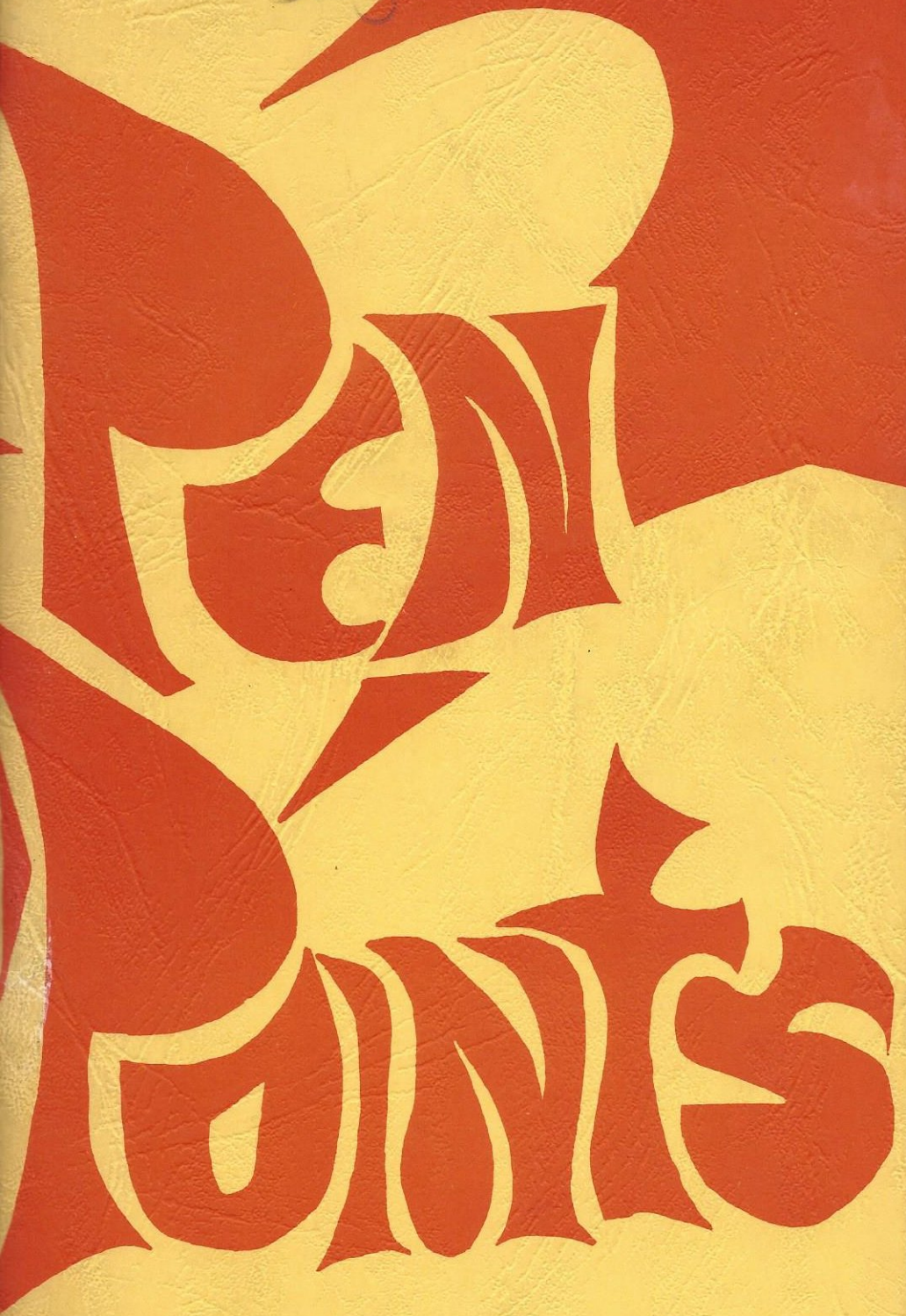


Sway Lovin' Men



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Cover design by Candy Patterson.

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

— Unknown

LEGS

by Lindy Gardner (9)

illustrated by
Debbie Jenkins (9)

As the three-thirty bell rang and classes were dismissed at Riley Junior High School, there was a sudden shuffle of books and a clatter of lockers in the halls. Today was the day of the big basketball game against Westmoor Junior High.

The team began to assemble on the shiny basketball court, each member wearing his black jersey with big gold letters. Yes, even Luke "Legs" Jones was in uniform today. He had received the nickname of "Legs" because that is exactly what he had the most of, legs. Sometimes the fellows called him "Lanky Luke," and this name, too, described this out-of-proportion boy. Besides being what the team considered their worst player, he couldn't tell his right foot from his left one.

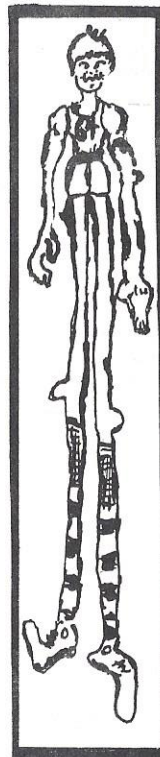
Ever since the school was built, there had been an incessant rivalry between it and its opponent, Westmoor. Now, today the teams were finally going to determine once and for all which school had the better team.

The game began, and there never had been such excitement in either of the two schools. As the first basket was made, the crowd grew even more tense. Never did either team gain more than a four-point lead until the beginning of the fourth quarter.

The gym was filled with hoarse cries from the bleachers as Riley began to foul out some of the best players. Substitutes were being put in rapidly, but even these fresh players were able to do little or no good.

It began to look gloomy for Riley as Westmoor pulled ahead. A time-out was called and the score stood: Westmoor, 45; Riley, 37.

One player had not yet been put in the game, and many of Riley's stars were so tired and weak that they had begun to lose their drive. The team needed some



height, and there was only one boy who had the height they needed — the one and only Luke "Legs" Jones. Luke was put in, much to the regret of the team, and the game was resumed.

It looked like the last straw, and time was running out. With only two minutes left, the score was 52 to 47, still in Westmoor's favor. "Legs" had not yet had the ball. Things began to look better when Riley caught up to within three points of Westmoor, but there were only 65 seconds left. A foul was suddenly called against an over-anxious player on Westmoor's team and Riley scored two points. Riley now trailed by one point with seven seconds to go. "Luke, the Legs," had the ball, — three seconds — two seconds — he shot. The ball rolled around the rim and dropped through the hoop!

Riley won the game by one point, and there was never a happier team than Riley Junior High School's, nor a happier boy than "Lanky Luke Legs" Jones. The fellows on the team all agreed that a leggy, out-of-proportion framework was the very best shape for a good basketball player.

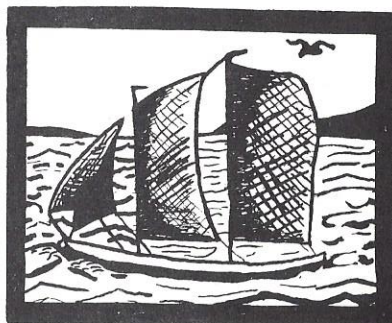
THE VOYAGER

by Craig Toothman (7)

The ship was tossed gently
On the emerald green sea.
The sun bore down intently,
On the seagulls and me.

The resounding breakers
Crashed on the shore,
Thundering loudly
Forever more.

With plaited sails
And gleaming decks,
We crossed the seas
On endless treks.



illustrated by
Craig Toothman (7)

OVERCOMING ADVERSITIES

by Claudia Bricker (7)

A physical handicap should not necessarily prevent a person from achieving success in life. Many famous people have had handicaps and yet somehow have overcome them or learned to live with them.

Helen Keller had smallpox when she was a child. As a result of her illness, she became deaf and blind. Today there are many books on the market about her life, all variations of her autobiographies. Beethoven, a famous conductor and composer, became deaf after a long illness; yet somehow he was able to compose symphonies and conduct them magnificently. Thomas Edison, a famous inventor, became deaf when he was held by the ears to save him from falling off a train. Napoleon was a victim of epilepsy.

These people can serve as examples in courage to anyone who is affected with any sort of a disability. Life is what you make it.

INDIVIDUALITY

by Jenni Dunbar (7)

Some people think it's fun to follow the crowd, and that's their business; however, I'm going to tell you how it feels to be independent.

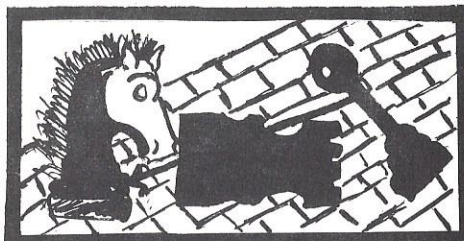
In the first place I'm not a non-conformist because I have been known to conform. But I can't be forced to participate in something which I feel is dangerous and/or stupid. Perhaps the leaders of the group and their followers feel differently, but they will never convince me of it. Of course they try to convince me and to get me to succumb, but I have a fine set of morals and good judgment, and no one will make me change them.

So, as I sit here with no gum in my mouth and no comb in my hair, I keep thinking how nice it is to be a separate person, an individual, and not a member of the group.

Misery is "Batman" replaced by a CBS special.
Debbie Willaman (8)

THE HAUNTED CHESSMEN
by Craig Toothman (7)

illustrated by
Sherry Sopp (9)



Checkmate! The men arose and went upstairs. They had been playing chess all evening and were very tired. "What about the game?" called one to the other.

"We'll pick it up in the morning."

Soon all the lights were out. Peace and quiet reigned over the small house. With an eerie note the tall grandfather clock struck twelve as something stirred on the table.

A pawn stepped out of the way as a knight on a horse rode by. Silently the group stood and watched while the lone rider traversed the board to the opposite side. Awakening the king, he spun around and returned.

The board was transformed into a rolling plain with several large hills in the same area. From these high points the kings surveyed their armies in battle.

Then a cry rang out on the still air and the armies converged. Chaos! They smashed together with tremendous force and power. Knights rode swiftly around and waved their broadswords; rooks on elephants and pawns with lances and battleaxes created mass conflict.

Then the white army divided, and a small force circled the hill where the black army's king was hidden. Climbing upward, they rushed the enemy position and captured the opposing army's king. The white team then won the battle, for whoever first captured the enemy's king won.

All this occupied the space of three hours; and, though much shouting and screaming took place, no noise was heard by the people sleeping upstairs.

Then as dawn approached and the sun sent out its warming light, all was calm and undisturbed. Once again peace and quiet reigned over the small house.

THE STORM
by Susan Ransom (9)

The heavy, gray clouds scudded across the darkening sky and gathered into a thick, black mass about a half a mile to the south.

"I won't," Wendy screamed as she ran out of the kitchen and fled up the stairs. "It just isn't fair! It isn't fair!" She slammed the door. The next instant her face was buried in her pillow and the storm had broken both inside and out. Wendy lay there sobbing, her white hands clutching her now damp pillow. Outside water gushed from the dark sky in a fitful torrent broken only by tremendous thunderclaps accompanied by blinding flashes of lightning. "Just because they didn't do things like that when they were children..." she thought angrily. "Times have changed. Can't they see that? It isn't fair," she cried, trying to swallow the hard lump forming in her throat and choking as the sobs began once again.

Slowly the girl spent her anger just as the storm spent itself. She held her pillow closer to her as if this cold thing could comfort her hurt feelings and torn pride. The steady patter of the rain seemed to quiet her anger; and long, sad thoughts of self-pity, remorsefulness, and loneliness wandered in a gray, weeping pattern through her mind. "No one loves me," Wendy thought. "I've always been alone, and I'll probably always stay alone, too. Mom's mad at me now and Daddy's disappointed in me and, oh, everybody hates me..." Filled with these thoughts, the girl began to cry again, only this time there were no gasping sobs or outbursts of tears; it was a quiet crying, evoking pity and all the feelings of wanted love and comfort and loneliness locked away in the girl's heart. Quietly each big, sad tear rolled down Wendy's cheeks, forming thin, watery paths on her drawn, white skin. She lay there sadly looking out the green-curtained window at the wet, gray world. As she heard the monotonous sound of the rain beating against the windows and saw the small, clear droplets running down the smooth glass, the tears stopped rolling down her cheeks.

Finally Wendy roused herself with the realization that the rain was stopping. The storm was over; and as the sun peeked around the edge of a cloud and shot its bright yellow and white sunbeams through the sky and down toward earth, a few of them seemed to reach the girl and

warm her lonely heart. She was suddenly filled with the great joy of being free and young; and she ran to the window to stand in the warm patch of sunlight. As she looked up into the clearing sky, the clouds parted. The sun burst forth in all its brilliant splendor; and the bright white rays illuminated the tops of the clouds. For an instant she felt as if she were looking into the gates of heaven and her spirits soared. The birds sang and flew from their leafy perches into the bright blue sky; the squirrels once again set out, tightropeing back and forth across the yard on the telephone and power lines. All the beauty in the world seemed to break forth, both in nature and in the girl watching from the window. Wendy's green eyes sparkled and her red cheeks glowed. Suddenly, as if in answer to the girl, a beautiful rainbow filled the blue sky, reaching from one end of it to the other in one magnificent effort to fill the world with joy, love, and peace.

Just as suddenly as the rainbow had appeared, Wendy began to dance and sing. She threw open the door, flew down the stairs, and dashed out the kitchen door into the wonderful, beautiful, magnificent, exciting world.

"Hi, Mom and Dad," she called as she ran across the yard to where her parents were cutting flowers. "I'm sorry." Then Wendy threw her arms around them.

HAIKU

by Sharon Mayo (9)

Time's a dull student.
It is lacking in content
And slow in passing.

HAIKU

by Mary Smith (9)

Spring is the raindrops
On the first yellow tulip
Wrapped in its green cloak.

HAIKU

by Beth Postle (9)

The fog, like a thief,
Creeps through the darkened city
Stealing serenity.

AN ADVENTURE
by Mary Smith (9)

illustrated by
Ann Gallagher (9)

Everyone said the big grey house on the corner was haunted. The shutters squeaked at the slightest breeze; and when the children of the neighborhood tried to open the faded green door in the front of the vacant house, some force on the inside kept them out. Another eerie feature was the oak tree in front that cast deep, mysterious shadows on the house.

Bobby Webster had lived across from the haunted house all his life, twelve years. Every night he would watch the movement and light of the moon shining through the cracked tar paper that covered the windows.

One Friday evening Bobby and Jim Daniels, the twelve-year-old boy who lived next door, were returning home from a Cub Scout meeting. As they walked toward the haunted house in the cold, dark, December night, Jim startled Bobby by saying, "Hey, Bobby! Let's go explore the old house! Tomorrow is Saturday. Anyway, our folks are out."

"I don't think we'd better," Bobby hesitated. "What if something happens?"

"Nothing's going to happen. We can get some candles in our shed. Come on."

"All right," Bobby said as they ran toward the shed.

By the time the boys reached the haunted house, the moon glowed in the darkness. The branches of the oak tree swayed, scratching the front of the house. They could hear the rats shuffling below them as they walked on the porch toward the door.

Jim slowly reached for the door while Bobby stood behind him ready to push.

"When I say push, push," said Jim, ready and anxious. "One. Two. Three. Push!" The rusty hinges screeched as the boys pushed the door open. They stumbled into the hall. The door slammed shut and a gust of wind blew out the candles.

"Jim, we had better go home. We won't be able to see without light."



"We'll get used to the dark," Jim told Bobby.
"Let's go upstairs."

When the boys reached the second floor, they heard a noise in the next room. Bobby hesitated, but as Jim cautiously walked on into the room, Bob followed. Breathing heavily, they stood in the dark room listening to the wind striking the tar paper. Suddenly in one corner they saw a startling light.

"What is it?" Bobby asked in a frightened voice.

"I-I-I-I think it's a ghost!"

Without a word Jim and Bobby turned, stumbled down the stairs, and dashed out of the house. Bobby quickly went to his bedroom to read a book, and he never looked out of his window at night again.

Strange as it was, Jim never told Bobby what really happened that night. The wind had blown the tar paper off the window and the light of the moon reflected against the wall, or so Jim thought.

LITTLE MILKWEED

by Diane Michael (7)

Where are you going, little milkweed,
Over the hills,
On to the mountains,
Or to the sea?

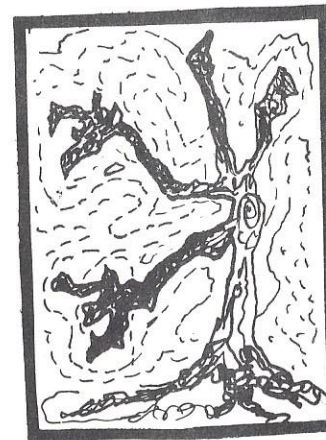
Where shall you land, little milkweed,
On a flower,
On the soft grass,
Or under a tree?

I shall catch you, little milkweed,
And wish on you,
You will see!

THE WINTER NIGHT

by Jim Long (9)

illustrated by
Bev D'Angelo (9)



It was a cold, cold night. It was cold as a giant freezer used to store food, but there I was chopping wood for the fire that would jump about the fireplace, spreading warmth throughout the cabin that provided me with shelter during the winter months.

Outside the cabin the snow was swirling about like a cyclone, seeming to say, "Stay out here and you'll freeze." It was dark with no stars or moon, and the cold, cruel snow lay on the ground, stamping out the last remnants of spring, killing the food, and destroying the shelter for the poor animals. "Survive if you can," shouted the cold wind. This cry rang in my ears as the whack of my axe against the wood shattered the winter night. I could almost taste the hot coffee and feel the warmth of the fire inside. This made me chop all the faster, and I could see the wood chips flying every which way.

Finally, I was finished and I went inside. I built the fire and the light and warmth filled the room. Already I could smell the crackling bacon in the skillet. I had conquered the cold and shut it out from the small paradise of the cabin. It was good to be warm, away from the howling wind and the cold blizzard of snow.

Sadness is getting sick on weekends.
Robert Yepsen (8)

Sadness is taking a shower with no hot water.
Tremper Longman (8)



Debbie Jenkins (9)

FIVE MINUTES

by Christine Gere (9)

"Hi, Mom, I'm home," screamed Patricia as she slammed her school books onto the maple table next to the front door. "Did you pick up my dress from the store?"

"Yes, it's hanging on the closet door in your room."

"Oh, that's great. Thanks, Mom," she replied as her feet flew up the stairs.

"Pat, don't run up the stairs like a fireman going to a fire! Can't you act like the lady of sixteen that you are?"

"Yes, Mother," She slowed her pace to a fast, nervous walk. Her anxious eyes gleamed at the thought of seeing her new formal. Each hungry step brought her closer until she was finally in front of the closed bedroom door. Her eager hand grasped the doorknob and turned it until the door was freed and open. Selfishly she closed it behind her so that no one could disturb her world. Hesitantly her eyes crept to the closet. What if the trip home had ruined it? What would she wear to the prom? All doubt left her mind when her eyes reached the dress and studied it carefully down to every square inch of the fabric. Yes, it was in excellent condition. The rich, navy blue velvet balanced beautifully with the pale old-fashioned lace that outlined the rounded neckline. The sleeves flowed down to the lace that bordered the velvet cuffs. To Pat it was a masterpiece that only an expert artist could have created. She hurried over, lifted it off the hanger, and held it up against her in front of the floor-length mirror. Was she worthy of wearing such a superbly crafted formal, she wondered as she gazed at her reflection? Her long, smooth, shoulder-length, brown hair draped over the lace to produce a picture of splendid simplicity. Along with her navy blue, satin heels she'd be all set for the dance. A thought flashed into her mind. Would Tom like it? Was it his favorite color, or was it one he didn't care for? She would have to ask him when he called.

Tom stayed in her mind as she hung up the soft velvet formal and sauntered over to her bed to lie down and think. On her back with her eyes glued to the ceiling, she thought of Tom. He was the cutest boy she had ever gone with. His long Beatle haircut accented his dark brown eyes and tender smile. Marcia, Pat's best friend, had told her that underneath all the charms he was a cheater. Pat couldn't believe this. They had been going

steady for five months in which time he had given no indications of being untrue. He called her every night, and they went out on dates every Friday. It was all too perfect. Nothing could break them apart, she thought. Just last week-end when he had walked her home from the West End, a teenage nightclub, it seemed that their love would go on forever. The deep look of care in his eyes and the soft touch of his hand against hers seemed to say that they would never part.

"Pat, telephone for you," her mother called.

Pat's private world was interrupted by her mother's voice. "It must be Tom," she thought. It was about the time he usually called. She quickly scrambled off the bed and anxiously walked to the phone, her head held high. She glowed with happiness in every feature. Her eyes sparkled and her dimples deepened for Tom was the one person who really cared for her. Her confident hand picked up the receiver.

"Hello," she said excitedly.

"Hi, Pat, this is Tom. I decided to call and tell you something."

"Just wait a minute. First, do you like the color navy blue?"

"Yea, I guess it's all right. You know the dance this Friday? Well, I can't take you because I asked Meredith instead. I don't think you and I have much in common, and it just won't work out any longer."

"But, we've been going steady for five months. Isn't that enough proof?"

"Those months were just a trial. Meredith is more my type, anyway."

"Oh, I see."

"I guess I better go now. Goodbye."

"Goodbye, Tom." Slowly she placed the receiver back on the phone. Her lips drew tight as tears filled her once-shining eyes. All she could do was stand and stare at the telephone in disbelief, clasping her shaky hands tightly together. Her tear-streaked face turned pale as she ran into her room, her private world, and threw herself upon the bed. Was it all true? Did Tom actually call and confess that they were through? How could so few words destroy all her hopes and dreams for the future? Her wet face turned from the dampened pillow toward the closet. The formal seemed limp and plain. She would never wear it, for stamped upon its form was the memory of an unattended dance and a heartless, cruel boy. Marcia was right. Tom didn't love her; he never did. He

led her on to believe that their dreams and hopes were to be forever, and he had crushed them to pieces in five fleeting minutes. Her world collapsed into a rubble where there was nowhere to begin and nowhere to end. Suddenly her bedroom door creaked open.

"Pat, what's wrong?"

Pat turned her red face toward her mother and replied, "Oh, nothing. Tom just called and said he couldn't take me to the prom. That's all."

HAIKU

by Mary Smith (9)

Snow of frozen lakes,
Like gathered dust on mirrors,
Vanishes in spring.

HAIKU

by Beth Postle (9)

Grabbing at the shore,
Hand of a spoiled child, sea,
Always self-seeking.



MOSQUITOES

by Nancy Hall (7)

illustrated by
Linda Bain (9)

Some small, winged insects
Hover, waiting to attack
Like small bombardiers.

SECOND STRING
by Jim Seibert (9)

I was second string on the Lincoln High School basketball team. Most guys would have been satisfied just to be on the team, but not I; I wanted to be first string. There was something inside me that kept me trying for first. It might have been my pride, my parents, my girl, or my hate of the first string center I had to beat out. But, no matter how hard I tried and played, I couldn't beat out Red Brown. I was also second string in my girlfriend's eyes; Sue Jones liked Red Brown. Let's face it; I was second string.

Then I got my chance. We were going to have an away game against Washington High. I knew Sue would be at the game because she came to all of them. Red Brown was ill that day, and that left me for the starting role. At school I asked Sue if she would be at the game even if Red wasn't playing, and she said she would be. If I could just play a great game, my day would be complete.

Arriving at Washington High at about 8:00 P.M., we started our practice session. I don't know what came over me for the rest of the practice, but I think it was love. After every shot I took, I looked over to see if Sue were watching. During most of the practice I was doing thirty-five and forty-foot jump shots and doing hooks from mid court. Much to my embarrassment, however, I missed them all. During the whole practice session, Sue was on my mind.

The first half of the game, they tore us apart. It was always the same. They would go down court and make a jump shot or lay-up. We would go down court, miss the shot, and they would get the rebound. The first half wouldn't have been like that if Red were playing. Washington was beating us twenty-five to fifteen.

At the half our coach, John McGonagall, chewed us out and gave us a lecture. He asked me what was wrong and why I kept looking over to the spectators. I told him my neck was stiff and I was trying to loosen it up. He told us to get in there and start playing ball.

The second half was a complete reversal of the first; we were a different team. With three seconds left, Washington led 36-35. In that comeback I had racked up fifteen points, and I didn't even care about Sue. I had been fouled and two free throws would win the game. Then a feeling came over me, the same feeling I

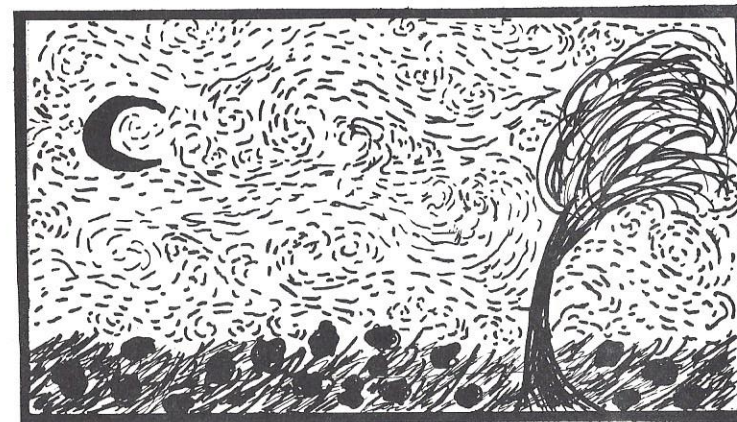
had in the first half. It was Sue. When I looked over at her with a simple grin, she smiled at me. When I attempted the free throws, they both missed the basket completely. We had made a great comeback, but we lost.

I'm still second string on the Lincoln High basketball team. I probably will be second string from now on. I might as well give up. Let's face it. In everyone's eyes I am a failure; I am second string.

WIND
by Candy Wood (7)

illustrated by
Diane Frick (9)

It is a dark, lonely night as the cruel wind sweeps across the vast plains. Sometimes the wind is like a soft kitten as it purrs through the billowy clouds. At other times it is like a beast which has just escaped from a cold den. Tonight it snips at the heels and ears of the shivering little lambs as they lay together like cotton balls, scattered across the prairie.



HAIKU
by Mary Smith (9)

Tears are like the rain
Falling from the gloomy eyes
Of heaven's keeper.

OLD JOE

by John Neale (9)

Sam Hoover stood at the top of the canyon overlooking one of the few placid pools in this stretch of the white waters of the Colorado River. Soon, he thought, he would begin the final showdown between himself and Old Joe, the ten-pound, trophy-sized, rainbow trout, king of Grover Canyon. In less than an hour, the sun would be high in the sky; multitudes of insects would swarm up from the bushes and many would tumble into the river. At this time, Old Joe would start feeding.

Sam picked up his equipment, placed his tattered, fly-covered hat on his grey head, wiped the perspiration from his wind-beaten face, and began the long trek down the twisting, precarious trail that led to the river. He chewed on the stem of his long, old briar pipe as he stumbled over the rocky trail, and his thoughts went back three years to the first time that he had seen Old Joe. This was before he had been involved in the auto accident which had partially crippled him and had prevented him from having his duel with Old Joe until today.

Sam had been casting for lunker bass with a bait-casting outfit loaded with fifteen-pound-test braided rayon. He had just arrived at the pool and had made his first cast with a three-quarter-ounce number two silver spanner. The lure had quietly splashed into the water; and as Sam had slowly reeled it past the rocks and into the current, Old Joe had struck. With one mighty, cart-wheeling leap, Old Joe had broken Sam's rod and line. From then on until the accident, Sam had fished for Old Joe almost daily; and because of this, Old Joe had become very wise and wary.

By now, Sam had reached the river and was resting in the shade of a rock by the river bank. He was breathing very deeply, almost gasping for breath; the perspiration was streaming down his cheeks, and the pain in his crippled leg was agonizing. As he rested, he carefully inspected and prepared his equipment. Today, instead of his customary bait-casting outfit, Sam was using an ultra-light spinning outfit with six-pound-test, monofilament line and tiny gold spinner. He hoped that with this rig he might be able to fool his adversary because Old Joe was accustomed to seeing the large, silvery spinners.

As Sam looked around, he noticed that the sun was high and that there were feeding signs of trout in the

large pool. The time had finally come for the showdown. Sam carefully watched the water for more small rings and ripples. Soon, he found the one for which he was looking, the one made by Old Joe. He knew it was Old Joe because of the monstrous form lurking nearby underwater. Sam carefully placed his first cast just beyond the ripples. The tiny lure dropped noiselessly into the water and Sam slowly eased it forward.

Just as the blade began to whirl, Old Joe struck. With the ferocity of a marlin, he almost tore the rod from Sam's hands. Sam quickly set the hook and the drag sang as line ripped from the spool. The initial run was a dash straight for the rapids; and Sam, applying as much pressure as possible without breaking the fragile rod or line, was barely able to turn the fish before it reached them. Old Joe's next maneuver was a lightning-like race in the opposite direction, interrupted by several spectacular leaps and much tail-walking. Sam followed these runs by hobbling along the river bank, trying to regain line.

After a half-hour of these runs and leaps, both Sam and Old Joe began to tire. Sam, now breathing very heavily, slowly worked Old Joe closer to the rocks and very carefully got ready to end the duel by netting Old Joe. As he cautiously stepped out onto the moss-covered rocks, the now almost excruciating pain in his crippled leg, brought about by all of the running, caused Sam to slip. As the line became slack, Old Joe seized the chance to escape; with one mighty, desperate lunge for freedom, he broke the line.

DUST

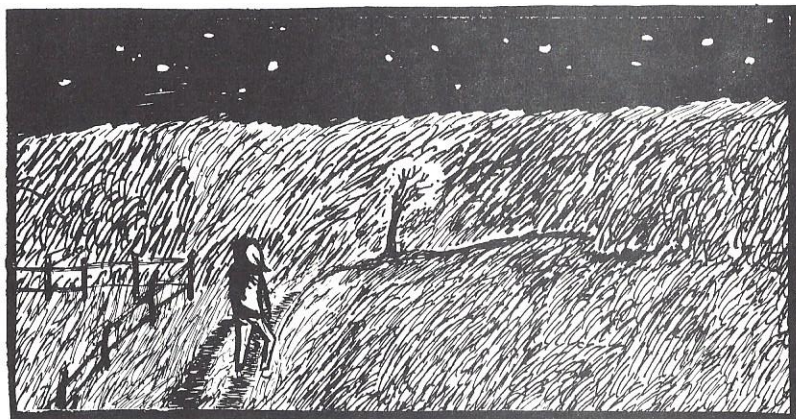
by Kit Hadley (7)

It softly appears,
Unwanted and fought against.
Everlasting dust!

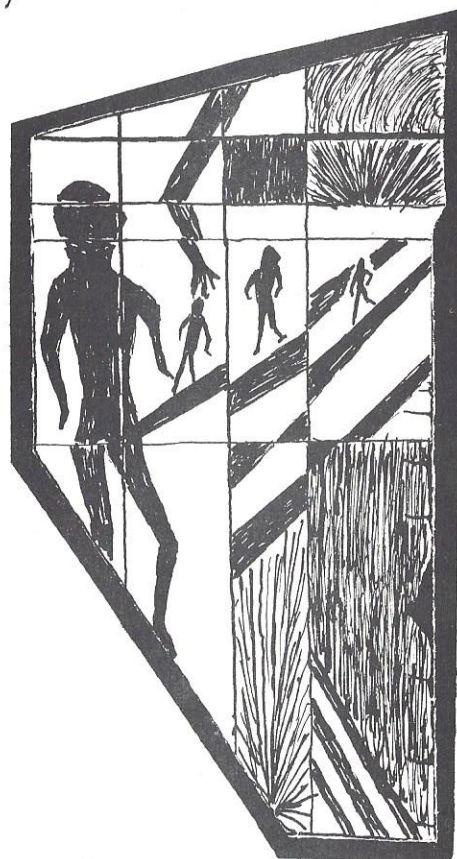
UNKNOWN

by Kit Hadley (7)

All of nature knows
Hidden secrets never told,
Man will never see.



Nancy Hale (9)



Mark Lombard (7)

THE CONQUEST

by David Hamilton (9)

As I finished adjusting my aqua-lung and heard my weight belt click shut, I recalled everything I had been taught about scuba diving. Then I rammed the three-foot spear into the arbalest, picked up my abalone iron, held my mask, and jumped into the cool, calm water of the bay.

After sinking, I started the slow, steady kick that sent me gliding over the white sand on the floor of the bay. I couldn't hear anything, and I saw no groups of fish darting in among the rocks. The only movement was the gentle swaying of the sea lillies growing near the large groups of rocks. I wished that I had waited until someone could have come with me, and I was constantly looking over my shoulder; but the excitement of my first abalone hunt pushed me on.

I drifted along in the slow-moving current for another fifty feet, then started my descent into the sunken canyon where the best tasting abalone were to be found. My stomach suddenly felt empty and I wanted to turn back as I slowly sank into that cavern of barren, dull rock where there was no vegetation; but something inside of me told me to go on. The cracks and crevices in the rocks were dark, and I shivered when I thought of vicious Moray eels that might be lurking in the cracks waiting for me to come a little closer so that they could sink their razor-sharp teeth into an arm or leg and tear it to shreds.

In a few more minutes I had reached the bottom of the cavern, ninety feet below the surface. I looked about and soon spotted a small cave, and without any hesitation I entered it. Something scaly swept across my back; I quickly spun around, causing a dull clang as my aqua-lung struck the side of the cave. Frightened and feeling trapped, I peered into the mouth of the cave. I hoped that I wouldn't see the two gleaming eyes I associated with a Moray eel, but there they were. My heart skipped a beat as the eyes moved forward into the light; then I sighed to myself with relief as the familiar form of a fiddler crab appeared. Tumbling around I switched on my underwater flashlight which feebly illuminated the cave. The dim ray lit only a small area, and I kept panning the walls in order to locate my prey. I quickly searched the cave, found nothing, and swam out and up to another cave.

Not wanting to repeat my performance from the previous cave, I poked around with my speargun. Since nothing darted around, I entered. Near the top I saw three large, pink abalone. I quickly went to work because half of my air supply was gone and I had to allow for decompression. After a great struggle and a period of ten minutes, I had the abalone and started my ascent. At sixty feet I paused for three minutes, and at twenty-six feet I stopped for six minutes.

I was ready to ascend to my last decompression point when something fairly large blocked out the little bit of light that had filtered through the water. I glanced up and saw the white belly and slate-blue side of the man-eating blue shark, a species which is exceedingly destructive to shoals of food-fishes. I didn't move. I knew that if I started to swim away, I might very easily lose a leg; however, if I didn't, I would run out of air and drown. I remembered my teacher's instructions to keep calm; so I physically and mentally relaxed and tried to recall what I should do if I met a shark, which at that moment was circling me in large, lazy circles. It was getting harder and harder to suck in the life-giving oxygen, so I switched to my reserve tank of air. That gave me five minutes to get to the surface.

Keeping near the wall of the cliff, I slowly started to ascend. I thought about firing my speargun but discarded that idea because I knew it would do no more than aggravate the shark. Another possibility was to prick it on the nose with my knife, but I didn't have the guts. Suddenly my aqua-lung hit a protruding rock producing another dull clang. At the same time the shark swam off a little way. This accident gave me an idea. I took out my knife and started hitting my air tank, producing a series of clangs. The shark kept his distance until I got to the shallow part of the bay where there were sea lillies; then the clangs didn't seem to affect him. Frantically I cut one of my abalone into two pieces and let them drift in the current. Although the shark devoured the abalone very quickly, it gave me the chance I needed to get to my boat.

I crawled over the gunwale and sat down on the crude chair I had rigged for my rowboat. I was still shaky from my encounter with the shark, but proud that I had saved two abalone and returned to my boat without mishap. That night the abalone steaks tasted better than any others I had ever eaten.

A SUDDEN STORM by Beth Postle (9)

The cool breeze is gently blowing, and the first drops of rain sprinkle the still earth. Slowly, the billowy, white clouds are replaced by black thunderheads which darken the skies. Suddenly, gusts of wind whip the ocean's swells into sharp, choppy waves which slash the shore with rage. Tree branches snap. With shattering force, torrents of rain slap window panes. The flash of lightning crashes, followed by the echoing roars of thunder. Then, as swiftly as the storm begins, it ends. As the rain turns to drizzle, winds purr; and calm is restored once more.

CURIOSITY by Mary Smith (9)

A soft
White rabbit sniffs
The crisp orange carrot deep
Within the trap. What sweet delight!
Then snap!

HAIKU by Bob Snider (9)

The waves of the sea
Are wind-tossed tumbleweeds,
Roaming blue prairies.

HAIKU by Jim Fergus (9)

A book is a bank,
Wealth beyond comprehension
To be drawn upon.

Desperation is forgetting your lines in a play and having to ad-lib.

Nancy Graser (8)

Death is an unknown tunnel, hollow and cold.

Nancy Graser (8)

ALONE
by Ellen Isaly (9)

illustrated by
John Leshy (9)



The morning sun peeked through the spring mist which hung over the small farming village of Suching, China, on the calm Yellow River. Nearby, a dam on which the lives of villagers depended had been weakened by the heavy rain of the preceding three weeks causing much concern among the villagers.

As the village began to awaken, a group of small, barefoot children in threadbare clothing carried bulging sacks of rice-grain as they trudged out into the rain-soaked rice paddies to begin preparations for the planting season. A fruit and vegetable vendor plodded up and down the narrow cobblestone roads, pausing at each door to display his goods. Two young boys, the younger of whom was deaf and mute, played happily under a shade tree while their mothers wearily spread out clothes to dry in the warmth of the sun.

As the sun climbed nearer its zenith, the boys, having grown tired of their game, ran off to their favorite spot, a nearby cave. Completely unaware of the outside world, they climbed rocks. The planters continued to work, but the vendor stopped to rest his feet.

Almost unnoticeably, the glowing sun crept behind a grey cloud, and Suching became covered with one complete shadow, growing darker each moment. As the wind rose, the once calm river developed pounding waves. The people scurried about and were almost blown off their feet in their haste. The rice-grain was blown from its sack, and the vendor's products strewn onto the wet cobblestones. The clothing, which had been spread so carefully on the

ground, blew about like paper billowing in the wind.

Then it happened. The black and grey clouds ripped open, the sky became bright with lightning, and the crashes of thunder rocked the earth. Rain gushed from the grey clouds, and when the dam could stand the pressure no longer, it burst with a crash, spilling tons of water like a giant tidal wave throughout the village, destroying everything in its path.

The boys, terrified at the flood of water rapidly rising in the cave, huddled together between two huge rocks. As a final clap of thunder stabbed the silence of the cave, the older boy flung himself into the water in a desperate attempt to swim away from the flood. A surge of water took his head under a wave.

Then it was over. Everyone in the village had been drowned, except one deaf, helpless boy who remained, clinging to a ledge in the dark cave.

Misery is being able to talk on the phone only five minutes.

Debbie Willaman (8)

Happiness is sleeping in on Saturdays.

Janice Haines (8)

Adulthood is knowing it's too close to dinner for a snack.

Ben Knepper (8)

Adulthood is paying monthly bills and signing report cards.

Marilyn McCoy (8)

Adulthood is a hairy chest and a big watch with a twist-o-flex band.

Paul Brickey (8)

THE DEVIL'S ROAD IS SMOOTH
by Scott Roberts (9)

It was a beautiful Saturday morning and the air was fresh and sweet. I squatted on the curb on our street corner. "Wow, this ground is hard, I muttered." I leaned against the bright yellow stop sign and then walked over to the gutter as I scooped up a handful of snow in my warm mittens. "Gee, this is good packing. I hope Brad comes soon. I have been waiting for over an hour. Yesterday in English class, he told me he would be here."

I tossed the snowball limply at a near-by tree. Brad was four years older than I and the leader of our group. Suddenly I was interrupted from my daydream by seeing Brad stroll around our neighbor's old, brick house.

"Hey, Brad," my voice crackled through the crisp air.

"Hi, man." Brad bent over and packed a thick snowball with his black, leather gloves. "Say, with this cool weather, we could really have fun hittin' cars. Are ya game?"

"Gosh, we better not, Brad. We might get in trouble with the police."

"You ain't yellow, are ya?"

I hesitated for a moment, looking at my cold feet buried in the white snow, "All right, I'll go along, but I know this is wrong."

"For a minute there, I thought you lost your guts. Let's go, kid."

Brad and I rambled over to Southeast Avenue and packed snowballs while cutting through the back yards. After we reached a busy intersection, we ducked inside a bushy evergreen tree by a fire hydrant. The prickly needles scraped my face and scratched my hands, but they didn't seem to bother Brad in his dark leather jacket; so, I didn't say anything. We sat on a thick branch and waited. It seemed as if we were invisible among the branches and no one could ever see us.

Suddenly, a black police car accelerated around the corner. I immediately hopped off the branch and started to back away, but Brad grabbed me by the arm.

"Don't cut out now. These are the best kind to hit!" He shoved a snowball into my hand and pushed me forward roughly. My stomach felt queasy and nervous, but I

cocked my wrist and threw as hard as I could at the speeding car. The white missile battered the car, and the windshield shattered.

The officer slammed on his brakes, but his car skidded and crushed a small Volkswagen carrying two girls. It exploded in a burst of flames and I could hear helplessness screams of agony. I looked in fear at Brad, but Brad was gone. Brad had doublecrossed me.

The officer sprang from his mutilated car and leaped toward me, yelling and cursing. Blood from a deep gash across his neck and jaw streamed down his burnt and bloody uniform.

My throat felt dry and parched; I panicked and tried to get away, but I couldn't move. My heavy boots and clothing held me back. In a desperate bound, I tried to jump over a fence to escape, but I tripped on the evergreen branches and sprawled on the hard ground.

Staring back, I saw the man, his face red with anger, panting and grabbing for me. Paralyzed with fear, I knew I was trapped!

THE FLIGHT
by Craig Toothman (7)

illustrated by
Candy Patterson (9)

A bird flew silently
Across the sky.
I stared in wonder
As he flew so high.
Oh, how I wished
I could fly with him
Across the skies,
Without a care or whim.

Onward, ever onward
He beat his way
Over great oceans
To the shores of Cathay.

Resting a moment,
He arose and was gone,
Flying, always flying,
All day long.



GIANT FALLS TO DEATH, JACK SMITH BECOMES MILLIONAIRE
by Pete Myer (8)

illustrated by
Becky Rankin (9)

U.P.J. Storyland, Wed.

Jack Smith, who lives at 431 West Avenue, accomplished a heroic feat today by chopping down a monstrous vine with a wildly pursuing giant on it. Yesterday, Jack left his domain to sell his family's prize possession, a cow. Jack, it is rumored, met an old man and sold the cow for a few "magic" beans. When he arrived at his home, his mother, Mrs. Joanne Smith, angrily threw the beans away. This morning, at eight forty-five A.M., Jack went outside to check his beans and discovered a very large bean stalk which extended to the sky. Jack hastily climbed up the stalk and discovered a castle in the clouds. Upon investigation of the castle, Jack discovered a giant (the late John Green Giant), a singing harp, and a hen which laid golden eggs. After a hair-raising encounter with the giant, Jack reportedly stole the hen. The giant learned of the theft and pursued him. After Jack reached the ground, he chopped down the vine, with the giant still on it. When the giant hit the ground, he died instantly. County Coroner James Jones said the giant died of a fractured skull, a broken neck, and massive internal injuries. Other rumors stated that while Jack was in the castle, the giant's wife hid him. Also, the giant reportedly smelled him and replied with this meaningless phrase: "Fe, fi, fo, fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman." Jack is in Mercy Hospital recovering from a case of shock. He is in good condition according to the doctors.



THE PICTURE
by Lynn Johnston (9)

A set of light footsteps echoed through the wide, empty hall. They were soft, as if whoever entering was awed by the splendor of my gallery. But the footsteps passed by the stately Renaissance room and the garish surrealism nook, too, without a break in rhythm. Oh! So the approaching visitor has a definite idea of what he wants to see, I thought to myself.

The footsteps grew louder as around the corner came their cause. Hiding a smile, I watched a small kindergarten boy advance shyly to the desk. His face was radiant; his hands clutched a bright stocking cap with an expectant air.

"Please, Mr. Janitor," he whispered, "could you tell me where the Children's Gallery is?" Brown eyes brimming with stars searched my face. He shifted his weight from foot to foot. His breath came in long rushes.

I laughed, partly because he had mistaken me for the janitor. It was an uncommon mistake. "Come along, young man. We will go together."

"Oh, thank you muchly, sir. But — but I don't want to bother you."

"No bother," I said, pushing away a maze of expense accounts. "In fact, it would be a pleasure."

After walking awhile in silence, a question came to me. "Why are you so anxious to see the children's exhibit?" I inquired, looking down into a face full of anticipation.

"Oh, sir," he answered jubilantly, "my teacher liked my painting so she took it to the art museum to be put up. Of course, my mummy and daddy are much too busy to come and see it, but I just had to. I'm not very much good at anything but painting, you see." He tried valiantly to keep the pride and happiness out of his voice, but it overflowed like a rippling tide that cannot be held. A smile spread over his entire face which made me feel warm inside just watching.

At the door of the Children's Gallery he stopped, drew a deep breath, and slid inside. Beginning on the right side of the softly lit room, he gradually worked his way around. Although he stopped to admire and comment on each picture, his heart wasn't in it. His eyes flashed, his cheek flushed, and once in a while I saw his glance jump ahead. The big moment was approaching!

But somehow, that moment never came. At last he found himself back where he started. His lips trembled and his voice wavered, but he held his chin up and stated proudly, "Sir, maybe I missed it. My teacher promised it would be here."

So around the room he went again, carefully, painstakingly, checking each picture for the second time. The one he searched for, he didn't find.

Finally he turned to me. "Thank you much for your trouble, sir. It's not here." The fire was out of his eyes; the glow was out of my heart.

He left by a back door leading to a deserted, dingy alley. The only sounds to break the gloom of that moment were his weary, muted steps. Just before opening the door, I thought I heard him mumble, "It doesn't really matter. They wouldn't have come anyway." Then, with a sob, he was gone.

I stared at the closed door for several seconds before harsh realization swept over me. My actions the past morning were suddenly crystal clear, too clear. I had carelessly taken down and filed away in the bottom drawer of a musty cabinet a painting of a happy clown hanging in the Children's Gallery. Its vivid, exuberant colors had seemed out of place in the subtle, pastel room. I, the president of the art gallery, had not believed anyone would care.

SIGNS OF FALL

by Alice Rennie (7)

Fall is orange, yellow, and red;
The leaves are falling, brown and dead.
Stores are full of Halloween treats,
And football players are using cleats.

The wind is brisk; the air is cool.
Children are going back to school.
Everyone's scuffling through the leaves;
Smoke its curling patterns weaves.



QUARTERBACK
by Dave Duffee (7)

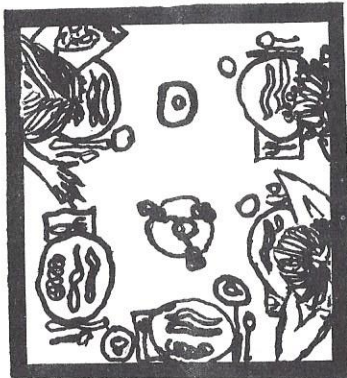


Doug Matan (7)

SNOWFLAKES

by Karen Lowman (7)

Snowflakes are lovely, graceful things. They float elegantly through the thin, icy air. They look like fairies dressed in lacy, white gowns, dancing gracefully down to earth. They drop silently on the earthen ball-room floor. Snowflakes are lovely things.



CONFUSION

by Mary Taylor (8)

illustrated by
Barbe Wilson (9)

Having a peaceful breakfast with my family is quite impossible. A typical day begins at 7:30. My mother enters the kitchen and starts the preparation of fried eggs and wilted bacon. In comes that popular movie star, Elizabeth Taylor, really my little sister who is commonly known as "lizard." She comes down the stairs wailing pitifully that Barbara has punched her in the stomach. My mom tells her to go upstairs and comb her hair. At 7:35 in comes Anne, fourteen, acting like a Greek madonna. She spends five minutes admiring her inch-long nails. She says she's had it with her French and pleads with Mom to help her, but Mom is too busy trying to keep from slamming the refrigerator door on our cat.

The diabolical genius Barbara comes in screaming at the top of her lungs such witty phrases as: "The bacon is too greasy. What, eggs again? Why don't we have waffles? Cindy always has waffles." And her all-time favorite, "Elizabeth is queer and dumb, and she didn't make her bed!" Very pleased with her remarks and knowing very well she attracts attention, Barbara sits down and demands something decent to eat. By now everyone is at the table and we begin. It is peaceful for about two seconds; then we begin our usual argument about school work.

Anne starts it off by saying, "I have algebra and French tests today."

Barbara continues, "Well, we have to do a hundred real long division problems."

I put in my few words by saying, "Big deal! I have a history test, math quiz, and an English theme." (You get a certain satisfaction out of being the one with the most work to do.)

The rest of breakfast is peaceful except when Barbara throws orange juice at Elizabeth and Anne mutters her verbs. The time is 8:15, and Anne and I leave. Barbara and Elizabeth have left, and the house is quiet again.

GRANDMOTHER

by Stephanie Golan (7)

There sits Grandmother looking out the window. The color of her hair looks like new-fallen snow. Her face is creased with lines of both age and worry, and yet her eyes have the sparkle and fire of a young thirty.

Sometimes she tells us stories of her childhood, quietly; and as I stand nearby, she seems to fade away as if to some far place. I can tell by her face that it was a wonderful place filled with old memories.

I guess I'm pretty lucky to have a grandmother like her. I know that I love her and she loves me.

* * * * *

Editors' Note: Elizabeth Roddy (8) created two four-page Civil War newspapers, one from Boston and one from Richmond, as a project for History 8. Following are reproductions of the two front pages.



TOWN CRIER

July 23, 1861

Boston, Massachusetts

DARING ESCAPE OF TEN CONFEDERATE SOLDIERS ESCAPE FROM ELMIRA PRISON

Union Camp Commander David Jeff informed this reporter that ten Confederate soldiers escaped via a tunnel last week. Five of the prisoners have already been recaptured.

The prisoners stole a spade from a contractor. A woolen shirt of a prisoner in on the plot gave his shirt to be made into bags to carry away the dirt to different parts of the camp each night. To fool the prison guards, the prisoners above the tunnel got a piece of tin and hammered on it to conceal the noise of the digging. They told the guards they were making spoons.

Double the number of former guards have been assigned to the camp to prevent further attempts to escape. All prisoners remaining behind have been punished for aiding the escapees.

DISASTER TO THE NATIONAL ARMY RETREAT OF McDOWELL'S COMMAND

At first the battle seem to be a sure win for us. However, complications soon began to arise.

The battle went as follows: A pre-dawn Union camp was made at Stone Bridge, as McDowell took two divisions on a route to strike at Sudley Springs Ford. The Confederates were forced to swing their defense from Bull Run to Matthews Hill, where the day's first heavy fighting occurred. Colonel William T. Sherman moved his army across a stream to strike at the Rebels, but the Yankess drive had been slowed down. Kirby Smith leading the last of Jackson's troops from Shenandoah Valley, reached the battlefield at about 4 p.m. in time to reinforce the Rebel army. Jubal Early drove his troops from the Southwest forcing the Union to be retreated. The disorganized Union troops can scarcely be stopped short of Washington, some 25 miles away.

Even though the Confederates won this battle, the war is not lost. We just need to have more men that are trained. They can't hold out and win very more battles for they are not strong enough.

CAUTION! COLORED MEN

GEN. GEO. B. McCLELLAN

Gen. Geo. B. McClellan was born in Philadelphia in 1826, the son of a physician. He graduated at West Point, in 1842, with the first honors of the class. Immediately entering the Mexican War and displayed much efficiency in conducting the siege of Vera Cruz. He also distinguished himself at the battles of Contreras and Chetumal, and at Chapultepec rose to the rank of captain. When the war broke out Ohio immediately made him Major-General of the states forces. Pennsylvania offered him the same position. On the 14th of May, 1861, the Federal Government appointed him Major-General in the U.S.A. and they have assigned him the department of Ohio.

OF BOSTON, ONE AND ALL,

YOU ARE HEREBY RESPECTFULLY CAUTIONED AN ADVISED, TO
TO AVOID CONVERSING WITH THE

watchmen and police officers

For since the recent ORDER OF THE MAYOR & ALDERMEN, they
are empowered to act as

KIDNAPPERS AND
SLAVE CATCHERS

And they have already been actually employed in KIDNAPPING, CATCHING, AND KEEPING SLAVES. Therefore, if you value your LIBERTY, and the WELFARE OF THE FUGITIVES among you, Shun them in every possible manner, as so many HOUNDS on the track of the most unfortunate of your race.

KEEP A SHARP LOOK OUT FOR KIDNAPPERS, AND HAVE TOP EYE OPEN.

THE TRADE WAGON



A WAGON INTENDED FOR GENERAL PURPOSES, WEIGHS BUT 400 POUNDS, and is finished ready to paint and trim. Inquire of your carriage-maker, or the only manufacturers.....

S.N. BROWN & COMPANY,
of Dayton, Ohio.

TAKE NOTICE

Cast Iron
STRAP
HINGE
SCONCES
\$ 2⁰⁰ Pr.
Wholesale

NOTICE

A course in the art of calligraphy (fancy writing) and insurance sales will be given the night of July 28th, 1861.

Ethan Allen

If small shoots are appearing on the branches of the mulberry, there will be no frosts that year.

To cure the mumps, tie a halter around the neck of the child and lead him to a brook. Bathe him three times three in the name of the Holy Trinity.

If the date of your birth can be divisible by seven you will be lucky on earth.

THE NATIONALISM OF

ABRAHAM LINCOLN-----

BRIQ. GEN. IRVIN McDOWELL

Brig. Gen. Irvin McDowell is a native of Ohio, and a graduate of West Point Military Academy, in the class of 1835. He was appointed first lieutenant in 1842. He accompanied Gen. Wool to Mexico as aid-d-camp, and was promoted to captain by his gallant behavior at Buena Vista. His face is remarkably open and sympathetic, through its air of frankness and kindness. He is one of the honest, truest, simplest men that you can meet. He neither drinks wine, tea nor coffee, does not smoke, and has habits of sobriety and self-denial quite in keeping with his Puritan principles.

Lincoln's concept of American nationalism differs not only from the Southern interpretations he is waging war to refute, but also

TURN to Page 4, Col. 3

GAZETTE

10¢

10¢



July 23, 1861

Richmond, Va.

BULL RUN

Under the brave leadership of Old Bory the Confederate soldiers showed the Yankees that we are going to win. The Yankees were so untrained that in their confusion they began shooting their own men. However, even without this luck we were still more capable of winning the battle.

Let all the people Rejoice! 200 guns will be fired on the campus at 3 o'clock TODAY, July 23, 1861.

To celebrate the Victory of our Army, every man, woman and child is hereby ordered to be on hand prepared to SING and REJOICE. The crowd is expected to join in singing Patriotic Songs.

ALL PLACES OF BUSINESS MUST BE CLOSED AT 2 O'CLOCK

Murrah for the Confederate soldiers.

THRILLING STORY OF TEN BRAVE CONFEDERATES ESCAPE FROM THE HORRORS OF THE MILITARY PRISON AT ELMIRA

Hundreds of our men are dying in the Northern camps due to extreme cold, starvation and unsanitary conditions. Eighteen men are expected to live in a tent fifteen feet in diameter. There are no stoves or medical care. The men have scanty rations and are dying of many ailments.

Major Jas. Cross, one of five escapees who were successful, advises that he is not at liberty to discuss how the original ten prisoners managed to escape. "To do so", he says, "would make it impossible for others to follow in their footsteps and those who helped with the planned escape would be severely punished".

PROCLAMATION

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE CONFEDERATE STATES

Whereas, a treaty or convention of alliance, offensive and defensive, between the Confederate States of America and the Commonwealth of Virginia, was concluded and signed at the city of Richmond on the 24th day of April, A.D., 1861, which treaty or convention of alliance is, word for word, as follows:--

And whereas, the said treaty or convention of alliance has been duly ratified on both parts: Now, therefore, be it known that I, Jefferson Davis, President of the Confederate States of America, have caused the said treaty or convention of alliance to be made public, to the end that the same, and every clause and article thereof, may be observed and fulfilled with good faith by the Confederate States and the citizens thereof.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand and caused the seal of the Confederate States to be affixed at the city of Montgomery this 8th day of May, A.D., 1861.

By the President:

R. TOOMBS, Secretary of State

*Omitted

VICTORY AT MANASSAS

Manassas Junction, 7-21-1861
Night has closed upon a hard-fought field. Our forces were victorious. The enemy was routed, and fled precipitately, abandoning a large amount of arms, ammunition, knapsacks, and baggage. The ground was strewn for miles with those killed, and the farmhouses and the ground around were filled with the wounded.

Pursuit was continued along several routes toward Leesburg and Centerville until darkness covered the fugitives. We have captured several field batteries, stands of arms, and Union and State flags. Many prisoners have been taken. Too high praise cannot be bestowed, whether for the skill of the principal officers or for the gallantry of all of our troops. The battle was mainly fought on our left. Our force was 15,000; that of the enemy estimated at 35,000.

SUSAN TOMPKINS WEDS CADET PORTER

Wedding vows were repeated on Saturday before the altar of the Town Church by Miss Susan Kelly Tompkins and Cadet Oliver Ooops Porter, III.

Mr. Tompkins gave his daughter in marriage. The bride chose for her wedding day a gown of ivory silk, which was worn previously by her mother and grandmother.

The new Mrs. Porter is a piano teacher of private students.

Cadet Porter is stationed at Richmond for the present.

The young couple will reside until further notice at the Red Lion Hotel.

LEARN TO HYPNOTIZE---

Control whom you wish. Make others love and obey you.... Cures diseases. Makes fun by the hour. New and instantaneous method. Quick as a flash. YOU can learn it. Success sure. Manual illustrated LESSON and full particulars FREE! Send address at once..... Prof. L.A. HARRADEN, Saint Louis, Missouri.

THE EFFECT OF TRADE ON OUR WORLD
by Jeff Miller (9)

Trade has probably had a greater effect on our world than any other single factor. It has spread culture and civilization over the face of the Earth.

The first great culture to exist solely on trade was the city-state of Athens. Because the city was situated on an excellent harbor, the primary occupation of its people was trade. Through this trade, the Athenians were exposed to the cultures of the great civilizations before them, such as the Egyptians, Phoenicians and Persians. They absorbed culture from the other people, and gained enough money in their dealings with their neighbors that they could afford to support artists in their own city. At that time, great works of art, such as the Discus Thrower and the Statue of Athena in the Parthenon, were created. Also, because trade brought in money so easily once it was established, men like Socrates, Plato, and Aristotle did not have to work constantly to earn a living. In their leisure time, they could talk and think about life and the universe. It was here that philosophy was born.

The Roman civilization was the next great culture to be supported by trade. It began as a small city-state which traded for its existence. In their trading, the Romans met competitors who became their enemies. Rome fought trade wars against their enemies and won, expanding her territory in the process. Once Rome got started, no power on Earth could stop her; however her trading had made her so wealthy that the barbarians from the north attacked to get the riches. This was one of the factors that helped to weaken Rome's military control.

During the Middle Ages, trade came to a standstill. Most people made their living by subsistence farming, but in this line of work they had little free time and never traveled. Also, subsistence farming rarely provided more than a bare living. As a result, the standard of living went down; and art, science, and literature were lost. The people were interested in nothing but staying alive and getting a better life in Heaven. Because people had no spare time in which to think about themselves and their progress, philosophy gained nothing. This period in history is also known as the Dark Ages.

All was not lost, however, for Italy began trading again. As she gained money through trade, she regained her interest in culture. Her "new" ideas were not slow

to catch on, and fairly soon trading cities in France prospered like those in Italy. It was this trade which brought us out of the Dark Ages and into a new age of learning, the Renaissance, the benefits of which we are still enjoying today.

All through history, trade has not only benefited the traders with culture and money, it has benefited the people whom the traders go among with culture and knowledge. It was the Phoenician traders who interested the Athenians in trading. In this pattern, the Greeks interested the Romans in trade and culture. The Romans were the ones who interested the barbarians of the European countries in trade. Traders also advanced the people they traded with by showing them new inventions along with new ideas. Gunpowder, invented in China, probably came to Europe through the knowledge of some Mediterranean trader who went up into France or England during the Crusades.

Trade also caused one of the greatest discoveries ever made. It was Christopher Columbus who, searching for a trade route to India, discovered the New World. It was Isabella's desire for trade that made her give Columbus the jewels he needed to buy his ships.

It is easy to see from all this that every civilization has progressed only as far as its trade has developed and no further. We can use this lesson in today's world to encourage trade as an emissary of world peace.

SMILING
by Alice Mercer (7)

When you smile, you may be showing happiness, friendship, or pleasure. When you smile, it only lasts as long as your heart can hold it. You can see how much friendship is between you and your friends by noticing the smiles they carry. When you want to hide unhappiness, you may use a smile; but sometimes it can be hard if your heart feels sadness. Try as you will, you can't control your smiles. It's what is in you that can.

Youth is mud in the toes.
Bob Hanson (8)

LOVE

by Susan Ransom (9)

Love is as beautiful as nature's daisies,
Scattered across the fresh green meadow.

It is as deep as her cool, dark pools of water,
Found in the heart of her forest glens.

It is as proud as nature's pine,
Standing solitary atop a stately mountain.

Love is as joyful as the sparrow's song,
Which floats through the air at break of day.

It is as gentle as the wind,
Softly blowing on a warm summer's day.

It is as bright as a sunbeam;
As light as the soft, white clouds which adorn the sky.

Love is as eternal as the Lord,
And will always be ours in our own special way.



illustrated by
Candy Patterson (9)

THE ESCAPE

by Bob Larrimer (9)

It was a cold December, even for the small village nestled on the side of the snow-covered mountain. The sun, far to the south in the Norwegian sky, cast a reddish glow through the whirling snow.

Olfa took one last look at the cluster of tiny cottages. The smoke drifting out of the chimneys reminded him of the warmth from a crackling fire that he would be missing. It was going to be a long, silent trip ahead, he thought, but very necessary. He had been chosen to take the list of German fortifications back to the underground.

Olfa dug his poles into the ground and went sliding off down the trail. "These certainly are fine skis," Olfa said to himself. A friend had given them to him to speed his journey. All his neighbors had given him gifts. The peaceful villagers were against the war and were trying to do anything to defeat the Germans.

Moving fast, Olfa's long hair blew in the wind. His tall body leaned forward and his eyes squinted tightly to stop the glare and keep the blowing snow out of his eyes. His skis barely touched the ground as he swiftly but gracefully went down the slope, the wind tearing at his clothes and stinging his face. There was a gleam in his eyes as he rounded the curve in the trail.

Olfa was still thinking about home when he spotted two specks far up the mountain. He began to wonder who they were since there were few villages above the one he lived in. Then his face turned pale, and his grip tightened on his poles. The thought struck him that it was a German patrol. His heart beat quickly as he sped off. He crouched over farther hoping to avoid being seen. Although he was literally flying along now, with the snow blowing in his face and blinding his vision, his next glimpse showed the figures gaining. He knew what to do. There was a shortcut around the next curve that he would take. Olfa took the bend at full speed, nearly losing his balance. Sweat trickled down his forehead now, despite the bitter cold.

Olfa saw that the men were gaining even more. They, too, knew the shortcut. Surely any minute the whine of a bullet would break the silence. He realized there was no possible way to escape nor anywhere to hide. Then an idea came to his mind. He suddenly dropped to the

ground, throwing off his skis, and frantically dug a trench where he hid them. Glancing back, he saw he had about five minutes. He lay down and burrowed into the snow; the strong wind and rapidly-falling snow quickly covered the spot. With only a hole for his nose he waited, counting the seconds as his watch ticked.

In a little while he cautiously got up and looked down the hill. There he saw the two men filling their mail bags from the bright orange snow tractor used by the postal department to reach isolated mountain villages. He thought he recognized Mr. Hanway, their postman, and his helper.

With a deep sigh of relief Olfa dug up his skis and prepared to shove off down the slope. He thought to himself, "I just hope nothing more serious than this happens on this trip."

Desperation is a permanent that was wound too tightly.
Nancy Graser (8)

Spring is luscious puddles and a red kite in the sky.
Greg Jones (8)

RAINBOW
by Sharon Mayo (9)

The skies were vacant and emptied of rain,
A gloomy, washed-out grey;
Their sadness was mirrored from mountain and lake
In a sorrowful, lonely way.

Then a rainbow warmed the skies,
The Deity's brilliant art;
But all it took was a smile and a kiss
To fill the empty heart.



A Character Analysis from
TWENTY THOUSAND LEAGUES UNDER THE SEA
Jules Verne
by Ann Gallagher (9)

illustrated by
Ann Gallagher (9)

He said he loved peace, yet he could destroy ships and take lives with a sparkling clean conscience. He wanted the world to be free of wars and conflict between men; yet he hated man and all they stood for. He spent all his time and energy trying to wipe the face of the earth clean of murderers and pirates; yet he never cared to walk upon the soil that he was so determined to purify. Such were the emotions of Captain Nemo, commander and creator of the Nautilus.

Captain Nemo wanted revenge on the world that had let him down, and he was totally oblivious to the others he hurt in the process. He thought of himself as a martyr, but in the eyes of the world he was a cold-blooded killer. To his faithful crew the piercing black eyes of Nemo were not cold or merciless, but the eyes of a genius, a man whose mission loomed crystal clear and waiting to be accomplished.

Maybe it was only the deepest respect that held Captain Nemo to his crew; for certainly such a withdrawn, self-contained person would never indulge in the exchange of ideas and favors that bind friends together. Their attraction might have been understanding. The world believed the destruction caused by Nemo to be purposeless, but the crew knew and admired the force and emotions guiding Nemo's plan of destruction. Maybe Captain Nemo saw in the future a world in perpetual war that even the finest speech could not avert, and realized that the only way to call attention to this foreboding future was to give people a sample of the unknown terrors that could be in store for them.

MEMORIES ON A CLOSET SHELF
by Carol Taylor (8)

illustrated by
Susan Stocker (9)



Sometimes a toy reminiscent of one's childhood can be a treasured possession forever. In the collection of favorite souvenirs is a doll which serves as a perfect example of this truth.

She was originally purchased in Germany by parents, who were traveling for pleasure and wished to bring back to this country a few remembrances of their trip. When choosing souvenirs, what can be better than to bring toys for one's child? That was how Heidi, as her new little mistress named her, arrived in her new home.

She was such a beautiful doll, with her long, blonde hair styled in life-like braids and her appealing smile enhancing a dimpled face. She had one feature which is not found in her American counterpart: movable blue eyes that rolled from side to side! Often was she a patient in a doll hospital to keep those eyes in working condition. She was loved, not only because of her unusual beauty but also because of her unique origin.

When her mistress passed the doll phase in life, Heidi retired to a closet shelf as a valued contribution saved for posterity. In one little girl's life, never was there such a doll as this one!

HAIKU
by Bruce Hurd (9)

Planets in orbit,
Like merry-go-round horses,
Dot the night sky.

THE ROOKIE
by Chris Copeland (9)

A crisp, chill autumn wind blew down on the practice field of Kezar Stadium where the San Francisco Forty-Niners were going through a heavy practice session. On the field the rookie flanker, Will Richmond, sped downfield, shifted quickly to the right, and cut back sharply to his left. Bobby Wayne, the left cornerback, had been playing him loose for the "bomb"; and Will found that his fake to the right had left him ten yards from the nearest defender. As he looked back, he saw the ball winging its way toward him; but it appeared to be moving at the speed of a snail. "A fine time the quarterback had picked to lob the ball," he mused, for this was the first time since practice had started that he had received a chance to play flanker. As he closed his fingers on the pigskin, he was jolted out of his daydream by Wayne's flying tackle.

"Nice catch, Claw," said a voice behind him. He turned and saw Wilson Reed, the big rookie tight end. Reed had been the Forty-Niners' top draft choice; and although Will had signed as a free agent, the two had quickly struck up a friendship. Other than Reed, Will had no friends on the team and was battling for a starting berth against All-Pro Flanker, Kline Wilkins. On the next play he was covered tightly by the deep safety, and the quarterback was forced to hit another receiver. Discouraged, Will went to the sidelines as Wilkins came in as his substitute. For the rest of the afternoon, he sat on the bench.

In their room that night, Reed sensed that there was something bothering Will so he started talking. "Pretty tough out there today, Will," he said.

Unconsciously Will replied, "Only for flankers, buddy boy, only for flankers."

Puzzled, Reed pursued the point. "And what do you mean by that?" he replied.

"Look," said Will, "You're a first-round draft choice and have a starting job wrapped up, but look at me." He paused for a second and then continued, "I'm only a free agent, and the only reason I made the club was because of my speed. Besides, I've got other complications that you don't have."

Reed broke into the conversation, "If you mean Wilkins, I know what you mean. He's the best in the business."

"Got any suggestions on what I can do?" Will replied.

Reed's only answer was, "Hope, Baby, hope and work harder."

Through practice and the exhibition season, Will improved greatly; and by the time of the first game, he had established himself solidly as the back-up man behind Wilkins. However, second string wasn't for Will, and he kept waiting for his chance to replace Wilkins. That chance came early in the second quarter of the first game. The Forty-Niners were on the short end of the score to the Minnesota Vikings, 7-3, and had the ball on their own thirty-yard line. With a third-and-ten situation, the quarterback faded into the pocket to pass to Wilkins on a buttonhook pattern. However, the pass was high; and as Wilkins made a try for the catch, he was hit hard by the cornerback. Wilkins probably never knew what hit him and was carried off the field unconscious. The coach debated for a few moments on what to do and then said to his assistant, "We're going with the kid." In a flash Will was on the field and ready to play with the toughest squad in the U.S.A.

With the Vikings using double-coverage on Reed and Thomas, the split end Will was left fairly open. As a result of the double coverage, Will caught two key passes for first downs on this drive. The drive was finally stopped on the Viking ten-yard line, and the Forty-Niners had to settle for a field goal. Even though Will caught three more passes, the score remained the same until the closing minutes of the fourth quarter. Will was dead tired, but he was fighting as fiercely as ever against the opposition. With less than a minute to play, the Forty-Niners had the ball on their own forty-eight yard line, second down and ten yards to go. A short pass to Reed gained five yards; and another to Thomas was incomplete. Fourth down and five yards to go! As the crowd counted down the last seconds on the clock, Will raced downfield with all his remaining speed for one last play. As he looked back, he saw, to his chagrin, that the pass was going to be too high. With a mighty leap, he felt an agonizing slap as the ball plunked against his hand. The safety, who had been with Will step for step, also leaped for the ball; but Will's jump, by an inch or two, was the better. He secured the ball and with one last convulsive effort, dived over the goal line for the touchdown. After the score the extra point was just a mere formality;

and as the final gun sounded, the San Francisco fans poured onto the field and carried Will off on their shoulders.

In the locker room after the game, Will and Reed joined in the celebration with the rest of the team.

Suddenly Will sobered. "How's Wilkins?" he asked.

"He'll be back next week," said one of the players.

Then Reed picked up Will and put him on one of the benches. "He isn't going to get his job back," said Reed, "because we've got the best right here, Will Richmond."

ONE LAST THROW

by Becky Williams (9)

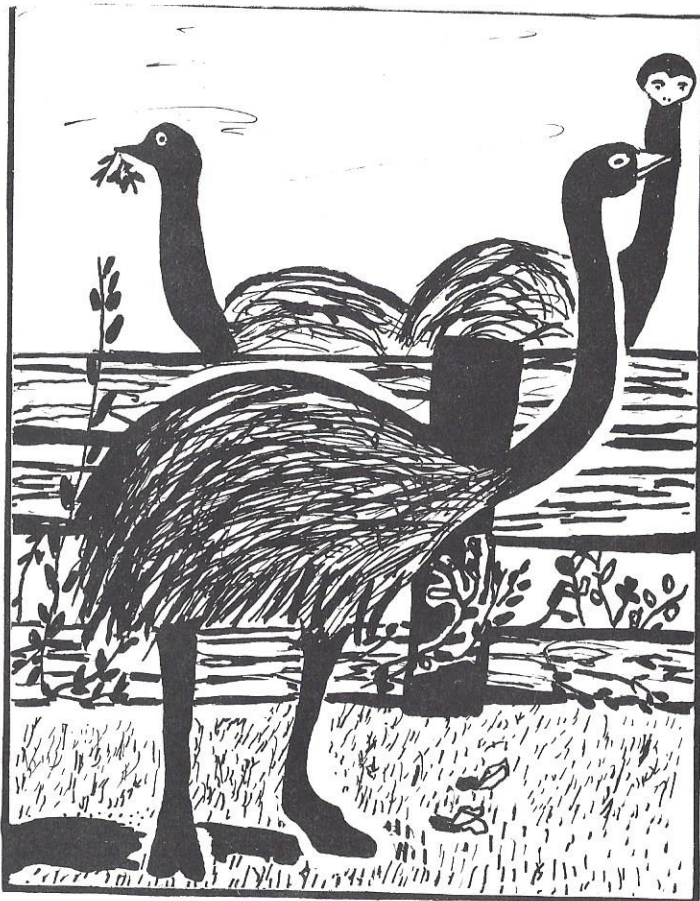
The family of the small house on Homestead Drive was just coming to life. The house was filled with the smell of bacon, for the children inside were just coming down the stairs for breakfast.

The two boys ran down the stairs with baseball gloves and ball. They tried to sneak quietly past the kitchen door and on outside, but their mother caught them and sent them back to the kitchen. The boys reluctantly sat down at the table, each pounding his glove with a closed fist. Dave rolled his ball across the table to Jimmy, and soon this game became a regular game of pitch and catch. When their mother saw what they were doing, she told them to stop.

Jimmy had the ball, and the temptation of one last throw was too much. He let loose of the ball while his mother went back to the stove. The ball headed right toward David; and before he knew what was happening, the ball hit his head.

David was furious; and because he was unable to hold his temper, he picked up the ball and aimed it straight for Jimmy. Seeing the ball coming, Jimmy ducked out of the way. The ball cut through the air and landed on the skillet handle, knocking hot grease all over the floor.

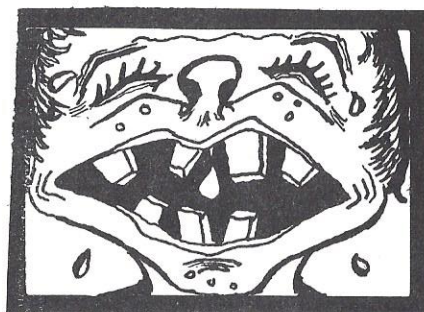
The sun rose higher in the sky as the boys got more rags and more soapy water. They wiped and scrubbed and wiped and scrubbed. It was quite a bit later than morning before the boys had the grease cleaned up and were allowed to go out to play ball.



AND DID YOU KNOW . . .
by Chris Phillips (7)



Diane Frick (9)



Renee Allen (9)

THE CONQUEST by Marty Hair (9)

Tina's face grew red with embarrassment and anger, and her tight fists closed even tighter around the back of the chair. Her eyes narrowed as she looked at the back of Barbara, the girl sitting in front of her. This wasn't the first time Barbara and her friends had made someone feel inferior. Just look at the way they ran the whole school! Why, with one icy, eye-to-eye stare, they could reduce anyone to something about as insignificant as an ant! And what's more, they made their "victim's" self-confidence shrink, until few students that weren't in that particular group of friends had enough nerve to even talk to them.

Tina, sitting in the history room, turned to stare out the window into the misty, grey world of late winter; and she thought, as she twisted a black lock of hair around her finger, that it was time to conquer "the group." She must act now, not only because she wanted all the kids to know that she wasn't afraid but also because she wanted to save her pride. She knew that although "they" made her feel inferior, she really wasn't. Tina had had enough; she had to do something about it!

In her mind Tina worked out a plan. For the rest of the class period she'd answer all the questions in the class discussion to which she knew the answers. This was something she had never done before because she always became very uncomfortable when one of the rude group turned to look at her. After a question, instead of turning red and looking out the window, she'd concentrate on smiling (in a superior but friendly manner) at whoever turned around.

"Teacher asks question. Raise hand. Answer question. Smile. Do not turn red!" She went over and over the sequence in her mind. "Now, attack!"

The question was about Greek mythology, and Tina's answer was correct. As if on schedule, a few seconds before she finished answering, two girls and a boy turned to stare at her. She looked back at them, but the rehearsed smile just wouldn't come; and in miserable defeat, she turned her hot face toward the window.

"What happened? Why can't I do something as simple as looking at people? There's no law against looking at people!" Her face grew even redder as she recalled how the certain students had looked at her. "Judging by

their attitude, everyone else is a trespasser on private grounds....And yet, I haven't seen any "warning posters" on the trees around here!" Confidence and perspective returned, and Tina raised her hand a second time. The question was a little harder, but the teacher smiled encouragingly, perhaps surprised and pleased at Tina's class participation.

Closing her eyes and asking a silent prayer, Tina suddenly felt a big smile light her face, and her eyes opened. Her hands were steady, and for the first time in a class she felt at ease. When Barbara and her friends turned around, they looked at Tina and then at each other, as if to say, "What's with her?"

After school that day Tina was walking to her locker when she saw a large mixed group of students, Barbara and friends, laughing and talking. With a sinking feeling coming from the pit of her stomach, she realized that the group was right in the path to her locker. Usually Tina tried to avoid such crowds, learning from experience that an encounter meant pain by laughter or hurt caused by sly remarks.

Disgusted with herself, she walked right past the outer edge of the group and made herself wear her self-confident smile. "I'm just as good as they are, just as good, just as good"...her feet seemed to chant. Tina was almost safely past when conversation broke forth from the students, and Tina's heart skipped a whole beat. She was positive that everyone had realized how silly she looked.

Then Barbara called out, "Hi, Tina!" Almost tripping over herself in surprise, Tina turned around and waved. A few other kids shouted "hello's" and most of the crowd regarded her with new interest.

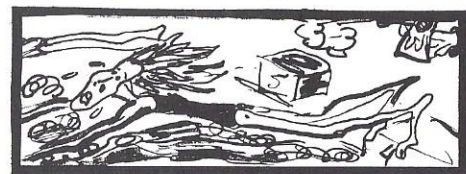
Tina was surprised. Most of all, she felt a wonderful thing called "being-at-peace-with-yourself" taking over. There could be many more days like today; and if she tried a little each day...At least it was a good start!

Boredom is watching programs your little brother likes.
Kathryn Moore (8)

Boredom is watching your brother's Little League game.
Kathryn Moore (8)

THE RACE
by Connie Fisher (9)

illustrated by
Bev D'Angelo (9)



It was July 28, 1963, and the rays of the moon were shining brightly on the cool water of Mount Vernon's swimming pool where the Central Ohio Swim League was gathered for the championship meet. In the brilliant lights, the snakey lines at the bottom of the pool were visible.

Earlier that day the top six swimmers in each event had been chosen. In the 50 meter breaststroke for girls 13 and 14, those who had the fastest times were Carol Henson with 42.8 seconds, Dawn Facine with 42.9 seconds, Sherry Wells, Susan Temple, Mary Rhodes, and Faith Amrine.

As Facine was sitting on the bench waiting for her event, she thought, "I'm only one-tenth of a second behind. I can win, I can do it. I'll beat Henson." As her event was called, she walked toward the block feeling as though her knees were going to collapse under her.

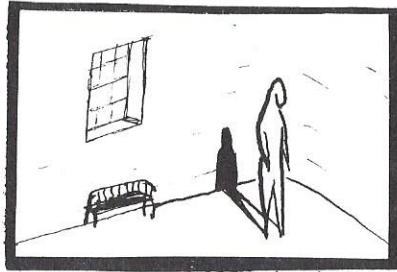
"Judges and timers ready?" barked the starter. All the girls trembled as they stepped onto the blocks. "Swimmers, take your marks. Get set — bang!"

As Facine started her homeward stretch, she glanced over and saw that she and Henson were tying for first place. She pulled and struggled to gain the lead.

When she finally reached the finish line, she could tell from the cheers that someone had beaten her there. As she left the water, her friends wrapped towels around her and congratulated her on her fine swim.

As Henson received her first place medal with pride on her face, Facine's eyes filled; and suddenly all the tears spilled. Facine walked over to Henson and congratulated her. "You sure gave me a tough race, Facine," said Henson. "I'm a year older than you. Next year, no one will be able to beat you with the speed you have."

Facine was suddenly glad Henson had won. After all, Henson wouldn't get a chance next year, as she would have to compete in the next age group. Facine knew that she had a great chance to win and to set a record next year, and that was nothing to cry about.



illustrated by
Nancy Hale (9)

THE VETERAN

by Jeff Putnam (9)

The long off-white halls of Brookdale Junior High School looked gloomy and strangely foreboding as William T. Arnold, (Bill to his friends), trudged through the corridors. The old clock on the wall read 10:25. As he passed, the face of the clock followed him through the long tunnels. To him they seemed dark passageways leading to the principal's office — the final cave. Yes, that was it — a cave. He laughed to himself over his original comparison.

From the third floor hall he descended the stairs and emerged on the second floor. He glanced out the window and saw it was raining. "Like a monsoon," he mused to himself. "We studied that in geography. Mr. Lawson is a good guy — almost like one of the gang. He really made geography fun, but boy, Miss Landis!" He could remember the look she gave him when the office messenger handed her the notice that the principal wanted him, and the way she announced his name. He knew she hated him. His mother said she was a fine teacher and all, but nobody could convince him. If only he had another algebra teacher.

He walked past the dull grey lockers, past the one belonging to his best friend, Tom. Tom had stared at him, too, when he left the room. Everybody did. Oh, well, when he got back, he'd have a story to tell about his little trip.

A small girl hurried by and caught her foot on a broken step and fell. William couldn't help laughing when he saw her eyes with tears in them. "Clumsy seventh grader," he snickered. She picked herself up, looked at him, and hurried off. He didn't know why he laughed, or

why he felt like he did, or even why he was going to the office. Was he ever confused? He didn't usually laugh at people in trouble. He didn't usually think it was funny. Oh, well. But still, he was feeling pretty strange.

He was on the last leg of his journey, going down the last staircase. He had an empty feeling in the pit of his stomach. He could be in big trouble. In his two years at Brookdale, he had never been called to the office. Maybe it was being late for class. No, most likely it was because he tipped over the desk in the study hall. Yes, that was it. It had to be. No time for thought now. He could see the bright red sign above the principal's office down the hall. Now he was opening the door.

He didn't realize it before, but he was really scared. Sure, he acted like a big wheel in class, but this was pretty serious. He didn't mean to tip over the desk. It just happened. He could feel the beads of sweat on his palms. He began to feel sick as he sat on the wooden bench in the small but cheery-looking room. Cheery? Boy, who were they trying to kid? A dungeon would look better. He wanted to crawl into a hole and cover himself with dirt. "The principal will see you now." His chain of thought was interrupted by the tall, bespectacled secretary. As he walked past her, she gave him a reassuring smile. Oh, boy, he felt like running away. He took a deep breath and went in.....

The small crowd that gathered around at lunch was full of questions. They all wanted to know what it was like. Tom was there, and so were about five others. "Nothing to it, if you don't let him bother you," Bill announced in an authoritative voice. Boy! Who was he trying to kid? He'd never tip over another desk!

Boredom is waiting for your little sister's bowling ball to reach the pins.

Mark Krumm (8)

Boredom is sitting in a beauty parlor waiting for your mom to get a permanent.

Bill Wolford (8)

THE SOLDIER'S WORLD
by Steve McClave (7)

The war in Viet Nam
Is raging with violence:
The terrifying guns,
The agony of silence.

What's he got to lose?
His peace? His life?
His home in the States?
His children and wife?

But he loves his country,
So he fights in the rain.
But people don't understand —
Are his efforts in vain?

No! His efforts are fruitful.
He's helping the Vietnamese.
He's protecting America,
And by no means with ease.

For Communism threatens
This nation, this earth,
And he wants to fight it
For all he is worth.

NIGHT
by Bill Burgener (7)

Life is a constant battle between day and night.
The battle begins as night sends its troops to darken the
corners which were dimly lit during the day, thus taking
day's weakest outpost. Then night's main body pushes
forward, destroying even the most brilliant patches of
light. At last, the sun's light is removed from the face
of the earth. Now light resorts to its last hope. Man-
made lights blink and twinkle, signifying that bleak,
dark night shall nevermore complete its conquest of day.

BALD HOPE
by Jack Cochran (9)

As ten-year-old John crossed the street late on an
August afternoon, he could feel the scorching rays of the
sun on his neck. The boy was on his way to the barber
shop to have his precious bangs removed before school
started.

He took a seat in the corner and began to browse
through a magazine. Three men were in line ahead of him.
Ten minutes later, the man before him stepped down from
the barber chair and John was ready for his ordeal.

As the barber wrapped the cloth around him, he could
feel the heat on his neck and back. The barber combed
John's hair down to his upper lip and asked, "How do you
want it, son?" John told him to cut it all off, then
settled down for a snooze. And that is just what the big
man did; he cut it all off. He trimmed first and then
used the clippers. The jolly barber ran the clippers up
John's neck and then all over the top of his head.

John's first glance in the mirror brought an incre-
dible noise from his throat. John covered his head with
his shirt and ran all the way home, shedding a few hidden
tears.

John's father laughed; his mother cried; John's sis-
ter went into hysterics.

But the scalping was over. It couldn't be changed.
Where a head of hair had been, there was nothing — noth-
ing but hope — a hope that his hair would grow back, at
least a little bit, before school started.



illustrated by
Dick Gustafson (7)

KITTY
by Ginny Poe (9)

illustrated by
Thea Prebus (9)

The bright morning sunlight was shining through the open window, promising a beautiful Saturday in Elmwood, Pennsylvania.

Lisa Smith jumped out of her bed and ran across the room to her window because this was a very special Saturday for her. She was a small child of four and a half years. She had curly, blonde hair; and when she smiled, two big dimples dominated her small, round face. Her mother and father were sleeping in the next room because 7:30 was not their usual time to get up on Saturday morning.

Lisa quietly slipped back into her bed and tried to go back to sleep. Finding sleep impossible and finding waiting intolerable, she ran into the next room and excitedly woke her parents. After eating breakfast and feeding Lisa's pet tiger cat, the family was off to the zoo.

When the three finally arrived at the big zoo, their first stop was the candy counter, where Lisa tasted her first cotton candy. Wandering around the zoo, trying to see everything at once, Lisa soon became lost. As she walked through the corridors of the cat house, she stopped in front of a cage that held a tiger.

Like Lisa's own kitty, the tiger was striped. Lisa held out her remaining cotton candy, but the bar in front of the cage stopped her arm. Unnoticed, Lisa slipped under the bar and stuck her tiny, outstretched arm through the bars.

The onlookers were terrified when they saw the small child reach into the cage. One woman screamed and people came running from all directions. Lisa's mother and father arrived just in time to see their daughter feeding the cotton candy to the tiger and patting his monstrous head.

Lisa's father quickly grabbed the child away from the tiger's head. As Lisa, astonished, looked about her at the crowd of horrified people, she softly whispered, "But, Daddy, the kitty was hungry."



THE CULTURE
by Mike Stoyak (9)

The light from the star, Alpha Centauri, shone brightly over the plastic dome that covered the colony on the planet, Zorb. On Earth, the time would have been June 10, 3001, just three years after the erection of the bubble.

Mr. Logan, the governor of the colony, had just received from the Chief Surgeon a sealed bell jar containing a culture of a virus that was to be disposed of outside the dome. The surgeon had been trying to find a vaccine for the dreaded "Space Disease" when he discovered that it had grown to tremendous and deadly proportions. Logan called in his totally untrustworthy assistant, Mr. Archibald Seedy. "Seedy," said Logan pointing to the sealed jar on his desk, "do you know what this is?"

"No, sir, I don't," replied Seedy.

"This is a culture of a virus that must be disposed of outside the dome. I'm sending you to do it."

"Yes, sir."

"Now, Seedy, let me warn you. The Chief Surgeon told me that this virus, although perfectly safe when kept in a container with a nitrogen atmosphere, can grow, upon contact with oxygen, hundreds of times faster and three times as deadly as the bubonic plague. It could wipe out this entire colony in minutes. Do you understand?"

"Yes, sir."

"Here's the culture, a suit, and a twenty-minute oxygen pill. Don't put on the suit until you're in the air lock. Go out a hundred yards, and dump it, and return immediately."

"Yes, sir."

Mr. Seedy felt good that day in June. He stopped in at the pool hall and played a few games of Eight Ball with the "boys." He left at four o'clock and proceeded to the colony bar. It was getting near five o'clock as Seedy staggered from the bar toward the only opening in the bubble. He held the bell jar in such a precarious fashion that one would be apt to think it was a worthless trinket.

Seedy finally got to the airlock safely and, ignoring Mr. Logan's word, proceeded to gulp down the oxygen pill. Then he put on the suit which was a spectacle in

itself. In his inebriated condition, Mr. Seedy looked quite hilarious as he hobbled about with one arm and one leg in the suit. At last, he got the suit over his body and donned the helmet.

He picked up the critical bell jar and as he headed for the airlock, tripped over his own feet. Seedy slammed into the tough side of the bubble and so did the culture. As the pieces of broken glass crumbled through his gloved fingers, Mr. Seedy finally came to his senses. As he turned around slowly, he visualized his predicament and the full truth came to him. All around him people dropped where they stood. They staggered out of the pool hall, the bar, the beauty salon, the government buildings, and the just-opening nightclubs.

There stood Mr. Archibald Seedy, careless and drunk with less than twenty minutes to live. The whole colony was being blotted out because of one careless human act. There was no place to run. Soon Mr. Seedy would go, too, like an ant under the foot of a giant.

SALTY SEA

by Sue Hindall (9)

illustrated by
Ann Vargo (9)

It burns like fire in cuts and scrapes. It makes eyes fill with tears and feel as though they have been stung by hundreds of angry bees. Sea water tastes as though gallons of tears have dripped at once into one's mouth. After swimming a person feels like a half-melted lollipop rolled in sand. The smells stick in your wet and burning nose — the smell of dead fish that used to swim free and of the seaweed which has lived and reproduced for many, many centuries.



HAIKU

by Robin Morris (9)

Spring is a raindrop,
Hanging from a single leaf
Sparkling in the sun.

by Kathy Wolfe (9)

Dreary winter days,
Like an old fashioned Sunday,
Drag majestically.

by Mike Stoyak (9)

Days are memories,
Sparkling once in public,
Put away in a jewel box.

by Sylvia Brosend (9)

The sea slaps the shores
Like angry parents spanking
A very bad child.

by Dave Jackson (7)

A fine musician
Playing in backyard concerts,
A little cricket.

by Kris Davies (9)

Dreams are night creatures
That vanish with the sunlight
Like the fireflies.

by Bob Snider (9)

Snow that falls in March
Is a ticker-tape parade
For the coming buds.

by Ellen Isaly (9)

The sea is music
Beating an ancient rhythm
With rocks as its drums.

by Mike Stoyak (9)

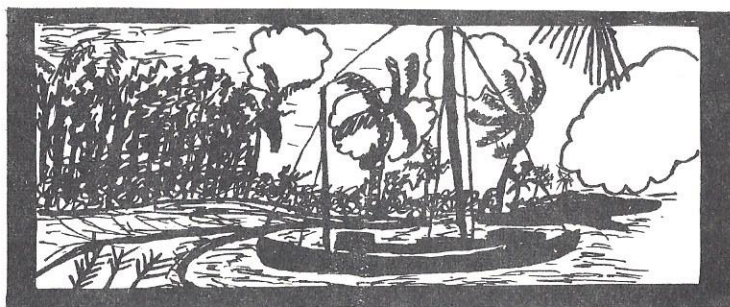
The sea is rhythm,
An eternal tympani
In Earth's orchestra.

by Cyndy McLane (9)

Rain on the river,
Prancing like a tiny elf,
Leaves behind no trace.

by Tim Flanagan (9)

Lightning, a camera
With a universal flash,
Takes pictures for us.



PARADISE ISLE
by Kristi Mellem (7)



Doug Roberts (9)



Steve McClave (7)

A PRECIOUS BOAT

by Tracey Potts (9)

Fifteen-year-old Julie Havens, dressed in old shirt and blue jeans, her hair packed with curlers, impatiently stomped back and forth in front of the locked bathroom which she and her younger brother Tom shared. For twenty minutes she had been banging on the door, screaming at the top of her lungs for Tom to hurry. "Whatever are you doing?! I have to be ready in thirty minutes for a party!"

"You just wait till you come out, Tom! If you aren't in this hall by the time I count ten, I'll...I'll call the fire department to break down the door!"

She heard a faint splash from within.

"Tom, you hurry or....."

The lock clicked, the door slowly opened. There stood her seven-year-old brother, his clothes drenched with water, his bangs plastered down upon his forehead.

"Boy! Does she speed neat!" he said enthusiastically, a wide grin spreading to his round, red cheeks. In his hand, he tenderly held his prized possession, a small, white motor boat that he had bought with his two months of saved, hard-earned allowance.

"Is that what you've been doing this whole time?! Do you realize I'll be late? I won't possibly have time to comb my hair!"

Tom stood glued to the doorway, innocently staring at her, wondering how she could get so mad at something so unimportant.

"Well, at least move so I can have the bathroom."

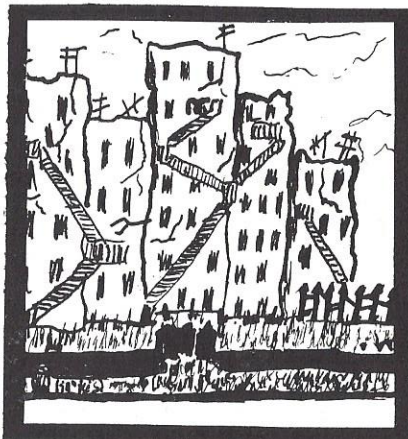
Julie yanked at Tom's arm, roughly shoving him from the doorway. A loud crash broke the silence. She turned, impatiently, finding Tom on the floor inspecting his precious boat, now in a million, jagged pieces. He turned his face toward hers, his eyes bulging with tears which streamed down his face. Delicately picking up each fragment from the floor, he stumbled to his room. Julie followed him, her stomach feeling as if it had dropped to her feet, her throat aching with shame. She found him sitting on his bed, blankly staring at the white chunks of plastic, his precious boat.

"I'm sorry, Tom, really. I'll buy you another one just like it. It was an accident."

Putting the pieces on the floor, his soft voice mumbled. "I don't want another one. Go on to your party. It was a dumb boat anyway."

HOW LONG CAN HE BE FOOLISH?
by Chris Phillips (7)

illustrated by
Blenda von Rohr (9)



Joel walked sullenly down a path in New York's Central Park. The setting sun set the evening autumn sky ablaze with red and golden hues. Joel noticed none of this; he was bitterly thinking of the events of the day. He had tried five different businesses looking for a desperately-needed job. It was the same old story.

"I'm sorry, son, but we'd like a person with a bit more education or experience." Joel grimaced. He knew what the other reason was, though the business man never mentioned it. Joel was labeled a "hood." His sandy hair flopped over his eyebrows and grew down his neck, and a cigarette hung loosely from his lips. He wore unkempt clothes, except for a sleek, black leather jacket, and high pointed shoes. His walk had a slight swagger though he was slouched over. His whole appearance was that of a rebel.

Joel thought back to the day he had quit school. He had been so full of hopes to pay his mother's doctor bills and make her well. Now his whole world was collapsing beneath his feet. How he wished he had stayed in school!

Reaching his apartment, Joel walked up the fire escape and into the kitchen. His mother lay on the couch, noticeably worse. He greeted her and prepared the dinner. As he worked, he made up his mind about how to obtain proper medical care for his mother. He didn't particularly like the idea, but it seemed the only solution.

At ten o'clock that night Joel slipped out of the house, not disturbing his mother. He walked down some of the lonelier streets of New York until he came to an al-

most deserted gas station. A sleepy attendant was the only person around. He felt once for his father's revolver in his pocket. His hand recoiled at its touch, its cold, cruel steel almost biting his fingers. Nonchalantly he walked into the station as if to buy a pack of cigarettes. He sidled up to the attendant and drew his gun. The man's face turned ashen. His voice trembled as he asked, "What do you want, kid?"

Joel reveled at the fear in the man's voice. No one had ever taken orders from him before; he had always obeyed them. His pleasure caught him off guard. The attendant clipped Joel's throat and lunged for the gun. Joel leaped out the door, trying to suck air into his aching throat and lungs, waving the gun wildly.

Running across the street, he saw a policeman patrolling his beat near by. The shock hit Joel like a bucket of cold water. The attendant's frantic shouting caught the policeman's attention, and he focused on Joel. Joel was too dumbfounded even to fling his gun in the bushes before the officer arrived.

He spoke softly to himself. "It's not supposed to happen this way at all."

Joel had never even considered getting caught. He had failed again. All his life he had done foolish things; and unless he learned to think before he acted, he would continue doing foolish things the rest of his life.

HAIKU

by Beth Postle (9)

The knowledge of guilt
Rips the cloth of mind and soul,
Leaving ragged edges.

HAIKU

by Lesley Mayer (9)

Interest is plants
Growing in all directions
With many new buds.

HAIKU

by Dierdre O'Brien (9)

Softness is fresh snow,
Padding the sidewalks with wool,
Yielding to my boots.

A FINE NIGHT FOR ADVENTURE
by Jim Fergus (9)

illustrated by
Vicki Burton (9)

It was 12 o'clock midnight at the Straits of Mackinac on a clear, summer night, and the shining moon made the water sparkle. All was quiet except for the chug-chug of the engine of a yacht.

On the yacht, the slim, anxious pilot was cautiously guiding the craft through the Mackinac channel. The captain slept soundly in his cabin behind the pilot house. Also on the yacht were a newspaper man and his wife from Chicago who were taking a moonlight stroll on deck.

When they got to the stern, they stopped to gaze at the moon and talk. "What a fine night for an adventure," remarked the wife.

After a few minutes the man commented to his wife that he thought he smelled smoke. He wondered whether the fire was on shore or on the yacht. He felt the slight shudder of his wife against his arm as he spoke. In the next instant, flames shot from the stern hold. The startled man grabbed his wife. She screamed.

The captain, wakened by the screams, ran to see what the trouble was. The frightened pilot stayed loyally at his post and headed the craft toward shore. The captain frantically broke out the fire extinguishers. He and the newsman fought the fire with every ounce of energy they had. The heat and smoke seared their lungs as they worked violently to save the ship. When it was seen that they could not contain the fire, the order was given to abandon ship. Only then did the pilot leave his post, and all four got into the life boat. They lowered the life boat, rowed about one hundred yards from the ship, and helplessly watched it burn. The smoke obliterated the moon as the fire illuminated the water. The roar of the fire was deafening.

The fire burned to the water line and sputtered out. There was complete silence then. The chug of the motor and crackling fury of the fire were gone. Charred debris floated on the water.

Then came the splash of oars dipping into the water as the captain and pilot rowed to the shore. It had all happened so fast; but there was a long time ahead for four lucky people to be thankful, and to ponder "a fine night for an adventure."



A CLOSE CALL
by Jeff Sedgwick (9)

The day dawned clear and brisk. The sun struggled over the horizon and then began its usual trip across the hemisphere.

An alarm clock issued forth a message from an unobtrusive cabin located in the foothills of the Blue Ridge Mountains; but the message was unnecessary because the two young hunters were already up and checking their equipment.

"You shouldn't need that," said Bill, as he pointed at the 351 magnum rifle that John was fingering.

"I don't know," said John, "I'd just like to be safe."

"Are you kidding me?" replied Bill sarcastically. "I could take down a bear with a .22!"

"Yea, sure," mumbled John.

The two suited up and started out.

"Hey, Bill, aren't you gonna take a compass or map?" inquired John.

"Naw, I don't need it. I know these woods like the back of my hand; and besides, I'm a great woodsman."

So, on they walked. About 10 o'clock they reached a fork in the path.

"Well, which way?" asked John.

"You take the right, and I'll take the left," replied Bill.

"Shouldn't we stay together?" asked John.

"No, I'll be all right and all you have to do is follow your nose."

"All right."

Each boy proceeded on his path. The way Bill went soon led him to a meadow which had an outcropping of rock in the center.

Bill carelessly scrambled onto it and caught his leg in a fissure. The rocks shifted imperceptively around his foot as he fell, and he dropped his gun. Bill pulled and pushed; but no matter how hard he tried, he couldn't move the rock or his foot. Furthermore, when he reached for his gun, he found he couldn't reach it. He stretched and strained utilizing every muscle, including the one in his jaw which uttered forth numerous "remarks" including those about his stupidity and obstinacy. He stretched for his gun for an interminably long time until his muscles ached and he could stretch no more. He gave up. He

then directed his strength against the rocks that held him captive, but to no avail. He was trapped! He, the kid who knew these woods like the back of his hand was trapped!

"Oh well, John will be here any minute," he thought.

Then he heard a noise that made his hair bristle and chills run down his back. He twisted his head around. What he saw made his heart skip a beat. He swallowed hard. He had been right! It was a female bear and her cubs. She couldn't miss his scent. He fought back the overwhelming panic and eyed the situation with as much courage as he could muster.

The bear slowly reared up on her hind legs when she caught the scent. She didn't know the boy was incapacitated; all she knew was that that scent meant trouble. Then she spotted him! Slowly she lumbered toward the spot where he lay trapped. She was only twenty yards away. "This is the end," thought Bill. "If only I had listened to John."

The ground trembled as the gigantic bear plodded toward the boy. Bill wanted to dig a hole and crawl in. He turned away from the bear. He could feel its hot breath on his neck! Crack!

John blew the smoke away from the barrel of the 351 magnum and walked toward Bill. It was almost funny to see "the woodsman" cowering on the ground. John untied Bill's boot and pulled his foot out. He then liberated the captive boot and handed it to Bill who was in the process of shaking himself out of a daze. Bill took the boot, muttered a feeble "thanks" and stumbled back to the cabin, a much different boy.



illustrated by
Brit Satchwell (7)

SOAKED, SAFE, AND SORRY by Tim Flanagan (9)

The sun, peeping over the hill, spread its warmth on the village of Mayfield. As the town came to life on April 21st, the feeling and restlessness of spring spread through the community.

Awakened by the sound of their mother's voice, the twins happily hopped out of bed and dressed hurriedly, eager to be up and about on this fine, sunny morning. Each in his own mind thought how nice it would be to go fishing instead of spending a lovely, spring day in a hot, humid classroom.

The boys hopped on their bicycles and headed for school. On the way, they passed the firehouse where they saw their friend, Chief Miller, watching his men clean the fire trucks. They greeted him, and he jokingly called, "No hooky today, boys."

As the boys moved along, the idea of hooky stuck in their minds, and the closer they came to school, the better the idea sounded. It soon became irresistible, and the boys soon found themselves happily peddling their Stingrays toward the river.

Not satisfied with walking along the bank and throwing skippers into the water, they decided to go wading below the dam. The more daring of the two attempted to cross to the other side. Midway in the stream he lost his footing on a moss-covered rock and plunged helplessly into the water. His frightened brother ran screaming for help.

He returned with all the firemen racing to find his brother further downstream, clinging to a big rock in the middle of the rapids. Chief Miller and another fireman launched a liferaft and headed out to the boy. Just as they reached for the boy, the raft capsized, knocking Chief Miller against the rock. The assistant grabbed the boy and pushed the raft toward the Chief who caught hold.

The three made their way to the shore, soaked and shaken, but happy to be alive. The Chief had a welt on his head, but it didn't compare to the welts the boys got someplace else when they reached home.

Summer is bare feet and jeans.
Kit Merrill (8)

THE BATTLEFIELD
by Alan Mercer (9)

One of the most interesting things I know is watching the hay loft of an old barn turn from a busy, yet somehow peaceful, place in the afternoon to a dangerous battlefield in the night. The sweet smell of freshly-cut alfalfa and clover fills the whole barn with a smell of warmth and friendliness during the day. The busy hornets and contented cows provide a constant bass for the incessant bickering of sparrows. The cooing of the doves high up in the rafters could put one to sleep if it weren't for the mysterious sounds of scurrying feet behind the bales of hay.

As evening draws near, the sparrows settle to a mere chirp now and then, and the hum of hornet wings drops to just a frequent buzz; yet the scurryings seem to increase in number. While the dusk turns to dark, the great barn owl turns his head with large, round, piercing eyes to gaze into the velvety black for any sign of a tasty meal of mouse or other unsuspecting creatures. A field mouse scurries from beneath a bale of hay, probably running from a corn snake. The owl makes an incredibly fast dive toward the small, grey mouse. Somehow he misjudges and grasps nothing but air with his sharp talons. The huge, white owl is not discouraged, however, for he flies back up to his perch only to see the corn snake glide across the rough floor boards. Another swift plunge brings the bird down on the crimson-blotched, brown snake. The snake, although not poisonous, puts up a good fight; but in the end the owl emerges from the flurry of feathers and flies to his perch to enjoy his meal. This ends the drama of the hay loft at night.

HAIKU
by Beth Postle (9)

Temper, a volcano,
Rumbles with old resentment,
Then hot eruption.

HAIKU
by Sarah Robinson (9)

Life, a precious thing,
Remains gold to those who touch
With care and patience.

A LESSON LEARNED
by Jim Long (9)

illustrated by
Bev Parrish (9)

There I was, Jeff Cromwell, at college for the first time. My heart beat like a kettle drum as I took my first look at the University of California at Berkeley. I felt nothing but pride for a country that could build such institutions of learning to educate its young people. Never before had the American flag meant so much to me as on that day. I had complete confidence in our nation's form of government. I was all ready to buckle down to get good grades so that when I was through with college, I could be a credit to my country and maybe even go into politics when I got my law degree. Yes, I was a freshman at college with a bright outlook on the future.

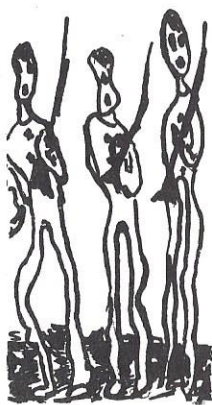
I walked on for a while until I came to the dormitory where I was to be assigned a room. I went up to the room and looked into it. It was neatly furnished with a desk, bed, closet, and dresser. I liked it very much and was completely satisfied. I looked around for a while, meeting new people; but it was late, so I went to bed because I wanted to be up early the next morning to get my books and be prepared for Wednesday's classes.

I awakened about 6:30, completely refreshed. I took a shower, dressed and went to the cafeteria. I ate breakfast and sat at the same table as another new student. Soon we struck up a conversation and became friends. His name was Jack Edwards. We went to the book store together; and, as we talked, I noticed that he had some odd ideas. Later this became more evident to me when he seemed fascinated by some pacifists who were demonstrating against the United States' participation in the war in Viet Nam.



Suddenly Jack said, "I think they're right. Our bomber pilots are bombing innocent people while the U. S. is forcing democracy upon them!"

When I heard this, I almost laughed at his stupidity; but later his continuous flow of words began to break me down. Every time I met him, he began filling me with propaganda, and in our political science class he spoke endlessly on the topic. If he wasn't trying to convert me, he was going to a demonstration. It seemed as if he had come to college to demonstrate. If it wasn't Jack, it was one of the other members of his group applying pressure. After about an hour of a person's pouring his ideas into me, I was a nervous wreck, swimming in my confusion.



PATRIOTISM
by Doug Crim (9)

illustrated by
Lynda Steffens (9)

Patriotism is the faith that all Americans have in our free country. It is soldiers fighting in wars to keep our freedom and peace among the nations of the world. It is scientists discovering new and useful things for the betterment of mankind. It is a group of school students reciting The Pledge of Allegiance.

Anyone and everyone who is honoring our great country has patriotism.

QUI EST CET HOMME? by Dave Harding (9)

Qui saute contre l'air?
Qui est un moderne mousequetaire?
Qui demeure dans la ville: Gotham?
Qui est un très fort homme?

Il écoute le cri du commissaire,
Et il a su ce que faire.
Il est venu puis a disparu,
Et tous les voleurs sont vaincus.

Qui est très intelligent
Avec les nouveaux vêtements
Et qui porte une très longue cape
Le voilà, c'est l'homme de "bat."

LES TROIS MOUSQUETAIRES by Doug Sheffield (9)

Il y avait trois mousquetaires,
Les hommes avec les bonnes manières.
Porthos est de très grande taille.
A cause de cela il aime les batailles.
Aramis est le plus poli.
Il salue toutes les filles.
Athos est le plus brave des trois,
Parce qu'il a été blessé dix fois.
Vous avez rencontré les trois gentilhommes.
Que pensez-vous d'eux, ma femme?

RAIN by Nancy Hall (7)

illustrated by
Lynne Kanatas

The wind starts to blow;
Thunder peals and raindrops fall
Like one sprinkling salt.

