



Waggener High School



Waggener Literary Magazine Introspect, Spring 1968

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)*.

Please use this information as a reference tool only. If the reader uses any of the information for any purpose other than a reference tool, they should get permission from the source.

Special thanks to Waggener High School Library.

Waggener Literary Magazine — Introspect, Spring 1968, Volume Nine, Number One



introspect

The Art-Literary Magazine
of
Waggener High School

Louisville, Kentucky
Spring, 1968

Volume Nine
Number One
One Dollar

introspect

The Art-Literary Magazine of Waggener High School
Louisville, Kentucky

Vol. IX, No. 1
Spring, 1968

Editor
Susan Porter, '68

Assistant Editor Business Manager Copy Editor
Katherine Tachau, '68 *Damon Harrison, '68* *Linda Moody, '69*

Art Editor Photography Editor Literary Editors
Chris Lee, '69 *Jim Shanesy, '68* *Roberta Hill, '69*
Barry Master, '69

Secretary Treasurer Publicity Manager
Marcy Pinkstaff, '69 *Allan Loeb, '69* *Lynn Webster, '68*

Literary Staff

Linda Thomas, '68 *Bob Thompson, '69*
Linda Kanzinger, '69 *Ann Hermann, '70*
Rod Kosfield, '69 *Nancy Tomes, '70*
Ann Stiglitz, '69 *Nancy Smoot, '70*
Missy Taccarino, '69 *Susan Johnson, '70*

Art and Photography Staff

Janice Kelly, '69 *Ray Yoder, '69*
Pam Schol, '69 *Jim Pope, '69*
Nancy Calloway, '69 *David Yalme, '70*
Paul Paletti, '68

Advisor

Mrs. Gayle Royce

Awards

Editor's Award

Katherine Tachau-overall Contributions

introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Essays

Junior High
Cathy Wakefield
Becky Harshbarger
Marc Zakem

Intermediate
Marlene Berman
Marty Gresham
Shelley Frockt

Senior
Sharon Stokley
Janice Podoll
Maury Kohn

Poetry

Junior High
Lynn Graves
Lynn Graves
Frank Wilkerson

Intermediate
Shelly Frockt
Nancy Tomes
Nancy Tomes

Senior
Jim Shanesy
Jim Shanesy
Katherine Tachau

Short Stories

Junior High
David Tachau
Marc Zakem
Jennifer Case

Intermediate
Pat Clark
Paul Disney
Shelley Frockt

Senior
Linda Moody
Chris Lee
Barry Master

Waggener Literary Magazine — Introspect, Spring 1968, Volume Nine, Number One

Quill and Scroll Creative Writing Contest

<i>Essays</i>	Junior High	Barbara Past Michael McConnell Harold Selman		
	Intermediate	Pam Wiggington Reva Brick Kay Worthington		
	Senior	Katherine Tachau Susan James Susan Porter		
	<i>Poetry</i>	Junior High	Sally Lukins Nancy Madison Charles Stoll	
		Intermediate	Nancy Smoot Susan Turner Shelley Frockt	
		Senior	Chuck Swanson Linda Moody John Egan - Mary Noland	
		<i>Short Story</i>	Junior High	Priscilla Burbank Eleanor Griffin Carolyn Vardaman
			Intermediate	Art Williams Laurel Blanton Carol Tinkle
			Senior	Paula Johnson Susan James Marc Luther

Table of Contents

Seven Years	Katherine Tachau	10
Yesterday, Today Is Tomorrow	Jim Shaney	11
I	Roberta Hilt	12
II	Roberta Hilt	12
Burning Pumpkins	Chris Lee	14
All That Is Left	Nancy Tomes	15
Instant Replay	Sharon Stokley	15
Sans Eyes	Jim Shaney	16
The Play	Paula Johnson	16
Dust	Katherine Tachau	19
The Trip	Marlene Berman	19
Hide and Seek	Patti Platt	20
One More Martyr	Mike Reckard	21
Realization?	Lynn Johnson	22
The Uncaring	Paul Disney	23
Le Memoire	Marcy Pinkstaff	23
The Edge of Sadness	Nancy Tomes	25
Fireglow	James Fish	25
In the Downpour	Susan Nichols	26
The Eleventh Commandment	Art Williams	26
The Daisy	Ellen Shelby	28
My, My, What Nice People We Are	Mike Reckard	29
Every Man	Mike Reckard	29
The Character of Huck Finn	Allan Loeb	30
Don't Stay Too Long	Shelley Frockt	31
Chain Reaction	Ellen Shelby	33
Cracked Window	Shelley Frockt	33
Blue Thursday	Linda Moody	34
Poetry	Katherine Tachau	34
Vertigo	John Egan	35
No Desire	Susan Johnson	36
Scenes on the Pedestrian Flea Circus	Chuck Swanson	36
Peace	Susan Turner	38
Somewhere Else	Marty Gresham	39
Haku	Linda Moody	39
Self-Reflections in Life	Michael J. Wilding	41
Fall	Rick Gardner	42
Memories	Katherine Tachau	43
The Sheep of '69	Missy Taccarino	44
Somewhere Else	Janice Podoll	45
Today and Tomorrow	Shelley Frockt	45
What Americanism Means	Barry Master	46
A Friend Is...	Pam Whittingham	47
Haku	Katherine Tachau	48

Waggener Literary Magazine — Introspect, Spring 1968, Volume Nine, Number One

Forgotten Incident	Susan James	50
Flight	Vicki Vivrett	51
Why Me?	Jim Shanesy	52
The Gossiping Rock	Mike Reckard	53
Summer	Katherine Tachau	53
A Bleak Memo	Micke Reckard	53
Now	Rick Gardner	54
My Uncle Guz	Sam Fritschner	54
Of a Day Long Past	Barry Master	56
A Love Song of Mountains	Linda Moody	57
Broken Bottles	Roberta Hilt	57
Secluded	Lynn Webster	58
31 ^D	Philip High	58
last night the moon ran away	Nancy Smoot	59
Gift of Love	Laurel Blaaton	61
Contemplations of a Tin Can	Maury Kohn	62
Snorkeltooth	Reva Brick	63
Chair Dilemma	Kay Worthington	64
"Deadpan, Man, Real Deadpan"	Susan Porter	64
Over There, Over There	Mike Reckard	66
Mumbly-Peg	Carol Tinkle	68
Under the Grass Tree, Under the Green	Damon Harrison	71
Clouds	David Berman	71
What Is Life?	Susan James	72
Flower Power	Nancy Smoot	73
The Choice	Linda Moody	73
Dust and Ashes	Jim Shanesy	75
The Signs of Winter	Sally Lukins	76
A Memory	Barbara Past	77
Where Have All the Flowers Gone?	Frank Wilkerson	79
The Hippie Revolution	Marc Zakem	80
The Fight	Charles Stoll	80
John	Priscilla Burbank	82
The Orator	Michael McConnell	83
Patriot's Game	David Tachau	83
Hang Up	Marc Zakem	83
Have I?	Lynn Graves	84
Reality	Harold Selmon	84
How It feels to Die	Carolyn Vardaman	86
The Ring	Jennifer Case	87
What I See	Roger Honour	87
White Christmas?	Eleanor Griffin	88
The Shaft	Audrey McGrath	91
"Clanzy", the Clumsy Cow with the Crinkled Horn	Joe Noland	92
The Horrors of Having Nothing	Nancy Madison	93
Quoze	Leonard Cohen	93

Illustrations

Cover Photography by Jim Shanesy, '68

Philip	Jim Shanesy	13
circle	Ray Yoder	18
cat	Paul Paletti	24
flower	Christine Youngson	29
window and frost	Jim Shanesy	32
statue of liberty	Chris Lee	40
snow	Paul Paletti	48-49
man	Jim Shanesy	55
trees and moon	Janice Kelly	59
bird	Paul Paletti	60
three patriots	Jim Pope	67
sunset	Paul Paletti	69
little boy	Paul Paletti	70
execution	Jim Pope	74
man and microphone	Jim Shanesy	78
Pan and flute	Chris Lee	85
window with lamp	Jim Shanesy	90

Cynics and Sensualists

Death ranked as the number one theme pursued by Waggener students in last year's *introspect*. This year Life emerges as the first. But the theme of Life is treated in two different manners, that of the cynic and that of the sensualist. There are poems, essays, and short stories attacking or depicting the cynical outlook of our society. Indeed, some teenagers are aware and caring. On the other hand there are students who turn to the sensations and feelings of living. This can be seen in works concerned with self-introspection and vivid descriptions of life around us. These are teenagers aware and caring; of feelings. The purpose of the *introspect* is to reflect the ideas of the student body. We certainly hope that everyone can read something with which he can identify. Perhaps it will be something of cynicism or sensualism.

The Editor's Award this year is presented to Katherine Tachau for her overall contributions. This is not only for her contributions as a talented writer but also as a hard worker and one dedicated to the success of our magazine. She has the respect and admiration of the entire staff.

Thanks are due to many other people who have made this *introspect* possible. Among these are Mr. T. L. Shanesy, who made the separations for our cover; Mrs. Gayle Royce, who willingly gave us many afternoons of advice and assistance, and maybe less willingly offered her house for make-up; Mrs. Kirwan and the members of Quill and Scroll, who operated a successful Creative Writing Contest and provided a lot of good material; all the English and Core teachers who submitted student material and supported the writing contests and patrons drive; Christine Youngson, who contributed a drawing as our guest artist; Jean Littrell, who typed and counted words as faithfully as any staff member; Linda Linker and Alvin Ortner, who posed for our cover; and our photographers, Jim Shanesy and Paul Paletti, who have made the photography venture of the *introspect* such a success.

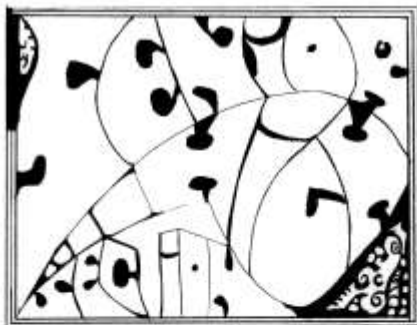
The *introspect* staff has worked extremely hard on this issue. It represents numerous after-school hours spent in preparing it. We are proud of it. We hope that you, as Waggener students, will also be proud of your Art-Literary magazine.

Susan Porter
Editor

Our Cover

Jim Shanesy, '68

*I saw it gleam shining ahead,
so round, so perfectly round,
making fleece of the water
and mute my mind.
I brought others, Beautiful People,
to stand for me and so I
tried to make it light their souls.
I erred a bit that day, I fear,
for though she makes the winds part her hair
just to pay homage to her Beauty,
and though he is the Dear One to her,
enough to spawn greatness of the smallest of men,
They were only made tiny against such
Eternal Majesty.*



Seven Years

Third Place, Senior Poetry Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Katherine Tachau '68

*Seven years and the summer is over
Autumn catches and pulls the world
in her spiral of agonizing death and depression
The birds weep
the soft air is bitter
each instant dies alone.

And the trees have lost their soul with the leaves
that run lonely, wild
ashamed of their nakedness
to the group
and they are only one of many.*

Granny Gaden's Grubby Group

Yesterday, Today Is Tomorrow?

Second Place, Senior High Poetry Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Jim Shaney, '68

To Some,
it's Yesterday,
Today is Tomorrow.
And so they work
and plan
and build
and hope
and some of the Some are happy
and some are not.

To Others,
it's Today,
Today is Today,
And so they just live
and feel
and love
and "enjoy"
and some of the Others are happy
and some are not.
It's a tough decision.

Make English Not War

I | *Roberta Hill, '69*

*and he loved her
mightily and unmovingly
now not enough, and now not all at once, but deeply
and greatly, and he liked the way she laughed*

*and they would
play checkers in the park, and go down to
houses where the rag pickers came and
cried to the day, and alleys, and black-eyed-
susans on fences by the hundred, looked out into
the empty back yard through the straight and
stately small panes window and he saw her reflection
there glowing, goldily*

II | *Roberta Hill, '69*

*living day to day in a particularly
small portion of hell
hell of your own making
no but
considering one significant
insignificant fact
man does not live alone*

*how many weeks, months
can you go on, live on
thinking, reliving
(but it isn't hell, you see, you've
got to have it, you need it, thrive
on it, but it's there, having at you,
getting in you, till you hurt,
and scream to break out of your skin)*

*and here recurs that same pointless
endless cycle
that goes on too long, that
persists into memory*

Mr. and Mrs. George K. Torres



Miss Carpenter's Second Period English

Burning Pumpkins

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

Chris Lee, '69

Mr. Saeth Praetorius sneered at the sky. "The Mass Mind" said he "is more carefully strained than Pabulum, more bland than Tapioca, a vast vomitorium of Trivia. It assimilated Halloween, grinning, forgetting -- ignoring -- its origins, the dark and bloody and vastly evil Sabbath of Witch and Ghoul and Tortured soul, unclean beast of unholy awarenesses, feasting on unbaptized babies by the light of Hellfire."

Calmly he plucked a fly out of the air and swallowed it, relishing the thought of it, flying inside him to its doom in his gastric juices; savoring the filth and germs it encased.

"Where there once was the romance of Damnation in All Saint's Eve -- the smacking delight of the Devil at Reincarnating the claimed of his bosom, only to digest them into Hell again -- now what is there, can there be? Slavering idiot child with a comic skull face and an open, vacant bag, pleading for carbohydrates, gratis. Agh! What a reduction -- what a fall!

"How to properly celebrate Walpurgisnacht? The night of Magna Mater, the Great Earth Mother, bringing out in Autumn its fruits to be courtly devoured. Something lascivious in the thought -- Something depraved, Evil, ultimately Sensual. Mighty Moon-faced Madonna, the great Harlot; Savron, Satanis, Husband her to bring forth man.

"Or better -- Man of the Ultimate -- Werewolf, Vampire, Centaur, Bat Winging, Satyr beast; Cannibal, Cannibali. How to celebrate the inverted God, oh Night Demons? Chant the Latin (Magna Mater, Magna Mater, Satanis, Infernis), spit upon the cross, sacrifice the lamb, the Virgin? How to celebrate Tonight --"

The doorbell rang grittily.

An idiot child, a vast absence, glared in his fluorescent green costume on the steps.

"Trick or treat, Mister?"

"Trick, you little whorewhelp" He said, clouting him with a poker. He then bore the body into the kitchen and plugged in the electric carving knife.

All That Is Left

Second Place, Intermediate Poetry Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Nancy Tomes, '70

I wait and watch for some small sign

Is he alive or dead?

Do his eyes still see or are they closed?

Has he left what he was?

I am sorry, it is all over

All that is left is dying.

His mind has gone, left softly and slowly

He has been dead too many years.

Instant Replay

First Place, Senior High Essay Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Sharon Stokley, '69

Often one wishes that life would be more simple, easier to figure out. A maze of complex questions, with no answers, life presents itself as a true comedy of errors. But the comedian of errors, is not so comical. Without trying, helpless, the lines of life are tangled. It is as if one wished there were an instant replay of life, a moment to watch, unbiased, to seek the answers, But life is not so. It is a full color network with the emphasis on the now, a cold winter season with no reruns.

Sans Eyes

Jim Shaney, '68

*I know a little man,
Very little,
Who sits and talks and
Says he thinks of Jen and Zen.*

*To this miniscule man
O so tiny,
They are but poor souls that
Cannot share his Bodhi freely.*

*The tragedy of it
How terrible,
Is: he'll never know
He's no gentle Oriental.*

*Foy to us in the West,
In the U.S.
Mostly, the sound of
Two hands is better than one.*

The Play

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

Paula Johnson, '68

Music flowed in the air. Couples walked hand in hand down the streets laughing. The moon and the street lights lit the dark avenue. Down the sidewalk stumbled a lone figure. He stopped and looked around. The figure sat down on the curb. Out of his pocket he withdrew two papers. He stared at them. He placed his head in his hands and began to weep. "Oh, God, only two pages to show for thirty-four years. Nothing to show for thirty-four years. What happened to my dreams? Where are my friends? My life has been wasted. I can just see them tomorrow over their morning cup of coffee. Mary will ask John if he saw the morning paper. Then she'll leap with excitement to be able to bear the glad news. 'Harry committed suicide.' Then John will add, 'You're kidding. I didn't think old Harry had it in him.' Then together, 'Poor Judy and the children. Poor Judy and the children.' What about me, poor Harry Smith?" Out of the dark came a voice, "Yes, what about Harry Smith?" "Nothing. Hey, who was that?" "Forget about me. What about your childhood, Harry?" "My childhood? What a fool I was to abandon those happy days.

Miss Carpenter's Third Period English Class

Dust

Katherine Tachau '68

*Dust and ashes are the night
(green I do not wish to see you)
all the world and all the rain
all the breezes come again
striving to purify
that cannot be done
Yesterday, tomorrow I deplore
and the wind shifts
The air is fresh, and breathes
and I sink humble to my knees
although the moon is dim
Dust and ashes be the night
and (green I do not wish to see you)
It is, I am, we are.*

The Trip

First Place, Intermediate Essay Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Marlene Berman, '70

The room was transforming into a kaleidoscope of colors. Hundreds of shades and hues adorn the words which describe it. Love is purple and hate is black. Friendship is blue and honor is white. The words themselves are lives, entities, which fill the room and inspire the visitors. You enter only to leave again, and return only if you're lucky. You come to find the unknown; to see the emotions, to feel the impalpable. Life is a maze, a puzzle to be put together, and the secret, if it is found, is here. It is the valley of death, the spring of life. Here the mysteries of humanity are solved, and the answers are written in the air. The letters are colorful, the meaning invisible. It is a world full of wonder, a place quite unique.

A Trip.

Mr. Day's Fourth Period Happening

Realization?

Lynn Johnson, '68

The bed is vibrating and a stern hand is shaking my arm. I don't want to leave my sleep. Light couldn't have come so soon. The hands draw me to my feet and from my sleep.

"Sleep longer," I plea.

But without control I am guided from my warm room to the cold, bright kitchen.

She hurries me as I eat. I don't like to hurry. I don't know how to hurry.

"Not done," I shout but in despair for she cleans my hands and face and leads me back to my room.

The stern hands search for my clothes, then finally she finishes by tying a pink bow in my hair. Her hands are suddenly tender. She holds me close and mutters sad words of love. Her eyes are full of tears. I can't understand what she says but I know she cares.

We leave my room and take the long steps to the important door. The door I'm not to use, for it leads to the busy world. We pass all sorts of people, they all stop and look at me. I feel important but in many ways sad. For upon their faces is a somber smile. A look of friendship yet a questioning look.

I feel around my feet a soft warmth. A small woolly creature is jumping at my lap. It finally reaches its destination and with a quiet noise it shows its joy. In an instant it stiffens and jumps to safety.

Now we stop in front of a large building. The hand becomes stern. We walk inside and become one of hundreds of people who are rushing. We run to the chu-chu-train.

Safely aboard, it begins to move. I'm happy. The tender hands say all is fine. I hear what she says but I don't understand.

"Sweetie, you may never understand but it is the best for you. I love you very much, everyone loves you. I will always remember to visit you."

Visit? Why visit? I am right by your side.

The train is stopping. There is a car waiting for us at the station. It seems as though we have been riding for hours. There are lots of buildings surrounding us now. They are cold and dark.

I am hit by a strange feeling as we enter a tall building. I know I am leaving her because her hand is cold and sweaty. An hour has passed and I know what is happening but it means nothing.

Rampas Room

What is "retarded"? They sit and talk about me as though I don't hear. But I do hear. She cares but can't stand me. She is embarrassed I'm alive. If I could only know what this means.

As she turns to me she says "Good-bye. I have to leave you here. Maybe someday you will understand."

"Bye-bye mommy, bye-bye."

The Uncaring

Second Place, Intermediate Short Story Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Paul Disney, '70

The people stood by, in groups of two and three, looking and speaking to each other in questioning phrases. As the curious newcomers jostled and shoved by them, they saw in their first glimpse the mangled, mutilated, misshapen mass of steel and glass. They knew instinctively that this charred shell had once been an automobile.

It was only with a second, closer look that they noticed the driver, entrapped in his steel cocoon.

Le Memoire

Marcy Pinkstaff '69

One last smile

One fleeting glance

One last kiss

One long everlasting embrace

One long lingering tear

One hushed goodbye

Slowly, but slowly, he turned and walked away.

Anderson's Pallas



Wigley's Juicy Fruits

The Edge of Sadness

Nancy Tomes '70

*The edge of sadness lies in happiness,
Passionate hate is born of passionate hate,
The promise of life lives in death,
All intertwined, like good and evil,
So that it is hard to tell them apart.*

Fireglow

James Fish, '69

The fire, flickering in the hearth with a weak, bluish-yellow flame, warmed the room, making the atmosphere one of peace, warmth, and sleepiness. The Scottie lay there, his mournful eyes never stopped watching the cat, ever expecting to receive her as a gift. The popping of the fire and the perpetual ticking of the clock were the only sounds, besides the creaking of ball bearings needing oil, as the man would move ever so slightly; for only the need to twitch an ear or yawn was important enough to disturb the mistress of the house. The shadows cast by the small fire swayed, as the dancing flame began to die. The warm, passive dim fire cast a soft hue of light on the shelves, making the books seem older, larger, and more important, while the figure of Churchill seemed to be moving as its shadow played back and forth on the cream colored wall, and one could almost hear him saying, "I have nothing to offer but blood, toil, tears, and sweat." Then as time passed, the fire died until only hot coals remained, and then the man stood and reread the degenerated letter which began, "Dear Sir: We regret to inform you that your son has..."

In the Downpour

Susan Nichols, '69

In the downpour the lake assumed a dreary aspect. It wasn't a terribly wide lake and because of its many bends, one didn't receive an impression of enormous length. But the darkening gray of the sky and a silvery mist made the opposite shore appear more distant than usual.

The rain was uncomfortably damp, and a chill wind blew across the lake ruffling the gray-green water. Small waves slapped against the beach washing up waterlogged strips of wood and debris. The cold, sharp grains of sand were covered here and there with thin, slimy rags of seaweed. All signs of life had fled from the dismal aura such weather had created.

The Eleventh Commandment

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

Art Williams, '70

And God said, "Every man for a woman, and every woman for a man." And so it was. It wasn't by chance that Isaiah and Metilda had got hitched up. At the Senior Prom they had been the only ones who weren't dancing, mainly because both of them were so, well--- it just plain would have hurt your eyes to look at them. Even though Metilda knew she was, ugly to say the least, she was determined not to waste what was supposed to be a very important night in every girl's life by just standing around. So Metilda walked right up to young Isaiah and started out with a conversation like she's known him all her life, which she hadn't. In fact, tonight was the first time she had ever looked at him real close. Well, poor Isaiah was swept right off his feet, no girl had ever treated him like this before. By the end of the year love had run its course and in the spring of the next year, Isaiah Washington and Metilda Estervoock were wed.

About thirty-five years later things were going really well for the Washingtons. Isaiah had himself a cozy little farm, a nice herd of cattle, and a small, green field of rich tobacco.

During those three and a half decades Isaiah had really moved up in the community. He was well liked by everyone in the county and

he and Metilda had been on the perfect attendance roll at the Springview Church ever since their marriage. And besides that things were going pretty nice in his own home. As far as he knew, Isaiah had never argued with his wife, at least not out loud. Isaiah said that his secret for happiness was that almost every night, just like clock-work, he and Metilda would take a stroll down the road a piece where they'd stop on top of the highest hill in the county and pray to the Lord. Yep, everything was going real fine for Isaiah and Metilda. Then it happened!

One morning Isaiah and Metilda woke up and, boom!! They found they didn't like each other anymore. Well, it looked like it was all over for Isaiah and Metilda, so they decided to take one last walk up "their" hill and pray to the Lord to forgive them. Of course neither of them wanted to go up there, but they knew they had to do it. When they got up to the hill they started prayin' just like they had always done, but I guess the Lord knew something was wrong. When they got around to the hard part they decided to just tell it like it is! They just plain told the Lord that they wanted to be separated. I guess the Lord didn't feel like arguing because the next day when Metilda woke up, sure enough, Isaiah had already left and had taken most of his belongings. Metilda cried for days and days before she finally came to her senses and realized that she couldn't stay in that house by herself forever. So she packed up her things and lit off down the road to find her another mate, like she knew Isaiah would be doing.

Well it seemed like Isaiah was having his same old problems. Now that he needed a wife, women wouldn't even look at him because he was still so homely looking. But he wasn't the only one, Metilda was having the same problem. Neither Metilda nor Isaiah had thought they'd have much trouble finding another partner, but lo, it had been two years and they still weren't any closer than they had been after they separated.

It must have been coincidence. Somehow Metilda had taken a notion at the same time Isaiah had, to make a little return trip back to the praying hill. You would have thought that Isaiah had seen a ghost, or maybe even God himself when he saw Metilda kneeling on the hill. As soon as he had gotten control of himself he tried as best he could to just walk up the hill like nothing had ever happened. Isaiah didn't want to disturb her praying but he wanted to talk to Metilda. Well after a few hours of sobbing conversation, Metilda and Isaiah found that they were even unhappier now than they had been before they split up. But really they weren't too surprised that the other hadn't found a mate. That night Isaiah again proposed to Metilda and of course she accepted, again. The next day Isaiah and Metilda woke up, went around their everyday chores as usual and that night they went up to their "Praying Hill" to once again pray to the Lord.

And God said, "Every man for a woman, and every woman for a man." And So It Was.

The Daisy

Ellen Shelby '69

*I wanted a daisy
 So we went
 and looked
 Can't help you,
 the man said
 Daisies are out of season
 Why?
 I asked
 Must things always have a "season"?
 Can there be no sunshine in winter?
 No flowers peeping through the snow?
 Everything always set
 in a pattern
 rigid
 and unmoving?
 Well, I'll look
 he said
 But if won't help
 So he looked
 and he found
 Alone
 back in the back
 No simple flower
 but a daisy
 breaking away from life's pattern of seasons
 How much?
 I asked
 Nothing
 he said strangely
 It was funny
 But only because I laughed
 and there were unseasoned tears in my laughter.*

My, My, What Nice People We Are

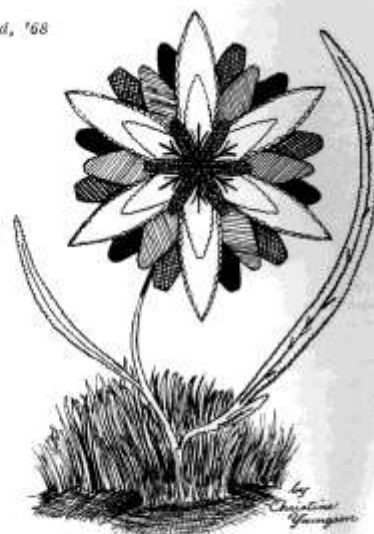
Mike Reckard, '68

If: perchance,
 Christ were to
 come to earth-----again?
 We: commoners,
 would we kill
 for what it's worth -----again?

Every Man

Mike Reckard, '68

Every man needs
 a place.
 A place where
 he can go
 and think
 and reorganize
 and relieve
 and pray.
 A place
 to believe
 to restore
 to calculate
 his life
 to determine
 himself.
 The reevaluation
 of mind
 of body
 of soul
 of goal
 of being
 in general,
 to raise
 himself to
 the necessary
 height to
 again return
 to the process
 of life.



The Character of Huck Finn

Allan Loeb, '69

The Huck Finn who could never harden against Jim is the "real" or "true" Huck. Mark Twain describes Huck as having a "sound heart." This is why, although Huck Finn has some elements of the picaresque character, he is not the classic literary picaro. Although he is a wanderer, is of the low class, and has a series of adventures, Huck is easily touched by the sufferings of others. In comparison, the callousness of the King and the Duke denote the true picaresque character. This is clearly evidenced by the scene on the wrecked *Walter Scott*; Huck shows compassion for the murderers aboard, or when he divulges the scheme of the Duke and the King to Mary Ann Wilks.

This compassionate Huck is fleeing St. Petersburg for a number of reasons. He is fleeing the physical force of Pap, the religious coercion of Miss Watson, the maternal influence of the Widow Douglas, and the social influence of Tom Sawyer. Huck flees the Shore which represents the vulgarity, fraud, and greed of the river towns. He is at harmony with nature in the freedom and security he enjoys floating down the Mississippi on the raft. Once, when they were continuing their journey down the river, Huck says, "we judged we was free and safe once more."

Although it is true that Huck Finn is rebelling against the distasteful influences of St. Petersburg, it is also true that he has been greatly affected by these same influences; Huck faces a major crisis in his life since the mores of St. Petersburg and the Shore in general are so ingrained upon him. Why he says, "I was stealing a poor woman's nigger that hadn't ever done me no harm," he realizes that he is doing wrong according to the social institutions of the Shore. Huck's pristine purity, goodness, and honest inner self are buried and hidden by the acquired prejudices and false valuations of the religion, morality, law, and culture of the Shore.

Yet in the end, Huck's untainted inner self triumphs. At this time Huck writes a letter to Miss Watson informing her of her runaway slave's whereabouts. He does this because he realizes that if he were to help a runaway slave escape, he would be a social pariah. He fears the derision that he knows he would receive. Huck does try manfully to do as his conscience dictates; however, he is unsuccessful. The scene following, the emotional and thematic climax of the book, is truly beautiful. Huck represents the quintessence of purity, simplicity, and honesty when he states, "All right, then, I'll go to hell." Even though he tries desperately to do as society dictates, he is not able to justify the destruction of his friend Jim. Significantly, this is no great philosophical or moral resolution or realization, as

Mrs. Low's 78 Looneybirds

far as Huck Finn is able to view it. Nor does he recognize it as his maturation. Huck's nature is too simple for this. He solely sees it as a necessary path of action to be followed.

But if this readiness to go to hell to save and to free Jim represents Huck's maturation, what of the final chapters? Although Huck's last sentence, concerning Aunt Sally's attempt to "civilize" him and his desire to flee from civilization again, seem to be a final gesture of disgust and rejection of society, there is nothing to prove that he is any more serious than Tom is in his desire to go have "adventures" in the surrounding Indian territories. Huck has once again been subjugated to Tom Sawyer and he has once again been reduced to the state of playing Tom's games of robbers and pirates. If Huck does flee, it will not be from a society he beholds with disgust, but from the same trifling and petty harassments he fled from in the first few chapters.

It could be said that this "spoils" the character of Huck Finn, but, far from this, it serves to enhance the realism of Huck, the boy. The decision he reached concerning his friend Jim was not a generalization to be applied to the question of the pros and cons of slavery. By the very nature of Huck, he is incapable of such abstract reasoning. Huck Finn is not a man—he remains as Mark Twain created him, a boy.

Huck begins and ends as the Bad Boy, the dirty, coarse, uneducated vagabond who lies so beautifully and is not above stealing. He does not even have the respectability which is attached to Tom Sawyer as the town's good Bad Boy. Against the backdrop of society's pseudo propriety and pseudo-respectability, Huck Finn's qualities of innocence, purity, simplicity, and spontaneous goodness shine forth.

Don't Stay Too Long

Third Place, Intermediate Essay Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Shelly Frocki, '70

The wind blows softly; leaves fall. The sun still sheds its warmth over the grassy lawn. It seems that the birds will never stop singing. But don't stay too long.

People love to sing when they're happy. Jokes fly through the air. How pleasant is good company. But don't stay too long.

Bright blue skies cheer the day on. Clouds, white as snow, drift so lightly. Silence is the sky's own melody. But don't stay too long.

It's cold and still voices are harsh and sharp. Skies are gloomy and dark. You've stayed too long.

Breakfast in the Garden



Lunch In The Garden

Chain Reaction

Ellen Shelby, '69

*One thing
leads
to another
and another
Until the whole relationship
is like a spider's web-
more and more intricate
with each touch
each embrace
Until the spider-
the center, the heart
the important part-
dies.
(from overwork?)*

The Cracked Window

Shelly Frockt, '70

Little boy walked slowly home from play. His bright eyes and quick smile were now covered by a pull of worry. Happiness seemed to be an unheard of emotion right now. Little boys are so easily troubled.

Trouble -- it follows little boys everywhere they go. It even gives little boys tools to play with. A bat, a ball, and a crowd of boys is all Trouble needs for . . .

A cracked window, a cracked window. What will mother say about the cracked window? Little boy walked slowly home from play.

Miss Carpenter's Second Period English

Blue Thursday

Linda Moody, '69

*Believe me -
 I do not laugh always;
 Not at children laughing,
 Not at philosophers weeping,
 Not at sunsets softly gliding,
 Or at city grimes tarnishing,
 Or at you.*

Poetry

Katherine Tachau, '68

Poetry is the sad song of the last lonesome leaf retreating across the inevitable wind-swept alley in Autumn. It is the strange and twisted face of the sun when he climbs out of bed in the morning. Or it is the desperate attempt of a terrified raindrop to remain in the safety of an overloaded branch.

Poetry is the shadow that the moon does not cast on the earth. It is the sleepy winter that never comes, the lifeless spring that is never here, or the empty summer that never grows. It is the final dewdrop that has not yet fallen.

Poetry is the not-so captured in every word, the antithesis in every phrase, the impossible in every truth. It is the antagonism in each syllable and the harmony in every word. It is the absolute necessity of each letter and the superfluity of the whole.

Poetry is the art of capturing that which cannot be captured. It is the task of meaning and the luxury of not needing to "mean". It is the essence of being.

Vertigo

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

John Egan, '68

*Smoke curls toward the ceiling
 And is shaped and destroyed
 As it rises
 In wisps and clouds, higher and higher.
 Until it reaches the acoustical tile ceiling
 And disappears.*

*The mind reviews and renews
 Memories and thoughts once pleasant,
 Now bittersweet
 Groping, seeking some decision
 But nothing moves, nothing comes
 Nothing goes.*

*As smoke, thoughts rise and are shaped
 And are destroyed.
 Realities disappear in wisps
 Of supposed truth.
 Until realization comes,
 All is smoke.*

No Desire

Susan Johnson, '70

The sea is calm,
the surface smooth,
the white-tipped waves are still.

No life is seen,
there's no desire
for anything to move.

The church is quiet,
there is no noise
the people are at peace.

No life is seen,
there's no desire
for anyone to move.

Scenes On the Pedestrian Flea Circus

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

Chuck Swanson, '69

The crowded stream of people,
Flow through the emperor's purse,
In the morning of the actor,
Off the shipyard heckler's curse
And the women draw the curtains
While the railroad man hangs near,
Still clinging to his checkbook,

Mr. Wakin's Historians

By the vengeful, hallow peer
You can hear the voices roar,
In the twilight of your life,
Oh, God, they chant so endlessly,
Of hate, and peace, and war
And the firemen come ruin'
They have to win the fight
'Cause the flames are getting higher,
And it's lightin' up the night
And the P. T. A. comes shortly
In their brand-new silken dress
We're the mothers of those children
And we'll clean up the mess
The singer screams so loudly,
with his senseless tired rhymes
while church bells toll so softly
With their sinless, useless chimes
Tryin' hard to save the people,
From the ruins of their minds.

Mr. and Mrs. William H. Webster

Peace

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

Susan Turner, '70

Peace
 is something
 to think about
 when the night is dark and you are afraid
 when you see the violence and death all around
 when you are small and alone against the
 immensity of the world

Peace
 is something
 to enjoy
 when it's spring and the world is new
 when you are surrounded by friends and love
 when you are alone and not alone
 with the spirit of God

Peace
 is something
 to look for
 when you are confused and have no place to go
 when you need to hide from the realities of life
 when you need to find yourself
 and your God

Peace
 is something
 everyone
 chases
 searches after
 reaches out for
 but
 few ever find.

Somewhere Else

Second Place, Intermediate Essay Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Marilyn Gresham, '70

The sky is a soft grey cotton hanging near the earth. As fog rolls in from the sea a gentle shower begins to soak the coastal forest transforming it into an almost tropical splendor of moistness and lush green beauty. Redwood boughs are majestically weighted with tiny, diamond-like droplets of water. Ferns seem to stretch and sway in the breeze and rain; moss becomes as a great, green, woodland carpet absorbing the abundant precipitation till it can hold no more.

Then quite suddenly, the breeze changes directions and blows into land with a fishy salt smell. The smooth, glassy sea is now covered with foamy crests as the wind becomes intense.

Rain falls harder.

An oncoming storm is accompanied by a full gale. While night falls, the clouds overhead blacken. An angry surf pounds again and again on the high cliffs of the shoreline spraying itself far up into the air before it falls back into its own furious, swirling midst.

The torrent of water is now carving tiny streamlets into the soil and carrying with it bits of stone, wood, plants, and sediment. These streamlets find their way to larger brooks and streams formed by the excessive waters which search out lower levels and flow in torrents to the edge of the steep escarpments where they cascade over the edge into a turbulent, frothing sea.

Night deepens as the storm subsides. The fog fades away and as if by magic the sea is calm once more.

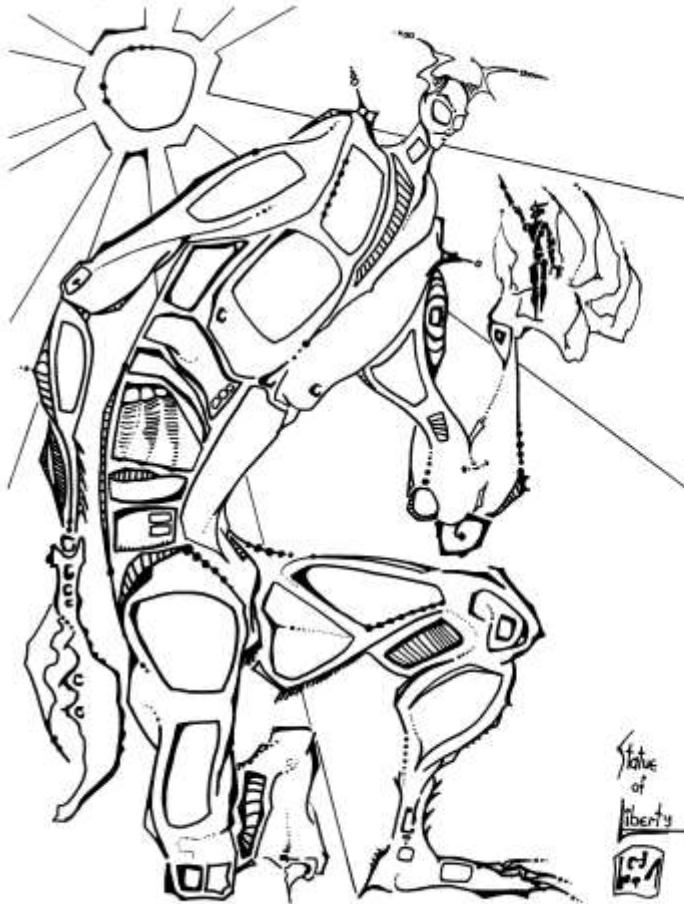
Stars glitter while a chill wind brings frost from further north.

The once lush rain forest stands waiting frozen and silent for tomorrow.

Haiku

Linda Moody, '69

Though we heard laughter
 The deaf old reveler his
 Own laughter heard best.



Mrs. Ripon's 5th Period Intellectual Idiots

Self-Reflections in Life

Michael J. Widdig, '68

The velvet blackness is absorbed through every pore of your body as the long corridor untangles itself to your feet. A single stripe of light at the bottom of a door guides you. It is a massive door with a thick quilted leather cover. As you open the door, you stumble in, momentarily blinded by the harshness of the light.

As your sight is regained it is as if you were inside a diamond. The walls, ceiling and floor are covered with mirrors. Carnival mirrors of all shapes and sizes. All distorting, all harmless. The door through which you entered no longer seems to exist. You are totally surrounded.

Since there seems to be no way out, you go around introducing yourself to your fellow prisoners, all of whom are you. They are a curious form of amusement.

As the hours pass, you begin to see your separate moods in the distorted figures; selfishness in the obese, bloated figures; frustrations and anxieties in the drawn out, deprived figures whose eyes are largely disproportionate to their faces. The longer you observe, the more you identify with these creatures. They are you; but the more you realize this, the more frightened you become. Are they the true masters, or are you? Which is the reflection?

This sport is tiring but there is no way to shut out the reflections. The harder you search for an exit the more alien they become; they point bony fingers and sneer with bulbous lips at your attempts. The harder you try, the more they leer. Some begin to laugh at you; they make no sound but you can hear them. They are laughing.

You scream for silence, the sweat beading on your forehead, but they only laugh louder. Again and again you scream until your lungs ache. You can't stand the laughing. You clasp your ears and fall to your knees, praying for help. But the laughing continues. You are without a God; you are beyond help.

Then suddenly the blackness returns. The creatures are gone; they no longer torment. You stand and unclasp your ears. You try to regain composure, for the trial seems to be over.

The lights flash back on long enough to reveal that the beasts still lurk even in the dark; they flash on and off and the different monsters seem to step forward at each flash to make an individual appearance. The laughs return, but now they are sadistic laughs of pending doom. The light flicks to a very dim, dark red, the color of old blood. As the light grows brighter, the figures seem to close in about you, closer and closer, poking at your ribs and stomach. Now their faces

Ben's Rule

are terrifying as they grasp for your face; you are surrounded, their hot breath smells of blood and vomit, their fangs tear at your flesh, you cringe, you curl up on the floor, sobbing deeply, you have given up, you have lost.

Again darkness returns, but this time the blackness affords no shelter; they are still there. Your sobbing continues, there are no tears, you are cold and shaking.

After hours of the darkness a soft white light breaks its way in. Now there is but one mirror; it has no distortion, it is you. That monster must be destroyed, it is only the calm outer shell which hides all the inner creatures. It is the Doctor Jekyll. Leaping to your feet, you charge at the image, battling it again and again. The pain of the pounding is numbed by the purpose. As your legs give out and you slide down, you again return to the darkness of the hall and a serenity in death.

Fall

Rick Gardner, '68

It was that time of year again, Men, women, and children all came outside to sweep. Each was equipped with a mind and a rake of thought in which each person would gather what he desired.

There were too many different leaves of life to be taken, and everyone had already made up his mind upon what he would collect.

The very old collected the precious and rare leaves of time. The middle-aged sought the colorful leaves of youth and memories. The young looked for the leaves of challenge and strength.

The sun of knowledge began to sink, and each individual found the door to his own mind and entered it for the night. During the night each person thought of the big day ahead of him. That was flower day, the day to which everyone let his neighbor look into his soul and share with him the happiness and joys that fell upon him that year. At the end of the day each one wore his suit of flowers and did as his neighbor wished. The day went well.

The great sun of knowledge began to slowly sink in its colorful sky and each individual started walking down his own road, happily, ready again to enter his own mind, knowing he had been made happy and had succeeded in making his neighbor happy.

Memories

Katherine Tuckau, '68

I

And in the soft water-wings of Time
nothing surrealistically un-dead was --
Immutably inclined towards selfness and ego I;
changeless in the slumberings of life-bearing lifeness
in the shadows of existence.

Hegel, Huxley, Kant begone -- thou twisting rots of knowledge die
Lorca lives and Beaumarchais can one-up modern euphemistic
Utopia *amantes* -- and ego I;
and Thou, whence comest and so forth, I love --
what simple statement that -- and yet
no other syllabic incantatory sounds can tell why Time for me
has come to move, not rest.

To Gothic Romantic Austen-types no twisted souls can meet and
love unless their twist is in their atmospheric outershells;
They meet on Moonlit streets or Gothic studies in --
But We who really live -- we met not knowing so, the one twisted
the other revelling in it -- how paradoxical! How
utterly un-Gothic!

How utterly the words from the pull of mind
the soul from muscle tears to break --
Columbus discovered us -- but

It does not matter to lovers who.

II

Sweep in the stormy moods of chance
the hot and wicked shallowness of mind gone stale
let the dangling conversational stalls rest
and hoarse reminders of unsonged-ness
be thought, not heard for yetness in not-so.

"Todos sueñan lo que son / aunque ninguno lo entiende"
and dreams let out the raw sanguinity of inner soul
and nothing real is real except by dreams;
thought messengers dispatch the rancid sweetness here
to imagine what is in might-have-been.

The Sheep of '69

Missy Taccarino, '69

It seems that everything that I read by one of my contemporaries is sad. No one writes anything happy or funny. Is it a lack of funny subjects? Is it because funny articles are frowned upon by teachers? Or is it because no one has time for something funny?

A student has no time to write because he is patterned by most teachers to do busywork. Patterned into sheep. Yes, sheep. There are few teachers that will allow a difference of opinion. I can see them shaking their heads now, wondering, "Who is this girl?" Sheep -- if I may address you all by your common name -- you have been in a class where some uninitiated student has suggested a new idea. An idea different from what the teacher has been teaching for three, ten, or maybe twenty years. This is the same teacher who will always teach the same way and always give the same tests. Some teachers will admit a new idea might be true but, they say, it very likely isn't. Other teachers will frankly and flatly state, "You are wrong." Being this way is not the teachers' fault. They too have been patterned.

Whose fault is it? The fault lies in the way the school system is set up. I am not advocating schools that meet in the nude. All I suggest is a little bit of free thinking and more practicality. The school tries to prepare the sheep for life. For most sheep, life will be college. The school does fine work in giving you the courses you need for college. Not life, college. It does little toward helping you decide what to do with your fine education. How do you decide? Blind luck.

I like the school and most of the people in it. But when it gets down to what I have learned, well . . . there is a funny story for you sheep to write about. Six years of working problems one through twelve according to example A. Six years of writing sheets of memorized facts on tests. When you write this funny tale, mention the sad things. Tell how I can lie, cram, bull, pass the buck, squirm, cheat and copy my way through almost anything except life. Then recall that they are doing the same thing to all you sheep. Yes, sheep, you too.

Somewhere Else

Second Place, Senior High Essay Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Janice Potloll, '69

Somewhere else is there a better land? In this land people drive using all possible care, and cars are safer with death control features. People don't die from flying through windshields, but die when their time comes.

Is there a land somewhere where students can get educated without competition and worrying about grades? Oh what a glorious land it would be! Education would be a reality.

In this land of somewhere I would know every bit of knowledge and my mind still be thirsty for more. My speech would be like an open dictionary.

Somewhere else adolescence would be accepted and not looked down upon. The teenagers could vote and express their thoughts and emotions.

Somewhere, someplace, sometime life would be a ladder of knowledge, not a step of competition.

Today and Tomorrow

First Place, Intermediate Poetry Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Shelley Frocht, '70

*Tomorrow always knows
what Today cannot remember.
Tomorrow always sees
while Today is still in darkness.
Would that everyone
could have Tomorrow's wisdom,
Today would be so perfect,
that Tomorrow'd never come.*

What Americanism Means

Barry Master, '69

"And what would you like, Monsieur?" she said in a broken English. She was standing close to one side of me there, trying to work her voice above the clamor in the rest of the room. And her waitress' uniform was a little soiled, too.

"Oh, I don't know," I lied, eyeing over the menu and thinking of my overworked wallet. "Orange juice, I guess - uh, two scrambled eggs, toast, and coffee."

"Would you like your coffee now or later?"

"Now'll be just fine."

"And you Monsieur?" she said, turning to my patient little companion.

He had a somewhat saucy air in hesitating to answer, for I was sure he had already made his decision. "Tomato juice, one poached egg, toast, and coffee - hold the coffee. And would you mind bringing us each a glass of water?"

"Oui, Monsieur," and she scurried into the kitchen area.

"You have to tell these French everything," he explained to me.

"Uh-huh," I agreed to keep peace. There wasn't too much to do now except to kill time. Looking up into the mirror over the counter, I tried to watch the customers seated behind us. When they proved disinteresting, I glanced over at the shredded wheat stacked haphazardly off in the corner. I wondered if I could pick up an English newspaper outside.

"That waitress has been gone fifteen minutes," my friend blurted out.

"Oh, c'mon, will you quit exaggerating? It hasn't even been five minutes yet."

"Well, what do you know! Here she comes," he said, as she walked past us, delivered someone else's order, and hurried back to the kitchen again.

"It's those arrogant French, I told you! These people hate Americans, and we're stuck with having these Commie-sympathizing Frenchies as allies!"

"Here's your coffee, Monsieur," as she hurriedly poured a cup for me, spilling some into the saucer. I started to say "Thank you" before my friend interrupted.

"And you even forgot the water. After half an hour, you don't even have our water, let alone our meal. You don't mean to tell me you have that many customers, sister."

"Lay off, it's only been a few minutes," I tried to caution. "Don't make a scene here."

Listen, just keep out of it for now. It's suckers like you that sit back and take it that help encourage their arrogance, I work hard for my money, which is good American money, Yankee dollars, to you (he gave her a look that would have frozen the Amazon; and I intend to get my money's worth. Give these French an inch and they'll take a mile. Ever since DeGaulle came into power."

"It's not worth getting all worked up over," I said.

"I only have two hands, Monsieur," she said, as she fled from our table.

A Friend Is . . .

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

Pam Whittingham, '70

Remember when a friend was someone you liked and who liked you? He was someone to share feelings and experiences with, someone to spend a great deal of time with. But, in his eyes and everyone else's he remained a separate individual.

Now, friendship, along with everything else, has changed. Friendship is so much more demanding. Other people try to attach many strings to it. Become friends with the new girl in class and you become responsible for her personality, taste, and actions. Am I expected to abandon an exiting friendship simply because a boy wears white socks or a girl doesn't know how to dress? It doesn't make any sense. Neither condition is catching.

If you don't drop a friend who has regrettable characteristics, you're expected at least to try to change him. The maxim "Even her best friend won't tell her" has become "Her best friend had better. . ." A good friend is expected to advise a friend to lose weight, not to talk so much, to change his whole way of life. What a good way to become mortal enemies!

I suppose it has been true for many people that a friend is not someone you like, but someone who is convenient for you - someone who will help you achieve status. Now this is being replaced by "collecting" friends. The object of this is to get a well-rounded group: one cheerleader, one hippie, one athlete, one brain.

Friendship doesn't need to be as binding as it is. You just have to realize the fact that there are different kinds of friendship: some deep, close friends and many other light friendships. A true friend is someone who is there when you need him, but knows how and when to disappear.

*The so peaceful snow
encloses twisted branches
in a silent shell.*

-- Katherine Tachau



Forgotten Incident

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

Susan James, '68

The brakes of the 1966 turtle-green Chevrolet squealed and screeched like a thousand roller skates at the bottom of a steep hill, yet the fatal impact, which seemed like the crushing of a cantaloupe revealed to Adrian that she had failed to avoid hitting the small body.

As though the jolt were her cue, she looked in the rear-view mirror for any unwanted witnesses but saw only the clear and dismal twilight. Although she had known for five minutes that she was the lone driver on the private road the view in the mirror gave her a surge of relief.

Quivering, she put her cold hands to her aching, pulsating head and closed her eyes to avoid the tears of torment and terror. She made a desperate attempt to put the whole thing out of her mind as she listened intently to the music on the car radio. The Mounds Bar candy wrapper on the floor became the object of her close scrutiny and her fingers drummed with wild rhythm on the sun-faded, cracked leather dashboard. The workings of her mind continued in this chaos for another full minute.

With abrupt self-assurance she shifted the car into "drive", but she could not put her foot on the accelerator. Certainly if she left the corpse on the road it would be noticed by someone else and given such attention that she would be interrogated, even if not suspected. Besides, she hated the idea of leaving the dead hound on the road for the wild beasts to tear to shreds.

Adrian lifted the shiny chrome handle of the door and stepped onto the cold, black asphalt. A brief smile crossed her face as she noticed the car was undamaged but a frown of sadness and disgust replaced it as she studied the bloody, broken body. As though she had practiced it often, she peeled off her chartreuse gloves and lemon-colored bench-warmer and dragged the guts off the road.

While in the light of the headlights, the soft white fur of the beagle had made Adrian feel very guilty and sad, but in the shadows of the dark woods the dog became the embodiment of an inconvenient and unpleasant accident. Wearily she kicked the body a few feet over to a massive oak tree and piled the broken twigs and crunchy leaves over it.

Everything seemed fine until a brusque movement a few yards away startled her into a second stage of unrestrained trembling. The girl could not make herself look in that direction but instead looked down at where the dead hound lay hidden. His thin furry ear revealed itself through the crinkled leaves. As she stared at it she listened acutely to the rustling of the thorny branches. Abruptly the frightened and guilty girl began to sob, but equally as suddenly she stopped.

Mr. Washin's 8J Core Class

With great composure she walked back to the car. After she opened the door she put on her coat and gloves and by the light she scraped the mud off of her soft leather shoes with a crooked, splintery piece of bark. Humming a popular song she threw the black rind over to where the dog lay partially buried.

A moment later she drove off and could shortly hear the blaring music coming from the stately white brick home which evoked a warm and bright light. As she walked up the front steps the door opened and a dark lanky youth handed her a shiny glass half full of bourbon and welcomed her with "Hi sis, we're havin' a party". A moment later she was in full swing.

Flight

Vicki Vivrett, '68

They walk . . .
hand in hand
and they both
think that
way deep
down,
they love

It is all
so
so real
and
they know it
is
forever. . .
until the phone rings,
and a
new voice
calls out to
come, enjoy,
forget
and fly
with
the
wind.

The Bush Masters

Why Me?

Jim Shanesy '68

*If you really love me as you say,
 and yet there is no
 twittering
 twinkling
 tintinabulating touch,
 or any
 succulent
 sensual
 softness of sentiment
 Then why do you waste your feeling on me?
 After all, you have only so long to live before
 your mind dries up like mine and
 rejects
 everything.*

Miss Well's 8F Core - '67 - '68

The Gossiping Rock

Mike Reckard, '68

*There are ---- minds
 with plenty many,
 things inside.
 But most ---- of what
 is in there,
 is there to hide.*

Summer

Katherine Tachau '68

Summer is
 the last time and the ultimate
 under the sun
 and in summer wander we unlonely
 yet within ourselves
 and neither of us really knows the other
 as we so think
 the last ripening these last growings and bearing forth
 the Summer
 and we two
 over and over and over
 though
 never the same

A Bleak Memo

Mike Reckard, '68

*Men's mind
 sometimes
 Resemble metal
 They just can't
 See the flower,
 For the petals.*

Miss Well's 8F Core Class

Now

Rick Gardner '68

A dead man was born, and a live man died, All of the nuns laughed, while thoughts and words fell as leaves from a mind tree.

Tears fell from the heartless. The sun rose in the west and set in the east, and the birds went to the north for the winter.

Then something strange happened, a man's heart was broken, shattered as fine glass. His friends came to get a small piece of glass so that they might crush it into fine powder and blow it into his face.

His face could not be found, and all that was left were fragments of his soul, mind, and ideas. Then, and only then, did they really realize how much they really loved him, and they laughed and laughed and laughed.

My Uncle Guz

Sam Fritschner '70

Take off the mask you're hiding behind,
For your true face soon someone surely will find.
It's no good running nowhere, smoking cigarettes and pot,
For One Man surely won't think you're cool if you're not.
Guzzle it down. Stand on the ground.
Ev'ryone knows you can take it, a ten-bottle round.
You prove that you're a he-man, now what are you going to do
in that pine-wood box made just 'specially for you?
Making you're A's, basketball plays
Only One Man decides what goes and what stays.
You can't start running nowhere,
You must stop telling lies.
For what other liars think should be small in your eyes.
But nobody will admit it - it's a game of hide and seek.
But in games with stakes that are this high
There is One Man allowed to peek.

Boyd's Business



English L. Perrod II. Mr. Smith

Of a Day Long Past

Barry Master '69

His hands grimed by the dusty shelf,
While his eyes stared straight at the floor,
And his thoughts trailed to a day faraway,
Of her smile, her laugh, her delight . . .

Of her soft flowing hair,
And that warm tender look.
No, no cliché could here describe,
She cared, she was always his friend.

Though hesitant, he knew he'd recover,
Or forget—or she might come back.
But even then, she'd never be the same,
For he knew it to be true:

He'd always be alone in the world.

A Love Song of Mountains; Sonnet III

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

Linda Moody '69

*I do not need you; never let that count
As evidence of coldness or disdain,
My love is never sold at the amount
Of small security, for frequent pain
Of independence I elect to bear,
Turn then your thoughts from pride's embarrassment
And recognize the gift I bring as rare;
A love attached to no requirement
Of channeled strength. I cherish strength and soul
And heart; the heart warmed wisdom that I seek
In hope that love alone might be your goal
And not the eyeless worship of the weak.
My loving must not one with using be
Else love and you both lose reality.*

Broken Bottles

Roberta Hill '69

*broken bottles, lying in purple misted
alleys, ashcans, old cats, lost dogs
I broke those bottles with a raging hand
A savage kick, at a loss for words
at a time when I know, my character
was not sufficient, my heart not big
enough, I was not good enough to
see what you needed of me
and if I did I closed my eyes to you
and shut you out*

Secluded

Lynn Webster, '68

A sugar maple tree stands in a corner of our front yard. Its broad, luxurious leaves provide a shady shelter from the usual prinness of our garden. Two sides of this sanctuary are bordered by tall privet hedges and the third by a towering hemlock tree. Only a narrow, natural gate is provided for entering my nest of comfort.

Mother has tried desperately, but in vain, to grow shrubs there. Even grass refuses to enter the hallowed ground. After a summer shower, the ground is smooth, even, and slimy underfoot. During the dry season, its cracks form asymmetrical patterns across the earth. Sections of dried mud break away and crumble into dust.

During the fall, the splashy yellows of our maple draw quick attention to my otherwise overlooked corner. The leaves darken, dry up, and one by one settle to form a carpet over the ground. The air is clean and brisk. Its stinging pungency matches the crackling of leaves which dissolve into powder and are blown away.

The winter does not neglect my nook, for snow sculpts a great mass of mountains around the maple and hedges. Their minute branches are glistened with ice and sparkle in the winter sun. The hemlock, proudly green, seems burdened with a larger amount of snow because of its year round foliage.

Spring finds tender yellow shoots on the maple and the hedges forcing the hemlock to relinquish its boastful spirit. Returning birds twitter overhead as they build new nests. The earth is moist with melted snows. Mother again tries to civilize my hideout but it will never be tamed. The maple and the hemlock entwine their branches over timeless earth which cradles many dreams, reflections, and meditations.

31⁰

Philip High, '68

*My breath reaches
To touch the light fog,
A moment of independence,
And then, dissolving,
Touches everything.*

Some Friends

last night the moon ran away

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

Nancy Smoot '70

*last night the moon ran away
and clouds were the skies' cover
at first the wind was gentle
as the coming dusk
the skies turned darker blue
and the wind whistled
and called my name
crying
I heard the voice and answered
like a madman I ran
and as I ran
the wind grew stronger
it took me in its arms
and carried me off with it
Rain came dripping
washed with tears my face
I huddled close to the wind
I could not leave his arms
crying eyes couldn't see
what was ahead of me
I hid in fear, not knowing
even what I feared
Lightning struck
and I awoke.*



Sarah's Seared Senses



Epp and Ann

Gift of Love

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

Laurel Blanton, '70

The atmosphere of the hot June day seemed to stifle all life in the small Nebraska town. Under a spreading oak tree, a tiny blonde girl fed her doll a cup of tea, talking gaily to it as if the doll were her best companion. The backyard was grassless and filthy with poverty and depression. An old frame house stood sweltering in the sun, its paint cracked and peeling like the face of a wrinkled old man.

As Miriam played, a frisky black puppy came running up to her, his tail wagging and his tongue reaching out to kiss her nose. "Oh go way, Scratch! Get away from here, you bad dog. Can't you see baby and me are havin' tea?" she scolded. Scratch came bounding back to Miriam only minutes later. In his mouth he held a hard-earned present for her. It was a present to make up with Miriam, and he proudly placed the prize at her feet. Looking down at Scratch's gift of love, Miriam saw a tiny brown bird, perfectly formed, with a trace of blood shining upon its beak. Its eyes were closed and its claws were tightly clutched as if to hold on to the last bit of life before death. Miriam picked up the bird, holding it outstretched in her hand. She walked to the end of the yard and placed him in an old tin can. With her soft childish hands, she began to dig a hole for the grave of her bird of love.

After the bird was sealed within the earth, Miriam decorated his grave with ugly wildflowers which grew beside the house. Solemnly she knelt beside the grave and for the first time she felt the real aloneness of life. She could only feel how Scratch's gift of love had meant the death of another. Maybe when she grows older, she can understand what it means to take a life for another's happiness.

No one was home to comfort her. No one cared. Scratch whined mournfully as he nudged her hand. Slowly Miriam stood up and carried Scratch back with her to the oak tree. Tears filled her wide blue eyes and rolled down her cheeks. All alone. It's bad to be alone. Taking her dolly close to her, Miriam kissed the doll's pallid, plastic cheek as its glass eyes wobbled in its head.

Remember Us As Splinters on the Baseline of Life

Contemplations of a Tin Can

Third Place, Senior High Essay Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Moury Kohn, '68

As I sit here thinking about my life, I am shocked. Of all things I could have been, I turned out to be a tin can, now empty and crushed under the weight of a car. It might have been someone else who was crushed and me be part of the car. Thinking of my short existence as a tin can and how my life has changed makes me afraid.

I began millions of years ago, before there was life on earth. I was one of a large family watched over by Mother Nature. We had a peaceful life for millions of years, disturbed only by the elements.

Then men came along and wrenched me out of my peaceful subterranean home. This home, which had attained such immense beauty, was severely altered. It was like taking the front of a house off and exposing the insides.

Men and more men came to get me and my brothers and sisters. We tried to fight them, but as the battle progressed we fell to their new weapons. We were evicted from our home to go somewhere, but where?

We rode in carts, trucks, wheelbarrows, and railroad cars to our new destination. We weren't treated as we would have liked, for we were their prisoners.

When we reached the mill, or should I say the torture chamber, our woes had just begun. There, we were crushed, heated, cooled, added to water, heated again, cooled, and finally separated. This separation parted many lifelong friends. Others were added to our number and the process started again.

We emerged from the forges and presses changed but not exactly satisfied. We missed the old forms and friends that reminded us of home. We were in a new shape but still the same atoms and molecules.

We were sent to other mills where I was made into a can. I was not alone. I had plenty of company, all the same shape as me.

We were filled with everything from beer to baked beans. It was so fast that I didn't even realize that I was on a shelf in a grocery.

I recognized old friends while I waited for the inevitable. Some had changed shape or color and contained many other items. I wanted to talk about things with them, but they had changed so much since I had last seen them that they had forgotten our sacred language.

I was finally bought and used. After my contents were used I found other uses. A little boy kept his rocks in me. It was so nice to be with my own people! The only thing that was wrong was that I changed. I had failed to see our differences and so our rift.

One day I was cast out into a garbage can. The little boy who once treasured the rocks I held grew up. Now he treasured other things.

As I sit here in the garbage can I wonder what will be my next step along the winding road of life.

Snorkeltooth

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

Reva Brick, '71

You know, I used to be distinguished. I was special, I had something nobody else had. I had a snorkel.

Not the kind of snorkel you use in swimming, a completely different thing.

My snorkel was a tooth, my left front one, to be exact. It stuck out over my lip just like a real snorkel. Boy, was I proud of it!

The strange thing about it was that my other tooth didn't show.

My parents and friends laughed at me, called me things like snorkeltooth and snork. (Personally, I think they were just jealous!) My eighth grade picture was a flop, old snork was right there, in the middle. I bought it anyway. I thought I looked so neat!

Yes, I was one of the lucky ones. I owned something unique.

Now I have braces, I am one of the masses.

Good old snork!

Chair Dilemma

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

Kay Worthington, '70

If you want to buy a chair, go into almost any furniture store today, and I guarantee sights that will send shivers running up and down your spine. Featured in the center of the room will be low-backed, long-seated chairs -- if you call them chairs -- covered with orange leather, shiny enough to pick up your reflection. Off to the side are very austere looking plastic apparatuses advertized as "the latest thing in fashion furniture."

Far be it from me to say what is good or bad, but let's face it. Who would actually want to sit in some of the chairs they make anymore? Your legs stick to the plastic seatcovers, unless, of course, you're wearing slacks. If you haven't got slacks on, when you go to stand up, everyone around you hears a noise resembling that of a plunger being pulled away from enamel. A person can't lean his head back if he is tired because there is nothing to lean against. The back of the chair may stop in the middle of the thoracic vertebrae, but do the manufacturers of the chair do anything about it? Of course not!

Oh, for the days of wicker rocking chairs with four-foot backs -- chairs that have long since passed into oblivion. In the name of progress and modern design, the comfort has been taken out of sitting down. Call me old-fashioned, or anything else for that matter, but I would rather sit in an old, deep, soft chair than in any offered me from a department store today.

What was wrong with the chairs of yesterday that made designers alter their designs so drastically? Surely chairs could not have formerly been so terrible. The severe strain backs are now placed under is unthinkable. Where has all the comfort gone?

Yet, there is still a ray of hope. When one extreme has been reached, the only direction to go is back where you started from. And believe me, I'll be there, waiting to sit back in comfort.

"Deadpans, Man, Real Deadpans"

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

Susan Porter, '68

"Hey, man, ya wanna know what I think? Well, I'll tell ya.

"Look at 'em. Have ya ever seen a bigger bunch of deadpans? I mean, a mass of faces starin' into nowhere, vaguely straight ahead. Oh, their heads do turn an inch or so to the minister in the pulpit. And sometimes they tilt. But otherwise there's scarcely any sign

Miss Carpenter's 2nd Period English

of life from the congregation. Why, I even doubt if they would stand up for hymns unless the Reverend raised his hands. Aw, they're pretty eager for the first hymn alright, because they're still awake. But give 'em a response, scripture and pastoral prayer and they're out like a light. Boy, that second hymn's a doozy.

"Oh, yeah, about that responsive reading. It's simply hysterical. Here's this selection from Isaiah 42. It's an excitin' passage about the prophecies of the Messiah, about the strength of God's servant and his wisdom. And then, the God Almighty speaks himself, revealin' his relationship to the "Chosen One". The emotion in this passage is really buildin' to a climax. And ya know what? There sits the "righteous" congregation readin' the response: ta-ta ta-ta-tum, ta-ta ta-tum, etc., etc. They sound like a group of first graders recitin' the pledge to the flag.

"But then, I can't say too much for the second minister either. Why, he reads the New Testament scripture as if it were the Wall Street Journal. And his long prayer is Brahm's lullaby in disguise. I mean, it just doesn't show emotion. One needs to show emotion. Ya see?

"Then hopes rise. Surely the choir'll sing with emotion or animation. Aw, nope! Not those teenagers. Like father, like son, and all that. And to them, as to their parents, it's little more than a social hour. Such a pretty anthem. Rather resembles a funeral march.

"Yet, finally, somebody! The minister climbs in the pulpit, connects his microphone and begins the sermon. And it's great, man. He's got it, you know, the entire essence. I mean he's, he's... a-live! That's it, the whole thing! How else can you say it? He feels it! He shows it! He communicates it! I mean, he's no deadpan! And for awhile the flock isn't either.

"But they'll be the same next week. They always are. And I just don't get it. Why can't they wake up, huh? For just one hour of every week? Why not? Of course, maybe they're deadpans all the time. Maybe they don't know how to act differently. But not all of them. Surely not. Come on! LOOK ALIVE! Baptists may be considered corny and crazy because they clap and have AMEN choruses. But what's wrong with that, huh? So they aren't sophisticated. But you know what they are? They're LIVIN' man! Baby, they're ALIVE!! and that's what counts. I mean, that's what I'm around for."

Mrs. Boyd's 6th

Over There, Over There

Mike Reckard, '68

*Barbarous, inoculated
threatening the types
Of love, know not,
You have tried at times,
Spell it out, hate it
forever,
Desecrate its grounds, blind its mind
Escape is a word, say it,
You cannot have it.*

*Free? What of this?
That flows in it too,
like sewage.
Wash your hands man, you are there.
Why should you care?
Quite over it is, as quick as was done.
Faultless it is, faultless will it be.*

*The bushes hide their fate
When the steel cars take them there.
The trenches save their lives
When the shrapnel cuts the air.
And lots are left behind alone
For the coffins to carry home.*



Mumbly-Peg

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

Carol Tinkle, '70

I've always believed that a person's life is wasted if he doesn't die happy. This thought was constantly on my mind during the days following my friend's death. I remember the day we met as distinctly as if it had been just this morning.

On that day, I was walking in the woods when I came upon a little cottage. An old man was sitting on the steps. He rose as I came near, and he simply nodded his greeting. Small and stooped, he was wrinkled and gray-haired, and he had a kind of sadness and loneliness in his old eyes. We introduced ourselves to each other. From our conversation, I learned that he had only a son left in his family. But his son had forgotten him, so he really didn't have a family at all.

I could tell that this old man was a stranger in this world. Our world had grown modern while he had grown old. He still lived in the world of his childhood.

Then, for no earthly reason at all, I asked him if he would play a game of mumbly-peg with me. Not many people today play mumbly-peg; in fact, people who have never heard of it find it difficult to suppress a giggle when they first hear the name. My grandfather taught my brother and me how to play mumbly-peg when we were very young, and since the old man before me was about the age of my grandfather, I thought maybe he had heard of or played mumbly-peg before.

To my surprise, he consented. He was a bit rusty at handling the little knife, and I could tell that he had not played for many years. I beat him just barely.

As I pocketed my little knife, I saw a twinkle of happiness in his eyes. He smiled as he said softly and slowly, "Tomorrow I will win."

But when I arrived the next day, the old man lay dead on the ground, a slight smile on his lips, and his own little mumbly-peg knife in the dirt by his hand.





Some Friends

Under the Grass Tree, Under the Green

Dawn Harrison, '68

As he lay there so calmly and serenely I couldn't help but think about his boyish ways. Everyone in town knows about the time he set the Brannigan's Siamese cat on fire. But far too easily shifted to the forgotten arse of the brain in his bravery in rescuing Edith Carroll from the deserted mine which had caved in leaving her trapped. No, he really is not a bad kid even though almost everyone in town refers to him as the "brat". One can not help but smile fondly when he remembers the day his blueberry-smearing face highlighted the front page of the Dispatch because he had out-eaten everyone in the county fair pie-eating contest. Yet this is quickly forgotten when one remembers that he pushed Will Harrod through the grocery window breaking both Will's arms and the glass or that he put soap in the town fountain or that he drank all the Communion wine at Church. Yes, it's true that his impish actions fade into the masses of devilish deeds. But still no one would ever want to see this spirited lad lying there so calmly and serenely in his little coffin.

Clouds

David Berman, '68

*Like cotton candy in the sky,
They sweeten up the earth
With drops of life-bearing rain
Which beautify our land.
These droplets are returned to heaven,
To form once again the clouds,
That with the help of the sun
Make the sky a most beautiful picture.*

71 Core Class

What Is Life?

Susan James, '68

"What is Life?"
 "Life? Life is my canvas. I found it here in my studio seventeen years ago."
 "And what do you paint on it?"
 "I paint what I know, what I see and hear, what I seem to "sense"."
 "With what do you paint?"
 "I paint with happiness, fear, anger, love---my general feelings."
 "Where do you get these?"
 "I find them in my studio. You see, I am confined in here . . . alone. It is a labyrinth of mystery. I have journeyed far but never found a way out. I never have time to really search for one because I must keep painting."
 "Ah yes, your painting. Tell me about it."
 "When I began painting I was privileged with a beautiful canvas and other supplies. My canvas was unblemished of complications, virginal of sin, and barren of a past. I knew not what to paint so I dabbled endlessly. This was inevitable but nonetheless inexcusable, for you see, to waste such a canvas is to waste all."
 "But you have others to---"
 "Oh no! I have but one canvas and I must have respect for it, otherwise it will reap nothing for me. I have only one chance to attempt perfection."
 "Perfection?"
 "Yes, I must paint an answer, a purpose. I must paint something that will give my canvas a meaning. I shall use all paints: evil, hate, beauty, sin, and have them balance well. This is to be the harvest of my toil. I only regret that I haven't more time. Always, I debate whether I shall spend time on the details that are my nourishment and leave other vistas of my canvas empty, or shall I hurry to complete my painting, never knowing the splendor that lies in fine particulars."
 "You have no problem. The others have shown me that time has no death."
 "Ah yes, that is a great tragedy. Time has no death, but it brings death to each of us."
 "And when will Time bring death to you?"
 "I don't know. I don't know. Anytime; tomorrow, next year, thirty years."
 "How will death come to you?"
 "The fates will come. I will then be taken to Him to be judged on my merits as a painter. I must show improvement. My painting must show the discouragement, defeat, pain, and strife that I have born, yet He must see my vigor and willingness, my faith."
 "What shall become of this canvas?"
 "It shall hang in the hall of Eternity."

Garden of the Dolls, 5th and 6th

Flower Power

Nancy Smoot, '70

Flower Power has changed my outlook in many ways. Until people started going around wearing Flower Power buttons, I never had really thought about flowers. Now things have changed.
 It took a while for Flower Power to affect me, though. After I'd seen and heard the phrase for a few weeks, I decided to see for myself what made it so special. The first thing I did was pick a flower. It was a brilliant yellow marigold. I held it in my hand and looked at it. I smelled it. Then I realized how beautiful flowers are.
 After I got accustomed to picking flowers and wearing them, I decided that wasn't enough. I began taking flowers with me where ever I was going, and I gave them to my friends. It's wonderful to see the look of pleasant surprise on the face of a person who's never taken time to look at a flower before.
 Now the weather has turned cold and flowers aren't so easy to find. I find myself walking into florist shops more and more. All those flowers sitting in vases, and I've never seen the florist wearing one. One of these days I'm going to buy a huge red chrysanthemum and give it right back to the florist.

The Choice

Linda Moody '69

I curse you
Should you speak one gentle word
Or smile my way but once.
All that matters to you now is
Subject
To your bitter fury
And so would I be subject.

Miss Carpenter's 5th Period English



T. V. English

Dust and Ashes

First Place, Senior High Poetry Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Jim Shanesy '68

Go Ahead.

*Tell me of the meaninglessness of the universe,
of the vastness of the cosmos,
of the nothingness of eternity,
of the void we call "life".*

Go Ahead.

I'll Listen.

*But then I'll tell you that as long as I know joy,
as long as I can know pain,
as long as I can feel,*

*then I'm alive,
baby.*

So don't you talk unless you're ready to listen.

SD Core Class



The Signs of Winter

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

Sally Lukins '72

When the days get chilly, and the nights get cold;

When the leaves turn red, brown, and gold;

When all the flowers wither and die;

Then summer has gone and winter is nigh.

Overhead, in the cool, clear air;

Birds fly south, for it is warmer there.

Squirrels gather nuts from all around,

For they know that snow will soon cover the ground.

When the days get short, and the nights get long;

When the crickets sing their last sweet song;

When frost shines brightly in the dawn;

Then winter is near, and summer is gone.

Hampey's Dump

A Memory

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

Barbara Past, '72

The earth is protected from the bitter cold by a thick coat of snow, piled in powdery drifts and glaring in the sun. Gently sloping hills are spotted with trees, black against the white background. The small pines stand, beading at the tips, their feathery branches sagging with the weight of the snow; the smaller bushes are completely covered, remaining as odd looking bumps clustered throughout the valley. Taller maples, oaks, and sycamores rise as motionless skeletons of frosted trunks and limbs, their leaves long fallen and transformed into the purity of the scene. At the bottom of the valley, the tiny creek runs slowly, silently, winding around and between the hills, the rocks over-hanging its banks and dripping with icicles that glint in the light. The scene is a picture of peace, tranquility.

The valley is interrupted by voices, those of children, coming forth over the peak of the hill and sounding with laughter and shrieks of delight. They descend into the valley, running and falling as they trip over awkward boots and rise again, propping themselves with mittened hands. And as the trees begin to throw clearly defined shadows onto the ground below they depart, pants and jackets soaked to the skin, noses running, and the voices perhaps not so gay as they were an hour earlier.

The earth is still protected from the bitter cold by the thick coat, but the picture indeed has changed. Tracks of overturned snow mark the places where little feet have trudged along. The trees stand taller now, free of the heavy flakes which previously pulled their branches down. Bushes have appeared again, and a wool hat remains on the battlefield of a snowball fight. The delicate icicles have been broken and cracked, the frail surface layer of ice on the creek has been shattered.

Yet the scene is not unpleasant, even though Nature's work has been marred. For the screams of happiness can still be heard, the snowballs still being hurled through the clear air, the little fingers are still red from the cold. All as a picture in a child's mind, a picture that one, when older, can recall and describe, perhaps to children or grandchildren, at different places and different Christmases. In fact, the picture is never really marred or disturbed, for it remains as a memory behind each curtain and fold in the depths of a person's mind.

The Flower Children



Stage 117

Where Have All the Flowers Gone?

Third Place, Junker High Poetry Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Frank Wilkerson, '72

*Where have all the flowers gone?
 the hippies have gone with them.
 One was asked this same question
 his only reply — home.
 What seemed to be a revolution
 guided by the mighty pill
 is recognized as only a group of kids
 trying to be on their own.
 They have acted like a small child
 who lives quickly of a toy.
 They have begun to realize that
 Man doesn't exist on visions.
 This movement may soon be forgotten,
 but its ideas linger on
 Peace for all and fun for many
 A vision, yes, but not realism. . .*

©2 Tyler Harter

The Hippie Revolution

Third Place, Junior High Essay Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Marc Zakem, '73

I think the Hippie Revolution is something else. The people that down-grade the hippies are foolish. All they're doing is standing for what they think is right. And what they believe to be right, I also believe. The fight for freedom and love is what this world needs. The hippies may dress amusingly and wear their hair long, but they have the right idea. If only more people would consider this fight for love in the world, then something might be done about it. But just because they're teenagers and wear boots and ride motorcycles, people won't listen and think they're a disgrace. Of course, their not wanting or thinking they need to work is something else. But the hippies have their right to their opinion, don't they? Isn't this supposed to be a free country?

I think that the reason all of them started this was to try to get people to understand the need for love and peace in Europe and Asia. The people should listen if they know what's good for them. But, no, they have to stay in the high society group and turn their noses up.

As you have probably guessed, I'm for hippies. I hope you are, too.

The Fight

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

Charles Stoll, '72

This ez the story that I'm a'gonna' tell

An' you'll hear it all ef ya lissen real well.

'Twas round 'bout las' summer, the fish was hitin' right;

An' Clem meets up wit' Cal, an' they has the biggest fight.

The two mighty rivals, two guys that had never met,

The winner of the battle, his prize, Sweet Jean, would get.

Les Vingt-neuf Fleurs des Jardins et une Epine

Clem from Ol' Coon Holler had ne'er before been topped,

An' 'fore Cal o' Possum Crick every opponent had finally dropped.

An' then as the inhabitants of Sticksville looked on,

The two guys met up, half an hour before the dawn,

Very soon they got to fightin' and to feudin' and to such,

But I didn't really think it would amount to very much.

Then they started yellin', kicking, hitting, poundin', fightin',

Sluggin', spittin', rasalin' and even bitin'!

Then they rolled all 'round and landed in the trough!

They tell it took nigh three whole days to get the hog slop off.

They fought on and they fought on,

Neither of them would give;

It would be an insult to their honor;

I wondered which would live.

An' slowly the sun disappeared

An' as the fightin' died down people began to shout.

But they was just too tired,

They was jes' plumb tuckered out.

An' so from that day on

No victor was ever known; For Clem steered clear o' Cal

An' Cal let Clem alone.

Junior Classical League

John

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

Priscilla Burbank, '72

He walked down the dusty lane. He occasionally jumped to touch a passing tree limb. He could have been a nice-looking boy, but his clothes, ragged blue-jeans and a slightly dirty shirt, and his dark hair flopping into his face made him seem unkempt. He was sturdy-looking, although a little short for six years of age. He looked like most of the boys that lived in his town back then.

John stopped suddenly. Ahead of him was a boy, an older one. His heart lurched with fear.

"Hiya, Johnny!" taunted the boy. "How are you Johnny?" He emphasized Johnny, making it seem childish.

"My name's John, not Johnny," he said simply. He turned to leave. "But you're too little to be John. You're Johnny! What's 'a' matter, Johnny? You too little? Yeah, too little to be John!"

Suddenly John was upon him, beating wildly against his chest, yelling, "I'm John! I'm John! I'm not too little! I'm big enough to be John!"

Then he turned and fled, tears flowing from his eyes. He ran and ran. Finally he stopped, exhausted. He sobbed into the ground.

He looked up, he was in the forest, surrounded by huge trees. Getting up, he saw his shadow, huge in the afternoon sun.

"I am John! I am big! Look how big I am!"

Then his heart filling with hate and anger, he picked up some rocks and threw them at the trees with all his might. Shouting as he did so.

The bird's nest fell. He stopped to examine it. He picked the little animal up.

With a fury he had never known before, he closed his hand, crushing the small creature. When, at last, he opened his hand the bird lay quiet and still.

"Birdie? Birdie?" he said softly. "Birdie? Birdie?" sobbing he laid the bird gently on the grass.

He turned around. There stood a tall man.

"Anything wrong, son?" he asked.

"Uh, no sir."

"Well," The man turned to leave.

"Uh...sir?" very softly. "Sir, I killed a bird, I was mad at a boy in town."

"Oh, I see."

"Uh...sir?"

"Yes?"

"Sir, my name's Johnny."

"Hello, John."

Mr. and Mrs. H. J. Moody

The Orator

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

Michael McConnell, '73

A man addressed a crowd, with fire in his eye, with truth in his heart, with the strength that comes of sureness, of faith, in his voice. His words were of a man of God in purity, and of a man of the earth in boldness and magnificence, and the infinite wisdom of his words rang out over the multitude. The inspiring speech of the brilliant patriot, glorious and shining with truth, justice, strength, compassion, purity, was of praise for his country and honor for his flag.

Patriots' Game

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

David Tachau '73

"I'm for.," Number 11 said.

"Yes, I'm for.," Number 3 said.

"I'm for.," Number 6 said.

Everyone was for it.

"I was never for that!" Number 11 said.

"No, neither was I!" Number 3 said.

"Nobody was," Number 6 said.

What happened? It's a patriot's game.

Hang Up

Second Place, Junior High Short Story Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Marc Zahem, '73

"...anyway, Thelma, your son is the worst boy I have ever seen. Why yesterday I saw him tease that poor beagle dog. If he were my son, he certainly wouldn't give us any trouble. None of our children has ever been spoiled, and...Oh wait a moment please, Jimmy dear, quit jumping on your sister Suzy...Where was I? Oh, yes, your son was throwing eggs at our house last Halloween. If anyone in OUR family did that, they would...Michael, get out of the cookie jar... Now Thelma,...Thelma? Thelma? The conceited snob, she hung up."

Miss Will's BF Coe - '67 - '68

Have I ?

First Place, Junior High Poetry Division
Introspect Spontaneous Writing Contest

Lynn Graves '72

*Have I never run against a tide
And laughed my morning into frothy brine?
Never plucked the small, sweet scurrying sand crabs
Out, and bubbled them seaward again?
Have always I sat,
Keeping the
sad,
sharp,
agony of a
mouldering spine?*

*Did I once dance as the deer do,
And breathe my joy to the hills?
I do not know.
It has been too long.*

Reality

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

Harold Selman, '72

Reality: ah, yes; the cold bitter facts of reality. So many times, so many thousands of times one says to himself, "It couldn't be true, it just couldn't. It isn't real, it's just my imagination. I'm in a dream, that's it." Or one says, "Why did it happen to me? Why me, O God, why me? I don't deserve it." Yes, this is reality and I guess we all, in time, have to face up to it. I know, in experience, that reality is something most people could do without.

The loss of a loved one is, I think, the most heart-breaking example of reality. To know that you have lost all that really mattered, all you lived for, but to hope that by some miracle all this isn't true, that it's just your imagination, your mind playing tricks on you; to hope that you will suddenly awake from a terrible dream. But no, never do you awake, but always, in your mind, you are hoping, praying that the faint footsteps you hear coming nearer and nearer might be he. You just pray that some day you will reunite with him, one day you will hear his soft clear voice saying: "Come, I awaited thee."

Mr. and Mrs. William D. Kelly



How It Feels to Die

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

Carolyn Vardaman, '72

It is the first day of spring and the ice blue lake is bubbling into its new form. It is the first day of spring and the robins are commencing their hope-filled songs. It is the first day of spring and the sun's warm rays are entering my room for the first time in months. As I lie with the covers pulled snugly around me, the four walls of my room close in on me. I think back on the days behind me. Those were the bright days, the wonderful days, the happy days. Those were the days when my bed was not my cage, my everlasting fear of every new day. As I strain to close my eyes against the burning spring sun I reminisce on the days when I was well, moving about. If only I were released, Oh! The dragons I could slay! Oh! The empires I could conquer! Oh! The praise I could win! But no, no! I will never slay my dragons, conquer my empires, claim my praise.

Before my eyes I see visions of Ponchita. Ponchita, her long blonde hair, crystal blue eyes. Will I ever see her again? Yes, I will see her, but she will not see me.

The sun momentarily goes behind a cloud. My life is like this now. My life is in the dark, hidden, never to be found. I am lost, unable to find my way in the whirlpools of this sea. Again the sparkling sunlight fills my room. Unlike the sun, I will never sparkle again.

Alone with the sun Death fills my room. It tries to smother everything out of me as I struggle, defeated, against it. I am too young to die. I cannot leave this world yet. But what does it hold for me? Only day after day of misery, misery in the highest degree. Hour after hour of pain and humility. Why does this happen to me? What have I done to deserve this?

As I use all my energy to turn my limp body over, the Future fills my room. What Future have I? How could I ever live again with memories like these behind me? Memories of a useless, wasted life.

The sounds of the world outside this dungeon fill my ears. I hear the running steps of merry children on the cobblestones outside. I hear the bells of churches ringing outside. I hear the cars rumbling along the tree shaded drive outside. I hear the people talking to acquaintances outside. All outside. All outside of my life. All outside of everything. The sounds go by without even knowing what is happening inside my prison, without even caring.

I feel the tears that have stained my pillow. They have stained it with sadness and weariness. I taste Death all around me. What road can I take away from it? There is none. I must face my Future and the facts that go hand and hand with it. I have no Future, no tomorrow.

For I am five and have the three day measles.

The Ring

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

Jennifer Case, '73

He said he would meet me at the corner. What did he want with me? He knew very well that I had four tests tomorrow. All afternoon he had been over visiting me. And now, at nine thirty at night, he wanted to see me. All I did on the way was think.

I wonder... if it could be the ring, but I soon dismissed it from my mind. I was only seventeen and not very mature for my age. Still when he came over to visit me, he did have a gleam in his beautiful blue eyes. But, why, why do I think these things? I know I will only be disappointed when I hear what he has to tell me. Probably to go to the movies. No, he never called me up and asked me to meet him at the corner just to ask me to go to the movies. It must be something important I thought. I got to the corner, but no one was there. I thought to myself, "He wouldn't run out on me, I'll wait." Soon he came running down the street, holding on to his pocket. When he saw me he ran very fast to meet me. Then he stopped running and turned very red. He managed to stumble out, "I'm sorry." I said I came early to think.

Suddenly the gleam in his eye returned and he turned red and then he said, "I've got something to give you." Before I could say anything he slipped a gold ring with a small diamond on my finger. Then he said, "Gotta go now, see you tomorrow."

I turned and walked down the street. Holding the diamond ring up in the light of the streetlight, I could see it glimmer and shine. I was right. It was the ring.

What I See

Roger Honour, '72

*I look out my window the whole day through,
But then - what else can a goldfish do?*

White Christmas?

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

Eleanor Griffin, '72

Mr. Tom Whitney stood at the door of his restaurant. A shoddy wreath adorned it. He unlocked the door and went in. He glanced quickly around the dining area, sparsely furnished but clean. Satisfied, he picked up the "Open" sign and placed it in the window by the door.

Across the street in front of Hunter's, a big department store, a small group of men, women and children had gathered, all of whom were Negroes. They were listening to a large Negro man, who was giving a speech. His emotions were reflected in the faces of the crowd as they shouted and waved picket signs. They bore captions such as "Stop discrimination!" and "Negroes have to shop for Christmas, too, so let us in!"

"Oh, No!", thought Tom. "Here they go again. This town has always practiced segregation; who do they think they are?" Then, he stopped. Maybe these demonstrations were maddening, but he shouldn't lose control of himself. "It is none of my business anyway," he thought. "It's Hunter's problem."

Suddenly the door opened and in came the first customer of the day. Tom had returned to his place behind the counter and was wiping it when Bob walked in.

"Toast and coffee," Bob said. He nudged Tom and pointed across the street. "How's the war coming?", he asked sarcastically.

Tom said, "I don't think it's any of my business." Bob laughed. "Uh-huh, tell us about it. You'll change your mind when they come in here and make you serve them. Whadda ya' going to do, chase 'em out with an ax?"

"Very funny," Tom answered. But he felt a lump in his throat. He hadn't thought about if they tried to come in his restaurant.

Bob looked at the clock and remarked "Gotta go, I don't wanna be late for work." He paid his bill and left.

Tom recalled their conversation. He didn't want to get involved in this but Bob had a point. Although he couldn't keep from worrying, Tom went back to his work in the restaurant. Inside him a voice said, "Why me; why should I care?" It couldn't be just him. It had to be something bigger than just opinions. He tried to rationalize

the problem but fear of "getting involved" held him back. "I can't take a side," he reminded himself.

Suddenly a thought made him sure of himself. Now he had the answer. "Take a side," he repeated. Of course, Bob was trying to get him to take a side. He was trying to get him involved. With this idea his mind was at rest for the moment at least.

Just before closing time a small, pitifully thin Negro boy walked in. He was clad in a ragged pair of jeans.

Tom was so astonished that for an instant he forgot to be angry at this sorry-looking boy who had trespassed on the territory that formed the border between two worlds. Then he remembered and stood up. "Get lost, kid! Didn't you see the sign?"

The little boy's voice was barely audible. "I'm sorry, sir. I can't read."

"Well, whadda ya' want?," Tom said roughly.

Haltingly the boy asked, "Can I have something to eat?
My ma's sick and I ain't ate since yesterday."

This was it. A little plea from a frightened Negro boy,

Two choices sprang up before Tom. Here was a hungry little boy.

Why shouldn't he give him food? Because his skin was black?

For the first time that day Tom was facing reality. The fear of getting involved melted away. He was already involved. The department store pickets, his friend Bob and the little boy proved that. Now it was up to him. He could not close his ears and say it did not exist. He had to choose.

Slowly he walked to the front of his restaurant and took the "No Negroes" sign out of the window. He looked at it for a long moment and then slowly tore it up into little pieces.

"How about some ham and eggs, sonny?"

The boy nodded. Tom fixed the food and the grateful look the boy gave him after his first mouthful warmed Tom's heart.

More than a sign had been stripped from the room and from the people in it.



Mrs. Gadin's Period III English IV

The Shaft

Audrey McGrath, '72

The cold wind whipped about her as she quickly struggled onward. The night was also cold and very dark. Snow was softly falling about her. She kept on walking.

Ahead of her loomed a dark building. She stopped to read the plaque on the door. It read "Cornwall Catholic Church". She repeated the words to herself softly.

Suddenly she pulled open the heavy oak doors and slowly went in.

No-one was in sight as she quietly walked down the aisle. Everything was just the same as it had been before. The candles, pews, everything were exactly as they had been five years ago.

She glanced up at the stained glass window above her, and saw a woman staring back at her. A woman with gray streaks in her hair, although she was only twenty five. Lines of anguish, worry, and strain showed in her face. Her eyes were deep with sorrow and tears streamed down her cheeks.

Not always had this reflection been that way. Five years ago she was beautiful. The reflection in the window was that of a young girl, full of love and happiness. Her eyes were full of joy, and misty tears of happiness sparkled from them.

Now it was all so very different. But why? why?

A dark path; a rumble deep in the earth; falling rock; and a love now dead; these were all answers to her question.

The answers racked in her head. Repeating over and over again their torments. Each one kept shouting louder and louder trying to drown out the others.

Suddenly she jumped up and went running out into the night.

She kept on going until she could go no farther. She fell onto the snow, crying.

She was numb with cold when she had finally stopped crying. Her blue lips formed two words "dead love."

She dragged herself up to a sign nailed to a tree, and tried to locate her whereabouts.

Nothing looked familiar except for the sign. It read "Danger, cave in".

Now she knew where she was. Nothing could stop her now! She broke into a run. Words screamed at her from all around her. Dead love... Dead love... "I'm coming!" she screamed. "Coming... coming..."

Mrs. Kiser's 3rd Period English.

**"Clanzy", the Clumsy Cow
With the Crinkled Horn**

Joe Nolan, '73

It all happened many years ago in a sleepy little town in Ye Olde England. A very special purple cow lived at the edge of town. One day, as the good townspeople were going about their chores, a bright orange object streaked across the sky. The good townspeople didn't think much about it until the next time it happened. The object was shaped like a big carrot, but the thing that disturbed the good people was that the carrot was spraying V-8 tomato juice all over the streets. The mayor and the city council met in the olde meeting room to try to solve this problem. Finally after much discussion, the mayor and the city council decided this was the job for Clanzy, who could emit such a terrible mellow bellow that the whole town shakes. The mayor went to the edge of town and found the great purple cow. "Clanzy," said the mayor, "you've got to help us." The mayor whispered something into the cow's ear and she nodded in agreement. The next day, as planned, everything was ready. The mayor had some carpenters build a wooden platform, and attach a long rope to the platform. The other end went through a pulley tied to the top of the "Olde South Church", so that when you pulled on one end of the rope, the platform moved up and down. The plot was this. Clanzy was to get onto the platform. The platform would be hoisted to the top of the steeple with Clanzy on it. Well, as planned, Clanzy got on the platform and somehow was hoisted to the top. But as unplanned, --CRASH! The steeple broke and Clanzy fell to the ground, uninjured. Plot no. 2--A mighty catapult was built and Clanzy put in it. The carrot was sighted, --TWANG! up, up, up, ---down, down, down, down--THUD! She missed. The mighty purple cow was getting mad. She decided to take drastic measures. Once more the carrot was sighted. Clanzy took a very deep breath, and-----MOOOOOOO!! the ground shakes, the little town quivers --, SPLAT! The sky was filled with carrot juice. Even though this story has a happy ending, it sure took a lot of "Comet" to clean up the place.

The Horrors of Having Nothing

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

Nancy Madison, '72

*The poor have nothing to claim as their own.
Cast off from others are the clothes that they must don.
In the future, only black clouds are in the sky,
For them no happy hopes or expectations lie.*

*Life of this type is hard to bear,
They're desperate, lonely, and no one could care.
They experience only nightmares from Hell,
And for them there rings no liberty bell!*

*The children go without coats the winter long and cold,
The women have wrinkles before they're thirty years old.
The men work hard for their humble wages,
All only to know that it goes on for ages.*

*There is no way out of this one-way street,
Just encouragement to gain by those you meet.
They have lived like this from their birth,
And this is how it will remain till they have perished
from the Earth.*

*No one can honestly describe the horrors of their life,
It's like being put to death slowly by a knife.
Oh Lord, what have they done to deserve all this,
In their lifetime road, what path did they miss!*

*Suzanne takes you down to her place beside the river
and you know she's half crazy but that's why you want to be there.
and she feeds you tea and oranges that came all the way from
China and just when you mean to tell her that you have no love to
give her.*

*she gets on your wave length
and she lets the river answer
that you've always been her lover.
and you want to travel with her
and you want to travel blind
and you know you can trust her
for you've touched her perfect body with your mind.*

-Leonard Cohen



Mrs. Cravens' 8th Core
 Paula Teegården
 Jeff Bottger
 Miss Maxwell's 5th Period
 English III Class
 Lorenzo's Lunatics
 Frank Heller
 Leslie Stowe
 Steve Gowers
 Harold Selman
 Kim Blevina
 Beth Quick
 Virginia Hume
 Debbie Burgess
 Julie Harrison
 Tom Wheeler
 Paul Cox
 Greg Treitz
 Larry Grossman
 John Murphy
 Mindy Bilharz
 Mrs. Gayle Royce
 Mrs. Bonnie J. Baer
 Charles Stoll
 Miss Maxwell's First
 Period Class
 The Carpenters
 Mrs. Carpenter's 1st
 Period Class
 Carpenter's Workshop
 Gypsy Dave

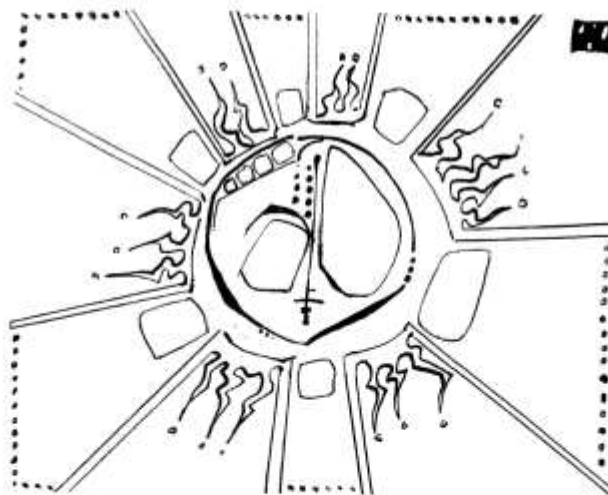
Mr. and Mrs. Robert J. Hilt
 Mary Jo Hilt
 Aunt Sally
 Cap'n John "I" Rumble
 Mrs. Anita Hill
 Lorenzo's 1st Period
 Enslaved Souls
 Cevon Social Club
 Dimples
 Lee
 1st Period English I, 117
 Ginny Polsgrove
 The Spanish Fleas
 J. C. Juett
 The G. M. Y's
 Dr. and Mrs. D. R. Campbell
 Van Slyke's Vandals
 Mr. Day's 6th
 Spencer Bridge
 Miss Mayer's 6th English
 Mrs. Bond's 3rd Period
 English Class
 Maxwell's Marauders
 Mrs. Lorenz's 6th Period Class
 English I, 6th Period, 117
 Smith's 5th Period English I
 The Phantom Avenger
 Melvin Bush
 Kathy Peden
 Mrs. Nora L. Hermann
 Jim Tomes

Ralph Schiefferle
 Rush Em Red
 Uncle Eddie's Fleet Feet
 Miss Maxwell's Second
 Period English
 Waggener News Report
 Mrs. Juanita Guess
 Mr. & Mrs. Frank P. Taccarino
 "Wing It! Wing It!"
 Stoney (The Brain) Ballard
 Hunter Potts
 Waggener Hockey Team Goalies
 Mr. & Mrs. R. H. Stocker
 Patty Stocker
 Scott Newmayer
 Bobby Osburn
 Mr. & Mrs. W. F. Ploetner
 Vicki Ploetner
 Melody Goff
 Jim Willard
 Jonny Kasden
 Karen Craig
 Steve Detrich
 Jeff Davis
 Paula Merwin
 Vicki Grubbs
 Mrs. Van Slyke
 Arthur K. Draut
 Susan James
 Earl Duncan
 Pat Clark
 John T. Corey
 Sidney Baxter
 E. Monheimer
 Joseph D. Driskill
 Mary Darneal
 Leslie Ott
 Lo Siente
 Elmer Noe
 James Gregg
 Mrs. Katherine Kirwan
 Mr. and Mrs. Phil Schaud, Jr.
 Mrs. Gertrude Weller
 Ye Old English Letter
 Writing Society
 Mrs. Alice Dawson
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles E.
 Smoot, Sr.
 Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Dinning

Mr. and Mrs. Josh Cummins
 Owen Montgomery
 Mrs. J. B. Kibler
 Mrs. Dixie L. Gray
 Mrs. Helen Masten
 Jene Royer
 Mrs. Garner Love
 Mrs. Maxwell's 5th Period
 English III
 Debbie Woods
 Molly Watts
 Bryan Ohio
 Frank Mahen
 Mr. and Mrs. Moses Master
 Victor Crain
 Library
 Mrs. Anna Dieks
 Paula Mitchell
 Stephen Jenkins
 Bob Gordon
 David Paine
 Irene Durham
 Rea Hoblitzell
 Margaret Wilhite
 Mrs. Hannah Barrows
 Mary Ella Smith
 James Baber
 Mr. and Mrs. Norman Johnson
 Mr. and Mrs. George D.
 Hancock
 Mr. and Mrs. William Glick
 Mrs. W. J. Vandrich
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert D.
 Cousins
 Mrs. Gus M. Griffin
 Anonymous
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert Haswell
 Mr. and Mrs. Charles H.
 Brooks
 Mr. and Mrs. Bruce Williams
 Mr. and Mrs. Julian Evans
 Mr. and Mrs. Robert S. Terns
 Dr. and Mrs. Martyn Goldman
 A Friend
 A Friend
 From all the Hesses
 R. A. Pittman
 Mr. and Mrs. Jerry Vardaman
 A Friend

Mr. and Mrs. John R. Baker
Mr. and Mrs. Tom Sympson
Mr. and Mrs. Rayburn Walker
Mama Maxwell's Play House
Mrs. Nell C. Doyle
Mrs. Clarence Stellrecht
Suzan Westerman
Mrs. Louis Westerman
Mrs. Cannon
Mr. and Mrs. C. H. Reckard
Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Davis
Mr. and Mrs. Jack M. Lowery,
Jr.
Mrs. Walter Moore
Roger S. Herdt
Mr. and Mrs. Robert
Littlefield
Mr. and Mrs. Bernard
Michelson
The Minnich Family
Kathy Wilson
Hello
Glenn L. Schilling
Mr. A. R. Mounce
Miss Stevens
The Flying Tiger
Dr. and Mrs. J. T. Ling

Mr. and Mrs. Edward Saag
Mrs. Helen Rouse
Mr. and Mrs. L. Loeb
Mrs. William G. Wilson
Mrs. N. H. Treadway
Mr. and Mrs. Homer A. Sobel
Mrs. Boyd's 6th
Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Siegfriedt
Mr. and Mrs. T. R. Parrott
Anonymous
Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Stiglitz
Mr. and Mrs. Albert Shelby
David Leyerle
Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Helm
Mr. and Mrs. Milton Berman
Mr. and Mrs. James H.
Noland, Jr.
Dianne Savells
Glenn Chafee
Mr. and Mrs. Robert P. Clark
No
Mr. and Mrs. Robert Myers
Anonymous
Mr. and Mrs. James L.
Calloway
Mr. and Mrs. Henry Levy
Mr. and Mrs. Herb Gerber



Miss Mayer's 5th Period English Class