.

In my solitude I felt His presence
As I listened to Nature's Mass,
The organ of the winds,
The choir of the birds,
The prayers of the trees,
The flowers bowing their heads in true reverence.

Somewhere in the busy city,
Is there not, too, a "Meadow"?

YOU, THERE

By Pam Dalziel

You, there,
You're a Woman!
Get away from that Man.
You're different;
That thing called Sex.
Remember?

You, there,
You're a Black!
Get away from that White.
You're different;
That pigment — color.
Remember?

You, there,
You're Methodist!
Get away from that Jew.
You're different;
That New Testament.
Remember?

You, there,
You're a Child!
Get away from that Adult.
You, Child, you're different;
That inferior age.
Remember?

or nineteen, we date guys who are already through college! You have your choice of going to a restaurant, night club, circus, or playing cards. I personally will advise you to go to the El Prado hotel; it has the most exotic gardens, a beautiful swimming pool, and a night club where every night you see a different show, and an international orchestra is playing regularly.

By the way, we don't have any curfews or age for drinking or smoking, but you will never see a lady drunk, and every girl over fifteen is a lady. Oh! I forgot to tell you before they come to pick you up; we dance completely different, but it will be an exciting experience; besides, all you have to do is follow your partner.

And one last thing: if in the middle of the night you hear a radio on, chances are that it won't be a radio. It will be a serenade by your window; as you hear them, you get up and turn a small light on. After a few minutes, turn it off again, then enjoy it. Well, good night; have fun and get up early for our tour tomorrow.

THAI SURPRISES

By Onchuma Sutabutra, American Field Service exchange student

The world is getting smaller by means of communication and transportation, and this will draw countries together. As time goes by, more and more alike will the countries be.

There still are so many things that are done differently; these form the characteristics of countries. Here are some views from my country — Thailand:

The school system is different; the students study about 14 or 15 subjects a year. There is no choice; it's all required. We wear uniforms to school from kindergarten through college. Report cards include grades, which are done in percentages. They also include the homeroom teacher's opinion of the student.

Students stay in the same room for every class; the teacher is the only person who keeps changing. When he enters the room, students stand up. When the students see the teacher in the hall, they stop and bow to him, instead of saying "Hi." One privilege is that students have about an hour for lunch. Students stay at home even though they go to the university. There are five universities in Bangkok but only one has dormitories.

In Thailand we have different custom of dating; we start when we're in college, but the parents must have known quite well the person whom we date. Instead of shaking hands, we have the custom called "Wai" where we put our hands together as if praying, and then we bow our heads over our hands. We respect our elders in this fashion. We can't drive until we are eighteen, but there is no indicated age for drinking or smoking.

Sometimes, to the question like "Don't you know it?" we answer

"Yes, we don't." What we mean is "Yes, you are right. We don't know it."

Ladies never pin the hair up and go outside the house, never wear burmudas or shorts in public except in summer at the seaside. There is no custom of going to church every Sunday. Buddhist temples are open every day. We take off the shoes when going inside the house or church.

In Thailand we have a bargain for everything; we don't buy things from actual price. You can have clothes and shoes tailored at the same price as you buy them in America or sometimes even more cheaply. Everything is cheaper in Thailand; e.g. one dollar is about the highest price for girls to have a haircut. It goes down to 25 cents. For boys it's cheaper!!

Teenagers dance like you do here, but we dance not only "Slow" and "Jerk" but also Ballroom steps. Usually children ask parents *What they should do* instead of telling parents *What they are going to do*.

It is not wise to get the idea of the whole nation from each individual. By the time I get home I may find many things differ from what they used to be.

MARKET

By Magali Jassaud, International Christian Youth exchange student

Carpentras, my town in France on a summer Friday.

At five o'clock in the morning, the main streets of my town are already busy: trucks of all sizes and station wagons are riding slowly all over, stopping in some places, near a sidewalk, at a corner, wherever they can. You might still see some old horse-drawn carts driven by aged men. If you are lucky enough to live, like I do, on one of these streets, you will be awakened by the gay "Hello" of the merchants. Yes, I said merchants, sellers, because all these people who are outside at this hour came from towns around to sell everything you can think of!

But let's go for a walk! Here you are welcomed by the indescribable fragrance of thousands of flowers on benches, ready to be chosen. An old peasant, wearing like her ancestors some centuries ago, a black outfit, invites you by her smile to buy one of these colorful bouquets. A little farther on, hanging at your height are light dresses, bright blouses, and behind this, the joyful voice of the seller reminding you that no girl can be pretty without one of his dresses.

And what are now all these colors: red, yellow, green? You are in the vegetable market: thousands of tomatoes, apricots, peaches, green beans, onions, garlic, make you feel hungry. You stop to watch, and the man behind the benches sometimes will give you a fruit, saying with this wonderful singing accent of southern France, "I am not lying; taste it: is this bad?"

GOOD MORNING, DEAR

By Phil Davis

"Ho hum! Boy, am I bushed!" Howard Zyfe stretched and threw the grass-green blanket to the foot of the bed. He reluctantly crawled out into the cold morning.

"Oh, for Pete's sake, Howard, will you go back to bed?" his wife murmured. When her words fell on deaf ears, she looked up and said more forcibly, "Go back to sleep, Stupid!"

Howard barely bothered to look up, but instead plopped down on the bed to put his slippers on his bony feet. "You keep yelling at me like that," he threatened with a twinkle in his eye, "and I'll just have to divorce ya!"

"You couldn't, anyway."

"And why not?"

"Because *neither* of us wants the kids all to himself."

"Darn!" he responded dejectedly. "Forgot about that. Maybe we we could drown 'em." He retreated to the bathroom for his usual five A.M. shower. His shadow was pursued by a pillow, which sent feathers fluttering peacefully to the floor.

His wife, Henrietta, simply rolled over. Within a matter of minutes Howard was in the shower. "Oom bah-bah, oom bah-bah." The notes came out loud and clear. Howey, as his wife calls him, smiled inwardly. "Now let's see, we'll try that last part again, only with a little more feeling. Oom bah-bah, oom——."

Howard, please! It's five A.M.! You'll wake all the neighbors!" Henrietta's voice was straining to drown out the "oom-bahs."

"Aw, look who's talkin'." He hoisted his prized possession, an ancient tuba, an it's-been-in-the-family-for-generations piece of equipment, up to a more suitable playing position.

"A body can't get any sleep at all! I'll just have to go down and draw *my* bathwater." She smiled with wicked expectation, as she tramped defiantly downstairs and turned on the hot water full blast. "Some husbands *sing* in the shower. *Mine* plays the tuba!"

Anyone who lives in a thirty-year old home or knows of such a house knows the immediate result: cold water upstairs. With the ensuing crash and burst of uncontrolled temperment, Howey tumbled out of the shower. He was colder than an Eskimo in a bikini. "Doggone it! She does that every morning!"

"And so do *you*!" came the irritated reply from downstairs.

Again Howard retreated. It seems he was always retreating. He was just the average run-of-the-mill, hen-pecked husband. He dressed slowly and flopped down the stairs. When he reached the last one, he was greeted by his wife. She took his head in her hands, leaned over and kissed him on the forehead. Then, in her most aggravating, W.C.T.U.-type tone, said "Good morning, Howey."

"Good morning, dear."

TREE OF SOCIETY

By Kate McMartin

There is something special about being alone in the sunset by the gnarled old tree. It is secluded from the rest of the world, and the boughs of the tree enfold me . . . protect me . . . hide me.

Occasionally there is a bird in the distance . . . calling. I sometimes see one winging by my secret haven with a simple beauty that enhances my entire being. His soaring grace and dignity radiate the incomprehensible joy he has found in striving toward the unknown. His precise movements reveal the trembling hope that encompasses his soul as he climbs to the apex of his destiny . . . So nice to have a destination.

I often hear the timid rustle of a prairie creature nearby . . . perhaps a jack rabbit . . . slyly avoiding an encounter with society — as if society were to be feared! I rule this precious world of peace. I have an identity here . . . I am ruler and I have power over every blade of grass and each lovely wisp of imagination . . . always imagination . . . but only imagination.

I touch a leaf and thrill at its gentle response. It is my leaf, you know. It is a gift to me from Someone who once was alone . . . like me, who conceived a dream of life beyond our comprehension and who with one mighty breath blew life into man and love into life.

"Mine eyes look unto the hills," they said They did not ask:
*"Do you see only the shell? Do you hear only the babble of voices
over broken horizons? Is the leaf you touch your own . . . yours
and yours alone . . . alone . . ."*

I hear the rustle again. The darkness gently engulfs my gnarled old tree. I wonder why the jack rabbit ran away?

IMAGES

By Tom Refshauge

Spears of grass bent with tears of dew —
Cotton-candy clouds pasted on the blue —
Streaks and smears of colored dawn —
Reddish hues from the Artist's brush —
The breeze awakens with a gentle rush.
Its breath refreshes,
As it lightly licks my face.
The yellow speckled meadow ripples,
And the grasses wave.
The birds with their scattered chirp
Applaud this morning scene.
Awareness is what love of life really means.

Do you need some glasses or china? You will find them. Of course it will not be the finest, but just something you will use every day with a friend to have refreshments. Or maybe your knives and scissors aren't sharp enough. This old man, tan by the sun, will sharpen them in front of you while talking about the events around the town.

No cars are allowed to drive in the central part of the town on Friday mornings after 7:30 A.M. People come from all around to buy things, to meet friends, to learn what has happened in the town since last week. All the cafes are open and the owners have put tables outside, so you can just sit, have a drink, and watch people. The sun is always the welcome guest, because how would you like having a market in the open air, without the sun that makes everybody feel happy! The noise is confusing: talking, admiring, laughing, children crying to get attention, sellers yelling their low prices . . .

In Carpentras, this weekly market is part of the inhabitants' life. It is part of my life, too. It is one of the little things among many others that makes your town your own town, and your life your own life.

ON MEETING MY PEN PAL IN AUGSBURG

By Gretchen Paulsen

I looked around and tried hard to see
A boy who looked like Werner to me.
I'd longed for the day we would finally meet.
And here I was now, my heart skipping a beat.
I looked up and saw him framed by the door,
And then I knew I would worry no more.
For Werner was German and handsome and tall,
And I stood there gaping and awed by it all.
He gave me a picture to remember him by,
And at this sweet moment, I wanted to cry.
For I was so happy and thankful but sad;
I would soon leave dear Werner, my pen pal, my lad.

SHOES

By Nancy Freeman

Her shoes, running to me,
Her shoes, dancing with me,
Her shoes, happy and carefree,
Her shoes, suddenly slow and sad . . .
Her shoes, echoing away,
Her shoes, lost in the past.

THE URGE PRIMEVAL OR WHY AREN'T BOYS AMOROUS SOONER?

By Linda McLeod

Saturday nights are a drag, especially if you're tall, built with meat on your bones and a little bit too much *you* for anyone to want to take out. We were all like that, but we knew that on week-ends we should have companionship, so we had to do something. We stuck together because it got so that nothing else seemed better to do. We soon had a reason to look forward to Saturday night.

I guess you could say it all began one Saturday night, as I was sitting next to the phone trying to think just who wouldn't have a date. I finally came up with a girl; she brought a friend, and together we called another. Then there were four.

What began as a simple, gabby little group changed its spirit. I made a fatal mistake. I said, "Would you like something to eat? I'm sure we can find *something*." Well, that's how it started, and eating became our reason for Saturday night. We had a great time that night and by Monday we were planning another evening. Assignments were passed around, "Sue, bring potato chips; Linda, pop. Nancy, you and Cheryl get some turnovers." That next Saturday was a feast. We had to starve ourselves the rest of the week, but "that" night we didn't merely eat, we gorged!

One Saturday I picked up Sue to go to Cheryl's. I must have been out of my mind, but I went right past a grocery store. We looked at each other, checked our finances, and before we really knew what was happening, we were madly pushing a shopping cart up and down the aisles, scooping the food in. This was to be no ordinary feast; but three flavors of ice cream, chocolate sauce, whipping cream, black walnuts, and maraschino cherries. After eating something like that, one can only slump to the floor and groan in blissful agony.

The last time we had a chance to be together, we really outdid ourselves. Nancy brought meat and cheese, Sue brought pop, Cheryl brought sauerkraut, and I furnished mayonnaise, mustard, French bread, and chocolate cake. We made huge sandwiches, eight inches long and five inches high.

The happy ending to the story is this: One day each of us found a guy who had finally grown tall enough, who thought only eighth graders looked natural if they're skinny, and who was no longer shy but was big and had enough *Him* to step out and not be afraid of someone as brassy as we.

TEA

By Dan Wray

Tea time, your lordship.
Jolly Good. What kind today?
Acid, Sir! — Ripping!

spoiled, and when something like: "Daddy, can I . . ." "No Karen, not now. We have to take care of the baby!" was said, it had a disturbing effect.

It was much like that same dry sickness, that emptiness which she felt now when she stood alone waiting to be asked to dance.

Jack was coming toward her now. Karen didn't know his name at this time, but she had seen him in the restaurant where she worked. He was always joking around with his friends and even with people he had never met before. She was growing very nervous now. Her hands and knees were shaking, and she was afraid he would notice them, but he did not take his eyes off her face once. She turned slowly away, but when she felt him drawing near, her eyes met his. Her heart skipped a beat and she felt like shouting for joy. The sparkle in his bright blue eyes, beneath his coal-black hair, gave one a hint of his personality and drew Karen toward him like a moth to a flame. She quickly gained her composure. He was talking now.

"May I have this dance?"

She smiled as he took her hand and walked to the side of the gym. He was smiling back at her!

WORDS!

By Don Albaugh

Editor's Note: This paragraph was written in response to an assignment in which pupils had to use at least twelve vocabulary words which they were studying. The words are in *italics*.

I plan on using the *minimum* of twelve words, the *standard conformed* to by the teacher and *jubilantly* accepted by the class of *robust* students. We, being *versatile*, are willing to take on this *grueling* task, and *conclude* it by class time tomorrow so we can *eliminate* it from our long list of homework. We were *motivated* to finish this *component* of our homework by our teacher who threatened to make an *exhibit* of our heads if we didn't finish. She guaranteed us a *leisurely* trip down to the office if the paper was not completed.

BABYLON BURNS

By Tom Refshauge

Man has reasoned and
Built majestic towers tall.
Mad men make them fall.