



# Waggener High School



## Waggener Literary Magazine Introspect, May 1963

This is one of many sections that contain information, photos, newspaper articles, internet items, etc. of the St. Matthews area and especially of Waggener High School. Many of the items came from Al Ring's personal collections but many people have helped and I have tried to give credit where I can.

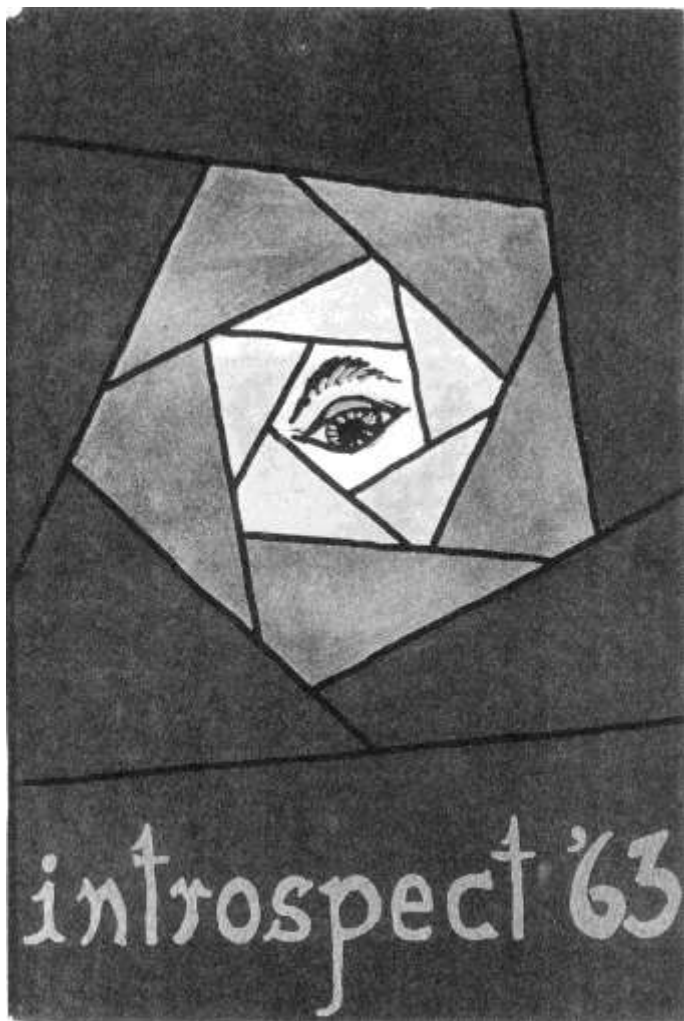
The purpose of this "collection" was to create the history of Waggener and the students and teachers who were there during my time. Being retired I now have time to do many of the things I have always wanted, this project is just one of them. The collection is continuing today, so if you should have old or new information on the St. Matthews area from 1950 to 1962 or Waggener High, please contact Al Ring.

All graphics have been improved to make the resolution as good as possible, but the reader should remember that many came from copies of old newspaper articles and photos. Credit to the source of the photos, etc. is provided whenever it was available. We realize that many items are not identified and regret that we weren't able to provide this information. As far as the newspaper articles that are not identified, 99% of them would have to be from one of three possible sources. *The Courier-Journal*, *The Louisville Times* or one of the *Voice* publications. Books that we have used for some information include, *Randy*, *Cactus*, *Uncle, Ed and the Golden age of Louisville Television*, *Waggener High School Alumni Directory 1996*, *Waggener Traditional High School Alumni Directory 2007*, *Memories of Fontaine Ferry Park*, *St. Matthews The Crossroads of Beargrass* by Samuel W. Thomas, *St. Matthews, 25 Years a City Two Centuries a Community*, *St. Matthews 1960-1995*, *Waggener Lair's 1958 to 1962*, *The Holy Warrior*, *Muhammad Ali*, *Louisville's Own (An Illustrated Encyclopedia Of Louisville Area Recorded Pop Music From 1953 to 1983)*.

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Special thanks to Jefferson County Public Schools, Archives.

Waggener Literary Magazine — Introspect, May 1963, Volume Four, Number One



# introspect

The Literary Magazine  
of  
Waggener High School

St. Matthews, Kentucky  
May, 1963

Volume Four  
Number One  
50 Cents

# introspect

Vol. IV, No. 1  
May, 1963

The Literary Magazine of Waggener  
High School, St. Matthews, Kentucky

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## Cover Notes

The cover design is symbolic of the essence of literature. Man's personality and nature determine what he writes. Through self-examination, introspection, the author can respond best to his environment. Looking into the depths of his mind, its attitudes and reactions, produces the ideas for the best literature.

— Marcus Burke

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## Editor's Notebook

In this, the 1963 *introspect*, we hope you will find the best creative writing of the students at Waggener. The greatest change this year is the lengthening of the magazine to 68 pages. Thus nearly 50 samples of the writing of 40 authors could be printed. Most prize winning works are included for the staff feels such material is the best. Because of the great success of the Quill and Scroll Contest and a reorganized judging procedure, many more awards were made this year. Excellent patron and subscription support enabled the magazine to expand.

The 1962 edition was awarded a Second Place Certificate by the Columbia Scholastic Press Association's annual evaluation. This is indicative of the excellent job executed by the staff led by co-editors Helen Bisha and Bruce Chang. Many changes in type and format were made in response to constructive criticism. However, the staff continued its ideal of printing representative superior writing of Waggener student's works.

Again this year the coveted Editor's Award is being given to that piece of writing in the magazine considered best by the editor. The winner is Leo Durham for "What False Heart Doth Know." This essay was written in one hour for the Spontaneous Writing Contest. In addition to the annual Spontaneous Writing Contest, the staff held a cover design contest. The winner was Marcus Burke. His design appears on the front cover. Another highlight of this edition is the essay by Masako "Mako" Sato, Waggener's first foreign exchange student.

A successful magazine is the product of many people. We wish to thank the following who, although they were not staff members, helped produce the 1963 *introspect*:

The English teachers, who provided support through patrons and material; the Quill and Scroll staff, sponsored by Mrs. Katherine Kirwan, that collected much of the material; the Chit-Chat for its excellent coverage of our activities; and especially Mrs. Gale Edwards, our dedicated sponsor, who spent many long hours advising the staff.

The staff would like to extend additional thanks to the patrons and those who bought the magazine.

Calvin Johnson  
Editor

## Awards

### *Editor's Award*

Leo Durham, "What False Heart Doth Know"

### *Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest*

#### **SENIOR HIGH, GRADES 11 & 12**

- Short Story Division: First, Lyn Drawdy, "Awakening"  
Second, Joan McCarty, "My Friend"  
Third, Muriel Penna, "Starlings in the Stucco"
- Poetry Division: First, Martha Brimm, "The Pueblo"  
Second, Susan Rumble, "Metamorphosis"  
Third, Jim Carroll, "Directions"
- Essay Division: First, Mike Webster, "Erie Storm"  
Second, Alice Almond, "Turnabout"  
Third, Sally Eser, "A Letter"

#### **INTERMEDIATE, GRADES 9 & 10**

- Short Story Division: First, Deborah Huffman, "The Arkansas Traveler"  
Second, Fred Torstrick, "Out on a Limb"  
Third, Sally Lambert, "Two Weeks—An Eternity"
- Poetry Division: First, Lynn Staley, "Glass House"  
Second, Gayle Petty, "Submission"  
Third, Judy Koon, "Why?"
- Essay Division: First, Judy Koon, "An Unsung Hero"  
Second, Beverly Johnson, "Life and a River—  
A Purpose Fulfilled"  
Third, Doug Ortman, "Control"

#### **JUNIOR HIGH, GRADES 7 & 8**

- Short Story Division: First, Carol Moran, "To Kill a Friend"  
Second, Susie Givan, "The Passage of Hate"  
Third, John Chappell, "Toby"
- Poetry Division: First, Sarah Olsen, "Wonder Why"  
Second, Philip High, "A Pebble"  
Third, Susan Wright, "A Tear"
- Essay Division: First, Cynthia Huffman, "A Victory"  
Second, Laura Drawdy, "Darkness Before Dawn"  
Third, Diana Huffman, "I Liked His Face"

### *introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest*

#### **SENIOR HIGH, GRADES 11 & 12**

- Short Story Division: Leo Durham, "What False Heart Doth Know"  
Poetry Division: Richard Dieter, "Metamorphosis"  
Essay Division: Karol Menzie, "Antiques"

#### **INTERMEDIATE, GRADES 9 & 10**

- Short Story Division: Pam Heydt, "The Line"  
Poetry Division: Penny Ortner, "Dimmed By Man"  
Essay Division: Charlie Wallace, "With No Language But A Cry"

#### **JUNIOR HIGH, GRADES 7 & 8**

- Short Story Division: Katherine Tachau, "Break, Break, Break"  
Poetry Division: Sarah Olsen, "Wonder Why"  
Essay Division: Kim Scott, "Drifting"

# Senior



# High

—Ned Lawrence

Susan Rumble

## Dedication

These greenest years, these years of youth's first sun—  
These transient hours we journey in thy Ways,  
And form a shell, a memory of each one,  
Do glories see not glimpsed in younger days.

These halls, that room, within whose finite walls  
We learned to sing, laughed, and discussed our woes,  
That sport, that play, which us from duty calls;  
That field, on which we conquered all our foes . . .

These are our little glories, yet the whole  
Of these green years is but the sum of parts,  
Each with a treasured gleam to soothe our minds,  
Each with a memory to stir our hearts . . .

All honor fades, yet we in glory see  
Our name, our hope—the Class of '63.

Lynn Staley

**People Who Live In Glass Houses**

First Place, Intermediate Poetry Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

People in glass houses  
Spend their life looking out  
at the common herd.  
People in glass houses  
are buried in glass caskets,  
and lie dead—  
stripped of dignity,  
While reporters take pictures,  
And doctors perform autopsies,  
And heirs weep alligator tears.  
  
Flash bulbs,  
Large income taxes,  
Champagne,  
Mistresses and lovers,  
Dedicating buildings,  
Fame and no privacy—  
People in glass houses need  
a secret place to be alone,  
A time to cry,  
A time to laugh,  
A time to avoid public appearances,  
A time to find the dark basement  
in their  
Class House.



Beverly Johnson

### Life and a River—A Purpose Fulfilled

Second Place, Intermediate Essay Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Softly and in a small way they begin—a life and a river—a gift of love from God. This small beginning means the creation of a wonderful, useful and vital resource in the world, if it gets proper care and grows successfully. God has destined it to do wondrous things, if only . . . .

The small thing grows by influences flowing into its life. A river develops by tributaries drifting into it, enriching it with minerals and organisms which help it grow. The baby matures by the help of others—to walk, talk, read, learn. Other forces come into his life, affecting it and the way he grows. His friends, family, environment, education—all come to him and are important stepping stones of growth.

When a river reaches a certain width and height it becomes a useful tool in the region for transporting people and goods. So the youth grows and finds that he must, in return for the things he has been given, by using his opportunities and special talents, help other people to live better. He believes he must fulfill a purpose and find Truth. By doing these things he feels he is an integral part of society and of others' lives. Both the river and life grow and enrich themselves in these ways until . . . .

They hit obstacles. The river flows into rocks and boulders which impair its helpfulness. It must overcome and pass over these obstructions or its value to the community is very small. A person comes upon dilemmas and difficulties in his life also. He must surmount these obstacles by using his resourcefulness and intellect. If he doesn't, he will lose his place in the interdependent community around him. He will not be fulfilling his planned purpose and God's destiny for him.

The river and the life continue flowing, doing good, fulfilling their purpose to their satisfaction, until . . . .

The Divine hand of God reaches out and changes them. He decides that the river and the life have carried out their respective purposes in their first stage of existence. Both are entitled to go into a bigger and better area of being. The river flows into the ocean and the life into the sweet Eternity of the Kingdom of God.

Karol Menzie

## Antiques

First Place, Senior High Essay Division  
*introspect* Spontaneous Writing Contest

Where do antiques come from? Surely no thing ever came into being ancient. The old roll-top desks and the dated yellow *Harper's* magazines—these things were once new and graced some parlor with the beauty of their newness. But still—these same items of furniture—these same periodicals—by their very existence *then*, didn't they possess some promise of ancientness? No thing can remain new, not a roll-top desk, nor a fashion, nor a rose—nor an idea. And yet, because of this, doesn't each of these things foretell its own antiquity?

What is an antique? Merely a relic of some time passed era? Is it just some forgotten by-product of a by-gone day—or is it a symbol of the continuity of that day? Does its source predestine its longevity? Or its worship after for its long life? Is an antique measured by the quantity of years? Perhaps it is only a symbol of fortitude. Then shouldn't it be judged on the *quality* of its years? Is a rusted, battle-scarred Civil War pistol more valuable for the life it led, and the death it led men to, than a prim, straight-laced Victorian parlor chair that did nothing more gallant than adorn some quiet Williamsburg mansion? If this is true, what man is adequate to pronounce antiquity of an object of whose noble actions, or non-actions, he is ignorant? And if *quantity* is to be the measure of nobility, are fine antiques, like fine wines—different groups from different sources maturing each year?

Man often makes mistakes. Ideas are formed, and lost, and buried—and a century later dug up and polished to shine with a brilliant—and deceptive—newness. And some raw picture frame, made just-the-day-before, is ground, pounded, painted, sanded and splattered—and sold for a margin of profit as one of Great-Great-Granny's Genuine. What paradox inhabits man that they find worship for things both grandly old, and brilliantly new?

Antiques are made in the minds of men. Each man possesses the ability to reel his mind back to his predecessors—and in some little desire of belonging, he snatches and clings to a relic—a symbol—of the world he never knew. Yet in a strike of independence, he polishes schemes and silverware, and makes each glitter in newfound splendor.

Where do antiques come from? Nowhere. They are *here*. Each new-hatched plan, each budding rose, each aluminum skillet—may someday possess that ethereal “nobility.” A newborn child may someday become an aging sage—and so possesses a destiny of antiquity.

John Guth

Parody On Macbeth

“Through the miracle of TV, we bring you ‘Macbeth, Part Two’ or ‘The Further Adventures of Malcom the Mighty’ as seen by the cameras of the S.P.C.A. (Shakespearian Photography and Camera Association) and heard by the microphones of the S.P.D.F.B. (Society for the Putting Down of Francis Bacon) . . .

“Yes sir, folks, here we are at the lovely town of Scone where our 200 MAR lenses are now focused on the Stone of Scone (of all things!). The time is three o’clock and you are about to relive the crowning of King Malcom the Last, because ‘You Are There and So Am I!’ Here comes Malcom now with his new wife, the not-so-dead ex-Lady Macbeth. You can also see on your screen three bewitching creatures carrying small cards bearing the picture of a bubbling cauldron inscribed ‘Have Broom, Will Travel.’ Yes, ladies and gentlemen, just like the age-old stew, the plot is beginning to thicken. These people you see now were the proponents of the biggest scandal in Scottish history since the time Rumpelstiltskin lost his kilt. It seems that Malcom and Lady Macbeth were ice-blue secretly in love. They hired three witches to contrive a dastardly plot to undo Macbeth. (His stomach was in knots from eating old stew.) They also hired three people from Paris. These became known as the three ap-parisians. However, the real brain behind the operation was a guy named Bill Shakesalot—the nervous one you see on the left of your screen.

“Meanwhile, the crowning committee has entered with a flourish which they draped across the table. Now they are opening the box containing the crown. (It is stamped in bright gold letters, ‘Kentucky Balfour Company.’) They are placing it on his head and Malcom is now ‘King for a Day.’ At the same time he is receiving the title, Thane of Glass, which is a delicate one indeed. After a brief weather report from our weather girl, we shall take you to Malcom’s victory party . . .”

“Fair is foul and foul is fair.  
Frosty the Snowman has no hair.  
He doesn’t have a rabbit either.”

“Our cameras are now at Malcom’s party. Malcom has issued a decree that all Duncan yo-yo’s in the kingdom be burned as a tribute to the dead king, but I don’t think this New Deal will go through because there are too many strings attached.

“Lo and behold, the ghost of Macbeth is sitting at Malcom’s place at the table, and not only that, he is eating the royal peas with the royal knife—quite unthinkable. Malcom just fainted and Lady Macbeth is drawing her dagger. Now Macbeth is painting his sword. Alas, alack! A tremendous fight is going on before our eyes! Hundreds of spirits have entered to aid Macbeth. Lady Macbeth is now being cornered by a grove of rutabaga plants disguised as soldiers. It looks like Malcom’s plot has backfired. Macbeth rules again.

‘I see by the hourglass on the wall that it is time to end our program for today. Tune in next week when we shall relive the Thane of Fife’s wife’s life. Until then, fare you well!’

Masako Sato

### High School Students of Japan and America

Suppose there are two girls standing before you; or one is American and the other is Japanese. American girl has curly hair; looks like she curls her hair every night. She wears lipstick, white blouse, red sweater, kilt and knee socks. She has a bracelet besides a senior ring. Now looking at the Japanese girl, her combed hair is little fixed. She has no lipstick nor a bracelet. She wears a white blouse and a navy-blue jumper and a school badge on her breast, which is the uniform of her school. I have represented the typical students of the two countries. In appearance, first, American and Japanese high school students have almost nothing in common.

At school American students take five subjects, most of which are elective subjects. On the other hand, we take about 10 subjects, most of which are required. We take Japanese, Japanese Classics, Chinese, English, algebra, geometry, social science, science, gym, music, and health; and have no study hall at all. We go to school on Saturday and have four lessons. We have a big tests once every month and a half (every 40 or 50 days). Tests are so hard that if you get more than 80% you may get A.

One of the differences about the way of studying is that you write a lot of papers or reports in certain subjects, especially in English, which we seldom or never do. I think a lot of writing is a very good way of studying, though it makes us very busy. American students do study real hard, but differently. For your teachers require you to do a lot of home work every day.

In American high schools you have pep rallies, which I like very much. We don't have such particular times to inspire the school spirit. We, sometimes too, have games played with other schools, but not many students go to see and cheer their team. It is a part of the school life for you to go and watch the games. You have greater school spirit.

One thing I would like to note here is about American students' fun. You study very hard on school days and then manage to have fun during the weekends. You go to the games, parties, or dance often with dates. This dating is one of the biggest difference between American high school students and Japanese high school students. In Japan few of us have the dates. If I should say, "Mom and Dad, may I date with him?" they would be completely upset. Generally they think that we shouldn't date as long as we are high school students, because we should devote ourselves to studying. What's more, dating is not our custom traditionally in Japan. Most people have their first date at college or university or after finishing high school. Yet dating among you doesn't seem strange or silly to me at all, because I understand the difference between the school background of America and Japan.

I have had some very gay and nice parties here. I just love them. But we seldom have a party. Nor do we dance except when we learn some folk dances in gym lessons and enjoy them on the School Festival. You may wonder how we have recreation. During the weekends we may go to the movies with our friends, watch the T.V. with the whole family, or go shopping to the downtown. Since only rich class can afford to get the cars and we must be 20 years old to drive the car, we can't go driving with friends as you do. But we have some pleasure which you don't here. In junior year we have a school trip for 10 days. Every year we have basketball, volleyball, skiing, or some other sports games between homerooms. We also have a school festival for three or four days once a year. On that occasion, we enjoy the play, music, dance, sport games, lecture by a noted person, club exhibitions, or a fancy procession. The students themselves make those plans and carry them out. Yet my honest opinion is that you have more fun than we do in Japan. I'm enjoying American school much more than I used to enjoy Japanese school, but I think I can adjust myself to my old way soon, keeping my happy school life in America in my memory.

Pam Heydt

### The Line

First Place, Intermediate Short Story Division  
*introspect* Spontaneous Writing Contest

Harry Gibson rode to his work on the subway, thinking, *If I could only escape routine. If.* He laughed at his foolish dreams of conquering as Alexander did, meeting fantastic perils as Odysseus did, stirring millions with immortal music as Beethoven did, transmuting the gray dullness of city life to something interesting.

Harry Gibson hated his job, but he was enslaved by it. He needed it, of course, for a living, but still he hated it.

"Mary," he said to his wife that evening, "Let's move away. Let's move to the country. I've been thinking about it for a long time—wouldn't it be nice?"

"No." Mary was calmly emphatic.

"Why not?"

"Why?" she countered.

"To have a lawn and a garden, maybe. To breathe air without dirt and smog. To be able to sleep without cars and buses honking under the window. To be able to listen and hear only silence—once in a while . . ." Harry Gibson cut off his passionate appeal, slightly at a loss as to what to add.

"What's wrong with the city? I like it. Don't you, dear?"

For a split second Harry Gibson hated his wife, but the feeling passed by in an instant.

"No, I don't. It's always gray. Gray with smog, dirt, dust, grit. It's always noisy, busy, busy, busy, rushing, completely depressing. Don't you feel that way?"

"But what do you do in the country?"

Thus they argued, or discussed, the decision. In the end, Mary declared it a foolish fancy, and he agreed, a little ashamed at his outburst.

But he still passively hated.

"Boss," he said a few months later, "How about changing the office? I mean rearranging it a little. Maybe we could chip in and buy a mobile for it or something—"

"Why?" Harry Gibson's employer cut in.

"To change the scene a little. Make it look more cheerful, give us a little change."

"Oh. Well, I don't really think that's necessary for our morale."

Again Harry Gibson experienced a flash of hate, and this time he felt it longer.

Harry Gibson wanted change, and the controlling forces in his life resisted. There was nothing he could do.

One night Harry Gibson had a lovely, vivid dream, this time of a life at sea, with the roaring winds and sapphire sea laced with foam. He awoke, smiling—not at his foolishness, but with pleasure—and the dream stayed with him.

Why not? he asked himself. I can leave her.

Why not? The question nagged at him, and his anticipation was unquenchable. He knew exactly what to do. He would leave on midnight, March 12. There was no real reason for choosing that particular time; he just chose it on the spur of the moment.

On March 13 he was free. He sailed on a cargo ship, and for the first time in his life he was happy.

What did he give for his freedom?

Harry Gibson thought of his wife's cries with pleasure, heard her last gasps, and laughed. He was free!

At court they tried to steal his freedom, but he won it back—only to be traded for a mental hospital. But that was easy enough to get out of, he thought gaily.

Yes, Harry Gibson was free. But he had crossed the line, the fatal, fine line between innocence and guilt, sanity and insanity, love and hate, and his freedom was short.

Lynn Staley

Sing Me A Song

I saw a white-haired old man with a  
banjo sit down and sing to an  
audience of children,  
And as he sang he took on all the  
charm of a wandering minstrel.  
Last night I saw the old man die.  
They put him behind bars  
and wrapped a rope around his neck  
and spit in his face—  
As he fell I heard a man shout  
“Murderer!”  
But I knew that St. Peter would prove as apt  
an audience as the children  
had been  
For a banjo and a song.

Jim Carroll

**Directions**

Third Place, Senior High Poetry Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Two trains passing inextricably close  
On a double set of tracks,  
Each proceeding quickly at  
A direction opposite the other,  
Each coming just as fast  
From its beginning as the  
Other rushes from its own.  
One's destination, the second's origin.  
Two strangers rushing past  
Each other on a crowded street,  
One perhaps glancing carelessly  
At the other, only for a moment,  
Each moving with purpose to  
An object the other escapes.  
Which way am I going?



—Ned Lawrence



Mike Webster

### Erie Storm

First Place, Senior High Essay Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

From the sand dune I had a magnificent view of the lake. Out in the west the clouds were breaking, showing small patches of sky, golden with the last rays of a setting sun. The gray storm clouds melted into the horizon, combining with the steel-gray waters of Lake Erie. The waves lapped capriciously on the sandy beach with a quiet murmur. The water reflected the pale orange sky that slowly grew dark as if a curtain were being lowered on it. I walked down the beach, still wet from the summer rain the storm had brought. Down the beach a way, there were rock jetties stretching their bony fingers into the lake. Here the waves hurled themselves against the rocks like soldiers storming an impregnable fortress. Then I looked up and saw the storm clouds shift, revealing the solar globe dying below the horizon, and the sky grew dark. I started to walk back to my parked car. The rain began to fall again. A brisk wind whipped the waves into furious troops that besieged the beaches. I, alone, was there to defend the land.

Charlie Wallace

### With No Language But A Cry

First Place, Intermediate Essay Division  
*introspect* Spontaneous Writing Contest

With no language but a cry, many human individuals daily utter prayers to some unknown divine spirit. These prayers, on the most part, remain unnoticed by men in our modern world. Daily, the forces of the Devil himself, in forms of starvation, defeat, and humiliation, loom in vast hordes over the infinite mob of souls in our own world of 1963.

Their customs may be different; their tongue may be unfamiliar. But, if we do not heed their needs, we cannot live with a clear conscience.

The human mind has much to control and influence it. Surely, we can muster enough courage, money, or material wealth to reverse the chain of events which has led up to Communistic domination of the Eastern Hemisphere.

Fear not, someday the red star of Communism shall fly over our homes if man does not part from his present policy of being an introvert.

Judy Koon

## An Unsung Hero

First Place, Intermediate Essay Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

He awoke me early that morning and in whispered phrases bade me come with him. I dressed hurriedly and slipped into the chill morning air. We made our way to the meadow, a peaceful quietude filling the air. Occasionally we would stop, and he would point out some beautiful secret of nature to me. Then we would again be on our way. Finally we reached our destination, breathless, ecstatic, absorbing all the beauty around us.

As we sat there, a comfortable silence settling between us, I allowed my thoughts to drift to the man sitting next to me. He was by no means handsome. His nose was a protuberant feature on his otherwise flat face; his mouth was a little oversized; crows' feet were imprinted on his bronzed skin. But his eyes were a twinkling blue, and their moods were as diversified as were the colors in Joseph's famous coat. Now they were meditative, and I wondered what he was thinking. More often they were laughing, happy, but sometimes they conveyed a message of stern approval. Always the person who beheld this pair of eyes was aware that their owner was no common man. His eyes commanded attention and reflected a love of beauty, truth, integrity, and life itself, and they showed that he had met life's challenge in a courageous manner.

Then my glance swept over his average stature to his other distinctive feature—his hands. His hands were those of a workman, a farmer. They were tough and rather unkempt, but they mirrored strength and hard, earnest toil. Looking at them, I remembered the time that the neighbor's barn had burned down and a new one had to be built. I remember how proud I was of him as he pitched in to help and returned at night, tired, and sweaty from hard work. Yes, this was my Uncle Frank—strong, courageous, boisterous, joking, and happy; full of life and love.

I awoke from my reverie at the sound of his words and the touch of his hand, "Come, little tyke, we'd best be gettin' back to the chores".

I contentedly trotted along behind him as he fed the animals and stopped to milk the old cow. When the chores were done, I motioned for him to bend down, and I planted a kiss on his forehead as a reward for our secret morning. Such are the joys and fancies of childhood.

Years have passed, but I still remember him as a man that truly had a "peace that passeth all understanding." He is an unsung hero, and maybe it is only to my child's mind that he was a hero, but I somehow think the world was a little better for his having been here.

Sally Lambert

## Two Weeks — An Eternity

Third Place, Intermediate Short Story Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

As I awoke that morning I sensed that something was going to happen. A heavy fog covered everything with an ominous blackness. It was almost as if the world would never see light again.

I dressed for school as usual, first splashing cold water on my face to get the sleep from my eyes and the cobwebs from my brain, but I could not rid myself of that strange feeling. I had felt many emotions before—quiet, happiness, sadness, pain—but never had I experienced one so potent. It was as if—as if a fate worse than death were awaiting me.

When I reached school everything taunted me with an air of normality. The faces were the same smiling faces of my friends. Their chatter was the same—of school, of other friends, of their problems. Happiness emanated from them all. Yet all this sameness did not comfort me but mocked my intelligence and sensitivity. Maybe they were right. “Be happy, gay, normal,” I told myself and pushed the thought to the back of my mind. As school work began studies took over my brain.

After the fog had lifted, the sky was blue as turquoise and pure white cotton-fluffy clouds gave it pattern and design. It was peaceful and calm, and the thought slipped its way into my head, like the calm that comes before the storm.

Could I have known the approaching tempest was to be worse than any Mother Nature in all her madness could deal as punishment to her naughty children? Could I have realized that the resulting thunder would be louder than any thunderbolt hurled by Jupiter?

Later that day it finally broke. We were sitting in class when a siren screamed a warning more urgent than we had known before. Panic engulfed the scene and the next seconds, hours, days, weeks kalidiscoped into a mirage of events.

Soon I found myself sitting dazed in the public shelter at which my parents and I had previously decided to meet. Yes, they were here, they had made it. This was the only thing that was of any comfort to me.

Shortly after I had arrived the capacity of the shelter was reached. The great doors were closed and locked. No one else was to be let in. I heard the screams for help of those outside and my soul cried with them. My selfishness was killing them, but I had made my decision and I must see it through.

Time passed slowly for us inside. We were not aware of minutes, hours, days, just of the eternities that passed every second.

We did not eat until we were so hungry we were about to starve. We were allotted just so much and after that no more. We cherished this supply with our lives and valued it more highly than any jewel, for it was stolen much more frequently.

In this place no one tried too hard to communicate with one another, for this was a time of solitude and soul searching. Some took comfort in the presence of friends, but now the most comforting periods were those spent in prayer. In times of trouble people always turn back to their Creator no matter how they have forsaken Him in the past.

As I have stated before life was not easy in this shelter. Before long it became a place of filth, for there was not any extra water to wash with. It was hot by day and cold by night. Our small lights were kept burning at all times because not all could sleep at once. A few must always be awake should anything happen.

All the time we stayed in our prison questions filled our minds. What was our world like now? Would it support life again? After all this struggle to live would we die slowly after we left this place. Would it have been better to die quickly from the bomb? These questions were there as we ate our small portions of food. They haunted our dreams as nightmares as we slept. They were the main reason for our most fervent prayers. They were omnipresent and written on our hearts.

As the two weeks came to a close we talked more freely. We talked of the world as if it were unchanged—a lie which helped console us all. We talked of what we would do as if we had something planned. We all wore masks to hide our fear and knew all along that everyone could see right through us.

Finally the time came to a close; our area was safe. We would go out into the world and face what we had caused to be done to it. We would see the death and destruction that surrounded us. Had our struggles been worth all this? A civilization built up just to be torn down? What would the answers to our questions be? We would soon find out.

Marilyn Curtis

Don't Look Back

Orpheus, your lyre sings wondrous strains;  
It moves both wild and meek.  
But, lo, you're sad. Do I perceive  
A tear streak down your cheek?  
'Tis plain, for something dear you grieve.  
Regret you do not lack  
For offense of those warning words  
From Pluto: "Don't look back."  
Your terrifying trip to Hell  
Was born with little fear.  
To bring your love, Eurydice,  
To ever have her near,  
You braved the path of penalty,  
The well-worn downward track.  
And soon those words began to ring  
Through Hades: "Don't look back".  
"Orpheus, your songs influence me",  
The mighty Pluto said.  
"You may take your beloved home,  
Away from all the dead.  
Alone no more you'll have to roam,  
But on the homeward track,  
Please mind my words the journey through,  
The warning, 'Don't look back' ".  
You bade your love to follow close,  
And homeward turned your feet.  
Temptation grew within your heart;  
It grew with every beat.  
Earth, home, and safety soon became  
So close to you. Alack!  
One look behind forsook the voice  
That begged you, "Don't look back".  
Eurydice slipped from your sight  
Where you could not advance.  
She is lost to you forever.  
You'll have no other chance.  
If you again should endeavor  
To make a new attack,  
You'll fail and you will remember  
The lesson: "Don't look back".

Lyn Drawdy

## Awakening

First Place, Senior High Short Story Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Only after her mother's persistent calling did Julia finally roll over and slowly awaken to a new day. Reluctantly she sat up and greeted it with a wide upstretch of arms and a sleepy yawn.

Again her mother's voice was heard urging her to get dressed as breakfast would be ready in a few minutes. Hurriedly, Julia dressed, fumbling with the buttons on her blouse.

Her mother's voice again could be heard and Julia knew that the family was waiting for her. But before going down the steps, however, she went over to the bay windows and opened them wide. What a glorious day it was to be! Already she could feel the warmth of the sun upon her face and arms; smell the salt air and hear the sea gulls as they swooped down into the sea for their breakfasts.

Carefully, Julia started down the steps, for more than once, when she had attempted them in haste, she had fallen. Putting her hand on the oak banister, she went on down the steps. How smooth and worn the railing felt to her sensitive finger tips, and yet so familiar. Now, she was at the bottom of the decline and she hurried into the breakfast room, where the family was already gathered about the table. She slipped quietly into her place and folded her hands as her father said the grace. While grace was being uttered, Julia said a short prayer of her own. Her brother, Michael was to her right, her younger sister, the baby of the family, was in her high chair to Julia's left, and her parents across the table.

Julia was rather quiet that morning and seemed very content to eat the breakfast and listen to the conversation of the other members of the family. The baby was just learning to feed herself and all the family were very proud of the fact and made many exclamations. Michael expressed a desire to go to the beach that afternoon as it was their last day at the shore. He suggested that she go along with him and the baby.

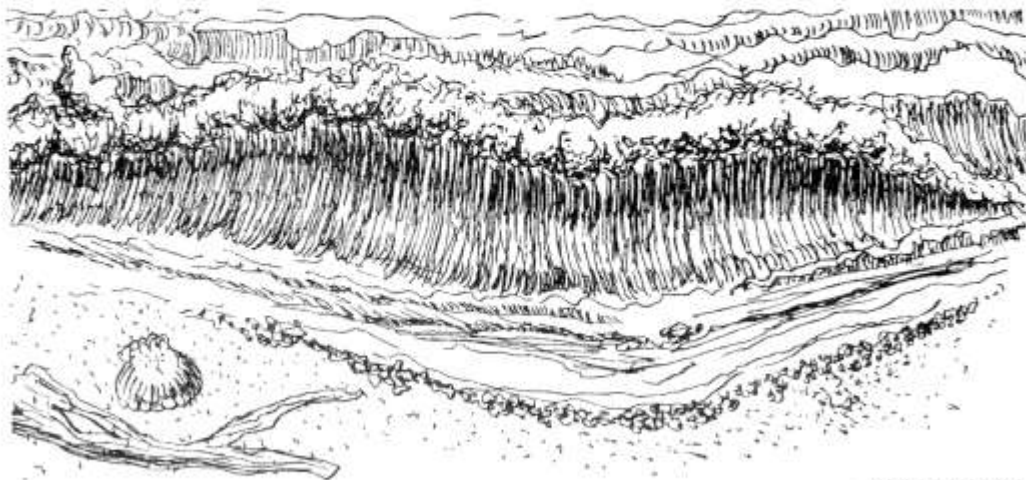
While assisting her mother in clearing the dishes from the table, she turned the thought of going or not going to the beach over in her mind. Not that it was such an important decision, but that she really did not want to go. During their two weeks stay at the shore, she had not spent as much time on the beach as she had during the past summers. She had just finished clearing the table and had about made up her mind not to go to the beach, when her brother came into the kitchen and again suggested that she go to the beach that afternoon.

She thought that it might be nice after all. It would be very pleasant on the beach and she did so love the feel of the sun on her back and the sea water about her legs. She consented.

After Julia had dressed the baby and placed her in the play-pen, she pensively climbed the steps to her room. She counted the steps as she ascended. One, two, three. Oh, there was a creak in the third step; it was odd that she had never noticed it before. Four, five, and six. Now, she was on the eighth step, and then she stepped into the hall, and a few more steps and she was in her room. With the door closed, she was in her own little haven.

The thought that had been nagging her ever since she had awakened now began to worry her in earnest. While she automatically smoothed the sheets and made her bed, she tried to push the nagging thought back into the deep recesses of her mind. Today was not a day to be melancholy or sad. As she smoothed the spread over the pillow, she succeeded in pushing, for the time being, the thought from her mind.

Sitting in the window seat with her elbows placed on the sill, Julia was listening to the sounds. Downstairs, she heard her mother preparing the lunch while she chattered with the baby. The parakeet now was warbling out his tune. Just listening to the parakeet's song compelled a mental picture of him to come to her mind. He would be sitting on his favorite perch, the one in the middle of his cage where her mother always tied a fresh twig of millet every morning, lightly swinging, with his head cocked to one side. Julia could hardly picture the parakeet without seeing him with his head cocked to one side, looking as though the whole world amused him. His entire body was a beautiful blue-green, the coloring deepening under his throat and chest. The parakeet really could not sing; he could only chatter as though gossiping to an invisible mate.



—Ned Lawrence

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Spear's 2nd Period Slaves

Suddenly a noise from the bench diverted Julia's attention from the house to the beach. A group of teenagers must have come, for Julia could hear their sounds of laughter. As the sounds of merriment came from the beach, a bright shaft of sunlight came through the window, enveloping and bathing her face in sunlight. The sun framed her face and made it seem like a picture, with the dark brown, damp ringlets of short hair about her forehead, the turned-up nose, the blue-green eyes with their dark fringe of lashes, a sensitive and gentle mouth, and a solitary tear that slowly glided down her cheek. Julia was no longer sitting at the window hearing the merriment of others. She was down there on the beach, one of a group of girls and boys, having a good time, dashing in and out of the waves, which when capped with plenty of foam, reminded her of the snow on the branches of the fir tree in the midst of winter. She was there being chased in and out of the waves, squealing her delight as the sea surged in, pulling and swirling the sand about her ankles and calves, and when the sea had recessed, she was standing in a little impression of wet sand. Yes, there she was, a moderately pretty girl, browned lightly by the sun, roasting hot dogs and marshmallows over the coals at sunset. The coals were red and glowing and reminded her of the eyes of a tiger glowing in the dark.

Julia pulled her thoughts of the past to those of the present. Here, she was again, with her elbows on the window sill, and her head bent forward to catch the sounds of the breakers, the teenagers and the little children, who found such great delight in the sea and yet were quite awed by it.

With her sensitive finger tips, she traced the outline of the window. Down the right side her fingers flowed. It was rough and weather-worn, not smooth and familiar like the banister; the screen felt so like a network of little lines; the bottom of the screen where the wood enveloped the screen felt as though it were loosened; and the left side of the window felt just like the right side.

It was getting very warm. The breeze had disappeared and little beads of moisture were again forming on her forehead. She reached up and wiped her face with the back of her hand. That did not help much; her hands were also moist and sticky. Out in the distance the hum of a motor could be heard. Julia's sharp sense of hearing picked up the sound. Probably someone skiing and being towed by the boat. Oh, how she had once loved to ski. It was as though she had a little power over the immense ocean. How she loved skimming over the water so gracefully and easily, with the water in a hard spray whipping up against her legs, the wind drying the water from her body and the feeling of ecstasy she always got while skiing.



It was after lunch and naps, and each holding a hand of the baby, Michael and Julia were walking down the pathway of planks to the shore. The baby's hand was hot and moist in hers, and the planks felt rough and uneven beneath Julia's feet. She was glad when they reached the beach.

Stopping for a moment, she breathed deeply of the sea air and felt the breeze ruffle her hair. How cool it felt to her body. Dropping the hand of the baby and leaving her with her brother, Julia skipped down toward the water and splashed into it. How familiar and how good the tepid sea water felt to her legs.

While Michael was setting up the umbrella, Julia and the baby were scooping out a large basin in the sand. When it was only a few inches deep, the water seeped into it, and the deeper they dug the more water seeped into it. The baby got such great delight from her own miniature ocean. Julia lay on her stomach and heard the happy gibbering of the child.

Michael had taken the baby into the sea, and Julia could hear them splashing in and out of the water. Elaborately, she scooped up a miniature mound of sand and molded it with her hands. The sand felt so smooth and fine. Suddenly she sat upright and shook her head slightly as though to shake off some unpleasant thoughts. Thus she sat for a full minute, and then she scooped up a handful of sand and brought it to her face, touched it to her cheek, and then let it flow smoothly through her fingers back onto the beach. As the tiny grains of sand were slipping through her fingers, she mentally compared herself to a grain of sand. There was an unaccountable amount of sand composing the beach, yet just one grain of sand among the other grains seemed so insignificant. But yet the total grains of sand were significant. Julia realized that she was, in a manner, similar to the grains of sand on the beach. She was only one of a great mass of humanity, and one from the mass is not very important, but all the people taken as a whole were quite significant!

Julia was quite surprised to have suddenly realized this. She knew now that the past year, the first of her blindness, had not been a wasted one, and neither would her future be wasted.

That night, kneeling by her bed, Julia was a very humble girl, one with a deeper respect for a life and its many doorways. For she, who had been blinded one year ago that day, had realized that her blindness had not handicapped her in as many ways as it had aided her.

The last sentence of her prayer as she knelt by her bed, with the wind ruffling the curtains and the consistent sea steadily lapping at the shore, was "Thank you God, for the gift of life, for it has so much to offer."

Martha Brimm

**La Mer**

Cold grey-blue waves lick over the sand, recede, and, undaunted, fling themselves again upon it. Tiny fish glint silver in the ebb of the tide, to vanish in an instant. A gull cries plaintively far out beyond the breakers.

Gently, monotonously, fine rain begins to fall, veiling the sea in ethereal mist. Through rents in sullen-grey clouds, distant lightning flashes brilliantly. Thunder rises like a towering wave, dashing itself against the swelling surface of the sea. Rolling, rumbling, it dies away.

Sky, sea, rain—grey upon grey—indiscernably one.

Alice Almond

**The Link**

It comes in steady streams of gold,  
these drops upon the pane.  
Each sees it in a different light  
but yet, it is the same.

To the babe, it is a new-found thing  
he has not met before.  
To him, a source of joy — delight  
about to be explored.

The young child wants the rain to swell  
the shallow stream and lake,  
That he might set his boats to sail  
among the swan and drake.

The mother hopes the rains will cease,  
the heavens to part and show  
The covenant gentle God has given  
to her, with his rainbow.

Each turns his eyes to heaven,  
to stop, to pause, to think  
Of God, creator of all men,  
with whom rain is a link.

Gayle Petty

**Submission**

Second Place, Intermediate Poetry Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

A small boat,  
Hurled against a rocky shore,  
Crashing on sharp stones,  
Is shattered.  
It lies in pieces  
In the sand—  
    Beaten,  
        Broken,  
            Defeated.

A man,  
Thrown against the web of life,  
Facing a deadly world,  
Is conquered.  
He sits alone in silence  
In a dark room—  
    Beaten,  
        Broken,  
            Defeated.



—Marilyn Curtis

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Penny Ortner

**Dimmed by Man**

First Place, Intermediate Poetry Division  
*introspect* Spontaneous Writing Contest

Wake and walk to window ledge.  
Stare across at trees and hedge;  
Beauty of the silent night,  
Passing slowly out of sight.

Make no sound, move no shutter,  
Stop—no other word do utter;  
Listen to the wind's soft sigh,  
Watch as birds are soaring high.

Stars of evening gone with moon,  
Morning sun will enter soon;  
All is peaceful, calm, serene,  
No sign of mankind yet is seen.

All is kind and unobtrusive,  
Shadows make all life seclusive;  
The "morning star" now shines with glow,  
Quietness and beauty show.

Nothing runs with fright or hate,  
No small creature harms his mate;  
The early morning light shows love,  
Blessings from "The One" above.

But soon the loveliness will cease,  
Man will rise and end all peace;  
Happiness will not remain,  
When man awakes inflicting pain.

The "morning star" that shone so clear,  
Will be soiled when man is near;  
Nature's creatures gay no longer,  
Man brings evil—he is stronger.

The day will pass unto the eve,  
The smaller animals left to grieve;  
The sun will rise again tomorrow;  
Dimmed by man's ill will and sorrow.

Leo Durham

**What False Heart Doth Know**

First Place, Senior High Short Story Division  
*introspect* Spontaneous Writing Contest

*introspect* Editor's Award

The celestial camera swings about on its axis and stops at the exact moment and at the exact place where the last breath of life is leaving the body of a great man. The camera stops and the lens is parted for an instant—an instant lasting an eternity to a dying man—and it takes a picture so that the momentous occasion may be preserved for all time to the curious.

And what does the multi-colored picture show? It shows what the crowd of cheering people saw the moment the shot was fired and a small piece of metal entered the pulsating heart of the Honourable James Benedict, candidate for governor. The picture shows a body falling to the wooden floor of a hurriedly constructed platform. It shows the shock and disbelief on the face of the victim; the muted scream about to escape the mouth of an almost new widow; it shows a gun, still smoking, in the hand of an ill clothed, grey headed, dirty looking old man; and, in the eyes of the old man, is revealed a look of unknowing insanity.

Why this modern tragedy? Why should a man as well known and and as respected as James Benedict be killed on the eve of his greatest triumph—the election to governorship? The answer lies buried in the heart of Mr. Benedict and in a deserted forest in France. The answer can not come from France, nor can it come from the lips of James Benedict. Only one way remains to discover the truth. Only by entering the small, blood covered hole above the heart of James Benedict can the answer be known to those curious enough to take the hazardous journey.

The pulsating has stopped and already the blood is turning cold. But inside the heart a long hidden secret awaits discovery. A false heart may hide the truth from the mind, from the reason, from those about it, and even from itself. But eventually, in the vast timelessness of eternity, the falseness will be removed and the blaring red of wrong will be revealed.

What can be said of a man's life? What can sum up the efforts and hopes of life and its never ending struggle for recognition and success? Not all of time is long enough to relate and interpret the life of one small, insignificant human. Such is the greatness and egotism of man.

For some life begins at the moment of conception; for others the complete awakening has to await the right moment; a few unfortunates wait forever and are still unborn. It was James Benedict's fate to not be born until his nineteenth year.

He was born to find himself unwanted and an orphan. Adoption to parents who were not capable of loving each other, much less a small child, did little to improve James' grasp on life. He was well educated—in the most expensive boarding schools. Yet, James never knew what it was to love or to be loved. All of his attempts to love were shunned and no one took the time or effort to love the small blond boy with the deep, sad, brown eyes.

When James entered the Second World War, a war in which many found only death, he found birth. When the plane he was a passenger in was struck and the flames consumed the wings, the crew knew that they were going to crash behind enemy lines. Some knew they would die; all feared death. It was in this dramatic moment that James Benedict, now a tall and handsome young man with deep, sad, brown eyes, first prayed to a God that he knew not. James survived the crash; eight others did not.

Birth came for James when he first knew love. He knew love in the form of a young French girl, Nana. It was very simple—this thing of birth—James loved Nana, and Nana loved James.

Nana was the daughter of the man who had dragged James from the burning wreckage of the crashed plane. Papa, as everyone called the man with the brown beard and happy blue eyes, had taken the young American flyer to his home for his daughter to care for. Papa knew that to be caught would mean death for both himself and his daughter, but he did it all the same.

That summer was the happiest either Nana or James had ever known. They loved.

All things, good and bad, come to an end. So the summer ended. By this time James was well and he began to think of returning to the American base in England. Papa connected James with the underground and they made plans for him to be returned to the English base.

Nana could or would not understand James' reason for leaving her. She concluded—finally—that love by him for her had died. So she too wanted to die. A kitchen knife, a quick thrust of the hand into the yielding skin, the rush of blood: these marked the end of Nana's sojourn on the planet Earth. To cover his shame, Papa buried his young daughter in a small clearing in an unplowed forest.

James returned to England and convinced himself that he was blameless in the tragic end of Nana. His false heart soon hid the fact that he had ever known Nana or love.

His quick rise to power in politics after his return to the States was surprising and fantastic. He married the daughter of a wealthy party leader and was soon a senator. Benedict cared little whom he hurt or trampled in his rise to power, wealth, and fame; thus rose James Benedict to great heights.

Only seldom did Benedict think of France and a golden summer, but to Papa, his beard ever turning to grey, hate for the young American and bitterness for life were his only occupations. Events affect different people different ways.

So now the story is in perspective. The shot and death can now be understood and the wounded, sagging heart deserted to carrion. The picture taken, the camera is free to again turn on its giant axis to other places and other events. Eternally does the camera move, the lens snap; eternally is James Benedict damned.

Susan Rumble

November

Cold is the sea upon its weedy plain,  
Dun is the sky; sodden, and full with rain,  
And that same beach, whereon the wind would fly,  
Measuring its swiftness, soaring to the sky—  
Now it is chilly, and the sand is trod  
Earth-brown and bare, and heavy as the sod.  
Here I was wont to wander through the day,  
Blown by the hot winds; cooled by ocean spray,  
Counting my love-thoughts as the grains of sand:  
Endless; eternal as the starry band.

Full were my days, and richer still was I,  
Building my love-castle higher to the sky.  
Now winter comes, and that same ocean wide  
Has swept my castle out to meet the tide . . .  
Here with the cold is dumb reality,  
Mocking my thoughts of love's eternity.  
Here now I sit, and sift each sandy grain.  
See how they blow away, never to rest again!



Judy Koon

### Why?

Third Place, Intermediate Poetry Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Why?  
Why do lions roar?  
Why do fat souls snore?  
Why do I study night after night?  
Why is the world in such a plight?  
Why do I prattle in silly chatter  
When what I say doesn't really matter?  
Why does the world go round and round?  
Why do people laugh at clowns?  
Why do clocks go tick and tock?  
Why, at Christmas, do I hang my sock?  
Why must one plus one be two?  
Why do I sit here and think of you?  
Why do people laugh, why do people cry?  
Why do bees sting, why do birds fly?  
Why do some sit aside and look on?  
Why is a baby deer called a fawn?  
Why must people each other abhor?  
Why, oh, why; more and more!  
Why do people hate?  
Why do people lie?  
Why do people kill?  
Why, oh, why?  
Why do I sit here and wonder?



Muriel Penna

### Starlings in the Stucco

Third Place, Senior High Short Story Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

“The birds are really busy this morning,” Papa would remark as he began his morning shave.

It always gave me an unexplainable feeling of security to hear this annual fall seal of approval. This was a condition which would throw some heads of a family into a tailspin.

I am referring to the starlings which come at the end of the summer to build their nests in the space between the stucco and the walls. Then Mama would begin on her annual pilgrimage for improvement. Her infallible determination, however, would soften and finally dissolve when faced with my humanitarian father. She engaged every scheme imaginable in the realm of the mind, but the hole remained unsealed, year after year.

Papa’s argument was one fold, “Everything has to have a place to live and be happy.” Fighting this argument was like keeping dry in a rain storm. Before you could find protection it drenched you with its intention of purification. My father’s belief in the divine right to these pleasant little creatures was not shared by the neighbors.

On an autumn afternoon the male dwellers of Cornell Place would gather in a grand congregation. The calm air was broken by masculine clamor. Bunches of little children stood nearby, quite pleased with all the chaos. Then the debate began. The plans of attack were magnificent, though completely impractical. The eloquence displayed by the speakers was too much for human ears to perceive and maybe even too much for starling ears. For soon a chorus of fluttering wings and chirping voices filled the trees on Cornell Place. Never has man been in such an electric conflict with nature.

The battle halted abruptly with the enticing ring of dinner bells. The crowd of warriors dispersed with an almost shameful speed. So each man returned home, content in thinking that his unique plan of battle would win the war.

Now, the grey twilight settled over the empty yards and streets. The air tingled with cold. The breeze beckoned the fallen leaves and soon a silent parade danced along the sidewalk. All was peaceful, for awhile.

Peaceful, yes, but not at my home. The household tasks of our winter guests were just beginning. There were beaks to be fed and nests

to be feathered. My father often said how unfair (to him) was God to have given all the unselfish energy of the world to little birds. The twittering was so constant, but never obnoxious. They served as a reminder that we too had things to be done.

We admitted to their existence, but never realized how dependent we were upon them. Their rising hour became ours and when they settled down for the night we did likewise. The starlings became our keepers and our clock.

It seems so strange to talk of birds in such a significant tone. They appeared so unimportant then, but that was then. I returned one afternoon to find plank-faced workmen hammering at my home. The stucco was being refinished. Our prized English Ivy was strewn across the front lawn, garnished with plaster and rocks. The house looked naked against a sombre winter sky.

There was an intense uneasiness lurking in the air. Something seemed mysteriously amiss. A slight cloud of melancholy encompassed our family, but no one would admit it. We all knew the starlings would never return. It seemed sad that these birds should be so scorned by humanity. Yet, sadder still that they could not know their presence was missed.

I have often gazed at the plastered hole in the stucco. It has been a long time now, and the ivy has spread her leaves across the rock walls. In her haste to complete the work, she has left one spot barren. Many call it coincidental, but I think not. The ivy has purposely bypassed that plastered mound in hope. Is it not wistful thinking to hope that things past should return? Life must go on and with its flight it takes a little happiness from us. Yet, life holds compensation for those who will dream. Everyone has starlings in the stucco—those things which never escape the reach of a sensitive heart.

Lynn Staley

Duo

Give me a group of people  
gathered around a fire,  
And a man with a guitar—  
Instead of a stately band  
Humming out the latest  
hit parade,  
While drunken laughter beats the time.

Sally Eser

## A Letter

Third Place, Senior High Essay Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

To whom it may concern:

I won't be here long. I don't have much time. I am not ready to look down into the great abyss, so far the first time I have looked up. Only on the precipice of death have I seen the beauty of life.

It stretches out before me in the majesty of the sky. The Battle of Gettysburg, the greatness of a nation, liberty and justice on earth splash vibrant crimson in the east. My own special wishing star burns quietly in God's dome of galaxies. I used to believe in wishes, believing that if only I could fall in love, I'd know the secrets of peace. But falling in love is just the beginning—it isn't peace, but it is beautiful.

Life is beautiful. When it is winter and the trees are bare velvet against the gray velvet sky—warm bedclothes, sumptuous chairs, friendly books, mashed potatoes and gravy make you forget the cold wind outside. When it is summer and the setting sun is so red you think it will set the tree-tops on fire—fresh mown grass, wiggly June-bugs, the sweet breath of honeysuckle stir wonderful thoughts which you didn't know you possessed.

The most beautiful creation in God's universe is a human being. It is hard to believe that a man is ultimately atoms and energy, but this knowledge only assures me that there has to be something more within each man—a secret being that he keeps and protects against the world's strong searchlights.

About to die, I have found the purpose for being alive. It is not just to exist in your own cloud of selfishness, but to know your brother and love him. You have to triumph over life's trivialities, to look up and see life's beauty, and then to show your brother.

You know this is the truth, yet you can't look up for one moment. Trivial things have become too important to you, as they had to me. I don't regret leaving the earth—I only regret never having *lived* there.

Deborah Huffman

## The Arkansas Traveler

First Place, Intermediate Short Story Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Scuff! Scuff! Scuff! — the sound of bare feet hitting the hard pavement. They belonged to Henry Booker.

Scuff! Scuff! Scuff! They dragged on. The hot noonday sun beat down on the broken cement of Big Rock, a relatively large town in the deep south—that is to say, Arkansas. Not a leaf stirred to break the monotonous downpour of rays from the fireball. All this made Henry more uncomfortable.

Scuff! Scuff! Scuff! — burning blocks of concrete beneath them. They belonged to the dirty khaki shorts and the red stripe T shirt passing down the street. They trudged to Alfonso's Market, always seeing the same thing: a slab of concrete with dust on either side. Monotony.

And that is why Henry blinked when he saw the bright sheaf of green paper lying in the dusty gutter. There amid the desert of gray and brown, was an oasis of green. Stooping over, Henry picked it up. Henry was just seven, but he knew how to read. One word in large letters stood out: CAMP. Henry knew that word, and on seeing it his heart beat quickened. The next word took a lot longer to decipher: "Bragg's" and then "Park."

"I bet," Henry often mused out loud, "That this is for the camp at Bragg's Park." Henry's feet collided with the sidewalk several times, but then came down with a bang. How could he tell Mother and Dad? True, it didn't cost a thing. The first people to send their names in got to go. But he had never been. He didn't have many clothes, and he knew that his parents couldn't afford to buy him any. But he decided to try.

Patter! Patter! Patter! This time the feet were flying right down Beauregard Avenue. He jumped up the rickety stairs and slammed the torn screen door behind him.

"Mom, Mom, come here! Hurry!"

"Wait a minute. I don't have time to come a-running every time you hollar!" Smelling soup, he headed for the kitchen. Not noticing the hot and tired look on his mother's face, he jammed the green sheaf in her hands.

"What's this? 'Summer camp at Bragg's Park. All who want to go.' Well, you can't go. I gotta finish lunch. By the way, where did you get this?"

"It was given to me by Miss Jenkins, my teacher, you know . . ."

"Well, you can't go."

"Why not?"

"You know."

"I'm going to ask Dad."

Patter! Patter! Patter! Many hours later, when the sun had dropped behind the cotton fields, Henry hurried to the mailbox, envelope in hand, with the green paper inside. Bursting with joy, he noticed the lights of the city in the distance, and beyond that was Bragg's Park! A week from now he'd be there. Yes, he'd be there!

And so, wearing the khaki shorts and the red striped T-shirt, and with twenty cents clenched in his already dirty hand, Henry kissed his mother good-bye and hopped aboard the bus to begin his journey. True, it was only across town, but Henry had never been across town. Elated, Henry sat down in the biggest seat.

The bus rapidly filled up, until the only seat left was the one next to Henry. People continued to board the bus.

"Wouldn't you like to sit down?"

"No, I'd rather stand."

"Wouldn't you like to sit down?"

"No, I'd rather stand."

"Wouldn't you like to sit down?"

"I'd rather stand."

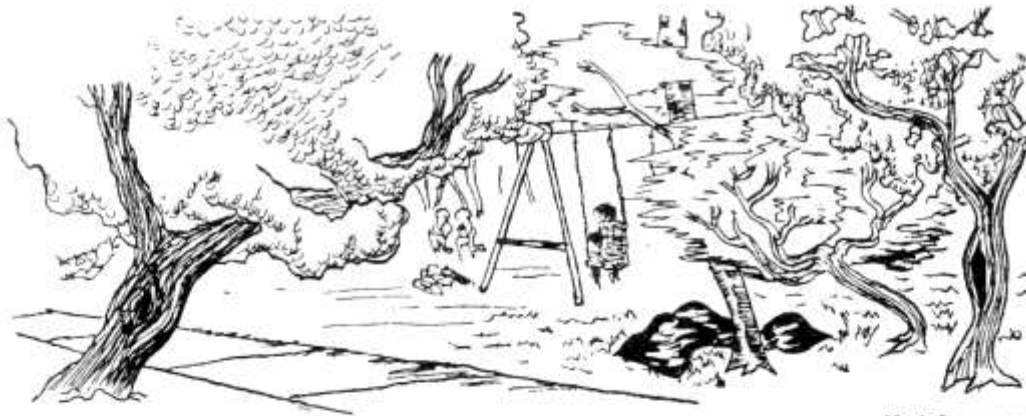
Hurt and confused, Henry counted the people in the aisle. Twelve, but not one would sit down. He didn't understand; that's all, he didn't understand. What was wrong with him?

After he had ridden about a half an hour, the driver stopped. Turning around, he saw Henry.

"Hey, you dumb kid! Get off this bus! You ain't supposed to be on here." Amazed, Henry got off, quite unaware that this was the end of the line. He'd called Henry "dumb", and Henry didn't like it. Henry was no longer bursting with joy.

Where was Bragg's Park? Henry didn't know. Seeing a girl on the other side of the street, he crossed and asked, "Could you tell me how to get to Bragg's Park?" The girl looked at him as if he had dropped out of the sky and started running down the sidewalk.

Perplexed and hurt beyond belief, Henry gazed at the road ahead,



—Ned Lawrence

and finally started walking. Suddenly he heard a call, "Hey you! You ugly thing!" Henry turned around and was pelted with a mudball.

"What . . . ?" The boy ducked behind the fence and Henry heard him run away. Henry could no longer hold back his salty tears. He stumbled over a raised place in the sidewalk and fell down. What had happened? Ever since he had gotten to this side of town, everyone had been so mean to him; laughed at him. What was wrong with him?

The sun was blistering his flesh and his mouth was parched for lack of water. He had walked so far and hadn't yet found the park. He was so tired!

At last he saw what he thought was a boyish mirage—a drinking fountain. There it was, in the middle of a deserted gas station. Amid the filth of gas pumps, hoses, tires, cars, and splattered oil, was a clean, white, glistening fountain. Henry couldn't wait. He broke out in a run, jumping over the wires and hoses. He pumped the pedal up and down several times to start the water flowing. Just as he was about to quench his thirst, he heard a gruff voice call, "Hey you! Get away from there! You can't drink there. Get away!"

Henry mumbled, "I'm only getting a drink of—."

"I don't care what you're doing. You can't drink there! Get away!"

Henry was virtually stunned. He was so thirsty—this man wouldn't let him drink. Now he was really confused. He wished he'd never come. What was wrong with him?

"For the last time, get out of here!"

"I'm going." Henry stumbled over a hose in his confusion.

"Watch out! What are you doing around here, anyway?"

"I'm looking for Bragg's Park."

"Looking for it? You're practically in it. It's just around the corner. You're crazy, just like the rest of them."

Henry just couldn't get control of himself. What had happened? Again and again he asked himself that question. He had left home so happy and now everything had gone wrong; everything! Suddenly it was as if the whole world had turned against him. What was the matter with him?

Walking slowly, he left the gas station and turned the corner. Sure enough, at the end of the street was the park, just like the man had said. Maybe everything would turn out all right.

Henry entered the park through the side stone portals. Great sheltering elms shaded the sunny lawns. Here and there were flower patches. Color seemed to be everywhere, as well as noise; the typical American noises children and their mothers make in the park. But the color and noises that attracted Henry were the red and yellow of the swings and the gay shouts of children flying up and down. On almost every seat was a child and behind the child was the energy, a mother.

There was, however, one available seat. Henry slowly walked amid the tangle of flying legs. He sat down and pushed off. All of a sudden, one by one, each mother grabbed her youngster and left the swing. Henry turned around to notice that he was the only one swinging. Henry didn't know what to make of it. What had he done? What was wrong with him?

Henry scraped his feet in the dirt, came to a full stop, and got down. He noticed that everyone was congregating in a shady place near the pavilion. He decided to go over there.

"Now, now please be quiet! I can't hear all of you at once."

"Mother, come here."

"Mother, I want to go home."

"Mother, I'm hot and tired and . . ."

"Now, all of you sit down and please be quiet. We must get started . . ." A plane passed overhead and Miss Roger's voice was drowned out. "I'm sorry. Now when I call your name, come up and give me your slip of paper. Now."

Henry sat down at the back of the group of people. He unbuttoned his pocket and took out his slip of paper.

"Bobby Adams, Carol Anderson, Susan Baker, Johnny Bib, Dick Black, Linda Bloom, Henry Booker . . ."

Henry stood up and started to push his way through the people.

Everyone gave him a funny, startled look, which made him quite uneasy. Slowly, but surely, he made his way up to Miss Rogers.

“What? Where is Henry Booker?”

“I’m Henry Booker.”

“You’re Henry Booker?” All at once pandemonium broke out!

“What . . . What’s he doing here?”

“He’s not supposed to be here”—and so on. Henry couldn’t imagine what had happened. All of a sudden, everyone was yelling at him and rushing at him. At the sudden rushing and screaming, the children, imitating their mothers, lunged at Henry. What was wrong with him?

Several mothers and children, deciding that the best solution was to leave, got in their cars and drove off, but the complaining continued. Miss Roger’s poise had completely vanished. Several mothers were wagging their pointed fingers in her face. She looked down in despair and saw Henry.

“Go away. Get out of here!”

Henry didn’t know where to go, so he just stood here.

“Go home, will you? Get out of my sight.” Henry continued to stand there.

Several of the counselors, teenagers from the local high schools, began to try to quiet the children. The mothers, however, could not be calmed.

“I just won’t have it. My child going to camp with him! You’ll be sorry you let him come.”

“We didn’t *let* him come! He just came. It’s all a mistake.”

This camp used to be so good and wholesome for my children. Now look at it. Letting people like him . . . . .”

And with that, she stuck her finger right under Henry’s nose. Henry started to cry. He just didn’t know what had happened. All of a sudden everyone was screaming and yelling at him.

“Stop crying, will you?” This came from Miss Rogers. “Jim take him over to the pavilion.”

“All right, come with me.” Henry and Jim walked over to the pavilion. Henry sat on a bench, while Jim counted the milk bottles that had just been delivered. What was wrong with him? Henry asked Jim, “Why is everybody yelling at me? Why don’t they like me?”

Jim replied, “Cause you’re black, boy, you’re black!”



Ellen Mease

Two

Thou art a whisper in darkness  
Celestial light evolves  
Bringing sweet, sad dawn.

Breath  
Stolen from my mouth  
To feed thy breast  
Kindling for our life  
To be one, yet apart  
Ethereal, deep, all-consuming.

Sweet combining of our souls  
Sweet joy  
Burnt only in the knowledge of our knowing  
Found only in us.

Youthful  
And yet ancient in our eternal wisdom.

Free  
And yet gently held by sincere, unbroken bonds.

God be with us  
In my giving and in yours.  
Surround us with light  
Aid in sorrow  
Happiness in our happiness  
The wealth of beings lies untouched  
Desiring only ourselves.  
Living  
Pure and with all.  
Each day girded with might and discovery.

Nature untainted  
Rustle of falling leaves  
Song of a lark  
Lonely sentinel  
Movement liquid, silent  
Recorded in our love.

—  
The heavens  
Concept without ken  
And yet, in our life  
Such vastness has bounds.  
We are able to understand  
A ray of light among dark forms.

Our eyes  
Look upon the sea with rekindled hope,  
Dead, until our meeting.  
Souls  
Pouring to the heights and depths  
Of our being.  
The love I feel embraces  
Not only thee  
But the world  
All knowledge, insight, emotion  
Are within me now.

Received of you  
My joy is great.  
I know thee.

Rod Larmee

Reciprocity

The last gray wisps of dawn fade away as the sun begins to rise magnificently over the distant hills. The sharp echoing cry of the awakening rooster shatters the stillness of the lonely morning.

Inside the clapboard house the bearded occupant rises from a straw-tick mat and slowly steps into a pair of mud-caked overalls. Moving deliberately over to a weather-beaten table, he thumbs through a dog-eared Bible with toil-gnarled hands until his eyes rest on a suitable verse. Reading aloud slowly, the man seems intent on grasping the meaning of each syllable as he repeats the verse again and again to himself. He reaches for a blackened pencil stub and draws a thick black circle around the verse.

Opening the door and stepping out into the brisk morning air, the old man looks to the sky and gives a start as if he's been struck. "Mah Gawd! look't them clouds!" Then mumbling something to himself about "as good a day fer a tornadee as I ever seen . . . gotta get them cows in afore she hits . . ." he ambles down to a dilapidated cow pen some eighty yards from the house.

Before reaching the pen, however, the man notices that the cattle are uneasy and sees the open gate. "Good Gawd! Hit's rustlers!" Moving back to the hut with remarkable agility, the man disappears inside the door and emerges with an unbelievably rusty .44 rifle. Running down to the pen, the old man suddenly jerks his head back and falls headlong beside a water trough. As he rolls against the trough, a clean red hole is visible just to the left center of his forehead.

"I got 'im, Pete. G'wan, let Duke take the cattle. Let's git on thet house o' thet ol' devil's and git us some grub. Besides, thet wind's pickin' up, and I ain't aimin' fer a soakin' today."

Rolling laughter and smoke simultaneously exit from the clapboard hut. Inside, three men play poker on the rickety table. The straw-tick is an ample resting place for three six-guns and holsters. On the table a half-empty whiskey bottle has replaced the old man's Bible, the latter having been discarded to a cobweb-infested corner. Although the time is mid-afternoon, the two coal-oil lamps are burning brightly. Outside, all that is felt is the stinging wind, and all that is capable of being seen in the darkness is the black clouds rolling overhead.

From inside the house comes a cry of discontent, barely audible in the high-pitched wind. "Ya darn card-sharp, yer cheatin' me! I oughta plug yer rotten . . ." Suddenly the angered voice is drowned out by the dull black roar moving across the plains. "Hit's a twister! Let's git outa here!" The men scramble out the door, but to no avail. The black mass by-passes the corral but explodes the farmhouse sending men and clapboards flying.

The last gray wisps of dawn fade away as the sun begins to rise magnificently over the distant hills. Scattered rubble and broken bodies litter the countryside. A piece of tattered paper rolls, edge over edge, across the plain and comes to rest against a shattered .44 rifle. As the wind turns the paper flat against the splintered stock, the writing on it becomes visible. The printing encircled by a heavy black line reads, "Vengeance is Mine," sayeth the Lord."

Mike Turner

### Love, What Art Thou?

Love, what art thou? The world bends its knee to thee, and all mankind is the realm of thy endless being. Each man that lives is touched by thy eternal soul of life, and he who is not touched is dead indeed. Yet who can truly know the bounds or graces of thy mysterious self? Love, thou art above life or death; but thou art submerged in the dark green pool of truth where mortals' eyes must never seek out thy guarded core.

Love, thou art the hope of man eternal. Thou art the bond that holds man and woman together in the blissful state that God deigned mankind to have. Thou art the cry of a red-faced babe, freshly plucked from the side of its mother's breast. Thou art the end of lonely hours and resentful thoughts that leadeth man to his decay. Love, thou art the pinnacle on which man rests his heart, weary of the valleys of despair. Love, I kneel at thy feet; thou art my god.

Love, thou art damnation everlasting. Thou art a pain that tears and bites and rips under the foolish heart of man. Thou art a disease that infecteth his soul and exposeth it to all the torments of hell. Thou art the felon that rapeth the innocence of childhood, and the master that sendeth man into a naked world with the dreams of heaven in his eyes. Love, thou art the demon that raiseth men's hearts to the skies and then smashes them upon the rocks of the bottomless pit. Love, I spit on thee; thou art my life's eternal hell.

Love, I cry out to thee; thy purpose I must know. Love, what art thou?

Alice Almond

## Turnabout

Second Place, Senior High Essay Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

I reckon that it all began last summer—way back up in June. That was when Ma met with some other folks about the new school. Seems them county officials had done decided to go and integrate it.

Well, folks sure did get mighty upset, and they had some powerful arguments over it, too. They said it would be a “detriment (whatever that is) to society” and would upset their “racial ratio.” Yes, it was pretty curious seein’ all those folks get heated up over a simple little thing, like what’s the color of your skin? And all them court officials gettin’ so tangled up in laws that they didn’t know what they was doin’! It even got so bad that they was talkin’ about sendin’ in some kind of guard to keep the peace.’ Course, Emmett here is just a small Southern town and there’s not much peace to disturb, anyway.

Now all this didn’t bother me none. Ma says the law says I have to go to school, no matter what, so it don’t really matter just who I sit by, I’m still there. But folks still said that I ought to go to the other school, although it’s four more miles out and in a mighty bad way—it’s just plain fallin’ apart.

• • •

Like I said, that was a couple of months ago. The school opened and there was a big fuss the first few days, but that quieted down after awhile. Most people have pretty much forgot about it by now. But I’ll never forget—the cold, curious looks that met me, the “left out” feeling I felt, and the teachers, who were kind, but still a wonderin’ how it would all turn out in the end. You see, it’s 1970 and the tables are turned. The shoe is on the other foot now, and I’m the only white child—in a school of six hundred Negroes.

Susan Rumble

**Metamorphosis**

Second Place, Senior High Poetry Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

You have not seen the frosting on the grass,  
Or smelled the smoke in every autumn wood,  
Or walked as I have walked through field and road,  
Hearing the dead leaves crumble as I pass.

You're gone from me, and still you cannot know  
The chill of fall and hardening of a heart,  
The swift illusions, with their gentle art,  
Making me wise and weary as I grow.

You've not been home; you've missed the change of year  
From summer's simple green to autumn's gold;  
From gold to winter gray and winter cold;  
From swift, enchanted smile to cautious tear.

Time passes; with the falling of fresh snow  
You'll be here soon, and though I realize  
That it has wrought a change within my eyes,  
Within my heart, a winter love shall grow.



—Ned Lawrence

Joan McCarty

## My Friend

Second Place, Senior High Short Story Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

This is my little store, all mine with no mortgages or anythin'! But I never seem to have too much business. Just enough to keep me goin'. Ya see, it's a little candy store, not the new-fangled kind with lots of pretty boxes of fancy stuff sittin' all over, but just a plain ole candy store, sellin' jaw-breakers, lollipops and candy canes for a penny-a-piece. Even so, you'd think I'd have more business than I do, but this is the poor end of town. Some folks call it the Slums, but I'd rather think of it as just the poor end of town. Sounds better!

Seem' as I don't have lots of customers, I do a lot of thinkin', mostly about people. Ya know, some folks are real interestin'. Never thought much about it 'til lately. Matter of fact, I guess it all began that day last week, Monday I reckon. Little fellow not more 'n seven came by here. I think I'd seem him before. But I'd never paid him any mind though. There are lots of young 'uns runnin' around here. Anyway this little fellow was different. At first I wasn't sure just what the difference was. It was kinda funny—not a difference ya can reason out, but one ya can feel inside, if ya can understand what I mean. He looked like all the other little fellows that I'd ever seen: brown hair, brown eyes, pale skin, skinny little body that needed some new clothes. Same as all the rest. I never felt anythin' for the rest of 'em. Why this little guy? It musta been the gleam in his eyes or maybe the pep in his walk. I don't know, but anyway the difference was there and it showed up the very first day.

The first time I really noticed him, he was lookin' through my show window at some cherry and grape lollipops. I thought he was gonna burn a hole right through that glass with those starrin' eyes, and then just reach in and help himself! And since I always did consider myself generous to the kids, I motioned at him to come on in. Thought I'd give him one—just one though, mind you. After all, I can't give away the profits.

Being behind the counter, I couldn't see him come through the door, he was so little. But I heard the tingle of the little bell above it as he slowly pushed his way through. "How ya doin', sonny?" I asked. At first, he didn't answer. Just looked around amazed with his eyes wide

open. I could tell he'd never been in a candy store before. Then he looked up at me with those same big eyes, and somehow they made me all warm inside. Finally he nodded in the affirmative, as if to say, "I'm O.K."

"Ya goin' to school yet?" I asked, tryin' to open a conversation. I had to know somethin' about this little stranger. Already he fascinated me.

"Yep," he said, holdin' up his readin' book. "In first grade," he added as though he were proud of it. Now, I said to myself, "That's strange, most kids hate school. This kid seems to like it."

Graspin' for more knowledge, I asked. "Do ya like baseball?" But when he looked up at me this time, he'd changed a little. Such a facial expression as 'ud make any Scrooge melt. Why, my heart dropped two feet.

"Yeah, I like it, but I never get to play, no time," he answered, not begrudgingly, but rather pitifully.

This didn't all add up. All the kids play baseball at the Neighborhood House, especially the young 'uns 'cause they don't have no jobs and most of 'em don't have nothin' else to do anyway.

He glanced up at the clock on the wall; four-thirty it read. He turned around with a start. "Gotta go," he said kinda hasty like.

"What's the hurry?"

"Got me a job yesterday, an' it starts in fifteen more minutes."

I kinda laughed. This kid was too young to work. "Whatcha doin'?" I asked.

"Sweepin' the floors at Gary's, but I gotta hurry, I wanta be there early," and he rushed out even before I could give him his lollipop.

After the door closed and the little store was all quiet again, I said right out loud, "Now this ain't right. That little kid ain't got any business workin' in a place like Gary's Bar. I wonder what's the matter with his folks, lettin' him do that." I decided I'd look into the matter. Anyways, this little fellow fascinated me more and more.

Next day, on Tuesday, my little friend came by again. Only this time, instead of lookin' in the window first, he just came right on in. I think he kinda felt at home from the first. But the minute I saw him, I know somethin' was the matter. Before I could say a word, slowly he said, "I ain't got my job anymore. Got fired—Gary said I was too little. But really I ain't. I'm big enough to work—least ways to make a little money!"



“Sure you are,” I said, tryin’ to doctor his crushed pride. “But why do you wanna work in the first place? Ya could be havin’ lots of fun playin’ with the rest of the kids down at the Neighborhood House.”

“Yeah, I guess so, but I hafta work. But don’t ya dare ever tell Mom that I said that. She don’t want me to work. She’s sick though. Somethin’ about her blood ain’t right. I don’t know.”

“Well, what about your dad?”

“I ain’t never seen him. Ya know, sometimes I wonder what he’s like. Mom never talks about him. He must be a bad guy though. I’ve seem Mom cryin’ about somethin’, and when I ask her what is wrong, all she ever says is ‘You need a father, son, that’s all.’ Anyways, Mom don’t know I’m workin’, but she don’t get much money and she can’t work on account ‘a her blood. So I hafta make her a livin’. But now I got fired, so I don’t know what I’ll do.”

I didn’t know what to say, so I gave him a lollipop and it seemed to cheer him up some. It was gettin’ on past five now and he said he’d hafta go so I gave him another lollipop—for his mother, you understand.

Never before had I seen a boy like that, havin’ to worry about his Mom’s health besides tryin’ to get a little money to help out. Had’a give him a lot of credit for tryin’ to help—poor kid. But I couldn’t help him. I was doin’ good to feed myself—couldn’t hire nobody. Besides I could do all the work that needed doin’. Store ain’t very big, and neither is my little friend. Decided I’d talk to some of my friends, though.

Yesterday he came in again. Poor little fellow. Yes sir, came right on in as if he was coming to see his best friend. I could tell that he wasn’t coming to get any more lollipops, just coming in for a talk. I was beginning to like him more every time I saw him.

“Guess what! I won a gold star for readin’ the best today. Mom’ll really be proud of me today,” he said in a kind of false happiness.

“That’s wonderful,” I said. “I’m really proud of you, too.”

He grinned from ear to ear for a second, but then he got a sad look on his face and he lowered his head as though he were examinin’ some dust on the floor—starin’ real hard like. And slowly he raised his big eyes to mine and as a big tear ran down his cheek, he said, “I went lookin’ for a job, but nobody ’ud have me. They all said I was too little.”

And before I knew what I was sayin’, I’d done said it. “I’ll give ya fifty cents an afternoon to sweep my store for me and I’ll give ya a lollipop an afternoon to boot.” I guess I knew how much two dollars and a half would mean to him.

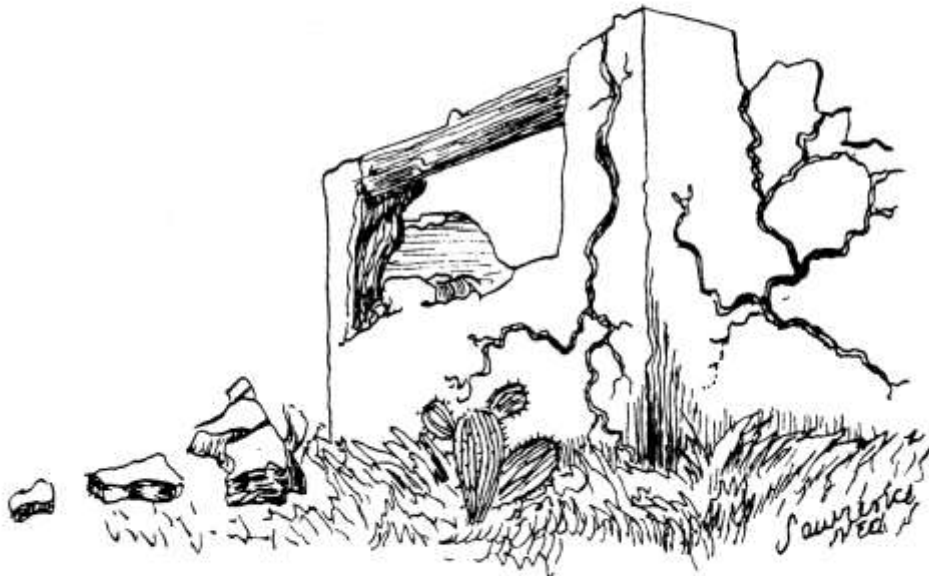
It’s four-thirty now. He’s due for his first day’s work in fifteen minutes.

Martha Brimm

**The Pueblo**

First Place, Senior High Poetry Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Crumbling adobe walls steeped  
    in the ruddy after-glow of sunset  
Stand forsaken, deserted by The People.  
Sadness broods shadow-like atop  
    lonely kiva ladders.  
East Wind, tumbling gaily down the mesa,  
Suddenly remembers,  
And, slowing, tiptoes reverently  
    between sighing pinons.  
Unperceived against the darkening sky,  
Grey Lizard dreamily worships the dying sun.



—Ned Lawrence

Jim Carroll

Two Brothers

The weather was unusually cool and pleasant for mid-August. The dust, which should have been choking at that season of the year, lay settled alongside the bumpy, country road. Even the slight breezes blowing over the fields seemed easier to the senses than they rightfully should have at midsummer; they had no hotness in their breath. With the birds and butterflies flitting about with a spring freshness, it did not begin to tempt thoughts of hot summer weather to mind.

While I sat beside that road in the car meditating almost drowsily on the comfortable setting, I noticed two people approaching in the distance. As they came closer, I could see that one walked not with the other, but at least fifteen feet ahead. Both were grizzled old men probably walking to work in the nearby town. When they were close enough for me to discern their features, I decided that if they were not twins, they were at least brothers. The difference which separated them in appearance was solely in their expression. The one walking ahead gazed irresolutely into the distance and did not appear to be aware of or care about his surroundings. I remember very clearly that he had one of the most fixed facial expressions, I have ever seen. Perhaps lacking in the look of intelligence, his face gained some dignity by its forcefulness. The other, the one following, was not nearly so impressive a sight. He had a rather stupid smile.

I was cut abruptly from my thoughtfulness when they both spoke a friendly greeting to me. Unprepared for this, I replied ineptly. Undoubtedly I had forced them to speak, for I had been staring at them since they came into sight.

I considered this insignificant incident no more until several weeks later. It was then I fell to listening to a friend relate a story, which seemed more than idle gossip, about two brothers. He told about a man who had spent his entire life with his demented relative. This man had devoted all his existence that his brother might live without sorrow. Altogether it was a story of dedication, bravery, and hardship. Most of all I was impressed with the great unfairness of the burden. My narrator finished his little tale by telling me these same two brothers lived just outside of town.

Immediately, my mind snapped back to the happening of a few weeks previous. I remarked to my friend of the two men I saw on the road. On thinking about the hard expression on the face of the first man and connecting this with his years of obvious hardship because of his poor brother, I considered how bitterly this man must hate his insenate relation. This brought more harsh thoughts to my mind than I should have spoken of, but I felt very strongly about the idea and was compelled to mention to my friend the likelihood of a murder. He was horrified at so quick a conclusion, and a few moments later I was ashamed of myself for the same reason.

The impact of this discussion soon wore off as such things generally do, but my taste on the subject was whetted. As unobtrusively and as innocently as possible, I began to inquire about this matter. Everything I heard led me further to believe my first conclusion: that a murder was inevitable. Once again I saw the two brothers, this time on the street of the small town. They were walking along exactly as before. The resentment the first brother had for his mad companion was even more clear to me.

This was truly a unique study in dependency. Over the many years the burden carried by this man had built and multiplied because of the hate he had for his demented brother. He believed that he had been placed in a position of worthlessness by being driven to care for the unfortunate idiot. Every moment he spent in his present situation was that much wasted from his life. The complete and utter dependency hung on his shoulders and dragged him down to hate his kin. His strength of body and character had been completely sapped by the lifelong weight.

Hate can be a thing of accumulation. This was my most prominent thought through the following days. I saw years piled on years of gradually mounting resentment. Surely few men unless exceptional, could bear so great a weight without rising against it. The product of an insurmountable disliking such as this could be naught but disaster.

I found myself in the uncomfortable position of helplessness. My nights were spent in tossing and my days in wondering. There was seemingly no solution to this problem which had not yet manifested itself. I hated the situation of waiting for what was sure to occur. Not knowing the climax was near, I secretly wished for the end. What could I do? Not even could the poor idiot brother save himself, for he depended so strongly on his relation that to go elsewhere would ultimately mean his end.

No one could describe my consternation when I heard the news. I was sitting in the drugstore sipping a coke one evening when someone rushed in and began to give the unwholesome details. The insane one had been murdered by some unknown killer. He did not need to explain to me the particulars of the murder; I knew it must have been a brutal one. I left the drugstore and went home quickly.

The next morning I saw the entire story in the newspaper. The total impact had somewhat worn off, and I was more receptive. I scanned the article rapidly still avoiding the gore. No accusation whatsoever was made against the brother as the killer. He was mentioned only as the last survivor. There was nothing to be done.

When I realized how carefully I had predicted this disaster, I was all the more horrified. To believe that such a thing was going to happen before the occurrence was indeed an unhappy feeling, but to have the prediction come true was unimaginable. It was almost as if I had contributed to the happening with the power of my thinking.

Thus, I resolved to avoid entangling myself mentally in human relationships. Since I thought I had proclaimed the turn of events so correctly, I considered myself all too perceptive for such things. I even believed that I might be dangerous with such an uncanny ability to delve into the intricacies of the mind. After probing so deeply into the situation of the two brothers and evaluating with seemingly great accuracy the dangers in the dependence of one on the other, I attempted to forsake completely the realm of psychology.

With the push of activities in the following months, the incident softened on my memory. It is probable my mind endeavored to eject all remembrances of the unpleasant happening. Perhaps I secretly felt that I had been enlightened in the instance too strongly and was therefore being repelled from it in my thinking. In any event I had entirely eluded all thoughts of it for a month when the truly significant part of the matter developed.

There was a tiny article on the back page of the evening paper telling of the death of the other brother. No details were given as to the cause of death, and I had no ideas of my own since he had looked to be in good health.

Dependency can be a strange thing. Often there is more depth in its workings than is obvious to any observer. Foolish is the man who is so pretentious as to pretend to understand the innermost parts of the human mind. I had been one of those fools.

Fred Torstrick

### Out on a Limb

Second Place, Intermediate Short Story Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Everyone has to die sometime—this is a law of Nature—and it is becoming evident that my death is just a short time off. I have been hanging here for such a short time, and yet it seems my life has been spent here. No longer am I young and healthy, but old and struggling to remain alive.

I know it is impossible for me to hang here much longer; even now I am slipping and the pressure on me is building up. I will have to let go soon, even though the fall to the earth from this height will be fatal.

In the past few days I have noticed many of my neighbors and friends leaving their homes, and to this date they have not returned. To think of not seeing them again makes me sad, for even though they do return shortly, I feel that I can not retain my position more than a few more hours, and therefore will never see them again.

In my younger days I was strong and large of stature as compared to a body which now is withered, shrunken, and brittle. It would be a lie if I said I did not wish for the return of those days. However, I am thankful that I did not marry but remained a bachelor, for I know what the passing of a loved one can do to a family.

My mind is beginning to wander again, and “the good old days” flash before me. I recall watching the birds build their nests and later on raising their young. I could almost feel the joys and tribulations of the wren when she taught her brood to fly. The squirrels, too, were fun to watch as they hurried around gathering acorns for their winter store. But so much for memories! My thoughts are beginning to clear and it is the present and future which concern me now. Knowing that I am losing my hold on the limb, second by second, I shudder to think what my fate will be.

Help!—I’m falling—someone catch me—I cannot stand this twirling! The earth is getting closer and closer—this is the end of my life, but look at all my friends down there. *Flop*. The fall did not really hurt me at all—I just thought it would—you see I am only a leaf.



Katherine Tachau

### Break, Break, Break

First Place, Junior High Short Story Division  
*introspect* Spontaneous Writing Contest

The tiny child dashed the toy airplane to the ground. Oh, why, oh why, did they do this to him? Something had happened to all his toys; they didn't break so easily any more. He picked up his car, but when he stomped on it, nothing happened. Toy after toy was thrown, in exasperation, into the corner, until one was left. His mother had given it to him on his birthday. What was it she had said? Oh, yes, it was her mother's, and her grandmother's, too. He liked monkeys. But wasn't it fun to hear little objects splatter! No, mother would spank him if he broke it, or would she?

"Frederick! Put your toys away, and come here." That was mother. They never understand. Oh, well, here goes, and accompanied by an immediate clatter, the toys were put (dumped, respectively) swiftly into the old mahogany crate, at the foot of a very modern looking bed.

"You have been very bad and as a result, I have decided to send you to bed."

"Aw, Morry," as he termed his mother, "I didn't do nuttin'." Why did mummies always think you were bad, just when you were having fun? "Oh, if only I were only old enough to beat Morry up then I'd be rid of her."

But there was no hope for it, he had to get in that rickety old bed again. As he slept, he kept trying to dash the old monkey to bits. It worked, it worked! One foot out of bed gently, gently, there. Now the other. Uh hu. Now, where is it? Oh, ho, Morry thinks I can't fool her, huh?

Break, break, break! He screamed and dashed the monkey to the floor. But funny, he sure wished he hadn't done that. Now he knew. Mothers did understand, it's children that don't. Slowly, solemnly, he picked the broken toy up. And there he sat, huddled over the small broken monkey, crying, crying.

John Sims

Death

First Place, Junior High Poetry Division  
*introspect* Spontaneous Writing Contest

Death;  
A word to strike fear  
To every frightened man who hears  
That word, repeated with his name  
Or with a pronoun, it's just the same.

Jones;  
To death, tomorrow noon.  
And to the man who knows that soon  
He will die, the night's not long—  
And languished cries, his final song.

Brown;  
To death, tomorrow dawn.  
Tonight the sentries look upon  
A man, who seems to be  
Like a jellyfish, brought from the sea.

Smith;  
To die this very night.  
But in this man there is no fright.  
For in death, by rope or sword  
He knows that he will meet his Lord.

God;  
We pray and hope that Thou,  
Who knows our feelings will allow  
We mortal beings at last to see  
That in death alone do souls find Thee.



Carol Moran

### To Kill a Friend

First Place, Junior High Short Story Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

As I set on the crik bank with my hands 'hind my head, I glanced at the dog 'side me. I patted his head an' he looked back at me wi' them big sed eyes o' his.

"You an' me," I says, "we is birds of the same feather. You ain't 'tall as wild as they say you is. When you come to me that first day you was jus' lonesome, weren't ya', feller? We understand each other."

We did understand each other, that dog and me. Ever day when I come to the crik I prayed he'd be a-waitin' that nobody'd done gone an' shot 'im. Mos' everbody thought he was mad.

One afternoon I was with some o' the fellers when ma' Ma came a-rushin' up.

"Yo' Pa," she said a-cryin'. "That mad dog-yo' Pa. That dog attacked yo' Pa. Boy, that dog killed yo' Pa!"

She was sobbin' an' I put my hand on 'er shoulder,

"Here," she said a-shovin' a rifle in my face. "Take yo' Pa's gun an' kill it!"

She gritted 'er teeth an' started to leave. I looked at the gun.

"But Ma!" I cried. I wanted to say, "I can't Ma. You don't see. He's ma' friend."

But she only turned an' hollored, "Don't come home 'till ya do, ya hear?"

I started walkin', not seein' where I's goin'. Pa dead. Oh, feller why'd ya' hafta kill me' Pa? I loves ya' both!"

The fellers shouted after me.

"Leave me 'lone!" I cried.

They wouldn't leave me 'lone. Please God, I prayed. Make that dog run the other way. Don't make me kill 'im.

As I opened ma' eyes I could see 'is face comin' through the trees! Oh, please, God, no!

"There he is!" the boys shouted.

I wanted to go to 'im an' bury ma' head in 'is coat. I wanted to take 'im an' go 'way an' never come back. The only livin' thing that understood me was standin' before ma' eyes an' I'd have to kill 'im.

"Go 'head, shoot," the fellers shouted.

"Shut up!" I screamed as I lifted the gun to my shoulder.

The first shot rang out. It missed on purpose. He didn't run off. Instead, he came closer.

"Shoot!" the fellers cried out.

My heart was a-tearin' in two as I raised the rifle the second time. I wanted to scream, anythin' but I knew I must shoot. I closed ma' eyes an' gently squeezed the trigger. As a whimper rang out my heart stopped.

I opened ma' eyes as ma' friends started toward the body.

"Don't touch that dog!" I shouted.

They started runnin' an' I was glad.

I walked over to the dog who was still alive.

"We'll fix ya' up, ole feller," I smiled.

He looked up at me with them big, dark eyes o' his.

"Why?" he asked me. "We was pals. We understood each other. Why?"

"I loved ya' both," was all I could say.

He closed 'is eyes an' I knew he was dead.



—Claudia Roberts

Diana Huffman

### **I Liked His Face**

Third Place, Junior High Essay Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

He was old and not able to stand when I came into the room, but I knew at once that he was a gentleman of the old school, and, though seated, his manners and breeding were apparent.

I liked his face! It was lined and the skin was no longer firm. The lines and wrinkles indicated that the muscles of his face had been used more for smiling than frowning. His eyes, though now a watery blue, sparkled when he looked at me and I knew he still was interested in everything he saw.

Quite often as we talked his face would break into a wide smile and he laughed heartily. He showed a lively interest in new ideas, but his own remarks, spoken slowly and thoughtfully, while his deep eyes looked into mine, were evidence of his great wisdom.

Yes, I liked his face!

Laura Drawdy

### **Darkness Before Dawn**

Second Place, Junior High Essay Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Today, as I walk through the forest, I see the sun's rays sparkling through the trees, and beyond the tree tops I see the clear blue of the sky. I hear birds singing their bright and cheerful song of spring. There are flowers budding everywhere and the green of the grass and the trees seem brilliant. There is a forest deer fearlessly leading her young ones to drink at the pond's clear water. The whole forest seems bright with sunlight and misty-green with beauty. What a change it is from when I saw it last!

Yesterday, I saw a dark and dreary forest as I walked this way. The woods seemed still, dark, and lifeless. The sun was not in sight; the skies were gray; and the clouds seemed to hang without movement. The animals were huddled in the shadows and would not venture out. No song of a bird was heard. There was nothing but silence and gloom throughout the forest, for this was the forest before the storm.

Today, a bright new day, I see the streams running over with sparkling waters and blooming flowers caused by last night's rain. For there is no greater blessing than rain to make streams rush and flowers bud and hills green.

So to you I say, when things in life seem darkest, remember, it is always darkest before the dawn.

Susie Givan

### The Passage of Hate

Second Place, Junior High Short Story Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Red lights flashed, sirens screamed. Laurie wanted to scream too. All of these grownups didn't seem to remember that it was her mother who had been hit by the car.

Laurie was fourteen—too young to go anyplace in the hospital except the lobby, but not too young to feel as if her whole world were crumbling.

The hospital was a noisy, sweltering place. Announcements boomed over the loud speaker. Stretchers went streaming by. One stopped beside her as the doctors stopped to register the boy. Laurie turned away. She had never known such horror and heartbreak was in the same city with her.

Oh, she was tired, so hot and hungry. She wondered if she would ever get out of this place. She wandered down the hall and without realizing what she was doing stopped to get a candy bar. Even the wrapper smelled of hospital disinfectants. As the candy bar melted, Laurie remembered all of the doctor stories that she had seen on television. But this was different. There was no excitement, no romance, just terror. It wasn't like the story books she had read and enjoyed, it was true, horribly true. Hate for the boy who was driving the hot rod made her almost physically ill.

Laurie gazed out of the big window at the end of the hall and rested her head against the cool glass. She could feel the hate like a foggy vapor trying to find a crack or crevice from which to escape. Hate finally made its exodus as the tears silently slipped down her cheeks. Through their shimmering veil she picked out the evening star whispering,

“Star light, star bright,  
I wish I may, I wish I might . . . .”

Judy Wilson

### "With a Sled Tagging at Your Heels"

The slow and tiring tramp up a Majestic peak with a sled tagging at  
your heels,  
The trip that seems to last for days, hours, ages  
The reward at the top drives us on,  
The thrill that nothing can surpass  
Lying on your stomach, tense with excitement, you wait for the surge.  
And then like a torpedo you suddenly shoot downward  
You feel the cool spray of snow in  
Your face as your speed increases,  
You close your eyes to the world  
But to all things must come an end, perhaps none so bitter as this one,  
You skid, stop, and begin the slow and tiring tramp up a majestic peak  
with a sled tagging at your heels. . . .

Cynthia Huffman

### A Victory

First Place, Junior High Essay Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest



—Claudia Roberts

The little boy had obviously been in a fight. The left sleeve of his shirt was ripped and dangled from his shoulder. His trousers were torn at the knees and his legs were covered with grass stains down to his muddy socks and untied shoes. His golden hair was now mixed with shades of brown and green from the grass and mud. His cheeks were ruddy but were streaked with dirt. One of his lovey blue eyes were almost swollen shut and the flesh around it was beginning to darken. But the little boy had obviously won his fight! Although there was a gaping hole where a front tooth had evidently just been knocked out, the smile on his face was one of satisfaction and pride.

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Philip High

## A Pebble

Second Place, Junior High Poetry Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

A pebble stands firm twixt the sky and the sand  
Until it's picked up by a warm little hand.  
Then it finds itself in a precious pocket  
With a nail, some string and a little toy rocket.

Then it's taken out and fingered and thumbed  
And thrown in the air till its senses are numbed,  
Now up to the top of a very tall tree  
With mountains as far as the eye can see.

With a swing, a jump it's turned upside down  
And out of the pocket it falls to the ground.  
It hits the moist earth with a bounce and a fling  
When it's spied from the sky by a bird on the wing.

With a swoop so fast, it's real it would seem—  
It's flown up in the air to be dropped in a stream.  
As the stream with the pebble moves on with a quiver  
It soon will unite with the swift running river.

The river flows on by you and by me  
And not a trace of the pebble will we ever see.  
It's finally washed up on a strange looking shore  
With more little pebbles than ever before.

A life is full, it's something to live  
And no matter what, you've got something to give.  
So always remember in a far away land  
A pebble stands firm twixt the sky and the sand.

John Chappell

## Toby

Third Place, Junior High Short Story Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Toby Pindler was sixteen in 1861. But when all of the brave young men from Cleretta, Missouri, marched off to join Mr. Lincoln's army, Toby had to stay at home and help his mother with the crop since his father had been killed when their barn caught fire.

Toby had longed to join the other boys and fight the Rebels, but he knew that he was needed on the farm.

All summer Toby worked so that this winter there would be an abundance of food. All summer Toby watched the crops grow and was proud that he had done all of it almost single-handedly. Finally when fall came and crops had been harvested, Toby pleaded with his mother to let him join the army, then camped in southern Tennessee. After three days she consented.

That night, Toby packed all of his belongings and the next morning mounted their only horse and rode off to war.

All that day Toby rode, and the next, and the next, and for eleven more days after that until finally one day he saw the smoke of a hundred campfires and knew he had reached his destination.

That night, Toby was given his equipment: a uniform, a rifle, and a plate.

From that day on, every day was the same: breakfast, drill, lunch, drill, dinner, and to bed. But still Toby hoped and prayed that his outfit would have a chance at the Rebs.

Suddenly, one day, the news came: a large Rebel force was headed straight at them and was only ten miles away.

That night hundreds of the very men who had acted so brave and gallant, deserted for fear of the battle which would probably be fought the next day.

The next day lines were formed and Toby, now a highly-regarded soldier, was placed in the front.

All that day Toby waited, anticipating a sudden burst of gray from the pine forest one quarter of a mile across the field.

There he sat, heart thumping, temples pounding.

Then suddenly with a tremendous flash of light a cannonball burst not forty feet from where Toby lay. A cry of astonishment went up along

the Union lines, and with a hearty yell thousands of Johnny-Rebs poured across the wide, open field.

Closer they came, one dropping into the tall, green grass every now and then.

Closer, until they were within range of the mighty Union artillery, perched atop the ridge to the Northeast. The cannons took their toll, both in lives and in morale, but the Southerners kept coming.

Closer they came and the Union sharpshooters and infantrymen opened fire, dropping grays by the hundred, but the Yankees had time to fire but one shot before they were pressed in hand-to-hand combat.

All that day the battle raged and on into the night. The next day thousands of bodies lay in the midst of the early morning. Thousands of broken, twisted bodies clad in either a blue or a gray uniform. It didn't matter now.

And in the shade of a small birch tree lay the body of a young boy. A young boy clad in the blue of the Union. A young boy with a strong face and jet black hair. A young boy with courage and devotion. A young boy named Toby.

Susan Wright

### A Tear

Third Place, Junior High Poetry Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

A tear is a feeling, put into life.  
It is excitement, with cymbal and fife.  
One small, crystal raindrop, upon the cheek;  
Made for the courageous, and made for the meek.

A star from the blue,  
Deep from the heart;  
Brought from a deep wound,  
That prickles and smarts.

A declaration of understanding—  
Sympathy and love.  
A tear is a heartache,  
Or a blessing from above.

A tear is a memory, put into feeling,  
Slowly but surely, into the heart creeping.  
A cry of terror, a pang of pain;  
Upon the cheek, a small drop of rain.



—Claudia Roberts



Paul Marlow

### A Time to Live, α Time to Die

Doug Landon, a Captain in the United States Air Force, was an extremely nice fellow, and one who could be trusted. He was a wonderful guy to pal around with, as well as an ace-pilot.

Doug was stationed at Hawkens Air Force Base, Georgia, when he was called on to test a new jet. He accepted the job and began his training. He understood, of course, that such a mission required about three years of flight training. It was a dangerous task to undertake, but a cold war was on, and our country badly needed the new jet plane. This task required Doug's undivided attention, to say the least. Needless to say, Doug gave his best toward accomplishing this task.

Training began, and the time flew by for Doug. He was eager to learn, and the Air Force was eager to teach.

After about two years of mental training, Doug began physical exercise. He had to be in top physical shape before he could attempt his mission.

Three years had passed, and Doug felt that he was capable at this time to perform his mission. The new jet plane, K-19-X, was a supersonic jet that had wings so thin that one could shave with them. It was shaped in the form of a dart, and had an "ammo" load of six ballistic missiles. It was constructed of a new kind of metal. The purpose of this flight was to see if this metal could endure the tremendous heat given off as the jet sped at speeds of four and five thousand miles per hour.

The time—14:00 hrs. Take off time was 17:00 hrs. that same day of March 7, 1990. Doug was tense, there was no doubt about that, but he was ready.

The time—16:45 hrs. Doug was now going from the briefing room to the "ship." He had just gone over the last minute check, and now it was just a matter of time. What could Doug have been thinking as he sat back in the cockpit? "Will I make it? Will I get back in one piece?" So many questions and so few answers were entering Doug's head.

✓ The time had come. It was now 17:00 hrs. All systems were "go." The plane thrust forward, giving an impact of over 8 g's on Doug's muscular body. He held his breath. He knew that he had taken this great force of gravity many times before in his routine flights, but somehow this seemed entirely different.

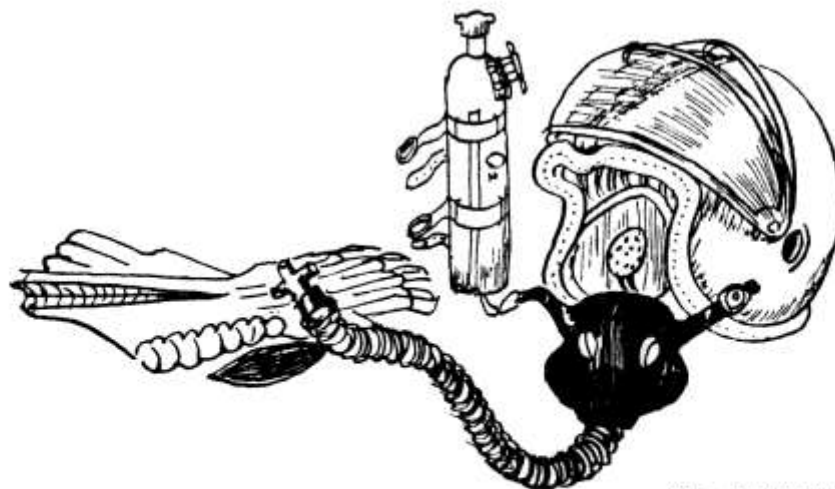
Doug was now in the air, soaring through the blue sky at unbelievable speeds. It was all like a dream.

All Doug could hear was the slight whistle of the wings and the hum of the engine. There were so many jobs for him to accomplish, and so little time in which to do them. He immediately started sending the valuable information to the eager men and women below him.

Doug had been "upstairs" now for about ten minutes. He knew that he had done what was required of him, and he knew that he had done it well.

At this time the plane was running out of fuel, and Doug was, by now, many miles out above the ocean. He set the reject control into operation, and he was propelled from his cockpit out of the speeding aircraft into the blue emptiness of the sky.

You have done what you have been trained to do Captain, and now you fall toward the earth, unconscious. You are a hero, with a slight chance to survive.



Sarah Olsen

### Wonder Why

First Place, Junior High Poetry Division  
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Why is the sun?  
And why is the moon?  
What makes nature  
And the wind sing a tune?  
Why are we born?  
And why do we die?  
I think of all this  
As I look at the sky.  
Why is there rain?  
And why is there snow?  
Is there someone up there  
Who would like me to know?  
A lot of my wonders  
And most of my whys  
Can all be summed up  
When you look at the skies.

Kim Scott

### Drifting

First Place, Junior High Essay Division  
*introspect* Spontaneous Writing Contest

The road ahead wanders through the countryside. My bare feet carry me over the dusty path. The green meadows are to my side? with an occasional tree offering me shade. As I come to a small hill, my feet ascend it. My eyes extend their vision over the vast expanse of land. I pause to rest momentarily, then meander on.

My mind is a million miles away. I am like a log, drifting downstream. I know not where I have been, or where I will be next.

The orange sunset announces dusk, but yet I wander onward. My legs carry me on, as if in a trance.

Gradually the stars come out, and with them, a cool evening breeze. I sit under a tree to rest. My eyes gaze upon the stars. My body stretches out upon the grass. My eyes close, and I sleep.



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Mr. and Mrs. Karl H. Menzie  
Miss Patricia Merkley  
Phyllis Munz, '63  
Dr. Wayne E. Oates  
Alvin Ortner  
Mrs. Pendergrass' 2nd period English  
Mrs. Pendergrass' 3rd period English  
Mrs. Pendergrass' 4th period English  
Dr. and Mrs. Edwin F. Perry, Sr.  
Anne Richardson  
Margaret Ringo  
Mr. and Mrs. Roy Ritchie  
Mrs. Chas. N. Robertson  
Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Rosenbaum  
Charlie Rosenbaum  
Martin Schmidt  
Mrs. Slechter's 2nd period English  
Mrs. Slechter's 6th period English  
Mr. and Mrs. William W. Spear  
Mrs. Spear's 1st period English  
Mrs. Spear's 2nd period English  
Mrs. Spear's 3rd period English  
Stick-Shift and 44  
Mr. and Mrs. Charles A. Theobald  
The Tiger  
John Todd  
Mrs. F. R. Walker  
Mr. and Mrs. William H. Webster  
Michael Warren Webster  
Suzan Westerman  
Cam Williams  
Mrs. Wm. J. Wilson  
Debbie Wisheart and Bill Oates  
Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Zimmermann