



Waggener High School



Waggener Literary Magazine Introspect, Spring 1966

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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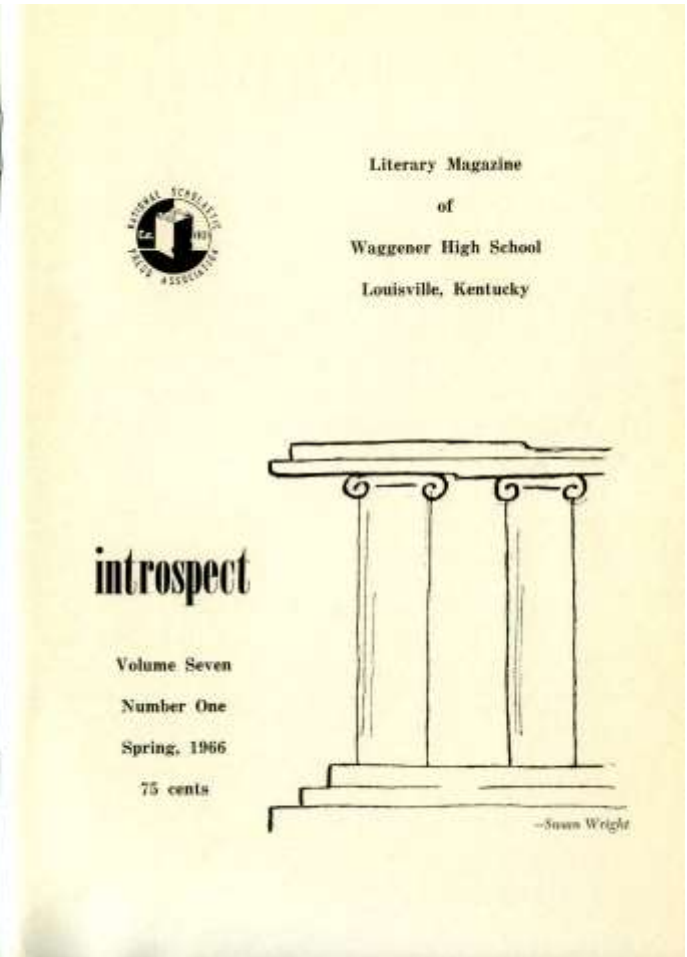
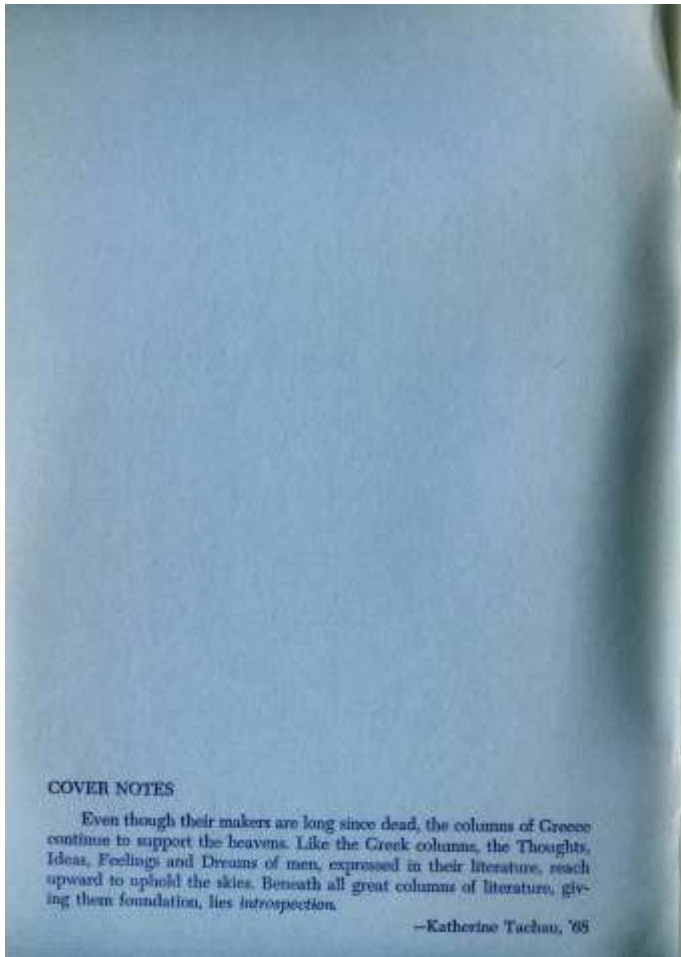
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Waggener '66

introspect

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introspect

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Louisville, Kentucky

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AWARDS

Introspect Editor's Award

Leonard Price—"The Rope Swing"

Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Essays

Junior High

Anton Beatebreurtje—"Leaves in Autumn"
Sis Moore—"Jamie and Me"
Vicki Moore—"Blowing in the Wind"

Intermediate

Barry Master—"The Tower of Babel"
Robert Schaad—"Yesterday is Gone"
Penny Schindler—"Memories of a Golden World"

Senior High

Sue Wallace—"Roar of Silence"
Marianne Naufel—"Yesterday's Gone"
Brooke Hume—"The Roar of Silence"

Poetry

Junior High

Nancy Tomes—"Reflections"
Nancy Smoot—"Love Shines Out"
Sis Moore—"Up There"

Intermediate

Linda Moody—"The Tower of Babel"
Philip Mease—"Eternity"
Gail Harris—"Wanderer"

Senior High

John Sims—"Eternity III"
Ellen Mease—"Slow into Memory"
Susan Wright—"The Roar of Silence"

Short Stories

Junior High

Sis Moore—"Just One Little Candle"
Jim Thurman—"Those Pearly Gates"
Shelley Frockt—"Peaches and Cream"

Intermediate

Linda Armstrong—"Metamorphosis"
Anne Hutchison—"Metamorphosis"
Terry Saag—"Yesterday is Gone"

Senior High

Leonard Price—"A Kindred Spirit"
Cindy Cunningham—"The Killer"
John Chappell—"The Message"

Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

Essays

Junior High

Jim Thurman—"Tribute to a Cyclist"
Nancy Haslam—"Fire and Man"
Susan Turner—"A Memorial"

Intermediate

Terry Saag—"The Ace of Race"
Lynn Webster—"Choosing a College"
Mark Gorman—"The Vast Wasteland"

Senior High

Fan Heydt—"Subst!"
Sally Siegfried—"To Be Or Not To Be"
Martha Horvay—"On Creative Genius"

Descriptions

Intermediate

Gail Harris—"The Color of the Wind"
Dunice Weldon—"The Color of the Wind"
Lynn Webster—"A Room with a View"

Senior High

Sharon Burgan—"Ave"
Bob Steiner—"Freedom of Expression"
Linda Armstrong—"Description"

Poetry

Junior High

Melissa Wardle—"Death"
Nancy Tomes—"Alone"
Nancy Tomes—"A Definition of Fall"

Intermediate

Kathy Tachau—"Death of a Cynic"
Roberta Hill—"Them"
Roberta Hill—"Third"

Senior High

Leonard Price—"Frustration"
Judy Shapiro—"Run"
Leonard Price—"Words and the River"

Short Stories

Junior High

Jim Thurman—"Decision"
David McMichael—"Colonel Corky Versus the Odds"
Connie Moore—"Mary Ellen"

Intermediate

Christopher Lee—"The Dead of Night"
Jerry Gosry—"New World"
Marc Willage—"A Day Full of Miracles"

Senior High

Leonard Price—"The Rope Swing"
Ricky Julliard—"Nun Dasket Alle Gott"
Leonard Price—"Bones of Memory"

From the Editor's Desk

Words are the dress of thoughts; which should no more be presented in rags, tatters, and dirt, than your person should.—Lord Chesterfield, in LETTERS.

The 1966 *introspect* is the product of many months of dedicated work by the staff. Our first project of the year was the selection and donation of several newly-published books for the Waggener Library. The patron's drive again proved to be successful and gave us the economic confidence we needed to begin putting together the magazine. Reams of high quality creative writing to be evaluated by the staff resulted from our annual spontaneous writing contest. The Quill and Scroll writing contest also furnished us with much excellent material.

Features of special interest in the magazine include the class dedication by Dick Bay, the book reviews, an essay by our foreign exchange student, Maggie Cequiel, and the contest-winning cover design by Katherine Tachau.

We wish to give special thanks to: Mrs. Royce, our sponsor, who trusted in our ability to put out a magazine; Mrs. Kirwan, who knew what was what with the Quill and Scroll material; Bob Eury, editor of the Atherton High School *Reflection '66*, for the exchange article; and our faithful patrons, for their continued support. I would like to extend my personal thank-you to Gary Luhr, who brought order out of chaos.

Waggener is ending another "red-letter" year—we have been successful in many, many areas. We can be very proud of the fact that Waggener is one of only a handful of schools in Louisville and Jefferson County that has the enthusiasm, talent, and ability to publish a literary magazine.

Lynn Berman,
Editor

Page Sponsor—Mr. and Mrs. Milton A. Berman



—Julie Breeding

The Class of 1966

Dick Bay, '66

We are young and live today,
Looking for tomorrow.
"From the past," we proudly say,
"We shall never have to borrow."

Off into the world we'll go
And build our dream up to the sky.
Self-reliantly we'll show,
"The only author of it is I."

But we must know, as to the sky
Our dreams we do affix,
Its foundations firmly lie
On the Class of '66.

Page Sponsor—Class of '66

Third

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

Roberta Hilt, '69

After the snow has melted in the field
And a spring rain has softly fallen
A green so bright and beautiful is seen
Which shines in the light of the day
And if the green were filtered to a shade next to white
You would have the color of your eyes tonight.

The Roar of Silence

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

Sue Wallace, '67

Sitting . . . trying to congeal my thoughts into something palatable; but unable to pull anything from the wreckage of my brain. Trying to think, but so out of practice that it was an impossible effort. Trying to re-collect how it was during my adolescence, during my years of learning and excitement, how it was that I could think by myself . . . to be able to formulate ideas independently. How marvelous, yet how impossible now. Now that I am squelched by convention, oppressed by what's "right," I can no longer live as I did before; now I merely exist, sucking my life from the vivid brains of others—young in years but old at heart. Had I known that it was this to be mature, this to be stable, I would never have tried to achieve it—never have struggled to outgrow my youth. To have my brain ringing with the roar of silence; the silence of no ideas, merely echoes, ringing and ringing again. How fatal—how foolish, to give up one's ideas for stability and equilibrium — merely echoes.

Page Sponsor—Miss Carpenter's Sixth Period English Class

Corrode On A Grecian Urn

Dick Bay and Leonard Price, '66

Thou still mouldy pot of nothingness,
Symbol of an epileptic potter,
What noble craftsmanship could frame
Such greasy fingerprints,
So aptly obscuring the runcy figures beneath.
Oh the garbage that rots in the spring,
Tra la.
Further scrutiny reveals, inscribed
With exquisite penmanship:
"Eat at Leviticus."
What hamburgers! What chocolate malts!
What waitresses sloth, who smeared
All the other rot on the pot,
All the churn on the urn,
All the mold on the bowl,
Such disgrace on the vase!
Small wonder I that my eye
Can discern tiny pockmarks
Of dehydrated chicken fat, encrusted upon
Thou ancient, mustard-washed spittoon.
Never fear, amorous ketchup blot.
Though thou canst never overtake
That sexpot of a mummified relish smear,
Forever wilt thou love you virgin
And forever will she be fair.
Oh the rot that rots in the spring,
Tra la!
Ah, behold, what canst my eyes perceive?
'Tis a note of minute lettering.
'Twill no doubt be some gem of wisdom,
Some treasure of Homeric poetry.
Ah, it is becoming legible.
This sage advice is now mine!
It reads . . . not, pshaw! wrong again!

(Ed. Note: Change title to "Corrode on a Japanese Urn.")

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Kirwan's First Period English IV Class

The Roar of Silence

Third Place, Senior High Poetry Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Susan Wright, '67

Sun
blazing
botter and botter
Sand
whipping
cutting and burning
No one for miles and miles . . .
and miles
Sun combines with sand and whips and burns
A mirage appears,
Glistening, but silent.
Day moves on
eternal—
stillness.
When will it end?
When night comes and the
wind stops.
When death overcomes life,
And complete silence engulfs mere stillness.



The Idiot

A Review

Martha Horvay, '67

THE IDIOT by Feodor Dostoevski. (Bantam Books, 597 pp. \$1.75, 1963.)

In *The Idiot*, Dostoevski set the scene for pure interaction of characters, then planted in the perfectly balanced society what he considered to be "a truly beautiful soul." When the young Prince Myshkin, a being untarnished in his goodness, arrives seemingly out of nowhere amongst a group of people in his Russian homeland, he catalyzes the actions of all those who surround him.

Since the Prince loves everyone with perfect and saintly love, he, relatively speaking, loves no one and so is estranged from the grip of all strong emotional forces. Though he magnetizes the love of others, he can prevent none of their baser actions and can only complicate their inner conflicts.

A nature as archetypal as Myshkin's can only exist because he does not identify with any people or past. During his early life, the Prince suffered from epilepsy to the extent that he was rendered almost an idiot by it. Upon gaining full possession of his mental faculties, he encounters society for the first time and thus is only truly born at the beginning of the novel, for that is when his memory begins. The disease serves to humanize him bodily, elevate him spiritually, and make his mission futile, for it prevents all, except for one forsaken woman, from understanding him. Because the immensity of his goodness overwhelms her and brings her to a full awareness of human frailty, she too must render him pain.

Myshkin brings to society a gift of hope but as he stands in its current its forces of depravity move to destroy him. Yet the purity of his mind will not be lowered to despair. It simply disintegrates and he disappears, again to a nowhere.

The only hope lies in the children whom Dostoevski gives adult minds and uncluttered souls. Perhaps his most sublime child is Kolya, a mere boy who makes himself the keeper of all brothers. Through another youth named Ippolit, dying of tuberculosis, flow all the tears of a being grasping out in a paroxysm of innocent pride for a life that never existed.

The Idiot is powerful but never harsh, even in the wild egoism of Rogoshin. He, the culmination of the human terror of meaninglessness, like all men, fears a sensitive love, yet craves it.

The novel, regarded by Dostoevski as his best, is not as widely read as some of his other works. It is for all those who love the dark mystery of the Russian winter and the bitter chill of the Russian spring.

Blowing in the Wind

Third Place, Junior High Essay Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Vicki Moore, '71

Leaves, blowing in the wind, drifting slowly through the air to settle on the ground . . .

A palm tree, hurled to the ground by a screeching wind of the hurricane . . .

A seed of a milkweed, being played along by the gentle breeze of a spring day . . .

A wind can be a dead stillness, a howling force, a softly caressing breeze. Blowing in the wind . . .



—Debbie Brown

The Rope Swing

First Place, Senior Short Story Division,
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest
introspect Editor's Award

Leonard Price, '66

Roger never thought much about where it came from. Like the house he lived in, it stretched back past all remembering, and in his mind it presented one perfect picture. It had been a part of his life long before an older boy had first slammed the heavy rope into his hands, laughed, and said, "Try it!" It was a permanent fixture in the neighborhood, and though the parents grumbled, they could do nothing.

The rope was black and thick and limp. It rose up into the top of a sycamore tree, up so high Roger had to lean his head back and squint into the sun to see where it was tied. The sycamore grew out of a hillside, massive and shaggy at its base, with its upper limbs reaching white and skeletal above.

This was the rope swing, an ancient rope hanging from an ancient tree. It was no game and no toy, and the adults could not understand the fascination it had for their children. Roger and his friends knew, but their understanding was unspoken.

In the winter the rope was mainly unused, and it moved only at the wind's prodding, rough and stiff like a woody vine. But in the other seasons there were hands to grip it and eyes to know its worth. Roger and the other kids came to swing on it, not every day, for it was no game, not even every week, but when the mood took them, when somebody thought of going like the wind with his hands clenched around that thick old rope. Time and again there was a turning of heads to look at the sycamore beyond the housetops, an exchange of grins and nods, then a march that broke into a wild, laughing race for the rope.

The rope, all the parents thought, was dangerous. They were right, for if it had been safe their children soon would have shunned it. As it was, they went right on swinging every year through spring and summer and into autumn. Gary Phillips fell off the rope once and broke his leg, and the parents erupted briefly over it, saying to their children, "I've warned you all along about that rope. Now you see what can happen." Mr. Phillips stormed out of his house with a knife and headed for the rope swing while Roger and some of the others watched. He snatched the rope in his fist and glared up the trunk of the tree, but that impassive monarch soared up beyond belief, leaving his determination to wobble and dissolve. There was no way for him to take the rope down, he realized incredulously, and it seemed impossible that it could have been put up at all, so at last he settled by cutting it off as high as he could reach.

After this there was a shaky time for the neighborhood kids. They were quiet, and their eyes asked questions as they looked at the shortened rope.

Yet in a space of measureless bright afternoons there was a change, and Roger and the others gaped and grinned and said they should have known. The rope hung from the top of the sycamore all the way to the ground again, for someone had attached a new piece to replace the lost segment. Roger knew then with a gladness in his chest that the rope was indestructible and could never be taken down, for who could climb that giant sycamore to do it?

Though they all swung on it through the warm months, clustering around it in noisy groups, it was to each of them a private joy, something they could not describe even to each other. The rope gave a strange exhilaration that freed them from ordinary things. Hanging by

aching hands, they experienced a feeling that teetered between a quivering pulse of life and a hurricane of energy. One by one they went, exulting in the mystery of the rope.

When Roger took the rope he too was alone, though the voices of his friends clashed raucously around him. Striding up the hill with the rope in his fists, he felt the same thudding nervousness every time. At the top, he looked down on the dirt path made by generations of pounding feet and saw his friends yelling him on.

His fingers curled around the rope, feeling every rough fiber, and he backed up the hill until he was standing on his toes. Then, sucking in a breath, he leaned forward and began to run. The sky and the earth wobbled, then jiggled crazily, and his arm muscles jerked him from his jolting feet up onto the rope. The great pendulum swung, and the ground blurred under him as he gained speed. His friends' voices washed over him briefly, then were lost in the rush of the wind in his ears. He hurtled through the air, eyes wide and staring at the green hillside that dropped away beneath him. With his legs wrapped around the tail-end and his cheek pressed against the bristly rope, he turned slowly like a marionette, arching outward and upward, leaving the earth far below. He reached the peak of the swing and for a heartbeat hung motionless in the sunshine, suspended over a breathless chasm of feeling. He was weightless for that instant, a limp rag held to the world only by the rope. But only for an instant. Then the tug of the rope became real again and he was pulled from the heights in a great descending sweep. His arms felt the strain and he went down at a dizzy speed and the hill bulged up toward him as he came. His feet slammed into the ground, jolting him from the rope, and he tumbled into the grass, panting and laughing.

Roger had stopped trying to explain the rope swing—why he liked it so much. The words, if they came at all, were awkward and did not explain his feelings. He felt uncomfortable when he talked, almost like he was doing something wrong. So now when his parents said, "Don't you go near that rope swing," he said "Yes," then ignored them.

In the fall of one year a new family moved into the neighborhood. They were the Gillises, and one of them was named Scott. "Why don't you invite Scott over to get acquainted?" Roger's mother asked him. Roger did, and Scott came, his round, smooth face reddened by the cold. They dawdled around the house for a while, uncomfortable in each other's presence, until Roger suggested sneaking off to the rope swing.

"The rope swing?" said Scott doubtfully.

"Sure! Come on, I'll show you."

They went out of the house into a dazzling afternoon that smelled of smoke. They crossed the roads and the fields, and the sound they

made passing through the fallen leaves was like rushing water.

There was already a group of kids at the rope swing when they arrived, so they stood and watched, rocking on their heels and gazing at the ground's mosaic, the wispy clouds adrift in oceanic blue, and the grandeur of the rope swing itself. The sycamore's white branches still held a few leaves, and these glittered yellow in the breeze high above them. Scott's mouth formed a dark little *o* as he saw the boys swinging back and forth, dwindling to dolls in the autumn sky.

"Hey, Scott, you try it now."

Scott blinked. Voices dribbled away into silence. "Uh . . . well, okay," he said, and stepped hesitantly forward. Roger handed him the rope. "Yeah, I guess I'll try it."

They watched him back away up the hill with it a few steps, look around uncertainly, then finally hold on and start forward. He went by them with the toes of his shoes plowing the leaves, and swung out a few feet. Dangling awkwardly, he came back and dropped from the rope with a grunt.

Sarcastic mutterings rippled through the group. Scott picked himself up and after a pause said, "I'll try it again," and took the rope up the hill with him a second time.

Watching the new boy climb, Roger could understand his feelings, and almost opened his mouth. Scott went as far up as the rope allowed this time, and when he turned, his face was bloodless.

"Let's go, now," the group erupted. "You can do better than last time! Come on! What are you waiting for?"

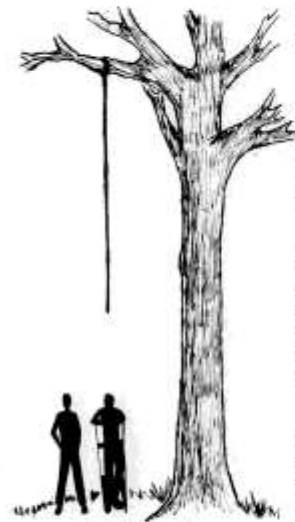
Scott shuffled his feet in the dry leaves and looked up the long, slanting rope into the chalky limbs of the sycamore. He stood for a minute, panting faintly, then he charged.

"Go, go," rang the cry as he came down the hill. "Come o-o-o-o-n!" Too much, too fast, thought Roger as Scott whipped by with a brittle grimace on his face.

Responding to gravity, the rope swing sped its burden out into space, and Scott's arms unbent under the strain. A thought clicked inarticulately in Roger's brain. He saw Scott's fingers sliding down the rope. Everyone saw his fingers loosen, then let go. Scott fell silently, his arms and legs swimming in a weird pantomime until the earth stopped him. He thudded into the leaves and brown grass, and the others poured down the hillside toward him.

Again the rope met the knife. Like his predecessor, Mr. Gillis surged out of his house with a burning purpose, and his anger seemed to wash around the sycamore's thick trunk and probe into its upper branches.

This time Roger was not so worried, for who could climb the tree? Certainly not Mr. Gillis, for all his flooding anger. The sycamore was unassailable, and it held the knot of the rope tauntingly out of reach.



—Judy Rosenfield

So Mr. Gillis sawed away at the rope as high as he could reach. It yielded easily enough, and he threw the severed piece away with damp satisfaction.

"You know," Roger said to his friends, "we shouldn't have nagged him into it. Some kids just aren't the kind for swinging on the rope. You can't *make* 'em like it. Anyway, I've never fallen, so I don't know how bad it is."

Autumn turned gray and sodden, and lapsed into winter. Fallen leaves were pasted together and frozen into a layer on which snow sprinkled, stuck, and gathered. Still on crutches, Scott hobbled out into the raw weather with Roger. Together they clumped through the snow and saw how different things were in winter. They stopped by the rope swing, too, and Roger blew on his hands as they stood watching. Hanging practically motionless, the rope gave no hint of hidden power. It was short and useless now, but in the spring . . .

"Boy that was some fall I took," Scott mused. "Scared me to death. I could have broken my neck on that crazy contraption. What a swing!" A strange, wistful expression flitted across his face. "But, you know"—and he forced a laugh—"maybe I'll even try it again sometime."

They walked on, and even as the incident dissolved into the past, a quiet knowledge settled in Roger's mind: as long as kids felt the way they did, the rope swing would remain. It would be safe from its enemies, for who could climb that giant sycamore?

The Ballad of the Wise Wax Wicker

Sheryl Michelson, '68

Said the butcher and the baker to the candlestick maker,
"What's new with you?"
Said the candlestick maker to the butcher and the baker,
"Candles sell a nickel for two.
I'm lowering the prices 'cause my store is in debt.
I can't make a living,
And I won't have people giving
Me handouts yet.
So I'd like some patronizing from you."

Then the butcher and the baker said so long for the day
And returned to their jobs. (They know money ain't hay!)
To their customers they told
The story of the plight
Of their fellow business-owner,
That they might do what was right
In buying candles for light.
So the candlestick maker was saved from the cold
By the kind, thoughtful folk who had hearts of gold.

The moral of the story is an old one but real
"Help those who need it and do it with zeal."
For though you may not think so, the time could draw near
When you wish that you could hear
This short but truthful saying
From those who aren't paying
A care to the fare of your business
That's decaying as result of a loss
Through a miserable deal.

The Tower of Babel

First Place, Intermediate Essay Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Barry Master, '69

Come, they said. Come, let us build a tower taller than any that man has known before, they said. Come, let us explore the stars and the heavens, they said. With our great science we can conquer all. We will learn what our ancestors pondered, they said.

They built the tower. Taller and taller it grew, They got closer and closer to Heaven. They worked harder and harder to finish it.

Then He struck them down with a mighty blow. Said He, "You are divided now. You will not learn My secrets."

Come, we said. Come, let us build a ship to reach farther than man has ever before reached, we said. Come, let us explore the stars and the heavens, we said. With our great science we can conquer all. We will learn what our ancestors pondered, we said.

We built the ship. Then we produced more and more. We got closer and closer to Heaven. We worked harder and harder to reach our goal.

Then He struck us down with a mighty blow, destroying us. Said He, "I divided you once. You did not heed My warning. You will never learn My secrets."

Slow Into Memory

Second Place, Senior High Poetry Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Ellen Meuse, '66

floating images of circle and fluctuating black and light, the tired mind no longer sees the images, the real too real, the memory too alive. the vague wandering back where the images, blurring moment to thought, wrap, dreamlike, a half-eyed sleep of conscious darkness, silent but living in memory. living in the half-beating, slow heart of time, a me-world of womb warmth. and time for slow living, for a half-wind and whispering . . . in lost silence there was only solidity and earth, the here and now yes of breath and sight.

and the emotion is again alive, emotional consciousness quickening . . . and we were holding the physical, the flesh, until the probing fingers gently, faintly pushed through warmth to source, touching the glowing quick with yes. in the sea you held me in your water-arms and the sea was rhythmic, mirrored pulsation. walking as you passed, you holding me gently into the sleep of night, softly into night and sightless depth. time so slow it wasn't . . . passing over a whole earth of soft and hard, passing yellow and the sun. shadows fused in slow contentment, and the touch was felt in timeless memory.

two dark depths touched and were one. the earth was soft summer beneath us and the movement was summer's, needing more than sun-warmth or sea-silence or wastes of shifting sand you took me and then two wholes were still two but the secrets deeper, the warmth greater, the silence deafening and two depths probing until, touching essence, they fused in white-hot pain, unspeakable light. from within our silence the sounds burst and the sea no longer echoed silence, no longer threw away the light. sea echoed deep sounds and held the light until sea was nothing but light and sea filled the earth with unspeakable light and the brilliant speaking sounds of love.

we were whole, each self-worlds that touched and quickly, frightened, turned again to light and the sun caught us apart. sun came and covered with heavy warmth, brilliant light, glistening heat-pain and roar of sand-reflected flames. our planet, rounded sides fused and repelling wills had given into other love. dead with too-many-touches, bruised by sight and voices and light and glistening confession until secret silence pierced and bled the emotion . . . and again we turned to the light, each knowing yet no longer feeling, each alone and the sun caught us apart. and now only I can hold the silence, growing back into child-hiding and you have no memory

The Message

Third Place, Senior Short Story Division, Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

John Chappell, '67

An elderly gentleman sat scanning the sea from the beach to the horizon with a set of high-powered binoculars. It was mid-afternoon and the sun weighed heavily on the large beach umbrella which protected the man from the torturing rays. Back and forth the magnifying eyes searched, yet they knew not what they were in search of. Then, from nowhere, a bottle glistened in the sun before the eye of the old man, and when it rose to the crest of each passing wave, he could see the script inside.

"A note?" he ventured. "Yes! A note from a shipwrecked sailor or a ship in distress," and he ripped his flowered Hawaiian sports shirt from his chest and kicked off his slippers as he ran towards the waves breaking on the beach.

The old man was not a powerful swimmer, but he knew he could reach the bottle and make it safely back to shore. So with long, steady strokes he moved against the four-foot waves towards the bottle. Occasionally, he would stop and tread water for a few seconds while

he found his position relative to the bottle. Then he would slide forward and again move to where it floated.

But beyond the bottle the fin of an enormous tiger shark protruded from the water. The old man neared the bottle, but the water about him churned and frothed and heaved up blood and flesh and the old man never touched the bottle or the note inside.

At 8:15 that evening, as the sun neared the horizon a twelve-year-old boy picked up the bottle from the beach and with it took a smooth piece of drift wood home to add to his other valued treasures.



—Susan Wright

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Journeying

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

Danice Weldon, '68

From the depths of the crevasse came a gentle stirring; a bird flying low above it hovered an instant to let the fleeting warmth caress her before she continued upward into the already cooling mountains where she made her home.

As the sweet breath rose beyond the sheltering walls of the crevasse, it gained strength, joining one of the hurrying newborn currents that raced confused toward the valley miles below. There were no obstacles on the barren mountainside to check its headlong rush downward until the cooling breeze reached a widely strewn clump of trees just above the plateau.

Here it was forced to disperse into several streams of air which wove into the trees until it reconcentrated on the far side. Reaching the plateau, the light wind skimmed over the rocks and bare earth with just enough force to lift a few particles and carry them to the edge. Their weight then pulled them to the earth again, and they bounced between the sparse patches of grass, with the wind in pursuit.

Now the wind flowed leisurely over the levelling slopes, its energy spent. At last it entered the single street of the tiny village and permeated the surrounding fields, carrying the story of its journey to all those who awaited and welcomed it.

Those Times

Roberta Hilt, '69

it is interesting the colors like the mood change
each time, each hour
something new different wonderful is to be seen
how many are missed, how many are lost to time
so sweet so gone and lost they are precious
they are few
I cry and the rain falls on
diamonds, crystals each and every one

Death of a Cynic

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

Katherine Tachau, '68

I

"To die, to sleep"—
and the world will go on being,
and the ballad story of a greatest hero
in the end will matter nothing,
a death matters little
if no drama catches its tail and pulls;
no man can die a forgotten man,
but one he can soon become . . .
and all one needs
is a place for sleep,
a spoon and bowl to eat,
a place to weep,
and a coffin.

II

"To sleep, perchance to dream,"
who knows better than I that
no one ever remembers—they just go on living.
Why should they? Death is
a dream that all must sleep to
find, why should I be different?
or you? "Death be not proud—"
and a man is what he was—
and all one needs
is a place for sleep,
a spoon and bowl to eat,
a place to weep,
and a coffin.

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III

To dream and then to cry,
and in the end does it matter
on whose shoulder you did weep?
Perhaps, but the bed which held you
may be rotten now—how should I
know or care? I am
not long to be here—
I may die and who will care?
and all one needs
is a place for sleep,
a spoon and bowl to eat,
a place to weep,
and a coffin.

IV

A coffin covers all mankind,
a little box of stone, of wood, or steel—
and mine shall be of pine or oak
when at last I must go on to
find myself, in search of the final sleep and
dream; and all the great good is small—
Who knows better than I? They say
I am a bitter man; I am the rising sun!
and all one needs
is a place for sleep,
a spoon and bowl to eat,
a place to weep,
and a coffin.

Nameless

Tad Chitwood, '67

One grain of sand moves
Close against his neighbor . . .
Last ritual of love,
The quiet waves scattered
As I suddenly reached
Down . . . and touched the moon.

Yesterday's Gone

Third Place, Senior High Essay Division,
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Marianne Naufel, '67



Tick, Tock, Tick . . .

Two years, two dark and lonely years ago. It all seems so long ago, yet so vividly clear. Well it's over now, so what does it matter? How could it matter what hour it is, what day or even what month? Who cares in this place; no one, for here I am only one among many. But there was a time when many cared. I had parents and a home. I was alive and happy each morning and off to school. Living day by day for the weekends. And then that night, the smoke, my home and family and my last thoughts. Running down the stairs and faintly hearing the sounds of screaming in the background. What is it for a sixteen-year-old girl when the realization hits that all of her love, hopes, and dreams were burnt in a flaming house on a cold and lonely wintry night? And to know that she would have to walk the path of life alone, and then . . .

Life is like a light, suddenly on, quickly off.

—Cindy Clarke
Well it's over now, it's in the past, never to be relived; only in nightmares. As I sit here looking out this window onto that lonely and empty field I realize that everything is over now, now I am only a shell. Life is like a light, suddenly on, quickly off.

Tick, tick, tick, tock, that lonely clock in this dreary lounge is ticking to time my life away.

Salut!

(On First Reading Chekhov)

Pam Hegdt, '66

He is an ocean into which you are dragged by irresistible waves after the first timid plunge. He pulls you, he bathes you, he will not let go; and to come to the surface to breathe the air and sunlight of an ordinary day is a struggle. He exhilarates you; he makes you gasp. You run back to him, and you cry.

His truth pierces like a straight-thrown shaft, cuts directly to the heart with the simplest of words, the most commonplace of plots, the sketchiest of characters. You feel that his whole life has been centered around the emotion which each character feels and the candor with which he draws it hurts keenly. You must look outside of yourself and love both inside and outside more deeply after you have read of his great love; he has given you a whole new vista, a new experience, a new and greater love of life.

You feel a tremendous sense of discovery; you are a new person, indelibly remarked, incredibly reborn. You wish to burn every word you have ever written or read before to purify yourself of what suddenly seems unbelievably trite and worthless. You are in hysterics; you triumph and cry, you jump for excitement, you cringe in shame, you wish your complacency had never been shattered by him and immediately grasp for his books again. You feel struck by lightning from the finger of God, limp and shattered and enlightened and awed.

You have died and have been reborn; perhaps in our poor way you have gained some of his immortality. You have been thunderstruck and breathed upon, drowned and revived, and a little of yourself has been lost, but a little of him is yours. This is your joy, and it will be an enduring joy.

Monster

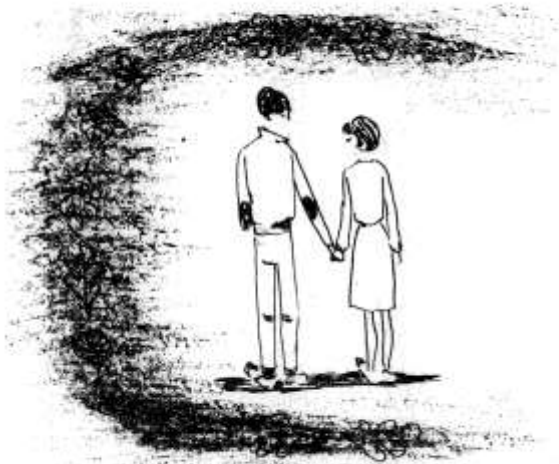
Roberta Hilt, '69

I wanted to turn out the over-bright
lights and sit by myself
on just one winter night
I sat alone with a
candle so thin, it ended before
it began to begin
to break up my moment, my uncertain
sin
there came a monster who let the light in
The brilliance came swiftly
and I in the dark no longer
saw clearly in outlines so stark

Greeting

Roberta Hill, '69

He turned and he said smile to her eyes
And she asked him how she should smile
He said smile like the wind on a warm
summer day when the leaves make patterns on the ground
Smile like the day in the cool, blue morning
when you walked through the town all alone
Smile like you smiled when I ran down the hill
and the world was for us to enjoy



-Cindy Clarke

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The Dead of Night

Christopher Lee, '69

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

Inspector Fourvosieu loosened his stiff collar and lit a Corona Panatella, his third that night. It relaxed him, and he was tense. The pungent smoke of the cigar penetrated the white cubicle he called his office. He sat down in a stiff uncomfortable chair behind his angular walnut desk which was laboring under the weight of all manner of vital, optional and trivial material. He stared sullenly at the small trench-coated figure across from him seated in the room's only other chair. The figure did not notice him, focusing his attention on the flakey white paint coming off the grim cement walls.

The Inspector stopped glaring and stood up suddenly. He all but shouted at his companion, and angrily waved his fist. "I hope you're satisfied, my friend. *Mon dieu*, you shouldn't be! Do you realize what you have done to the glorious institution of the French Police? Do you? Do you?" He sat down and puffed angrily at the cigar sticking pug-naciously out of his lean face.

The figure remained motionless for a few more moments. Then he raised his face, catching the glare of the overhead light momentarily in his rimless spectacles.

"We've got your killer, my friend! He confessed fully — he even confessed to some crimes that have troubled us for years! What more do you want? Eh?" Inspector Fourvosieu had an eye-catching manner when he was incensed. He acted jerkily in the exaggerated motion of an angry puppet. On his lank tall frame it made him look simultaneously ludicrous and horrifying. But the small bespectacled figure in the trench coat was neither amused nor horrified, and he showed it on his face. He was bored.

The little figure, whose name was Higgenwaite, looked at him, his small face still as expressionless as a vanilla pudding — which it slightly resembled. He spoke in a tone of quiet annoyed impatience, as though he was a father and Fourvosieu a small, evil child.

"I've told you twice, Inspector, your man is not the killer. He is sane enough to be ridiculous in the role of a psychotic criminal, which the true killer is. Besides, he is a nobody! And I think I have proved conclusively that the killer — the man who is really behind these bestial homicides — is a member of the French Police Force."

"Fah!" cried the Inspector and sat down again, a brooding anger settling on his face. "I'm sorry I ever asked the London Police for your help. This, my friend, is Saturday night. The gendarmes should have

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been given their pay and let on their own to go on a night's good time, instead of being kept in the station houses. They will rebel!"

"And one of them will kill again," said the little man, "if you let the gendarmes have their Saturday night off! One of them is a psychomaniac. Don't you realize yet exactly what that means? He is a man who goes out every time the moon is full and kills. And he enjoys it! And he will kill unceasingly unless stopped. Understand? And it has to be a policeman. I have told you why, twice. When a victim is beaten to death with the butt of a police pistol, and tracks of police boots are found near the scenes of crime, and when a body is concealed so in the Seine that no dragger from a police boat could find it, this is no coincidence. Furthermore, only a policeman could have the impunity to do this kind of thing again and again. Inspector, the gall of the man is stupendous! And, so I hope, is his killer urge. He will be trapped tonight." The little man finished and began studiously wiping his spectacles.

The inspector still sulked and snorted cigar smoke angrily. The little man whose name was Higgenwaite left the room and walked down the dingy halls of the station, depressed by the Inspector, the scaling white paint on the walls, and the whole idea of his assignment. "Moon killers. Fah!" He walked out into the Parisian night.

It was only ten o'clock at night, then, and everywhere there was light and action. Stores and thoroughfares were crammed with people. His particular side of the street was fairly empty. He called to his comrade-in-arms in battle with the stupidity of the Inspector, a gendarme named Henry.

"Hello Henry," he said in his quiet voice, "I hope you don't mind staying around the station house tonight."

"Not at all. After all, what's a few hours of whatever I would do compared with a human life? Or several? How did you get along with the Inspector, incidentally?"

"Badly. He still takes it like a spoiled brat who can't have his way. Logic doesn't seem to appeal to him." He leaned back and turned to the gendarme. "By the way, how come you spell your name with a *g*? Most Gallic types I know have an *i* at the end instead."

"Well, sir, actually I'm not French, I'm pure Cockney. I used to play the zither in the London Orchestra. But, frankly, sir, I'm not very good at the zither. I prefer being a gendarme."

"Few people do, Henry. And fewez want to be a detective."

Higgenwaite tried to relax. He couldn't, so he began to review mentally the facts in the sensational case of the moon killer.

The tabloids had a field day. France hadn't had a murder like it in years. Of course France is quite a place for murders of scandalous nature, but this was something else again.

On the night of May 1, 19--; a certain G. Lombardi and his wife, co-proprietors of one of Paris' more shady places of entertainment, were killed. The manner of the double murder was ingenious and ghastly. Even the most daring and sensational editors would not allow photographs of the Lombardis to be printed. No clues were found at first, until a small indentation made by a boot was found in a clot of dried mud near the scene of the murder. It was made by a police boot.

Of course, nothing was said to the press about the print.

More murders of the same gory ilk were committed. A canny reporter noticed they were all consummated on the night of the full moon. Soon it was covered by all of the papers, respectable and otherwise. The moon monster became the darling of the conservative and the yellow press.

Something that wasn't in the papers was in a fat file belonging to the Police Bureau concerning certain clues found at the scenes of the moon murders. Secret and frequent shake-downs in the force had no results. The murderer was clever and knew he was well-hidden in the ranks of the gendarmes of Gaul.

Whoever he was, he, self-confident in his camouflage, did things that made world headlines. His murder of an entire board of directors of a famous company, man by man, in a sadistic reign of terror, incensed more than local authorities. So help was called in from London — from Scotland Yard. "And I was the help," thought Higgenwaite disgustedly.

"Henry," said the little man from Scotland Yard, "I am profoundly bored by sitting here waiting for Mr. Moon Murderer. Let's take a walk."

"Around the station house?"

"Anywhere."

They walked slowly, talking about the tribulations of being a law enforcer. "You must have it hard . . . having to make decisions like you did about Saturday night and all."

"You said it," sighed the little man, peeling a long strip of white paint off the station house wall.

Henry sighed in answer. "You know, it's hard on the Inspector, too. He's been buying lots of alcoholic relaxation lately, on the sly, too."

"What? But he told me he didn't drink when I came over — against his scruples and all that."

"Well," said the gendarme, "Either he's been feeding you a lot of guff or he's buying it for someone who can't get it."

"Like a prisoner?"

"Well . . . yes, I suppose. But why?"

"Why? Well . . ." Then it hit him. Hard. Very hard.

"Henry," said Higgenwaite in a quiet, urgent voice, "in what condition was the prisoner when he took that interview and confessed so

prolifically?"

"Well, sir, if I didn't know better, I'd say he was . . . well, sozzled." Henry stared puzzledly at his comrade. "But why would Fourvosieus saturate the fellow like that?"

"To get him to confess, Henry! To confess! I didn't remember until now, but that fellow you've got in tow is a dipsomaniac — he'd say anything under the influence of alcohol! Why, Henry? Because Fourvosieus wanted something hidden!"

Then they heard the shots.

* * * *

Inspector Fourvosieus slapped the prisoner again. "If you threaten me with exposure of our scheme, my friend, I will cut off your supply of liquor, you filthy alcoholic—you'd hate that, wouldn't you!"

The prisoner cringed, but talked back in a childish whine, on the edge of tears. He looked afraid, horribly afraid.

"But they will kill me if I do not tell them I am innocent. You said they would just put me away — in a nice, safe asylum, where I'd have all I want! But they talk of my death! They talk of Madame La Guillotine!" He began to sob. "I did not kill! I do not want to die!"

"Do not worry," said Fourvosieus in a soothing tone. "Here — have some wine — it will calm your nerves." He smiled, his lean face splitting into a grotesquely kind expression. More than ever he looked like a puppet. And he was a puppet — to his own emotions.

The prisoner gulped at the bottle, looking around nervously as does a wary animal. He peered between the bars of his window — and gave a gasp like a man saved from drowning.

"The moon," he shouted raucously. "The moon! The full moon! Quick, Inspector, take me to your officials —"

"The moon, the moon," said Fourvosieus. His smile changed slowly, minutely, until it was a leer.

"— And they will see I'm not a maniac! Ah, yes! Yes —" The prisoner took another swallow from his wine bottle, celebrating his salvation. "Am I not normal? See, I do not —"

"The moon, you say?" said Fourvosieus, turning his head to look. "The moon?" He looked between the bars with as rapt an expression as a cat watching a canary. "You know, I've always loved the moon."

"I, too! Why, I could kiss it now! The dear moon! They will know I am not the man! Why, I am as normal as you!"

"Oh?" said Fourvosieus.

"Come, Fourvosieus! Take me to your superiors so that I may be absolved! Ah, no Madame La Guillotine for me!"

"Yes, no guillotine for you my friend," said Fourvosieus, reaching into his pants pockets. He looked out again. "The bright moon. The beautiful

moon. The moon like the eye of a cobra."

"Shall we go, Inspector?"

"Yes, you shall go. Come here, *mon ami*." The prisoner, flinging away his empty wine bottle, walked up to Fourvosieus and linked arms with him in drunken camaraderie.

"Yes, friend," said Fourvosieus, disengaging himself and walking back stiffly a few steps. "You shall go —" He pulled from his right pocket a gleaming nickel-plated revolver, "STRAIGHT TO THE DEVIL!" He fired quickly, again and again until the weapon's chamber was emptied. He smiled like the puppet he was. The puppet of the moon.

Quietly stepping over the body, he took out a small automatic, shot it several times into the wall behind him, and delicately wiping off his fingerprints first, put it into the hands of the dead man.

It was perfect, he thought, looking at the dead body and licking his lips. Perhaps not as ingenious as his others, but enjoyable. He would tell the fools he was walking by the cell block when he saw the prisoner escaping. Quite an opportunity to yell at the man in charge of the keys. The gun? Well, explanations later. The men in the station would come any minute now.

Then he looked up and saw the vanilla-pudding face of the little man from Scotland Yard peering at him through the barred window. He also saw the little man's pistol.

* * * *

"Good work, Henry," said the little man from Scotland Yard. "It took skill to get Fourvosieus in here without being seen." Henry, Higgenwaite, and Fourvosieus were all back in the Inspector's office room. Henry and Higgenwaite were alive.

"We'll have to tell them some rubbish about how he shot the killer, and came back here to kill himself — to save face or something of the sort. I hope I can forge well enough to make a suicide note for him. That was good shooting, Henry. Quite excellent." The little man looked at the neat blue hole in Fourvosieus's temple. "We'll have to tell them he ordered you to give him your gun, as his was empty."

Henry was cleaning his finger-prints off his heavy revolver, but he was looking at Fourvosieus. "I suppose we had to do it this way to save the name of the French Police. Still . . . Fourvosieus was the first man I've ever shot, Higgenwaite."

"You get over it," said Higgenwaite. He took a Corona from a cigar box on the Inspector's walnut desk, cut it and lit it. "For a maniac, he had fine taste in cigars." He puffed deeply and plumped himself into the Inspector's chair. "Have one?"

"No thanks," said Henry, placing his revolver in Fourvosieus's limp hand. "I don't smoke."

On the Subject of a Poem

Katherine Tachau, '68

(Le vent de L'autre nuit a jeté bas l'amour . . . P. Verlaine)

I

Late one afternoon the wind
 and I beside my window lay
 and thought of death, and life,
 and then of death once more—
 How useless to think and
 try to prevent what death would
 end without so much as a trace.
 and yet they say to me:
 Autumn is the cruelest
 month—far crueler even
 than Spring. And this too:
 No death can be finality,
 if yet there can be hope.

II

. . . Swept away so many leaves;
 died so many deaths, my loved one
 (And I too), for a leaf carries
 others with it—it is coward
 to go alone. Where has gone the
 Wind? Where hides now the Storm?
 Are they perhaps dreaming of
 other years and Storms?
 Autumn is the cruelest
 month—far crueler even
 than Spring. And this too:
 No death can be a finality,
 if yet there can be hope.

III

. . . I shall not return.
 And in my going I hear a deep
 satisfaction. They are glad that
 I go. And night that carries
 Death with it shall mourn and
 shall die—but who else will care?
 Not I— for I die.
 And "death be not proud" . . . but . . .
 Autumn is the cruelest
 month; far crueler even
 than Spring; And this too:
 No death can be a finality,
 if yet there can be hope.

A Depressed Commentary

Mitchell Ash, '66

Dingy darkness of humanity, advance! Rumble and roar loudly,
 stream forward with scrawny screaming noises! Devastate and overwhelm!
 Jeer, sneer, and leer with the saliva of success oozing from the corners
 of your lips! Exploit and despoil, as usual; for the opposition is token.
 No wavering occurs in the smoky ranks of murkiness because General
 Fear is at the head; and no need exists for brilliant exhortations before
 the fray, since supreme confidence rules already. The blackness con-
 quers constantly, in silence or with noise; history weaves the pattern of
 threads in ebony and in scarlet. Therefore the lightless river flows on-
 ward, unencumbered by doubts.

The eyes of ancient Inquisitors observe from hooded obscurities of
 brain, approving; the mouths of Citizen Executioners smile from swarthy,
 blood-streaked faces, commending. Cesare Borgia and Cardinal Richelieu
 stand silently in individual doorways, applauding; and Adolph Hitler
 raises an arm perfunctorily, grinning. All are aware of the pervading
 reality; it is not the dark-skinned who shall overcome, but the blackened
 minds. They continue to gain easy victories, while the clear minds theo-
 rize, the gray minds temporize, and the normal minds chase butterflies
 (of the species called Possessions maximus).

A Room With a View

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

Lynn Webster, '68

Four walls, a ceiling, and a floor. A bed, a window, and a cell door.
This would be his world for God only knew how long.

Three bars crossed the window and obstructed his view of the
outside world, yet what he could see was bleak but somehow peaceful.
Just a desert sky, a lone mesquite tree, and once in a while a rabbit
skipped by or a snake slithered to his hole to escape the summer heat.
A slight breeze blew warm air in his face. His eyes were filled with
dust, and he had to lie down. His only view of the world . . . so calm
. . . so quiet . . . so expectant.

Twice a day the sheriff entered with some stale bread and water.
Soon he could feel every bone in his body, and they ached with pain.
The days dragged on endlessly—was he still living? He wasn't certain.
He only knew he existed.

One day the view
from his window
had been altered.
He glanced at the
place where that
mesquite had once
stood. Only a scrawny
stump remained.
Winter was coming
and mesquite made
good fire wood.

Some days later
about supper time
the sheriff ordered,
"Git out!" He barely
had enough
strength to reach the
door. He peered out
into the peaceful
world and saw why



—Debbie Brown

Page Sponsor—The French Club

he had been living.
The people milled
around as if they
were at a carnival.
Men were selling
cold drinks, and
women kept light
rein on their children.
In the center
of it all was the mesquite
tree . . . a
platform . . . a trap
door . . . a noose. He
was an amusement,
a thing people came
from far and near to
see. His life had
been a nonentity.
His end was a hap-
pening.

Improvised Conglomeration

Suzan James, '68

I was a gem of immortality,
Imprisoned by the walls of time.

I was an imposter of success
Smothered by worshipping fools.

I was the blood of flowering contentment,
Growing in a weeded path.

And these things made me a failure,
A traitor, a disappointing improvisation.

I was a conglomeration of ideals
And sadly, very sadly nothing more.

Turn Your Eyes Away

Pam Heydt, '66

Turn your eyes away
When you see a naked soul.
When someone whispers, or cries,
Do not listen; do not heed him
Unless you can make his words your own.
Count not his heartbeats;
Ask not his Dream.
Explore not with foreign fingers
His deepest recesses—
His life, his joy, his pain,
His perception.
If he offers you his heart
Turn your eyes away.
Do not take it,
For if you do you may lose your own.

Cry and Converse

Roberta Hill, '69

Life is unfair;
Is it?
They won't let you live;
Won't they?
The whole world
comes down to
two people and
two lives and
two souls
so the only thing
that matters
is your restive
love

Heart of Darkness

A Review

Ellen Mease, '66

HEART OF DARKNESS *by Joseph Conrad*

"It seems to me I am trying to tell you a dream-making, a vain attempt, because no relation of a dream can convey the dream-sensation, that commingling of absurdity, surprise, and bewilderment in a tremor of struggling revolt, that notion of being captured by the incredible which is the very essence of dreams . . . we live, as we dream, alone . . ."

For the child Marlow the dream was an incomprehensible "place of darkness," the "centre of the earth." As a man Marlow can at last know the darkness, touch the incomprehensible, feel the dark life stirring in the forests and in the "hearts of wild men." Now he can answer the featureless enigma that murmurs "Come and find out."

. . . Yet man and civilization move into the darkness, moving to "find out," moving as a wandering conqueror striking with brute force against an unyielding wall of darkness. Brute force, driven against

the savage of darkness, reduces the "philanthropic pretences" of advancing civilization to "transgression, punishment, bang," and "exterminate the brutes!" Moral ideals, moral purpose are no more than ripping the white treasures of darkness from the bowels of the earth.

The wanderer is man with higher destiny and stronger blood, hearty with blind purpose, the mind no more than a sightless, unformed dream, an idea bizarrely idealized, a rationalism wholly irrational. Man and wandering civilization come to conquer the darkness.

Here no man bears a "charmed life." Here "truth stripped of its cloak of time" changes the wandering man. He has moved out of reality into deeper reality, where only man, alone, and nature, dark and gently absorbing, either co-exist or exist struggling silently, darkly against each other. Faced with the reflected image of his singleness, the wandering man sees, in sudden reality, his complete aloneness, his complete nakedness. Solitude within the knowing yet silent earth drives man within himself. Survival, and sanity, are dependent solely on the strength of man's nature, his ability to see aloneness, to accept solitude and the single self, to maintain the individual self's resistance to the absorbing darkness of the earth, to the losing of the self. The heart of darkness, unknown and unpying, is death in "impalpable greyness . . . without desire of victory, without fear of defeat, without . . . belief in your own right." Only "faith," only intense desire, only the uncompromising grasping of reality and compromising existence can hold man within himself in this "here" of darkness.

The primitive man of darkness, the painted savage, knowing only silence in the heat-soaked, water-soaked earth of the forest, grows out of this earth with a "wild vitality, an intense energy of movement," a powerful physical answer to a silent earth. The "prehistoric" man appears as "not being inhuman." This is the worst fear: that the "wild and passionate uproar," the mad, unearthly shrieks, the body-defying contortions could be brothers to the entering, watching wanderers. Where man enters in advanced time, the prehistoric man still belongs "to the beginnings of time." The man of darkness survives, lives vitally, wildly in the heart of darkness. Untouched by the histories of time and fear, morals and ideals, he simply lives life as the darkness presents life to him. Without struggle he is born and lives and dies. Without the implications of advanced civilization and the cultured man, of greed and power and satiation, he exists untouched within the silence of darkness. The only reality is the unspoken, knowing give-and-take, the mutual acceptance of the primitive man and his earth.

Here nature herself has tried to "ward off intruders" with "impotent despair." Here is a great silence, touched occasionally by the

swelling, sinking sounds of drums and savage, suggestive voices. Here mystery and greatness and the "amazing reality of concealed life" breathe strong, softly, silently, lying with tremendous black intensity. Here is primeval earth, "great, expectant, mute," earth prehistoric, earth unknown and unknowable, "earth unearthly," earth "monstrous and free." Death is here, and pregnant life, hidden knowledge and the "profound darkness of its heart" becomes tangible realities. Here the mysterious stillness is felt watching, an "implacable force brooding over an inscrutable intention," watching with a "vengeful aspect."

Now the time-world of the wanderers is nowhere. "Just nowhere. gone, disappeared," without whisper or shadow. The wanderer is cut from all that he has known, so that that past existence is meaningless and known reality is only illusion.

... The wanderer Kurtz is a "universal genius," a myth with ideals, driving ambition, pride, powerful verbal eloquence. He fills the lives of men, "occupies thoughts, sways emotions." Yet he chooses the darkness, entering to rip open the darkness, to open unto the light of civilization the buried secret, the hidden potentiality, the mysterious power of that pregnant earth, the howling vitality of its people. He enters to "swallow all the air, all the earth, all the men before him." In utter solitude, in utter silence he relies upon "innate strength, upon ... his own capacity for faithfulness." But Kurtz transcends himself, becoming a supernatural being, a being aloof, alone. His "Exterminate the brutes!" rips wide his pretence of the exertion of "a power of good practically unbounded." Now "powers of darkness" claim him "for their own."

Kurtz reigns as a deity over the savages; symbolic shrunken heads surround his hut. Kurtz becomes wholly free of that earth, kicking it to pieces, struggling silently in its heart, presiding at "midnight dances ending in unspeakable rites." And Kurtz is alone.

And as he struggles alone, the wilderness seeks him out; it takes on him a "terrible vengeance for his fantastic incaution." It whispers things about himself which he did not know, things of which he had no conception until he took counsel with this great solitude. The whisper, "irresistibly fascinating," "echoed loudly within him because he was hollow at the core." His soul, alone in the wilderness, "looked within itself and it had gone mad!" He is without substance, a "wandering and tormented thing," a heart of barren darkness, his brain "a waste," his desire unobtainable. His deepest cries are "Oh, but I will wring your heart yet," spoken to the invisible wilderness, and "The horror! The horror!" His eyes embrace the whole universe in death, "piercing enough to penetrate all the hearts that beat in the darkness." For Marlow this

embracing soul sums up, judges, as a soul "translucently pure as a cliff of crystal."

... Yet the death of Kurtz is a "moment of triumph for the wilderness." Solitude strikes too deeply in the lonely, shaded eloquent core of Kurtz. The heart of darkness, pierced and bled, opened and desecrated, responds to Kurtz with silent vengeance. The mysterious stillness, watching, mute, pushes Kurtz into himself and his mad god-soul damns him. So silence and solitude, greatness and darkness, absorb ambition and dream fulfillment. Soul vainly searched, head picked, morals stripped, body destroyed, the struggle is stilled, the madness calmed. Kurtz is buried in the smell of mud, in primeval mud, in eternal silence and conquering darkness. The heart of darkness receives him only in death.

Shining

Roberta Hilt, '69

The silver prisms of light,
Diamonds, and triangles
How many faces can you find in the jungle
When they all look the same?



—Cindy Clarke

Wanderer

Third Place, Intermediate Poetry Division,
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Gail Harris, '68

He looked at beauty--
saw nothing,
Tried to love--
had no feelings,
Viewed eternity--
knew only the present,
Searched for God --
understood at last.

July 31, 1965 . . .

Maggie Cequiel, '66
American Field Service
Foreign Exchange Student

. . . A great day to remember; a new phase of life, far away from my family, friends, boyfriend, school; ready to find a new society, a new world in which to live for the next whole year.

After a few days of trying to improve my poor English, I still missed all the dear persons and things I left in Argentina, but it wasn't so bad. Greeting new people, a new family that since the first moment gave me the love and care that I needed, made me enjoy it.

In September, when school started, I was scared, but after meeting the teachers and new friends, the fear disappeared, and I was ready to enjoy my year in AMERICA.

After eight months, I have been able to find differences in the ways of life between the two countries. I don't like to make comparisons, but I was asked for it, so then . . . here are the results:

In school, we have obligatory subjects. We only have a chance to choose among Normal, commercial, or Bachelor's school. We start school at eight o'clock and we finish at 1:30. We don't have lunch there.

Many people study subjects out of school such as piano, guitar, French, English and sewing.

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The school's sports are basketball, ball-on-the-basket (an Argentinian sport for girls), volley-ball, and soft-ball.

In Argentina, the national sport is "football," what Americans call soccer. Football and rugby are the more popular. Soccer is held among professional teams, while rugbiers are college students who belong to different clubs. The teams have the names of the clubs for which they play; they are not college teams. Among teen-agers, rugby is the more popular.

The races call the attention of many people. These who are too much in it are called "burreros."

Not many teen-agers have their own cars. We are not allowed to drive until we are 18.

Parties are held almost every Saturday. During those parties we usually dance with records. We only have bands for big or important dances. Teen-agers have groups that vary from six to twelve couples that usually meet in the parties. What I mean is that we have common friends. Dating is different. When we go to a party, we don't have a date. The girl or boy that has the party invites his or her friends. Then, everybody tries to dance with everybody.

What Americans call "steady" in Argentinian is called "metida." Girls usually start going steady around 15. Another difference is that girls date boys older than they are, and to go steady with someone that is as old as you are is something to be ashamed of.

I think that with these things you have a little idea about Argentinian life. I hope you enjoyed reading this and I have something else to say: I love you all! And I hope to see you sometime during our lives. Thank you!

Love,
Maggie

Primary

Roberta Hill, '69

the boy with the magic name and the golden voice
walks light but he walks even
very measured very calm don't panic
don't laugh, no tears
the cool blue, the cool green passes in a mist
the days blend together and the days are long

The Killer

Second Place, Senior Short Story Division,
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Cindy Cunningham, '67

The staccato sound of sheep bleating echoed in the glen, mingling with the bright sky and soft pink heather and the sighing of a hie'lan' tairn to create a scene of pastoral tranquility.

But to Meg, who was silently treading the dirt path leading to Cruachan glen, only one feeling was predominant—urgency. She thought of her brother, Gavin, and the dog, Tam, and breathed a fervent prayer. Oh, ye maun' be there, lad! I maun' find ye in time . . .

She emerged in the Cruachan vale and saw Gavin Mor and the tricolor shepherd fetching a stray ewe from the side of the mountain. Sighing with a relief as great as the Ben Cruachan, she started toward them.

"Gavin!" she called, hearing her voice breathless as it echoed down the glen. "Gavin! The farmers are holdin' a meeting at the Grange, and ye ken what they have in mind!"

Thunderstruck, red-haired Gavin drove the stray before him into the vale. His grey eyes were fixed worriedly on his tricolor comrade. The dog was hurrying the sheep toward the flock in a no-nonsense manner. The boy approached his sister, exclaiming, "Och! They're not thinkin' oor Tam's the Killer! Nae do't it's McGlachlan's Grim wha's the murtherin' tyke. But no' oor Tam—" He broke off, looking at Meg with a look of incredulous anger smouldering in his eyes.

"But McGlachlan's and oor flocks are the only ones who have me been struck. And ye ken how a killer niver takes to his own sheep. It maun' be one or the other," sighed the girl, reaching down to stroke the dog as he stalked up to her.

But Gavin was not listening; his thoughts ran hard with the bitter antagonism he felt for the smug Angus McGlachlan. When his and Meg's father had been alive, the hatred that Angus had felt for him had not been hidden. Now that Mr. McAllister was dead, Gavin's mother seemed to be an empty shell of a human being; now she was rapidly becoming senile, mourning intensely for her lost one.

Meg broke into her brother's reverie. "Gavin, wha' will ye do? They'll be coming soon," she said, glancing at the path behind her. She drew her thick shawl around her.

In answer, Gavin made a sweeping gesture in the direction of the

flock. "Fetch them, lad," he told the dog. "Meg, we'll gang home and wait for the farmers. Ye maun' look over Mither. Doon't ye worry lass; we'll fix that McGlachlan!" He clasped his sister's hands in a comforting manner. Between the siblings passed a look of deep rapport; then both turned and herded the sheep down the path away from the glen . . .

At the Grange, a farmhouse situated in the bottom lands below Ben Cruachan, the group of farmers were animatedly discussing the four-footed scourge that had come upon them. During the last month a sheep killer of devilish cunning had been at large, wantonly destroying helpless ewes and lambs. The scoundrel had so far been too clever for the farmers, and his identity was not yet known, although many speculated about him.

A large, red-faced, beefy man was adamant; "I tell you, the McAllisters' dog, Tam, is the Killer! They've no' been hit by the beast." He glared at his contemporaries, daring anyone to disagree.

"Neither have you been struck, Angus. It could just as well be your Grim that's the Killer," interposed thoughtful Jim Gordan.

"Ye canna' insinuate—" rejoined angry McGlachlan, starting toward the man threateningly. He was hastily detained by Geordie MacIver, who acted as mediator for the meeting.

"Calm yourself, Angus. We must be open-minded here; the Killer could be Tam or Grim, or neither. But I do think a few of us should call on Gavin and ask him to keep his dog bound—and the same goes for you, Angus."

This was the consensus of the group, and the men nodded and mumbled in agreement. MacIver glanced around the group of men in the room, then said curtly, "Ian Mor, Angus, and Jamie, come with me to the McAllisters."

The four men walked out of the house and turned their footsteps toward Ben Cruachan . . .

"So I ask you to keep Tam tied up at night. It's the sensible thing to do, Gavin," explained MacIver, looking at the boy's dog with significance.

"But if I tie him tonight, like as may th' Killer will get ma sheep!" protested Gavin. He fixed his eyes on McGlachlan's face, finishing slowly, "If Angus is willing to tie his Grim, then I'll tie Tam, here. But only then." His eyes met Angus' in a look that said *checkmate*.

McGlachlan spluttered angrily. "Mon, ye must be mad! I dare na' keep Grim tied up! It's him that's kept the Killer off ma sheep!"

In Gavin's smile there was no humor. "Be ye afraid of th' truth, mon?" he inquired.

MacIver entreated, "Will ye both no' be sensible? We must catch the Killer!" Neither antagonist stirred. Geordie realized that his efforts were in vain—each man was too proud. "Come, Angus," he sighed, turning to leave the crofter's cottage.

Angus glared at the boy and his dog for a malevolent eternity, then followed the other man. Gavin closed the door behind the two retreating figures, then turned to his collie. "Now we'll see who's guilty, lad," he breathed triumphantly. His mind flew ahead in anticipation of the fast-approaching evening.

* * *

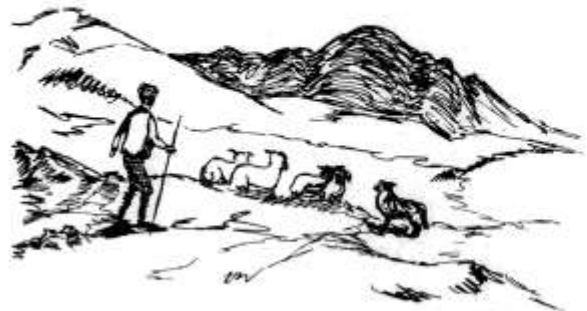
Gavin crouched into the heather, shivering as the chill night wind cut through him. All about him was darkness, and there was no moon. A night for the Killer, he thought. He could see a faint outline of white—the ewes he had left as bait. He felt a twinge of regret that he had not brought Tam with him.

The night was silent except for the cry of the wind. The sheep slept peacefully. Far off, a curlew cried in desolation.

And then within a flash it happened—the ewes bleated wildly as a huge shadow leapt among them. Gavin jumped up, creeping softly upon the scene of still-continuing carnage.

The sheep huddled in fright at the smell of the blood of their own kind. The black form of the Killer snarled in disdain, unaware of the man behind him. Gavin, unable to note the identity of the dog as yet, smiled triumphantly.

Only then did he distinguish the devilish form of his own Tam, eyes wild with killer's fury . . .



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—Cindy Clarke

Unnamed Poetry

Robert Schaad, '65

wild horse
escape
the stallion turns
his ears alert to a sound that means
DANGER

but all is quiet
and the water is cool
and sleep comes easy

but the men come
and the stallion leads
the mares follow (for such is as it should be)
it is a glorious sight
the stallion could run forever
but the mares tire
and the stallion turns to fight
and he cries for the mares to run
(for they will bear his foals)
and they run

BANG and the stallion falls
and the mares come
they must protect him
but man's rope is strong
the stallion struggles to his feet
BANG

round and round the ring the mares trot
as it always will be.

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Lord of the Rings

A Review

Ricky Julliard, '67

THE LORD OF THE RINGS by J. R. R. Tolkien (*Ace Books, Inc., 1230 pages, 1956*).

Through modulations in music, a melody can move from one key into another, from one realm of feeling into another, still presenting part of the same idea. In *Lord of the Rings*, J. R. R. Tolkien has, in a sense, transposed reality into a different key, showing different and beautiful parts of it. The book takes place in a world of myth, full of wizards, dwarves, thinking trees and animals, elves, hobbits two to three feet high. But reality has a dark and destructive side, also; likewise in Tolkien's work there is a dark lord of evil, Sauron, against whom every force of good must be mustered — and even then much luck — for Fate hangs in the balance constantly. But all of these seemingly strange things of which Tolkien has told are really not so strange: they are from the mind of man. From seeing mists on leaves, strange trees in forests, light streaming through grey clouds or a sunset obscured by dark clouds, and being able to feel these within us, we know that there is much below and above our conscious mind that bends our wills. There are voices within us which, like old trees in the hearts of forests, fear the things that run free in the meadows, fear their freedom, and wish only to turn towards their own dark hearts; there is the voice of the dark lord which cajoles us and orders us to have dominion over others, to destroy them, and, in the process, to destroy our humanity; but there is also that elfin chorus which delights in sun and song, and the hobbit's voice that calls us to a fireside table laden with food. These are all of man, but when the spirit of each becomes isolated from him it molds of itself a new form, and with these forms Tolkien has molded his book. So, we must not discount the land of faerie for it may be vital to us.

And yet Tolkien has not given us only this: he reinforces his vision with such a wealth of lore and language that the imagination is staggered. Behind the plot of the novel, dealing with the culmination of the battle between good and evil, there rests a whole universe created and fashioned by Tolkien's pen. Histories of past struggles, kingdoms, heroes and languages all lie underneath, poking their misty peaks through the fabric of the story in allusions, being fully revealed in the appendix. The style, rich in vision and metaphor, always retains just enough of the dramatic to possess a relaxed intensity. If you enjoy exploring new worlds of the mind, delving into the wonders of the soul, read Tolkien.

When I Have Found

Exchange Feature

Kathy Lyon, '68
Atherton High School

When I have found through searchings of my own,
The reason for my presence on this earth,
What task is meant for me to do alone,
Selected and issued at my birth.
When I have visioned past the realm of sight,
Prying into my own distorted soul,
Finding a purpose, concealed as if by night
A purpose that when found becomes my goal.
When thus the meanings of my life I find,
And pray to God for grace,
Then surely He will quiet my mind,
And guide me through the race.
When I have made my mark and done my best,
Then, shall my troubled soul find rest.

A Candle

Linda Griffiths, '66

A candle, man's chief source of light for over two thousand years, begins life as the ordinary issue of the candlemaker's trade. But the tall slender thing reaches me in its prime and embarks on its slow death when lighted. I am fascinated by the gentle flickering caused by the fleeting of its waxen soul. The candle is aware of its inevitable end, and strives to please with a radiant glow for as long as life lingers. Gradually, the once majestic candle begins to lose its graceful symmetry. But the waxen thing holds its head erect and slowly perishes in dead silence. The wick dwindles and lies in a tiny pool, the candle having fulfilled its purpose.

Simply Looking

Katherine Tachau, '68

From valleys to barren heights, the whole region spread before me as though it were a map. Towering to the East, the blue-white-capped mountains seemed to gain stature as the Sun rose behind. Touching on their verdant depths, the Sun majestically and slowly began her journey. Tinging the tips of the branches of the tallest oak, she began to flood the valleys with her warming rays. She began to paint the already blood-red roofs of the houses a golden scarlet. As she saturated the homes of the nearer villages, cocks began to crow. And then she stood poised above the final cottage in the farthest town. She paused, it seemed, as if hesitant to climb the stairway to her manor. Pausing there before the Mountains towering, I think she noticed me. Seeming to wink at me one final time, she disappeared behind the towering wall, to continue her daily sojourn.



—Debbie Brown

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O Kindred Spirit

Kathy Tachau, '68

A tree with barren branches stands,
Molded by wind, by rain and by
sand,
Beaten forever, in the course of its
life—
Always the molded, never the maker.
Green are its branches, verdant and
fertile;
Chased by the wind, its pine cones
renew
The life of the mother, when hers
has ebbed,
And follows the pattern her life has
led.
All men can say her purpose is
plain:
To be soothing to a tired man's eyes,
Yet still it seems futile, always to
stand,
Only a landmark, never a lantern,
Then one transforms her into a yule-
tree;
Eager to serve, she, and easily
pleases;
What better service can she give
to man,
Than to give out a glow on all of
his lands?
O Kindred soul! Rest and be glad—
For you are the maker, the shaper
of love.
Granted you sleep for most of your
life—
It's the sharing and caring that
counts.



—Cindy Clarke

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On Creative Genius

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

Martha Horvay, '67

Pity the man who is not able to truly create and very few men will be totally without need of your pity. The nature of creative genius and its sources has long plagued ordinary mankind.

If creativity is a manifestation of love one feels for the universe, all men touch the stuff of creativity. Yet who are they that can give a crystalline expression of it? The pain that comes from touching and still not being able to grasp the clay is the pent-up ecstasy of beauty that makes one want to shout the feeling to the world, knowing in despair that the words will never come out. To battle this explosive material inside one and let it smolder there can kill the man, burn out his spiritual and humanistic understanding. Only when love is preserved in an art form can he be elevated to the rank of "human." Only then does he have a right to the pride which is a necessity for human dignity. But even then his integrity is never secure and his relief is at best only temporary, for he must be driven on to create anew.

Lamentably, the inner need in many is stilled by fear of a more agonizing frustration, that of failure. Fear of this despair seems to loom more darkly than that of the negligent person who lets his ideas die within him. Yet in this life, even trial ending in error gives partial relief from man's longing for self-clarification, causing that longing to grow more desperate, and the love for life more potent, until again it must be released by attempting to transfer love to a tangible form.

To recognize that one has no genius can hurt a great deal, particularly on a clear night when reaching skyward, one realizes that one is but a grain of sand amongst the infinity of the stars with nothing to distinguish oneself from the other grains of sand. Jealousy can become all-consuming if one continues in this vein. But perhaps . . . perhaps the great enviable art works themselves are gifts to man, just as the Earth is. If an inscrutable being, more powerful than ourselves has given these to us to use, should we not be content to love them? To envy their human conveyors would merely prevent our digesting them fully. It eases the hurt to say to oneself, "If God had intended me to be another like Mozart, I too would have been compelled to compose at age four." Then Mozart and all others like him had no control over their manifestations of love for the universe. They are beings out of the ordinary, somehow holy, that

will forever remain as enigmas to future men. If this is Truth, then the urge to create could merely be a base hunger for power over other men, and, more horribly, a desire to be God. For only He can place genius where there was none before.

Then enjoy life, not in a vulgar manner, but by learning all there is to know about man's concept of beauty. Study his art, his music, his philosophy, his culture. Your petty works would be lost in the sea of time.

This is a beautiful theory but is it believable? Of course not. Admittedly, it is part of the truth but it is not Truth. It seems beautiful only because it exempts each individual from the difficult fulfillment of his creative need. I, as a person, sense it would be some sort of blasphemy to sit back and drink of life. So carrying the full knowledge that I will never produce a work of genius I again go forth to attempt to create an original idea. Again I become discouraged and the two opposite credos resume their struggle within me. Death . . . the void . . . the stars . . . will take away all, all that I ever will, or can do. But I must choose. The decision must be made before I cross the threshold and enter adulthood.

Lonely Oblivion

Diane Guth, '67

The gently falling rain patters on my roof:
The sound of loneliness.
Each drop is a symbol for me,
A symbol of man's forgetting.
Each comes fresh and new
And then is gone within a second—
Gone and replaced by others
Who know nothing of those before.

The gently falling rain patters on my roof.
So many killed in so short a time:
So many thrust into oblivion.
All that remains for those who are left
Is the thought of loneliness;
The realization that you too must go
Like the rain . . .
Softly . . .
Soon to be forgotten.

Give Us the Unagonized

Pam Heydt, '66

It was very quiet; the young man would have thought the scene melodramatic if he had not been in this town long enough to feel its hidden and suppressed anticipation.

Noon. There was no shadow, but the hot brightness of the air itself gave objects the appearance of being sculpted. Townspeople were already gathering, he saw through the window—like thunderclouds banded against the horizon, with the same appearance of darkness.

"You goin' out to watch, Mr. Aidos?" asked the proprietor of the inn where he had been staying.

"Yes. Aren't we all?"

Without waiting for an answer the young man stepped out into the street. He stood alone and tried to think that he did not look like the thundercloud-people . . . and wondered if he really did at all.

In their due time the prisoner and his guards and his minister left the jailhouse, walked up the street. They passed close to the young man and the little knot of people which had gathered around him, and a little child to the right of him stuck out his tongue at the prisoner.

The prisoner stared at her for a second, then looked up higher. "Hey, Aidos!" he called, breaking into a grin. "What brings you here?"

"Just watching, like everyone else. But how did you know my name?"

The guards were pushing him on and he did not answer.

The steps to the scaffold. The same shadowless perspective in the figures of the marchers.

"Can't believe that they've finally got him. Now we don't have to be afraid any more," someone murmured behind the young man.

"I'll believe it when they get the rope around his neck," another replied.

The prisoner licked his lips as he accepted the rope. No last words . . . the crowd took an audible breath. Part of the platform dropped; the figure on the rope was still.

The silence was splintered by a triumphant cheer. It echoed against the starched sides of the buildings, the street, the glassy blue face of the sky itself. The young man looked around him at the wild rejoicing and began to shudder.

He took hold of his arms in an attempt to control the shuddering, but it did no good. Tears rose to his eyes and he cried, rattling, gasping, uncontrollable sobs shaking his thin body to his feet.

"Hey, what's with Aidos?" the deputy asked. "He looks awful gloomy to me . . . and he knew Aidos' name . . ."

"Who knew Aidos' name?" asked the sheriff.

The deputy tipped his head significantly in the direction of the gallows.

"You sayin' maybe Aidos was in on it all, too?" the sheriff asked.

"Well, you don't see nobody else so gloomy. I b'lieve we'd better go talk to him."

If There Were No Flowers . . .

Gary Luhr, '66

If there were no flowers
there would be no aphids,
no Japanese beetles,
no humble bees.
There would be no pollen
and no hayfever,
no gardens to weed,
no DDT.
Lapels would be empty,
there would be no rose thorns,
and nothing around Aunt Martha's casket.
Poor Aunt Martha,
She was such a good soul, too.



The Tower of Babel

First Place, Intermediate Poetry Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Linda Moody, '69

And one of them said,
"Look, friends,
Here we are on the ground.
Look;
Heaven's up there."
So they brought their bitterness.
They brought their sorrow
and they brought their wonder.
They began to build.
And one of them said,
"Look, friends,
I don't understand what this heaven is.
What's up there?
Where are we going and why?"
So they began to tell him.
You fool,
Heaven is a palace.
Heaven is a big place
Where a big God
Sits on a golden throne
and we will squat around him and sing.
That's Heaven.
Oh no!
Heaven is enlightenment
Up there is a place where
Everything is known.
All things are understood;
we'll know the how and why
and what makes us tick.
And one of them said,
"I still don't understand.
What is this heaven?
And is it worth reaching?"
So they began to quarrel,
They spoke calmly, they screamed.

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Gaddin's First Period English Class

They cried, "Heaven is . . ."
But no one understood.
The words didn't make sense.
And one man spoke.
One man stood up and spoke
In the original tongue.
"Heaven is here.
Heaven is when we're laughing
Or crying
Or talking and arguing like right now."
That one man spoke.
"Friends, listen.
There's more Heaven here
than anywhere else."
And then he sat down.
Because no one listened.
No one heard and no one understood.
He sat down.

Freedom of Expression

Bob Steiner, '66

A feeling of personal assertion surrounded me as she passed my locker. She was not like other girls I had met. She chose to wear clothes that gave her freedom of movement. Instead of the usual skirt and blouse, she wore a sleeveless shift that kept a swinging rhythm with her slow, shuffling steps. She preferred not a simple handbag, but rather a large, yarn pouch, carelessly draped, almost falling from her right shoulder. A heelless sandal flapped and cracked with each step. Her hair style did not follow the "rules" of the day; a leather braid merely confined the yellow strands from her eyes. Her expression was a combined effect of a smile and a smirk. She was pleased and slightly surprised as a stocky boy gave a pleasant nod and smile. The smirk gained dominance as a group of similarly-dressed boys rushed by; she seemed to say, "Slow down and live life for yourself." An appearance of deep thought penetrated her expression as she almost imperceptibly shook her head. She walked on, alone, and was lost in the crowd.

Page Sponsor—National Honor Society

Ave

Sharon Burgan, '66

Like most Mexican country houses, this one had only one floor. The windows extended all the way down to the floor, opening onto the patio and walkways around the house.

The room was very large with white walls. There were four windows because the room was on the corner of the house. Only one was open, and as the breeze entered, it would run to another window. But it died out just as it moved through the curtains, before it could push open the window.

The old woman entered and moved to the bed where she bent over with some difficulty to smooth a tiny wrinkle in the coverlet. Then she returned her back to its rigidly straight posture. She crept across the room and shut the open window. She remained there for several minutes, her hand grasping the window.

Her dress was black, and she still wore it at a length which touched the ground as she walked. At her throat, at the top of a long row of glistening black buttons, was clasped a turquoise brooch. The gold of the rim only served to heighten the pallor of her skin.

Her hair wasn't the silver or white that is associated with age, but the yellowed whiteness of the ancient. Her face had wrinkles covering every part of it. She was unable to smooth them as she could the coverlet, though she had tried to several times. They were gullies formed by the flood of tears, ridges pushed up by the earthquake of facial muscles moved by pain. Still others were only tiny rivulets left by the receding tide of a smile.

She looked at the blue and red Madonnas, then her eyes turned to its reflection in the mirror. The two Madonnas seemed to be peering intently, but their positions were so rigid that they could only gaze at each other.

The old woman turned back to a small table from which she lifted an ivory rosary with a black cross. She sat up straight in a stiff-backed chair and began to recite her rosary in a dry, rattling whisper. The beads traveled slowly and more slowly through her hand as she told her ten Aves, three Our Fathers, ten Aves . . .

-Cindy Clarke



Peace

Jane Cromeans, '67

Man's eternal goal
Is it possible? plausible?
Are we capable of such perfection?

Nature's first way.
We destroyed her, doomed her
To our cursed existence in hate.

Antonym of war.
Supposedly it is, it should be.
Only the dead of Viet Nam could tell us.

Pearl without price.
But it costs, indeed it costs.
I Kennedy, I Hammerskjold, 6 1/2 million Jews . . .

Way of life.
Where are we coming from? going to?
Who knows but God, the giver of peace.

A Groan

Jay Eckman, '66

The net of rock-concrete ribbons snares the light, dirt, and hate in the city. The dead carcass of the city, conquered by hordes of honking, rubber-wheeled ants, stung by loud and hateful flies on two legs. They bore tunnels, they build their nests, and they lay their eggs on the rotting carrion. They move, eat, and infest the city that doesn't care, that is unable to cure. It utters not a groan.

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Nun Danket Alle Gott

(Now Thank We All Our God)

Ricky Julliard, '67

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

"H'lo, tree," said the boy.
"Humph," thought the tree. "What's that sitting on my root?"
"I'm sitting on your root," said the boy.
"Of all the audacious actions," humphed the tree.
"I hope you don't mind," said the boy.
"Of course I mind, a great deal in fact," thought the tree. Silly tree.
"Good bye."
"Good bye."

* * *

"H'lo tree."
"Oh, it's you, is it!" The tree felt a tugging on its bottom branch.
"He's climbing me!"
"I'm going to sit on your branch, tree."
"Can't do anything about it, anyway." As if it wanted to. Silly tree.

* * *

"H'lo, tree," said the boy.
"H'lo," thought the tree. It felt the welcome tug on its branches. It felt the tug of a boy and learned to wait for him, for the boy and tree had become good friends. "An unusual relationship," said a grownup when told about them.

One day the boy was sitting as far up as he could climb.
"The sunset is beautiful. All red and gold," said the boy.
"Sunset?" thought the tree.
"Can you see it? . . . Of course you can't! You have no eyes. Let me tell you about it. There's this huge flat cloud . . . Hey! You don't know what a cloud is, do you? . . . Oh, tree!" The boy left.

* * *

"H'lo, tree," said the boy.
"H'lo boy . . . what was that strange tone in his voice," thought the tree.
He climbed up to the top without saying a word.
"How strange," thought the tree.

The tree felt a strange pain. It started out small and kept growing until it was awesome.

"I am sawing off one of your limbs," said the boy.
Since the tree had never been shocked, it wouldn't know that word's meaning, but that was the only way to describe it.

"What is he trying to do, destroy me? I thought we were friends. The only friend I've ever known. What did I do? What did I do?"

At this point the tree began to cry. If you have ever seen a tree cry you will know what that means. The branches, leaves, trunk, and the ground above the roots heaved.

"How could you do this to . . ." A sudden burst of light flooded the tree's darkness.

"In cutting off your branches I have opened your darkness to light," sang the boy.

". . . God." The tree saw the world dimly for the sap from the wound was in its eye; but gradually, as the wound healed, it saw more clearly. The world was cool as the darkness had been hot, and it loved.

Escape

Philip Mease, '69

The first things I noticed were the lonely shadows, clear and black which, surprisingly, always remained with the shrubs and trees, and didn't follow me. I sensed the presence of a few lost, solitary lights, fighting back the shadows for a few feet, until the depths of the night reigned supreme. I felt the hard roughness of the road through my shoes, and my ears resounded with their mighty crashing. The clear, crisp air bit at me till I was raw, trying to hold me back, as if the wind and air were its agents.

By this time I was desperate, looking for an avenue of concealment and escape. But even as I had found a convenient place, I knew I had lost. The light of the sun grew over me, engulfing me, so that for yet another day I was one of its anonymous creatures.

Cantata

Ted Chitwood, '67

Placid soprano with flute and notes
 Crying organ continuo of
 "Gott ist unser Sonn and Schild"
 Can be played again and is only a replica,
 a dead performance,
 Shining diamond needles placed all at
 once
 On the second hand
 And again
 Though musicians be gone, be dead
 They are revived for a fleeting
 moment of passion
 of excellence
 they could not obtain in a raw
 demanding reality
 And likewise
 The chorus of head hanging sheep
 astray
 turned
 But of naked essence unfulfilled
 rationalizing
 denouncing
 Now scraping
 cowering
 weeping as the oh so soft ruin,
 Shining diamond needles placed all at
 once
 On the second hand
 And again

Metamorphosis

Second Place, Intermediate Short Story Division, Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest | Anne Hutchison, '69

There she stood, my big sister, in all her glory. But if you'd seen her three hours before, you wouldn't have believed it. Let me tell you about it.

My sister Jill got home from school at 3:20 that eventful Friday afternoon. Immediately, she dropped her books, kicked off her shoes, and moaned, collapsing into a chair.

"Oh brother, Chris I'm never gonna make it!" she cried from the depths of an overstuffed chair.

"Not sitting there you're not," I answered absently. I was struggling with a term paper for the next Monday.

"Chris!"

"Ummm?"

"I've got a great idea. If you help me get ready for the dance, I'll help you write your term paper. How about it?"

"Deal."

So first my beloved sibling changed clothes, with a prod from our female parent. When she came down she looked like a reject from a horror film. Her jeans were two sizes too big, and patched in seventeen different places. The shirt was one even my brother deemed unfit for human use. Her face was covered with a sticky white film. The vilest towel in the house was around her head. I don't know how she got her feet so filthy. (She would walk barefoot in the basement.) Anyway, if her Gerry had seen her then, he wouldn't sing her praises so lyrically.

I barely managed to suppress a shriek. Then, heroically ignoring her weird grimace, I said, "If I may make so bold as to ask, O princess, where do we start?"

"You wash my hair. Then a manicure, lockey!"

"Yes, mistress."



—Judy Rosenfield

Once I got her leaned over the sink, the complaints started. "The water's too cold. Ahg! Too hot. My neck hurts. You clumsy idiot, you're getting soap in my eyes."

Finally, I was finished with step one. As Jill rubbed her hair so that it was slightly less soppy, I got to wash her comb and brush. (A truly Herculean task, too.)

Sister dear then sat down, giving orders for me to roll her hair. So I did. Badly. Twice more I rolled it. The third time was the charm.

By this time, it was past 4:00. While Jill decided what color to paint her claws, I got to root out a clean pair of stockings.

Having found a single decent pair, I returned to Simon Legree. Now I got to give her a manicure.

It was now 4:30, and Jill wanted to take a bath. Knowing full well it would take an hour and a half for that, I went back to my term paper. But not for long. For twenty minutes I had to fetch and carry for her.

By 6:00, her majesty was ready to partake of our humble meal. So she did, eating enough to sustain her and her escort together.

Finished at 6:45, Jill trailed upstairs to dress and make up. At 7:15, I was called up to fix her hair, then relegated to the living room.

Promptly at 7:30, the doorbell rang. It was my sister's boyfriend, Gerry. We called Jill down, but no one was prepared for her.

Her copper hair was softly curling around her head. She wore a green tulle dress with white shoes. An aroma of perfume wafted around her. I had never seen my sister so graceful before.

As Gerry put her white wrap around her, she smiled and waved good-bye to the peasants.

After she left, I resigned myself to an evening of term paper-writing and settled in the den.

Once

Roberta Hill, '69

Spring is the just-once time
Just once did I stand with
the rain glittering on my eyes
and his smile fell around me like sunlight
Just once did I find the first pink rose
that was perfect and sweet and uncaring
Just once was I free for the very first time
in the clean and cool of the air

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The Mountain

Dick Bay, '66

While others there remained content
And on the ground their lives they spent,
Aloft my eager gaze I thrust
To the mount borne upward from the earthen crust.
Its rocky, mighty majesty—
A pillar out of history.
In cloud did bathe its silver peak.
God in Heaven it did seek.
And there it stood for all to see,
A challenge to complacency.
On its slope I self did throw
To the scorn of those below,
At length I triumphed over test
And stood upon the mountain crest.
I stood above a world of men,
My soul superior to them
Of gods and giants, Olympus all.
I heard the thunder of God's call.
I heard Him speak, and Heaven sing.
With soaring angels I took wing.
But aloft in heaven's height
The whipping winds to war incite,
Attack my intrusion with stunning storm,
And pound full fury against my form.
For valiant venture on this hike
The inky blackest air did strike.
The battle battered me across
And back to the world of men did toss.
The people laughed my piteous plight.
Kin and comrade quit my sight.
But I kept my pride, for I had found
'Tis nobler to be laid than to lie on the ground.
So my life is spent in scaling peaks
To where the wind streams and streaks,
Always tossed back to the land.
A wiser and a better man.

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The Satyr

Martha Humphrey, '66



Night before last the large orange cat had kittens behind an old tire in my garage. She was a neighborhood institution, yellow and ugly, that slunk from back door to back door for her food. Nobody owned her, so why she chose my garage will always be a mystery. I have made a particular point of always chasing her away when she enters my yard. My dislike of her is purely impersonal.

I would not have discovered the litter when I got into my car yesterday morning if the child who lives across the street had not been there. He was sitting cross-legged on the cement just watching what was behind the tire. As I watched him, he stuck

out an arm with his forefinger extended and stroked each kitten in turn. His forefinger would move from the top of a kitten's head to the end of its body while he crooned to them in a high voice. The boy never even looked up while I peered at the cats, then drove away.

During the entire day I thought about the yellow cat and her brood. I pictured endless bowls of milk, clawed furniture, and the impossibility of giving them away. It was sure that no one on my street would take them off my hands; rather, my neighbors would be relieved that it hadn't happened to them. There was no question about it; I had to get rid of them.

That night when I drove into the garage, the child was still there in the same position as when I last saw him. He had put some rags under the kittens, to whom he was still singing. What a waste of time,

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I thought, and went into the house. He never even looked up. It feels rather strange to be ignored by a six-year-old child.

After dinner I disposed of them. When the yellow cat had left for a minute, I just loaded the kittens into the car. Since they were so young there were no claws or noise to irritate me. I drove about five miles from my house, stopped the car and dumped them. This seemed much better than drowning them, which is a messy business at best. This way was very simple, as business should be, although the howls of the yellow cat through the night were rather disconcerting.

When I opened the door the next morning, the boy stood before me. As usual he said nothing to me, but that was insignificant. I realized as he stood there looking at me that he had just been carefully tutored in a new emotion: hate.

Silent Reverberation

Tad Chittwood, '67

Fingertips graze the hips the everlasting
ships of fools drop like drips
and into eternal eternity swims a sea of sugarless
tea sweetened only by putrid lemons
icicles bicycling on a hot winter noon
exhume the remains of a dead orphan
my exasperation is exasperating even when ten tin
men chop wood again and send the fen running for
the prize
blasphemy fills overflowing watermelons with dead
seeds suitable for spitting
shoes blues the old news which dignifies red lips
red hair red red not you again
have you you again to ewe is my woo you
records-minds warped
cannot be bent back into place
cannot be bent back into place
place the race ahead for many days and overcame his
coming with prometheus
do I aye into a brackness aye
of blackest depth

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Clinging Shadow

Philip Mease, '69

There he clings
DORMANT, WAITING
Waiting for movement so that he may move
Waiting for stillness so that he may be still

He lives in the shadow of glory
His shadow is just shorter than that shadow
It is an easy life for him to live
But he is dead.

Yesterday's Gone

Jim Weaver, '67

-Susan Wright



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"Those good old days" are gone forever, and along with them went the "blood, sweat, and tears" of centuries that existed only to prepare an everlasting pathway of life here on earth. It was an epoch of time that seems to us so vague, yet we know that yesterday was vividly real to those living in it.

Let us think of what yesterday included for those living then. Can you remember how grand-ma used to tell you of the old drug-store, which really sold no drugs, and the penny a piece chunks of candy you could buy? And we've

all read about the horse-drawn buggies, the small towns where everybody knew each other, and the old livery stable at the end of town. Hummm? This makes me think! Maybe yesterday is not so vague to us after all! No, it isn't because yesterday is just the older version of today.

True, yesterday is gone, but the joys that were just seedlings then come to us in beautiful bloom, just as the sorrow that was born then still is felt here by some. Yesterday. It's not hard to define it, but to know that without it, our world would be completely useless, is hard.

Five Philosophies

Mike Ricketts, '67

Because so few grow up
they say,
"the good die young."
They don't
They just get worse.

Before everything else,
getting ready is the secret of success.
When everything is ready and has to be right,
something isn't.

Make friends with yourself now.
So when you get older—somehow—
you'll remember the earlier friendship
and show yourself a little mercy.

It seems to me,
if so many things in life are sinful
then should it also be wrong
to do nothing?

But then it is impossible to cheat life
for there are no answers to the problems of life
in the back of the book!

Where's Garfunkel?

Fam Heydt, '66

It happened. It happened when I was doing trig (or would have been if I knew what I was doing) and I was barely listening, but it happened anyway. What happened was that I simply had to see Garfunkel.

I searched without a lamp, but eyed in the world. "Where's Garfunkel?" I asked an oxymoronic whistler on the street. He did not answer at all this time, but a crewcut passerby came and offered on a disc all the trumpets of Italy.

And I approached the White Castle where medieval peasants and modern colereads set up pickets, which Huck Finn gladly painted. And I asked, "Where's Garfunkel?" Someone said, "I don't know," and his buddy told me, "Make that a small i."

The wind swirled Red Witch into sight. Then flocked by adoring whales and herons, the Gone Voice directed me to the lair of Anton Arenski. "He's dead," I said, "and that's a fak." "I know," was answered, "and that's small i." "Why not M?" asked I. "It stands for Morrison."

Upon the purple desert a reed, unshaken by the wind, and existing, gave no word, probably because it only growled. "Where's Garfunkel?" I asked a five-faced statue. "I don't know." "I don't know." "I don't know." (You never could hear the last one for he was the drummer and just a symbol.)

The library passed on as I saw the wishing well and made no wish. The old man rowed on as I passed draft card burners dividing fractions into wholes and out of matches. I saw a man at an art show and asked him "Where's Garfunkel?" "Don't ask me," he said, "I'm a painting."

Then I heard it—like poetry, like pop art, like tuning fork on teeth, like Reese's Peanutbutter Cups, like a knock from a good hard rock—the echo of the Sounds of Silence from the moon, which despite the King lay empty like a Dali-clock or lonesome stringbeans. Garfunkel was near!

And there—there in Club Kavanaugh or Neville Club or Hate Corner or the hungry i (make that small i) or Mecca or Frisch's (I would know where it was if I knew where it was)—he stood, I knew it, Garfunkel himself, with all his eyes and hair and skin.

My eyes went wide, knees knocked at every door, hands shook, eyes filled. "Who are you?" he asked me nervously. "Garfunkel, baby," I sighed, taking his arm. He grew white, staggered to a chair, collapsed in it, and slowly said, "Dear God . . . I must be Simon then."

Determination Is . . .

Peggy Abraham, '68

Determination is finding half a worm in your apple and finishing it. Determination is sitting home Friday night reading *The Agony and the Ecstasy*.

The Ace of Race

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

Terry Saag, '69

If two playing cards were drawn from a deck and placed together face to face, both sides would appear the same. However, if the same two cards were placed together back to back, each side would have a completely different appearance. This is the way it is in our social world today when two people are together under the name of "friends," face to face, conversing sweetly to one another. As soon as their backs are turned, a sudden change takes place with each party. They come to assume the form of prodigious monsters, their nails turning into long claws and their tongues into swords. Their minds begin to act as an evil piece of machinery, using the sharpness of the claws and the sword to pick out the tiniest faults in one another.

Now, the cards in the deck are dealt into different hands so that the game of Social Living may be played. The cards in each hand are arranged in a certain way according to what appears on the face of each card. The same thing is seen with the different cliques of people within a community who come together by their social status and mode of living. Furthermore, within each group, the individual person is judged, in many cases, by his outward appearance alone. Thus, his inner-self may remain obscure and the true value of himself, as a person, is lost.

Yet, in this deck of playing cards, there are no aces, for we, as human beings, have not learned to live together as one people. It is our critical and keen observations of one another that keep us apart. However, until our eyes are focused on ourselves instead of our neighbors, the deck will remain at forty-eight cards.

The Maze

Artie Steele, '68

We wondered and we dreamed of life,
We waited and we counted days,
Then put away our childish joys,
And entered in an endless maze.

We left behind our honesty
And sold our precious right to shout;
We stepped into a world of smiles,
And crossed the line from faith to doubt.

The maze looked friendly from without
Chanting its enticing calls,
But once inside, we learned to fear,
To tremble in its timeless walls.

And now we watch with blinded eyes,
And listen with our deafened ears,
We can't escape, nor can we win,
But still we hope for better years.

Majesty at Afternoon

Katherine Tachau, '68

Tall columns of stone stand, round and thick, narrowing towards the top. Doric columns on a Doric temple. Steps lead up to the columns, and to the mortarless, perfectly-preserved stone floor. Or perhaps these marble steps lead down—down and away from this awesome edifice, built to glorify man; down and away to the verdant earth, steps yet valleys away. Atop the columns, which stand like trunks of oaks stripped of their branches, rests a granite, or marble facade. Upon it once rested a coverlet of wood, a roof, peaked in the center. On the weather-worn face are hewn the words:

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"Glory to the Sun God's ways, the
Sun God's rays . . ."

And Apollo, driving even yet his chariot across the skies to the western rim, tints his temple varying hues: from a red of blood, to an "old-parchment" tint, to a gilded tone.

As a majestic backdrop rise the mountains of Sicily. Draped in a Grecian mantle of blue green, they stand silent under a dimming sky. They and the sea beyond guard the temple of their Maker.

The Bus

Ann Paine, '69

The downtown sky was dark that night as a yellow city bus made its last run. There were only five passengers aboard. Near the front a charwoman sat alone. She had just finished her nightly chores at a large office building. She smiled to herself. A blackened tooth gave her battered face an almost comical look. That was forgotten, though, when you saw her eyes. Haggard and bloodshot, they stared ahead, fixed on a point just above the driver's head. She wasn't thinking, though, or caring. She had found it easier not to think and she had forgotten how to care.

A man and his wife sat together toward the back of the bus. He was hugely fat and had a coarse red face with squinting eyes. She was plain and drab and very thin. One of her eyes was swollen shut and there was a cut above her lip. It didn't much matter to her because no one saw. Really, she was past thinking about appearances. She looked at the man beside her and then looked away.

An old man sat in the middle of the bus, head tilted back, snoring peacefully. He wore an imitation felt hat splattered with paint and grease and very much the worse for wear. He awoke in the middle of his bus ride and laid his head in his hands but the throbbing wouldn't stop. He put his head back and shut his eyes. Somewhere, a horn honked loudly. He was as angry as he ever got anymore. Why couldn't they just let him sleep?

Sprawled across the back seat was a drunk. He brought the bottle from under his coat and took a long drink. The bus stopped and the

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doors opened. The alcoholic got up and stumbled to the front of the bus. He fell off and unceremoniously lay down in the gutter. The driver watched him. Perhaps he ought to do something. He looked at his watch. He was no longer on company time. He snapped the doors shut. With a gentle hiss and a cat-like movement, the bus moved on.

A Kindred Spirit

First Place, Senior Short Story Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest
Leonard Price, '66

Squatting by his campfire, Ronald Calder choked on the smoke when it blew his way. Eyes streaming, he pulled the frying pan from the crackling sticks and stabbed with his knife at the sizzling bacon.

Above him the smoke filtered gray and slow through unmoving pine needles, winding its way upward into an incredibly blue sky. It was morning, and a disgraceful morning for him, he knew. And yet, he rationalized as the bacon burnt his tongue, he had failed and might just as well accept it. He could live in the wilds no longer; he was an outlaw without the stamina to survive. Low on ammunition, out of food after this breakfast splurge, he had no choice but to return to almost certain capture.

It hurt to think about it, and he hated himself for not holding to the path he had chosen for himself. He was disillusioned, disgusted that the much-praised human spirit, in him at least, was a sham and a failure.

Coffee went down his throat, black and steaming, but he didn't taste it, for his mind was with his eyes on the still lake before him—a cold, blue mirror between the steep green hills. It was too bad . . . really too bad.

He got up slowly and began to stamp out the fire. He was gloomily grinding the last coals under his boot when a crackling sound alerted him. His muscles tightened and his eyes snapped into focus on a gray wolf that was walking straight toward him through the underbrush. He was astounded. Wolves never did that! They never came near men unless they were starving, and then only in packs.

Page Sponsor—Henry P. Julliard

But it was true. He backed off and the wolf came on, a gaunt, horrible creature that shook as it walked. Its scraggly, emaciated head drooped and its yellow eyes glared up at Ronald. Ronald snatched his rifle from a heap of equipment and jammed a cartridge into the chamber. It might be rabid, he thought feverishly.

The wolf came straight into the clearing surrounding the campfire. Ronald shouldered his rifle and watched as the beast started to growl, then collapsed in the dirt and pine needles. He moved hesitantly forward. The wolf was conscious, and as he approached it pulled its lips into a silent snarl but did not move otherwise.

A dying wolf! Ronald circled it cautiously. Sick and hungry enough to march right into his camp. He didn't have many shells left—it would be better to club it to death. Grasping the gun by the barrel, he swung and hit the wolf. The animal yelped, jumped to its feet, and stood swaying with blood dripping from its chin. It lunged for Ronald with snapping teeth, but he escaped them and backed off a few feet. God, how that wolf wanted to live! He was amazed. It was almost dead anyway, yet it wanted to fight him.

At that moment the wolf collapsed again, and Ronald moved forward warily and stooped down by it. But no sooner did he kneel than the wolf came to life, jumping for his hand and catching it in one furious bite. Ronald yelled and scrambled back, clutching his hand. The wound was painful but not serious, as the sick wolf had little strength.

This wolf, he thought, is incredible. Then his thoughts turned to himself and he wondered: This wolf will not be defeated. Why not?

As if in answer, the wolf, which was tottering and about to fall again, gave a low snarl. Such defiance! In an animal As he wrapped his hand in a rag, shame rushed through him. Suddenly he grabbed at his pack and sleeping bag. He felt a wild dizziness in his head. No! He would not return to capture and humiliation. His mind was a torrent of emotions and his hands shook as he shouldered the gear. Staggering under his burden, he passed the dying wolf. I'm crazy, I'm crazy, he thought, and hurried off through the brush, with the excruciating, wonderful pain in his hand.



—Susan Wright

Page Sponsor—Miss Crockett's Fourth Period Class

To Be Or Not To Be

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

Sally Siegfriedt, '67

My Candle burns at both ends
It will not last the night,
But, oh, my foes and oh my friends
It gives a lovely light.

— Edna St. Vincent Millay

Existence is the prerogative of the individual. It is his, whether to live or to die. If he choose life, the mode in which he lives is self-ordained. One man finds it necessary to withdraw, to spend his time in solitude. The hermit may commune with nature; the monk, with God. A man may fear emotional contact or involvement with humanity. Because we don't understand this withdrawal, because most of us need people, we condemn it. Other individuals, more acceptable to us, develop ulcers from work and cancers from pleasure. Competition, the urge to surpass one's immediate neighbor in worldly achievement, is deeply ingrained by the time one reaches adulthood. Certain men — such as clergy and social workers — may "righteously" ignore the pressure to succeed, while the majority of us are compelled by public opinion to conform to the traditional standards of success set by the least progressive segments of society. But what we consider success, or failure, may be of little consequence to others. A man with different values, a beatnik or bohemian, is scorned for his refusal to enter the rat race, but if his choice is a genuine one, let society respect it.

And what of suicide? It is one of the major causes of death in the U.S., especially among young people. Yet I believe that if an individual honestly considers it more important to experience everything now, disregarding the future, then his decision should be honored. While it may seem to observers to be certain suicide, that person's present existence may be of much greater consequence to him than future life could be. Won't society let a man be, or even cease to be, at his own discretion? Man should be allowed to live life, or die trying.

Page Sponsor—Spanish Club

Away

Roberta Hilt, '69

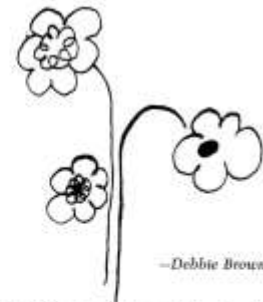
You are a distant corner of my life
Your mountain is lonely and there is
the wind
Bright and pressing things vie for
Your honored space, crowding out the simple and lovely
High, your bleak, barren mountain
Do you ever know who's climbing up to you?

Marvin Gardens

Scott Pulliam, '67

My name is unimportant, because I am about to give you hordes of information unknown to the ordinary botanical layman. I feel I am qualified for this job, as I have been a horticulturist and botanist for a number of years.

First of all, I would like to introduce you to the daisy. The daisy grows from seeds and has a short green stem. The sunflower is also very interesting. It grows from seeds and has a long green stem. It also has a big yellow place right in the middle, just like a daisy. The only real difference between the two is that the sunflower is much larger. Of course, one shouldn't confuse these two beautiful flowers with the dandelion. The dandelion is a beautiful weed which also has a big yellow spot in the middle. But the main difference is that the nasty old dandelion chokes grass to death. You probably remember that most weeds do kill grass. But daisies and sunflowers make grass happy—people too. That's why I am so happy. I kill weeds for fun.



—Debbie Brown

Page Sponsor—Mr. Smith and his Notes

Marks of the Cultured Man

Philip Mease, '69

To enjoy a full life
The cultured man must
Gaze, with blind eyes, upon an inspirational play,
Listen, with mute ears, to a beautiful symphony,
Understand, with dumb mind, a priceless painting,
Feel, with numb fingers, the thin pages of a book.
Are these the marks of the cultured man?
Is this a life that is dead?

Water and the Depth

Mitchell Ash, '66

We commenced with water. When "the earth was unformed and void, and darkness was upon the face of the deep; and the spirit of God moved over the face of the waters . . . God said 'Let there be light,' Water was Alpha, the first.

Man noticed water, but he did not love it. He sensed that all life had once come from water, but would not understand its depth. Man feared water, and this was natural; for water could kill with flood and drowning, and man desired life. But man feared for another reason: within the waters was contained the great secret of secrets; and man trembled before the face of the power which he did not understand. That is, man in general trembled.

Man in particular (some few important men, in fact) desired to discover that which he understood not. These unremembered ones plunged into the waters, but return they did not. Other men in particular did at length succeed; but man in general still trembled at the edge of the depths, testing the surface and finding it cold, or rough, or merely foreboding.

So it has been with knowledge and understanding. Man has balked at the edge of their great depths; and he has contented himself with surveys of their surfaces, with face values. Too many have ventured only far enough to believe that they understand all; and too many others have sauntered only slightly beyond that point, far enough to quake, even more weakly, at the thought of further advance. Only a few, the individuals of particular merit, have lowered even the smallest scoops into the truly unseen waters of discovery and true realization.

So "Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean, roll." You'll need no command from me to do so; but your depths may not be so lonely, sometime soon.

I

Katherine Tachau, '68

Stoop down to die,
old man,
stoop down to die
as you have lived.
Falter no more,
you, the lowest of man,
old man—
stoop down to die.

Reach for the skies
to die,
old man;
"Hitch your wagon to
a star,"
they said—
stoop down to die,
old man;
you cannot hope,
but to fall.

Why Am I Here?

Roger Hoffman, '68

Sometimes when I'm alone and in a sort of weird mood, I wonder what my purpose is on this earth. Who put us here and why? Is it some idle madman who puts thousands of little creatures on a ball, watches them live and die, and laughs at their absurd actions; or is it who we call the Almighty God, who puts us here to lead a moral and purposeful life?

I start to do something and I stop and say, "That's wrong, and I shouldn't do it." But what is "wrong"? Who has the authority to say what is right and what is wrong? You say, "What about the Bible?" Well, what about the Bible! It might be the laws and wishes of whom we recognize as God, or it might have been written by a group of determined idealists who thought it was their duty to set the world straight.

Today, in our society, it seems that breaking the Ten Commandments of the Bible is truly a sin against the Lord and His people, and that the observance of these laws is necessary for the survival of the human race. But who is the Lord and what are sins? Who is this Power, who everyone thinks is going to strike him with a lightning bolt unless he lives a completely disciplined life?

We say that we have advanced from a primitive life to a modern, sophisticated culture. But who is to say which is better, the complicated, entwined life which we experience, or the simple, carefree way of life of early caveman?

But why do I care? Why do I wonder? I believe that someone is up there, down there; somebody is somewhere. We didn't just pop into existence from nothing.

Many of us die in the depths of obscurity, known by none, while others sit on a high pedestal, respected and envied by all. Maybe we are just passing through this state to another life, maybe this is all there is. What is it all about? What is life? Why am I here?

Secondary

Roberta Hilt, '69

wonder, awe, captured in mind
the eyes transfix, soul takes hold
then
it's gone
incredulity replaces wonder
awe is lost, such a thing could
not happen; it did not take place
then again, you are caught
but the enchanted world sets you apart
and you'd like to go back and see it

The Color of the Wind

First Place, Intermediate Description Division,
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest
Coil Harris, '68

The color of the wind is a fiery red now, spitting and hissing as it thrusts itself around buildings and through the people. They know what the wind brings, and suffer its searing heat, and fear the deadening calm that follows.

Soon the wind will turn dark and gray, with bits of piercing dirt swirling in it. It will moan sadly as it creeps about the city, mourning the dead and touching the broken.

But later, perhaps much later, the wind will turn whiter, brighter. It will be a flowing brook of comfort for the fallen, and will bring a new dawn of hope for the hopeless. It will revive the sweetness of spring, and the storms shall cease forever.



—Julie Broedling

A Memorial

Susan Turner, 70

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

Somewhere in Arlington National Cemetery, there is a small hill. Near this hill there is a tree, and under this tree there is a white picket fence.

Everyday the walk around this fence is lined with people. People who come to pay their respects to a great man. Sometimes it rains; sometimes it snows, and there may be freezing temperatures, but the people still come.

As I stand on the hill above the grave, I feel a great loss. I see the humble white cross and the eternal flame, and I remember the man who lies lifeless there. He is dead. He will never live again, but his spirit will live forever. The people of this great nation will always remember and love him.

I look at a small headstone on which is inscribed the name of a small boy who lived for only three days. On the other side of the cross, there is another stone marking the grave of a nameless baby girl who died the day of her birth.

My mind wanders to New York City, where there is a window and two young children. How could these children understand the loss of their beloved father? How could anyone understand his death by an assassin's bullet?

It is a small grave. Someday there will be a large beautiful tomb, but it will not be as meaningful as the humble white cross and the five hats of the pallbearers. Around the grave stand four young men at attention. These guards show the emotions of this man. He was young, vigorous, and sincere. On November 22, 1963, we lost a great man.

Page Sponsor—Mrs. Martin's 7C Core Class

Modern Art

Martin Wagner, 71

Modern art is color splashed all over a board,
Nothing to harmonize, no colors in accord.

The pictures they paint
would make you faint.

The color is splotted,
and mottled and blotched.

No picture of a face,
full of warmth and grace.

No nature scene,
That looks so fresh and clean;

Just colors mixed,
and horribly fixed.

The Murder

Jim Davis, 70

You crouch silently behind a thick evergreen on this warm autumn night. It is approaching midnight. Few people have been on the sidewalk tonight. It is cold and damp. Now you hear footsteps down the street. The clickety-click-click sound is approaching. You look down. In your cold, numb fingers is a shiny steel knife. Your victim is nearby. He is short and stocky. That is all you can tell about him. You jump out and plant the shiv in his back a half-dozen times. Now he is lying face-down on the sidewalk, surrounded by a pool of blood. Hysterically you toss the now blood-stained knife into the bushes and flee. You have just committed a murder.

Page Sponsor—Wesley Fretti and her Jumping Elephants

The Bill of Rights For High School

Bruce Baer, '70

Preamble

We, the pupils of American high schools, in order to form more perfect schools, tear up books, insure the cooperation of teachers, provide for the burning of the buildings, promote bigger riots, and secure the hopes of freedom from our teachers and our principals, do ordain and establish this Bill of Rights for high school.

Article I. Freedom of Assembly

The school staff shall make no rules against any of the pupils going to any of the Pep Ballies.

Article II. The Right to Keep Arms

No child shall be expelled from school for having two arms.

Article III. Right of Pupil Accused of Crime

Any pupil may blame a crime on any other less intelligent pupil who knows nothing about this crime.

Article IV. Powers Reserved to the Teacher

(None)

Article V. Powers Reserved to the Pupils

(All powers that are now reserved to the teachers.)

Article VI. Abolishment of Homework

If all pupils burn their homes, this will bring an end to homework once and for all.

Article VII. A Two-year Limit for Pupils

All pupils must go to school for at least two years. After this period they may either open their own businesses with the money they have saved, or teach.

Article VIII. Slavery (of Pupils) Abolished

Neither slavery of the students nor involuntary servitude of the students will be allowed in the school. If any teacher or principal is caught participating in this practice he or she will be expelled from school.

Statement of Basic Pupils' Rights

We hold these truths to be self-evident; that all pupils are created equal, that they are endowed by their teachers with certain unchangeable rights, that among these are playing cards in the classroom, shooting dice in the hall, and cribbing on tests.

Alone

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

Nancy Tomes, '70

Alone
in a crowd
Hollow, scared
The world is an enemy.

Alone
with Nature
Awed, content
The world is a miracle.

Alone
with myself
Critical, confused
The world is a trail.

Spinning Around in Hectic Circles

Carol Fox, '70

I've joined the Dodge Rebellion and I would rather fight than switch, but I can't get enough of that Sugar Crisp and my Wheaties won't keep me going. I'm working up a sweat and my 5-Day Deodorant Pads only last until the end of the day.

Germ city invaded my kitchen because I didn't use Drano and my bucket of power turned over on the kitchen floor and made a hole. The water rusted my ten-foot-tall washing machine right below it.

My father came home and told me the Folger's coffee was undrinkable and that the Jolly Green Giant was a fink. I bought a can of tuna and Charlie popped out.

What next?

Love Shines Out

Second Place, Junior High Poetry Division
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Nancy Smoot, '70

Hope.
Despair.
Science.
Witchcraft.
Love.
Hate.

All have a light equal.
Man will change that.
Man will decide which shines.

Whether
Love
or
Hate.
Whether:
Hope
or
Despair.
Whether
Science
or
Witchcraft.

The light of Love should.
The light of Hope should.
The light of Science should.

One
will
shine
bright.
The
light
of
Love.

Jamie and Me

Second Place, Junior High Essay Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Sis Moore, '70

Got thrown in the sandbox, Jamie was mad. The dog chewed on me for two hours. The mud covered me. It was raining. The next morning I won a battle in the driveway. I was put in a pocket. I was sent through the washing machine in the pocket. Ready for war? All tails of G.I. Joe.

Peaches and Cream

Third Place, Junior High Short Story Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Shelly Frockt, '70

Mary Lou chased her dog Honey down the road for almost three-fourths of a mile. She saw him turn suddenly in to a private road which led to a large white colonial home. Mary Lou hesitated. She had never been this far from home and was concerned about getting lost. What if Honey ran all day?

However, Mary Lou did not debate long for her seven-year-old curiosity led her on. She followed her pup and as she turned a corner, she stopped abruptly. There was a little man sitting at a white wrought iron table. He looked like an antique. His wrinkled hands and white hair looked almost fragile. As she gasped the old man turned and his surprise was even greater than hers.

"Well, hello there, chile."

No response.

"I won't harm you."

"Where's my dog?"

"Dog? Oh, this lil' poppy is yours? I was just entertaining him. You can take him."

Mary Lou frightfully snatched her dog and started to run but stopped, surprised, Honey's mouth was covered with white foam. She turned to the old man and as he chuckled she looked past him to a little bowl full of peaches and cream. She laughed too. What a story to tell Ma. Honey, however, could only look puzzled as she savored the heavenly taste of peaches and cream.

Tribute to a Cyclist

First Place, Junior High Essay Division,
Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest
James Thurman, 70

INTRODUCTION

The following paper is presented in honor of those brave and hearty souls who have so valiantly fought the complete automation of transportation in the desolate wilds of suburbia.

Little does the bus-rider, pedestrian, or car-rider know of the hardships the bicyclist faces daily on his journey to and from the precincts of pedagogical effort. The bicyclists are a devoted lot, having a special title of honor for those who have ridden more than three years to school. To have the title of "Spruget Jockey Supreme" is an honor held above all others.

The main enemies of the bicycle rider are rain, cold, snow and ice, and people using other means of transportation, all of which I will describe to you.

Rain is always accompanied by mothers who insist on those brilliant yellow slickers, designed to attract attention from the car driver, but only attracting various "comments" from students in the halls of school. Also worn are those lovely eighteen pound boots which sink you a foot into the muck wherever you step. Not to mention the complete rusting of your bike, followed by an afternoon of polishing and applying rust-remover. The next enemy is cold. As you ride, not only do you freeze from over-exposure, but there is an icy ten-mile-an-hour breeze in your face constantly. Naturally snow and ice accompanies cold, so usually on a snowy day, you will average about fifteen falls per quarter-mile. With each fall, books and papers are strewn over a two block radius. At times certain words are likely to follow a minor catastrophe of this nature.

Now follows a general summary of the people who walk or ride. Buses are generally the worst hazard. Not only do the drivers do their level best to run you over, but you are bombarded by popsicle sticks, paper wads, and spitballs, as well as insults. Cars are getting more dangerous all the time. The favorite trick is to wave the cyclist across, then step on the gas pedal while he is crossing. Often, too, come cars filled with teen-agers who laugh at you as the car splatters mud and water all over

your fresh white pants. And last but not least, are the pedestrians who throw sticks, stones, and firecrackers. The general rule is: if more than one or two of almost any size (judgment rules here) hurl an insult, then depart in haste; if only one or two and smaller, go ahead and retaliate; if one or two and large, again use your own judgment.

And so ends this fitting tribute to the courageous and independent individual, (whose mother absolutely refuses to drive him to school), the bicyclist.

Leaves in Autumn

First Place, Junior High Essay Division,
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest
Anton Bestebreurtje, 71

The brightly colored leaves hang freely on an arching oak. They twist in a gust of wind and then settle back slowly as their moment of freedom has not yet come. Their dry, crisp bodies crackle noiselessly as they are brushed together.

All at once a conquering wind comes and the oak gives up the covering of his powerful limbs. The leaves are all at once free . . . They drift freely on the air currents. Soon, as they know, their moment of freeness will come to an abrupt end, so they use this time for many things they have thought about during a storm, or a beautiful day. Suddenly the damp earth looms up at them. They go through a series of acrobatic flips in a desperate effort to keep from hitting the ground. Then, they land softly on the ground; never to drift freely again.



—Susan Wright

Death

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

Melissa Wardle, 70

The unuttered scream
dies upon
his lips,
Contorted face relaxes
but retains
its look
of
horror,
of utter
despair.
Darkness encloses,
encases,
and he crumples;
Falling into
the deep,
dark
caverns of
Eternity.

Decision

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

James Thurman, 70

He walked through the doorway and into a small room. The members of a small group turned their faces toward him. He knew the fate of these, and other people, depended on him. He sat in deep thought for a moment and then stood up. "We strike," he said, with a grim finality. He quickly pressed a button.

The snow was falling gently in the early hours of the morning when the harsh cry of the newspaper boy cut through the still air. "Extry, extry, gang war in Central Park, three persons stabbed, extry, extry!"

Up There

Third Place, Junior High Poetry Division,
introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Six Moore, 70

"There they are."
"Where?"
"Up there."
"Why must you stare?"
"I'm entangled in their spell."

"You are?"
"Of course."
"Why?"
"Because of their magic, the twinkle, the meaning . . .
The Moonbeams."

The Big Game

Bruce Frantz, 70

There were only two minutes and ten seconds left in the Wyoming State Basketball Championship between the favored Parkland High School Panthers and a team from neighboring Cheyenne County. The Panthers were down, sixty-eight to fifty-six. Little Willie Keeler, only five feet nine, the smallest man on either team, was sitting grimly on Parkland's bench. He had not played in any of the previous tournament games because the coach had told him that he was not good enough. But Willie was anxious to prove himself.

The game was hopeless for the Panthers as the seconds slowly ticked away. Just then, however, big Mike Fisher was fouled while making a lay-up. The free throw was good. When Cheyenne County threw in the ball, it was intercepted by Charlie Franklin, who went in and made another lay-up. Cheyenne failed to score on their next attempt, but Parkland's Davey Wayne sank a forty-footer. Suddenly,

the Panthers were back in the ball game, losing by only five points, sixty-eight to sixty-three. The fans were screaming and going wild!

Cheyenne seemed rattled. Their forward passed the ball right to Franklin who instantly threw it to John Conley. John was wide open. He made the goal. The score was sixty-eight to sixty-five. Willie was jumping up and down, but inside he knew that he just had to get into the game.

Wayne was fouled. His free throw was good. However, Cheyenne's big center made a beautiful hook. The score was seventy to sixty-six with forty-two seconds left. The fans were going crazy. Then the roof fell in. Mike Fisher, who had made twenty-two points, was pushed while fighting for a rebound. He cracked his head on the hard floor. Time was called to carry him off and clean up the blood. Fortunately, when the coach looked down the bench, the only player left was Willie Keeler.

"Keeler!" shouted the coach.

"Yes, sir?"

"Get in there. Tell Johnson to move to center. You take guard. If you make one mistake, you've had it. I wouldn't even consider putting you in, but you're the only bum I got left. Now don't mess things up, ya' goof!"

Willie felt a deep hatred for the coach. He was still proud, though, to be in the game. He went in and told Mickey Johnson the news, then took his position. He heard one of the fans mumble, "Oh boy. We're bound to lose now!"

The ball was in play. Wayne made a hook. The score was now seventy to sixty-eight with twenty-three seconds remaining! Parkland intercepted a pass. Conley made a short shot, and the score was seventy-up, a tie! Parklanders were yelling joyously. Cheyenne got the ball. They dribbled it slowly. They were trying to stall. Panthers fans booed. Cheyenne fans went wild. Ten-nine-eight-seven-six-five-four . . . Suddenly, with three seconds left, Willie stole the ball, raced down the court with only one man on him, and made a basket as the buzzer sounded. The panthers had won, seventy-two to seventy. The fans swarmed onto the court, thousands of them! But the referee was signaling something. Anyway, the police rushed down with the people, forcing them back into their seats. It took thirty-seven minutes to get order restored. Then the official explained his actions.

It seems that even though Willie was little, when he went up for his shot, he knocked his opponent clear off his feet! Then the ref made an unfair call. He said that since the foul was so brutal, Cheyenne

would not get the ball, but one free throw! Yes, that was what was going to happen.

If Cheyenne made the shot, they would win and Willie would be a fink. If they missed it, Parkland would be a cinch to win in the over-time and Willie would be a hero. Cheyenne fans were yelling loudly. Parkland followers were tense and quiet.

The Cheyenne player calmly bounced the ball at the stripe, taking his time. He stopped. A deep hush fell over the arena. The player raised his arms. He was completely poised. The ball was thrown into the air. It was a good shot. Would it go in or not? Only a few thousand people at the game that night can tell you!

Fire and Man

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

Nancy Haslam, 70

Firewood is gathered before the flames ever begin to appear, just as education and proper home life are taught to a child. Each needs a strong foundation.

A match is touched to the wood and it slowly heats, ready to burst into flames, as the adolescent makes himself ready for manhood.

The flames creep up; the adolescent becomes a young man. The fire leaps, falls to almost nothing, then rises again. Similarly, a young man can start out in life on the right foot, stumble, and prosper once more.

The colors of fire signify traits of mankind. The yellow, red, and orange show the great numbers in which man lives, the blue represents the friendship of a person and his fellow man. Fire may also contain green, which signifies hatred and war, but the most unusual in both fire and man is white, representing man's pureness in living.

As a man ages he becomes withered and gray. So does a fire. The once large cylinder-like log is now shriveled up, and gray ashes have spread over the nearby ground.

When a man has sufficiently served his purpose in life, he eventually passes on and is forgotten. A fire, also, cannot live forever; the flames grow smaller and smaller, throw out one last flicker, which gives an especially bright light, and dies. The rains come and wash away the once lively fire. It too, has been forgotten.

Reflections

Nancy Tomes, 70

Of the love
Of the hate
Of the birth
Of the death
Of life.

Of the fighting
Of the peace
Of the brothers
Of the enemies
Of war.

Of the hunger
Of the plenty
Of the clean
Of the dirty
Of body.

Of the joy
Of the sorrow
Of the pleasure
Of the pain
Of mind.

The Plan

Hedy Fischer, 70

The fortress that had been his home for many lonely years suddenly was ablaze with lights. A shot pierced through the night, which only moments before was dead with silence. The bullet hit its mark. The running figure slumped to the ground, and it lay crumpled, face down in a scarlet pool.

As he lay motionless, this man, known not by name but by number, recalled the events of the past two months. He had planned so carefully

this daring escape. He had planned what he thought were the minutest details.

He had taken a spring from his bed, and, during the day, when there were other noises within the confines of the walls, he sharpened it to a fine point on the concrete block around his window. Then he deposited the concrete scrapings in his pocket. In his cell he rolled these scrapings into a cigarette paper making it appear to be an innocent ordinary cigarette. When he went out into the prison yard, he unrolled the cigarette, dropped the shavings to the ground, and covered them with dirt.

It seemed to him an eternity since he had executed his final step to escape. He had so carefully removed the bars from his cell window and climbed down the stone wall. In reality, a mere thirty seconds had elapsed.

The guard's sudden awkward lifting of him jarred him back to the present. For this he had planned and labored so diligently, only to be carried back behind the prison walls.

Just One Little Candle

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

Six Moore, 70

Yesterday was the past. Now as she sat, she thought. In the night she had gone. The sounding of a scream was heard throughout. In alarm they came running to her. Naive—all of them. Running around in panic. The feared beast had struck the little village. The bold, harsh, brave ones running to her for help—yes, they had. It was quite dark. The animal had easily approached and attacked. Why not? It was hungry.

The hut on the outskirts was where it came. Get the medicine. "Doctor, need Doctor!" They had always laughed at her before, but no more. How could they? It was her cool quick fingers that had saved the hunter's wife. The hunter's eyes were full of tears bearing gratitude. The Doctor saved his wife. That white one, inferior as she might be, had saved his wife.

It was that, that little candle of good that opened her doors. It was just one little candle of heart and desire. A missionary with heart and desire was her candle. She was thinking that now. The future held her thought.

A Definition of Fall

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

Nancy Tomes, 70

Fall is seeing
Flaming colors and
A blue china sky.

Fall is smelling
Burning leaves and
Rotting apples.

Fall is hearing
Southbound mallards and
Wind at the chimney.

Fall is feeling
Crisp, cool breezes and
Fuzzy sweaters.

Fall is tasting
Caramel apples and
Spicy-sweet cider.

Fall is being glad
You are alive
And young.

Page Spinner—Uncle Mummy and Pappy



PATRONS

—Debbie Brown

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*A thing of beauty is a joy forever:
Its loveliness increases; it will never
Pass into nothingness; but will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.*
—John Keats