

BLIND EYE

By Doug McKay

How far can the blind man see;
Does he feel with his ears;
Does he hear with his fingertips?
Sir, how far can a blind eye see . . . ?
The blind man can see through time and space,
From a man in his earliest beginnings
To a place in a far and distant land.
He does not just hear his way,
But his fingers are as his eyes
When touching a perforated page.
In its own dotted code it carries him away
To a time and place far and distant.

MAY I HAVE THIS DANCE

By Pam Dickey

She wasn't alone physically, but mentally she felt deserted. Mrs. Gates had just told her gym class to scatter themselves out across the gym floor.

"The boys will be coming shortly." The instructor walked slowly to the far side of the gym and eased herself into an old wooden chair, making sure her knees were covered.

Karen appeared calm, standing in the middle of the gym floor, but inside she felt jittery and unsure of herself. Questions like: "Will I be asked to dance?" and "Who will ask me?" were running through her head. She had to be asked, but . . .

She glanced to one side. There was Jim, and Phil was right behind him. "Oh no," she thought to herself, "if they ask me to dance, I'll die."

Alan and Jerry passed by. She let out quite a sigh of relief. She need not worry about them any more. Now her only worry was whether she would be asked at all. She wanted very much to be asked.

One boy after another walked by. Girls all around Karen were being asked to dance. She stood there trying to appear as calm as possible, but that funny feeling in her stomach seemed to be getting worse. It turned to a sick feeling of unwantedness. She knew that worrying about what her friends might think was wrong; but Karen, like anybody else, liked to be liked. If she were not chosen to dance, it would hurt her. She would try to explain it to herself by some sort of logical reasoning, but the hurt it would cause would remain, like the others, deep down inside her.

The agony of being hurt like this had commenced when Karen was a little girl. Always having received plenty of attention, she became

THOUGHTS BY THE ROAD

By Stan Miller

I stood on the road. A thousand miles of wandering, dancing, singing, swimming, laughing, crying and loving lay behind me. And now I stood looking eastward for two thousand unwanted miles. I'm a wanderer by nature, but I'd finally found a world of people, trees and sky that satisfied me, and I didn't want to leave. I had to force myself to put out my thumb, and every five minutes or so I had to quickly shake my head to keep from dropping memories on my mind.

A week ago was the last time I'd stopped at Bitney's Corner Cafe outside Grass Valley. The place was empty of people and friends, that is, except for a few old Mexicans having a beer. The old Mynah bird was still caged in the corner, saying "Hello Mel" off and on. Hovering over an empty glass on the bar for a moment, the cigarette smoke floated away into the warm atmosphere of curios and antiques. But it wasn't as warm as when our bunch of Bohemians came piling in from a sweaty day's work. The bartender loved and trusted us all. We'd add up our own bill and ring it up on the cash register, and he would always sell us cigarettes, though only a few were eighteen.

I tried to stop thinking of the past and thought of home, friends, family and school. Obligations, obligations. They hadn't given me and couldn't give me what I'd discovered in the last couple of months. I really didn't care a damn whether I got home or not.

A split second of thought was too much for words, but not enough for my soul. There was a spark, but it didn't ignite like it had back in Berkeley, Monterey, San Francisco, Nevada City, Dan Anselmio, Yuba River, Sierra Buttes, and all the other magic names.

I stood far below the magic Sierra Nevadas now. Scenes, flashes, memories crashed wildly through my brain . . .

A car pulls off the road and I dash for it, leaving my thoughts behind.

WASTED TIME

By Craig Byers

Beachcraft bobbing on the sea,
Moving slowly to the shore;
Death soon to be facing me;
Why can't men avoid a war?
Needless killing, hate and strife,
Men will live and men will fall.
Why this waste of human life?
Gaining nothing, losing all?
Can't these wars forever cease,
Men to live as friends in peace?

THE "BACON" LOT

By Janice Hanlon

No bigger than a back yard, yet the lot next to our house meant more to me than Chicago, Des Moines, or even New York. Mom called it the vacant lot, but it always came out, when I said it, to be the "bacon" lot. It was the only place where I was the ruler, the big cheese. It had holes, weeds, hills, water, rocks, and bottles that were broken. (I once sank a rock with a bottle because I didn't have any ships or torpedoes that were real.)

It had an element of history and distinction, you know. There were ties from an old railroad track that we imagined had carried real Indians and cowboys. When we dug holes, we would find old plastic tablecloths and rusty cans that we thought must have been hundreds of years old at least.

In the winter it was a huge mountain, in the summer a desert, and in the spring it was all nice and sloppy. The fall was the best. People dumped their leaves there so we could jump in them.

There's a house there now, but I like to think that my ships and bottles and Indians and everything are still there. I don't think anything can ever change those memories. It really wasn't bad for a vacant lot.

MISS MALONE

By Rex Risser

From stories which I had heard, I pictured my first grade teacher as a witch who delighted in screaming at pupils for no particular reason. However, her standards of discipline and her attention to the problems of each student left an indelible mark on me.

The first day at school was as memorable as I had been warned it would be. It was then that Miss Malone set the standard of behavior which would prevail throughout the year. After one little girl's mother had left, the child began to cry. A few boys started snickering at her. Miss Malone immediately told them to be still and sit quietly for the rest of the year. As the year progressed she became more vigorous in her orders; in fact, it was not uncommon for her to shout at some misbehaving student. I soon found Miss Malone was equally emphatic that everyone get to work when we had study time. One day when she found me day-dreaming, she grabbed me by the arms and shook me before the whole class. When I am trying to concentrate in my chaotic high school study halls, I often remember the enforced silence of Miss Malone's work periods.

This discipline might have degenerated into mere authoritarianism had she not been interested in the progress of every student. I saw

WARNINGS

By Dennis Fitzgerald

Along came man, walking, stumbling, searching and dreaming,
Walking alone through the cold black night.

Walking, walking down into the valley,
The valley of forgotten souls.
Searching for the light, the light of day.
They can't understand
That this is not the way.

Man walks the crooked path of destiny.
And through the dark the path is lit,
Lit by forgotten genius, heroism, and truth,
Lights which only serve to deepen the shadows around them.

They walk past the graves,
The cold, dark graves.
In which lie those who went before
And now bear mute testament
That this is not the way.

And now a battlefield across their path
Where some forgotten race of souls
Fought and lost, then had to pay
The price to find
That this is not the way.

Yet still they walk on,
Following the cold, blue glow of death
That leads their path astray.
A glow that, too, is warning them
That this is not the way.

The next light is a firelight
Where flaming devils leap and dance upon a fiery cross,
Taunting, teasing, and misleading,
Hiding the truth —
That this is not the way.

And onward, on they go,
Running madly toward the light,
The light that burns like a thousand days
And toward the mushroom cloud
Where — too late — they too have found
That this was not the way.

CIRCLE OF DECISION

By Mary Ann Vesey

She stands quietly beside him on a hill, looking down and seeing their world before her. What is he thinking about their future? She searches his face for a clue. Her eyes follow his gaze, but does she see his dream or one of her own?

The land she sees has many different contours, well formed, yet unshaped. Flat steady plains are interrupted by hills and deep valleys. Mountain ranges appear and disappear only when worn away by time.

The two are forced to make a decision because they soon must leave the hill. So many paths lead away from the hill, and she must be careful to choose the right one. Which path will he choose? Will she go along?

But there are many ways to come down the hill that she cannot see from the top. There are several scattered, unexplored trails that only one of them can safely travel. If he goes on alone and she does not follow immediately, will he wait for her or will he go on and forget her on his way? The easy path for him is an escape from the uncertain. She wonders about the uncertain, the way they can travel together.

They stand and look in each other's eyes. She sees he has made a final decision. She watches him turn and approach the path. He looks back for her, and now she knows.

FOOD FOR MEMORIES

By R. William Flood

Shimmering red jello in a bowl. Cool and delicious to a child, it was an escape from the stifling heat of day. An escape.

A boy running, running because crackers are good things to share between best friends, and he has more at his house across the street. The street. A gray place where you must look both ways before you cross. Look.

At the red, pulsing red, down the street and out of sight. A car stopped by its burden of death.

Lunchtime. Shimmering red jello in a bowl. Jello is red, and red is death.

DESPAIR

By Lani Dunston

How can I tell him
that it is he whom I love,
if he goes away?

later that her shouting was for a purpose — to teach each student the value and necessity of discipline. I remember how she helped me when I had been sick three weeks. She tutored me every Thursday night for a month. Miss Malone was determined that I would catch up with the rest of the class, and catch up I did. She was equally persistent that I would not slip back, once I had caught up. Since she realized that I had a lazy streak, she kept prodding and pushing me ahead. By the end of the year I was well prepared for more than second grade.

It is reasonable to say that many of my study habits had their beginning in Miss Malone's class. Though sometimes painful, the lesson of discipline learned in the first grade has stayed with me. Concentration on a subject has never been a major problem to me. I have learned how helpful an instructor can be if merely asked for assistance. For the most part, I have lost that streak of laziness. All of these qualities are manifestations of Miss Malone's effect on my development. Her discipline and interest made her exactly the type of teacher I needed.

SURPRISE HAIKU

By Glenn Guenther

The loveliness of spring
beckons to me;
my car has a flat tire.

Oh, pretty flowers, I love to breathe
your fragrance of Spring!
AHCHOO!

Life is like a bird
winging to horizons;
a hunter aims and shoots.

Youth is like the freshness
of Spring, for all to enjoy;
a child gets spanked.

TWO MODERN HAIKU

By Corey Coquillette

The sun is shining;
the sky is blue;
I turn on television.

The war is raging;
men are being killed,
I quietly sip my tea.

JAKE

By Craig Byers

In the years around the end of the nineteenth century, there lived an old Indian. He had no surname, but was referred to only as Jake, or Jake the Indian. No one knew exactly how Jake came to live in the Great Lakes Forest Range, just south of Mahtomedi, Minnesota. It was speculated that Jake just happened to settle there on an impulse after his Apache tribe had been wiped out by the government troops. Anyway, it was this forest range that Jake knew as his home.

My family also lived on a small acreage in the thick of this beautiful woodland. I admired and respected Jake as much as I did my own father. It was Jake who took me under his wing and taught me everything there was to learn about hunting, trapping, and best of all, the art of stalking.

How well I remember the days when Jake would patiently go without supper, in order to help me skin out a particularly good catch of muskrats. Even if I insisted that I could do it myself, he would, without a word, sit down beside me and skin three rats in half the time it took me to do one. Yet when the job was done, he would take no more than a simple "thank you" for his efforts. Try as I might to persuade him to accept some of my profits, he would never take so little as one dime.

As I grew older, I came to realize all that Jake had been doing for me through the years. I wanted to get him something that he could use out in the wilderness. Finally the day came when I managed to save up enough money to purchase a second-hand Winchester 30-06.

The next afternoon when school let out, I rushed home, picked up the gun, and made haste to get over to Jake's cabin before he left to check his traps. I arrived just as he was preparing to embark on this nightly trip along the river. At first, when I presented him with the rifle, he was speechless; then, a lone tear rolled down his cheek, he managed to nod his approval. For me, it was more than enough thanks. The happiness I brought him was evidenced by the way he handled the gun, as if it were a tiny animal that needed the most delicate care. Then he was gone, striding quickly over the snow to reach his line before dark.

A week later I arrived home from work to find a huge, already dressed deer hanging from the big oak tree in our front yard. Rushing inside, I was informed by my mother that Jake had shot it earlier in the day and dragged it over here. She mentioned something about his wanting me to have the first one he got. Anyone who knew how much that deer meant to Jake would have realized that this was the greatest symbol of friendship the old Indian could show. It would have taken him the entire day to dress out and drag the deer the two and a half miles to our house.

Then the inevitable happened. While tracking down a wounded bear, Jake stepped into a poacher's trap. As he struggled to free him-

When she had discovered that she couldn't salvage his life, she had fled.

Perhaps this should have opened his eyes, but it had failed, too. Soon enough he had found that to try to escape was useless folly. The false sense of security that had come from being a creature of habit shattered itself when he discovered he was here to stay. The unexplainable spell cast over him held a helpless captive, but the last words the girl had uttered as she left would probably haunt him to his dying day.

"You'll never get out, never. It'd be like climbing a wall of glass with nothing there to hold on to. Don't you see this is your last chance?"

LAST CHANCE, Last Chance, last chance . . . the words faded into the pocket of his diseased memory where he had locked them. They only managed to escape when he surrendered to the thought. Yes, it was the last chance and he knew it now. He laid his head on the table and closing his eyes, wondered if this was what it was like to be dead.

* * *

The bar was almost empty now. Rousing from his reverie, he blinked hard, and looked up from the glass he had been staring into for hours without really seeing. It must be way past two. Looking down again, he saw that the ice had long since disappeared into the amber liquid. Swirling the glass a few times, he emptied it and set it down. He must have been sitting here a long time, he thought. The drink had turned flat and warm.

THE JUDGMENT

By Chuck Fatka

Who is to say that one must die,
To leave this blessed life,
To travel where all cares are small,
Or where there's naught but strife?

Is HE to say that one must go,
To die with such good grace?
Or should just twelve the verdict give
That one must life erase?

VOCAL

By Bonnie Padzensky

He mumbled twice,
Which was very nice,
'Cause he hardly ever talked at all.

LAMENT FOR PARIAHS

By Sandy McGrew

Shepherd, your eyes are sad for your sheep;
They will not preserve the purity of the flock,
But drift away to mingle with inferior breeds.
It is a desolate place, here on the mountain —
Do you condemn the lonely beasts who seek companions in the valley?
They must weary of the praises of their fine wool and these exhibitions
for curious eyes.
But you, shepherd, have been so long on the mountain,
That peasants below are no longer of your kind;
"Hermit," they label you, because you are ignorant of the important
things.

THE GLASS WALL

By Carolyn Ward

The patched screen door slammed behind him but failed to break the monotony that was slowly choking all surviving motion or feeling into dull submission.

It was always that way. Whatever modicum of enthusiasm came with the morning soon fell victim to the wearisome sameness that stifled anything and everything. He had tried for a while, when he had first come here, to put his finger on the reason, but without success.

It must be the weather, he thought. It never changed, going from one day to the next in the same pattern of depressing humidity. The mood that it brought reflected itself in the lives of all those who inhabited this place. Swirling around and around, never progressing, never regressing, never changing at all, they existed in their own private purgatory, starved for a change, for excitement, for anything that might break this cast, without knowing it.

Why, then, had he stayed here? Rationalizing in the blind optimism of youth that it couldn't happen to him, he had plunged headlong into living life. But the idealistic approach offered little resistance to the inevitable, and soon the insidious evil had trapped him. The cycle of days fell into an endless rut of mere existence. Now, even his mind had become warped to the point that he didn't care whether he lived or died. What was there to live for?

Oh, there had been a girl once. She hadn't been perfect, in the image of the lovely ingenue with no faults, but she had been a good girl with the power and urge to be something. Oblivion now claimed her name, but clear enough was the memory of when she had gone. Together they had come here, and had realistically seen that being young was no automatic immunization against the evil she found.

self, the bear returned and badly mauled him before Jake finally killed the beast. Seriously injured, but still alive, Jake managed to pull himself along for a mile back to his cabin. When I found him there the next day, he was in pretty bad shape. Comforting him as much as possible, I left to fetch a doctor.

I returned five hours later only to find the smouldering remains of his cabin. Lying in the snow next to his home were his rifle and traps, along with a note leaving them to me. Falling to my knees in the snow, I covered my face and wept.

METAMORPHOSIS

By William R. Flood

Morning haze resolved,
A boy's only love appeared:
A small plane, soaring.

Now service to God,
His country, freedom, revered
A big plane, killing.

Yet another day,
Death, its toll once more not feared:
His love he did sate.

Twilight haze resolved,
A weary man's love besmeared:
Love transformed to hate.

A PATH ACROSS THE SNOW

By Bob Sommers

When I glimpse a path across a field of new-fallen snow, my mind falls back to see a small boy trudging his way through the cold. Alone on a winter day, he has only his inborn instinct to lead him astray for a moment. There's nothing for him to follow, but nothing to lead him away but himself.

The white blanket spreads evenly on the land, broken only by the little one's imagination. At first he slides his feet, checking his steady rhythm and examining his widening furrow. He goes straight in his step, making his impact on the fresh earth. Now he stops, lifting his feet high, coming down hard, and leaving such a big print. Why, it looks like a man's step!

Time has meant nothing to him, but now he realizes his joy will not last forever. Silently, almost grudgingly, he tip-toes away, not wanting anyone to see his tiny steps, to realize he is just a little boy.

A MAN

By Mary Ann Hardy

A tall, slender man, with a high forehead and the hairline of a Shakespearean repertory actor, stood in the wide hallway. His clear eyes quietly searched those of the few he passed as if he need not be told what their meager tribulations were. A sensitive man, he was easily disenchanted with people, regardless of their age. Yet, he was drawn to that profession which would hurt him the most, the one that would be the source of his perdition. He was a teacher.

A PLAN

By Tyanne Hodge

There is a mountain to climb
And a river to ford.
Man fights the plague
And buries his dead.

There is a plan, a design to this world;
No man can live without fighting.
A baby is born and it cries to be heard,
Thus each cause screams to the world.

No cause is so small
That its glow can't be seen.
As the dark shows the light,
Thus the wrong can show right.

THE ROSES

By Joan Stary

Good deeds are like small, exquisite roses,
Hidden in an ancient garden come upon unawares.
The world with its cruelty, dishonesty, and hatred
Is like the undergrowth that covers the garden
And seeks to smother the flowers.
But the roses remain half-hidden by the undergrowth.
Their roots are deep.
In the end, they will not be destroyed.
The good we do today may be small, yet it will live and prosper,
Like the roses.

QUEST FOR EXCELLENCE

By John O'Meara

Jim lay in the clipped grass near the green, the baggy hood of his sweatsuit clutched tightly over his head. He always went through a Yogi-like preparation before a race. Mark hunted in the thick grass for a lucky clover. There was also the familiar sight of other hooded runners lying on their backs, with their cleated feet propped against the mesh fence that surrounded the golf course. Eyes closed, they were concentrating. No one on the cross-country team was really sure what these rituals were supposed to accomplish, but they had seen other runners do it. It was the sign of a veteran. The greenhorns were easy to spot. They were gathered in small groups, joking nervously beneath the trees, waiting for the start.

Cross-country is a grueling sport, and each member of our team had spent weeks conditioning his body to perform at its peak over a two-mile course. Weeks of strengthening aching legs and straining lungs. Weeks of sweat and dust and throbbing limbs — that was the sacrifice we had to make to be good.

Our team would try anything in the pursuit of excellence, and on the day of the meet, "anything" meant "psyche." In order to perform well, a runner had to be "psyched" in. It was a last attempt to prepare the mind, as well as the body, for the race.

On the day of the meet lucky numbers and good omens would begin to spring up like toadstools after a spring rain. Doug always wore a rubber band around his left wrist. Earl had to have his lucky shoes and lucky socks. Jim wore his purple tennis shoes and listened to psyche records. Even "Coach" wore his lucky red tie. "Concentration" was the key word. Don't talk, don't joke — concentrate. Get psyched in! It got so I half-expected the Negro athletes to prostrate themselves on the starting line in a native ritual, singing, "We shall overcome . . ."

It was an attempt to instill confidence, to make up for the missed practices and the times we cut through the arcade instead of running the whole workout. It was an attempt to draw super-human performance out of human bodies.

Coach always said we had to be a little bit crazy to be cross-country runners. And, judging from the antics of the team on race day, it seemed entirely possible.

DUST

By Mary Ann Hardy

That tiny bit of dust in the sun —
Perhaps that is what
The world is.

THE ORDEAL

By Linda Slipson

The sky was darkening. A few flashes of silent lightning heralded the approach of the storm. My mother sat in an armchair nervously twitching her fingers, her back to the window. By her side were a radio, two candlesticks, a flashlight, and a kerosene lantern.

"How does the sky look now?" she asked, not daring to see for herself.

"It's rather dark," I said. "I'm going outside to get a better look." I started to the door.

"Don't go too far from the hou --"

A flash of lightning made Mom jump as if it had hit her. Her face stiffened as thunder shook the house. It began to rain. I went to the window and watched the rising wind beat the trees. Mom grew pale as it whistled through the screens.

My father confidently entered the room. "What's the matter, Hon? This house will stand 120 mile per hour winds, it won't blow over." Mom gave my father an icy look. Another brilliant blue flash lit the room, making the lights flicker.

"Linda, get away from that window!" Apparently Mom remembered some ancient story about lightning coming through windows, so I left the window and went over to my father.

"Why is she always like that during a thunder storm?" I whispered.

"Runs in the family. Her mother used to hide under the bed."

After discharging a few hailstones, the storm left as quickly as it had come. Mom stood up, looked out the window, as if released from an evil spell, and smiled.

WHO, ME?

By Linda Pugh

This old civil rights is our "new" song.
How long will it last? I ask you, *how long?*
Will it last for a year, two years, or three?
How long will it be till black men are free?
This is a battle — a battle ne'er won;
It strikes from grandparent down to grandson.
"Give us our rights," the black man still cries.
"Look at the hatred in white man's eyes.
"Why do you doubt us? Can't you see?
We only want our rights: the right to be free,
The right to vote, the right to 'eat',
The right to hold a congressional seat.
This is *our* country, and *our* people, too,
So help us to freedom. Who? Yes YOU!!

THE LAST SUMMER

By Jan Eggert

I was sitting on the sturdy, grey dock staring at the cabin. Soon we were going to move far away, so I was looking at my summer castle for the last time. In the water behind me was a large rock. Many times I had swum out to it. I enjoyed the company of the fish, except for the eels. There really wasn't a beach, only many different stones, and they were too sharp to walk on barefooted. The cabin had white siding with murky green trim. The terrace, jutting out from the rectangular cabin, was flanked by two, old withering trees. Cows often wandered in from nearby pastures. I was startled to see them peeking through the windows.

Inside, rough beams cut across the peaked ceiling; from the beams hung long strips of flypaper. There was a dusty brown moose head above the huge rock fireplace. It always frightened me. I think someone purposely shined the glassy eyes so that they would glow eerily. During the first summer, I was small enough to stand in the fireplace. Much to everyone's dismay I was covered with soot most of the time.

Behind the cabin was a rusty old pump which provided drinking water. Fresh flowers were gathered from the field of daisies and black-eyed susans. When the weather was cold or stormy, we played ping-pong on the dining table or cranked an ancient, wooden phonograph. I can still hear the scratching of the records and the sounds trailing off as the spring motor slowly ran down.

A voice interrupted my thoughts — it was time to leave. As we followed the little winding lane, I looked back once again.

THE INEVITABLE

By Dennis Molumby

Death is the inevitable product of birth.
The moment one is born, he is dying.
Why then is this word shunned?
Is it bad?
It will come someday.
Soon maybe — or later.
But it will come.

It leaves the living only tears,
Memory, emptiness — mystery.
For what is death?
One can only surmise —
For the answer will never pass
The lips of the dead.

LITTLE SISTER

By Hillary Garner

How good to come home to a nice, quiet house after school, and settle down with a bottle of pop and a good book. At least I keep thinking it must be nice, because I've never had that experience.

After a grueling day at school, I dragged myself home and stumbled in the door, only to be greeted by the screaming of my little sister, Katy. I was almost knocked down when she dove for my legs, announcing in a loud voice that she's going to grow up to be the All-American football tackler. I believe it. I have the bruises to show it.

When I regained my balance, I asked her what she did today. She gave me a cold stare and answered it was none of my business. Well, what do you expect from a five-year-old kid? My mother came into the room just then, with a very sweet smile on her face, and right away I knew she wanted me to do something for her. I was right.

"Dear, would you please take Katy to the park for me? I've been so busy trying to keep her from jumping off the sun porch to prove she can fly, that I haven't been able to do any work. It will only have to be a little while." And she flashed her smile at me again.

What could I do? I put on my oldest clothes, took Katy's hand, and off to the park we went, dragging Katy's rag doll with us. As soon as we got there, Katy instantly jumped on the swing and begged me to push her. I attempted to do an under-duck, and resulted in banging my head instead. I suggested the jungle gym. Now *there* was a mistake. My sister scrambled to the top like a monkey, while I tried to untangle myself in a mass of steel bars.

After that ordeal, I was ready to give up. I told Katy it was about time to go home, but she had other ideas. She ran over to the teeter-totter and begged me to push her up and down on the other end.

I couldn't help it! When opportunity arises, I take advantage of it. I walked serenely over to the teeter-totter, sat down on the opposite end of Katy, and stayed there. Katy's end went up in the air, and she laughed delightedly. I sat there and started biting my fingernails, and when Katy saw that I wasn't going to move, she began to howl. I put up with it until my ears started ringing, and then let her down. I'm really not a sadist, just fun-loving! Katy started running toward me, threatening to tell Mother. Well, I triumphed; at least I got her to go home. I collapsed in the easy chair when I arrived home, and vowed, "Never again."

After dinner, I started on my Math homework, only to be interrupted by Katy's "What are all those funny numbers and pictures for?" I yelled to Mother to retrieve Katy, but she told me Katy wasn't doing anything and to quit trying to make trouble. I glared at Katy, and was answered by the Bronx cheer. She then scooted out of reach and began to make faces at me. My only resort was to lock myself in the bathroom to get some peace and quiet.

A couple of hours later, I cautiously opened the door, and looked

HAIKU OF NATURE

By Bill Millen

Upon a mountain
The glacier pauses to watch
A blooming flower.

Sweet smelling pine
Ever stretching its great arms;
Conquered by an ant.

Soaring high above,
An eagle sees all below.
How vast the sky is.

GOD SAVES NIL

By Dixie Lindley

There was one
Standing naked, untouched by sin,
Hoping for a common goal:
The will to do good,
An impossible fictitious goal
Existing only in the minds
Of a nagging minority of men.
Silence then,
As the bomb explodes.

I WONDER

By Lani Dunston

How will I know when my Prince has come?
What will he be like — different from some?
What will he say when he holds my hand?
Will he be kind; will he understand?
Tell me, oh, tell me, for I want to know.
Will I be with him always; will I love him so?
There are so many questions — I wish I knew.
Because I'm confused — will he be, too?
What day, will it be — sunny or cold?
Will we live our lives, to have and to hold?
Will we live happily — never apart?
The answers lie somewhere deep in my heart.

GRADE SCHOOL

By Bill Cain

I remember many things in my grade school life, some of the regular happenings and experiences, along with some of the unusual. I remember a hand with long slender fingers helping me to mold my clay figures, the runny water paints, and the day I had to go home with paint all over my clothes. It wasn't the going home that got me; it was the warm reception that wore me out all the time.

Then there were the plays our school put on for the P.T.A. and for all of the mothers . . . there was a fat, jolly music teacher who showed us how to shape our mouths to get the best tones; how red-faced she got when someone purposely sang a wrong note . . . the pride that I had thinking that my third grade teacher was a real relative of Wyatt Earp.

I recall the day when my fourth grade math teacher threw a piece of chalk at me and an eraser at my buddy for talking; he hit my buddy, but missed me, so I got five swats with his "board of education." This was nothing new for me, because all too frequently my art and music teacher would march me off to the dark room, make me grab my heels, and proceed to help my education along . . . another time a friend and I had to stay in the principal's office and caused him to miss the final game of the World Series.

I remember the large snow drifts that formed around the school every winter . . . the two weeks after school I stayed to write something about not throwing snowballs. I remember how well I did in the track and field meets after school in the spring . . . the personal fitness tests we had in fourth, fifth, and sixth grades . . . the after-school intramural sports I participated in . . . the pride in being on the winning teams.

I recall the conferences my mother had after school with a lot of my teachers . . . the relief I had when I brought my report card home and it read "Promoted to next grade" at the end of every year. At the time, those seven years of grade school didn't seem like much, but now I see how much I really learned and how much growing up I did.

CHILDHOOD SUMMER

By Mary Ann Hardy

The translucent stained glass trim of the high window reflected the ocean of lily-of-the-valleys in the opposite yard. The smell of fresh-cut grass, rich soil, and roses mixed with the sunshine and played tag with my nose. The warm sun on the lawn, then suddenly the cool bath of shade between the two tall houses, swept over my body. As I walked the narrow concrete path, I talked back to the fat, cooing pigeons that were perched on the gables.

around. Katy called to me from her room, and I went in, rather unwillingly.

"Talk to me."

I told her about school and teachers. She played with my hair, and asked questions.

"Tuck me in, please?"

I did, and her hug was firm and warm.

"I love you," she called, as I closed the door.

You know little sisters aren't so bad after all.

BATTLE OF THE BLOCKS

By Barbara Kinsey

It sailed through the clear, cool, October air and hit its unknown mark. Blood began to fly from my gaping head wound. I was stunned and in the state of shock common to any bewildered five-year-old.

There was no sympathy for this wounded soldier in the all-out war between the neighborhood blocks. I was ordered back, rather unceremoniously, from the front lines. It didn't stop there, either. I was told, most inhumanly, to "go home."

No loud fanfare announced my arrival across the street from this, the great rock battle, except for my healthy screaming. My mother tried to put a stop to that, too, but I just was not ready to be stopped.

Like any wounded soldier, I was taken to the first aid station. There I was patched up and allowed to return home, but only to be most ungraciously classified as 4F.

HE CAME AND WENT

By Vicki Walder

He came to me the other day
With something on his mind.
He didn't know quite what to say;
The words were hard to find.

We talked of nothing for a while;
His thoughts were coming clear.
Much was said with just a smile,
He's the one I loved so dear.

Now I know the words unsaid
Would crush his pride to say.
The thought kept pounding in my head;
He turned and walked away.

AN ABERRANT LOVE

By Nancy Eller

A favorite voice whispers low words,
Their meaning known only by two.
Echoing tender thoughts they share,
And a promise to be true.

Joy, seeming to last forever,
And faithfulness, cold and sly,
Together continue to build a love,
A love that's just a lie.

As time passes, the threads grow thin
That bind this perfect pair,
And the concealing door, once a welcome door,
Hides dark and poisonous air.

SANDY

By Dave Ferch

"Man, she's fantastic!"

"She's really hard!"

"Say fella, you otta ask her to dance. I bet you could keep up with her."

"Hey, Al — what's happenin' baby! Who's the dolly over there?"

"Her name's Carter. She used to go with Barrett. Think I've got a chance with her?"

"Maybe, but she's hard to get along with."

"Could be tense, but I think I'll try anyway."

* * *

"Hi, Wanna dance?"

"O.K."

* * *

This was my first meeting with Sandy, and ever since that Sunday afternoon at Danceland, the world has been a little bit more than the proverbial fatalist bomb. I don't want to say Sandy's an exceptionally good dancer because she's not — she's terrific.

You've got to know her to understand her. Most people (who first meet her) think she's conceited and a show-off, but Sandy's the type of girl who has to be doing something or else she's moody. There isn't an intermediate emotional zone for her. If she isn't happy, she's extremely sad and thoughtful.

One time, when we were sitting on her porch, I told her I didn't want her any more, and she started to cry. I thought she was crying because we were breaking up, and it made me hurt inside. Then

LAST AND ALWAYS

By Dennis Larison

The poetry of my soul is of doleful things,
Forms that knead themselves and
Tumble over each other with little weeping sounds.

My memories are languishing scents.
I whistle my lament. I drown it.

The tragedy of "we" drips sorrow, poetry.
Our blood is blue. Our hearts are yellow.
The stuff of our conscience is black.

We are the "they" we may dream of.
The "they" is of me in the black, seizing the yellow.
The color of our medium is most beautiful dark agony.

Impressions have been driven deep, live there.
Wit does not escape us, but no words
Can excavate us, can elaborate our sorrow to joy.

SACRILEGE

By Sabra Dunham

The falling snow paves the way
to a clean new tomorrow,
Until —
Plows
Shovels
Sand
and salt arrive,
And tomorrow is gone.

THE FLOWER

By Susan Kimball

The flower wilted,
The one I thought would last.
At first it bloomed,
Then spread itself.
The days went by,
Then the color faded.
The flower wilted,
For love had died.

FOREBODING

By Dave Ferch

Still lies the jungle.
Silence in the rice paddies —
The Viet Cong march.

THE POND

By Dan Wray

The green pond was still
Until the little frog jumped.
Then — golden ripples.

THE DIFFERENCE

By Ann Aukerman

Spring, youth; much alike:
Fresh, promising, not afraid.
Spring returns; youth won't.

PROPHETS WHO EAT BREAD

By Sara Ebert

Tomorrow is an unknown world,
But what if this were changed
So we could look ahead and see
How lives had been arranged?

That world would lack so many things,
One of them being love.
Without this word, there would not be
Approval from Above.

Hope and faith would needless be
In this mysterious place.
For if we knew what was to come,
There'd be no need for grace.

If God had planned our world like that,
Where virtues there were none,
There'd be no purpose to our lives,
No noble work begun.

I found she wasn't crying over me; she was crying because of a light pole.

Across from her house is a vacant lot with a lone light pole in the middle. She said she was crying because the light pole couldn't cross the street and be with the other street lights.

She wished the city would put street lights in pairs "cause everything starts out lonely, but it's gotta end up in pairs." I figured she was flaky, but I had to stick with her.

I've met a lot of characters at Danceland; a few I still remember, but most I've already forgotten. I may not remember Sandy as the wild kid and fabulous dancer, but I will never forget the light pole in the vacant lot.

AN OPEN LETTER TO THE PEOPLE OF AMERICA FROM THE PPPOMCW*

By Tom Smith

Even with the versatility and informality of the English language, the younger generation finds in it a shortage of onomatopoeic motion and collision of words. Whether out of laziness or ingenuity, we have our own versions of these action words. The shortage of onomatopoeia is very real to us all. Being the sort of people that we are, always moving and often colliding, we need these expressions as integral parts of our everyday lives.

As in every generation, some of us are lazy. A shorthand of onomatopoeic words is helpful, and on occasion, evasive. For instance, a friend of mine had a little mishap between her car and a tree last Saturday. I asked her about it later in the day. "Oh, I whompched a tree," she said. Those few words were very expressive, and much easier said than, "I drove into a tree and crunched a fender." A statement such as this serves the speaker as a thorough explanation which conveniently evades the embarrassing question, "Whose fault was it?"

I, however, prefer to think of most onomatopoeic words as a show of ingenuity. How very vivid was a statement Monday night at Armstrong's department store. A fourteen-year-old boy dropped his pet toad, and it fell, as he put it, "Fwop, right on my shoe!" What other collision word could have said it so well?

A senior used onomatopoeia nicely Monday before class in describing an arrow going to a target when he said, "It went phhyet, right past!"

Next time you bump something, don't just bump it! Notice whether you fwop, fwap, whomp, chonk, or grunk it. Perceptive people realize the deficiencies in our present language and rush to the aid of the cause, picking up various binks and fonks along the way. You come, too! The PPPOMCW needs all the help it can get.

**Perceptive People for the Propagation of Onomatopoeic Motion and Collision Words.*

YOU CAN'T GO BACK

By Stephen Burns

Once upon a time, when I was young and naive, I envied my brothers because father had bestowed upon them the privilege of operating the whirling blades and roaring motor of our new lawnmower. It was considered too dangerous for me to handle.

Every Saturday morning I would eagerly await the time when this dormant creature would unleash its power under the guiding hands of my fortunate brothers. I wondered how they could accept this honor so casually. How I longed impatiently to reach the golden age of adolescence so that I, too, could mow the lawn!

Then, on a memorable summer day, this longing desire was fulfilled. My dear, thoughtful father at last consented to allow me to guide the mower, and my kind, generous brothers did not protest. Reverently I approached the awesome machine and respectfully followed my father's instructions. With motor roaring, I plunged into the high grass, leaving behind me a glorious path for all to behold. The vibrations of the handles added to my excitement. I kept manipulating the throttle, intoxicated by the rise and fall of the engine's roar.

At last I had come of age! I attacked the front lawn with vigor, aware that every passerby must sense my new status and be jealous of my exalted position.

Having finished the front and having inspected it with pride, I began to mow the back lawn. Gradually the sun became hotter, and the grass became thicker. The vibrations lost their thrill, and somehow the mower became harder to push. I eagerly looked forward for approval from my father and brothers, but they had retreated to the cool house and were no doubt celebrating my new accomplishment.

Persevering to the end, I finally collapsed on the lawn. Wiping my brow, I began to meditate upon my present situation. I suddenly realized why my brothers had been so co-operative in sharing their Saturday responsibility. I pondered the full significance of my coming to age.

Later, I began to comprehend the evanescence of youth and the inexorable process of growing up. I was trapped. I could never return to my former state of non-lawn-mowing. And for years to come, I would be guiding this unmerciful machine across countless acres of unending grass.

QUERY

By Mary Ann Hardy

"My candle burns at both ends . . ."
And you must ask me
Which end was lit first!

MY MOTHER

By Peni Benz

During the first fifteen years of my life I was preoccupied with merely growing up. My mother was no more to me than a combined cook, maid, and housekeeper. Not until just recently have I realized how much she has affected me without my knowledge.

She was constantly making sacrifices for us kids, sacrifices I remember taking for granted. If we brought a guest to dinner unexpectedly, there was always room for him. If we wanted to go somewhere, we learned to ask Mother first, and then let her talk our stricter father into letting us.

Once both my sister and I had the flu at the same time. For three days we were so sick we could not even enjoy missing school together. My mother took two of the three days off from work to take care of us. She got up numerous times during the night. We took her being there for granted then, but now I can realize that nursing us was not the most pleasant job imaginable.

I can still remember the day I first noticed the lines in her face. I had just come home from school and she was scrubbing the kitchen floor. She straightened up when I entered and greeted me, pushing a lock of hair back from her face and wiping her hands on the faded pair of jeans she wore. I could scarcely answer her when I saw how old she suddenly looked. I realized with a start that there would be a day when I could no longer take her for granted. She would not always be as youthful, vital, and dependable as she was then.

Now I keep noticing more and more things that she does for us. According to my dad, my sister and I are supposed to pay for all our own clothes, but Mother often helps us without his knowledge. She understood when my sister wanted to attend the same college as her boy friend and convinced my father that it was right for them. She tells me about her old boy friends and how she felt about them, and she understands how I feel.

I realize that I must repay her for all she has done for us, so I will do it in the only way she would accept — by rearing my children, sacrificing for them as she did for us.

MISERY IN A LITTLE BOY'S LIFE

By Linda Reinier

Scratches and scrapes,
Cleaning up plates,
Polio shots,
Ribbons and lace,
All cause little boys
To make a sad face.

GORDON

By Gretchen Pausen

His hands were filthy black. His blonde hair was sootier than coal. His once-clean tan jacket was caked with mud; his jeans had even more holes than before, but Gordon didn't care. He just plopped himself on the clean kitchen sofa anyway.

"Gordon, get off there, right away," Mother cried angrily. "You'll have to take a bath. Now!"

"Ah, Mom, do I have to?" he mumbled lazily. "I just got back from camping and I'm almost dead!" He didn't move an inch but stayed reclined in his former position, his mischievous blue eyes pleading with his mother's.

"No. You'll have to take a bath before you even tell us about Boy Scout camp," she said decidedly. "Then we'll have lunch."

"Lunch. Did you say lunch?" he asked incredulously. "Go! Mom, the food at Wapsi-Y was awful! The soup was soupy, the oatmeal was soupy, and the hamburgers were raw all the way through." Then he slyly resumed his speech, "Gee, Mom, I sure would like some of your pancakes — the big thick ones with lots of syrup."

Mother looked at her twelve-year-old son sympathetically. She was about to yield to him, but then she noticed his hands again. It was too late, for in the door was Gordon's boxer puppy. His cropped ears were pricked up, his stubby tail was wagging frantically, and his eyes were pleading for attention.

"Here, Shad! Here, Boy!" Gordon yelled and the dog stumbled into the room, pounced upon the sofa, and began licking Gordon's face. Gordon buried his head in Shad's caresses, enjoying every bit of it. He was getting clean without having to wash.

"O.K., Gord," Glenda, his older sister, called. "It's time to eat!"

Gordon bounced to the table with the dog at his heels and plopped himself on the chair. "This does look delicious!"

The whole family was at the table now. They were starting to pray when Mother glanced up. "Gordon."

"Yes, Mom?" His face was pure innocence.

"Your hands."

"Oh, ya," he smiled broadly.

ETERNAL CIRCLE

By Cindi Carlson

Knowing is caring;
Caring is loving;
Loving is eternity.

THE PAPER BOY

By Jon James

Small icy crystals sifted down from snowy limbs and danced innocently in the protective light of the dim street lamp. A few faint stars burned softly through the tree branches, which groaned as the dull wind bent their stiff joints.

Below, a small figure moved slowly along the sidewalk in the darkness of early morning. The steady crunch of packed snow under his boots sounded as the boy walked. At each step his newspaper bag lapped at his leg and then rested. A car passed the boy, pounding its chains on the thin snow and hard pavement, then it ground off into the darkness, leaving him alone with the night.

He had on two pairs of gloves and had a scarf across his face, but they didn't stop the gnawing cold. Gusts whipped out of the night and cut into his legs. A small hand-warmer burned faithfully under his coat, but the cold still crept in.

Only seven more papers — but eleven blocks. He tried to quicken, but couldn't. Two headlights shone from many blocks away and slowly approached, but they went unnoticed as he trudged through the night.

SENIORS

By Sabra Dunham

Seniors are:

"Mighty"

"Scholars"

"Heroes"

"Leaders of tomorrow."

Seniors are:

Questioning

Unsure

Dissatisfied

Aware of others' sorrow.

Seniors are:

Restless

Eager

Late

Needing time to borrow.

Seniors are:

Sixteen

Seventeen

Eighteen

Impatient for tomorrow.

UNCHANGED MAN

By Fran Van Milligan

The winds blew cold and the wires hummed
As the story was told
Of the boy.
His weapon in hand,
He marched along on a normal morn.
A sudden shot ripped from behind a tree,
Splintering the material
Of his gray uniformed knee.
Clutching his musket in his hands,
Defying life or death,
Somewhere he moved alone between,
Not dead while his heart was beating,
In his eyes a deadly sight
Watching friends die night by night,
And day by day,
Wondering if the blue would out-fox the gray.
A boy is a man,
So he's told, when put into uniform.
A final thought as death delays,
Has modern man not changed his ways?

HE WAS RAKING LEAVES

By Don Barry

Flashes of red, brown, and yellow were drifting down from the trees as I trudged home from school. The air was invigorating, the sky was delicately blue, but I was in no mood to appreciate the scenery. School was just too strenuously boring. Up ahead of me I noticed a little man, a chipmunk-like man raking his leaves with great gusto. I wished I had his enthusiasm — damn him! I was just about to pass him when he suddenly said, "Well, hello there."

"Well, uh. . . . hello," I answered, silently condemning him for his breach of conduct — that of greeting a stranger.

His eyes shone brightly. "Fine day t' be outside."

"Well, I haven't been outside much. I've been in school all day."

He quit raking momentarily, clasped both hands on the top of the rake handle, and peered out over his nose at me. I stared back; we both felt a little uncomfortable. He looked away briefly and licked his lips. His mouth hung slackly open as his eyes searched his mind. Suddenly, he exploded with, "Oh, you go up t' Washington. Say how do you like those mobile trailers?"

"I don't know. I don't have any classes in them, but fr'm what I've—"

The sea washed in and carried away an arm load of life secrets, then moved restlessly back out to deliver its prize, and returned for more.

Clouds started scudding across the sky, obscuring the sun. The breeze turned forcefully upon the sea and whipped it to a frenzied froth that beat loudly against the shore. The once white wisps of cloud turned to grey and from grey to greenish-black billows that welled and rolled across the sky.

A raindrop fell and splattered against another. Drops started falling faster as he turned to me, holding my hands in his and kissing me.

THE FURY OF A STORM

By Martha McNeal

Suddenly, the quickly clouding skies opened to release an onslaught of rain. To find shelter was the thing foremost in everyone's mind. Those left to withstand or succumb to the black rage of the waters were transfixed, not daring to imagine what was to come. Torrents of water were flung aimlessly, only to settle on an already ravaged shore.

Through all of this, the whiteness of a single gull could be seen struggling against the fury of the storm. For a time she put up a most valiant fight, only to have it end in despondent failure and death. After rising and falling for some time on the waves, her body was swallowed by the waters.

In the same disquieting way the storm ended, leaving only calm gray waves breaking almost soundlessly on a shore that left no trace of the struggle that had taken place only moments before.

THE WEeping WILLOW

By Douglas Willey

The Willow tree is big and strong,
Its branches slim and very long.
The Willow sways with God's warm breeze,
The Willow is master to all the trees.
The Willow is peaceful, calm and still,
Standing, weeping, above the hill.
What was God thinking when he made this tree?
I'm truly hoping he was thinking of me,
So when I die and the Lord looks at me,
I'll say, "Make me a Willow Tree."

FAILURE

By Sheryl Trinko

Darkness all around;
So black I cannot see;
My hands are groping aimlessly;
Why can't I find the key?
My mind is whirling hopelessly
And churning like a sea.
Why has failure come to me?

A pinhead of light, a ray, a beam,
I run frantically to the source.
The light is bright and blinding,
And it draws me like a force.
Could this be my chance?
As I run, the light grows dimmer,
My chances fade away.

Everything is dark once more.
Why has failure come my way?

THE SEA OF LIFE

By Jean Taylor

An endless sea stretched below us, a vastness that was hard to comprehend. As our gaze wandered over its watery field, the sea picked it up and tossed it about.

From our hilly perch the cool, salty sting of the omnipresent breeze reached us with a force mildly reduced. This same breeze pushed a ship across the water, quite a distance out. The ship moved slowly along and finally diminished to a speck between the sea and the sky.

A squeeze on my hand startled me, and as I rose, he rose with me. For just a moment we looked out across the beach to the beauty of blue on blue. Then suddenly the hill and brown shore grass were rapidly slipping behind our running feet. The beach loomed ahead like an unending expanse of brilliance glinting in the sun. Warm sand sifted between our toes and clung to our bare feet and legs. The splat of feet upon wet sand was cool and temporarily broke our reverie.

Waves, repeatedly crossing a barren shore, seemed to hypnotize us. We stood entranced by the constant ebbing and flowing before us, the quiet pulsating rhythm of a Sea of Life. He reached out and pulled me close to him. His was another kind of warm, pulsing life; a human warmth that felt as new and wonderful as the warm sand under us.

"Oh, I see." The rake scratched the ground. "Hey, have you been to the Paramount Theater lately? We've had a couple of real fine shows there lately, and a couple of good ones are comin' up. I work down there as an usher, you know."

"That must be a nice job."

"Yes, it is. I work down there for two weeks," he confided, "and then I get the third week off — with pay. Not a bad job. Get to see a lot of people." A trace of sadness flitted across his face. He continued raking, forming a large pile of leaves near the street.

"It sounds like a very good job. Say, could you tell me —"

"Yes, sir," he interrupted, not hearing me. "We've got some great ones coming up. Take this show, *The Magnificent Men in Their Flying Machines*; just great. You ought to come down sometime. Be sure to say 'Hi' to me." He finished up the leaves and laid the rake against his porch. "Well, I'd better be goin'. Nice talking to you. Bye." He turned and mounted the steps. Abruptly he swung around and looked at me. "You come and visit me any time you want," he said and disappeared into the house, eyes suddenly opaque. The door shut softly, yet firmly.

"Goodbye," I answered. I went on my way. I didn't know about him, but I didn't feel so wretched. He didn't burn the leaves.

RESTLESS ONES

By Sharon Leach

To the restless ones,
To all the gallant, frantic fools
Who follow the path of the sun
Across blue waters
To distant mountains,
I don't suppose I'll ever see
These things that mean so much to me,
But if I watch by night, by day,
You cannot tell — perhaps I may.

THE PAST

By Suzie Northrup

I pause for a moment to think of my past,
And I can't help wishing that some things would last.
I remember my friends and those old passing trends,
But finally I know that a broken heart mends.

DOORKNOBS I HAVE KNOWN

By Janice Oliphant

As a child, I became familiar with many different types of doorknobs. Perhaps this occurred because of their being eye level to me. Each had its own individual personality.

Some of the best remembered ones were the porcelain knobs that occupied a prominent place on the farmhouse doors. They were milky white, and one could see they had suffered years of use because of numerous little chips and black veining on their surfaces. Chilling to the touch, the doorknobs seemed foreboding in their antiquity. Yet, they often opened a door to adventure and excitement — such as Christmas morning, a closet full of my mother's old toys, or perhaps the balcony outside (which induced me to feel as if I were a sovereign).

At home there were several brass doorknobs, very fundamental in design. Since my father had constructed our home, we all felt a unique sense of ownership for everything in it. Therefore, I often thought that I knew everything that was contained behind those doors. However, by turning the latch, I found many items totally unexpected such as an old army uniform, or a game I thought had ceased to exist in the house anymore.

In contrast there was the sparkling, crystal doorknob leading to the dancing studio. It was so charming and reminded me of a many faceted diamond. Yet after turning the knob, I was greeted by a towering matron who glowered at the students . . . a veritable dragon waiting to devour us! Soon I loathed the inviting appearance of *that* doorknob.

Then there once existed a doorknob which was actually a spool. One nail pierced its center, making it possible to twirl it around and around (especially when I was nervous about an impending interview with an irate mother). This doorknob adorned the door of my playhouse. It would be impossible to describe the hours of enjoyment behind that dingy knob . . .

Finally, I must describe the doorknob that led me to explore the doorknobs of my childhood. I often observe it as I meditate. It is a dull silver, with a circular depression in the center. A keyhole zigzags its way across this hollow. What is behind that door — another room, a hallway? Perhaps, but to me it symbolizes recollections of childhood. Intuitively, I know I shall not enter that portal again, except in my thoughts.

THE LURE OF BEAUTY

By Kathie Ingels

Many things of brilliant luster
Are disguises of hidden temptation.
Observe closely; their beauty is danger.

tried to speak once more; but the mob pressed closer, and their hideous screams drowned all other sound. He sickened as the realization of what was to follow hit him. Once was forgivable, but twice! Then it began. The sky caught fire and the heavens were lighted as no human eye had ever beheld. A thousand haunted eyes lifted as a thousand souls reflected the fear that filled them; a thousand hearts stopped beating as the people screamed to the God they had forsaken.

He knew it was right, it was just, it was destined from the Creation.
But why, oh why did tears fill the eyes of the Son of God?

THE PATH OF LIFE

By Bill Millen

A child is born
Like a new found colt;
He runs,
Plays;
His life is carefree.
He was born free.

The child grows older;
Like a yearling he is trained.
A bit,
A bridle,
A vain endeavor to resist the rein.
. . . No longer is he free.

The child is a man.
Must he carry his burdens
Down paths created by others
For others?

Those with a little spirit left
May ask their trainers,
Why?
And with a cliché they reply,
"Yours is not to question why,
Yours is but to do, or die."
. . . Or die!

OUTLOOK

By Jim Herman

A common man builds a solid fence around his home;
An original man leaves a gate and enough room to roam.

HE

By Dave Harris

He came to New York in May '65. It was a soggy spring; the water dripping off the leaves ticked away a thousand days gone by, a thousand and dreams turned rancid. He tried, God knows he tried, a thousand times a day those thousand days, only to have disappointment and bitterness haunt his soul. His faith — the blind, unwavering faith of a man determined — forced him on.

He sought one person, a single human being of all the multitudes of humanity, to fulfill his fading hopes and flickering dreams. But failure met him at every dark, blind alley — always failure. So now he made one last desperate gamble with the future of man. The plan was born in his brain, and it grew from an embryo to obsess him. He knew it had to succeed, for in it lay the only hope of mankind.

He rented an old opera house; with its tattered seats and rotting curtains it stood like a sentinel of a bygone era. As you entered, a calmness, a sense of serenity and peace engulfed you, a feeling that had always managed to elude you in a dark corner of a dream. This is what drew the people. Like flies they came as the word spread, and finally the place was filled. An air of something a crowd always brings with it settled over his audience: a feeling like that of cattle just before a stampede, like the lull before the storm, like the silence that precedes a hanging.

A small girl sat crying in the front row, crying because she was blind, because in all her seven years of life not a single ray of light had penetrated her own private Hell, because she could feel the haze that surrounded her, but could not see the cause.

He looked at her, and she was silent. From the quiet masses came cries of, "Mommy, I can see!" and the sobs started again, but this time they radiated from the heart of a mother who had known no hope and then had been blessed with a miracle.

He turned to the crowd and told them who he was. Still there was silence, and then a wave of fear and superstition that had lain dormant in man these many years swept over him. He was wrong, so wrong; it was still too soon. Man was not ready for a thousand years of peace; he was unprepared for a world that knows no hunger, a world where man is brother to all men, where love and compassion suppress fear and hate.

They jostled him from the platform, and the sweeping tide of insanity carried him to the street. The concrete came to meet him as cries of "tin god" echoed in a void of reason. The first brick caught him full in the face; it was not alone. Bottles, beer cans, anything throwable was used. He looked through bloodied eyes and saw, not people, but a wild seething tide of madness and hatred. He tried to speak over bruised and bleeding lips, but his soft voice couldn't penetrate the wall of obscenity surrounding him.

He went to his knees, and through blood streaming from his lips, he

OWED TO A PICKET

By Dan Wray

America,
A name, a sound, sparkling in the noonday sun;
Land of Men and Mountains
Long to be unmoved;
Headstrong and fancy free,
Where untamed men are free to roam,
We are FREE!

To love,
To learn,
To think,
To struggle for our keep,
To strive and sweat for a home,
Not to be suppressed by time's demands.

Together
We chose a declaration of our creeds,
An august defender of our cause
To set the course for freedom's sail
Where a man can prematurely say:
I love,
I hate,
I will,
I won't.

Here a man can laugh or cry;
There is no set emotion
But . . .
Somewhere beat the darkened hearts,
Tormented by their own dilemmas.

They will not fight to save our land:
They think they are the voice of man
Condemning,
Protesting,
Complaining,
Yet . . .
Where else but in a land so free,
A land of many voices heard,
Could these dark souls express their mood
Without a steel or leaden answer?

There is none after this
Our silence
Owed to a picket,
And yet
We die
To keep the senseless voices heard.

OUR BOY RANDY

By Sandi Schaffer

Tall, blonde, and blue-eyed, the epitome of masculinity, he walked staunchly up to the starting block and bent into position.

"On your mark, get set, go!" The gun exploded, and the race began. Once down and back, and the event was over. Touched out! Just a little more effort and he could have been first. He didn't feel discouraged, though; he just made up his mind that next time he would try harder.

Four feet eight inches tall, weighing eighty pounds, this sensitive youth brings joy to all he encounters. He loves the little things in life; but best of all, he loves his Dad and the great times they so frequently share. He's a healthy boy, and he enjoys sports of all kinds; but his real ambition is to be a swimmer. From hours of practicing and from the understanding interest of his parents, he has found a world of enjoyment and a worthwhile activity which has taught him many rewards.

Being afraid that defeat could make a poor sport of any child, this little boy's parents never really stressed competition, but always said "Do the best you can and next time possibly you can do better." When he was four years old, this tot started working out with the Y.M.C.A. swim team; and now at the age of eleven he holds three state records and is swimming in a more advanced age group.

We love him, and we call him Randy. A better little brother just can't be found.

WIND-BLOWN MEMORIES

By Jean Taylor

As we stood atop the wind-swept hill,
The cool ocean breeze felt good.
The world was quiet and dully still
Save on the spot where we stood.

We gazed outward for hundreds of miles,
And the ocean seemed so vast.
Just two, waiting together,
Sadly, recalling the past.

The breeze picked up and came in strong
As we turned from the spray and foam.
Our memories behind us, where they belong,
My dog and I started home.

STUDY HALLS

By Cindy Carlson

Each indistinct blob of humanity

A name

A seat

A number

Sitting in a fog of indifference of insensitive relation to the next.

Can I borrow a pencil, paper, or a thought?

Stop! Tell me —

Who are you?

What do you mean?

Are you like me?

REASSURANCE

By Gail Haines

Every step brought me closer to the top, and everything below became a dim remembrance. I was never sure when I mounted my hill whether I lost or gained reality.

It was dark, and a foggy mist folded over the earth. The protective moon overhead tried to penetrate this blanket but only succeeded in producing a shining halo effect. It was mystic and beautiful. I turned slowly trying to absorb some of the splendor of the scene.

My mind faltered as it made the transition from present to past. The picture that flashed across my mind was a sharp contrast to the view about me. I could see this hill last summer with the sun's vibrant rays spreading warmth to the smiling youths on horseback. Happy, smiling faces bounced along, not trying to hide the giddy exhilaration they felt.

I saw the very same faces joking around the campfire, with the radio from the car blaring a pop tune. Yet at the end of the evening, those countenances were serene as they watched the burning red flames of the sun disappear beyond the horizon and the miraculous transfiguration from day to night.

Night; it was night now and I stood there, sheltered in my own world, watching the lights of civilization below. Soon I would re-enter that world, but not as I had left it, for when I came, I came cornered and alone.

I began to descend my hill and impulsively turned to get a last glimpse, to wonder at its mysterious beauty. My pace quickened as I approached the house. The lights no longer glared at me; instead I felt welcomed and assured.

A SMALL BATTLE

By James Moore

I was sitting in the living room when I heard Dad calling from the basement, "You can all come see my slides now! They are ready any time!"

Slides? Inwardly I shuddered. Already I could hear Charlie, ten years old and enthusiastic about anything, responding to the call. "I'm coming, Dad!" he blurted as he hurtled down the stairs.

The battle had begun. I vowed that I would not, I repeat, *would not* sit through another command performance of, "And there I am kneeling by the moose . . . No, not the biggest one we saw, but I think it's a pretty good-sized one . . . Yes, Charlie, just ignore that . . . Yes, Charlie, I do realize the slide is up-side down." This time I vowed I would finally win out. This time I would not be conquered.

But there it was again; oh, the spirit of the opposition!

"Are you coming, Jim? If you don't get here soon we'll have to start without you!"

"Yes, yes," I uttered in silent prayer, "Please do start without me!" The next blow, in flagrant violation of all established codes of war, came from Charlie. "Dad, I don't think Jim really wants to see your slides."

"Oh yes, he does, and if he prefers not to see them tonight, then I can show them to him tomorrow night."

My firm wall of opposition began to crumble. In all of my arsenal, I had no match for this, their ultimate weapon, a private showing. I braced myself for a graceful surrender and then slowly began to descend the stairs.

WHAT'S NEW, PUSSY CAT?

By Sheryl Trinko

Alone on the couch the two lovers sat,
And no one seemed to mind.
They were a most elegant couple, at that.
How would it be — romancing a cat?

NO MALE

By Gretchen Paulsen

Across the miles of land and sea —
Oh, why haven't you written to me?

SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY — ITALIAN STYLE

By Richard Wendorf

If on your tour of the continent you tire of London dungeons and Venetian flophouses, take my advice and enjoy a pinch of "Southern Hospitality" in sunny Rome. Just take a left on the Via Corso (that's a block off the Piazza del Popolo) and stroll up an alleyway to the Hotel Valadier. Don't let the alley fool you; many Italian hotels are just a little out of the way, and besides, there's only room for one mad Italiano and his precious Fiat in this alley. Walk right in; there's no need for doors in Rome, especially in summer.

The manager, a sunny gentleman with a set of gorgeous teeth and a smile to show them off, will greet you with open arms and an open heart; and if you're either lucky or a good-looking girl, the handsome bartender will flash you one of those irresistible Italian winks. On a dull afternoon, he may even give you a free tour of the Valadier's genuine Italian kitchen. I think my roommate made the rounds at least three times, after which he professed to be no less than a connoisseur of wine, women, and ravioli.

The management also dispenses invaluable shopping tips. The bartender turned out to be of most help, even though he was a little lackadaisical on the subject. One of our girls asked him to appraise her newly-purchased cameo ring, for which she had paid almost fifteen dollars. Replied the Valadier's expert on financial matters, "Ah, I can get ya one just like it for two bucks on the black market in Naples. Ya got robbed."

Before you leave, the hotel enjoys doing something a little special. Because it was the birthday of one of the girls on the trip, the staff turned the lights out at our last dinner, marched in with a brightly-candled cake, and sang "Happy Birthday." The manager kissed the birthday girl and presented her with a red rose as a memento of affection, not only for her, but for all of us. You may be thousands of miles from home, in a foreign land, surrounded by a foreign people, but because of that special something that the Valadier has to offer, home won't seem so far away.

INITIATION

By Lynne Hirleman

I love no one; I never will.
If love would come, my heart would thrill.

I love him now; I always will.
I'll never stop till breath is still.

He's left me now, but hope is strong.
I've been in love; I now belong.

VIGNETTES DURING A WASH-JEFF GAME

By Nancy Neverman

On the night of the biggest football game of the year — the night we oppose the Jefferson J-Hawks — one can feel the tension in the air. Many red, white and blue pom-poms appear above the heads of the crowd, marking the Warrior fans. By the same token, blue and white shakers appear on the opposite side. On the field the J-Hawks in their light-colored uniforms and the Warriors, in dark suits, come together to meet head-on for a play. Above the continuous noise and roar of the crowd come the determined voices of the cheerleaders in bright red, spurring the team to a hoped-for victory.

By David Moershel

You are all alone as you walk that field. The night pushes in from all sides, cramps you, magnifies the unfriendly seats stretching above. The wind makes you shake as you walk among the lonely lines in the wet grass. You enter the locker room, the dopey feeling leaves, reality returns, and you begin to sweat, but not from heat. Then you return to that field at a run. Excitement is your only feeling. The lights are blinding; and the noise is deafening. The stands no longer are unfriendly, and the night is gone. You don't look or listen, but you feel it; and it builds excitement and desire in you to make you ready to go-go-go!

By Mike Sandy

The field of green brightens the dark night as the crowd enters the stadium. On the gridiron the two teams warm up with more spirit than ever. Our cheerleaders dressed in their red uniforms stand just outside the fence. The stands are filled with many colors of jackets and sweaters and the band is a solid block of flashy uniforms. Pom-poms are in the air, and everyone stands as the team comes to the field for the starting kick-off. When the first touchdown is scored, confetti and school streamers are everywhere. At halftime, the band entertains in midfield. When the final score spells victory, the fans leave, the lights are turned out, and all is quiet in the stadium again.

By Carol Knott

The signal is given by the lead girl. A moment later, all hands are clapping in beat to the cheer. The sound begins to ring louder, as more and more people join in. The clash of hard heels on the bleachers echoes throughout the air as the girls with their red skirts and sweaters stamp on the ground to bring still a louder and more powerful noise. The movement of their hands is becoming more obvious and precise. An extra accent on the downbeat prompts the pep band into playing the new theme song, *Batman!*

PORTRAIT OF A PEDAGOGUE

By Sue Furler

A teacher is a Source;
A Foundation of Learning is her title.
Patience and understanding are her tools.
To create a worthwhile product is her motto.
A teacher is a Source.

A teacher is a Helper;
A Doctor of Minds is her title.
Educational growth is her instrument.
To cure mistakes is her motto.
A teacher is a Helper.

A teacher is a Light.
A Reflector of Life is her title.
Knowledge and experience are her implements.
To illuminate the future is her motto.
A teacher is a Light.

TO EACH HIS OWN

By Sabra Dunham

Icy grey skies pierced by naked brown arms,
Gutters of acorns and withered dead leaves,
Solitary clouds,
Biting winds;
Who longs for the beauty of May?

MAGNITUDE

By Ann Aukerman

One does not sense the wonders of infinity
Until, on a quiet, peaceful night,
One shares the rapture of a falling star.

NO STEPPING BACK

By Bonnie Padzensky

My tired feet,
I will not repeat the distance
That is oh, so far.