

PENPOINT S

Literary Contributors:

Dick Aumiller, Marcia Ayres, James Baker, Kathy Barrere, Lou Blair, Linda Bonnie, Karen Brown, Ray Candage, Barry Chern, Larry Cole, Marcia Cooper, Mark Corna, Robby Crane, Judy Crunelle, Paul Dickson, Jon Dodrill, John Flory, Connie Folkerth, Margie Glenn, Jim Goddard, Paul Gonser, Nancy Haire, Linda Harrington, Phil Hawley, Claudia Heimann, Marcia Hubler, Cheryl Iffland, Ann Jackson, Amy Kinney, Glenn Kohl, Janet Kohr, Chris Kolombatovich, Renate Knodt, Leanne Kuehl, Lea Larson, Krissy Lindley, Dinah Lownie, John Lucas, Bruce McLoughlin, Tari Marshall, Larry Mayer, Dan Montgomery, Bruce Morgan, Craig Morgan, David Murray, Nancy Neale, Malinda Nelson, Tom Nutter, Daisy Ouweleen, Kathi Pepi, Cathy Phillips, Beth Postle, Tracey Potts, Carol Rausch, Craig Robinson, Sue Schwenker, Dick Sesler, Ronda Titlow, Peggy Van Fossen, Bob Wilcox, Kathy Wilson, Gwen Winters.

Art Contributors:

Charlotte Anderson, Melanie Bartling, Linda Bonnie, Cindy Bowers, Bob Brackney, Jenni Brown, Debbie Greer, Nancy Haire, Janie Harris, Kathy Hayes, Marsha Hubler, Pat Lane, Ann Latham, Edith Loechler, Janet Maby, Brigid Moriarity, Jill Morse, Sue Pollock, Dave Righter, Sally Rossello, Rick Sale, Julie Van Allen, Diane Wineberg.

Cover design by Linda Bonnie

"All ideas take form at the point of a pen."

— Unknown

FIVE LITTLE PENNIES

by Chris Kolombatovich

illustrated by
Ann Latham

Larry Decker jumped up and down in the below-zero weather to keep his blood circulating. He was a small, well-built boy about seven years of age. He was the youngest child of five, and though they weren't poor, his father had a difficult time in providing for them from month to month.

As Larry stood on the corner of the block, big, wet flakes of snow came lazily down from the sky and landed on his bright hair. He was cold and uncomfortable, but he had no desire to return home. Down the block a man was selling Larry's favorite treat — peanuts, warm and freshly roasted.

"Only a nickel for a large bag," shouted the peanut man. Children crowded around him, grinning from ear to ear. All Larry lacked was five much-needed pennies. He could not resist staring wide-eyed at the vendor.

Larry finally turned his back on the tempting scene and kicked at some snow. Suddenly, his sharp eye picked out a round object gleaming dully. He snatched it up and ran for the peanut vendor. Halfway there, he noticed a dirty-faced girl looking colder and wetter than he. She was about a year younger and twice as thin. Moved by the girl's appearance, he shoved the shining nickel into her trembling hand, saying roughly, "Here, take it." She tried to thank him, but Larry waved her away imperiously.

The girl disappeared into the crowd around the vendor, and Larry contemplated his deed. He sighed, squared his shoulders, and marched away into the dusk, a little older and a little prouder.

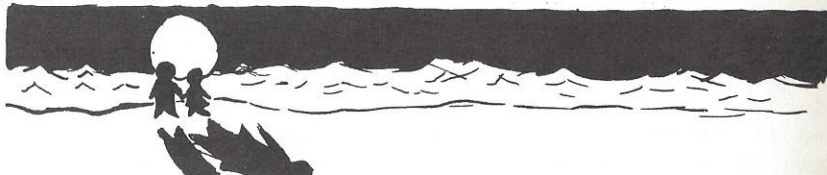


LONG AGO
by Judy Crunelle

Arm in arm on the shore we strolled
In summers long ago.
The waves came up and kissed the beach,
Then murmuring back would go.
The stars shone bright in a tranquil sky,
The moon looked down with a contented sigh,
The sweet summer winds came moaning past,
As the still small hours of the night grew nigh;
Of love's sweet fancies we idly talked
In summers long ago.

How the old, old love comes back
As I think of it tonight.
Strange such a foolish, childish dream
A woman's heart creates,
For love was only a flower of June,
The waning light of an August moon,
The soothing notes of a tender song,
That charms away the heart and senses,
Luring us on with childish illusions
In summers long ago.

We dreamed the dream that now is gone,
We cast the love away
And will never touch that broken thing,
Or its fragments that around us lay.
Yet how often in dreams I see
The picture of things that used to be.
My heart is weighed with a memory
Of moonlight and music and love.
In dreams we walked on that silvery shore,
When our hearts were young and free
In summers long ago.



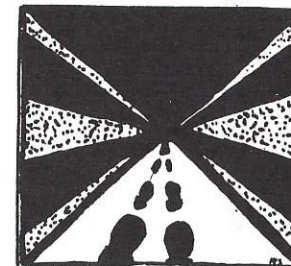
Sally Rossello

TIME
by Marcia Ayres

illustrated by
Rick Sale

Time is but a distant churchbell,
Ringing by the hour.
It passes quickly on fine days,
But slowly when it showers.

Time goes on no matter what,
Though death may find its way.
But always, it records the passing
Of every single day.



THE HEAVENLY BODY, SATURN
AS VIEWED WITH A PRECISION ASTRONOMICAL TELESCOPE
by Bob Wilcox

When seen with the unaided eye, Saturn resembles a jewel in the dark evening sky. With the aid of a telescope, however, this planet is one of the most striking and beautiful objects which can be seen in the heavens. A soft, yellowish, slightly elliptical object, it appears to be nearly the size of a nickel. It is placed in the midst of complete black except for a few stars and its many moons which are scattered unevenly throughout the neighboring area and whose light reaches the eye vaguely. Occasionally a few soft cloud belts may be detected, perhaps sprinkled with a few minute dark spots.

Saturn's incredible feature which places it first among the planets in beauty is its unique ring system, composed of hundreds of satellites orbiting around the planet. One cannot, and should not, attempt to describe the beauty and power which the ring system displays, but should add that it is slightly transparent in certain areas. Occasionally stars can be seen shining through it, if carefully observed. Fortunate is he who can obtain even a glance at this celestial wonder!



THE VISITOR
by Julie VanAllen

SCIENCE SETS THE FRAMEWORK FOR INDUSTRY

by Kathy Barrere

Men of science are constantly being faced with new fields to conquer concerning man and the elements. As man becomes more and more curious, his needs for knowledge become greater. Obvious examples of this are our advancing space projects. Science has had to use its knowledge of the human body and materials to solve the problem of man withstanding the environment of space.

Space is only one problem that scientists have had to face. Thousands of new products being put on the market and sold each year had their beginnings in a scientist's mind. We eat food and sleep in beds without giving a thought to how they were produced. It is very true to say that a piece of furniture came from a special company, but how could it have been made without science? Research by scientists tells us if the wood is sturdy, if the materials in a varnish are harmful to man, and if tables and counters are the correct height for the average human being.

Our armed forces present many problems for the technicians. Some of our lines of defense are in odd places, such as submarines under the sea. Men had to know facts and conditions of the underwater world to be able to find a material that would hold up under these conditions. After this feat was accomplished, a new problem came into view. Could man survive under these conditions? The development of new instruments and systems made the submarine a success and was a giant step forward for man.

Science has also been developing the small everyday items that make life easier. Examples are deodorants, combs, shampoo, hair spray, soap, and the purifying of water. I could go on all day and not begin to cover everything that has evolved from science's study of man.

As our world goes on, science will constantly be finding new and better ways to improve our daily life. Applied science, or industry, will continue to use these discoveries to produce products and machinery for man.

If responsibility wasn't tied in with freedom, to be free would be bad.

by Larry Cole



AT NIGHT THEY LIVE

by Gwen Winters

illustrated by
Nancy Haire

The hands of the brilliant setting flame slipped into position and paused for just one moment over the rises of irregular terrain and then suddenly vanished, leaving behind a tell-tale trail of darkness. The day took its last breath, a small sigh which rustled the stubs of green velvet that lay on the imperfect mountain slopes. The shadows grew shorter as the moon rose silently in the star-decked sky. The trees' silhouettes were fading... The night had descended.

Now it was time for the little people, all the nocturnal creatures, to resume their lives. For a brief interlude there was silence, and then suddenly they came forth. The earth's children came alive once more.

The air tingled with excitement and eager voices. The crickets hummed in chorus and the lightening bugs danced through the trees and into the night. They played under the dazzling, jewelled blanket of stars. This was their life; at night they lived... The night wore on.

Suddenly, ever so suddenly, there was a flash, a glint. Everything became deathly silent for what seemed a small eternity. The little creatures listened intently.

Could it be? No! No, it couldn't! But yes, it was. With slow, precise accuracy, as with the approach of every past day, every day to come, the time was upon them again. The night was over. The earth's children with hung heads returned to their mother. The peaceful gray earth was ready and waiting for their homecoming.

The hands of the brilliant rising flame then slipped

into position and paused for just one moment over the rises of irregular terrain. Suddenly they broke forth and tumbled down the mountain side in shivering, cascading ribbons of pink and crimson and gold. These hands had come to warm the earth. An awakening breath rustled the leaves of the trees and the stubs of green velvet which lay on the imperfect mountain slopes...

Everything was fresh and new, for another night was over; the day creatures were awakening. Yes, another night was over and a new day just begun.

THE GRASS IS ALWAYS GREENER

by Ray Candage

The forest is a large, ominous, quiet place. Entering between broad, leafy branches, one seems to be swallowed up. Walking endlessly among all the colorful plants and animals, it seems to be the kingdom and sanctuary of peace and solitude.

A startling contrast is the hustle and bustle of a huge city. It seems like a huge, deep canyon between its tall skyscrapers. Everyone is hurrying about. Noise and confusion reign.

These two are very different from each other. People who live in the city always want to go to the country. People from the country always want to live in the city. Even though both places are good for many different things, nobody is satisfied with what he has.



Jill Morse

PREFACE TO CATHY PHILLIP'S ESSAY ON "THE BIG WAVE"
by Mrs. Gloria Cohen

The following essay is based upon Pearl Buck's television play, "The Big Wave," an exciting drama which tells of the inhabitants of a small Japanese fishing village whose very existence is constantly threatened by a recurring tidal wave. Although death and devastation follow in the wake of the big wave, the tenacious survivors continually return to rebuild their lost homes and begin anew. The author of this essay examines the symbolism of "The Big Wave" and reaches an unusual conclusion.

ENGLISH COMPOSITION ON
"THE BIG WAVE" BY PEARL BUCK
by Cathy Phillips

I think the "Big Wave" of Pearl Buck's television drama symbolizes the unchangeable pattern of life and death. Death is only a part of this pattern. Life is also symbolized by the Big Wave. The Old Gentleman was trying to stand in the way of this pattern. The men, women, and children who took refuge when life's pattern of death tried to function, yearned to return home and live under this system. Old Gentleman called them fools. They were not fools. They only asked to be in the presence of life and really live! As the wave of life and death had for generations swept away families, who were they to change this system?

Later in life the people longed to return to the place of their birth. This was the same with Juja, a main character of the play. He knew that those who waste life sitting in fear of death have long ago passed on. No one can really live if he does not do what he wants and loves to do, especially if he fears death. To these people the sea gave life, and the sea took it away. Why should it not be?

Freedom is a feeling I get when I look at something unhampered like clouds in the sky.

by Ronda Titlow

HAPPINESS
by Krissy Lindley

illustrated by
Nancy Haire

Brightness tells of the day.
Wonderful is the world.
The child is not described in one brief word;
Her eyes sparkle,
She is light on her feet.
Amusing bursts of laughter come occasionally.
Sometimes followed by a light-hearted dance
Other people look on,
Wondering why this one is so merry.
She also expresses her feelings through kind deeds;
They give her something — a magic possession.
Seek it through yourself, and it will not come.
Seek it in others,
And it is there — Happiness.



NIGHT
by Krissy Lindley

The night came quickly,
Falling on the still earth like a curtain
Closing after a performance,
The day's performance.
Stars covered the dark rusty sky;
They shone brightly as did the lights in bedrooms,
On lampposts,
And in the hearts of men.
The night enveloped the trees,
Making only their shadows visible.
The moon appeared,
A white round object
Casting a light below,
Peeping into windows to see that all were resting.
The night passed.

NEW SHOES

by Lea Larson

With my mother I beg
To go down to the store,
To buy some new shoes —
Oh, how I implore!

I'm hinting at heels,
But she's pointing at flats;
She says my large meals
Make my feet too fat.

I say they're just right;
She says they're too small;
And before you know it,
We are having a brawl.

My spirits are dropping;
My head's in a spin.
As for mother and shopping,
I never can win.



Marsha Hubler

WHAT IS HAPPINESS?

by Nancy Neale

Happiness is an A on a test or not having to give a book report. It is also a cold drink of water when one is very thirsty on a hot summer day. It is the bright golden sunshine in the morning, especially Saturday, and a cool bed to get into at night when very tired. It is a mother or father to give love, a big sister to go to with homework, or a little brother to fight with when mad enough to burst. These things are happiness, but there is much more to it. When a person is really happy, he is cheerful and content. He thinks that everything is wonderful and no time could be better. Happiness to a girl is when her boyfriend calls her, while a boy would like nothing better than to be a pitcher of a baseball team or to get Mickey Mantle's autograph. A mother's and father's happiness is to see their children growing up to be fine young people. Real happiness is felt in many different ways.

SCIENCE, AN OPEN DOOR

by Bruce McLoughlin

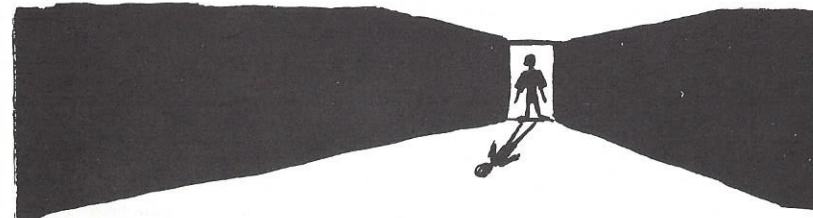
One of the most important fields of work in our country is science, which could be defined as disciplined curiosity. A scientist has the desire to know what is going on in the world around him.

A man who works in this field must have certain characteristics in order to make a good scientist. He must be curious and want to know more than he has already been taught. Without this urge to find out more, the world of science would not learn much more than is already known.

A scientist must be imaginative and have an open mind in all his work. He must always seek objective information, but his imagination should not be limited. Even the most unlikely possibility must be tried and tested, for it may benefit the whole human race someday.

While trying out new ideas, a scientist must use his best judgment and seek out the truth. He must also be accurate and put things in order one by one. Too fast a move and an important fact that could mean the difference between a success and a failure could be missed. A scientist must above all be dedicated to his work. He must enjoy his profession and be concerned with human welfare. He must have the desire to help his fellow humans and to improve their lives.

A scientist should try to have all these qualities. If he does, he can do a tremendous amount of good for the people of the earth.



Cindy Bowers

Freedom is being able to do what you feel is right.

by Connie Folkerth

AN UNUSUAL DEER HUNT
by James Baker

Last evening, while glancing at the want ads, I came upon one that attracted my attention.

"Hunters wanted for organized deer hunt. A great adventure with many exciting moments and rewards.

Call 246-3718."

It brought back memories of my wildest deer hunt. It indeed had had many exciting moments and a most unusual ending.

As I recall, it was a brisk fall morning, and all of the hunters were gathered at Lookout Lodge, with the exception of a newcomer named Clyde Baumann. We were eager to get started and were tired of waiting when I walked Clyde. What a character! He was short, with a small build, and wore thick, dark-rimmed glasses. We soon found out he talked with a certain slur.

"What are we waiting for? Let's get going and not waste any more time," Clyde announced, as if he, too, had been waiting an hour. When we started out across the fields, I found myself paired with Clyde. "I'm Doctor Kildeer," I said.

"Fine! Fine!" he replied. The next thing I knew, he was on the ground. He had tripped over a tree stump. I was lucky that his gun hadn't gone off. About one hour later we were still searching for signs of deer, when a shot rang out and the branch directly in front of me fell down. I looked around again and saw Clyde on the ground. "I didn't see the low-hanging branch and my gun accidentally went off," he replied sheepishly. By this time I wasn't sure whether he was trying to kill a deer or to kill Kildeer.

As Clyde and I continued on, we came to a stream. From the number of deer tracks, we felt it must be a favorite watering place. Suddenly Clyde motioned for me to be quiet. Before I realized what he was doing, he had raised his gun and fired, and then hurriedly began looking for a place to cross the stream. He finally found a log spanning the stream, but in his haste, he got only halfway across when he slipped and fell into the water. He struggled to his feet and waded out. By this time I was able to ask, "Hey! What's going on?"

"I thought I saw a deer moving in the brush, so I shot it." Crashing through the underbrush we came to the spot

where he had seen something moving. We stopped in amazement. Clyde had shot a bear, not a deer. This created some problems. How would we move such a big animal? After some time, we recruited some other hunters and successfully got the bear back to the lodge.

It's been a long time since I've been on a deer hunt, and this newly advertised one sounds like fun. I wonder if Clyde has seen this ad?

BANANA SPLIT OR TOMATO JUICE?
by Carol Rausch

You've seen cartoons where the hero has an angel in his likeness tugging for him to do right and a devil in his likeness urging him to do what he wants. Well, I have got my own angel (whom I call "Common Sense") and my own devil (entitled "Splurge").

I enter a drugstore and no matter how hard I try to prevent it, my gaze keeps wandering to that "banana split 50¢." As I hesitate over that or something less expensive, Splurge urges, "Go ahead. You deserve it."

Then Common Sense chimes in with, "Remember this when you gasp in surprise at the scales tomorrow!"

"When you walk home, all the calories will be burned up," crackles a devilish voice on my left.

"Be smart and get that 15¢ tomato juice and you'll save some money for other things," prophesies Common Sense on my right.

"Look, stupid, go ahead and treat yourself. You can always take money from your savings account in the bank."

"Tomato juice has vitamins and also healthful goodness for you. Banana splits are merely sweet and unbeneficial."

"Ice cream has milk, chocolate provides energy, nuts supply protein, and the cherry gives vitamins."

"But you still have . . ." Crash! Thud!

Do you have this trouble with your devil and angel? Occasionally, mine have arguments (putting it mildly) over who is right. So, I just up and walk out. I cannot shake 'em, however. There they are on the next trip to the drugstore.

ART: FRANCAIS TYPE
by Linda Bonnie

"All right, class, let's have your attention directed up here. Somebody pull down the shades and turn out the lights. That's fine! Thank you.

"Today we're going to see a film on art, the French type. As you know, France is more or less the cultural center for art. France really started the painting trend for the world. It introduced the impressionistic and modern styles. In the world-famous Louvre, on the banks of the Seine in Paris, lies a store house of artistic treasures.

"Betty and Bill, if you two don't settle down and listen, you'll both be taking a trip. Ok?

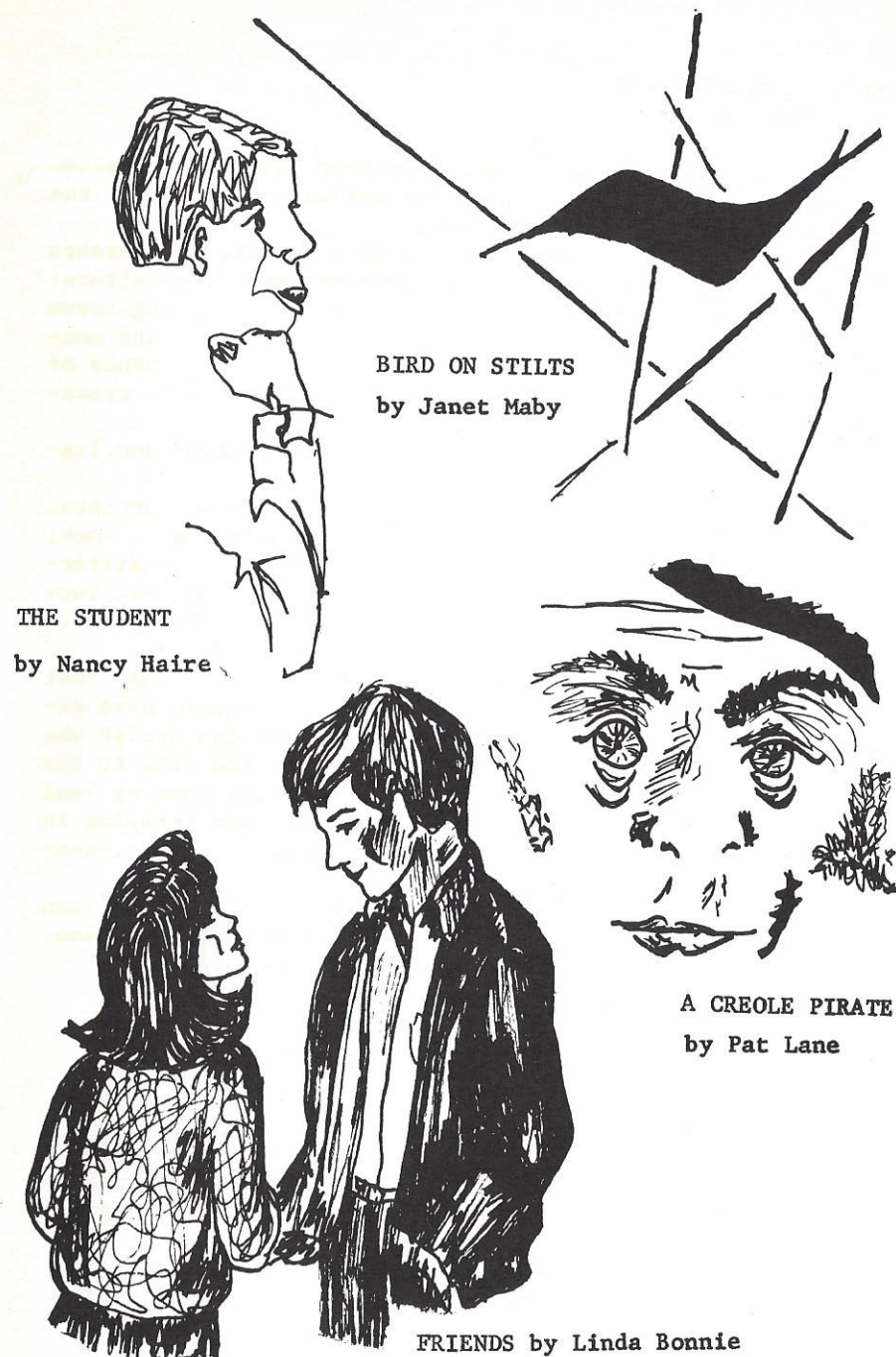
"Now, let's review some of France's famous artists. Renoir developed his own style of figure painting. Look! Notice the fine brush strokes, lifelike flesh, and different colors in this portrait. Can anyone tell me what Toulouse-Lautrec is famous for? Right, his use of bright colors.

"Now here's a sculpture by Rodin. He believes that works of art should not be beautiful but should have expressions and character. Paul Cezanne was the artist who was deeply spiritual. Who was the artist who fled to the South Seas? Yes, these beautiful islands are done by Paul Gauguin. Now here's the fellow to blame for bringing in the modern style of painting, Henri Matisse." R-R-i-i-n-n-g-g!!

"There's the bell, and we finished just in time. Turn on the lights, pull up the shades, and have a nice weekend. By the way, I hope you were taking notes on this."

MY WISH
by Larry Mayer

To be as wild as the eagle in the sky,
To be as free as the wind that rushes by,
To dart like a fish under the sea,
To do as I please, majestically free.



THE STUDENT
by Nancy Haire

BIRD ON STILTS
by Janet Maby

A CREOLE PIRATE
by Pat Lane

FRIENDS by Linda Bonnie

THAT'S SHOW BIZ
by Paul Dickson

Backstage at Jones Junior High during The Show of Shows is an exciting place. Music drifts in from in front of the curtain making everything vibrate. People run around doing errands. People in costume wait at the curtain door to go onstage at their cue. In the corners, stagehands are talking quietly into headsets. The whole gym is dark, except for occasional, small lights shining through the curtains. There is an air of excitement.

Suddenly the lights dim in front of the curtains. A roar of applause drifts in. The Master of Ceremonies' voice comes on the loud speaker, announcing the next act. With a "bang" sound from the switchboard, lights blink on all over the place. Music starts, and the next act is on.

On a chair we see an empty headset. If someone were to put it to his ear, he would become aware of why the intercom is sometimes called the "artery of the stage," carrying important information. This is what he would hear:

"...no blue, five red buckets, full flesh, got it?"

"Yeah."

"Okay, ready. Bingo!"

"Jim, you take the pianist; I'll take the M.C."

"Okay."

"Turn up the mike again; I can't hear you."

"How's that?"

"Fine."

"Quiet, you guys."

There are calls from the cue box to different stations around the stage. Usually, the calls are routine cues and board settings. Sometimes, an emergency call is heard:

"Hey, this is the grid. The front bucket cables just slipped."

"Pull them up."

"Do they show?"

"No, pull them up."

From the balcony of the gym come sounds of feet running. Stage whispers are heard. Occasionally, while an act is going on in front of the "blues," the silver back-drop is pulled aside while stage hands push pianos into place.

Throughout the show, the tension and excitement never let up. No matter how many times a person works backstage,

he always is tense from the moment he walks in until the moment he leaves. Being in The Show of Shows, or working on it, is fun and exciting. Everytime an announcement is made on "WCUB" in the morning, there is a feeling of excitement. When the rehearsals start, everyone involved could fall asleep from the work. Well, that's Show Biz.



FEAR
by Janet Kohr

illustrated by
Debbie Greer

Fear is experienced by all of us, even the greatest and most courageous men. It starts deep down inside of us and comes out when least expected. Fear is not always thought of as cowardice. Sometimes a person is thought of as intelligent, not cowardly, if he runs from a vicious animal. Fear gives one a queer sense of panic. It makes a person tremble and become confused.

Fear is not always shown outwardly, but sensitive people and animals can tell fear; and then it will be conducted to them like water and electricity.

A fear is hard to lose. Some small incident that might have happened when a person was a child may be forgotten; but in adult life, if an incident happens again, the old fear will come back. Fear will exist as long as people live, and no one can avoid it.

TEMPUS FUGIT
by Paul Gonser

illustrated by
Nancy Haire

Tick-tock, buzz, honk, ring. These are sounds I hear all the time and try my utmost to ignore. Even though they aren't pleasant to the ear, I am expected to heed them.

These noises are from the buzzing alarm clock, the bus, and the school bell. They are only noises; but they command me to move faster, faster, and faster. Their voices are loud and impatient. They can't wait another second because they might burst. Their strong, loud, commanding cacophony almost controls my life. They seem to have been created to make my life miserable and to make me keep moving.

These noises seem to be timed to start before I am ready to go. They put time on wings, and I have to struggle to keep up with the schedule. There is a time for me to get out of bed in the morning, to catch the bus, to be in homeroom, to go to the morning period classes, to have lunch, to go to study, and last, but not least, to go to bed.

Between the times when all these discords are sounding in my ears, I am thinking of the huge, mountainous task ahead of me. It is looming so high over me that I am afraid to start, so I put off the effort until I definitely must begin. Then I work frantically to accomplish what I could have done twice as easily with that precious extra time I wasted.



I would like very much to be able to paint models, shoot baskets, and watch television without buzzers and bells ringing, moving me on to other activities. Why is it so hard to find time for these "fun things"?

THE LIFE OF A PEN
by Claudia Heimann

Z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z-z, wh- what's that light? Oh dear, the day has begun. You ought to be glad you aren't a pen, for we have pretty rugged lives! Well, anyway, this is what my average day at school is like.

I am now in study hall. Ouch! There goes my monster chewing on me again! Hee-hee. Oh, I'm sorry I laughed; but whenever he sucks on me, it makes me laugh.

Oh dear, he's playing a tune with me on the desk — how monotonous! I wish he'd quit that. Oh, no! Now he's setting me down, and I'm going to fall off the desk. Here I go-o-o-o, — Ow! Well, at least I don't have any broken bones.

Now I am writing a report. Ouch! He keeps on dotting those "i's" so hard! He's pressing so hard he's almost squeezing out my dinner, some dark, inky stuff.

The bell has just rung, but I think we stay in this study hall. Wow! Am I hungry for dinner! I think I'm just about out of fuel. Yes, he's taking me apart and feeding me now. Yick!

The period hasn't started yet, but he's tossing me across the floor so he can go get me, and in the meantime pass a note! Boy, that sliding sure makes me dizzy!

Ah-h-h-h, the day's almost over. But no! The bell just rings; and as we go out the door, he drops me! I am being kicked all around. Oh, no! I'm heading for the stairway. Well, here I go again-n. Ah! It's all - ouch! - over now. Here he comes to pick me up.

Well, I can take a nap until after dinner, and then I have to go through some situations while he does his homework.

Whew! Here I am in bed. My it's dark! Don't you worry; I'll have to go through the same things day after day, week after week, semester after semester, until this summer when I can hibernate for three whole months! Good night!

A HISTORY OF MAN

by Barry Chern

Man crawled up from the sea and built a fire. He climbed onto his two feet and made tools. He saw the sea once more and built ships. He built conveyances to carry him over the land and into the air. He built satellites and circled the earth. He built space ships and went to the stars.

Urgalliad the Great was the pilot to Sarnsfax, a distant planet. He was a hero. He was a clean-shaven, hard-working man. He was happy.

Man crawled out of the sea and fought. He climbed onto two feet and made weapons. He saw the sea once more and built warships and made torpedoes. He built satellites and put bombs in orbit. He made peace to save his skin.

Urgalliad represented his whole race. The Great Treaty made the world a nation. Everything on earth was good. The stars were the last challenge.

Bngzaldishnk of Sarnsfax was the common man of his world. Everything on his world was common with everything else. He was not a green spaceman. There were no longer colors on his world. The spaceship landed near him. Obviously, a maladjusted society not to have banned spaceships. The door opened. The light from inside was obviously wrong. It was white. Not the gray, middle tones of correct thinking, mind you, but white! Out stepped a man from earth. He was wearing a suit and tie and had evidently shaved that morning.

"Take me to your leader. I am from Earth," said the man from Earth.

"Haven't you outgrown leaders yet?" asked Bngzaldishnk. "I suppose you have bombs, too."

"Yes, but they're just for police actions."

"Picket it. 'Ban the Bombs,' and such."

"But I work for . . ."

"You work? Does everybody?"

"Of course. Except for bums, that is," spoke the earthman, not knowing whether to listen to his examiner or be annoyed.

"And you don't have a beard!"

"It's a custom of my society." He was beginning to think that the man on this world knew something. He listened to the rest of his oratory with complete faith that

this was the "word."

"Look, man," the Sarnsfaxian went on, "you evidently don't have the word. The white light of your ship shows that you have white thinking. This is as good as no thinking. Think middle tones, not black and white! Stop working! Grow a beard; don't conform! Become beat. Spend your time on the right occupation. Meditate."

The man got into his spaceship and took off. Bngzaldishnk returned to living in his gray world where everything was the same.

Urgalliad carried the word. He nicknamed himself "Urgu" because it was cool. He grew a beard. He wore old clothes. He thought gray. He moved into a cave. It was the ultimate "pad" for meditation. He meditated.

It was not hard to get people to follow. Man had fought a hard battle. Now he was tired.

Thousands of years later man crawled out of his cave and discovered fire and had battles. He stood up and made tools and weapons. He saw the sea and built boats and torpedoes. He went into the sky and fought there. He built satellites and nuclear bombs. He made television and a cold war. That is all we know.

As it has been before, so shall it be once more.

DESCRIPTION OF A PLACE

by Karen Brown

A fire crackles and pops merrily in the fireplace while sparks like fairies dance and scamper in and out among the pine logs. My sister pounds a crashing melody on the yellowed keys of our piano, her blue eyes thoughtful in concentration. All six-foot-four inches of my brother-in-law are stretched out on the sofa, and his big feet wave in the air in time to my sister's music. My dog lies stretched in front of the fire, bathed in warm contentment. My father sits in his favorite chair reading the evening paper, his head tipped back in order to see through his bifocals. Mother is on her knees busily cutting out a dress pattern but at the same time wondering aloud whether to have steak or hamburger for tomorrow's dinner. I am standing on my head, trying valiantly to break my record of staying up for sixty seconds. Such is the picture of my living room at home on a cold winter evening.

THAT'S WHAT HAPPENED TO ME
by Mark Corna

illustrated by
Janie Harris

You had to know Joe to understand him. He was just that kind of guy. He was carefree yet thoughtful, gay, and sad. I guess you could call him a traveling Casanova and I was just one of his many girls along the way. I still ask myself, why me? Well, let me tell you my story.

I'm a waitress at the Highlander Restaurant and serve some pretty important people. I was on my night shift when Joe came in; it was love at first sight. He was tall and sleek. He wore rich clothes, such as alligator shoes, tapered pants, a black double-breasted suit, a perfectly-pressed shirt and a thin tie. His face was tan, well-shaven, and handsome.

I found myself staring at him. I soon came out of my daze and went over to serve him. He ordered and I gave the cook Joe's order.

About fifteen minutes later Joe's order was ready to serve. I brought it to him. I think I had my mind on him too much. How, I don't know, but clumsy old me spilled the whole dinner on him. I was at a loss for words. Then as if nothing had ever happened, he gently held my hand and said, "You're beautiful."

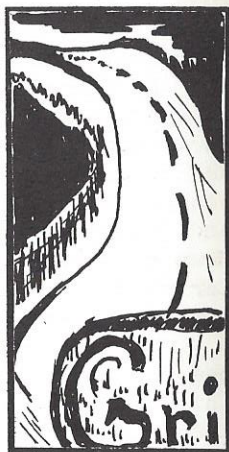
Well, this was just too much for any girl to take. But as if this wasn't enough, he said, "How about lunch? I'll pick you up at 11:30 tomorrow if you'll give me your address."

I don't know how, but I gave him my address and served him his meal after some cleaning up. I could hardly go to sleep that night, but I managed.

The next day I prepared myself for "the big date." The passage in my diary best explains it.

Fri., Jan. 3, 1963

Today I had a date with a dreamboat. We went to



lunch and then took a walk in the park. Had a wonderful time. He asked for another date.

I had the weekend off and spent the happiest three days of my life. We ate out every afternoon and evening. We went skiing, walked and talked, took rides, went to a movie and to an opera.

Then Sunday night Joe asked the big question, "Will you marry me?" Well, usually I don't believe in such short notices, but this was different. I said, "Yes." He said we would get married the following Friday and then go to California to live. He brought me home and I tossed and turned all night.

Monday I told the boss the good news and asked if I could have an immediate discharge. He gave it to me and then congratulated me.

I got ready to move. I sold my furniture, drew my money out of the bank, notified my landlady, and made the other necessary preparations.

I spent the next three evenings with Joe. Then on Thursday we went to get my wedding dress. It was a lovely lace dress. It came to the ankles and had prints of flowers. Along with it came a beautiful veil of Venetian lace. We went to dinner that night and I came home earlier than usual. He kissed me goodnight and left.

Well I don't know how, but I went to sleep early. The next thing I knew it was Friday. We were going to get married by a justice of the peace, so I called him to make sure of the time of the wedding.

Going to the hotel where Joe was staying, I found the clerk there who knew me. He stopped me, said Joe had left the night before, and gave me a note from Joe. It read:

I'm sorry it had to happen this way, but I guess it's the best way for the both of us.

I will always remember you. Bye.

Love, Joe

That's what happened to me and may explain any questions about my ad in the paper which reads:

Wedding Veil: Venetian lace, never worn, \$15.

Call TR-3-0571.



SAILBOAT RACES ON LONG ISLAND SOUND
by Kathi Pepi

illustrated by
Linda Bonnie

It was a crisp day in late August, much too chilly to go swimming; so we sat on the windswept, shell-speckled beach eyeing the sailboat races. Although it was cool, the sun was shining, giving everything a golden appearance. The tiny wisps of pink, fluffy clouds above were playing tag in a deep blue sky. Choppy, foamy waves dashed against the barnacle-covered rocks at the edge of the shore. I shivered at the thought of being out in one of those frail boats which seemed to be at the mercy of the restless waves.

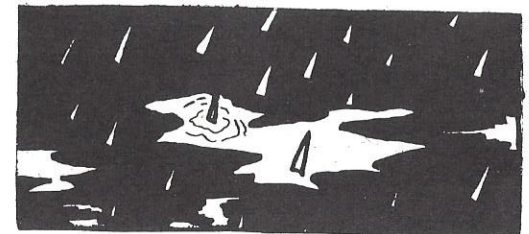
At the crack of the gun, the boats were off! Playful winds filled their sails and sent them sweeping headlong over white-tipped waves. The sun made their billowing sails turn pink. Crowds had gathered and the air was filled with excitement. On and on they raced till a tiny fawn-colored skiff was in the lead, and its color was appropriate. Racing along in the wind, it looked like a frolicking deer at play. I'll always wonder who won that race, for the obscure, ominous clouds that had swiftly gathered broke; and the wind became stronger, sweeping everything in its path. We raced down the beach toward shelter, with our last view of the race a myriad of bursting sails, bending double to the wind's fury.

Freedom is the right to let one's thoughts, emotions and ideas be expressed to others.

by Tom Nutter

WHAT I LIKE ABOUT THE SEA
by Ronda Titlow

The sea is like a huge field, vast and empty. The horizon is always far away, and it seems that the sea goes on forever. I am lulled into a contented trance by the rhythmic slosh of the waves. Only the call of a distant gull interrupts my thoughts. The crying of the wind restores peace to my mind. I love the quiet life of the sea and the hours of peaceful thought. Here the troubles of the outside world fade and disappear.



THE SOUND OF THE RAIN
by Tom Nutter

illustrated by
Debbie Greer

The rain sounds like sparrows running around on an aluminum roof, louder than the sound of an idling car, yet not so loud as the distant drone of an airplane flying overhead. One might vaguely reproduce the sound of the rain by lightly tapping his fingers on a wooden desk or by listening to several metronomes running at high speed. Of course, the best idea is to listen to the rain when it touches the ground, because no other noise will ever sound exactly like rain.

LIFE
by Marsha Hubler

Only two things in life are sure;
One is birth, the other is death.
In between are struggle and strife;
Without them, there is no life.



CONTEMPLATION

by Jenni Brown

WALDEN

by Jon Dodrill

Henry David Thoreau, a close friend of Ralph Waldo Emerson, was a philosophical writer, who was not so well-known in the 18th century in which he lived as he is now. He described his life during the two years and two months of living alone in a sturdy little cabin at the edge of Walden Pond in Concord, Massachusetts.

It was Thoreau's theory that people were killing themselves in order to have large homes containing many luxuries. These people were constantly in debt paying as much as thirty dollars a year in rent when the Indians, for absolutely nothing, built a home that served the same purpose and was perhaps just as comfortable.

Thoreau thought, as did the composer of the poem "Leisure," that people were going through life at a pace which was too fast to be good. In his book, he referred to "dead" personages who were bound to their farms with little or no leisure or freedom.

Henry David Thoreau built his home, situated a mile from his nearest neighbor, in a lovely pine and hickory forest at a total cost of only \$28.72. The cabin itself was, by present day standards, rudely finished, containing only three chairs, a bed, a desk, and a few other minor accessories. Thoreau got up at dawn every morning and went down to the pond to bathe. At dusk he sat on the porch and listened to the whippoorwills, the bullfrogs, the screech owls, and the hooty owls in their nightly chorus. The rumble of a distant train, the baying of a dog, or the passing of a wagon along some road were the only domestic melodies that ever reached his ears.

With the exception of an old lady, a woodcutter, an old neighbor, his intellectual town friends, and others who occasionally passed through, Thoreau lived alone. His friends often wondered how he stood it. He remarked that solitude was his best companion and that the sights and sounds of the surrounding woods gave him plenty of company. On rainy days Thoreau was glad to be kept indoors, unlike most other people who would think it a miserable idea. That gave him time to think and write down some of his ideas about life. During winter Thoreau did not bother to shovel a path from the gate to the porch, for he had no gate, nor fence, nor yard as he said. He would rather re-

pose beneath the shade of a hickory tree than sit in the living room of the most extravagant home. He loved the scent of pine and the fresh air blowing through his cabin. He probably pitied those people who had to live in crowded, dark apartments.

Much of Walden consists of Thoreau's ideas, little stories and lessons which, as in the Bible, give some deeper meaning. Living alone in the woods, he must have had more time to think things through.

ONE HAPPY LITTLE GIRL by Ann Jackson

Christmas is a time for giving. As an enterprising shopkeeper, I come in contact with many busy people during the Christmas Season; but I will never forget one little shopper.

On the day before Christmas as I was getting ready to close my store, the door squeaked open, admitting a little girl of about eight or nine. I smiled at her as I noticed the patches of her coat and moved toward the candy jar to give her a piece of candy. In a small, hesitant voice she said that she wanted to buy something for her mother, something special.

I looked around quickly for something inexpensive. Automatically I thought of the expensive little music box imported from Italy. Before I could stop myself, I took it down from the shelf. The little girl gave a gasp of wonderment as I lifted the lid and a sweet melody greeted her ears. With pleading eyes she asked if the music box cost more than a dollar. Remembering why we celebrate Christmas, I briskly said that it cost exactly seventy-five cents.



Sue Pollock

THAT CALL by Sue Schwenker

It was a warm, calm, yet somehow gloomy night; and I could not concentrate on my history. Ring, phone, ring! The words resounded in my ears. My mind was in a frenzy. Frantically, I threw my book on the floor. Why hadn't my call come? It was such a special call, a call from Tom; and it was nearly two hours late already.

Could it be that Tom had forgotten to call, or was it that he did not even intend to call? The questions turned over and over in my worried mind.

Suddenly, the phone rang! I jumped with a start and ran to the phone in the back hall where I could talk privately. I picked up the receiver. Almost as suddenly as the phone had rung, my voice dropped; for from the sound of the caller, I realized that it was not Tom at all. Instead, it was the husky voice of Bill, my brother's friend. "Yes," I said sadly, "I...I'll get him."

After informing Jim of his call, I again retreated to the den where I had been sitting anxiously awaiting Tom's call. Within a matter of minutes a strong, raging creature, utterly unlike myself, began to form inside of me. I hated my brother for being on the phone, and I hated Bill all the more for calling. I wanted to snatch the receiver from Jim and slam it down in Bill's ear! My conscience, however, controlled me; and I continued to sit nervously while gnawing at my nails.

Couldn't Jim understand that I wanted to have the line clear? Didn't he realize how much that one call meant to me? I thought that I would scream, but I didn't. After what seemed like an eternity, Jim finally got off the phone; and I was left once again hoping, dreaming that I would receive the much treasured call.

Being so caught up in worrying, I was startled when the clock struck twelve. Realizing how terribly late it was, I sauntered slowly to my room where I threw myself into the comforting arms of my bed. A single tear rolled down my cheek, and then another. I knew that I would not receive my call. I knew, deep down in my heart, that I would not hear from Tom that night.



POTTERY, ANYONE by Linda Bonnie

A MODEL CHILD
by Marcia Cooper

It all started as far back as I can remember. My mom was always comparing me to my neighbor Kathy who had pretty blond hair, blue eyes, and who was a model child. Mom would say, "Linda, why can't you act like Kathy does? She's such a well-behaved little girl," or "Kathy has such beautiful hair; I wish we could do something with yours. It's so stubborn and such a dirty brown." All through school this went on; only later she also wanted to know why I didn't get good grades like Kathy and why I didn't have as many friends and dates as Kathy.

Even though Kathy was my best friend, I did sometimes hate every pretty little inch of her and wished on occasion I could trample her into nothingness. I guess, however, I really couldn't blame Kathy for it. It wasn't her fault she was pretty, well-behaved, smart, and popular. Why did Mom always have to rub it in? I tried my hardest, but somehow I could never measure up to Kathy. I used to dream sometimes that Kathy got mixed up with the wrong crowd; and because Mom thought everything Kathy did was right, I had gotten into the crowd, too. I used to think that if this ever did happen, then Mom would really be sorry that she had always wanted me to be like Kathy and I had granted her wish. In fact, the more I thought about it, the more it appealed to me until the day that my dream became reality.

It was our first day back to school after a wonderful summer spent at the seashore with Kathy's family and mine. Somehow after that first day I began to see less and less of Kathy. She wasn't interested in the things the old crowd did anymore, and she hardly ever went anywhere with us. She always had an excuse. I knew that she had started running around with a different crowd, but I couldn't understand why Kathy would go off with kids like that. Every kid in that gang had at one time or another been in trouble with the police, and some of them had even been in jail. Well, this wasn't my kind of people, so I decided not to go through with my little dream plan. Somehow the Girls' Industrial School didn't quite appeal to me. It wasn't long, though, until Mom discovered that I wasn't going around with Kathy anymore; and when she asked me about it, I simply told her Kathy had found a new crowd to pal around

with. This satisfied her for a few days until she decided she wanted to know why Kathy had a new group. I told her again that Kathy must have gotten tired of me and that she probably had new interests. She then wanted to know why I didn't go around with them; and so I told her that I just wasn't interested in the things they did, which was true. I didn't bother to tell her what kind of kids Kathy was going around with. I mean, what's the use? She wouldn't have believed me anyway. All I would have gotten from it was, "Kathy wouldn't go around with kids like that, not sweet little Kathy." Then I would probably have gotten a lecture for talking that way about Kathy, for I often said some mean things about her when Mom was comparing me to her.

The days, weeks, and months went by with a few robberies and a few kids being beat up. I wasn't sure Kathy had had anything to do with those events, but I felt pretty certain she had.

December finally rolled around and with it the holiday season and the big Christmas dance. Everybody, but everybody, went to it. It was always held the night before the first day of Christmas vacation. When this big night finally came around, it had snowed and had left the night clear and bright with a wonderful blanket of snow on the ground. The night was just perfect except for the terribly slippery streets. We all arrived at the dance and were immediately caught up in the wonderful gaiety of the evening. Around 12:00 the dance began to break up, and the kids started for the homes where there were to be after-the-dance parties — all except for Kathy's crowd who went to some awful little bar for awhile. I could just hear my mom say, "Kathy in a bar? Impossible!" It did seem impossible, but it wasn't; it was the honest-to-goodness truth. Finally at about 2:00 a.m. I got home and went to bed, but for some odd reason I just couldn't sleep. Kathy wasn't home and even though we hadn't been too close those last few months, I had still begun to worry about her. For hours I waited, until around 6:30 a.m. when I fell into an unrestful sleep.

It seemed that two minutes later my mother was shaking me trying to get me awake. Finally with some doing and quite a bit of crying, Mom explained why I hadn't seen Kathy come home. It seemed that after Kathy and her crowd had gone to the bar, they had all gotten drunk. While com-

ing home on slippery roads, the boy driving had driven right through a stop sign. When he saw the police after him, he sped up until it was all he could do to keep the car on the road. When he came again to another stop sign, he kept on going. As he entered the next intersection, he realized that another car was coming. He tried to swerve out of the way, but the slippery road was just too much. A few seconds later both cars were overturned in a ditch, both ablaze. The man in the other car got out and ran to safety just before his car blew up, but Kathy and her friends were blown to bits.

"Tis the season to be jolly," or so they say; but I don't think it was too jolly for any of us that year. Kathy's parents didn't get much for Christmas that year except a dead daughter, a law suit, and a funeral. My parents, especially Mom, got the best gift of all, me, just plain old me. Personally, I think for once Mom was glad I was just plain old me with my lousy disposition, my stubborn brown hair, and my terrible grades.

I'LL NEVER GO SAILING AGAIN

by Dick Sesler

"Pull in the jib! Untangle the starboard shrouds! Let out the boom! Faster!"

I sat dumbfounded by the foreign cries directed at me by my skipper. There I was, talked into crewing for what I thought was to be a peaceful pleasure ride on a Lightning sailboat. Instead I found I was sailing in a race, where crewing was twice as complicated.

It seemed that I never stopped working on my first crewing job. First, I was told to wash and raise the sails, then climb up thirty feet high to the top of the mast and untangle about twenty shrouds. Once the race started, the work doubled. Trying to remember the difference between port and starboard confused me throughout the race. The direction and intensity of the wind was as predictable as my skipper's temper. If we tried to change directions in order to have the wind at our backs, the wind invariably slowed down or changed its direction. That factor changed a pleasant trip into a catastrophe.

At the peak of our confusion, a large mass of fast moving air sped rapidly unnoticed in our direction. It hit my unattended sail with a force so great that in a matter of seconds the boat and four surprised passengers were sinking into one-hundred feet of lake water. As cold as the air felt, the water was colder. It seemed like an hour before a lifeboat reached the scene of our little mishap and another hour before we were finally retrieved from the freezing water.

Two hours later I was told that our boat was the only one to tip over; and, of course, we received a beautiful trophy for our spectacular showing of last place.

DISBELIEF

by Marcia Ayres

Get up! You should be laughing;
Your task is not yet done.
Get up and make your speeches;
You should be having fun.

But he didn't get up —
He couldn't get up.

Get up! They need your help;
Get up and give them aid.
Get up! You're not yet finished.
What a terrible price you've paid!

But he didn't get up —
He couldn't get up.

Get up! Your family needs you;
You don't deserve this ending.
Get up! Your country needs you;
You're not yet through defending.

But he lay there looking upward;
Peace came to him at last.
The raging young fire inside him,
Extinguished and finally passed.

He didn't get up —
He couldn't get up.

SO PROUD
by Robby Crane

illustrated by
Melanie Bartling



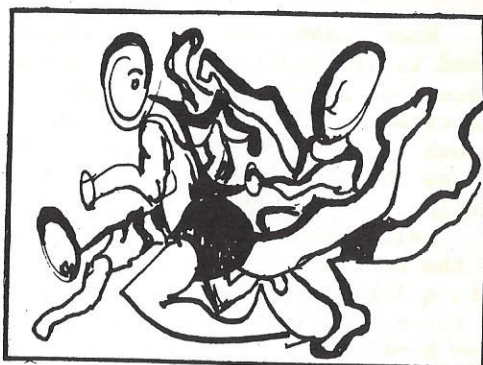
The fog lifted slowly from the brushy, Canadian woodland as the sun, a pale yellow spot in the clouded sky, began to do its work. Steve's keen, grey-green eyes searched the scrubby bushes for some sign of the young white-tail buck that he had been trailing for the last hour. His cold, wet hand fingered the safety of his new Winchester equipped with a telescopic sight. He knew he might have to keep wandering aimlessly through the mushy ground until the thick fog lifted, for he couldn't see more than fifty yards in any direction.

Half an hour passed, but Steve still persisted in tramping through the muddy, marsh-like grass. The thought that drove him on was the vision of the proud, young buck as it fed on the scrubby greenery of the Canadian woodland. Finally, Steve decided he would cut over to the river to see if the deer was feeding there by the water's edge. The sun had risen higher and was a bright orange ball in the cloud-studded sky. It poured down on Steve's tousled, blond hair with warming rays.

As Steve turned back toward the river, he noticed something moving over by the murky water. It was the buck! Steve quickly set his telescopic sight for one hundred yards; he then raised the gun as the beast sniffed the brisk, morning air. Off went the safety, and Steve's gun went to his shoulder. He centered the cross-hairs on the muscular chest of the big white-tail as the head of the buck went up. The deer stood there proudly with his antlers thrust up into the air as if awaiting death. Steve, seeing this, could not squeeze the trigger. He dropped the gun from his shoulder and just stood there while the magnificent buck moved out of sight.

THE INVALUABLE YEAR
by Glenn Kohl

illustrated by
Linda Bonnie



It all started one year ago that day. He was standing in the same room thinking...

Well, it had happened. He had tried his best and had failed. The proof was before him. The list of people making the eleventh grade (junior varsity) track team was posted before him, and his name was not on it.

He shrugged his shoulders and told himself it didn't matter. He remarked to himself that it was so hot, he was lucky he didn't make the team; but at the same time he was thinking of all the reasons why he didn't make it. He felt any one of them was a good enough excuse, and he had so many that he was lucky he had come as close as he had to making the team.

As the day wore on, he realized it did matter to him and that perhaps he could have done better. He also realized he hadn't really even come close to making the team. He wondered why he was constantly getting slower, instead of faster; and he decided to make a resolution, a promise to himself of one year's hard work. He hoped that with this practice he could make the varsity team the following year.

He began that day. From then on, every day after school he ran hard, and often until dark. He ran every day he could. The only thing that would stop him was a lawn that needed cutting. He cut grass in order to make enough money for a set of weights.

When he had enough money for the weights, he quit his lawn jobs so he could run more often. He ran anywhere, around the block, down to the river; it didn't matter where. He worked hard; something inside him kept him from quitting.

When school was out, he worked even harder. He often found it difficult to resist going somewhere with the boys instead of practicing, but most of the time he stayed and practiced. One good thing about summer was that, even though it was hot, track season was over and he was allowed to use the school track. Often he lost three pounds in one morning, but by night-time he had gained it back.

Fall came, and with it cooler weather. He went back to the routine he had followed in the spring. Fall passed very quickly, and the days became very cold. He continued to run most of the time, but it was hard because he had to stay bundled up. Somehow he got through the winter with only one cold.

The tryouts for track began as soon as the signs of spring were apparent. He had made all of the cuts until the last one. He was unaware of a new rule allowing only the top three men in each event on the team. On the day of the tryouts he had an exam, so he stayed up late the night before. During the race, he was unusually tired; but he ran third until the very end of the race when he was beaten out for third place by a distance of two feet. Since he didn't know about the new rule, however, he didn't worry about being cut.

Here he was, standing and looking at the list of team members, which did not include his name. At first he was angry and thought that he had wasted a year. After he thought about it for a while, as he had one year before, he decided his work was worthwhile. He finally decided to keep on doing his workouts and made a second resolution, to look into other sports where he might have a better chance to use his ability.

by Louise Blair

As I stand atop a mountain
The sun rises to join me
I'm flooded with bits of gold.

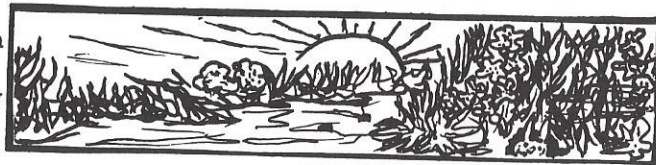
A SIGHT TO BE REMEMBERED
by John Lucas

As I gazed out the frosted window, my sleepy eyes flashed open to a vision long awaited. Outside, the new-fallen snow clung quietly to the ground giving its surroundings a picture of pure white. As my eyes wandered over the glorious scene, noises quickly attracted my attention. There, gliding swiftly but steadily over the glistening snow, was a tremendous sleigh bearing five joyous children and leaving behind a path telling of their whereabouts.

Once more my eyes scanned the miraculous view and then finally fixed on an object so far off to the right that I had to crane my neck far out the window into the biting winter air to see it fully. There was a spirited sound. I saw eight boys with snow clinging to them like glue, charging and plowing their way into a hard-packed snow fort, plundering all its possessions including the small, but courageous defenders. While witnessing these scenes, I sensed the camera of my mind recording those sights and sounds which will long symbolize the exhilaration that is winter.

LOVING LIFE
by Karen Brown

illustrated by
Pat Lane



Loving life is one of the most wonderful things one can do. It is seeing a brook babble and sparkle its way down a mountainside or seeing a young fawn struggle to its feet. It is seeing the sun set behind a big red barn or seeing a tiny rabbit poke its quivering nose out of a hole. It is seeing the winter's first crisp, clean snow or hearing a new-born baby's first cry. It is being happy and satisfied with the whole world. It is love.



DAYDREAMING
by Kathy Hayes

BERLIN, AS I KNOW AND LOVE HER
by Renate Knodt

Berlin is the most wonderful, merry, life-loving city I have ever seen or known. The most delightful thing about her is the people she houses who are a part of the many things she has stood and lived for throughout history and especially today. All true Berliners have a fierce love and pride for their city and regard all other Berliners as their only true equals. They are sure that the most wonderful thing that God ever blessed them with is the supreme fortune of having been born there. When they meet other Berliners someplace other than in that city, they greet each other as brothers who haven't seen each other for twenty years.

The most wonderful thing about the Berliners is their merry wit and humor which are the life of the city. Other German-speaking people regard their "ikke ditte keeke mal" language as an English gentleman might regard the most outlandish, brash, and delinquent slang of Brooklyn youths. In Berlin, the famous Corbissier House, an ultra-modern skyscraper having over four hundred apartment units, is generally known as "that living machine," the tone of voice in which it is said automatically terming it as an atrocious and abominable cruelty to the eyes of all culture-loving and sane Berliners. It would be utterly impossible for me to repeat some of the outrageous names given to various of the living units which some of the greatest architects of many of the world's free and democratic nations designed for Hansa Quarter, a new and unique residential area of the city. Although all of the buildings are unique, some greatly outshine others. Brazil's contribution, designed by the same architect who planned the new capital of Brazilia, is one of these. The Swedish House is also considered "saner" than most. Of course, there's the famous "Schashnik" or shish-kabob, that great, black, modern art sculpture in front of the new Deutsch Oper Berlin. This reference, however, is usually made only by "older" people, 35 years and over, and by young children who are still in that stage where they imitate everything their parents do or say, thinking them more advanced and mature than their own little selves. I must agree that it is quite an unusual and peculiar sculpture to go in front of an opera house; but then, everyone to his own taste!

Like most ordinary and normal people, Berliners had quite a few problems and doubts at the coming of the Space Age. After New York City was already well known for its extreme skyline, the people of Berlin were very much concerned about the building of the first of one of these sky-borers. A ten-story building, the first "skyscraper" of Berlin, is jokingly considered the strongest building in the city. The people were so afraid that the whole thing would tumble down the minute another brick was laid upon it that they reinforced and reinforced it.

The people of Berlin also have much in their city of which they can be very proud. The zoo is world-renowned, its bird house being one of the most outstanding in the world. In this house there is a large room where a narrow pathway leads visitors into the jungles of the tropics. Bright-colored birds and strange, feathered creatures fly freely about in the dense vegetation. A word to the wise: if you are planning to remain in this room for a long period of time, I would advise wearing as light clothes as possible because of the extreme heat and humidity.

Berlin also has its old and lovely palaces, as most European cities and capitals do. The most famous in what is now West Berlin, though, is Schloss Charlottenburg. In eighteenth century style, this home of the Hoiserin Charlotte is a nice specimen for lovers of this style. It could also be considered a "must" for all general tourists in the city. I thought it was great fun to visit because of the large slippers one must wear in the rooms to keep the floors immaculately clean and unscratched. While I was there, a group of high school youths, whose only obvious interest in the place was to see which boy could get to the other end of one of the long rooms fastest and with the fewest number of glides, were also being guided by a rather frustrated guide. At least he had my very culturally- and historically-interested uncle to talk with. This palace, though, is considered no equal in beauty to the Schloss Sans-souci, the palace "without worry." The palace is located, as so many of Berlin's historical buildings and areas are, in what is today the Eastern, or Russian sector of the city.

I think the greatest place in Berlin is the Hurfurstendamm, or "Kudamm," the street in Berlin. The wonderful "Berliner chic" reigns here. Some of the most delightful joys of the late morning or early afternoon in a great

city are to stroll along its wide walks, gazing into the shop windows filled with fashions only the finest designers and courtiers could create; to sit in one of the many sidewalk cafes, sipping a small glass of the finest old German sekt while watching the passing parade of people with care-free, half-hearted interest and attention, a highly developed cult in the great cities of Europe; and to watch the debonair hand flourishes made by an immaculately white clad officer of the police on his pedestal in the center of streams of the fashionable, small European automobiles.

I was born in Berlin and spent the first years of my life in that great city; and, like all Berliners, I think it the greatest privilege in my life to be a part of her!

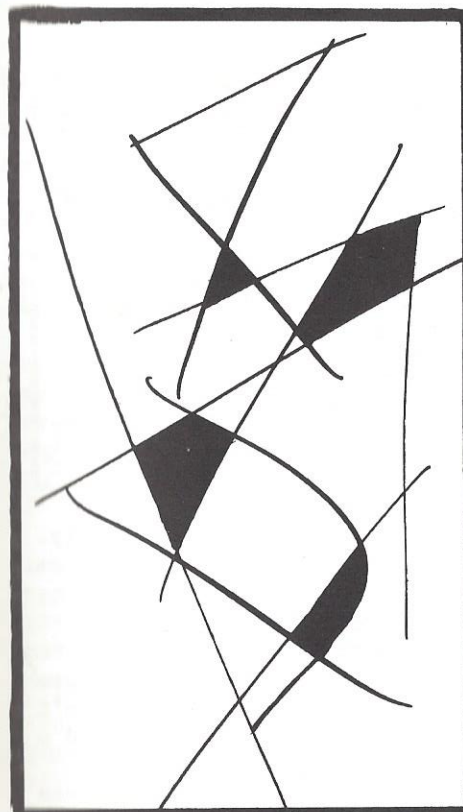
THE STORM

by Margie Glenn

An eerie and exciting experience is to watch a sudden storm spread across the lake. Almost without warning angry clouds blow across the sky, the wind rises sharply and begins to howl, and the atmosphere seems tense. The normally peaceful waves change into increased, violent crashes against the iron breakers surrounding the lighthouse. Foaming whitecaps plunge over green waters, then disappear as if nothing had happened. It is odd to see brown waters fade to light green, and then change farther out to darker shades.

The trees, which had stood straight and tall, bend fiercely in all directions. They cast dim shadows on the land, covered with swirling waves of dune grass, as the sun begins to sink beneath the churning waters sending odd rays in all directions in the sky.

The brown water sucks back the stones or covers them with an oily colored sand. This black sand covers the beach for miles. Suddenly a thunderous roar and a crackling of lightning add to other noises of the storm. Then a crack, like that of a gigantic explosion, and the falling of a splintering tree explodes in my ears. The sky reveals shafts of light between dark clouds. The majestic and never-failing lighthouse begins to send its encircling and searching beam across sea and land to warn approaching ships of one of their worst enemies — the storm.



AN ARRANGEMENT OF T.V. TABLES
by Dave Righter



HARE by Nancy Haire



CHARLEY
by Cindy Bowers



STUDENT TEACHER
by Pat Lane

GAIETY

by Amy Kinney

Gaiety is the sound of music tingling in the ears and along a cold, chilled spine. You feel like prancing down a white silk carpet, making up steps to show the triumph that you feel in a B flat or G note. Your mind travels along with each beat and word that might be coming from some rhythmic measure. Your blood seems to dance, trying to release the hold that your body gives so that it may sing and romp to the tune of the melody. When this music is completed, it still seems to be trapped in the life of your body giving delight to you and others. Gaiety is dancing whether you're cha-chaing, gliding, glisading, rocking, or doing a polka. It's in a particular air that you alone understand and enjoy.



Bob Brackney

RUSHING WATER

by Daisy Ouwelen

The foam rolling over the ridge of the falls is of exquisite scenic beauty. This steep, downward slope is so enthralling it doesn't seem possible such a site could exist on this earth. Drifting over and brushing against the face, the mist gives that pure, clean feeling and arouses wonder at what's underneath that thrashing liquid and where it came from. The thought of this fascinating site comes upon me as I turn to walk away. I am so intrigued that I feel I must turn around once more to view nature's work.

THE MESSAGE AND THE MAN

by Lou Blair

I am writing this story about Simone St. Michel, not because she was one brave person out of a million, but because she was typical of the millions of young people who endangered their lives to help their country, whether they were French, Dutch, British, American or any other nationality.

Before the year 1940, the St. Michel family of Flers, France, went along peacefully in their farm life routine without many really exciting events occurring. After May of 1940, however, when the Germans invaded France, the St. Michel family not only raised and sold their vegetables but took up the dangerous job of collecting and hiding men escaping from the Nazis. Many other French families did this too, but the St. Michels had to be very careful for even their closest neighbor might report them to the local Gestapo, the German police.

The St. Michel's oldest son Jacques belonged to the French Underground Forces and was away much of the time. What really bothered Pierre and Andrea St. Michel was that their lovely fifteen-year-old daughter Simone belonged to the underground, too. She had gone on many dangerous missions, for her job was to lead men who had escaped from German prisons to Avranches, a small port which wasn't as closely guarded as the large harbor city of LeHavre. The men had a better chance to get a boat and escape across the English Channel to Britain from Avranches than from LeHavre. Mama and Papa St. Michel allowed Simone to go on those journeys for they believed in helping the escaping men. Everyone in the family helped, from Jacques down through six children to the ten-year-old twins. The twins calmly announced one day that they were bringing a friend to supper. This friend turned out to be a British sergeant they had found hiding in the barn.

On the night of May 10, 1943, Simone's mother said, "I have a feeling that this is going to be an unusually dangerous journey."

Simone, seeing the tears in her mother's eyes, said, "Now Mama, don't worry. I'll be careful." Then she hugged her mother, father, and all her younger brothers and sisters. As Simone walked out of the farmhouse into the night, she didn't know that she was taking the last and

THE ROSE AND THE DANDELION
by Cheryl Iffland

illustrated by
Sue Pollock



It was a hot, summer day, and the sun shone brightly. The rose lifted her glossy petals to receive the sun's warm rays. She was a beautiful rose. Her leaves were a dark, healthy green, filled with chlorophyll; her thorns thrust out threateningly to those who dared to pick; and her soft petals were a bright and beautiful shade of red. The rose glanced disgustedly at the dandelion beside her. Shouldn't she, so lovely, have a handsome companion? But she had a dandelion, an ugly, pale yellow weed with no leaves.

The rose at the sound of footsteps looked up. It was Mrs. Bates, the owner of the garden in which the rose lived. Everyday she came out to care for her flowers and pick the weeds. But everyday she overlooked the dandelion beside the rose. The rose wished so much that the dandelion would be picked.

As the days passed, the rose became lovelier; and the dandelion, taller and uglier. Everyday the dandelion would look over at the rose admiringly and talk softly to her. It was obvious he was fond of her. But the rose turned her petals the other way and looked up toward the sun, completely ignoring the dandelion. She could not fall for the dandelion. She was just too lovely for him. What would the other flowers think?

The dandelion, sensing that he was being ignored, turned the other way. Suddenly the rose realized the dandelion was no longer talking to her. A lonely feeling engulfed her. She glanced over toward him. He was staring unhappily at the ground. He began talking to her again.

She just couldn't turn away, and she was startled when she found out how much she cared for the dandelion. She listened quietly, smiled, and began talking back to him, realizing she had fallen in love with the dandelion.

That night was cold and foggy. The next afternoon was the same. The rose watched Mrs. Bates come out, a coat thrown over her shoulders. As Mrs. Bates drew nearer, the rose thought, "Oh, please don't take him away from me! Please!"

"Well, well," Mrs. Bates said suddenly, spotting the dandelion. "A dandelion. This dandelion is destroying my garden. I must have overlooked it. By my most beautiful rose, too!" She reached down to pick the dandelion. Suddenly there was a shrill noise.

"Oh, that telephone!" Mrs. Bates said, as she let go of the dandelion and ran toward the house.

The dandelion fell against the rose. She looked over at him, laying her petals softly against him. The dew drops began to roll down the petals. Or were they tear-drops? She talked softly to the dying dandelion and tightened her embrace around him. She would never, never, let him go.

HAPPINESS IS WHERE WE FIND IT
by Kathy Wilson

There are many definitions of happiness that are not found in the dictionary. Happiness is being loved by relatives and friends, belonging to a wonderful church, and having friendly neighbors. Happiness is knowing that God is forever with us, that He will guide and protect us. It is knowing that He will always love us, never forsake us, and will always be beside us. Happiness is learning about ourselves and the world around us from our school teachers. Happiness is living in a democratic nation and being free to do as we wish. Happiness can be everywhere we wish to find it!



LEAVE IT TO FATHER
by Dan Montgomery

illustrated by
Debbie Greer

Father is a conservative, hard-working man who is known for having everything under control. He never makes mistakes, usually because of careful planning and research. One day last fall he arranged, in his usual, precise manner, for the family to spend a weekend in a cabin at a resort fairly close to home. After two weeks of most extensive planning and three days of packing, we left home on a Friday afternoon. Several hours later we reached the cabin. Everyone was tired but excited at the thought of having a leisurely weekend. After unpacking and carrying everything to the door, Father asked Mother for the key. Mother responded with a perplexed expression and said, "You didn't give it to me!"

The key was home on the mantle.

Freedom is the sight of a magnificent bass leaping high out of the water, or of a hawk wheeling and soaring through a cloudless sky.

by Jon Dodrill

A BOOK
by Dinah Lownie

A rainy day bother me?
No sir! It leaves me free!
For all I have to do is look
Upon the page of some good book
And my spirits rise above the clouds!

I'm Scarlet O'Hara!
I'm Huckleberry Finn!
I'm Little John, or Robin Hood,
On any rainy day I choose,
Just so the book is good.

I've sailed around the world—
I'm Magellan, don't you see?
I can be anyone I please,
From Joan of Arc to Rockefeller,
Whenever I read a great best-seller.

YAK-YAK
by Dick Aumiller

illustrated by
Debbie Greer

I cannot seem to camouflage
My very lengthy verbiage.

As anyone can see from far
That I am full of palavar.

Many people pay a bribe
To escape my awful diatribe.

I find that I can be quite rude
For of my voice there's plentitude.

Many people would soon rejoice
If someone would expunge my voice.





by Linda Bonnie

THE GREEN BOTTLE

by Craig Morgan

As I start to write this narrative of what has happened to me and to the world in these last three short months, I realize that I am not writing it for any future generation to read, because the likelihood of that happening is very slim, but in order to preserve what sanity I have left.

It all began innocently enough. It was one of those lazy, late spring Saturdays when one has no desire to do anything but enjoy life and bask in the sunlight. I was doing both. I had my television out on the patio and was waiting for a ball game to start, when suddenly the show was interrupted and the announcer came on to say that Red China had fired a missile at San Francisco and that it had been intercepted over Hawaii. China had not first declared war on the United States, so the attack was in direct contradiction to the Geneva Convention. The announcer went on to say that the United States was immediately taking defensive and offensive measures. At that time the network signed off, as the local air raid siren started screaming.

Stunned, I dashed into the house, grabbed a transistor radio, extra batteries, and a flashlight. I then ran outside, jumped into my car and roared off to the south toward the country and my air raid shelter.

The first precaution I had taken was to build it in the country, not only as a precaution against bombs and rockets but also against neighbors who, I knew, would try to make me share my safety. I have no family and all my friends have shelters of their own, although none are as strong as mine. It's thirty feet underground, as compared to the usual three; it has three doors, two of which are lead-lined; the water supply is located above the shelter in order to provide pressure, and the water tank is divided into six sections in order to prevent a direct hit from eliminating my water supply. But the important thing is that my food and water will last for a half year or more if used wisely.

Upon reaching the shelter, I turned into the driveway, parked and started to walk across the grass-covered field to the entrance. I had planted the grass there for three reasons; one, it would prevent dust from rising and blocking the view of my periscope that I had housed along with

the other observation equipment which I could raise or lower from my retreat underground. This stood protected inside its column with a heavy, lead-lined trap door separating it from the surface of the earth; too, it would prevent erosion which might lessen the protective barrier of dirt I had between me and any elements resulting from a war.

I pulled the key from my coat pocket and unlocked the first trap door. It took every ounce of my strength to lift it; but when I was on the inside and it had thudded shut, I cranked its lock tight and felt much safer. The second door was also heavy but I managed it; the third door was all metal, the type used in submarines.

Once inside I immediately checked the four automobile batteries that supplied the power to the various appliances that would serve me during my residence in the shelter. In order to recharge them I had rigged up a bicycle-type machine on which I could pedal for awhile to generate an electric current.

Meanwhile, I was listening to the radio communications and heard the announcer call for "ham" radio operators to assist in locating people who couldn't find shelter. That meant me, so I warmed up my short wave radio and set to work.

That twilight, as I peered through my telescope, I had a very satisfied feeling because I had saved twenty-two men, women, and children from possible death by directing a rescue squad to a number of locations where I knew there were shelters. While the color of the western sky flowed from pink to red, I observed the terrain. To the north in the distance I could see the skyline of the city from which I had come; to the south and west, there was nothing but a thick green forest; and to the east, there was a highway and a new housing development.

As the stars and moon appeared, I went to bed, only to spend a night of sleep broken by the muffled roar of jets overhead. I was safe, and I knew it, but still I worried.

The next day I recharged the batteries, checked the emergency air supply which I had stored in two large tanks under the floor, checked the reserve water supply, ate breakfast, and then spent the rest of the day on the radio with an occasional peek through the periscope.

For the next three weeks things went about the same. Neither the Americans nor the Chinese had yet resorted to

nuclear power but had stuck pretty much to conventional warfare, as both sides realized the consequences in using it. The fighting subsided a little bit during the fourth week because talks of negotiation were going on at the Pentagon. The hopes of everyone in the world rose.

Then it happened. Red China dropped a nuclear bomb on San Francisco, almost completely destroying the city and killing millions of defenseless people as they slept, and again defying the Geneva Convention. Instantaneously the United States answered with rockets, completely destroying many large Chinese cities, but Peking was not reached as the missiles were intercepted. China then pelted the west coast with rockets, completely destroying Fresno and Seattle, partially destroying Los Angeles and Long Beach. Sacramento along with Honolulu was untouched, as the missiles were intercepted. Again the tide turned as the United States poured thousands of nuclear rockets, completely destroying many other large Chinese cities. Again, however, the missiles aimed at Peking were intercepted. For a week this seesaw battle continued until the United States hit Peking. Much of the fire power of the Chinese nation was then destroyed.

Then Russia, who had been sitting by, joined the picture, siding with China. In answer, Canada joined the United States as did the United Powers of Europe. After a fortnight of fighting, nothing was left of Russia or China. For that matter, there wasn't much left of any of the countries involved. Nonetheless, all the conquering nations and I rejoiced.

Ten weeks, four days after I had entered my shelter, I raised my periscope to peer upon a world that horrified me. To the north where the city had been, there was nothing but rubble; to the east where the housing development had been, nothing; to the west and south where the forest had been, only ashes. I realized that what all the free nations had feared had happened — polaris attack by submarine. They had destroyed the air and missile base to the north beyond the city.

I raised my observation equipment and found the temperature on the surface to be 120 F; the radiation was well within the danger zone.

Puzzling as to why I had not heard an explosion, I started warming up my short-wave. Then a small green bot-

tle caught my eye. Of course! I had taken an extra strong dose of sleeping pills to insure my sleep because I was so nervous and had not slept the night before. If a rocket had been exploded in the air, it might have escaped my attention.

Failing to raise a signal on my short-wave at any local station, I switched to Washington, D. C. but could detect only a weak signal and caught only the words:...fall-out...magnetism...poles...."

Later I realized that the message meant that the fall-out caused by the war was being drawn to the poles. Fearing the worst, I switched to a higher power and managed to locate five or six more stations that were broadcasting. I then began to broadcast the news myself although I doubted that I had an audience.

I spent a torturous night and in the morning I awoke to find the surface temperature at 130F. The radiation was still within the danger zone. I warmed up my radio and started hunting for stations; I found one in Australia, one in France, one in Mexico, and one in Alaska. The one in Alaska was very weak and I couldn't make contact. I ran back to my batteries, recharged them all, put them all into

my radio, turned out all the lights, turned the radio up to full blast and shouted into it with all my might. I then turned all the power I had on "receive." I got nothing but mumbling as Alaska went off the air. The next day the same thing happened to my contact with Australia. A week later Mexico went, too. I managed communication with France for awhile, but this morning it, too, died out.

My radio stands useless. The green bottle sits upon it, taunting me.

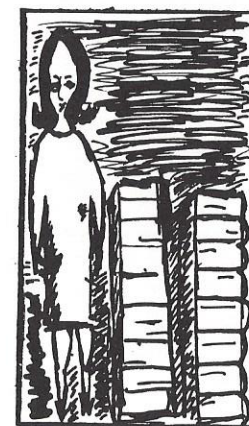


Jenni Brown

A GOOD STUDENT by Tarie Marshall

illustrated by
Charlotte Anderson

To me, a good student is not one who goes home and studies for hours but one who, while doing his assignments, stops to look over them and understand them fully. This person, in being a good student, of course asks questions when he does not completely grasp a thought or idea. This person, then, will naturally have a planned program of study so he can maintain an A-B average easily. The truly good student listens in class and does not disturb other students by shouting criticisms out loud. The good student studies for tests and exams well in advance. The good student, of course, has other fine qualities, but I believe that these are the main points.

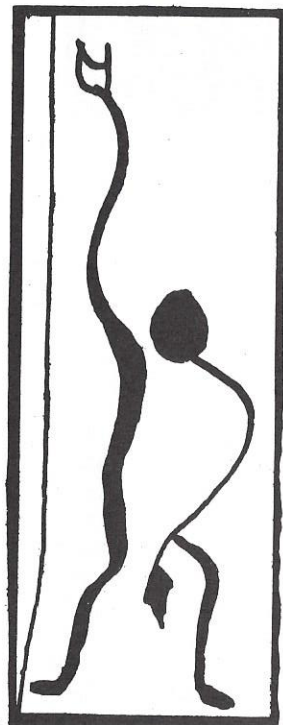


THUNDER STORM by John Flory

The wind picks up, the clouds gallop over, and the sky becomes as black as coal dust. A mighty bolt of lightning streaks through the angry sky; and a blast of thunder rings out, making the ground tremble as if with fear. Then the rain comes with the quickness of a jack rabbit and chatters on the metal awnings like the staccato of a machine gun. Nearly as quickly as the rain comes, it stops; and everything is quiet. Then the sun bursts through the clouds, and the rays with their shining beauty strike the soggy earth. The drops of rain on the leaves and grass sparkle in the sunlight like carefully cut diamonds, as they silently return to the air.



BOY POSING
by Charlotte Anderson



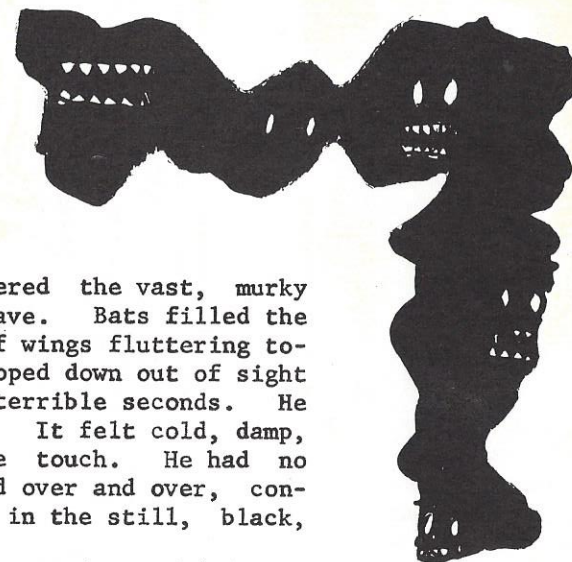
MONKEY DANCE
by Melanie Bartling



HURRYING TO CLASS by Jenni Brown

THE CAVE
by David Murray

Illustrated by
Pat Lane



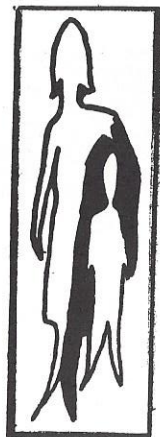
The man entered the vast, murky blackness of the cave. Bats filled the air, a multitude of wings fluttering together. They swooped down out of sight after a few long, terrible seconds. He felt for the wall. It felt cold, damp, and greasy to the touch. He had no light and stumbled over and over, continually tripping in the still, black, echoing cave.

Suddenly the ground crumbled beneath his feet, and he began falling! It seemed like hours, but it was only five gruesome, nerve-shattering seconds and twelve horrible feet. He landed with great impact, but there was a soft, spongy material that gave way beneath his weight. He arose shocked but otherwise unhurt.

After a few unsuccessful attempts, he clamored out of the pit. With the noise of his movements, the bats arose again in their multitudes. Blinded by darkness, he blundered into one and lurched violently backward. After regaining his nerve, he felt for the wall. Feeling his way, stumbling at every turn, he made his way back, back to the sunlit world!

DEATH IS A FALCON
by Jon Dodrill

It poised there on its master's leathered wrist;
Its golden wings and brilliant ruffled plumes
Gleamed iridescent through the morning mist.
Death seeks out life to snuff it in the bloom.



A MOTHER
by Peggy VanFossen

illustrated by
Jenni Brown

A mother is a person who loves you. She tends to you when you are sick and tries to comfort you when you are sad. She took care of you when you were very small, and she understood when your teddy bear had a hurt paw. She was there when you took your first steps, when you said your first words; and she tried to answer your every baby demand. When you went to school for the first time, she waved goodbye; and when you said you were going to run away, she was understanding. She understood when you said you just couldn't make your bed. She helped you with your homework. She also punished you when you needed it, even though she said it hurt her more than it hurt you. This is what a mother is to me.

A VACATION PRAYER
by Lea Larson

I sure wish
For a change
It'd be sunny
For holidays
And on school days
It'd rain!

Freedom is being free from one's self.

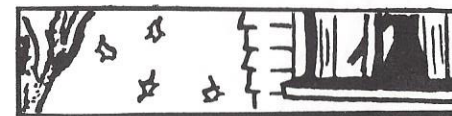
by Phil Hawley

NOVEMBER
by Nancy Haire

illustrated by
Brigid Moriarity

The days are cold,
The trees are bare,
But no one else
Appears to care.

I curl up on
My window seat
And watch outside
As sparrows eat.



The wind blows leaves
Round and round,
While gray squirrels
Scurry on the ground.

My dog goes trotting
Through the trees,
His cold breath
Trailing in the breeze.

The fire is warm,
My book is good,
And life continues
As it should.

RELIEF
by Linda Harrington

Have you ever experienced a welcome relief when the great, blazing sun is conquered by a clear, cool rain? Relief is the refreshing change when healing rains come to repair the parched lands from the damage of a long, hard drought. The soothing rains will again make flowers blossom, birds sing, and will restore all nature's works. The first sprinkle of much-needed rain is relief.



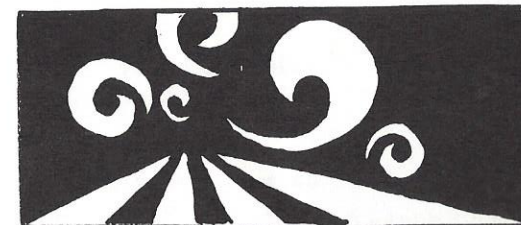
THE ORDEAL
by Gwen Winters

illustrated by
Diane Wineberg

The bell rang. It was the bell I had been dreading during every minute of the day. The silent fear gripped at my throat and paralyzed my limbs. I was caught in a swirling mass of people — people running and yelling and pushing me. The feeling was indescribably sickening; but I recovered partially, grabbed my bundle, and stepped out into the daylight. The breeze of the threatening storm ruffled my hair, and a few lone drops of rain splattered to the walk. I was alone; I had to face my problem alone. The sky grew dark and menacing. I knew I must hurry. The trees were a blur as I hurried down the street. My thoughts were racing. Oh! Why must I go through with it? I knew not what to expect. I was terribly afraid. The thunder crashed around me. It startled me back to reality, and I realized I had reached my destination. In front of me, a black door dared me to open it. Recapturing my calmness, I approached the door, walked through, and sat down in a small room. Before me was a similar black door. Suddenly it opened. This was it! I was going to face my doom!

"The dentist will see you now."

I collected my remaining strength and walked boldly through the door, silently praying I wouldn't feel a thing!



THE DEATH OF A FIRE
by Craig Robinson

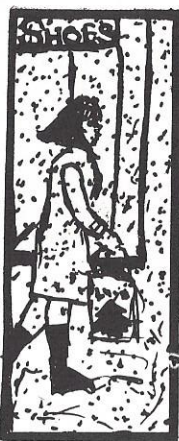
illustrated by
Cindy Bowers

Suddenly the bright, yellow flames roar up, cutting into the dark, star-speckled sky. Hamburgers sizzle temptingly in a smoke-blackened frying pan with an irresistible smell, throwing droplets of grease on the fire. A log is thrown on the blaze; a multitude of tiny, bright, yellow sparks shoot skyward, brightening the sky and zig-zagging wildly.

Gradually the tall, leaping columns of bright fire die down to mere, occasional surges of small, blue flames. Unexpectedly, a strong, cold wind rises and fans the glowing coals into a sheet of red and orange embers, sending a wave of warmth to give relief from the bone-chilling cold. Finally even these warmth-giving coals die down to a mere, occasional speck of light on the dark and seemingly barren ground. Then all is uncomfortably still as the end of another long, tiring day comes, just as it always has.

by Jim Goddard

Bombs burst in the field
The dead lie with the dying
The conquest is done!



A SNOW FLURRY
by Tracey Potts

illustrated by
Edith Loechler

White crystals blanket the earth as a carpet covers the floor. The sky is full of bits of white fluff floating toward the ground. The sensation of absolute silence is felt throughout the city. Occasionally the sound of crunchy footsteps is heard as someone slowly trudges down the deserted street. The snow is fresh and light, piercing with frigidity. Every object in its path is covered with its cottony fluff.

Looking up at the snow-filled sky, one wonders where this vast amount of whiteness comes from. It is as if someone dropped a huge bag of cotton on the world, making it sparkling clean.

A MIDNIGHT ON THE TOWN
by Beth Postle

illustrated by
Edith Loechler



It is a dark, dismal night. Multiple layers of grayish-white haze blanket the still earth. The breeze is cool and moist. From the windows of late office workers, lights twinkle through the dark night like a silver spray of sequins over soft, black velvet. Far in the background through the evening mist, vividly-hued lights glow and cast a majestic air over the midnight silence. The stillness is broken only by an occasional echo of human voices or the blare of an automobile horn.

THE BOAT OF LIFE
by Dick Aumiller

illustrated by
Debbie Greer

Fast, so very fast, the shore speeds by;
And yet there is a chance to land,
To look around, to understand.
But we are young and do not see
The shores slip past so silently.
Then, we find that we are growing up.
The boat of life is gaining speed
Like a well-trained racing steed.
We take a final glance at shore;
The chance to look will be no more.



Now the boat of life drifts out to sea.
The shores of life are left behind.
What is left for all mankind?
A much too hasty memory
Of a life we never stopped to see.

THE GRIPSHOLM
by Malinda Nelson

The great white ship, the Gripsholm, floated quietly in the still water. Her stately, high masts seemed to be touching the clouds, and all around her was an air of profound dignity. This was to be the last voyage of her long life, for she had grown too old. Her great iron frame was no longer smooth, shiny and white, but old and corroded. She was like an old woman who at one time had met the most prominent citizens and entertained hundreds. Now that she had grown old, marred and sluggish, people no longer came to sail on her. She was part of a forgotten past.

Slowly the big ship's engines were started, and tiny ripples formed in the water. She gradually edged from the dock to the open water. A small, dirty tugboat moved toward the side of the great ship. There was a loud clanging of metal, and the small tugboat slowly turned the great ship out to sea for her last voyage as the sun melted from a deep violet to a faded mauve.

CLOSED DOOR

by Leanne Kuehl

Soft and cuddly, brown and gold,
Always frisky, never old.
Big brown eyes either sad or gay,
I can tell what she wants to say.
Her long tail wags without a sound;
In her mouth is what she found.
I lost my dog, but I lost more —
It broke my heart and locked a door.
There'll be no other dog for me,
I can't do much with a broken key.



Sally Rossello

greatest of all her journeys.

Simone walked along in the dark, feeling glad that the moon wasn't out so that she couldn't be easily detected. Slowly she sidled up to a tree when she saw a young boy there. Simone saluted him and he gave her orders.

"Here is the message," he said as he thrust a piece of paper into her hand. "Give it to Alec on S Street," he said, using code. "Here is the man," he announced as he led a tall, thin man out from behind the tree. Peering into the dark, Simone looked closely at him. He was an American, about thirty years old, with a thatch of black hair, a ragged black beard, and very dark eyes. They heard the messenger taking off through the woods.

Simone then whispered, "Come, I am taking you to the port of Avranches where my uncle will take you in his boat across the Channel to Britain. Do not tell me anything about yourself, not even your name; and I won't tell you anything about me." The man knew Simone had said that so they could truthfully say that they knew nothing about each other if the Germans caught them.

Simone clutched the note very tightly in her fingers. "If someone asks us what we're doing at this time of night, we're bird-watching," she said as she thrust a bird-book and binoculars into the stranger's hands. As she fought her way through the thick undergrowth of the forest, she could hear him chuckling a bit; and she smiled to herself. The man was very weak and couldn't go very fast. In the back of her mind she kept thinking, "We're not going fast enough; we have to reach Avranches under the cover of darkness."

After awhile Simone handed the man some food and said, "Eat this, but we must hurry." They went up, down and around the forest-covered hills surrounding Simone's hometown of Flers. Finally when they came to flat land, they got down into a ditch beside the road and hurried along in that.

It was about forty miles from Flers to Avranches and Simone figured they'd gone about twenty when suddenly they came to a small village that seemed to be deserted. There were no lights on and no people out, even though it was only about eleven-thirty. Simone whispered to the man, "Be careful; there are often Germans hiding in the dark streets of dark villages. They crept along in the dark, carefully

looking around and jumping at every sound. Simone kept muttering, "I've got to be careful; I've got to get this message through."

It was very quiet when suddenly there were machine gun blasts. Simone clutched her side. As she thrust the message into the man's hand, she gasped, "Take it to Alec on S Street. Run quickly!" The villagers came and started shouting at the Germans, and the Germans shouted back and poked them with their guns. Simone was the only one who saw the man run into the woods and away to safety.

The man stopped as soon as he had climbed a hill overlooking the small village. He stood there a moment and said a prayer, but at that moment a shot rang out in the still night air. He knew then that his guide had gone on her last journey. He stayed there awhile and heard the bell in the village toll midnight.

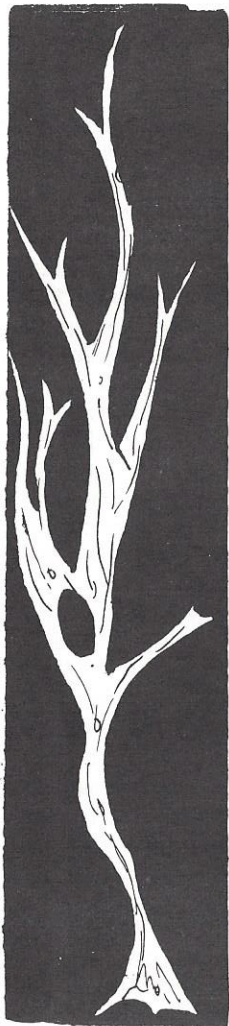
After awhile the moon came out; and as the man looked down, he could see a small mound and some of the villagers affixing a cross on it. It was a beautiful spring night, and he could hear the crickets and the birds chirping. He could smell the fresh earth and feel the cool breeze blowing through his hair and ruffling his beard. As the bright moon shone in the black velvet sky, he looked down at the small grave again, and thought how many brave men, women, and children had died just in that one war to make the world free and peaceful.

Finally he tucked the message into the pocket of his battered uniform coat and hurried along, for Simone had told him at the beginning of the journey how to get to Avranches. He had quite a time dodging all the Germans who were out looking for him, but he finally made it to Avranches and then across the English Channel to England.

At the end of the war Simone St. Michel was posthumously awarded a medal for bravery which her family accepted. But I think that more than the medal, the thought that the message made it to Alec in Avranches and that the man reached home safely would have pleased Simone more than anything.

Freedom is being able to plan ahead for a career and to know that if you work hard, you can have the chance to achieve it.

by Leanne Kuehl



TREE

by Cindy Bowers

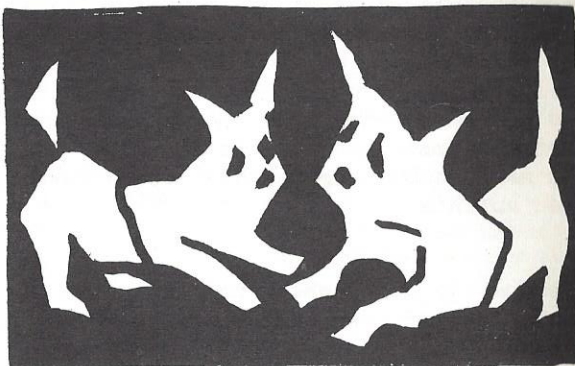


GIRL

by Janie Harris



YOUTH by Edith Loechler



PUPPY LOVE by Debbie Greer

STORM

by Bruce Morgan

The small, suburban town of Ashbrook was unusually quiet. The peaceful, tree-lined avenues were not bustling with the hordes of traffic that they usually handled at that time of day when every layman in the city was eagerly hurrying home from work. There was only an occasional pedestrian to upset the tomb-like silence, and the trees whispered mournfully of the absence of human life.

If an observer had seen the town of Ashbrook at this time, he probably would have thought that an epidemic had struck; but that was not the reason at all. A few hours earlier, reports from weather stations in the vicinity had stated that high winds of terrific force and speed were due to strike the community soon. At this notice, the residents of Ashbrook had begun preparing for the oncoming storm by filling their bathtubs with water, securing outdoor equipment, and more or less "battening down the hatches." There was a complete standstill of activity in the town as it waited for the inevitable storm.

Suddenly, there was a moment of unusual silence when even the trees stopped rustling. Quiet. Then the storm struck with a fury so powerful and sudden that it practically caught the town "napping." The trees were bent to unbelievable angles by the force of the wind, and the houses rattled and shuddered as if they were the prey of some terrible hunter. Then rain mixed with the wind, causing rain, leaves, and debris to go flying through the air in all directions. The momentum of the wind kept rising and rising until it reached a smashing crescendo; seemingly it threatened to overpower the town and sweep it from existence. Gradually, however, the storm's power diminished until it was gone as quickly as it had come. At this point, Ashbrook seemed to come to life again. The trees seemed to sigh with gratefulness that things began as usual, and the streets soon hummed with their usual loads of traffic. The sun broke through the clouds and cast delicate shadows under the trees. The storm had moved on to find new victims and would probably soon spend its strength and die. The small town of Ashbrook was back in the routine of everyday business and was already looking forward to tomorrow, not to be stopped by setbacks — persistent continuity. That is the beauty of human life.